

# Romantic Women Writers Reviewed

1789-90

Edited by  
Ann R. Hawkins



ROUTLEDGE  


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*ROMANTIC WOMEN WRITERS REVIEWED*

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*ROMANTIC WOMEN WRITERS REVIEWED*

EDITOR  
Ann R. Hawkins

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1789

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## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

*Romantic Women Writers Reviewed* (*RWWR*) is a work of recuperation. Typically that word designates efforts to bring forgotten texts *by* women back into view so that scholars and critics may revalue them. This is not the purpose of this edition, except incidentally. Certainly, in the cases of no-longer-extant texts by women, the extracts provided by contemporary reviewers act as our only evidence of the lost original; and in those cases, *RWWR* does indirectly recuperate that original. But the primary purpose of this edition is to bring to light the largely buried critical *reception* of women writers.

Editions of the critical reception of male authors have been in print since at least the late 1960s. For example, the long-running Critical Heritage series – volumes of selective edited contemporary reviews – boasted 104 volumes. But only eight of these volumes were devoted to the critical heritage of women authors: Jane Austen (2 volumes); the Brontës; Elizabeth Gaskell; George Eliot; Virginia Woolf; and Sylvia Plath. The collective title of the series and its choice of authors suggested that the critical heritage belongs almost exclusively to men. Even if we narrow our focus to the Romantic period, the same pattern applies, with volumes on twelve male authors (William Blake; George Gordon, Lord Byron; Robert Burns; John Clare; Arthur Hugh Clough; S. T. Coleridge; George Crabbe; John Keats; Walter Scott; Percy Bysshe Shelley; Robert Southey; William Wordsworth) and one woman, Jane Austen. The implication was clear: women in the Romantic period – other than Austen – had little *critical* importance. And that term ‘critical’ cut both ways, suggesting the women were of as little interest to the modern scholars who were the audiences of the volumes as to the contemporary critics who had ignored them in commentaries. From the Critical Heritage series, no one could know that Elizabeth Inchbald’s or Mary Robinson’s contemporary reviews would fill more than a volume each.

The impression that women had little or no critical heritage was reinforced, however inadvertently, by Donald Reiman’s 1972 *The Romantics Reviewed: Contemporary Reviews of British Romantic Writers, 1793–1824*. Reiman’s valuable facsimile edition – in nine big volumes – elides women’s reception almost entirely. Reiman’s work offers ‘comprehensive’ coverage of five male writers as

well as 'selective' coverage of another seven men – and one woman, Mary Shelley. The title, *The Romantics Reviewed*, however, implies to the unwary that the volumes offer full coverage of the period; and the contents, by including only one woman, encouraged readers to assume that women's works were not significantly reviewed in the periodical press. By offering such reviews in handy facsimile, Reiman's work also made the hard job of tracking down reviews less appealing: for critics who were working not on reviews themselves but on the major authors they illuminated, Reiman's work offered handy one-stop shopping, necessary for those working without convenient access to nineteenth-century periodicals.

Certainly it's not Reiman's fault that scholars seem largely to overlook the vast contents indexed in William Ward's four-volume *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1788–1826*. Rather, to Reiman we owe the publication of Ward's work. As Richard Havens notes in his review of Ward, Reiman drew from Ward's unpublished bibliography for the years 1798–1820 when developing his series. This allowed Reiman to move 'from proposal to publication' in only four years, a favour Reiman repaid by recommending Ward's work to his own publisher.<sup>1</sup> Ward's bibliography was published in three instalments: two volumes in 1972, covering the years 1798–1820, listed 17,000 reviews; a third volume, 1821–6, published in 1977, listed around 9,000 entries; and a final volume in 1979, covering 1788–97, listed roughly 8,000 entries. Though Ward excluded newspapers, except for the *Examiner* and the *Champion*, his bibliography remains as Havens described it in 1972 an 'impressive achievement'.<sup>2</sup>

However, 'the trouble of an index' (to borrow a phrase from Byron) is that few critics acknowledge the aid of bibliographical and other reference tools in their own works. As a result, evaluating Ward's impact on the field of Romantic studies is almost impossible.<sup>3</sup> The 'scholarly invisibility', as Maura Ives describes it,<sup>4</sup> of such bibliographical scholarship is strikingly apparent when one searches for uses of Ward in the only tools humanities scholars have for tracking citations: the *Arts and Humanities Citation Index* records only ten works which cite Ward's *Literary Reviews*; Google Books indicates another two, Google Scholar another four. Yet we see Ward's influence in virtually every study that includes reviews, including those which cite only Reiman. Ward attempted to survey the full field of Romantic journals, ultimately 134 magazines. Even Antonia Forster's 1997 *Index to Book Reviews in England, 1775–1800* does not supersede Ward for the thirteen years the two indexes overlap: Forster limited her focus to the twenty-six most significant magazines, all of which were already indexed in Ward. As a result, if a critic is quoting reviews and not citing Reiman's facsimile edition, it is fair to assume he or she used Ward as a guide.

With Ward's bibliography in hand, Romanticists could glimpse the possibilities that working with periodicals offered to literary scholarship. Organized by author, with a separate section for anonymous works, Ward's bibliography is an

amazing feat, particularly given that he lacked any of the tools we now take so for granted: spreadsheets, database programmes, even word processing. He compiled his work without recourse to online library catalogues, such as Worldcat, Eighteenth-Century Collections Online (ECCO), Google Books or the Internet Archive.<sup>5</sup> Instead, Ward's bibliographical tools consisted of card catalogues, union lists on microfilm, notecards, mimeographs and achingly slow paper correspondence with librarians across the world. We have only begun to discover the woeful incompleteness of his bibliography, but Ward himself hints at the fact in the preface to his first volume:

most of the materials were gathered for a particular purpose a number of years ago. At that time my principal interest was in the criticism of poetry in British periodicals, though I did take notes on the locations of reviews and non-review articles on fiction, on drama, and on criticism, as well as on poetry.<sup>6</sup>

And again, in the preface to the third volume, Ward makes clear that his work as a bibliographer had come upon him unawares:

had I known more than five years ago when I was putting materials together for the two volumes that cover the years 1798–1820, that I would, as Byron says, 'seize the theme' again (this time in retirement) I might have delayed publication.<sup>7</sup>

I make this apology for Ward because, for all the faults of his index (and there are many), which of us, in similar circumstances, would even have undertaken the task?

The deficiencies of Ward's index in part arise from its origin in personal research notes not intended for publication. Ward shortens titles of magazines, expecting readers to expand that shorthand with reference to his 1953 *Index and Finding List of Serials Published in the British Isles, 1789–1832*. But when preparing his *Literary Reviews* for publication, apparently even Ward did not verify his shortened titles against the full ones in his *Index and Finding Aid*. As a result, one often finds several magazines with very similar titles in the *Index*, any of which might be reasonably referred to by the shortened title provided in *Literary Reviews*, and Ward offers no help in determining which periodical he meant. He might not have even known.

Nor does Ward indicate how thoroughly he reviewed each issue of each periodical. In at least one case, he reproduced an error present in a magazine's yearly index to contents, suggesting that he might have – for some years of some magazines – relied on printed end-of-year indexes or monthly tables of contents, rather than on a page-by-page review of the actual contents. While the *Monthly Review* charged purchasers for the end-of-year indexes by including it in an end-of-year supplement with other content, with other magazines it is unclear whether publishers charged a fee or reduced the listing of their contents

to fit into whatever amount of paper they had allotted, or both. Ward could have remedied this deficiency in his bibliography by including in an appendix lists indicating which issues he reviewed first-hand, which contents were listed only from end-of-year indexes and which issues he never saw. As it stands, a user cannot know, for example, whether Ward indexed a particular issue or year. Ward appears to have seen (in some form) the contents of the *Aberdeen Magazine* for 1796, but he has no entries for that title for either 1788 or 1789; yet both those earlier years contain literary reviews. Nor can a reader know which magazines Ward reviewed carefully but found no reviews, as for example *RWWR* found with the run of *Genius of Kent*. Such lists would have allowed subsequent researchers to fill in or supplement his work, as necessary. These are significant deficiencies, particularly because most users, dipping into Ward to find lists of reviews for a particular author, have no idea how much they might be missing.

This leads to the most significant of Ward's deficiencies: scope. Ward defined 'literary' to mean poetry, drama or fiction. He excluded all other genres: memoir, travel journal, literary biography, non-fiction prose, children's literature, religious treatises and so forth – though by the last volume he did make exception for the 'prose of Mary Wollstonecraft and the non-belletristic prose of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Godwin' as well as for the raft of responses to Thomas Paine.<sup>8</sup> As a result, Hester Lynch Thrale Piozzi receives not a single entry in any volume of Ward's bibliography, though as this first volume of *RWWR* reveals, her *Observations on a Tour through France* garnered six reviews in 1789 alone. Ward further excluded 'all foreign literatures (except American) as well as earlier English literature', a position he altered in his fourth volume by including in an appendix reviews of 'certain benchmark English authors,' Milton, Shakespeare, Pope and Johnson.<sup>9</sup> (This decision mirrors *RWWR*'s determination that Romantic reviews of works from earlier periods offer important information about the literary, historical and cultural backgrounds against which Romantic writers wrote.) By including such materials, Ward gave the illusion of completeness to a project that lacked an overriding editorial policy.

Ultimately the problem with Ward's index is its very haphazardness. Ward gathered references to reviews based on his own research interests and on his perception of what he might later wish to know. His decisions when collecting the entries were not based on coherent, or even articulated, editorial principles, and at the point of publishing his research notes he chose not to address these questions in his prefatory materials. What he does well (poetry), he does very well. But there is no way to tell what he has not done or what he has only mostly done. Of course his tactic worked: for thirty-eight years, no one asked; and since its publication, users have treated Ward's index as a comprehensive lens to reviews in 134 magazines, forming a picture of the Romantic critical heritage. In the end, however, Ward's bibliography is by no means comprehensive.

The present edition addresses this shortfall, building on the entries Ward provided, but supplementing that information by a new examination of magazines, whenever possible. In terms of prose reviews alone, *RWWR*'s examination of the magazines has yielded 20–80 per cent more material (depending on which magazines we are consulting) than is listed in Ward. For example, in Volume 1 alone, *RWWR* provides 67 previously unnoted reviews. As such, *RWWR* provides a comprehensive collection of contemporary reviews of the works of Romantic women writers appearing in British periodicals between 1789 and 1819, dates corresponding to the beginning of the French Revolution through the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars. *RWWR* gathers works that Ward ignored because they were not clearly 'literary', such as Maria Edgeworth's *Practical Education* or Helen Maria Williams's *Letters from France* or Susanna MacIver's *Cookery and Pastery* or the various justifications published by the Countess Valois de la Motte or by Margaret Stewart. As a comprehensive collection, *RWWR* provides reviews both of women now receiving critical attention (whether or not those women were well reviewed in contemporary periodicals) and of women now unknown or nearly so, but who received considerable attention from contemporary reviewers. In doing so, *RWWR* provides reviews of books that appear to be no longer extant, allowing critics to examine what books have disappeared from view and perhaps why. By providing the critical reception of works by women, *RWWR* also helps critics identify books that need recuperation.

As an edition, *RWWR* enables scholars to interrogate the history of women writers in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It provides the 'ongoing archival recuperation' that Kim Wheatley has identified as 'necessary' for the 'rediscovery of Romantic women writers, the main growth area in Romantic studies'.<sup>10</sup> It aids scholars in combating the 'widespread social and scholarly amnesia', as Tracy C. Davis and Ellen Donkin described it in 1999, that still besets most of the women writers of the Romantic age regardless of their contemporary success.<sup>11</sup> More specifically, *RWWR* promotes greater examination of the responses of contemporary critics to individual women writers and their works, to women writers in the Romantic book trade and to categories of women writers (poets, dramatists, novelists, etc). *RWWR* allows critics and scholars to reconsider the following areas: the nature of women's writing (genres, range, amount, and so on); the reception of women writers across magazines; the relationship between women authors and periodical reviewers; and the nature of periodical reviewing in the early nineteenth century. *RWWR* broadens our understanding of the nature of literary authorship, of the history of the literary marketplace, and the role of gender in reception.

## The World as We Know It: Women Writers and Contemporary Reviews

Most studies of Romantic periodicals focus on particular magazines themselves, often in terms of a historical examination of their practices and editorial staff as with John Clive's 1957 *Scotch Reviewers: The Edinburgh Review, 1802–181* ; Peter F. Morgan's 1983 *Literary Critics and Reviewers in Early Nineteenth-Century Britain*; Massimiliano Demata and Duncan Wu's 2002 collection *British Romanticism and the Edinburgh Review*; or Jonathan Cutmore's two works on the *Quarterly Review*, his 2007 essay collection *Conservatism in the Quarterly Review* or his 2008 study *Contributors to the Quarterly Review*. Other scholars place the magazines in broader cultural or political contexts such as Kim Wheatley's 2003 collection *Romantic Periodicals and Print Culture*; Kevin Gilmartin's 2007 *Writing against Revolution: Literary Conservatism in Britain, 1790–1832* or Mark Parker's 2000 *Literary Magazines and British Romanticism* which focuses on magazines as literary forms.

The relationship between gender and Romantic periodicals has also received some consideration, but typically this concern rests with women as writers and as critics. Alison Adburgham's 1972 *Women in Print* discusses popular magazines and the women who wrote for them or who appeared serialized in their pages.<sup>12</sup> Mary Waters's *British Women Writers and the Profession of Literary Criticism, 1789–1832* analyses women writers as critics, as does Gay Gibson Cima's 1999 "To be Public as a Genius and Private as a Woman": The Critical Framing of Nineteenth-Century British Women Playwrights'; several articles on Mary Wollstonecraft's work including Mitzi Myers's 2002 'Mary Wollstonecraft's Literary Reviews'; and Michael Gamer's discussion of Elizabeth Moody's critical review of James Thomson in *Romanticism and the Gothic*.<sup>13</sup>

But studies of the reception of Romantic women writers are strikingly absent, except of course for that of Jane Austen. Certainly Derek Roper's 1978 *Reviewing before the Edinburgh* offers a history of periodical reviewing and, in doing so, briefly examines reviews of several well-known women writers: Charlotte Smith, Ann Radcliffe, Mary Hays, Elizabeth Inchbald, Clara Reeve, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth and Mary Wollstonecraft. But his work is the only full-length study to do so. Dishearteningly, of the 44 women writers who had more than five books reviewed between 1788 and 1826, only three have been subjects of reception studies, even though Ward's bibliography has listed reviews for each of these 44 for almost forty years. A search of the Modern Language Association International Bibliography produces only four articles: two on Amelia Opie, one on Madame de Genlis and one on Maria Edgeworth.<sup>14</sup> And only Greg Kucich's 2000 'Reviewing Women in British Romantic Theatre' examines the reception of a class of writers: women dramatists. By bringing attention to reviews perhaps

otherwise inaccessible to critics, *RWWR* hopes to encourage further studies of women writers and their reception in the magazines.

Of course, the high regard for Austen is a positive development in the reconsideration of female authors in the period. But this attention to Austen may in fact have obscured many of the other women authors of her time and distorted our perceptions of the contemporary literary scene. Though scholars acknowledge Austen is not typical of the market, her experience has inadvertently shaped our narratives of how the early nineteenth-century book trade functioned and of how women writers fared within it. Austen published only six novels, and those novels collectively garnered only 17 reviews in her lifetime. Writing under the pseudonym 'A Lady', Austen earned little for her copyrights – only £110 for *Pride and Prejudice*. Based on the limited sample of Austen's experience as a novelist, critical discussion of women writers in the early nineteenth-century book trade often rests on four implicit assumptions:

1. Women did not publish as much as men did.
2. Women who did publish were not frequently reviewed in the periodical press.<sup>15</sup>
3. Women typically published under assumed names or pseudonyms.<sup>16</sup>
4. Women received poor compensation from publishers for their copyrights.

These assumptions do not take into account the realities of the marketplace, or that other women fared better in it than Austen did. Compare for example Austen's 17 lifetime reviews to Mary Robinson's 78, Maria Edgeworth's 77, Amelia Opie's 69, Elizabeth Inchbald's 64, Sydney Owenson's 62 and Jane West's 61, etc. Constructed without a full picture of the market, these implicit assumptions give a limited and distorted picture of women's production and reception. Yet these arbitrary narratives hold the status of such truth that few scholars have engaged in the primary research necessary to test their accuracy. As a result, assumptions such as these have set artificial limits on the studies done on Romantic women writers in particular and on the early nineteenth-century book trade in general.

Strikingly, however, a broader look at the market reveals women writers in numbers we have never before imagined. If we treat the entries in Ward's bibliography as data to be mined for information about the market, we find that between 1789 and 1824, 448 women wrote 997 texts reviewed or noticed in the British periodical press. Of these, 168 earned reviews for more than one book, and the number of reviews in total for women's works reaches over 3,700. Of course, these figures do not measure total production by women, since only a portion of published works garnered reviews. If, for example – using Peter Garside, James Raven and Ranier Schöwerling's two-volume bibliographical survey of prose fiction, *The English Novel, 1770–1829* – we compare the numbers of

novels reviewed against those not reviewed, we find that of the 772 novels published in the eleven years between 1789 and 1799, 689 were reviewed, or 89 per cent. The ratios for other genres are nearly impossible to estimate because no comprehensive bibliography for poetry, drama or non-fiction prose exists corresponding to Garside, Raven and Schowerling's work for prose fiction. Further, though novels between 1789 and 1799 were reviewed 89 per cent of the time, we cannot assume that figure would hold true for any other genre. Unfortunately after 1799, we cannot even easily assess the ratios of novels reviewed, since Garside, Raven and Schowerling eliminate notices of reviews in their second volume.

We can, however, assume the gap between reviewed and not-reviewed widens over time in part because of the increasing numbers of published works. For example, the number of novels published rises almost constantly in each ten-year period from 1770 to 1829: 297 in 1770–9; 334 in 1780–9; 405 in 1790–9; 705 in 1800–9; 682 in 1810–19; 824 in 1820–9. The growing numbers of publications to review would have made it harder for review journals like the *Analytical Review*, *Critical Review* and *Monthly Review* (which attempted to notice all published works) to keep up. Further, in 1802 with the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, selective reviewing became more and more the norm. Therefore, since only a portion of the published books gained critical attention, being reviewed indicates contemporary value or at least contemporary noteworthiness. By noteworthy, I mean literally worthy of notice for good or for ill. One can write a very good book that is ignored by the critics, and a very bad one that the critics love to bash. This noteworthiness helps us measure not so much the quality of women's production, perhaps, as the nature of literary taste in the period. And that taste differs remarkably from our own. The number of times a text was reviewed can also offer a guide to what the culture thought most worthy of comment.

We would recognize today perhaps only half of the names of women with more than ten titles reviewed: Charlotte Smith (22 texts), Eliza Parsons (19), Mary Pilkington (15), Jane West and Maria Edgeworth (14 texts each), Amelia Opie and Mary Robinson (13 each), Elizabeth Inchbald (12); Madame de Genlis, Lady Morgan and Mary Meeke (11 each). And we would certainly be hard-pressed to name more than one or two works by each woman – though it is highly likely that many could easily name *all* of Austen's works. Further, if we were to create a 'top twenty' list of most noteworthy women writers in the early nineteenth century, we would see even more unfamiliar names that few of us would recognize today: Eliza S. Frances, Mrs E. G. Bayfield, Margaret Holford, Anna Maria MacKenzie and Mrs John Hunter. All these women were frequently reviewed in the British periodical press, each receiving between 35 and 50 reviews between 1789 and 1819. But on that same list, women we find 'noteworthy' received less attention: Fanny Burney ranks 38th, Jane Austen 50th and Mary Shelley 151st.

Clearly there is a gap between our modern valuing of these authors and the valuing of their contemporaries. This gap raises important questions about the interests and tastes of Romantic readers and about the dynamics of the Romantic literary marketplace. But we cannot answer these questions without a clearer sense of who was in that marketplace, what status they gained there and how their works were perceived by readers and reviewers of the day. To date, scholars have a remarkably difficult time addressing these issues, largely because the materials that would enable such studies have been inaccessible or unavailable. And for this reason, *RWWR* offers not an updated bibliography filling in what Ward overlooked but an edited collection of that expanded terrain.

### Scope and Purpose

The title of this project – *Romantic Women Writers Reviewed* – suggests an orderly sort of Venn diagram with three circles: Romantic writers in one, women writers in another and reviews in the third. The overlapping bit between the three circles then would be the scope of this project. And, as far as it goes, that diagram is correct. The problems are ones of definition and category. What constitutes a woman writer? What constitutes a review? What constitutes Romantic? I will discuss each in turn.

#### *What Constitutes a Woman Writer?*

One might think that the category ‘woman writer’ is straightforward, including those works known to be by women authors. But known when? Is it sufficient that we *now* know the work to be by a woman – as for example with the 1812 novel *Says She to Her Neighbour, What?*, attributed on the title page to ‘an old-fashioned Englishman’ but later attributed to Barbara Hoffland,<sup>17</sup> or the anonymous 1790 *Delia* only attributed to Miss Pilkington by the 1814 publication of the *Minerva Catalogue*? Or must the writer’s identity have been known at the time of publication or reviews? And what does ‘known’ mean? Must the work be signed by the author on the title page of the first edition? (I mean signed here in the sense of a printed authorial attribution, rather than a handwritten signature.) Or can an author sign the title page of second and subsequent editions? Take for example the maddening string of attributions associated with M. Harley, later Mrs Hugill, who signs her first book as ‘by a young lady’, then signs the second book as ‘by the author’ of the first, and so on, until the fourth novel, which she signs with her name followed by ‘the author of’ the first novel. And is it the title page that must be signed or will other locations in the book do, such as a dedication or preface? What if the book itself is not signed, but a paratext in a signed work (such as a list of advertisements for ‘other works by the same author’) claims it? These last three, for example, are all favourite ploys

of Hannah More. Further, is an author's acknowledgement of an earlier anonymous work on the signed title page of a later one sufficient? Determining when a contemporary reader knew who authored what is complicated.

But of course the problem of time is not the only one: there is also the problem of attribution itself. Certainly, for *RWWR*'s purposes, it does not matter that Jan Fergus reattributed novels long thought to be by Eliza Kirkham Strong Mathews to Laetitia-Matilda Hawkins – both are named women writers, and as such would have been included in *RWWR*. But what about works that have never been attributed to a particular woman writer, but which were signed 'by a Lady'? Or works where the title page (or dedication, preface or even the advertisements) attributes the work to a woman but the actual author was a man, or vice versa? We believe that William Henry Hall wrote *Death of Cain*, but the original work signed its title page as 'by a Lady'. For contemporary readers, that text was considered as woman-authored.

Additionally, what about works published by the original author in a foreign language but translated into English by women? Certainly if the original text was woman-authored, we would include discussions of the text regardless of the translator. But what about texts authored by men, but translated by women: do reviews of Henrietta Colebrooke's translation of Rousseau matter?

In response to these questions about attribution, *RWWR* follows these two editorial principles.

- *RWWR* collects reviews of works by known women authors regardless of when the attribution to that woman occurred.
- *RWWR* collects reviews of works presented to their original audiences as woman-authored.

The first principle covers women masquerading as men: if we now know a woman wrote the text, then reviews of those works are included in *RWWR*. In the case of men cross-dressing as women, we go back to the gender provided to the original audience. If the work is presented as by woman, *RWWR* includes reviews of that work. In the case of translations, the reviewers make clear that translation is an intellectual activity that goes beyond copying and that there are good translations and bad; as a result, we include reviews of translations by women writers. (Given these complications to the category of 'woman writer', whenever I refer to 'women writers' or 'works by women writers', I do so as a shorthand for this complicated gender dynamic.)

### *What Constitutes a Review?*

This answer shifts depending on the type of periodical. Antonia Forster in the preface to her *Index to Book Reviews in England, 1775–1800*, distinguishes between ‘review journals’ and ‘magazines’. Though I adopt her first term, for the latter I use the term *miscellanies*, preserving the term *magazine* for the general class of periodical in which both *review journals* and *miscellanies* fall.

Review journals are nicely consistent, even orderly. They tend to devote the majority of their pages to two sections: an initial section of long reviews, each containing substantive extracts from the work under review; and a ‘Catalogue’ of brief (sometimes very brief) notices of many works that typically contain no extracts, only summary and critique. In some magazines this catalogue is subdivided into general topics – ‘poetry’, ‘novels’, ‘medical’, ‘divinity’ or ‘religion’ – but those areas are fluid and idiosyncratic: The *Critical Review*’s 1789 catalogue also includes additional divisions for ‘miscellaneous’, ‘slave-trade’ and ‘controversial’, while the 1789 *Monthly Review* catalogue offers sections for ‘negroe-slavery’, ‘political’ and ‘education, school-books, etc.’. Some review journals may also include a brief concluding section for domestic or foreign affairs, or for birth and death data for the month. But the primary focus of a review journal is reviews. Further, these reviews look like what we would recognize today as reviews, or close to it. In most cases, reviewers give some sense of the content of the book under consideration (sometimes including a plot summary) and the quality of that work. Some reviews clearly see their purpose as to improve their audience’s taste, so they often will extract especially ‘beautiful’ passages for notice. In addition, in some cases, the reviewer offers advice to the author (correct your text more carefully, avoid this or that subject matter, or, as to Hannah Wallis on her publication of religious meditations, ‘pray more, write less’).<sup>18</sup>

Miscellanies, in contrast, offer a range of materials to appeal to a broad audience, and the extent of that range depends on the target audience. All miscellanies include articles on a range of topics, domestic and foreign news; births, deaths and marriages of eminent persons; sections for poetry, whether original or extracted from published works; and extracts from prose works. But some, like the *New London Magazine* and the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, included as well preferences, bankruptcies, prices of stocks, prices of corn, mortality bills and so on. As an example of the contents of a typical miscellany, in addition to the standard contents listed above, the January 1789 issue of the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany* included articles on the weather, antiquities, political news and legal decisions, religious affairs, reflections on world events (such as, in the January 1789 issue, an account of the earthquake at Lisbon) and parliamentary debates. A miscellany devoted to women, like the *New Lady’s Magazine*, offered articles on the royal family, deportment, fashionable dress, fiction and poetry (in

a much greater proportion than other miscellanies) – as well as puzzles, enigmas and rebuses for the reader to solve (or to propose) alongside answers to previous enigmas provided by readers, typically in original poetry. Miscellanies only rarely provided prose reviews of the type one finds in review journals. But if the volume under review was a work of poetry, miscellanies often provided a review *in verse*. In addition, one frequently finds sonnets to this or that poet and to a specific volume of recently published poetry (such as the sonnets to Anna Seward, to Ann Yearsley and to the ‘fair mourner’ Charlotte Smith, a reference to her *Elegiac Sonnets*).<sup>19</sup>

At the same time that miscellanies tend to avoid the standard prose review, they frequently offer materials that give a sense of the author’s reception in the broader marketplace. Significant books, even if that significance is popularity, are frequently extracted. With prose works, such as Elizabeth, Lady Craven’s *Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople* or Hester Piozzi’s *Observations and Reflections on a Tour*, those extracts appear in long sections across several monthly instalments. Often, the first instalment will offer a bit of critical commentary (such as ‘for the next several months, we will extract Mrs. Jones’s fascinating and useful book on ...’), but subsequent instalments provide the extract without any such introduction. With poetry volumes, miscellanies will often extract one or two poems, typically with no commentary at all, and often without any indication what book provides the extract. Yet to exclude this material – which a researcher is unlikely to find except by paging through each volume of each magazine as *RWWR* has done – would be to allow such valuable indicators of women’s significance in the marketplace once more to disappear from view. It would elide the multiple ways in which readers of magazines received women’s works and the multiple ways in which women’s fame was constructed.

In addition to extracted works, miscellanies also included original pieces by women, in prose, poetry and translation – which would not in themselves be noticed in *RWWR*. In many cases, these works – as in the case of novelist Anne Blower’s contributions to the *General Magazine* – are original works by a noted women writer, and they function as an indicator of her market value and status. But in other cases, the magazine becomes a microcosm of the processes at work in the marketplace at large: women write to the editors offering their works for publication (their acceptances and rejections are recorded in the correspondence columns). Once published, their contributions spur responses and commentary from other readers, including poetic reviews. We then have women writers being published and reviewed, though in a reduced context. Drawing a boundary between reviews of ‘external’ works and of ‘internal’ ones becomes difficult, particularly when women like Blower wrote on both sides of that boundary.<sup>20</sup>

Given the diversity of kinds of reception to women’s texts, then, *RWWR* takes the following additional principle:

- *RWWR* includes not only traditional reviews, but also other texts that testify to the work of women writers in the period.

### *What Constitutes Romantic?*

In asking what *Romantic* designates, I do not here enter the long debate over the meaning of the term *Romanticism* or *Romantic*. I share in the critical consensus that Romanticism is a useful term simply to designate a particular literary period, without also claiming that the term suggests a consistent perspective or content across its writers. I rather address *what is the relationship between the term Romantic and the term woman writer?* Is she an author writing in the period we designate for utility's sake as Romanticism? Romantic by birth, death or publication date? In that case, should *RWWR* exclude from inclusion the articles and reviews of women writers who clearly interested reviewers and their readers but who were not living (or even recently dead) at the time? Is it insignificant that Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret Roper or Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle all receive commentary in the period – and in the case of Mary Queen of Scots explicit reviews? Should we ignore the poetic reviews of Sappho? Given that Romanticists have long acknowledged the period's fascination with the past, it seemed somehow inappropriate – in period terms – to exclude from view these additional possibilities for study.

As a final principle, then:

- *RWWR* includes works of reception that indicate the importance of women writers for the Romantic period in general, regardless of the historical period in which the woman lived.

### *What RRWR Includes*

In light of these principles, I offer the following descriptions of what *RWWR* provides:

1. *RWWR* provides in full all reviews of the work of women writers, whether those reviews appear as poetry or prose. Any extracted portions of the original text included in prose reviews are provided in full as well. The extracts a reviewer chose to include shaped how readers received the text; what the editor included and elided or edited are important parts of the reception history of the original text under review. While some reviews are so brief as to be more accurately described as notices (such as the reviewer's dictum to Hannah Wallis mentioned above), we make no attempt to distinguish between reviews and notices, finding like Ward such an attempt 'not only misleading but impossible'.<sup>21</sup>

2. *RWWR* provides in full any extract from the work of a woman writer that includes some critical commentary by an editor or reviewer. Long extracts are typically a feature of miscellanies, but one could easily argue that review journals frequently offer little beyond a series of extracts with a bit of critical commentary. Since we collect those extracts in full as ‘reviews’, we collect the extracts in the miscellanies in full as well, as long as that extract is accompanied by some piece of critical commentary. Under this rule we collect two additional categories of material: biographical notices of women writers and (some) theatrical reviews. Though critical commentary is more obvious with the biographical notices, the theatrical reviews invariably include some remark on the relationship between the writer’s text and that performed on the stage, or on the nature of the writer’s skill, such as the reviewer’s comment that Mrs Inchbald ‘has drawn from her own fertile imagination.’<sup>22</sup> We also include critical articles discussing women writers in general, even when those articles do not mention a specific women writer’s name; these are typically provided at the start of each magazine’s section.
3. In the case of extracts (whether in prose or poetry) *without* critical commentary, *RWWR* provides enough information to allow researchers to identify whether they need to consult the original magazines in which the extracts occur. In the case of prose extracts, we provide a bibliographic citation and up to the first 50 words of the opening paragraph. In the case of poetic extracts, we provide a bibliographic citation, followed by the first and last lines of the poem. In doing this we make no distinction between extracts of externally published work and original work published in the magazine itself.
4. *RWWR* also provides some contextual information that enriches our understanding of the women being reviewed in these volumes and of the place of women’s works in the Romantic marketplace. This category is an *olla podrida*, including information from columns like ‘Notes to Correspondents’, ‘Catalogue of New Books’ and ‘Theatrical Register’. Each of these columns shaped the ways that readers saw the place of women writers in the magazine before them, and by extension in the marketplace at large. Notes to correspondents provided the editor’s correspondence with contributors, and one could easily argue that the insertions were in part advance advertising, calling attention to forthcoming contents in the magazine as well as shaping the sorts of contributions the editor wished to receive. For example, when the editor of the *New Lady’s Magazine* for March 1789 rejected contributions claiming that ‘the following pieces cannot with propriety be admitted into our Miscellany, by Reason of their various Defects’ or asserted that a particular piece ‘does not appear sufficiently interesting to our Readers, to warrant it’s [*sic*] Insertion’, that editor is articulating (however

vaguely) a set of criteria that other contributors would do well to follow. For scholars of the book trade, these columns indicate something of the ways in which the business of literary periodical publishing was conducted. When those notices extend to works submitted by women, we include them. Catalogues of new books offered a selective list of the month's most noteworthy publications and because those lists were selective, we notice them only for the women listed; we do not reproduce these lists in full. Theatrical registers are treated similarly to the catalogues of new books; because they indicate the place of women's works in the broader theatrical market and often suggest the motivations of specific *book* reviews being published at the time, we digest the relevant portions.

### *What RWWR Excludes*

Though it seems we have cast our net widely, *RWWR* does not include a great deal of information relative to women generally. For example, we do not in any way collect references to women who are not writers, such as biographies of famous women like the Duchess of Kingston. We do not collect enigmatical questions posed by women or answers to those questions by women, even when those questions or answers take the form of original poetry by women (though in this latter case, we do try to offer footnotes indicating the presence of those original works by women). Though we have included a notice of a book attributed to Dorothy Jordan, we do not include notices of women actors unless they appear in a review of a play written by a woman. In the cases where, to the best of our knowledge, books remain unsigned and unattributed – the 'truly' anonymous works – *RWWR* does not include reviews of or references to those texts. In gleaning information from columns such as 'correspondence', we do not include notices to women who asked for information not related explicitly to the book trade, such as the woman who wrote to the editor of the *Lady's Magazine* asking for medical advice (she wanted to know how to get rid of a beard and was referred to a doctor). I should also note here that *RWWR* only includes reviews from magazines; it does not collect reviews from newspapers, though newspapers consistently provided reviews in their pages. The reasoning is simple: including reviews from newspapers, for which there is not even an unreliable index, expands the scope of *RWWR* impossibly. We leave that edition to someone else. As does Ward, reviews from newspapers are only included if they appear in extract in a reviewing journal or miscellany.

### *Organization of Each Volume*

*RWWR* is organized by year, then by magazine, and within magazine, by woman alphabetically. Inside each woman writer's section, commentary on her works is organized chronologically, allowing researchers to trace the development of a text's reception across the year and to see the interrelationships of reviews and other types of reception. A chronological organization encourages critics to understand the reception of an individual author as part of a larger market for each year, and the organization by magazine encourages users to consider how the agendas of those periodicals influenced the reviews within them. At the end of each set of volumes, we include headnotes for authors and for magazines, giving an overview of political, religious or social agendas.

### *Organization of Individual Entries*

Each entry is headed by a bibliographic citation including three segments of information:

1. The volume and issue number, separated by a colon, followed by the part number (which is introduced by the abbreviation 'no.').
2. Inside parentheses, the day (if provided) and month.
3. The inclusive page numbers for the span of the article in the magazine.

Thus, a full bibliographic entry would look like this:

17:1, no. 3 (27 March), pp. 21–2.

The review described by this citation appeared in volume 17, issue 1 of a magazine published on 27 March, and that article spanned pages 21 and 22. Because *RWWR* is organized first by year, then by magazine, bibliographic citations do not repeat the magazine title or the year.

When a magazine does not provide particular pieces of information, such as issue or part numbers, *RWWR* simply omits that data from the bibliographic citation. For example, for annuals, an *RWWR* bibliographic citation includes only the volume (if designated) and page numbers.

If the bibliographic citation is preceded by an alphabetical code, then the text that follows is not a review *per se*. The following codes indicate what type of material follows:

- B. – biographical notice, or memoir.
- C. – correspondence, notes to correspondents, etc.
- E-D. – dramatic extract without commentary.
- E-Po. – poetic extract without commentary.
- E-Pr. – prose extract without commentary.
- Ref. – reference to an author in an article not examining her work *per se*.
- T. – Theatrical review.

Reviews in prose or poetry do not receive any special code, only a bibliographic entry.

Following the bibliographic citation is the title which appeared in the review journal or miscellany. We provide titles of works as they are represented by the review, not as the title appears on the title page of the work in question: for example, if the title of the work on its title page appears as *The Priory of St. Bernard*, but the review lists it as *St. Bernard's Priory*, we follow the information in the review itself. In terms of typography, we format titles for consistency across *RWWR* which does not reflect the formatting or typography of the text being reviewed. Retaining such a variety of formatting in house styles – for example 12mo, 12*mo*, 12 *mo*, and 12 mo – offers little material value for the user. Book and print historians would be more likely to consult the volumes themselves for such information. As a result, we regularize all titles to eliminate idiosyncratic formatting (save capitalization of words); and we retain (or add) italics to indicate the title of the text under review and any other texts mentioned in the heading, such as lists of texts also written by a particular author. *RWWR* does not place these titles in single quotation marks for several reasons, not the least of which being a desire to keep the transcribed text clean of unacknowledged editorial interventions. The magazines themselves add information to the title such as bibliographic format, price, number of pages and publisher, which few researchers would consider part of the book's title. We include that data as well.

Further, some columns are less 'columns' than a distinct set of paragraphs with a common focus, such as notes to contributors or theatrical notices. Magazines tend to use generalized titles for such omnibus columns, but those titles are not always provided as specific headers to the reviews, but sometimes appear only in the running head. Take for example a theatrical review of Ann Yearsley's *Earl Goodwin* which appears on page 381. The title header for the column – Theatrical Journal – appears on page 380; another title header – Bath – appears at the top of page 381, and the review of Yearsley's play (several paragraphs down) begins simply with the words, 'November 2' flush left on the same line as the sentence of the review: 'Earl Goodwin, a Tragedy by Mrs Yearsley, was acted here the first time'.<sup>23</sup> Which of these units is the title? Or are all of them? Since November 2 would not by itself indicate that these are theatre reviews, nor would the single word Bath, *RWWR* provides all these units, separated by full stops. With some 'columns', as with correspondence, paragraphs are dropped into the text wherever the publisher finds room, sometimes with only a rule above and below to set it apart from the surrounding text, sometimes not even with that. When no title is provided in the magazine, *RWWR* provides none as well.

Following the title is the text of the review. Within the text of the review, *RWWR* reproduces typographical formatting, including italics, full and small capitals, with the exception of drop caps on first letters or all caps on first words.

When entries span no more than a single page, the page number appears only in the bibliographic citation at the top of the entry. For items spanning more than one page, page numbers are provided in square brackets at the *end* of each page of the original text.

### *Cross-Referencing within Magazines*

Within each magazine, *RWWR* cross-references allusions to or explicit mentions of women writers. When a reference to a woman writer appears in a review of a male or anonymous writer's works, we provide the relevant portions of that review under the name of the woman mentioned. For example, a reference to Hester Piozzi in the *Critical Review's* 1789 notice of Della Crusca's *Diversity: A Poem* would be indicated as follows:

Ref. 67 (January), pp. 129–30.  
*Diversity: A Poem*. By Della Crusca. 4to. 2s. 6d. Bell.  
 [Extracted portion of Della Crusca review.]

The first line of the entry would provide the bibliographic citation preceded by the word Ref. The second line would provide the magazine's title for the review of Della Crusca's text, followed by the extract itself which provides that portion of the review that mentions or discusses Piozzi. Since the article itself is concerned with another topic, we will when necessary use ellipses to make clear that the quoted section is only a portion of a review, and not simply a short notice.

When a reference to a woman writer appears in a review of the work of another woman writer, we provide a reference to the review and its location in *RWWR*. For example, a reference to Anna Laetitia Barbauld in the *Analytical Review's* 1789 notice of Miss Lewis's *Poems, Moral and Entertaining* would be placed under Barbauld's name as follows:

Ref. See Lewis's *Poems*, 3 (January), pp. 74–6.

Users then would consult Lewis's section for the mention of Barbauld.

### *Cross-Referencing across Magazines*

For references across magazines, users – depending on their research needs – should consult each magazine individually, the index of women reviewed appearing in each volume or the cumulative index at the end of each set of volumes.

## Additional Technical Notes

### *Treatment of Prose Extracts*

E-Pr. provides a quotation of the first 30–50 words of the article in extract. If the portion *RWWR* quotes appears on the first page of the article, we do not provide the page number, it being understood that the quoted portion comes from the first page of the article in extract. If the portion we quote crosses a page break, then we provide page numbers in square brackets. We include ellipses only if the extract does not end on a full stop.

### *Treatment of Poetic Extracts*

Poetic extracts provide the first and last lines of the poem extracted in the magazine. We exclude introductory epigraphs from other authors, but include – as being the author's own composition – the first sentence of any prefatory prose argument. Since we provide the page numbers in the bibliographic citation, and first lines will appear on the first page listed, and last lines on the last page, we do not repeat the page numbers in the quoted portion of the poem.

### *Anonymous, Pseudonymous and Attributed Titles*

Anonymous and pseudonymous texts attributed to particular authors are listed under that author's name, regardless of when the attribution occurred. Unattributed anonymous and pseudonymous texts presented to audiences as woman-authored (such as 'by a lady', 'by a young lady', 'by a mother', 'by the authoress', 'young female foreigner', etc.) are grouped each year under the generic term 'Lady'. This grouping allows users an ease of searching, placing all gendered titles in a single location within a magazine's entries, rather than distributing them across the magazine according to their various authorial designations.

### *Making Attributions*

*RWWR* uses a number of sources to make attributions for anonymous and pseudonymous texts. Our original database drew entries for women's texts from Williams Ward's *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1789–1826*; therefore, we began with his attributions. Whenever possible, we have verified attributions of books by recourse to page images of title pages, prefaces and dedications available in electronic resources such as ECCO, the Internet Archive and Google Books. For works for which we have been unable to access page images, we have drawn on attribution information in a variety of reference tools and catalogues: Virginia Blain, Patricia Clements and Isobel Grundy's *Feminist Companion to Literature in English*; Dorothy Blakey's *The Minerva Press, 1790–1820*; COPAC National, Academic and Specialist Library Catalogue (<http://copac.ac.uk/>);

Gwenn Davis and Beverley A. Joyce's *Poetry by Women to 1900: A Bibliography of American and British Writers*; Antonia Forster's *Index to Book Reviews in England, 1775–1800*; Peter Garside, James Raven and Rainer Schöwerling's *The English Novel 1770–1829: A Bibliographical Survey of Prose Fiction Published in the British Isles*; the English Short-Title Catalogue; Samuel Halkett and John Laing's *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature*; Charles Hogan's *The London Stage, 1600–1800: Part 5, 1776–180* ; J. R. de J. Jackson's *Romantic Poetry by Women*; Robert D. Mayo's *The English Novel in the Magazine, 1740–1815*; the *New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*; Allardyce Nicoll's *A History of English Drama, 1660–1900*, vol. 6: Alphabetical Catalogue of Plays, 1660–1900; and Cambridge University Press's Orlando database; as well as some specialized articles on individual authors. See Bibliography for full source information.

Whereas other reference tools use question marks or square brackets to designate questionable attributions, we indicate how we have determined authorship for each work in an appendix to the final volume of each set. We have not tried to identify authorship for the non-review items indicated by codes before the bibliographic citations.

### *Signatures on Items*

How extracts and original works are attributed to authors is important to understanding the role of women writers. As a result, we include all attributions internal to magazines, such as authorial signature at the beginning or end of the extract. Further, extracts will often identify their authors in more than one way. For example, the title of an extract might indicate its author is 'a lady', but also provide at the end of the extract an actual name or pseudonym, or vice versa. We provide both identifiers. Since not all poems provide dates of composition (or reputed dates of composition) or locations, we retain those as information that researchers might find useful or important.

### *Women with Multiple Names*

Several women publish under multiple names, often a result of marriage. While the elegant solution would be to pick one of those names and index to that name consistently, doing so would obscure the name used in contemporary works and which a researcher might need to find additional information in contemporary materials. For example, though Anna Maria Mackenzie ends her career as a Mackenzie, she had previously published as Mrs Johnson, Anna Maria Johnson, and A. M. Cox (in addition to her pseudonym Ellen of Exeter). To find references to her works in advertisements, letters and journals, or other ephemera, one would need to use the name by which she was known in a spe-

cific year. We use – as best as we can predict or confirm – the name appropriate to the year being consulted. So, in 1789 she is alphabetized by Johnson, and in 1798 by Mackenzie. All those names appear in the index with appropriate cross-references, and the authorial note on Mackenzie provides all names.

We have included some works for which authors have not been identified, but which are gendered female by reviewers. These are placed chronologically under the general author, Lady. We choose chronological order because those interested in a single title will use the indexes to find the page numbers on which that review appears, so it does not matter to those researchers what comes before and after in the list. But researchers of women writers more generally or of the book trade might find the chronological arrangement evocative or suggestive. Without organizing chronologically for example one could not make the preliminary observation we have that for most review journals more reviews of anonymous women's works appear in the second half of the year, suggesting that named authors were published earlier in the year, and anonymous women writers fitted in as space permitted.

### *Memoirs and Putative Memoirs*

A number of works present themselves as being written by 'real' woman – such as those of Miss Julia Frank or Miss Catlane. Since those are presented as by women to their readers, we include reviews of them.

### *Brackets*

Some reviews provide interpolations using square brackets ([ ]), we have changed those to angled brackets (< >), and retained square brackets for our editorial and bibliographic interpolations. Speculative interpolations use curly brackets ({ }).

### *Appendix on Editorial Process*

*RWWR* based its primary list of reviews from Ward's index, then supplemented that list with Forster and with our own page-by-page examination of the magazines. However, it is not always possible, despite our best efforts, to reproduce everything Ward listed. In some cases, the holding libraries Ward indicated no longer own the journals, and we can find no alternative holders. However, in an appendix we include explicit statements about what we were unable to examine ourselves, what Ward listed that we have been unable to acquire and what magazines we have additionally examined but found no reviews. Given that we cannot always know what exactly Ward examined, we take those opportunities that arise to examine additional titles. If those titles contain reviews, they are included in the body of the work; if they do not, we indicate that information in the appendix.

## Notes:

1. R. Haven, Review of William S. Ward, *British Periodicals and Newspapers, 1789–1832, A Bibliography of Secondary Sources*, 1973; William S. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1798–1820, A Bibliography*, 1972; Donald H. Reiman, ed. *The Romantics Reviewed*, 1972, *Victorian Periodicals Newsletter*, 6:20 (June 1973), pp. 46–8, on p. 46.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 48.
3. Greg Kucich goes against this trend by treating Ward as a body of material to be analysed, rather than a reference tool. See G. Kucich, 'Reviewing Women in British Romantic Theatre', in C. Burroughs (ed.), *Women in British Romantic Literature: Drama, Performance and Society, 1790–1840* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), pp. 48–76.
4. M. Ives, Personal Correspondence, 2010.
5. ECCO is a subscription service as is Worldcat, but Worldcat allows some public searching at <http://www.worldcat.org/>. At the time of this writing Google Books remains a free service: <http://books.google.com/>; the Internet Archive is publicly funded: <http://www.archive.org/>.
6. W. S. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1798–1820: A Bibliography*, 2 vols (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1972), vol. 1, p. xii.
7. W. S. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1821–1826: A Bibliography* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1977), p. vii.
8. W. S. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1789–1797: A Bibliography* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1979), p. viii.
9. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1821–1826*, p. x; Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1789–1797*, p. viii.
10. K. Wheatley, 'Introduction', in K. Wheatley (ed.), *Romantic Periodicals and Print Culture* (London: Frank Cass, 2003), pp. 1–18, on p. 3.
11. T. C. Davis and E. Donkin, 'Introduction', in T. C. Davis and E. Donkin (eds), *Women and Playwriting in Nineteenth-Century Britain* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), pp. 1–12, on p. 2.
12. A work like Ann H. Jones's 1986 *Ideas and Innovations: Bestsellers of Jane Austen's Age*, which offers substantive chapters to seven relatively unknown women novelists – Elizabeth Hamilton, Amelia Opie, Mary Balfour Brunton, Jane Porter, Anna Maria Porter, Sydney Owenson (Lady Morgan) and Charlotte Dacre – is of interest here, but her focus is ultimately biographical and historical, not concerned with reception except tangentially.
13. See M. Gamer, *Romanticism and the Gothic* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), pp. 37–42. Cima's article appears in Davis and Donkin (eds), *Women and Playwriting*, pp. 35–53; and Myers's in C. L. Johnson (ed.), *Cambridge Companion to Mary Wollstonecraft* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), pp. 82–98.
14. See A. Bradley, 'Correcting Mrs. Opie's Powers: The *Edinburgh Review* of Amelia Opie's *Poems* (1802)', in Wheatley (ed.), *Romantic Periodicals*, pp. 41–61; S. King, 'Politics, Poetics and Propriety: Reviewing Amelia Opie', *Romanticism on the Net*, 29–30 (February–May 2003), at <http://www.erudit.org/revue/ron/2003/v/n29-30/index.html>; G. Dow, 'On Reviewing Mme de Genlis', in J. Mallinson (ed.), *Correspondence; Images of the Eighteenth Century; Polemic; Style and Aesthetics* (Oxford: Voltaire Foundation; 2004), pp. 133–43; and A. Monnickendam, 'The Odd Couple: Christian Isobel Johnstone's Reviews of Maria Edgeworth and Walter Scott', *Scottish Literary Journal*, 27:1 (Spring 2000), pp. 22–38.

15. Kucich acknowledges that 'the amount of reviewing space devoted to women dramatists in most periodicals, according to William Ward's compilations, falls disproportionately short of the attention bestowed on male dramatists', but he adds that 'nevertheless, the vast majority of reviews of women dramatists assume an inviting tone and express [a] kind of eagerness to recognize female talent' ('Reviewing Women in British Romantic Theatre', p. 50).
16. Paula Feldman opposes this assumption, arguing that 'during the period 1770–1835, women *rarely* published books of verse anonymously. With surprisingly few exceptions, women who published poetry books proudly placed their real names on the title page form the very outset of their careers' (P. R. Feldman, 'Women Poets and Anonymity in the Romantic Era', in E. J. Clery, C. Franklin and P. Garside (eds), *Authorship, Commerce, and the Public Scenes of Writing, 1750–1850* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2002), pp. 44–53, on p. 44). Stephanie Eckroth's work on women and anonymity, forthcoming in the Ashgate collection *Women Writers and the Artifacts of Celebrity*, indicates a similar pattern among women novelists.
17. Thanks to Stephanie Eckroth for this example of a male to female reattribution.
18. *General Magazine*, 3 (1790).
19. See *Gentleman's Magazine* (January 1789), below, p. 248; *European Magazine*, 16 (November 1789), below, pp. 194 1–5; *Gentleman's Magazine* (September 1789), below, p. 249.
20. I list only those contributions *presented* to contemporary readers as by women or women's pseudonyms. I have made no attempt to list anonymous contributions identified as by women in Robert D. Mayo's *The English Novel in the Magazines, 1740–1815* (Evanston, IL: Northwest University Press, 1962).
21. Ward, *Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1789–1797*, p. xv.
22. *Monthly Review*, 80 (January 1789), below, p. 320.
23. *European Magazine*, 16 (November 1789), below, p. 193.



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*ABERDEEN MAGAZINE, A LITERARY  
CHRONICLE AND REVIEW*

Brooke, Frances

B. 2:32 (26 March), pp. 169–71.  
Anecdotes of Mrs. Frances Brooke.  
[See Brooke in Appendix A.]

Cowley, Hannah

B. 2:40 (16 July), pp. 445–7.  
An Account of the Life and Writings of Mrs. H. Cowley.  
[See Cowley in Appendix A.]

Craven, Elizabeth, Lady

E-Pr. 2:31 (12 March), pp. 143–5.  
*Extract from Lady Craven's Journey to Constantinople.*

*Vienna.* I am arrived here at last, through a very beautiful country; but must observe, that whoever wrote L. M—'s Letters! (for she never wrote a line of them) misrepresents things most terribly...

[Extract also includes headings for Vienna, Warsaw, and Karashazar in the Crimea.]

E-Pr. 2:32 (26 March), pp. 164–6.  
*Extract from Lady Craven's Journey to Constantinople. (Concluded.)*

*Batcheferai*, April 8, 1786. In my way hither I dined at the Cossack Chief's post – and my entertainment was truly Cossack ...

[Extract also includes headings for Batcheferai and Sevastople.]

Genlis, Countess de, née Stéphanie Felicité du Crest de Saint-Aubin

Ref. 2:36 (21 May), pp. 319–22.

New Definition of Language.

... Many of my readers have possibly perused the works of Madame Genlis, and may remember a little tale entitled *Le Palais de Verite*,<sup>2</sup> a place endowed by its tutelary Genius with so singular a power, that all who entered its walls were obliged to speak their real thoughts without being themselves sensible that they did so; and the difference between what they say, and what they intended [320] to say forms some very laughable scenes. [321]

Gibbes, Phebe

E-Pr. 2:39 (2 July), pp. 416–21.

Picture of the Mode of Living at Calcutta. In a letter from a Lady to her friend in England.

This, Arabella, shall be a long letter; for it shall contain an account of one whole day, spent after the Calcutta manner ...

Lady

E-Pr. 2:48 (5 November), pp. 722–4.

Characters: By a Lady. <From Andrews's Anecdotes,<sup>3</sup> &c.>

Euphemia possesses a mind, superior to the sensation of possessing uncommon talents; she would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accomplishments, were it not for her philanthropy. ...

Moody, Elizabeth

E-Po. 2:37 (4 June), p. 374.

On Youth. By Mrs. Moody.

Blihsome Goddess! Sprightly Youth, [...] These, enchanting Youth! are thine.

Pearson, Susanna

E-Po. 2:51 (17 December), p. 828.

Sonnet to the Violet. By Miss. S. Pearson.

Sweet humble flow'r, that on the pathless hill [...] And die like thee, fair flow'r, amid some vale serene.

E-Po. 2:51 (17 December), p. 828.

Sonnet. Written on a blank leaf of Shakespeare. By the Same.

Shakespeare, immortal poet! who like thee [...] And from its native rock light's richest tincture throws.

### Piozzi, Hester Lynch

2:29 (2 July), pp. 438–40.

*Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany.* By Hester Lynch Piozzi. 2 vols. 8vo.

From this entertaining work we shall occasionally select such passages as may be most easily detached, for the perusal of our readers. Of the great city of Paris she gives the following description:

The fine paved road to this town has many inconveniences, and jars the nerves terribly with its perpetual rattle; the approach however always strikes one as very fine, I think; and the Boulevards and Guingettes look always pretty too: as wine, beer, and spirits, are not permitted to be sold there, one sees what England does not even pretend to exhibit, which is, gaiety without noise, and a crowd without riot. I was pleased to go over the churches again too, and reexperience that particular sensation which the disposition of St. Rocque's altars and ornaments alone can give. In the evening we looked at the new square called the Palais Royal, whence the Duc de Chartres has removed a vast number of noble trees, which it was a sin and shame to profane with an axe, after they had adorned that spot for so many centuries. The people were accordingly as angry, I believe, as Frenchman can be, when the folly was first committed. The Court, however, had wit enough to convert the place into a sort of Vauxhall, with tents, fountains, shops, full of frippery, brilliant at once and worthless, to attract them; with coffee-houses surrounding it on every side; and now they are all again *merry* and *happy*, [438] synonymous terms at Paris, though often disunited in London; and *Vive le Duc de Chartres!*

The French are really a contented race of mortals; precluded almost from possibility of adventure, the low Parisian leads a gentle humble life, nor envies that greatness he never can obtain; but either wonders delightedly, or diverts himself philosophically with the sight of splendours which seldom fail to excite serious envy in an Englishman, and sometimes occasion even suicide, from disappointed hopes, which never could take root, in the heart of these unambitious people. Reflections of this cast are suggested to one here in every shop, where the behaviour of the master at first sight contradicts all that our satirists tell us of the *supple Gaul*,<sup>4</sup> &c. A mercer in this town shews you a few silks, and those he scarcely opens; *vous devez choisir* (chuse what you like), is all he thinks of saying, to invite your custom; then takes out his snuff box, and yawns in your face, fatigued by your inquiries. For my own part, I find my natural disgust of such behaviour greatly repelled by the recollection that the man I am speaking to is no inhabitant of

A happy land, where circulating pow'r  
Flows thro' each member of th'embodied state –

S. JOHNSON.<sup>5</sup>

and I feel well-inclined to respect the peaceful tenour of life, which likes not to be broken in upon, for the sake of obtaining riches, which when gotten must end only in the pleasure of counting them. A Frenchman who should make his fortune by trade tomorrow, would be no nearer advancement in society or situation: why then should he solicit, by arts he is too lazy to delight in the practice of, that opulence which would afford so slight an improvement to his comforts? He lives as well as he wishes already; he goes to the Boulevards every night, treats his wife with a glass of lemonade or ice, and holds up his babies by turns, to hear the jokes of *Jean Potage*. Were he to recommend his goods, like the Londoner, with studied eloquence and attentive flattery, he could not hope, like him, that the eloquence he now bestows on the decorations of a hat, or the varnish of an equipage, may one day serve to torment a minister, and obtain a post of honour for his son; he could not hope that on some future day his flattery might be listened to by some lady of more birth than beauty, or riches perhaps, when happily employed upon a very different subject, and be the means of lifting himself into a state of distinction, his children too into public notoriety.

Emulation, ambition, avarice, however, must in all arbitrary governments be confined to the great; the *other* set of mortals, for there are none there of *middling* rank, live, as it should seem, like eunuchs in a seraglio; feel themselves irrevocably doomed to promote the pleasure of their superiors, nor ever dream of sighing for enjoyments from which an irremovable boundary divides them. They see at the beginning of their lives how that life must necessarily end, and trot with a quiet, contented, and unaltered pace down their long, straight, and shaded avenue; while we, with anxious solicitude, and restless hurry, watch the quick turnings of our serpentine walk; which still presents, either to sight or expectation, some changes of variety in the ever-shifting prospect, till the unthought-of, unexpected end comes suddenly upon us, and finishes at once the fluctuating scene. Reflections must now give way to facts for a moment; though few English people want to be told, that every hotel here, belonging to people of condition, is shut out from the street [439] like our Burlington-house, which gives a general gloom to the look of this city so famed for its gaiety: the streets are narrow too, and ill-paved; and very noisy, from the echo made by stone buildings drawn up to a prodigious height, many of the houses having seven, and some of them even eight, stories from the bottom. The contradictions one meets with every moment likewise strike even a cursory observer – a Countess in a morning, her hair dressed, with diamonds too perhaps, a dirty black handkerchief about her neck, and a flat silver ring on her finger, like our ale-wives; a *femme publique*, dressed avowedly for the purposes of alluring the men, with not a very small crucifix hanging at her bosom; and the Virgin Mary's sign at an alehouse door, with these words,

Je suis la mere de mon Dieu,  
Et la gardienne de ce lieu.

The mother of my God am I,  
And keep this house right carefully.

I have stolen a day to visit my old acquaintance the English Austin Nuns at the Fosse, and found the whole community alive and cheerful: they are many of them agreeable women, and having seen Dr. Johnson with me which I was last abroad, inquired

much for him: Mrs. Fermor, the Prioress, niece to Belinda in the Rape of the Lock, taking occasion to tell me, comically enough, 'That she believed there was but little comfort to be found in a house that harboured *poets*; for that she remembered Mr. Pope's praise made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, while his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait on him; and he gave one' (said she) 'no amends by his talk neither, for he only sate dozing all day, when the sweet wine was out, and made his verses chiefly in the night; during which season he kept himself awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids business to make for him, and they took it by turns.'

These ladies really live here as comfortably, for aught I see, as peace, quietness, and the certainty of a good dinner every day, can make them. Just so much happier than as many old maids who inhabit Milman-street and Chapelrow,<sup>6</sup> as they are sure not to be robbed by a treacherous, or insulted by a favoured, servant in the decline of life, when protection is grown hopeless, and resistance vain; and as they enjoy at least a moral certainty of never living worse than they do today: while the little knot of unmarried females turned fifty round Red-lion-square<sup>7</sup> may always be ruined by a runaway agent, a bankrupted banker, or a roguish steward; and even the petty pleasures of sixpenny quadrille<sup>8</sup> may become by that misfortune too costly for their income. — *Au reste*, as the French say, the difference is small: both coteries sit separate in the morning, go to prayers at noon, and read the chapters for the day: change their neat dress, eat their little dinner, and play at small games for small sums in the evening: when recollection tires, and chat runs low. [440]

2:41 (30 July), pp. 500–2.

*OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS made in the Course of a Journey through FRANCE, ITALY, and GERMANY.* By Hester Lynch Piozzi. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs. Piozzi's talents for description are evident throughout these volumes. Though her remarks on subjects of a lighter kind are sprightly and pleasing, yet we may easily discover a depth of penetration, and a justness of thought, when those of a more serious cast come under her consideration. Her reflections in general are pertinent and ingenious, and her observations afford both instruction and amusement.

Our future Extracts from this publication will principally consist of short descriptions, interesting narratives, and characteristical anecdotes, all of which are strongly expressive of national manners and local prejudices.

Of Venice and its laws we have the following particulars:

We have been told much of the suspicious temper of the Venetian laws; and have heard often, that every discourse is suffered, except such as tends to political conversation, in this city; and that whatever nobleman, native of Venice, is seen speaking familiarly with a foreign minister, runs a risque of punishments too terrible to be thought on.

How far that manner of proceeding may be wise or just, I know not; certain it is that they have preserved their laws inviolate, their city unattempted, and their republic respectable, through all the concussions that have shaken the rest of Europe. Surrounded by envious powers, it becomes them to be vigilant; conscious of the value of their unconquered state, it is no wonder that they love her; and surely the true

*Amor Patriæ*<sup>9</sup> never glowed more warmly in old Roman bosoms than in theirs, who draw, as many families here do, their pedigrees from the consuls of the Commonwealth. – Love without jealousy is seldom to be met with, especially in these warm climates – let us then permit them to be jealous of a constitution which all the other states of Italy look on with envy not unmingled with malice, and propagate strange stories to its disadvantage.

That suspicion should be concealed under a mask of gaiety is neither very new nor very strange: the reign of our Charles II. was equally famous for plots, perjuries, and cruel [500] chastisements,<sup>10</sup> as for wanton levity and indecent frolics: but here at Venice there are no unpermitted frolics: her rulers love to see her gay and cheerful: they are the fathers of their country, and if they *indulge*, take care not to *spoil* her.

The deep secrecy of their councils, however, and unrelenting steadiness of their resolutions, cannot be better explained than by telling a little story, which will illustrate the private virtue as well as the public authority of these extraordinary people; for though the tale is now in abler hands (intending, as I am told, to form a tragedy upon its basis), the summary may serve to adorn my little work; as a landscape painter refuses not to throw the story of Phaeton's petition for Apollo's car<sup>11</sup> into his picture, for the purpose of illuminating the back ground, though Ovid has written the story, and Titian has painted it.<sup>12</sup>

Some years ago then, perhaps a hundred, one of the many spies who ply this town by night, ran into the state inquisitor, with information that such a nobleman (naming him) had connections with the French ambassador, and went privately to his house every night at a certain hour. The *Messergando*, as they call him, could not believe, nor would proceed, without better or stronger proof, against a man for whom he had an intimate personal friendship, and on whose virtue he counted with very particular reliance. Another spy was therefore set, and brought back the same intelligence, adding the description of his disguise: on which the worthy magistrate put on his mask and bauta, and went out himself; when his eyes confirming the report of his informants, and the reflection on his duty stifling all remorse, he sent publicly *Foscarini* in the morning, whom the populace attended all weeping to his door.

Nothing but resolute denial of the crime alledged could however be forced from the firm minded citizen, who, sensible of the discovery, prepared for that punishment he knew to be inevitable, and submitted to the fate his friend was obliged to inflict; no less than a dungeon for life, that dungeon so horrible, that I have heard Mr. Howard was not permitted to see it.

The people lamented, but their lamentations were vain. The magistrate who condemned him never recovered the shock: but Foscarini was heard of no more, till an old lady died 40 years after in Paris, whose last confession declared she was visited with amorous intentions by a nobleman of Venice whose name she never knew, while she resided there as companion to the ambassadress. So was Foscarini lost! so died he a martyr to love and tenderness for female reputation! Is it not therefore a story fit to be celebrated by that lady's pen, who has chosen it as the basis of her future tragedy? – but I will anticipate no further.

The following is a curious instance of animal sagacity:

An odd thing, to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they might be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his

compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of *dumb creatures*, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals which can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, [501] that no one who sees his behaviour can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing: for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the pianoforte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he, or anyone else, strike a note false, or make any kind of discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teized too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecelia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theater lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own beliefs. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particular in the pigeon but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:<sup>13</sup>

While his better lot bestows  
Sweet repast and soft repose;  
And when feast and frolic tire,  
Drops asleep upon his lyre.<sup>14</sup>

(Continued.) [502]

E-Po. 2:48 (5 November), p. 732.

Ode to Society. By Mrs Piozzi.

Society! Gregarious dame! [...] Thy best-loved sweets – Society.

### Schlözer, Dorothy

B. 2:52 (31 December), pp. 832–4.

An account of Miss Dorothy Schlozer, a celebrated learned Lady in his Majesty's Hanoverian Dominions, who was thought worthy of the highest Academical Honours in the University of Gottingen at the grand Jubilee in the year 1787.

[See Schlözer in Appendix A.]



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## ANALYTICAL REVIEW

### General: On Novels Written by Ladies

Ref. 4 (June), p. 223.

ART. LXV. *The Bastile: or History of Charles Townly. A Man of the World.* In four vols. 12mo. p. 1098. Price 12s. sewed. Lane. 1789.

It may sound like high treason to our fair readers, yet truth compels us to declare that we open a novel with a degree of pleasure, when *written by a lady*, is not inserted in the title page; it is almost needless to premise, that we allude to the flock of novelists, who, by painting in gaudy colours the idle reveries of their imaginations, neither cultivated by experience nor curbed by fixed principles, mislead the ignorant whom they have not abilities to improve, and catch the wandering eye that is seldom employed; nay, scarcely able to discriminate.

The history of Charles Townly has a moral tendency, and virtue appears in many pleasing unaffected forms; the good characters are natural, and the pathetic incidents which occur, without being overstrained, are interesting. We cannot say the same of the humourous scenes, they are caricatures; the prominent features, swelled even to distortion, tire instead of amuse; but we must not be too fastidious, or minutely mark the faults of a novel, which in the main deserves praise.

### Alexander, Judith

4 (August), p. 480.

ART. XXXIII. *The Young Lady of Fortune; or, Her lover gained by Stratagem. A Novel in Two Volumes.* By a Lady. Crown 8vo. 200 p. Pr. 3s. sewed. Alexander. 1789.

We can only say of this wretched farrago, that even we poor Reviewers, who have lately perused so many bad novels, did not expect to meet with such sheer nonsense: The story, sentiments and language, are on a par so very far below criticism, that it would be absurd to particularize faults. T.

## Arthur, Grace

3 (April), p. 471.

ART. xxiv. *The Temple of Health, a Poetical Vision, occasioned by the universal Joy expressed on His Majesty's most happy Recovery.*<sup>1</sup> By a Lady. 4to. p. 12. Pr. 1s. 6d. Chalklen. 1789.

This piece before us is inferior in point of language and diversification to the above;<sup>2</sup> but runs in the same indiscriminate strain of panegyric and loyal exultation.

To Hygiaea's temple our most renowned sovereigns flock, those who have long been sleeping in the dust, and implore the goddess to have pity on their natal land: she listens, and sends Aesculapius, in the form of Dr. Willis, to visit Albion's realm and bid the monarch live in health and peace.

## Barbauld, Anna Laetitia

Ref. See Lewis, *Poems*, 3 (January), pp. 74–6.

## Bromley, Eliza Nugent

4 (June), p. 222.

ART. LX. *The History of Sir Charles Bentinck, Bart. and Louisa Cavendish, a Novel.* By the Author of *Laura and Augustus*. In three vols. 12mo. p. 730. Price 7s. 6d. sewed. Hookham.

The style of this novel has still more affectation in it than the above,<sup>3</sup> and the story is so very improbable, that far from interesting, it seldom awakens curiosity; however, as tender embraces do not occur in every page, the reader has time to breathe between each fond scene.

## Burney, Frances

Ref. See Lady, *Juliet*, 3 (March), p. 345.

## Craven, Elizabeth, Lady

3 (February), pp. 176–83.

ART. XI. *A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople. In a Series of Letters, from the Right Honourable Elizabeth Lady Craven, to His Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith. Written in the Year 1787.* 4to. 327 p. With a Map of the Roads of the Crimea, and 6 pl. 18s. in Boards. Robinsons, 1789.

The letters of this sprightly female will naturally excite curiosity; and we hasten to gratify our readers, by giving an early account of this desultory work.

A degree of vivacity runs through it, which might have enlivened social chat; but it requires the sparkling eye; on paper it is vapid, when the senses are still. Vivacity and fancy, though they are sometimes confounded, widely differ: that dance of animal spirits faintly reminds us of the mental glow which lends a warm colouring to every scene, and keeps the attention alive. Affection, indeed, often renders prattle tolerable, and even interesting; yet we turn a deaf ear to that of a stranger, unless supported by smiles: this corporeal aid has a wonderful effect.

The letters are all addressed to a prince, to whom she constantly gives the tender appellation of brother. We shall first present an anecdote which the dedication contains.

The greatest part of the public has my permission to doze over the following sheets, as I expose them to the malice of my enemies, without reserve, merely to oblige many of my friends; who, knowing I had taken a long and extraordinary journey, have desired me to give them some account of it. The best I could give, and in the most agreeable manner to myself, was by transcribing part of my letters to you – in which, though in a cursory manner, I have given you a faithful picture of what I have seen. Beside curiosity, my friends will in these Letters see at least for some time where the real Lady Craven has been, and where she is to be found – it having been a practice for some years past, for a Birmingham coin of myself to pass in most of the inns in France, Switzerland, and England, for the wife of my husband. My arms and coronet sometimes supporting, in some measure, this insolent deception; by which, probably, I may have been seen to behave very improperly. I think it my duty to aver upon my honour, that it has frequently happened to me, travelling with my sweet child, to find a landlady, who has shewn a particular desire of serving me in the most menial offices, with tears in her eyes, and upon my asking the reason, in the honest indignation of her heart, she said, she had been imposed upon, at such a time, by a traveller who called herself by my name. If I had possessed the invaluable blessing of having you for my real brother – this curious and unheard-of treason to my birth and character would long since have been punished in the person who could only countenance the deceit. [176]

From Paris Lady Craven travels to Genoa, and pursues her *route* through Florence. We shall insert an adventure she met with, or made on the road.

I set out from the Pisa baths on the 23rd in the afternoon; I sent on my coach and some of my servants two posts, and went on horseback myself – when I got about half way, I passed by a gentleman in an English phaëton, whose curiosity I suppose was awakened by an English horse and side-saddle. From an uncommon slow trot he flew after me full gallop. I was warned of this frightful operation by my servant, and had just time to turn my horse into a gateway – he could not stop his horses immediately – but being determined to see me, as soon as he could, he pulled up, and went as slow as it was possible – I thought this so impertinent, that I determined on my part, that he should not see me; so I desired the persons who accompanied me to follow me; and I passed by the left side of the phaëton as fast as my horse could

go, with my hat and head so low, that the foolish man could not see me. My horse is a most excellent and fleet one, and I kept him on till my pursuer gave up the chase; and I then, when out of his sight, turned into a farm-yard, and hid myself, till I saw the phaëton pass again – so I positively got to my carriage without being seen by this curious gentleman.

When at Venice she relates a curious anecdote, which a mere Englishman will scarcely credit.

Nothing is more frequent here than to see a Venetian lady quit her palace, for months together, to live in a casino; of which the husband perhaps does not even know the situation. But I could divert you extremely with some Venetian anecdotes, but I have no leisure to make this letter much longer; for between my Venetian acquaintance and the ambassadors I have scarcely time to breathe.

Determined to visit the North, she proceeds to Vienna, and then asserts what we think will admit of a dispute.

I arrived here at last, through a very beautiful country; but must observe, that whoever wrote L. M—'s Letters (for she never wrote a line of them) misrepresents things most terribly. I do really believe, in most things they wished to impose upon the credulity of their readers, and laugh at them. The stoves of this country, which she praises so much, are the most horrid invention you can conceive. The country people in Germany seem to fear the cold very much; the casements of their windows are double; and there being no chimney in the rooms, there is no vent for fumes of any sort – so that the breath of the inhabitants of them rests in drops of steam on all the tables, &c. and the stink and suffocating heat that assails the traveller's senses when he enters any room, particularly where people are, cannot be conceived. I do not believe the German women, of the lower order, are very gentle tempers – for several of them flew into the most violent passions, when I opened a door or window – and shut them again immediately. My only resource upon these occasions was to go out into the yard.

In the slight remark she makes, we have not observed much discrimination, and reflections are *very* thinly scattered. It has been said by a periodical writer, 'that people, in a certain rank, carry an atmosphere with them wherever they go.'<sup>4</sup> Vanity, and many other causes, produce also a thick mist, through which [177] objects are seldom seen as they really are; all are in the same light. At the different courts Lady Craven visits, she converses with polite princes; but the reader cannot gather any information with respect to their characters as men, or catch a glimpse of a prominent feature to know them again in another company. But she tells us she had not time to make observations. Her account of her introduction to the Emperor, will serve as a specimen; we shall pass over her interviews with the king of Poland.

The Emperor gives a private audience for ladies that are presented to him. There was only myself and the lady who accompanied me that went into his room together; we

met a Princess Esterhazi coming out. The Emperor was close to the door; and after bowing very civilly, he made us sit upon a sofa – and stood the whole time himself; I staid three quarters of an hour; there is no occasion to fear staying too long; for when he cannot spare any more time for the audience, or for any other reason chooses to end it, he very civilly says, he will detain you no longer; you then get up, and go to the door, which he opens himself – and thus ends the presentation. I think much more agreeably than to answer any questions the Sovereign chooses to make before a hundred people that are within hearing in the circle of a drawing-room – who generally repeat what they hear, according to the folly or malice they possess – and I should think it totally impossible for a monarch to converse with any satisfaction surrounded by so many ears, which have often no brains belonging to them. The Emperor is like the Queen of France, and the only thing that *genéd* me at all was his not being seated. He converses politely and agreeably.

This Lady just throws a glance across the vast extent of country she ran over; she saw houses, mountains, trees, and turbans. The *coup d'oeil* of Petersburg next occurs.

Petersburgh is a chearful and fine looking town; the streets are extremely wide and long – the houses stucco'd to imitate white stone; none above three stories high – which certainly adds to the lively and airy appearance of them. I think, Sir, if a young woman may permit herself to judge of things otherwise than *en detail* – that not only the town, but the manner of living is upon too large a scale; the nobles seem to vie with one another in extravagancies of every sort, particularly in foreign luxuries and fashion. The fashion of the day is most ridiculous and improper for this climate; French gauzes and flowers were not intended for Russian beauties – and they are sold at a price here which must ruin the buyers.

A few words spoken by the Empress are repeated; but, alas! they were those addressed to Lady Craven. To say the truth, her ladyship ties this volatile mass together; we only hear what concerns her: and let it not be forgotten, that her harp and coach, of which frequent mention had been made, were now left at Petersburg; but she took her English side-saddle with her.

I have taken leave of the Empress, and you may judge if I do not leave Petersburg with a good impression of her politeness; she told me before the opera, that she knew my intention; but as we defer [178] disagreeable things as long as possible, you shall not take leave till after the spectacle; these words she said with the most gracious smile; and asked me if I was satisfied with the amusements and civilities I met with.

Her account of the various succeeding inhabitants of the peninsula, called the Tauridé, the Crimea, is very heavy; nor is the journey through it very amusing to the reader, as it contains little more than a description of her mode of travelling, and the civilities she met with.

In my way hither I dined at the Cossack Chief's post – and my entertainment was truly Cossack. A long table for thirty people – at one end a half-grown pig roasted

whole – at the other a half-grown sheep, whole likewise – in the middle of the table an immense tureen of curdled milk – there were several side dishes made for me and the Russians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taste. The old warrior would fain have made me taste above thirty sorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myself with three or four, and some were very good. After dinner, from the windows, I saw a fine mock battle between the Cossacks; and I saw three Calmoucks, the ugliest fiercest looking men imaginable, with their eyes set in their head, inclining down to their nose, and uncommonly square-jaw bones. These Calmoucks are so dexterous with bows and arrows that one killed a goose at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty. The young Cossack officers tried their skill with them, but they were perfectly novices in comparison to them – they sung and danced, but their steps and their tones were equally insipid, void of grace and harmony.

When a Cossack is sick he drinks sour milk for a few days, and that is the only remedy the Cossacks have for fevers.

After some perils of the sea she arrived at Constantinople, and is safely landed at the French Ambassador's palace, where she resides during her stay in that capital. M. de Choiseul, who has been collecting drawings of the finest ruins that exist either in Europe or Asia, which he intends to publish, rendered his house very agreeable to our fair traveller.

We shall now select two passages, which contain remarks on the liberty the Turkish women enjoy. Lady Craven seems to have a very *brutish* notion of happiness, if we may be allowed the expression, or she would not have termed beings, whose minds are totally uncultivated, the happiest creatures breathing.

From some of the windows I look across that harbour called the Golden Horn by the ancients, and from others can see the sea of Marmora, the islands therein, and part of the Seraglio – from mine I saw yesterday the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many of the people who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden. A magnificent sight, as they are of a light shape, gilt, and painted very beautifully. We had a large telescope, and saw the Ottoman splendour very distinctly. The Sultan dyes his beard black, to give himself a young look – and he is known at a considerable distance by that, which contrasts singularly with his face, that is extremely livid and pale. The kiosk, which contained him and his silver sofa, was not very large, and like a hundred others to be seen on the [179] canal. It is strange, Sir, how words gain in other countries a signification different from the meaning they possess in our own. Serail, or Seraglio, is generally understood as the habitation, or rather the confinement for women; here it is the Sultan's residence; it cannot be called his palace, for the kiosks, gardens, courts, walls, stables, are so mixed, that it is many houses in many gardens.

The streets of both Pera and Constantinople are so narrow that few of them admit of a carriage – the windows of every story project over those under them, so that at the upper people may shake hands sometimes across the street. No Turk of any consequence makes a visit, if it is only four doors from his own, but on horseback; and, on my arrival here, I saw one who landed in a boat, and had a fine gray horse led

by four men, that went a long way round, which he mounted gravely, to get off in a few moments.

As to women, as many, if not more than men, are to be seen in the streets – but they look like walking mummies. A large loose robe of dark green cloth covers them from the neck to the ground, over that a large piece of muslin, which wraps the shoulders and the arms, another which goes over the head and eyes; judge, Sir, if all these coverings do not confound all shape or air so much, that men or women, princesses and slaves, may be concealed under them. I think I never saw a country where women may enjoy so much liberty, and free from all reproach, as in Turkey. A Turkish husband that sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem must not enter; his respect for the sex presents him from intruding when a stranger is there upon a visit; how easy then it is for men to visit and pass for women. If I was to walk about the streets here I would certainly wear the same dress, for the Turkish women call others names, when they meet them with their faces uncovered. When I go out I have the Ambassador's sedan-chair, which is like mine in London, only gilt and varnished like a French coach, and six Turks carry it, as they fancy it impossible that two or four men can carry one; two Janissaries walk before with high fur caps on. The Ambassadors here have all Janissaries as guards allowed them by the Porte. Thank heaven I have but a little way to go in this pomp, and fearing every moment the Turks should fling me down they are so awkward; for the platform, where people land and embark from and to Pera is not far from this house.

I saw a Turk the other day lying on cushions, striking slowly an iron which he was shaping into a horse-shoe, his pipe in his mouth all the time – nay, among the higher order of Turks, there is an invention which saves them the trouble of holding the pipe, two small wheels are fixed on each side the bowl of the pipe, and thus the smoker has only to puff away, or let the pipe rests upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleases. Perhaps, Sir, it is lucky for Europe that the Turks are idle and ignorant – the immense power this empire might have, were it peopled by the industrious and ambitious, would make it the mistress of the world. At present it only serves as a dead wall to intercept the commerce and battles which other powers might create one another.

The Turks in their conduct towards our sex are an example to all other nations. A Turk has his head cut off, his papers are examined, every thing in his house seized, but the wife is provided for; her jewels are left her. [180]

The Harem is sacred even to that rapacious power which has seized the master's life, only because he was rich. – It may be said, that in Turkey likewise, women are perfectly safe from an idle, curious, impertinent public, and what is called the *world* can never disturb the ease and quiet of a Turkish wife. Her talents, her beauty, her happiness, or misery, are equally concealed from malicious observers. Of misery, unless a Turkish woman is beyond conception unreasonable, I cannot imagine that her portion can be great; for the wife whose wretched husband earns subsistence by carrying water, or burthens, sits at home bedecked with jewels, or goes out as her fancy directs, and the fruits of his labour are appropriated to her use. In great houses, the wives of the Turks, who compose the train of a Turkish husband, are destined to be subservient to the state of the first wife, and she treats them as she pleases in her Harem. – According to what I hear, a Turkish husband does not care for his wife, as the object of his passion, except for a very short space of time – but as his wife she enjoys all the luxury of his fortune; and I repeat it, Sir, I think no women have so

much liberty, safe from apprehension, as the Turkish – and I think them, in their manner of living, capable of being the happiest creatures breathing.

The Grecian islands are next visited; but except the description of the grotto of Antiparos, they are slightly passed over – and if it was not for saying she had seen them, she might have remained at home playing on her harp. These solemn scenes, which more forcibly than any other interest contemplative minds, had little effect on her; the ruins were only heaps of stones, for a description of which we are referred to authors who have been there before; – yet she talks of the Corinthian order, &c. and tells us where many statues are removed, whose pedestal she saw. The account of the baths must not be omitted.

The baths here are very well contrived to stew the rheumatism out of a person's constitution – but how the women can support the heat of them is perfectly inconceivable. The Consul's wife, Madame Gaspari, and I, went into a room which precedes the bath, which room is the place where the women dress and undress, sitting like tailors upon boards – there were above fifty; some having their hair washed, others dyed, or plaited; some were at the last part of their toilet, putting with a fine gold pin the black dye into their eyelids; in short, I saw here Turkish and Greek nature, through every degree of concealment, in her primitive state – for the women sitting in the inner room were absolutely so many Eves – and as they came out their flesh looked boiled. These baths are the great amusement of the women, they stay generally five hours in them; that is in the water and at their toilet together – but I think I never saw so many fat women at once together, nor fat ones so fat as these. There is so much art and coquetry in the arrangement of their dress – the shift particularly, which closes by hooks behind between the shoulders; after it is fastened round the waist, there is a species of stay or corset, that I had no idea of, but which to women melted down as these were, was perfectly necessary. We had very pressing solicitations to undress and bathe, but such a disgusting sight as this would have put me in an ill humour with my sex in a bath for [181] ages – Few of these women had fair skins or fine forms – hardly any – and Madame Gaspari tells me, that the encomiums and flattery a fine young woman would meet it with in these baths, would be astonishing. I stood some time in the door way between the dressing-room and the bath, which last was circular, with niches in it for the bathers to sit in; it was a very fine room with a stone dome – and the light came through small windows at the top.

Lady Craven, soon after this excursion, bids adieu to Constantinople; and our readers will not feel any apprehension for her safety, dangerous as the road is supposed to be, when they read the following extract.

I am convinced a traveller might easily reach Varna from Constantinople in two days – particularly if he has not the honour of being accompanied by a Tchouadar, who seems to promise me much more delay and inconvenience than his presence can make repay. As the Greeks and Turks know his consequence, it is his wants that are attended to, and not mine. I positively was extremely diverted at my first occasion of finding this out. The day after we had left Constantinople, we were at anchor in a lit-

tle bay to breakfast, when upon asking my valet de chambre where the boiling water was to make my chocolate, he could not find it, and began to make a great riot for the loss of his kettle – when the interpreter pointed to a flat rock where my Tchouadar was sitting on a carpet smoaking his pipe and drinking his coffee, very quietly, made with the water my servants had prepared for me. You must not suppose he ever asks if I want any thing. If any travellers were to meet us, they would certainly take him for some *Grand Seigneur*, and that I am of his suite, by the care taken of him, and the perfect indifference all, but my two companions and my servants, show for my ease and convenience. As to me, I now and then asked him some questions about the places I saw, to which I get the most laconic answers – however, I thought it right to point to two most excellent little English pistols I wear at my girdle, and assure him they would be well employed against any offence I met with.

Before we shut the book we must observe, that she has only transcribed parts of the letters, and that we meet with many chasms; – dash follows dash, but *why* we cannot tell; she might easily have closed the breaches, and the book would not have been the less interesting. Our readers shall see some of the dashes.

It is very amusing to me to reflect, without prejudices of any kind, upon the ridiculous ideas of liberty and property that our English common people have; for

-----  
 And now, my most honoured and dear brother, that I have given you so pretty a picture of English liberty – I shall wish you a good night.

This is a clean looking town, but I do not comprehend the dialect; I had accustomed myself to the Tuscan manner of substituting the *H* for the *C*; but here, I do not conceive what letters they put in the place of those which they ought to pronounce ----- [182]

I can tell you no more at present. I mean to get to Venice as soon as possible – from thence to Vienna – and I afterwards intend to proceed to Warsaw and Petersburg.

I believe people think it so singular a thing for a lady to come here without being obliged, as a minister's wife, that they endeavour to keep me as long as they can. Mr. d'Herbert told me -----

I repeat this to you, Sir, that you may know at least that -----

Think me not quite unworthy of your esteem and friendship – and you will find I prize both, beyond those of every other person; being your affectionate. E. C.—  
 [183]

### Crespigny, Mary Champion de

Ref. See Starke, *The Poor Soldier*, 3 (April), pp. 468–9.

### Dalton, Maria Regina

4 (May), p. 77.

ART. LVI. *The Vicar of Lansdowne; or, Country Quarter . A Tale.* By Maria Regina Dalton. Two Volumes, 12mo. 600 pa. pr. 6s. sewed. Johnson. 1789.

As we imagine the author must be a *very* young lady, and deeply read in poetry and novels, we forbear to censure in a sarcastic style; yet we cannot agree with her that this work is *unstudied*; nay, we think that labouring to *ornament* it, she has rendered many passages unintelligible. If she will listen to the warning voice of experience, we advise her to throw aside her pen, and not attempt to enter *the road of glory*, as she fancifully calls publishing a novel. There is certainly nothing immoral to be found in the volumes, though exquisite sensibility is as usual the cardinal virtue.

#### Daubenton, Marguerite

4 (June), p. 221.

ART LVII. *Zelia in the Desert. From the French.* By the Lady who translated *Adelaide and Theodore*; and *Anecdotes of Henry IV. of France*. In three vols. 12mo. p. 753. Price 9s. sewed. Wilkies. 1789.

The beginning of this story is certainly entertaining; but Zelia's delicate scruples, and the conversations and letters they produce, would have prejudiced us against it as we advanced, if the prolix account of Ninette's unnatural passion, equally ridiculous and indelicate, had not occurred. We cannot recommend this book, on the whole, to the perusal of those who would otherwise have found it very amusing, as we do not wish our fair countrywomen to imbibe such overstrained notions of love; the two extremes too frequently meet, and the grossest sensuality often lies concealed under double refined sentiments.

The style is unaffected, and many of the reflections just, though strongly tinged with French romance.

#### Fenn, Ellenor, Lady

4 (June), p. 226.

ART. LXXV. *The Juvenile Tatle* . By a Society of young Ladies, under the Tuition of Mrs. Teachwell. 12mo. p. 90. Price 1s. Marshall. 1789.

When such a useful improving series of dialogues as the Theater of Education, by Madame Genlis, may be read either in French or English, by our young ladies, we cannot recommend those before us; for they do not contain instruction for children, and can scarcely be intended for youth.

## Fleury, Maria de

3 (February), p. 221.

ART. XXX. *Henry; or, The Wanderer Reclaimed. A sacred Poem. Humbly addressed to British Youth.* By Maria de Fleury. 8vo. 38 pages. Price 1s. Richardson. 1789.

This dramatic tale appears to be a parody of the choice of Hercules. It is a faint imitation of the almost forgotten Mrs. Rowe. Grace is personified, and recalls the wanderer to virtue; or, rather, the predestined child is made to see the error of his ways. The language is tame and prosaic. T.

## Frank, Julia

4 (August), pp. 478–9.

ART. XXXII. *The Penitent Prostitute, or the History of Miss Julia Frank.* Written by herself. 160 pages. Pr. 2s. 6d. Sewed. Scatcherd. 1788.

This little work is written with an air of veracity, and very probably may be founded in truth, though the events are more embellished, and the transitions more sudden than are usually met with in real life. The language is plain, and there is nothing in the narration inconsistent with decency. If it boasts no extraordinary merit, it is at least entitled to the praise of good intention, and we doubt not that it may be of some use [478] in pointing out to the lower class of females, whom its title will probably attract, how necessarily one vicious step draws us into others, and therefore how careful we ought to be in avoiding even *the appearance of evil.* Q. [479]

## Genlis, Countess de, née Stéphanie Felicité du Crest de Saint-Aubin

3 (February), p. 221.

ART. XXXII. *The Beauties of Genlis; being a select Collection of the most beautiful Tales, and other striking Extracts, from Adele and Theodore; the Tales of the Castle; the Theater of Education, and sacred Dramas.* Written by the Countess de Genlis. 12mo. 357 pages. Price 3s. sewed. Vernor. 1788.

This does not appear to us to be a judicious selection; as some tales are calculated for mere children, and others for young persons more advanced in life. And besides, we think some of the most useful parts of her works are omitted, particularly the *magic of art and nature.* M.

Ref. See Fenn, *The Juvenile Tatler*, 4 (June), p. 226.

Ref. See Trimmer, *A Series of Prints*, 4 (June), p. 225.

## Gibbes, Phebe

4 (June), pp. 147–8.

ART. IV. *Hartly-House, Calcutta*. In three Volumes. Fools-cap 8vo. 502 p. pr. 7s. 6d. sewed. Dodsley. 1789.

An entertaining account of Calcutta, and the different inhabitants of the country, apparently sketched by a person who had been forcibly impressed by the scenes described. Probably the ground-work of the correspondence was actually written on the spot, in various humours, that naturally sink or raise the spirits; but afterwards touched up, and stretched out by introducing quotations from our English poets – a little too often perhaps. A few words and expressions, have an air of ignorance or affectation; indeed they are not English; however, excepting these trifling blemishes on the face of it, the style is easy, and the reflections pertinent: particularly those which contrast an uninterrupted round of gaudy pleasures, – pleasures which are most apt to fascinate thoughtless minds, with the swift stroke of death, that sweeps without distinction all ages to the tomb, nor warns them by previous decay.

What a mistake did I fall into, when I imagined, that one day spent in domestic luxury, would be a picture of all the succeeding ones I should pass!

Amusement is varied with every varying season of the year, except the months when the *hot winds* (what a paradox! yet is it a reality) annoy this coast, and the rude hand of sickness interrupts every scheme of pleasure; insomuch that, to guard your own life at every avenue, and fortify your mind against the wounds it must sustain in the persons of your dying friends, is the whole employment.

Funerals are indeed solemn and affecting things at Calcutta, no hearses being here introduced, or hired mourners employed: for, as it often happens in the gay circles, that a friend is dined with one day, and the next in eternity – the feelings are interested, the sensations awful, and the mental question, for the period of interment at least, Which will be to-morrow's victim?

These letters indeed are written with a degree of vivacity which renders them very amusing, even when they are merely descriptive, and the young reader will see, rather than listen to the instruction they contain. A short story ties the series together, and gives life to the animated account of Eastern manners, by awakening private interest, and displaying the affections of individuals, whose characters are distinguished, though not nicely discriminated.

The Bramins pretend, that Brumma, who was their legislator both in politics and religion, was inferior only to God. He was, possibly, some great and good genius, that, in like manner with Confucius of the Chinese, regulated their manners, and promoted their happiness; and is therefore rendered, by gratitude and superstition, the object of their adoration.

The Bramins, however, affirm, that he bequeathed them a book called the Vidam, containing all his doctrines and institutions; and that, though the original is lost, they are still possessed of a commentary [147] upon it, which they name the Shahstah, written in the Shanscrita language; a dead language at this time, and known only to the priests who study it. The foundation of Brumma's doctrine consisted, it is said, in the belief of a Supreme Being, who created a regular gradation of beings, some superior, and some inferior to man; – in the immortality of the soul; and a future state of rewards and punishments, to be bestowed and received in a transmigration into different bodies, according to the lives they had led in their pre-existent state. From which it appears most likely, that the Pythagorean metempsychosis took its rise in India; – but that the necessity of inculcating this sublime, but otherwise complicated doctrine, into the lower ranks, induced the priests, who are by no means (the case in most religions under the sun) unanimous in their doctrines, to have recourse to sensible representations of the Deity and his attributes: so that the original doctrines of Brumma have degenerated into downright and ridiculous idolatry, in the worship of divers animals, of a variety of images, and some of the most hideous figures, either delineated or carved; and they have holidays to the number of twenty annually, in honour of each; – a kind of religious jubilee, during which public processions and festivals take place; which I shall not fail to describe to you on becoming a spectator of them.

All their other pleasures are confined to visiting their pagodas or temples, which are stupendous but disgusting buildings, and to the satisfactions of domestic life; and they assuredly are, as I have already observed to you, the most tranquil and temperate people on earth. – But, besides the tribes I have set before you – their ancient mode of arranging their precedence, and their number of casts or classes, divisions of those tribes, I shall have occasion to observe to you hereafter. – Water is their drink; but such, Arabella, is their strict adherence to what they deem their religious duties, that, though expiring with thirst, they would not taste the water of their sacred rivers, the Indus, called by them *Sindab*, the Kisna, and the Ganges; the tanks or fish-ponds, fed by the heavens, or by natural springs, being alone their liquor on all occasions. But they never fail to wash themselves in the Ganges, or to oil their bodies, before they break their fast. M. [148]

### Harley, Martha

4 (June), p. 223.

ART. LXIII. *Priory of St. Bernard; an old English Tale*. Being the first Literary Production of a Young Lady. In two vols. Small 8vo. p. 352. Price 5s. sewed. Lane.

The recess<sup>5</sup> was undoubtedly this young lady's model, and laying a proper stress on the word *young*, this tale deserves praise, and may afford her contemporaries amusement, and not sully their imaginations with those indelicate descriptions of love, which abound in novels that professedly treat of modern manners. The language is unaffected.

4 (July), p. 350.

ART. XLII. *The Castle of Mowbray: an English Romance*. By the Author of *St. Bernard's Priory*. 12mo. p. 256. Price 3s. sewed. Stalker. 1788.

A mass of intricate adventures and hair-breadth escapes; thus could we concisely characterize this romance, yet the modesty of the unaffected author induces us to add, that young females may peruse this book without imbibing any immoral sentiments, and be amused by the quick succession of incidents, though they outstrip even that lax kind of probability necessary to give interest to fiction, and weary instead of amusing the panting reader, who might have been affected, if one dismal adventure has not tripped up the heels of another.

### Hawkins, Laetitia-Matilda

5 (September), p. 97.

ART. LV. *Argus; The House Dog at Eadlip: Memoirs in Family correspondence*. By the author of 'Constance and Pharos.' In 3 Vols. pa. 648. Price 9s. sewed. Hookham. 1789.

Though there is an air of affectation in the title, which at the first glance, would prejudice a reader against this novel, a few interesting scenes, and the gloom which an inconsiderate act threw over the whole life of a respectable man, give force to the moral the author wished to inculcate. Some discrimination of character appears, and many just sentiments are scattered throughout.

### Hilditch, Ann

3 (February), p. 222.

ART. XXXIV. *Mount Pelham. A Novel*. By the Author of *Rosa de Montmorien*. In 2 vols. 12mo. 366 pages. 5s. sewed. Lane. 1788.

Much ado about nothing.<sup>6</sup> We place this novel without any reservation, at the bottom of the second class. The language is affected; and it has all the faults we have before enumerated. The morality is rather lax; for the author, a female, says, 'so gentle, so forgiving, is the nature of a virtuous female; and so prone are we to love the offender, yet detest the offense.'<sup>7</sup> This is the varnish of sentiment to hide sensuality. W.

### Howell, Ann

See Hilditch, Ann.

### Hugill, Martha

See Harley, Martha.

## Inchbald, Elizabeth

5 (September), p. 96.

ART. LII. *The Married Man, a Comedy, in three Acts, from Le Philosophe Marié of M. Nericault Destouches.* As performed at the Theatre Royal, Hay Market. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. 63 p. Pr. 1s. 6d. Robinsons. 1789.

These insipid dialogues escape from the analytical hand, for there is nothing strong or prominent enough to fix on to enable us to term *The Married Man* a tragedy, comedy, or farce: the characters are uninteresting caricatures, and the incidents, childish tricks.

## Johnson, Mrs [Anna Maria Mackenzie]

5 (September), p. 98.

ART. LVI. *Calista; a Novel.* In 2 Vols. By Mrs. Johnson, author of 'Retribution, The Gamesters, &c.' pa. 418. Price 5s. sewed. Lane. 1789.

The tale, of which a tender wife is made the heroine, might have been the vehicle of much salutary instruction; but the strange adventures here related, can answer no good purpose, nor can distress interest, when we so plainly see the hand of the author, pulling the wires to make the puppets act foolishly, only to have an opportunity to faint, run mad, &c. &c. The characters are wild caricatures, (excepting that of a good humoured sensualist, who gave himself credit for good nature and benevolence) and can only be exceeded by the absurd series of misfortunes, which are accumulated and tangled together, without a shadow of probability, to lend them support or excite sympathy. – What moral lesson could be inculcated, by making a father leave a considerable fortune to a monster, who disgraced human nature, merely because he was his eldest son?

## Jordan, Dorothy

Ref. 3 (April), p. 474.

ART. XXXII. *Jordan's Elixir of Life, and Cure for the Spleen; or, a Collection of all the Songs sung by Mrs. Jordan, since her first Appearance in London, &c.* 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Holland. 1788.

This elixir, to produce any good effect on the *spleen*,<sup>8</sup> must be administered in the presence of the physician. It is to be had, by appointment of the patentee, at Drury-lane Theatre, in doses of 5s. 3s. 2s. and 1s. each;<sup>9</sup> and, during the winter, no where else. It is but justice to say, that the print prefixed to this *medical* treatise, is a good likeness of Mrs. Jordan.

## La Motte, Jeanne, Countess de, née de Saint Remy de Valois

4 (May), pp. 98–100.

ART. LXXIX. *An Address to the Public, explaining the Motives which have hitherto delayed the Publication of the Memoirs [98] of the Countess Valois de la Motte; which contain a Justification of her Conduct, &c.* 45 p. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Ridgway.

ART. LXX. *Memoirs Justificatifs de la Comtesse de la Motte, écrits par elle-meme.* 278 p. 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. 1788.

ART. LXXI. *Memoirs of the Countess Valois de la Motte; containing a compleat Justification of her Conduct, and an Explanation of the Intrigues and Artifices used against her by her Enemies, relative to the Diamond Necklace, &c.* Translated from the French: written by herself. 279 p. 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. Ridgway. 1789.

ART. LXXII. *Appel au Bon Sens, dans lequel M. de la Tour, soumet a ce juge infallibles, les details de sa conduite relativement à une affaire qui fait quelque bruit dans le Monde.* 31 p. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

ART. LXXIII. *Detection, or a Scourge for Calonne; containing the Reply of the Countess de la Motte, to the Calumnies propagated by that daring Fugitive, and the most authentic irrefragable Proofs of his Falsehood and despicable Duplicité.* 8vo. 119 p. Price 3s. Ridgway. 1789.

We have thrown these articles together from their necessary connexion, and because one brief notice must serve for all. We are, indeed, at a loss how to give our readers a tolerable idea of the contents of the Countess Valois de la Motte's Memoirs; decency forbids, on the one hand, and all the rules of propriety and the laws of the King's Bench on the other. If poor Lord George Gordon is to be sent to Newgate for three years, for *insinuating* something against the honour of the queen of F—, what shall we say of a publication, almost every page of which asserts her to be one of the most abandoned and infamous women on earth? If page 21 be understood by us, and we almost blush to say that there is no great ambiguity in it, the Q. is degraded to a level with the lowest of her sex. The whole book contains a series of the most infamous political and amorous intrigues, court-duplicity, villainy, and lewdness, such as we believe no woman in her senses would have published but the enraged countess, considering the part she confesses to have acted in some of these scenes. We cannot, however, deny, that in the affair of the necklace, she has fully justified her innocence. She appears to have been the victim of the king's blind resentment. The cardinal, represented here as one of the most despicable of mankind, was too powerful in family interest; the queen it was necessary to protect, and the countess was accordingly tried, condemned, and punished without the least shadow of law or justice. Finding it impossible to recover her property by any appeal to the court of France, she has published these memoirs. Of what service they can be to her in this country we are at a loss [99] to determine, for although she appeals to the

pity and generosity of the English nation, yet we find in these memoirs so many antagonists to pity, that we confess we received no impressions but those of contempt and disgust; nor do we think it possible they can be perused with any sentiments short of disgust against the whole groupe of persons and personages introduced, from the first day the countess had a *private* interview the queen. There follows nothing but despicable intrigue, sharpening, lying, prevarication, and the punishment, which not unfrequently (as in this case) overtakes those who strive to rise in courts at the expense of honour, truth, and integrity. [100]

### Lady

3 (March), p. 345.

ART. XXXIII. *Juliet: or, The Cottager. A Novel, in a Series of Letters*. By a Lady. 2 vol. 12mo. 445 p. Price 5s. sewed. Lane. 1789.

It has been judiciously observed by one of our brother Reviewers, that the publication of Miss Burney's novels formed a new aera in this kind of flimsy kind of writing. A varied combination of the same events has been adopted, and like timid sheep, the lady authors jump over the hedge one after the other, and do not dream of deviating either to the right or left. Richardson destroyed the giants and dwarfs that figured away in romances, and substituted old ugly women to keep the beauteous damsel in durance vile; however she had still to protect her chastity with vigilant care against violent assaults, and after having passed unsullied through the ordeal trial, a *demi-hero* freed her, and matrimony wound up the plot, &c. &c.

Now the method is altered; the fortress is not stormed, but undermined, and the belles must guard their hearts from the soft contagion, and not listen to the insidious sigh, when the hand is gently pressed, nor trust the equivocal protestations of love – and then they obtain a husband, &c. &c.

The author of this novel has tripped back; the *sentimental* heroine is twice carried off, but no harm ensues, except that she is hurried by sorrow to the very brink of the grave, when her true love opportunely appears to bid her revive, and the drooping flower raises its head, to lean on the offered support.

More minute criticism on this novel would be absurd, as it sinks before discriminate censure.

## Lady

3 (Appendix), p. 592.

ART. XXVIII. *Strephon and Sylvia*,<sup>10</sup> *a Moonlight Courtship, written by a young Lady, and set to Music by Samuel Egerton Leigh, Esq.* Price 6d. Fentum.

This is a pleasing and well-composed air. The subject of the melody, if not novel is natural and easy; and the base, which is perfectly scientific, is calculated to produce a good effect on the harpsichord.

## Lady

4 (June), pp. 221–2.

ART. LIX. *The Self-Tormentor, a Nove*. In three vols. 12mo. p. 722. Price 9s. sewed. Wilkies. 1789.

A series of complicated incidents are thrown together in this novel to exhibit unnatural characters in strange situations. The language is affected, and the plot a most absurd fabrication, in which fancy does not make amends for the absence of sense, nor interest force us to forget how far probability is lost sight of in a ridiculous display of false sensibility; for the gentlemen, as well as the ladies, faint, lose their senses, are dying one hour, and dancing with joy the next.

The author undoubtedly designed to give it a moral tendency; but we fear the numerous descriptions of *virtuous* [221] caresses will be apt to counteract the cold precepts which appear to be interwoven, rather awkwardly, with many of the love scenes. [222]

## Lady

4 (June), p. 224.

ART LXVIII. *Family Sketches, a Novel*. In two vols. Written by a Lady. Small 8vo. p. 314. Price 5s. Lane. 1789.

A HARMLESS production, in which a few just reflections are interspersed. Many of the characters are *outré*.

## Lady

4 (June), p. 224.

Art. LXX. *Louisa Forrester; or Characters drawn from real Lif*. In three vols. 12mo. p. 632. Price 7s. 6d. sewed.

We do not think the characters natural nor the incidents interesting, and if we forbear to censure, we cannot praise. M.

## Lady

5 (October), p. 216.

ART. XXXV. *The Mental Triumph: a sentimental Novel*. By a Lady. Inscribed, by Permission, to the plainest of her Sex. 3 vols. 634 p. Price 7s. 6d. sewed. Walter. 1789.

The tendency of this novel, which the author whimsically addresses to herself, is unexceptionable; an artless well-educated female, destitute of beauty, attracts the attention of a worthy man. – So far, so good; but why is virtue to be always rewarded with a coach and six?<sup>11</sup> how could a writer, who seems to respect religion and virtue, insert the following sentence.

Parental love, though heightened by every possible attachment, is as much inferior to that state of unutterable bliss – which the union of two *congenial souls* affords – as *eternal happiness* is superior to *temporal felicity*.

## Lady

5 (October), p. 216.

ART. XXXVI. *The Parson's Wife: a Novel*. Written by a Lady. 2 vols. 570 p. Price 5s. sewed. Walter. 1789.

Such a number of insipid trifling incidents, such mere *nothings*, are here strung together, that in the language of the vulgar, we wonder what the author would be at; however, the whole had a harmless lulling effect on us; but those whom it can keep awake, may read to the end, and begin again, though we should scruple to call such reading amusing pastime.

## Lady

5 (December), p. 488.

ART. XXIV. *The Fair Hibernian*.<sup>12</sup> In 2 vols. 12mo. p. 489. Price 5s. Robinsons. 1789.

It has been sarcastically said, by a snarling poet, that most women have no character at all:<sup>13</sup> we shall apply it to their productions – Novels. The one before us, evidently written by a lady, is so like many other flimsy novels we have reviewed, that we scarcely know how to characterise it. The story is short, and has neither probability nor novelty to render it interesting. Mountains are laboriously raised, to be levelled with a magic touch, when the author is disposed to make the imaginary personages she has drawn forth happy – perfectly happy! Without a knowledge of life, or the human heart, why will young misses presume to write? They would not attempt to play in company on an instrument whose princi-

ples they know nothing of: – how then can they have the assurance to publish their foolish fancies? Nay, after talking of the soul of sentiment – double-refined delicacy – how can they, without blushing, own that they have allowed their imaginations to revel in *sensual* love scenes? – for we cannot help calling<sup>a</sup> them so, though the gauze veil of artificial sentiments is drawn over them. The composing of these letters must have been a pleasing dream to the writer: she describes the beings she has conversed with in other novels; and the happiness – (we suppose she has never changed her name) – the superlative, the celestial happiness of the marriage state, when congenial souls meet, and the whitest hand in the world receives the most impassioned kisses from the handsomest *male* mouth in the world – a baronet, lord, or duke – nothing less! Yet we must do justice to the author, and say, that there are fewer embraces brought forward to notice than usual; and the handsome Sir Edward is only once dying for love: – our strictures, then, apply to the genus; we do not mean to single out this gay flower.

There is an air of sprightliness running through these letters, and some good sense, which leads us to think the author will employ her time better when she is married.

### Lady

5 (December), p. 580.

ART. XVII. *The Twin Sisters; or, the Effects of Education, A Novel. In a Series of Letters.* By a Lady. In four Volumes. 12mo. p. 965. pr. 2s. Hookham, 1788. 1789.

The main plan of this novel is a good one – to contrast a private with a public education; and many just remarks respecting the present fashionable mode of education, and the insensibility of mothers, who are lost in pleasure, are interspersed, which do honour to the head and heart of the writer. The principal love tale is artfully managed, and in some parts interesting; yet we cannot help lamenting, that the author has marred her judicious plan by introducing a most romantic story, in which probability is lost sight of only to give place to a few striking situations, just like those we have met with in an hundred other novels, in which the good sense we have alluded to, did not render such deviations from nature conspicuous; and in which no plan appearing to improve the young reader, no regret, of course, could be felt at a departure from it and reason.

### Lee, Sophia

Ref. See Harley, *Priory of St. Bernard*, 4 (June), p. 223.

## Lenclos, Anne de

5 (December), p. 577.

ART. IX. *Correspondence secrète, &c. Secret Correspondence between Ninon de L'Enclos, the Marquis de Billarceaux, & Madame de M—*. 8vo. p. 208. Paris, 1789. <Imported by De Boffe.>

We have already heard too much of the notorious libertine, Ninon; wit and shining qualities threw a veil over her vices, and sentimental effusions hid the grossest sensuality. Her example has had a baneful effect on the manners of her countrywomen; but we do not mean to descant on her character; only to give weight to our assertion, that, though she gave up all the dignity of her nature to gratify her licentious passions, we do not believe that she was ever so lost to modesty as to write letters similar to the present correspondence; such a total want of delicacy we will venture to pronounce unnatural; we may, indeed, except a depraved, uncultivated mind, sunk in vulgarity and brutal vices, till the common instincts of nature are rooted out.

Madame de M—'s part of the correspondence is evidently spurious, and we are sorry that an indirect odium should be thrown on a respectable character. Why are the ashes of the dead thus raked up, merely to diffuse vicious sentiments more widely, and give them a plausible veil? We wish not to see such whitened sepulchres!

## Lewis, Esther [Mrs Robert Clark]

3 (January), pp. 74–6.

ART. XXIII. *Poems, moral and entertaining*. Written long since by Miss Lewis, then of Holt, now, and for almost thirty Years past, the Wife of Mr. Robert Clarke, of Tetbury (with a few others addressed to her). Published at the Request of her Husband, for the Benefit of the Infirmary at Gloucester, the Hospital at Bath, and the Sunday School at Tetbury. Small 8vo. 336p. Pr. 4s. sewed. Robinsons. 1789.

The praise of friends often gives consequence to insignificant poems, which ought never to have ventured out of a partial domestic circle. Detached, some few of those before us might please the acquaintance of the author; but a large book full of trite thoughts, that can only be termed poetry on account of the jingle of rhymes, must be found insipid when read by a stranger.

This volume contains reflections, hymns, riddles, and aenigmas, songs, tales, &c. &c.: in them all, we perceive traces of a well-disposed quiet mind, that sees things with a common eye: an imagination that scarcely flies beyond the perceptions of sense, and is never impelled to leave the beaten path. As a worthy respectable woman, we have no doubt, from her writings, that the lady deserves praise; — yet, as a poetess, we cannot offer her the wreath which a Barbauld or a Smith might claim. [74] We shall subjoin one of the best we could cull, and a few lines resembling the general tenor of the whole.

## On Winter.

## I.

Each joyous season's past and fled,  
 With all their varied charms,  
 Their wither'd beauties now lie dead,  
 In Winter's frozen arms.

## II.

Declining Phoebus' feeble ray,  
 His faint and sickly beams,  
 Scarce cheer the short and darksome day,  
 With kind enlivening gleams.

## III.

The sable clouds his absence mourn,  
 In swift descending floods;  
 The rude north-east howls o'er the bo{arn},  
 And roars thro' naked woods.

## IV.

The warbling world, that grac'd each spray,  
 Forsake the leafless groves,  
 No more they tune the vocal lay,  
 Nor chaunt their artless loves.

## V.

Fast lock'd the fetter'd rills remain:  
 No verdure cheers the eyes;  
 But bound in Winter's icy chain,  
 All nature captive lies.

## VI.

The stately elm no more is gay,  
 The honours of its head  
 Are sunk in ruin and decay,  
 All wither'd, fall'n and dead.

## VII.

Soon shall new charms adorn thee o'er,  
 Not so shall youth take wing,  
 When I decay, I bloom no more,  
 Nor feel returning Spring.

## VIII.

A snowy shroud now wraps my limbs,  
 Just so shall I be drest,  
 When death, from life's delusive dream,  
 Shall wake my soul to rest.

Small is the province of a wife,  
 And narrow is her sphere in life;  
 Within that sphere to move aright,  
 Should be her principal delight;  
 To guide the house with prudent care,  
 And properly to spend and spare; [75]  
 To make her husband bless the day  
 He gave his liberty away;  
 To form the tender infant mind;  
 These are the tasks to wives assign'd;  
 Then never think domestic care  
 Beneath the notice of the fair;  
 But daily your affairs inspect,  
 That nought be wasted by neglect.  
 Be frugal Plenty round you seen,  
 And always keep the golden mean.<sup>14</sup>

T. [76]

### Mathews, Eliza Kirkham

See Hawkins, Laetitia-Matilda.

### Matilda

3 (February), p. 222.

ART. xxxv. *The Ill Effects of a Rash Vow. A Novel. In a Series of Letters.* 2 vols. 12mo. 478 pages. Price 5s. sewed. Lane. 1788.

The style of this novel is tolerable; and some characters and incidents rather interesting; but the catastrophe, which turns on the absurd rash vow, is so *ridiculously* dreadful, that we smiled at the numbers death swept away; and quietly place this sad tale in the numerous class of middling performances, except the conclusion, which deviating so widely from nature, sinks below mediocrity. W.

### More, Isabella Theaker

5 (September), p. 107.

ART. LXV. *The Walls of my Prison; a favourite Ballad.* Written by J. F. Composed by Miss Isabella Theaker More. Goulding.

This little ballad, though by no means a first-rate performance, is composed with attention to the subject of the words, and possesses a tolerable degree of expression; the bass and the construction of the harmony we cannot praise; they bespeak a very young composer.

5 (November), p. 368.

ART. XLVII. *Love and Time*.<sup>15</sup> Written by G. S. Carey, and set to Music by Miss J. T. More. Goulding.

This little song is set in E flat 2/4, *allegro con spirito*.<sup>16</sup> In its air we do not trace any thing novel or attractive. Yet it allows us to say that it is smooth and natural, and to hope that in future productions Miss Moore will be found an improving composer.

### Naubert, Christiane Benedicte Eugenie

5 (December), p. 487.

Art. XXII. *Heerfort and Clara*. From the German. In 3 vols. 12mo. p. 936. Pr. 9s. sewed. Robinsons. 1789.

As we have very few books translated from the German, the translator of Heerfort and Clara, who appears to have but an imperfect knowledge of the language, might, in such an unexplored country, have chosen *many*, in every respect, far superior. But we do not mean to insinuate that this is devoid of merit; nay, we wish to praise it, because it contains little food for vanity.

If it had been condensed into two volumes, and some passages thrown out, it would have afforded young people innocent amusement, for it is full of strange adventures; and we are apt to think that busy scenes and sudden transitions, keep alive the attention, without corrupting the heart. The characters are artless, and the conversations natural; and if the passion of love is carried too far, it is still the passion of love: the mind is not warped by sentimental, pumped up nonsense, though it may be obliged to listen to an enthusiastic rant, to observe a passion torn to rags, and follow a wild-goose-chase. A touching simplicity of manners reigns throughout; *mere* men and women interest the reader, who can relish domestic pleasures, and the attractive beauties of nature; but we suppose, a taste vitiated by perusing our flimsy novels, will turn with disgust from one in which neither gallantry nor coquetry is introduced – where they will find no imaginary pictures of lords or ladies, polite conversations, and court dresses.

### Norman, Elizabeth

3 (Feb), pp. 221–2.

ART. XXXIII. *The Child of Woe. A Novel*. By Mrs. Elizabeth Norman. 3 Vols. 12mo. 520 pages. Price 7s. 6d. sewed. Symonds. 1789.

The Child of Woe having no marked features to characterize it, we can only term it a truly feminine novel. [221] Indeed, the generality of them, in which improper descriptions are not introduced, are so near akin to each other, that

with a few very trifling alterations, the same review would serve for almost all of them. More or less emphasis might be laid on the particular ingredients which compose the following receipt for a novel. Unnatural characters, improbable incidents, sad tales of woe rehearsed in an affected, half-prose, half-poetical style, exquisite double-refined sensibility, dazzling beauty, and *elegant* drapery, to adorn the celestial body, (these descriptions cannot be too minute) should never be forgotten in a book intended to amuse the fair.

This account will be a just one of ninety-nine novels out of a hundred; our readers must, then, excuse us, if we use the same words when we speak of productions in which we find so little variety; immoral ones we shall censure, and praise the *good*; the intermediate tribe which only infuse vanity and affectation into the minds of young readers, we shall not attempt so nicely to discriminate, as to point out the different shades of merit. Let not the female novelist be offended, who rises a tint above her contemporaries, if her darling is confounded with performances of the same complexion; for *scrupulous* exactness is never expected in any kind of classing. W. [222]

#### O'Connor, E.

5 (December), pp. 488–9.

ART. XXV. *Almeria Belmore. A Novel, in a Series of Letters.* Written by a Lady. 12mo. 267 p. Price 3s. sewed. Robinsons. 1789.

Miss O'Connor complains, in her address to the public, of a celebrated clergyman, who approved of her novel when *she* read it to him, and afterwards was a little inclined to recant, and not repeat the praise the eyes of a young, fair *author-ess* – for we will, to heighten the scene, suppose her fair – extorted from him: but we wish the gentleman had not been under undue influence, he would then have spoken out, and spared us some trouble. Yet, on further consideration, we must add, that we [488] do not think that he would have had power, with all his eloquence, to prevail on her to throw her bantling into the fire. She has not sufficient judgment – we had almost said modesty – to follow such sound advice, or she could never have written, and afterwards read (to a *man*) the unnatural tragicomic tale we have just been laughing at; in which there is no discrimination of character, no acquaintance with life, nor – do not start, fair lady! – any passion: but, perhaps, we are not able to discover such an elegant sensation. This kind of trash, these whipped syllabubs, overload young, weak stomachs, and render them squeamish, unable to relish the simple food nature prepares. M. [489]

## Park, Maria Hester

3 (Appendix), p. 592.

ART. XXVII. *A Set of Glees, dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Ancaster, with the Dirge in Cymbeline, inscribed to Miss Yates.* By Maria Hester Park. Op. 3d. Price 10s. 6d. Birchall and Andrews.

Of this set of glees,<sup>17</sup> to which we are glad to see so *respectable* a list of subscribers, we have the pleasure to speak in terms highly creditable both to the fancy and scientific ingenuity of the author. The first glee, which has for its words Milton's *May-morning*,<sup>18</sup> is in D major, and opens in *common time*,<sup>19</sup> changing in its progress to 6/8 and 3/4 in which it concludes; forming on the whole a good and very pleasing composition. The second, *under the greenwood tree*, is in C major, and comprises two movements, the first in *common time*, and the second in F, in both which the harmony is conducted with a tolerable degree of contrivance, while the qualification of *air* is by no means been neglected.

The third, *breathe soft ye winds*, is smooth and pleasing.

The fourth glee, *Go tell Aminta*, in A major, is a pleasing composition in one movement of *common time*; and the fifth, *by shady woods and purling streams*, in E flat 3/4, is set with much taste, judgment, and science: the opening in particular, exhibits an idea in modulation, at once novel, judicious, and theoretical.

The concluding glee, or the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, in C minor 3/4 is a composition in which we discover a considerable degree of scientific address and characteristic expression: nor can the author wish a greater praise, then when we say that she has done justice to this beautiful little effusion of Collins.

## Pastorella, Silvana

5 (October), p. 216.

ART. XXXVII. *The Cottage of Friendship: a legendary Pastora* . By Silvana Pastorella. 12mo. 254 p. Price 5s. sewed. Bew. 1789.

The romantic unnatural fabrication of a *very* young lady, we suppose, from the little knowledge of life which appears, and as her playmates will find neither instruction nor amusement in this ridiculous pastoral, as it is called, we advise her to throw aside her pen and pursue a more useful employment. M.

## Pickering, Amelia

3 (January), pp. 73–4.

ART. XXII. *The Sorrows of Werter, a Poe* . By Amelia Pickering. 4to. 69 p. Price 5s. sewed. Cadell.

The mind is so framed that it is seldom affected by the same pathetic tale in different forms. If the original has warmly interested us, we reluctantly enter again

into what bears every mark of fiction: – instead of feeling, we are comparing; the shifting of the scene rouses reason, and we are no longer lost in a waking dream: this remark extends to the poem we are reviewing; we wish the Lady had chosen a less hackneyed subject.

To pity Werter we must read the original: in it we find an energy and beauty of language, a uniformity in the extravagancies of passion that arrests our attention, and give such reality to his misery, that we are affected by his sorrows, even while we lament the wanderings of his distempered mind, the sad perversion of those talents which might have rendered him a useful and respectable being. His ungoverned sensibility would have been, in every situation, hostile to his peace, finding some unattainable object to pine after. Characters of this kind, like a view of a wild uncultivated country, raise lively emotions in the mind; yet who would wish to fix their constant residence on the most picturesque rock or romantic mountain? The sensations of the moment are confounded with the convictions of reason; and the distinction is only perceived by the consequences.

The energy, so conspicuous in the original, is lost in this smooth, and even faithful, imitation; and some natural touches, that play on the heart-strings, were too fine for a copyist to catch. – Werter is dead from the beginning: we hear his very words; but the spirit which animated them is fled: – we do not perceive the gradations in his disorder, the mortal sadness that precedes death, and prepares us for the catastrophe.

The additional letter written by Charlotte, after the death of Werter, is injudicious. – What should we say of the copyist who would unveil the countenance the ingenious painter threw into a shade, unable to depict the anguish it should express? Besides, a dry [73] moral was not sufficiently powerful to expel the insinuated poison.

As there is a great uniformity in the whole, we have not much choice in the specimen.

Werter to \*\*\*\*\*.

Tortur'd in absence, hopeless of relief,  
I seek those shades from which so late I came;  
With vain regret, and fond enduring grief,  
Like some poor moth, I hover round the flame.

So weak is man, his best resolves so frail,  
So short the date of Reason's boasted sway;  
When passion, love, or folly's varying gale  
Shall sweep the mental monitor away!

The stricken deer with sighs and shortening breath  
Seeks thro' sequester'd wilds and paths to go:  
Thus, I, alas! invoking Peace and Death,  
Unpitied bear my solitary woe.

Thy groves, old Walheim! bloom with peace alone,  
 For Charlotte consecrates thy sweet retreat:  
 There will I dwell unknowing and unknown,  
 There cast my mournful numbers at her feet.

There from the world, and all its follies free,  
 With many a pang of hopeless love opprest,  
 This throbbing bosom, like a troubled sea,  
 Hush'd to a calm, shall rock itself to rest. T. [74]

### Pilkington, Miss

5 (December), p. 580.

ART. XIX. *Delia; a pathetic and interesting Tale*. In four Volumes. 12mo. 1094 p. Pr. 10s. Lane. 1790.

This tale, though the counterpart of many hackneyed ones, deserves some praise, because it contains nothing immoral. It is written with good humoured ease, some sprightly sallies occur, and just observations; but we cannot tacitly assent to the epithets which follow the title, for it did not appear to us either *interesting* or *pathetic*. And it is, besides, such a very long tissue of pretty nothings, we should wonder, if we had not read many insipid novels, how any one could weave them together; and how a lady, for we guess the sex of the writer, could find pleasure in flinging, so fancifully, the darts of death; it was cruel to break such a number of hearts! yet, so sweetly sentimental, we are afraid to censure, lest we should lose all credit with the ladies. M.

### Piozzi, Hester Lynch

4 (June), pp. 142–6.

ART. III. *Observations and Reflections, made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy and Germany*. By Hester Lynch Piozzi. In two Volumes. 8vo. 778 p. pr. 12s. in boards. Cadell. 1789.

These travels are very desultory, and have all the lax freedom of letters without that kind of insinuating interest, which slightly binds a nosegay of unconnected remarks, and throws a thin, but graceful veil over egotism; the substitution of *one* for *I*, is a mere cobweb.

In her anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. P. informed us that she kept a day book; the present observations may be reckoned a continuance of it in the same style. The journey through France is very short, her face was set towards Italy. The account of the passage over the Alps first presents itself, and is one of her best descriptions. [142]

We have at length passed the Alps, and are safely arrived at this lovely little city, whence I look back on the majestic boundaries of Italy, with amazement at his courage who first profaned them: surely the immediate sensation conveyed to the mind by the sight of such tremendous appearances must be in every traveller the same, a sensation of fullness never experienced before, a satisfaction that there is something great to be seen on earth – some object capable of contenting even fancy. Who he was who first of all people pervaded these fortifications, raised by nature for the defence of her European Paradise, is not ascertained; but the great Duke of Savoy has wisely left his name engraved on a monument upon the first considerable ascent from Pont Bonvoison, as being author of a beautiful road cut through the solid stone for a great length of way, and having by this means encouraged others to assist in facilitating a passage so truly desirable, till one of the great wonders now to be observed among the Alps, is the ease with which even a delicate traveller may cross them. In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades meantime bursting from the mountains on the one side; cultivated fields, rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts, where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber: light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottom, and bells in thickly-scattered spires calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill – fill one's minds with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.

I had the satisfaction of seeing a chamois at a distance, and spoke with a fellow who had killed five hungry bears that made depredation on his pastures: we looked on him with reverence as a monster-tamer of antiquity, Hercules or Cadmus; he had the skin of a beast wrapt round his middle, which confirmed the fancy – but our servants, who borrowed from no fictitious records the few ideas that adorned their talk, told us he reminded *them* of *John the Baptist*. I had scarce recovered the shock of this too sublime comparison, when we approached his cottage, and found the felons nailed against the wall, like foxes heads or spread kites in England. Here are many goats, but neither white nor large, like those which browse upon the steeps of Snowden, or clamber among the cliffs of Plinlimmon.

Many amusing anecdotes, collected in Italy, or recalled to her mind by new objects, are related in a lively manner, and observations occur, which, if not profound, are often just and entertaining.

The shade of Dr. Johnson frequently flitted before us, when we perceived a reflection of his narrow superstitious notions distorted by a new medium; but Mrs. P. evidently did not catch his growling petulance or propensity to contradict, for she is ever in the highest good humour, and inclined to turn her eyes on the smooth and fairest side of things. It is indeed to be lamented, that lately we have only had the descriptions of good-humored travellers; and, when novelty and civility give a dazzling [143] charm to each scene, we must of course expect to hear frivolous superficial remarks. Those who can readily gather flowers, will

not laboriously turn up the earth for the most valuable minerals; and, they who are very scrupulous not to say any thing the world at large will not approve of, seldom think for themselves, or attain simple dignity of diction. We shall now select some anecdotes and descriptions.

A gentleman who had long practiced as a solicitor, and was retired from business, stored with a perfect knowledge of mankind so far as his experience could inform him, told me once, that whoever died before sixty years old, if he had made his own fortune, was likely to leave it according as friendship, gratitude, and publick spirit dictated; either to those who had served, or those who had pleased him; or, not unfrequently, to benefit some charity, set up some school, or the like: 'but let a man once turn sixty,' said he, 'and his natural heirs *are sure of him*:' for having seen many people, he has likewise been disgusted by many; and though he does not love his relations better than he did, the discovery that others are but little superior to them in those excellencies he has sought about the world in vain for, he begins to enquire for his nephew's little boy, whom as he never saw, never could have offended him; and if he does not break the chain of a favourite watch, or any other such boyish trick, the estate is his for ever, upon no principle but this in the testator.

We have all heard much of Italian ciccisbeism; I had a mind to know how matters really stood; and took the nearest way to information by asking a mighty beautiful and apparently artless young creature, *not noble*, how that affair was managed, for there is no harm done *I am sure*, said I; 'Why no,' replied she, 'no great *harm* to be sure: except wearisome attentions from a man one cares little about: for my own part,' continued she, 'I detest the custom, as I happen to love my husband excessively, and desire nobody's company in the world but his. We are not *people of fashion* though, you know, nor at all rich; so how should we set fashions for our betters? They would only say, see how jealous he is! if Mr. *Such-a-one* sat much with me at home, or went with me to the Corso; and I *must* go with some gentlemen you know: and the men are such ungenerous creatures, and have such ways with them: I want money often, and this *cavalier servente* pays the bills, and so the connection draws closer – *that's all*! And your husband! said I. – 'Oh, why he likes to see me well dressed; he is very good-natured, and very charming; I love him to my heart.' And your confessor! cried I. – 'Oh, why he is *used to it*,' – in the Milanese dialect – *è assuefaà*.

Well! we will not send people to Milan to study delicacy or very refined morality, to be sure; but were the crust of British affectation lifted off many a character at home, I know not whether better, that is *honester*, hearts would be found under it than that of this pretty girl. God forbid that I should prove an advocate for vice; but let us remember, that the banishment of all hypocrisy and deceit is a vast compensation for the want of *one great virtue*. – The certainty that the worst, whatever that worst may be, meets your immediate inspection, gives great repose to the mind: you know there is no latent poison lurking out of sight; no colours to come out stronger by throwing water [144] suddenly against them, as you do to old fresco paintings: and talking freely with women in this country, though you may have a chance to light on ignorance, you are never teized by folly.

The gentleman who shewed us the Ducal palace, seemed himself much struck with its convenience and splendour; but I had seen Versailles, Turin, and Genoa. What can be seen here, and here alone, are the numerous and incomparable works of

Giulio Romano; of which no words that I can use would give my readers any adequate idea. – For such excellence language has no praise, and of such performances taste will admit no criticism. The giants could scarcely have been more amazed at Jupiter's thunder, than I was at their painted fall. If Rome is to exhibit any thing beyond this, I shall really be more dazzled than delighted; for imagination will stretch no further, and admiration will endure no more.

If any thing in England seem to excite their wonder and ill-placed compassion, it is our coal fires, which they persist in thinking strangely unwholesome – and a melancholy proof that we are grievously devoid of wood, before we can prevail upon ourselves to dig the bowels of old earth for fuel, at the hazard of our precious health, if not of its certain loss; nor could I convince the wisest man I tried at, that wood burned to chark is a real poison, while it would be difficult by any process of chemistry to force much evil out of coal. They are steadily of opinion, that consumptions are occasioned by these fires, and that all the subjects of Great Britain are consumptively disposed, merely because those who are so, go into Italy for change of air: though I never heard that the wood smoke helped their breath, or a brazierfull of ashes under the table their appetite. Mean time, whoever seeks to convince instead of persuade an Italian, will find he has been employed in a Sisyphean labour; the stone may roll to the top, but is sure to return, and rest at his feet who had courage to try the experiment. Logic is a science they love not, and I think steadily refuse to cultivate; nor is argument a style of conversation they naturally affect – as Lady MacBeth says, *Question enrageth him*;<sup>20</sup> and the dialogues of Socrates would to them be as disgusting as the violence of Xantippe.

Well, here we are at Padua again! where I will run, and see once more the places I was before so pleased with. The beautiful church of Santa Giustina, the ancient church adorned by Cimabue, Giotto &c. where you fancy yourself on a sudden transported to Dante's Paradise, and wish for Barry the painter, to point your admiration of its sublime and extraordinary merits; but not the shrine of St. Anthony, or the tomb of Antenor, one rich with gold, the other venerable with rust, can keep my attention fixed on *them*, while an Italian *May* offers to every sense, the sweets of nature in elegant perfection. One view of a smiling landscape, lively in verdure, enamelled with flowers, and exhilarating with the sound of music under every tree,

Where many a youth and many a maid  
Dances in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play,  
On a sun-shine holiday;<sup>21</sup>

drives Palladio and Sansovino from one's head; and leaves nothing very strongly impressed upon one's heart but the recollection of kindness received and esteem reciprocated. [145]

Here I had the honour of being introduced to Cardinal Corsini, who put me a little out of countenance by saying suddenly, *Well, madam! you never saw one of us red-legged partridges before I believe; but you are going to Rome I hear, where you will find such fellows as me no rarities.* The truth is, I had seen the amiable Prince d'Orini at Milan, who was a Cardinal; and who had taken delight in showing me prodigious civilities: nothing ever struck me more than his abrupt entrance one night at our house, when we had a little music, and every body stood up the moment he appeared:

the Prince however walked forward to the harpsichord, and blessed my husband in a manner the most graceful and affecting: then sate the amusement out, and returned the next morning to breakfast with us, when he indulged us with two hours conversation at least; adding the kindest and most pressing invitations to his country-seat among the mountains of Brianza, when we should return from our tour of Italy in spring 1786. Florence therefore was not the first place that shewed me a Cardinal.

But we are called to the Vatican, where the Apollo, Laocoon, Antinous, and Meleager, with others of less distinguished merit, suffer one to think on nothing but themselves, and of the artists who framed such models of perfection. Laocoon's agonies torment one. I was forced to recollect the observation Dr. Moore says was first made by Mr. Locke, in order to harden my heart against him who appears to feel only for himself, when two such youths are expiring close beside him. But though painting can do much, and sculpture perhaps more, at least one learns to think so here at Rome, the comfort is, that poetry beats them both. Virgil knew, and Shakespeare would have known, how to heighten even this distress, by adding paternal anguish: – here is distress enough however.

Let us once more acknowledge the modesty and candour of Italians when we repeat what has been so often recorded, that Michael Angelo refused adding the arm that was wanting to this chef d'oeuvre: and when Bernini undertook the task, he begged it might remain always a different colour, that he might not be suspected of hoping that his work could ever lie confounded with that of the Greek artist.

Such is not the spirit of the French: they have been always adding to Don Quixote! a personage whose adventures were little likely to cross one's fancy in the Vatican; but perfection is perfection.

Here stands the Apollo though, in whom alone no fault has yet been found. They tell you, he has just killed the serpent Python. 'Let us beg of him,' says one of the company, 'just to turn round and demolish those cursed snakes which are devouring the poor old man and his boys yonder.' This was like the speech of *Marchez donc* to the fine bronze horse under the heavenly statue of Marcus Aurelius<sup>22</sup> at the Capitol, and made me hope that story might be true. It is the fashion for every body to go see Apollo by torch light: he looks like *Phoebus* then, the Sun's bright deity, and seems to say to his admirers, as that Divinity does to the presumptuous hero in Homer,

Oh son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see  
How vast the difference 'twixt the gods and thee.

(*To be continued.*) [146]

4 (July), pp. 301–6.

ART. VIII. *Observations and Reflections made in the course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany.* By Hester Lynch Piozzi. In two Volumes. (*Concluded from p. 146.*)

We have already pointed out some anecdotes and descriptions in the first volume of this work, and after making a few observations on the whole, shall submit to the judgment of our readers, those we have culled from the second.

Colloquial expressions, and a playful familiarity of style, contrasts every moment as strangely with laboured thoughts, and far-fetched reflections, as do inaccurate, and even vulgar phrases, with classical allusions and quotations. From a lady who has had so many advantages, and whose knowledge of a dead language is so frequently displayed, we naturally expected more purity of style; yet we find in her journey all the childish feminine terms, which occur in common novels and thoughtless chat, *sweet, lovely, dear dear*, and many other pretty epithets and exclamations.\* Notwithstanding these defects, which we mention that they be avoided in a future edition, the reader will find some information and much amusement in these *Observations and Reflections*. We shall now present a natural portrait.

I will mention another talk I had with a Sicilian lady. We met at the house of the Swedish minister, Monsieur André, uncle to the lamented officer who perished in our sovereign's service in America; and while the rest of the company were entertaining themselves with cards and music, I began laughing in myself at hearing the gentlemen and lady who sat next *me*, called by others *Don Raphael* and *Donna Camilla*, because those two names bring Gil Blas into one's head. Their agreeable and interesting conversation however soon gave my mind a more serious turn when discoursing on the liberal premiums now offered by the King of Naples to those who are willing to rebuild and repeople Messina. Donna Camilla politely introduced me to a very sick but pleasing looking lady, who she said was going to return thither: at which *she*, starting, cried, 'Oh God forbid, my dear friend!' in an accent that made me think she had already suffered something from the concussions that overwhelmed that city in the year 1783. Her inviting manner, her soft and interesting eyes, whose languid glances seemed to shew beauty sunk in sorrow, and spirit oppressed by calamity, engaged my utmost attention, while Don Raphael pressed her to indulge the foreigner's curiosity with some particulars of the distresses she had shared. Her own feelings were all she could relate she said – and those confusedly. 'You see that girl there,' pointing to a child about seven or eight years old, who stood listening to the harpsichord: 'she escaped! I cannot, for my soul, guess how, for we were not together at the time.' – 'Where were *you*, madam, at the moment of the fatal accident?' – 'Who? *me*?' and her eyes [301] lighted up with recollected terror: 'I was in the nursery with my maid, employed in taking stains out of some Brussels lace upon a brazier; two babies, neither of them four years old, playing in the room. The eldest boy, dear lad! had just left us, and was in his father's country house. The day grew *so* dark all of a sudden, and the brazier – *oh*, Lord Jesus! I felt the brazier slide for me, and saw it run down the long room on its three legs. The maid screamed, and I shut my eyes and knelt at a chair. We thought all over; but my husband came, and snatching me up cried, *run, run*. – I know not how or where, but all amongst falling houses it was, and people shrieked so, and there was *such* a noise! My poor son! he was fifteen years old; he tried to hold me fast in the crowd. I remember kissing *him*: Dear lad; dear lad! I said. I could speak *just then*: but the throng at the gate! Oh that gate! Thousands at once! ay, thousands! thousands at once: and my poor old confessor too! I knew him: I threw my arms

\* The word *though*, which so frequently occurs, is a vulgarism we were surprised to see: *to be sure, so vastly, exactly, talk*, and many other expressions, are only a degree better. [301]

about his aged neck. *Padre mio!* said I – *Padre mio!* Down he dropt, a great stone struck his shoulder; I saw it coming, and my boy pulled me: he saved my life, dear, dear lad! But the crash of the gate, the screams of the people, the heat – Oh such a heat! I felt no more on't though; I saw no more on't; I waked in bed, this girl by me, and her father giving me cordials. We were on shipboard, they told me, coming to Naples to my brother's house here; and do you think I'll ever go back *there* again? No, no; that's a curst place; I lost my son in it. *Never, never* will I see it more! All my friends try to persuade me, but the sight of it would do my business. If my poor boy were alive indeed! but *he!* ah, poor dear lad! he loved his mother; he held *me* fast – No, no, I'll never see that place again: God has cursed it *now*; I am sure he has.'

A narrative so melancholy, so tender, and so true, could not fail of its effect. I ran for refuge to the harpsichord, where a lady was singing divinely. I could not listen though: *her* grateful sweetness who told the dismal story, followed me thither: she had seen my ill-suppressed tears, and followed to embrace me.

The following anecdote is also characteristic.

These dear people too at Rome and Naples do live so in the very hull of ship-wrecked or rather foundered paganism, have their habitation so at the very bottom of the cask, can it fail to retain the scent when the lees are scarce yet dried up, clean or evaporated? That an odd jumble of past and present days, past and present ideas of dignity, events, and even manner of portioning out their time, still confuse their heads, may be observed in every conversation with them; and when a few weeks ago we revisited, in the company of some newly arrived English friends, the old baths of Baiae, Loocrine lake, &c. Tobias, who rowed us over, bid us observe the Appian Way under the water, where indeed it appears quite clearly, even to the tracks of wheels on its old pavement made of very large stones; and seeing me perhaps particularly attentive, 'Yes, Madam,' said he, 'I do assure you, that *Don* Horace and *Don* Virgil, of whom we hear such a deal, used to come from Rome to their country-seats here in a day, over this very road, which is now overflowed as you see it, by repeated earthquakes, but which was then so good and so unbroken, that if they rose early in the morning they can easily gallop hither against the *Ave Maria*. [302]

We have selected three or four other passages, either because they characterize the book, or contain something curious.

The first night of our journey was spent at Otricoli, where I heard the cuckoo sing in a shriller, sharper note than he does in England. I had never listened to him before since I left my own country, and his song alone would have convinced me I was no longer in it. Porta di Fuga at Spoleta gates, commemorating poor Hannibal's precipitate retreat after the battle of Thrasymene, may perhaps detain us a while upon this Flaminian way; it was not Titus Flaminus though, whose negotiations ruined Hannibal for ever, that gave name to the road, but Caius of the same family; they had been Flamens formerly, and were therefore called Flaminus, when drawn up by accident or merit into notice; the same custom still obtains with us: we have *Dr. Priestley* and *Mr. Parsons*.

Our watery journey was indeed delightful; friendship, music, poetry combined their charms with those of nature to enchant us, and make one think the passage was too short, the longing to embrace our much-regretted sweet companions. The scent of

odiferous plants, the smoothness of the water, the sweetness of the piano forte, which allured to its banks many of the gay inhabitants, who glad of a change in the variety of their amusements, came down to the shores and danced or sang, as we went by, seized every sense at once, and filled me with unaffected pleasure. I long to see the weeping willow planted along this elegant stream; but the Venetians like to see nothing weep I fancy: yet the *Salix Babylonica*<sup>23</sup> would have a fine effect here, and spread to a prodigious growth, like those on which the captive Israelites once hung their harps, on the banks of the river Euphrates.<sup>24</sup> 'Of all Europe however,' Millar says, 'it prospers best in pensive Britain;'<sup>25</sup>

Nor prov'd the bliss that lulls Italia's breast,  
When red-brow'd evening calmly sinks to rest.<sup>26</sup>

These lines, quoted from Merry's *Paulina*, remind me of the pleasure we enjoyed in reading that glorious poem as we floated down the Brenta. I have certainly read no poetry since; that would be like looking at Sansovino's sculpture, after having seen the Apollo, the Venus and the Flora Farnese. The view of Venice only made us shut the book. Lovely Venice! wise in her councils, grave and steady in her just authority, splendid in her palaces, gay in her casinos, and charming in all.

I will not leave them though, without another word or two about their language, which, though it sounded strangely coarse and broad to be sure, as we returned home from Florence, Rome, and Venice, I felt sincerely glad to hear again; and have some notion by their way of pronouncing *bicchiere*, a word used here to express every thing that holds water, that our *pitcher* was probably derived from it; and the Abate Divecchio, a polite scholar, and an uncommonly agreeable companion, seemed to think so too. His knowledge of the English language, joined to the singular power he has over his own elegant Tuscan tongue, made me torment him with a variety of inquiries about these confused dialects, which leave me at last little chance to understand any, whilst a child is called *bambino* at Florence, *putto* at Venice, *schiatto* at Bergamo, and *creatura* at Rome; and at Milan they call a wench *tosa*: an apron is *grembiule* at Florence I think, *traversa* at [303] Venice, *bigarrol* at Brescia and some other parts of Lombardy, *senale* at Rome, and at Milan *scozzà*. A foreigner may well be distracted by varieties so striking, but the turn and idiom differ ten times more still, and I love to hear our Milanese call an oak *robur* rather than *quercia* somehow, and tell a lady when dressed in white, that she is *tutto in albedine*.

On Friday the 22d of September then we left Milan, and I dropt a tear or two in remembrance of the many civilities shewn by our kind and partial companions. The Abate Bianconi made me wild to go to Dresden, and enjoy the Corregios now moved from Modena to that gallery.

The account of Germany is less minute, as Mrs. P. only passed through it, and did not understand the language.

I have this day heard so many and such interesting particulars concerning the emperor, that I should not forgive myself if I failed to record and relate them, the less because my authority was particularly good, and the anecdotes singular and pleasing.

He rises then at five o'clock every morning, even at this sharp season, writes in private till nine, takes some refreshment then, and immediately after calls his ministers, and employs the time until one professedly in state affairs, rides out till three,

returns and studies alone, letting the people bring his dinner at the appointed hour, chuses out of all the things they bring him one dish, and sets it on the stove to keep hot, eating it when nature calls for food, but never detaining a servant in the room to wait; and five he goes to the Corridor just near his own apartment, where poor and rich, small and great, have access to his person at pleasure, and often get him to arbitrate their law-suits, and decide their domestic differences, as nothing is more agreeable to him than finding himself considered by his people as their father, and dispenser of justice over all his extensive dominions. His attention to the duties he has imposed upon himself is so great, that, in order to maintain a pure impartiality in his mind towards every claimant, he suffers no man or woman to have any influence over him, and forebears even the slight gratification of fondling a dog, lest it should take up too much of his time. The emperor is a stranger upon principle to the joys of confidence and friendship, but cultivates the acquaintance of many ladies and gentlemen, at whose houses (when they see company) he drops in, and spends the evening cheerfully in cards or conversation, putting no man under the least restraint; and if he sees a new comer in look disconcerted, goes up to him and says kindly, 'Divert yourself your own way, good Sir; and do not let me disturb you.' His coach is like the commonest gentleman's of Vienna; his servants distinguished only by the plainness of their liveries; and, lest their insolence might make his company troublesome to the houses where he visits, he leaves the carriage in the street, and will not even be driven into the court-yard, where the other equipages and footmen wait. A large dish of hot chocolate thickened with bread and cream is a common afternoon's regale here, and the emperor often takes one, observing to the mistress of the house how acceptable such a meal is to him after so wretched a dinner.

A few mornings ago showed his character in a strong light. Some [304] poor women were coming down the Danube on a float, the planks separated, and they were in danger of drowning; as it was very early in the day, and no one awake upon the shore except a sawyer that was cutting wood; who, not being able to obtain from his phlegmatic neighbors that assistance their case immediately required, ran directly to call the emperor who he knew would be stirring, and who came flying to give that help which from some happy accident was no longer wanted: but Joseph lost no good humour on the occasion; on the contrary, he congratulated the women on their deliverance, praising at the same time and rewarding the fellow for having called him.

My informer told me likewise, that if two men dispute about any matter till mischief is expected, the wife of one of them will often cry out, 'Come, have done, have done directly, or I'll call our master, and he'll make you have done.' Now is it fair not to do every thing but adore a sovereign like this? when we know that if such tales were told us of Marcus Aurelius, or Titus Vespasian, it would be our delight to repeat, our favourite learning to read of them. Such conduct would serve succeeding princes for models, nor could the weight of a dozen centuries smother their still rising fame. Yet is not my heart persuaded that the reputation of Joseph the Second will be consigned immaculate from age to age, like that of these immortal worthies, though dearly purchased by the loss of ease and pleasure; while neither the mitred prelate nor the blameless puritan pursue with blessings a heart unawed by splendour, unsoftened by simplicity; a hand stretched forth rather to dispense justice, than open spontaneously to distribute charity?

We shall close our extracts with some anecdotes of Metastasio.

Here are many ladies of fashion in this town <Vienna> very eminent for their musical abilities, particularly Mesdemoiselles de Martinas, one of whom is member of the Academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metastasio died in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation, and friendship, with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the Pope the very day he died, I understand, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution he raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted even to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed even by his nearest friends. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever *did* name that disorder, though unconscious of the offense he had given, Metastasio would see him no more. The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: That he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wishing to learn his language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but ended much his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents [305] which it was his delight to be perpetually making them, leaving to them at last all he had ever gained without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will, that it was to them he owed it, and other conduct would in him have been injustice. Such were the sentiments, and such the conduct of this great poet, of whom it is of little consequence to tell, that he never changed the fashion of his wig, or the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait taken not very long ago looks like those of Boileau or Moliere at the head of their works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which never suffered itself to be ruffled, but when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him *eat* more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by steps so very rapid, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and Mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. His early passion for a celebrated singer is well known upon the continent; since that affair finished, all his pleasures have been confined to music and conversation. He had the satisfaction of seeing the seventieth edition of his works I think they said, but am ashamed to copy out the number from my own notes, it seems so *very* strange; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian Abate here said, comically enough, 'Oh! he looked like a man in the state of beatification always when Mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger.'<sup>3</sup> The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation in the world. On a character so singular I leave my readers to make their own *observations and reflections*. M. [306]

Ref. 4 (August), p. 478.

ART. XXXI. *The Sentimental Mother, a Comedy, in five Acts; the Legacy of an old Friend, and his last moral lesson to Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, now Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi.* 8vo. p. 147. Pr. 3s. Ridgway. 1789.

This appears to be an invidious and personal attack, and the author, in language often bordering on indecency, has drawn a hideous caricature; yet we were surprised to find, mixed with cowardly anonymous abuse, some manly and just sentiments.

The affected fashionable cant of sensibility (when the neglect of tender offices of humanity and important duties proves it to be a sentimental varnish or present whim) affords the humorist a fair field; but the subject is grossly handled, or rather pawed in these scenes, which are nevertheless not devoid of humour. T.

#### Purbeck, Elizabeth and Jane

5 (October), pp. 215–16.

ART. XXXIV. *Honorina Sommerville: a Novel.* In 4 vols. 12mo. 982 p. Price 12s. sewed. Robinsons. 1789.

The adventures of a young amiable woman, who, instead of sinking under her misfortunes, behaves with dignity and propriety in various trying situations, will afford young female [215] readers many striking and useful examples of conduct brought on a level with their understandings, and carried home to their hearts. A hackneyed story has a turn of novelty given to it, and some humour and individuality of character render the whole amusing. – We should now proceed to point out its faults, if we did not recollect that we have determined to avoid the fastidious spirit of criticism when we review a tolerable novel. [216]

#### Reeve, Clara

4 (June), p. 221

ART. LVIII. *The Exiles; or Memoirs of the Count de Cronstadt.* By Clara Reeve, Author of the *Old English Baron, Two Mentors, &c. &c.* In three vols. 12mo. p. 779. Price 9s. sewed. Hookham. 1788.

This improbable tale is tolerably well told, and comparatively speaking, has a little merit; but it is spun out to a tedious length, and raises curiosity rather than interest.

The ladies are very fond of a dismal catastrophe, and dying for love is the favourite theme. A weakness too often is exalted into an excellence, and the passion that should exercise the understanding, and ever be made, at least in books

intended for the perusal of the rising generation, subordinate to reason, on the contrary is brought forward as the grand spring of action, the main business of life, and the director of the darts of death.

### Reynolds, Frances

4 (June), pp. 216–17.

ART. L. *An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Taste, and of the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty, &c.* 8vo. p. 52. Price 2s. Smeeton, in St. Martin's-Lane. 1789.

The very mystical author of this little treatise, endeavours to explain, or rather to enunciate the theory he wishes to establish, in this manner – on meditating on the subject of taste and beauty, and marking the progressive stages or degrees of human excellence, which he calls, the *common*, the *beautiful*, the *graceful*, and the *sublime*, he was led to form a kind of diagrammatic and visible representation of their respective distances.

In the exact center of my circle of humanity I have placed nature, or the springs of the intellectual powers, which tend in a straight line to its boundary; and on its boundary, I have placed demonstrable beauty and truth, and the utmost power of rules; and midway I have placed common sense and common form, half deriving their existence from pure nature, and half from its highest cultivation as far as art or rules can teach; a conjunction, which would itself be the perfection of humanity, but, that it is mixed with all that is not nature, and all that is not art, and thereby made mediocrity, i.e. *common sense*.

The intellectual powers arriving at the limit of my common circle, i.e. at the limit of the basis of my pyramidal system, where I have placed the fixed proportions of beauty and of truth (if they progress) mount up as a flame with undulating\* motion, refining [216] as they advance, and terminate in the pinnacle or ultimate point *sublimity*; forming in the imagination the figure of a pyramid, or cone, from the limit of whose base (on which I have before observed, I have placed *demonstrable* truth and beauty, the utmost power of rules, &c.) from that limit up to the ultimate point of sublimity, I call the region of intellectual pleasure, genius, or taste.

Our visionary author proceeds to illustrate his strange, and unintelligible system, in such strains as flow from the school of Jacob Behmen: but, amidst a variety of incoherent effusions, he has thrown out (as light, according to the Spanish proverb, sometimes makes its way thro' a crack) some observations which emphatically illustrate the intimate connection between taste, or a perception of beauty, and moral goodness or virtue. His subject has been treated with great genius and eloquence, by Plato and his commentators, particularly Shaftesbury; and by the professors Hutcheson and Reid of Glasgow, who may also, in some respects, be considered as followers of Plato.

\* *'Undulating*, is the peculiar motion of grace, as well as of flame.'

Two letters are inserted at the end of the pamphlet, by Dr. S. Johnson, one to Mr. C. Jenkinson, on behalf of Dr. Dodd, the other to Dr. Dodd the day before his execution. [217]

### Roche, Regina Maria

See Dalton, Maria Regina.

### Rowe, Elizabeth

Ref. See de Fleury, *Henry*, 3 (February), p. 221.

### Rowson, Susanna

3 (March), p. 340.

ART. XXVI. *Poems on various Subjects*. By Mrs. Rowson, Author of *The Inquisitor*, &c. Crown 8vo, 72 p, and a Frontispiece. Price 3s. sewed. Robinsons.

Weak prosaic attempts, without the images or harmony of poetry. T.

4 (June), p. 223.

ART. LXIV. *The Test of Honour. A Novel*. By a Young Lady. In two vols. 12mo. p. 418. Price 5s. sewed. Abraham. 1789.

Another<sup>27</sup> young lady on whom we cannot bestow equal praise. Her production may be a harmless one; but it is very insipid, and some vulgarisms occur in these milk and water periods.

### Rudd, Margaret Caroline

See Stewart, Margaret Caroline.

### Ryves, Elizabeth

4 (July), p. 351.

ART. XLIII. *The Hermit of Snowdon; or, Memoirs of Albert and Lavinia. Taken from a faithful Copy of the original Manuscript, which was found in the Hermitage*. By the late Rev. Dr. L— and Mr. —. In the year 17\*\*. 12mo. 230 p. Price 3s. sewed. Walter. 1789.

This novel has some little comparative merit, and contains nothing immoral; though, as usual, nature and probability are lost sight of, while love sends the heroine to an untimely grave, and sinks her remembrance so deep into the heart of her negligent lover, a young man of fashion, that he survived only to weep.

After these remarks it is almost needless to say, that we lay no stress on the account of the Hermitage, &c. which stared us full in the face in the title-page.

### Seward, Anna

Ref. 3 (Appendix), pp. 435–7.

ART. V. *Philotoxi Ardenae; the Woodmen of Arden; a Latin Poem: by John Morfitt, Esq; Barrister at Law; with a Translation in Blank Verse; another in Rhyme; attempted in the Manner of Dryden, and dedicated (by Permission) to the Right Honourable the Countess of Aylesford: and an Essay on the Superiority of Dryden's Versification over that of Pope, and of the Moderns; By Joseph Weston.* 4to. 50 p. pr. 2s. 6d. Birmingham, Swinney. London, Robinsons.

... The essay concludes with a most extravagant compliment to Miss Seward, who is represented as towering as much above the Roman Bard, in her most enchanting amplification of Horace's noble Ode, as she is acknowledged to do above most of her own nation in beauty, affability, genius, taste, benevolence, and filial piety! But after the many 'hard words' that have been just before given to her favourite poet [Pope], the lady we find is not perfectly easy under this profusion of civility; and it is a little unfortunate that Miss Seward's versification is formed as much on the model of Pope's, as any of her contemporaries. [436]

4 (July), p. 367.

ART. LXI. *An Adieu to the Rocks of Lannow.* Written by Miss Seward, and set to Music by Dr. Hayes. Price 1s. Thompson.

This pleasing little effort of poetry is set by Dr. Hayes in such a style as to do much credit both to his fancy and judgment. Its key is E *flat*, and time, *four crochets in a bar, andante*;<sup>28</sup> the effect throughout is soft, soothing, and impressive; and corresponds with the subject of the words to a correctness that both delights and interests the hearer.

### Smith, Charlotte

Ref. See Lewis, *Poems*, 3 (January), pp. 74–6.

Ref. 3 (March), pp. 339–40.

ART. XXIII. *Fourteen Sonnets, elegiac and descriptive. Written during a Tour.* 15 p. 4to. Price 1s. Bath, Crutwell. London, Dilly, 1789.

The author of these Sonnets evidently endeavoured to imitate Mrs. Charlotte Smith's little elegant compositions; they are certainly very inferior, yet their

simple unaffected style gives them some claim to praise. We shall subjoin one.<sup>29</sup>  
[339]

5 (December), pp. 484–6.

ART. XXI. *Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake*. By Charlotte Smith. In 5 vols. 12mo. p. 1474. Price 15s. sewed. Cadell. 1789.

The ingenious Mrs. Smith very quickly presents her fair countrywomen with another novel, and the pleasure her last must have afforded will naturally lead them to peruse it with avidity; yet we cannot help lamenting, that this elegant writer neglects her talent for poetry, though we perceive in her novel that she looks at nature with a poet's eye. The same quick sensibility which enabled her to produce such apt similies in her sonnets, led her to catch all those alluring charms of nature, which form such enchanting back grounds to the historical part of the pictures she displays in these volumes, and gives them sentiment and interest.

Her picturesque views of the Lake claim the warmest praise; indeed, all her landscapes are drawn by the pencil of taste, that can feel and describe the evanescent graces, which are so profusely scattered around us, and escape the notice of common, blunt organs, or only affect them, when seen through the medium of lively descriptions. We may likewise emphatically add, that Mrs. S. writes like a gentlewoman: if she introduce ladies of quality, they are transcribed from life, and not the sickly offspring of a distempered imagination, that looks up with awe to the sounding distinctions of rank, and the gay delights which riches afford. Her delineations of local manner are equally skilful. The characters of lady Newenden, Miss Newenden, captain Chesterville, Tom Davenant, &c. &c. are forcibly represented in many amusing scenes; but her ideal forms have not the same fair proportion. She faithfully follows nature as far as she can see, and brings forward each latent grace, or tint, which discriminates the characters. There is a charming simplicity in some of her groups, which made us recollect Gainsborough's pictures; but she does not always keep within her sphere: when she attempts to combine without a model, she is lost; and theatrical attitudes are exhibited instead of impassioned expressions. To say the truth, there is very little passion in the tale; and the attention of the reader is called to slight circumstances, and seldom engrossed by the main features: ingenious, forcible hints, are not thrown out to engage the imagination to finish the sketch, and give those interesting touches which leave a lasting impression on the mind. We were rather amused than interested in the story: every thing is described with that minute exactness, which distinguishes a mind more inclined to observe the various shades of manners than the workings of passion, or the inconsistencies of human nature.

We shall not attempt to analyze this complicated tale. It has the faults and beauties so obvious in *Emmeline*, and the [484] two heroines might be taken for twin sisters. The story wants a grand point of interest; and innumerable misfortunes are so entangled together, that sympathy must be worn out, and give place to sheer curiosity, long before the close of the fifth volume. Many of the incidents are very novel-like, or rather introduced for effect; – mere stage tricks. The heroine is too often sick, and rather inspires love than respect. Though we are told, in express works, that she is all perfection – nature’s masterpiece – she appears a frail woman, with none of those supernatural charms, which an impassioned fancy spreads round a deified mortal, as a lambent flame is represented encircling the heads of men become saints. Besides, we cannot help wishing that Mrs. S. had considered how many females might probably read her pleasing productions, whose minds are in a ductile state; she would not then have cherished their delicacy, or, more properly speaking, weakness, by making her heroine so very beautiful, and so attentive to preserve her personal charms, even when grief, beauty’s cankerworm, was at work. Of the easy, unaffected style, the reader may form a judgment from the two following specimens; the first extracted from vol. I, p. 46 – the second from vol. IV. p. 147. A few grammatical errors, and trifling inaccuracies, we cannot think of noticing, when there are charms in the language, which cold correctness will never reach.

She was no sooner alone, than losing the impression of the displeasing conversation she had heard, she gave way to the solemn but melancholy species of pleasure inspired by the scene around her. It was now evening; the last rays of the sun gave a dull purple hue to the points of the fells which rose above the water and the park; whilst the rest, all in deep shadow, looked gloomily sublime. Just above the tallest, which was rendered yet more dark by the wood that covered its side, the evening star arose, and was reflected on the bosom of the lake, now perfectly still and unruffled. Not a breeze sighed among the hills, and nothing was heard but the low murmur of two or three distant waterfalls, and, at intervals, the short, soft notes of the woodlark, the only bird that sings at this season in an evening <it was the middle of August.> Ethelinde having traversed a considerable part of the plantation, principally among tall firs, planted by the grandfather of Sir Edward, now stopped to observe the river, which flows from the lake in a deep and smooth current, and keeping its way under the foot of an enormous mass of rock, suddenly crosses the park, and takes its course near the abbey, where it once filled what is now a fosse of turf, but was formerly a moat; from which, being diverted, it wanders away through green inclosures, till other hills conceal its further progress.

A rude stone bridge crosses the stream, and Ethelinde, leaning over the wall, looked pensively at the water, and listened to the rippling current, which was in unison with other soothing and agreeable sounds, while, by this time, innumerable stars were reflected on the lake.

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Miss Newenden travelled rapidly, and they were soon at Brackwood Down. The mistress of the house welcomed thither her melancholy guest with her usual careless

kindness, and then went to inspect into that which interested her most – the condition of her horses. After having satisfied herself in that essential business, she returned into the house; and, while the supper passed, questioned the servant who attended on all the occurrences of the hunts that had passed during her absence. The man, as he waited, described with great exactness the circumstances of each; in what cover they found, whither they ran, and who was in, and who thrown out at the death; a detail which seemed to communicate great pleasure to his lady. This conversation ended only with the removal of the table cloth; and then, as Miss Newenden was to arise at five the next morning to hunt, she proposed, and Ethelinde most gladly embraced the proposal, to retire immediately to their beds.

The calm tranquillity of the country, and the long fatigue of body and mind which Ethelinde had undergone, contributed to procure her a more comfortable sleep than she had long enjoyed. When she awoke the next morning, she found Miss Newenden had been gone above two hours; and, glad to enjoy entire solitude, she arose, and having breakfasted alone, went out to survey the environs of her new abode. The habitation of Miss Newenden had been a large farm house, and was awkwardly contrived; but it was well fitted up by its present tenant and had been sashed, repaired, and furnished with plain, but handsome furniture. It stood in a bottom, amid very extensive and unequal downs, which now wore a russet brown, except where long lines of wheat broke the dull uniformity of turf in its winter hue, and here and there a scar of chalk, or a spot sown with turnips, and folded with sheep, diversified the landscape. A few ragged hawthorns, bending from the south-west, were scattered over the slopes; but other trees there were none, save only two or three old elms which grew about the house. Behind it was a kitchen garden inclosed within a flint wall, and before it a long uninclosed lawn, that wound among the hills, and terminated only in the stable yard, about which all that is requisite for the convenience of horses was amply provided. The stables had been repaired, and part of them new built, at a great expence; and they were inhabited by a set of capital hunters, and a proportionable number of grooms and helpers.

This part of Miss Newenden's establishment could give no pleasure to Ethelinde; but in the present state of her mind she was soothed and consoled by the wild and gloomy solitude, where she hoped to have many hours, in which, uninterrupted by the tedious forms of common life, she could dream of happiness and Montgomery.

About half a mile beyond the house the downs rose to a great height, and the horizon this elevated spot commanded was bounded by the sea, at the distance of about six miles. This soon became the favorite walk of Ethelinde; and hither she repaired whenever the weather would allow, and seating herself on the twisted root of an old thorn, would contemplate, with a degree of melancholy satisfaction, the ocean which now separated her from Montgomery, and on whose stormy bosom he was so soon to be conveyed to such a fearful distance from her and his native country. [486]

## Sophronia

5 (September), p. 89.

ART. XL. *Effusions of the Heart: or, Heavenly Meditations and Devotional Exercises*. By Sophronia. Small 8vo. pa. 74. Price 1s. 6d. Dilly.

The effusions of a heart ‘pierced through with many sorrows,’<sup>30</sup> and confined to the bed of languor and disease, (which we are told was the case with Sophronia) are not subjects for critical disquisition; and therefore we shall only mention the general topics of these meditations, remarking that the language is good, and that the volume is interspersed with passages of sacred poetry.

Meditation 1. The greatness of God’s mercy to mankind. 2. The promise of God. 3. Afflictions. 4. Heaven. 5. The sufferings of Christ. 6. On the love of God. 7. Death. F.

## Staël, Anne Louise Germaine, Madame de, née Necker

4 (July), pp. 360–2.

ART. XLIX. *Letters on the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau. To which are added, a Letter from the Countess Alexandre de Vassy, to the Baroness de Stael, with the Baroness’s Answer, and an Account of the last Moments of Rousseau*. By Mademoiselle Necker, Baroness de Stael. Translated from the French. Cr. 8vo. p. 139. Price [missing] sewed. Robinsons. 1789.

These remarks on Rousseau, consist of warm panegyrics, and answers to a few well known objections. The author in an easy genteel style, describes the effect his various writings produced on her own mind; dwelling particularly on Eloisa, Emilius, and the private character of their parent, deduced from his confessions and accidental information. These observations are written with timid caution, to steer clear of censure, while contending for a literary wreath, and sometimes so superficial, that indiscriminate admiration appears like the blind homage of ignorance to a great name.

Rousseau’s literary station has long been settled by time on a firm basis; his genius spreads flowers over the most barren tract, yet his profound sagacity and paradoxical caprice, his fascinating eloquence and specious errors, may be seen by their own light; a lamp is an officious twinkler, when the sun has diffused his beams. How little, indeed, do they know of human nature, who by their injudicious candour labour to destroy all identity of character; endeavouring to root out the tares, to soften apparent defects, they may seem to rub off some sharp corners, rude unsightly angles; but could they really succeed in their childish attempt, they would only level original prominent features, and stupidly active, transform a sublime mountain into a beautiful plain. This specimen, from the remarks on Eloisa, will probably give weight to our opinion. [360]

A novel may be a description of the manners of the moment, the play of imagination, which brings into a narrow compass several extraordinary events to captivate the interests of curiosity, or a great moral idea put into action and rendered dramatic. In this class *Eloisa* is entitled to a place. The author's aim seems to have been to encourage to repentance, by the example of the virtue of Julia, women guilty of the same crime with her. I begin by admitting all the objections which may be made to the plan. It will be thought dangerous to be concerned for Julia; that it is giving a charm to crimes, and that the injury this novel may do to young girls yet in a state of innocence is more certain than the utility of which it may be to such as are not. This criticism is just. I wish Rousseau had described Julia culpable by the passion of her heart only. I am also of opinion that it is for none but pure hearts that moral discourses ought to be written. In the first place, they perhaps convey improvement rather than operate a change, and are better guides in the paths of virtue than messengers to recal from error; if, however, they be destined to the service of virtuous minds, they may, at the same time, be useful for such as are unhappily become corrupted. With what blushes for a great fault do moralists cover those to whom they describe the remorse and anguish which a lesser ought to cause! It seems also, that indulgence is the only virtue which it is dangerous to preach, although the practice of it be so useful. Crimes, abstractedly considered, must excite indignation. Pity can have its source in nothing but the interest inspired by the guilty person; morality ought to be severe in itself, but its application should be tempered with goodness. I am therefore ready to agree with the censors of Rousseau, that the subjects of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* are more moral, but the real utility of a novel consists more in the effect than in the plan, in the sentiments it inspires rather than in the relation of events. If, after reading *Eloisa*, we feel ourselves more animated with the love of virtue, if we be more exact in the discharge of our duties, and if beneficence, retirement, and a simplicity of manners, have more attractions for us, let us pardon the author, and cease to condemn the novel, if such be the impressions it leaves on the mind. Rousseau himself seemed to be of opinion the work was dangerous; he thought the amours only of Julia were written in letters full of fire, and that the image of virtue, the tranquil happiness of *Madame de Wolmar*, would appear insipid compared with these animated descriptions. He was mistaken. In his fictions, as well as in truth, the storms of the passions and the peace of innocence successively agitate and calm.

The praises lavished, throughout, on *M. Necker*, are so extravagant, that they appear to be dictated rather by the head than the heart; nay, they are indelicate, when we consider that they probably met his eye before their publication; nor can we pay great deference to the *Baroness's* judgment after reading her opinion of her father, written in the bombast language of pride, instead of appearing to be the simple effusion of gratitude or tenderness.

The profession of the Savoyard vicar, was justly admired as a series of strong and profound reasoning, which, in the whole, formed an opinion that was joyfully adopted in the midst of the errors of [361] fanatics and atheists. But this work was but the forerunner of the book, which has given us a new aera in the history of reason, since it has extended its empire; of that book, which seemed to anticipate the life to come, by discovering the secrets which are one day to be divulged to us; of that book, which

mankind united might present to the supreme being as the greatest step they have ever made towards him; of that book, which the name of the author consecrates and places beyond the reach of the contempt of mediocrity, since it was the greatest administrator of the age in which he lived, the genius the most brilliant and just, who desired to be heard upon that which men wished to reject as vague and obscure; of that book, the sublime and majestic sensibility of which describes the author loving mankind, as this ought to be cherished by the guardian angel of the earth. Pardon me, Rousseau; my work is consecrated to thee, and yet another is become the object of my veneration! Now thyself, thou above all others, in thy heart passionately fond of humanity, wouldst have honored him, who long pondering upon man's existence on earth, after having indicated all advantages he may derive from a good government, has wished to prevent his most cruel misfortunes by producing a calm in his agitated mind, and thus giving the chain of thoughts which form all his destiny. Rousseau knew how to admire, and as he never wrote but from the impulsion of his mind, vain jealousies did not enter his heart. He would have felt a strong desire to commend him whom I dare not name, him whom I approach without fear, since I see nothing in him but the object of my tenderness, but for whom, when I contemplate him at a distance, I more than any person am penetrated with respect. Finally, him whom posterity, like the age in which he lives, will distinguish by all the titles of genius, but whom my destiny and my affection permit me to call my father.

In the letter on Rousseau's character, the Baroness seems to think that he terminated his life with a violent hand; and the annexed letters are published, in the last edition, to point out her mistake.

The translation has every mark of haste, and sometimes is almost unintelligible by being too literal. M. [362]

### Starke, Mariana

3 (April), pp. 468–9.

ART. XXI. *The Poor Soldier; an American Tale: founded on a recent Fact. Inscribed to Mrs. Crespigny.* 4to. p. 43. Pr. 2s. 6d. Walter. 1789.

This interesting tale is told in an easy flowing measure, and many sentiments occur that do honour to the writer's heart, whilst they reach the reader's. It particularly merits the attention of young people, as the tears, the perusal will scarcely fail to draw, are such as a human creature ought to shed, and [468] not the pumped up effusions of false sensibility: every production that tends to awaken the opening mind to a sense of *real* woe is a public benefit, as a seed of active virtue thus sown by chance, may extend its benign branches and shade many a wretch from misery. It is not easy to select a passage from a narrative; a short one will give an idea of the style in which it is related; the interest depends on the connexion.

Imperial London once again I view –  
Shame ties my tongue – O how shall I pursue

My doleful story here! – That savage race,  
 Beadles<sup>31</sup> yclep'd – of justice the disgrace!  
 Yet, by their office, bound to guard her cause,  
 And thro' each district execute her laws,  
 That flinty Tribe, tho' oft I loudly urge  
 My clear certificate, these shoulders scourge  
 With biting thongs – my honest scars I show –  
 But still they aim the vile degrading blow;  
 And, as a vagrant, spurn the man, whose all  
 Was freely lavish'd at Britannia's call:  
 Till bleeding at the ruffian's feet I lie,  
 And ask of heaven that wretched boon, to die!  
 Nor long had Nature been condemn'd to bear  
 The double smart of shame and fierce despair,  
 With those keen tortures starving wretches feel,  
 Had not kind *Hamilton*, (with Pity's zeal,  
 By cordial draughts the springs of life renew'd  
 And fed these clammy lips with needful food. [469]

5 (November), p. 360.

ART. XXXIX. *The Sword of Peace; or a Voyage of Love; a Comedy, in five Acts, first performed at the Theatre Royal in the Hay Market, on Saturday, Aug. 9th, 178 .* 8vo. p. 64. Pr. 1s. 6d. Debrett, 1789.

'I wish,' says the authoress, in the preface, 'to conceal myself from the censure of individuals, the flattery of sycophants, and the partiality of weak friends.' – 'Few, indeed, are capable of *speaking truth amiably!*' We cannot be so *ungallant* as not to wish to *speak truth amiably* to a lady, and yet she perhaps will not think so, when we inform her that *sentiment* is no part of legitimate comedy, and that a just representation of human life and manners, as they are, (not as they ought to be) is the true province of comedy. The characters of this piece are not natural; the incidents arise without probability, and the language is frequently weak and even vulgar. The frequent representation of *damme*, and *damned*, argue that poverty of invention which cursing and swearing supply in common life. The fable, however, is strictly moral, and we find nothing offensive to chastity.

Stewart, Margaret Caroline

3 (January), pp. 84–5.

ART. XXXIV. *Mrs. Stewart's Case, written by herself, and respectfully submitted to the enlightened part of the Public: including her Letter to Lord Rawdon.* 4to. 27 p. Price 1s. 6d. Kerby, 1788.

The sum total of Mrs. Stewart's case is, that Lord Rawden once extended his benevolence towards her, but does so no more; as we can perceive from this letter no claim of right which Mrs. Stewart has on his lordship's purse, we are at a loss [84] to know how the 'enlightened part of the public' are concerned in this matter. Every part of the public, however, will recognize in Mrs. Stewart an old acquaintance – Mrs. Rudd. [85]

4 (May), p. 100.

ART. LXXV. *A Postscript to Mrs. Stewart's Case*. 4to. 6 p. Price 6d. Kerby. 1789.

This postscript gives us no reason to change our opinion of Mrs. Stewart's case. (See our Review for January, p. 84) Lord Rawdon is the particular object of Mrs. Stewart's vengeance. She appeals to the public; but she has had her full share of public conversation a dozen years since. C. C.

### Susanna

4 (July), pp. 347–8.

ART. XXXIV. *Poems*. By Susanna. 4to. p. 31. 1s. 6d. Dilly. 1789.

A specimen will be a sufficient character of these miscellaneous poems, written by a young lady only fourteen years of age,

On quitting\*\*\*\*\* Hall\*, for the Winter.

Adieu, sweet spot! here many an hour  
I carelessly have stray'd,  
And watch'd the slow-declining sun,  
Nor fear'd the nightly shade.

No interruption here I found,  
No rude intruding eye;  
Confusion fled this happy place,  
And peace was ever nigh.

At close of eve, o'er yonder field  
The humble gleaners throng,  
And joyful whistle as they go,  
While birds repeat the song. [347]

But, ah! the fatal day is come  
That I must from you part:  
I go; and sorrowing do I go,  
For here I leave my heart. [348]

\* The summer residence of her father, and a situation peculiarly adapted for a contemplative and rural mind.

## Timbury, Jane

3 (March), pp. 345–6.

ART. XXXIV. *The Male Coquet. A Novel, in Two Volumes.* By Jane Timbury, Author of *Tobit*. 2 vol. 12mo. 316 p. Pr. 5s. sewed. Murray.

*A dismal*, but not an interesting tale, in which the author sheweth that ‘men will coquet, and women will believe:’ the [345] characters are so unnatural that we dismiss the victims to the shades without a sigh, begging all false-hearted swains to take warning, and not disloyal prove! M. [346]

## Trimmer, Sarah

4 (June), p. 225.

ART. LXXII. *A Series of Prints of Roman History, designed for those Apartments in which Children receive the first Rudiments of their Education.* 24mo. 64 p. of prints. Price 3s. pasted on boards, 2s. 6d. bound in red. Marshall. 1789.

Madame Genlis furnished Mrs. Trimmer with the hint which she has so judiciously worked up in the series before us.

4 (June), pp. 225–6

ART. LXXIII. *A Description of a Set of Prints of Roman History, contained in a Set of easy Lessons.* By Mrs. Trimmer. 24mo. p. 240. Price 1s. 8d. bound in red. Marshall. 1789. [225]

This is a necessary companion to the above, and an amusing little epitome of the Roman History, which those respectable mothers, who educate their own children, will find very useful. We were surprised to see so many facts, without confusion, brought into a small volume. Mrs. Trimmer deserves great praise for her unwearied endeavours to be useful. [226]

4 (June), p. 226

ART. LXXIV. *A Comment on Dr. Watts’s Divine Songs for Children, with Questions; designed to illustrate the Doctrines and Precepts to which they refer; and induce a proper Application of them as Instruments of early Piety.* By Mrs. Trimmer. 12mo. 92p. Price 6d. in canvas. Buckland. 1789.

As Mrs. Trimmer still perseveres in her benevolent attempt to improve the poor, experienced undoubtedly points out to her the best method, and as far as we can judge, by the book she has already published for Sunday Schools, it must be a good one. This comment is a fresh proof of her discernment; children too often only learn a lesson by rote; but when they expect to be called to answer questions, they must think, spurred on by emulation; in short, we really think this mode well calculated to open the minds of the ignorant.

## ATTIC MISCELLANY

Reviews in the *Attic Miscellany* appear in a column titled ‘The Harmony of Criticism. From the Works of the Most Eminent British Critics.’

Burney, Frances

Ref. See Johnson, *Calista*, 3:12 (December), p. 113.

Craven, Elizabeth, Lady

1:10 (October), pp. 29–30.

*ART. II. A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople. In a Series of Letters from the Right Hon. Lady Craven to His Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith. Written in the Year 1786.* 4to. 18s. Robinsons.

European Magazine. March.

*The lively energy of the female mind sparkles through every page of this light, yet entertaining work; and discovers that the fair and noble authoress is possessed of an enviable share of animal spirits and mental vivacity; but it is greatly destitute of that *vivida vis animi* which alone inspires the bosom of real genius. The motive of this long and extraordinary journey, seems to have been to let the world ‘see where the real Lady Craven has been,’ and not for the purpose of philosophising on the various objects of her route: her ladyship therefore has confined her observations to superficial appearances of things, and her descriptions to the momentary impressions which surrounding objects made at the instant on her mind; and if these letters are considered merely as the conversatione of an agreeable and prattling female, they will meet with admiration.*

Historical Magazine. March.

*Most of her ladyship’s descriptions are dull and superficial; and there is little impressive observation made on the characters of those who met her notice: egotism is a prominent feature; which is by no means suitable to a narrative intended for universal perusal.*

Lady Craven has in several places made efforts to imitate the manner of Sterne, but with little effect; and she has adopted the use of dashes to fill up a great number of chasms, for which there does not appear to be the smallest necessity; it might indeed be prudent to exchange some passages in letters to a tender friend, but the public surely could dispense with the needless substitutions. *We meet with some coarse, and some odd expressions*, when the rank and sex of the writer is considered.

If the public should yet be disposed to give up their own opinion, to that of long-established criticism, the production of Lady Craven [29] must be condemned, most of the monthly Reviewers agreeing with the latter remarks. When the European critic gave his decree, he had perused only a few of the first pages of the book under his consideration. [30]

### Dalton, Maria Regina

2:11 (November), p. 74.

ART. VI. *The Vicar of Lansdown; or, Country Quarters. A Tale.* By Maria Regina Dalton. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. sewed. Johnson.

Analytical Review. May.

As we imagine the author must be a *very* young lady, and *deeply read in poetry and novels*, we forbear to censure in a sarcastic style; yet we cannot agree with her that this book is *unstudied*; nay, we think that labouring to *ornament* it, she has rendered *many passages unintelligible*. If she will listen to the warning voice of experience, *we advise her to throw aside her pen*, and not attempt to enter the *road of glory*, as she fancifully calls publishing a novel. There is certainly *nothing immoral to be found* in the volumes; exquisite sensibility is, as usual, the cardinal virtue.

Critical review.

We see in many passages of this novel proofs of it having been written by an author *unhackneyed in the tricks of the profession*. The tale is *natural, easy, pleasing, and interesting*. *If it were not for the little inexperience which we hinted at, we should have ranked it very high in the class; at present if it is not in the first rank, it may be placed at the head of the second. The language is good*, the characters, if not quite new, are not those usual personages which we meet with every day; *the situations are interesting, and the moral unexceptionable*. We have read it with pleasure, and we ought, for Miss Dalton's sake, to say she deserves praise

## Hilditch, Ann

3:12 (December), pp. 112–13.

Art. VIII. *Mount Pelham. A novel.* By the Author of *Rosa de Montmorien*. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Lane.

Analytical Review. February.

MUCH ado about nothing. We place this novel, without any reservation, at the bottom of the second class. *The language is affected, and it has all the faults we have before enumerated.\** The morality is rather lax; for the author, a female, says, ‘so gentle, so forgiving is the nature of a virtuous female, and so prone are we to love the offender, yet detest the offence.’ *This is the varnish of sentiment, to hide sensuality.* [112]

European Magazine. March.

This novel is evidently the production of a female pen; and it possesses, *in an eminent degree, the artless and simple elegance characteristic of the sex.* The story is deeply affecting; but it does not abound with that variety of incidents, which is considered, by the vitiated taste of the present day, as the sine qua non of this species of writing. *The stile in general is easy and harmonious; and those meretricious ornaments, of which female writers are too often ambitious, are judiciously avoided.* The moral, endeavours to inculcate a distinction between that affection, which is the offspring of sensibility and reason, and that delusive and perverse bias of inclination, which is matured only by fancy, and independent of the heart: and we agree with the fair authoress, that those who rationally hope to taste the domestic sweets of conjugal bliss, should learn early to make this discrimination. [113]

## Howell, Ann

See Hilditch, Ann.

## Johnson, Mrs [Anna Maria Mackenzie]

3:12 (December), p. 113.

Art. X. *Calista. A novel.* By Mrs. Johnson; author of *Retribution, Gamesters, &c.* 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

Analytical Review. September.

THE tale, of which a tender wife is made the heroine, might have been the vehicle of much salutary instruction: but the strange adventures here related, *can answer no good purpose*; nor can distress interest, when we so plainly see the

\* Unnatural characters, improbable incidents; sad tales of woe, rehearsed in an affected half prose, half poetical stile, &c. &c.

hand of the author, pulling the wires to make the puppets act foolishly, only to have an opportunity to faint, run mad, &c. &c. The *characters are wild caricatures*, (excepting those of a good humoured sensualist, who gave himself credit for good nature and benevolence) and can only be exceeded *by the absurd series of misfortunes, which are accumulated and tangled together, without a shadow of probability to lend them support, or excite sympathy*. What moral lesson could be inculcated, by making a father leave a considerable fortune to a monster, who disgraced human nature, merely because he was his eldest son?

Critical Review. October.

The *characters* displayed in this novel, are supported with *spirit and consistency*: we may particularly mention those of the elder brother, Mrs. Sylvester, and Mr. Powell, while the peculiarities of Mrs. Macduff, and some others, render the work very entertaining. In many parts *there is much novelty*; and the whole is very interesting, often pathetic, and generally amusing. The conduct of the story does not, however, shew any great skill; the event is soon obvious; and though the catastrophe is varied beyond what may be at first expected, yet it is in effect foreseen. The wandering Calista is perhaps a little too much like that of Cecilia; but defect is compensated by the *artful arrangement of circumstances, by which she is prevented from returning to her husband, and by which she is rendered in appearance guilty*. *We have not in our late career met with many better works: and few which possess so much merit, or which we can with less exception recommend.*

### Pastorella, Silviana

3:12 (December), p. 112.

ART. VII. *The Cottage of Friendship. A Legendary Pastoral*. By Silviana Pastorella.

Gentleman's Magazine. May.

The scenery of this little history is planned in the beautiful vicinity of Marlow. *The tale is supported with an agreeable simplicity; and its moral simplicity will disarm criticism\**; that we should bear calamity with patience and resignation; and reflects, that, if for awhile we are afflicted, it is for some wise end ordained by Providence.

\* This learned critic, by referring to the judgment of the Monthly Reviewers, will clearly observe the fallacy of his assertion.

Monthly Review. July.

In these inventive days, our novelists find nothing more easy than to weave three or four different stories into one small volume, and connect them by shutting up the parties together, no matter how, in a little snug cottage, till they have told their tender tales. *All this hath Sylviana Pastorella done!*

Roche, Regina Maria

See Dalton, Maria Regina.



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## BIOGRAPHICAL AND IMPERIAL MAGAZINE

Craven, Elizabeth, Lady

1 (February), pp. 112–15.

*A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople, in a Series of Letters from the Right Honourable Elizabeth Lady Craven to his Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith. Written in the Year 1786.*

THIS Work, if really written by Lady Craven, will do that fair authoress little credit. Of sixty-eight letters, we find but few worthy [112] our attention. The rest are the most trifling, contemptible productions we have seen. It appears her ladyship has rambled from Paris to Tours, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Hyeres, Antibes, Genoa, Pisa-baths, Florence, Bologna, Venice, and Vienna; and in all the letters dated from these several places, we cannot find a remark worth repeating. Her letter from Moscow, (page 138 to 142) is inserted, as it affords a small account of the place, and gives an idea of the style.

### LETTER XXXIV.

*Moscow, Feb. 29, 1786.*

I left my coach at Petersburg, and hired for myself and my small suite the carriages of the country, called Kibitkas; they are exactly like cradles, the head having windows to the front which let down; I can sit or lay down, and feel in one like a great child, very comfortably defended from the cold by pillows and blankets. These carriages are upon sledges, and where the road is good, this conveyance is comfortable and not fatiguing; but from the incredible quantity of sledges that go constantly upon the track of snow, it is worn in tracks like a road; and from the shaking and violent thumps the carriage receives, I am convinced the hardest head might be broken. I was overturned twice; the postillions I fancy are used to such accidents; for they get quietly off their horse, set the carriage up again, and never ask if the traveller is hurt. Their method of driving is singular: they sit behind three horses that are harnessed abreast – a shrill whistling noise, or a savage kind of shriek is the signal for the horses to set off, which they do full gallop; and when their pace slackens, the driver waves his right-hand, shrieks or whistles, and the horses obey. I am told the whip is unmercifully used in the stables; I observed a postillion never strikes a horse in driving; which caused my astonishment at their being so tractable to the raising of a hand

only. I would never advise a traveller to set out from Petersburg as I have, just at the end of the carnival; he might with some reason suppose it is a religious duty for the Russian peasant to be drunk; in most villages I saw a sledge loaded with young men and women in such a manner, that four horses would have been more proper to draw it than one, which wretched beast was obliged to fly with this noisy company up and down the village, which is generally composed of houses in straight rows on each side of the public road. The girls are dressed in their holiday-clothes, and some are beautiful, and do not look less so from various coloured handkerchiefs tied over their forehead in a becoming and *pittoresque*<sup>1</sup> manner. There is one particular piece of roguery practiced after this diversion upon travellers, which ought to be put an end to: the horse employed upon these festive occasions is generally [113] upon the point of death; and the first post-horse that is wanted, that horse is harnessed to a kibitka in his place, because a traveller is obliged to pay the value of any horse that dies in his service. I had one that died thus, though I remonstrated upon his being put to the collar, seeing that he was dying – but unless I could have armed six servants with good cudgels, my arguments were as fruitless as those I employed at the next post, to prove how unreasonable it was that I should pay a great deal of money for a dead horse, that was dying when he was put to the carriage.

The Russian peasant is a fine, stout, straight, well-looking man; some of the women, as I said before, are uncommonly pretty; but the general whiteness of their teeth is something that cannot be conceived; it frequently happened that all the men of the village were in a circle round my carriages – and rows of the most beautiful oriental pearl cannot be more regular and white than their teeth. It is a matter of great astonishment to me, how the infants outlive the treatment they receive till they are able to crawl into the air; there is a kind of space or *entresol*<sup>2</sup> over every stove, in which the husband, wife, and children lie the greatest part of the day, and where they sleep at night – the heat appeared to me so great that I have no conception how they bear it; but they were as much surprised at me for seeking a door or window in every house I was obliged to go into, as I could possibly be at their living in a manner without air. The children look all pale and sickly, till they are five or six years old. The houses and dresses of the peasants are by no means uncomfortable; the first is generally composed of wood, the latter of sheep-skins; but trees laid horizontally one upon another make a very strong wall, and the climate requires a warm skin for clothing. It might appear to English minds, that a people who are in a manner the property of their lord, suffer many of the afflictions that attend slavery; but the very circumstance of their persons being the property insures them the indulgence of their master for the preservation of their lives; and that master stands between them and the power of a despotic government or a brutal soldiery. Beside, my dear Sir, the invaluable advantage which these peasants have, as in paying annually a very small sum each, and cultivating as many acres of land as he thinks fit, his fortune depends entirely upon his own industry; each man only pays about the value of half-a-guinea a year. If his lord would raise this tax too high, or make their vassals suffer – misery and desertion would ruin his fortune, not theirs; it is true that a lord is obliged to give one man as a recruit yearly out of such a number; but it is one out of three or four hundred; so that notwithstanding this great empire is said not to be populated in proportion to the extent of it; when you reflect what a [114] number of troops the Empress has, and these kept up by this method; the Russian people must be more numerous than strangers may imagine, in travelling through this country. It is very amusing to me to reflect, without preju-

dices of any kind, upon the ridiculous ideas of liberty and property that our English common people have; for -----

And now, my most honoured and dear brother, that I have given you so pretty a picture of English liberty – I shall wish you a good-night and remain

Your's affectionately,

E. C.—. [115]

### Falconar, Maria and Harriet

2 (December), pp. 374–6.

*Poems on Slavery*, by Maria Falconer, aged 17, and Harriet Falconer, aged 14, 12 mo. Egertons.

The cause of literature has frequently been injured, and the progress of improvement not a little impeded by the indiscriminating applauses with which the first productions of premature genius are generally received. Where a youth has *written* a tolerable poem, at a period of life when others scarcely discover an inclination for *reading*, we peruse it with a mind naturally disposed to admire, prompt to magnify beauties, and prepared to overlook defects. Thus pre-determined to be pleased, a moderate share of real merit ripens our wonder into enthusiasm, and we are but too apt to express our satisfaction in such terms, as confirm the warmed imagination of the youthful writer in the supposition that all is perfection and beauty. Thus self-conceit is inspired, which of course slackens the vigour of youthful effort, and confirms the influence of favourite errors: the false ideas of excellence which had been adopted by the delusive ardour of youthful fancy, instead of being corrected by criticism, are encouraged into habit, and become revered by self-love as the peculiar beauties of original genius. This we believe is a principal cause why the early promises of literary ability have so seldom been fulfilled by the productions of riper age. Amidst the merited applauses paid to the puerile writings of Cowley,<sup>3</sup> had the timely severity of criticism pointed out his defects, we had not found in his adult performances, those affected conceits which in some measure obscure his splendid talents.

We do not mean entirely to apply the above observations to the fair authoresses of these pleasing poems. As their capacities are superior to the promise of their years, so would we fain forebode that their judgments are not to be corrupted by the applauses which have attended their labours. We hope, however, they will not be offended, when we treat them with that sincerity their sex so seldom meet with, and tell them, that they must not too eagerly listen to all the commendations of popular approbation. Their poems are certainly enriched with the smiling blooms of genius, but they are of genius in its vernal dawn, requiring the vigour imparted by careful nutriment, and calling for the correcting hand of

criticism, to lop exuberances, and root out the weeds of common growth. *Soft philanthropy – harmony divine – Parnassus stor'd with balmy sweets*, and

*Where flowers and blossoms, of the loveliest hue,  
In lively bloom and vary'd fragrance grew.*

all which are found in the first page of the elder Miss F's poem, might perhaps, without much severity, be deemed common-place. Indeed too [374] many expressions of a similar kind occur in this performance; and we mention them, because we are of opinion they might be avoided by an anxious pursuit of originality, and a jealous caution to avoid such epithets as have not novelty to recommend them, and add little or nothing to the meaning: for though we cannot prophecy that Miss F. will ever attain the highest sublimities of poetical excellence, yet the following quotation evinces that she has a genius well worthy of careful cultivation.

'Once superstition, in a fatal hour,  
'O'er Europe rais'd the scepter *of her power*;  
She reign'd triumphant minister of death,  
And peace and pleasure faded in her breath;  
'DEEP IN MONASTIC SOLITUDE ENTOMB'D,  
'THE BUD OF BEAUTY WITHER'D ERE IT BLOOM'D;  
'The *brilliant* eye, where love *had sought to dwell*,  
'SHED ALL ITS LUSTRE O'ER THE CLOISTER'D CELL;  
'The smiling lip *of bright vermilion dye*,  
'Grew pale, and quiver'd with the passing sigh;  
'The music floating from each tuneful tongue,  
'With midnight hymns the Gothic arches rung.'

The lines which we have printed in capitals are particularly beautiful; but who does not discover that the words in *Italics* are censurable, as imparting neither strength nor variety to the ideas, while the whole couplet which we have neglected to mark with inverted commas, had perhaps been better omitted. In general, we may observe of this poem, that if in some places it is prosaic, and in others not very brilliant, it has few striking improprieties, though we sometimes meet with '*blooming industry*,' and the like.

We shall now speak of the poem of the younger lady. And here we cannot help observing, that the muse seems to have acted in imitation of some tender mothers, who, though they do not neglect their elder children, lavish their fondest favours on the youngest offspring of their affections. If Miss F. bids fair to become a *pretty* writer, Miss H. F. gives us no less reason to hope that *she* will one day be entitled to the applause of *sublimity*. Mark with what energy she begins her theme:

Ye noble few, firm fix'd in virtue's cause,  
Ye just protectors of our sacred laws,

Whose hearts stern av'rice strove in vain to steel,  
 AND BLEST WITH SOULS DISDAINING NOT TO FEEL;  
 Let not the genial warmth, *the latent fire*,  
 That glows in Britain's valiant sons, expire; [375]  
 But in your hearts let justice still prevail,  
 While pity weeps to hear the woe-fraught tale.

This exordium will undoubtedly make a favourable impression on the reader's mind; but several passages of superior beauty are to be met with in this little poem. Miss H. is however not quite free from those faults which we have pointed out in her sister; and the entire allegory of the Tree of Commerce is, we think, insipid. Upon the whole, this little pamphlet is well worthy of perusal; and we should not have particularized these defects, if it were not that the author-esses being so young, we thought it of the utmost consequence to their future improvement that their faults should be pointed out to them. [376]

### Lady

2 (November), pp. 311–12.

*The Death of Cain*,<sup>4</sup> in *Five Books; after the Manner of The Death of Abel*. By a Lady. 12 mo. Stalker.

Those who have admired Gesner's *Death of Abel*,<sup>5</sup> may perhaps be happy to see a second part of that beautiful work, though by another hand. The pages now before us are marked with all that spirit of *piety* which distinguishes the performance in imitation of which they are professedly written. The following quotations may serve as a specimen of the style.

The melancholy bird of dark retreat, the owl, had with an affrighted screech returned to her haunt; – in this dismal hour of awful darkness, the devouring animals shrunk into their retreats; the pale lamp of the moon seemed to be extinguished; the murmuring brooks forgot their sounding falls, and in silence trickled through their furrowed paths: [311] all nature seemed now enwrapt in solemn silence – not a breeze disturbed the leafy arbours of the groves – and deep melancholy only had domain at this sable hour of sadness. – –

Anon, the vivid flash of forked lightnings blazed along the horizon; the loud and awful clap of deafening thunder roll'd o'er their heads; the darken'd skies seemed to ope, &c.

In many places the sheets require the correction of the grammarian. [312]

### Philips, Katherine

Ref. 2 (August), p. 122.

THE LOVE-SICK SWAINS. In imitation of *Philips*.

*The particulars the author of the following dialogue thought most worthy of imitation are, that tenderness of expression, and simplicity of diction, so peculiar to the above-named author's pastorals.*

*WILLIAM.*

Now tell me truly, Myco, did not you  
Come hither wishing thy sweetheart to view?  
Was't not for Charlotte you this way did bend  
Your hasty steps? now tell me as a friend.

*MYCO.*

Alas! my William, I shall never dare,  
Or venture to approach that blooming fair;  
I know my tender hopes she'll mar; but still,  
I think her fairer than thy Mary, Will!

*WILLIAM.*

My Mary, Myco! you but jeer me now,  
I hither came, but e'en to sell my sow;  
But spying you, I tarry'd longer here,  
To see if you approach'd your much-lov'd fair.

*MYCO.*

Deceit, my William, never hides this flame,  
Love always was, and will be still the same;  
'Tis the most tender passion man e'er felt,  
The coldest heart it never fails to melt.

*WILLIAM.*

Ah, now, good Myco, you have touch'd the strings  
Of all my mis'ry; I confess, with wings  
I hither came, my fairest fair to see,  
And hoping (ah! vain hope) she'd look on me.

*MYCO.*

I fear, my William, they will ne'er walk forth,  
The sun is shaded, and the wind blows north,  
And yonder cloud, methinks, is big with rain;  
Our labour lost, let's e'en go back again.

*WILLIAM.*

Nay, have some patience, for it is our doom  
At first to be neglected; still there's room  
For hope, for see, the sun shines on her door,  
Would she but walk, ye gods! I'd ask no more.

*MYCO.*

See, see they come! this way they bend their steps,  
Feel of my heart, feel how it bounds and leaps!

See there that, Charlotte, her whom Myco loves,  
See with what grace, what attitude she moves!

*WILLIAM.*

But see the ringlets which my Mary grace,  
And see that glowing colour on her face,  
Observe her eyes, how sparkling do they shine!  
That slender waist – oh! could I call her mine!

*MYCO.*

But look! they make for yonder oaken stile,  
Heav'ns! they look back, on us they kindly smile;  
We'll cross and meet them in yon verdant fields;  
And Myco's happy if his Charlotte yields.

*WILLIAM.*

May Mary me with partial eyes now view,  
And I successful prove as well as you;  
Joyful to church we'll then together go,  
Nor fear an ambush we, nor dread a foe.

I.B. [122]



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## CRITICAL REVIEW

### General

C. 67 (March), pp. 239–40.

We sincerely lament the situation of the lady who requests our indulgence respecting her promised work; but no private [239] considerations can interfere with our public conduct. If her circumstances occur in the moment, and blunt the edge of criticism, we must say so; but it would be doubly cruel to commend where we ought to blame. We hope that there will be no occasion for even this reserve; and that we shall be able to praise conscientiously as critics, and cheerfully as men. [240]

C. 68 (July), p. 84.

We must acknowledge the receipt of an article said to be written by a Lady, who has offered us some assistance; but though it would gratify us highly to seat a lady at the head of our board, yet we must be allowed to remark, that her coup d'essai does not give us a very high opinion of her impartiality. The article sent to us is not even so much guarded as to be styled 'Puff oblique.'

### Alexander, Judith

68 (October), p. 328.

*The Young Lady of Fortune; or, HER Lover gained by Stratagem, a Nove*, by a Lady. 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. Stalker.

We have seen nothing so trifling and insignificant; nor can we say in what respect this novel is most contemptible; in its insignificancy, improbability, neglect of grammar, which even glares in the title, or the extravagant expansion by which it is extended to two volumes, loosely printed, containing together but two hundred pages.

### Arthur, Grace

67 (June), p. 470.

*The Temple of Health. A Poetic Vision.* By a Lady. 4to. 1s. 6d. Williams.

We meet with nothing strikingly defective, or eminently beautiful in this poem: the plan on which it is formed is not without merit; some of the characters introduced, though not strongly marked, are described in a pleasing manner, and the diction is smooth and easy.

Barbauld, Anna Laetitia

Ref. See Hilditch, *Rosenberg*, 68 (November), p. 408.

Bennett, Anna Maria

Ref. See Bromley, *The History*, 67 (March), pp. 237–8.

67 (June), pp. 474–5.

*Agnes de Courci, a domestic Tale*. By Mrs. Bennet, Author of the *Welch Heiress* and *Juvenile Indiscretions*. 4 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Robinsons.

We have been acquainted with Mrs. Bennet in consequence of her former works. The first novel<sup>1</sup> we examined in our LIXth volume, p. 476. and found it interesting, without deserving great praise or much blame. The 'Juvenile Indiscretions'<sup>2</sup> were more faulty: they occur in our volume LXIID. p. 68. and we considered them as pleasing in general, but improbable in their conduct, and so free in their descriptions, that we suspected the female character to have been an assumed one. Agnes rises higher to the scale of excellence, and does not deserve the censures which Mrs. Bennett's former works extorted. The story is intricate, but it is wound up with great dexterity and evolved with skill. When we say so much it should be considered as confined to the two first volumes, and about one half of the third. The story of St. Clare hangs heavy on the reader's hands, because he knows the event: and the mind resting on a pleasing security of the happy termination, feels with much pain the peripætia or change of fortune in the fourth volume, a catastrophe not less unpleasing in itself than improper, as implying a pernicious tenet which we formerly reprobated, that the offences of the parents are punished in their offspring. We can see but one reason for this, and the warm effusions of religion, we had almost said bigotry, when the Roman Catholic faith is the subject: this reason must be obvious, and it is, at the same time, reprehensible.

The principal merit of this work, we have observed, consists in the artful contrivance of an intricate series of events, well connected; without improbability, without confusion, and without a redundant perplexity. There is also some pathos, we mean independent of the conclusion which we wholly [474] disapprove; much humour; and some well-conducted incidents. In the characters we see nothing very new, and nothing outré or unnatural; the different personages, and they are pretty numerous, are well distinguished, without the force of contrast. On the whole, if the author had known where to have stopped, she would have done well: at present she has produced a motley performance, like an insect divided into two parts; and we may carry on the metaphor by adding, that the

poison is in the tail. The arrangement of the convent is surely detailed in colours too captivating; and the sin of escaping from an avowed celibacy as too enormous. If there be any sin, it is in opposing the dictates of nature; and in flying to an unnatural seclusion, which neither reason nor religion can defend. [475]

### Blackett, Mary Dawes

68 (November), pp. 388–91.

*Suicide; a Poem.* By Mary Dawes Blackett. 4to. 1s. 6d. Robinsons.

It is said that on Charles the Second's requesting the members of the Philosophic Society<sup>3</sup> to assign the cause why water, when an eel was immersed into a basin of it, should rise no higher than it was before such an immersion? they prepared different answers to account for so remarkable a phenomenon: at length one, probably less speculative than the others, was desirous that the fact should be first ascertained. The eel was accordingly immersed, and the water rose in proportion to its [388] bulk. Some observations now before us seem to stand in nearly the same predicament. Mrs. Blacket says, 'that the people of this country are notoriously eminent for the commission of this crime, is a truth that has long been admitted: though why it should be so, is what cannot easily be accounted for on any principle of nature.' Thousands and ten thousands have asserted, and believed the same, but this *generally admitted truth* appears to us extremely questionable. The fact should be proved before the matter is investigated. That more acts of the kind are made public here than in any other country must be allowed: few indeed, we believe, escape notice, by means of the extensive information received and retailed by the compilers of our newspapers. Were those of other countries equally sedulous in collecting and publishing domestic occurrences, we have little doubt but that many of our neighbours would be found no less addicted than ourselves to suicide. Some recent instances have occurred, and by means of their being committed in England, attracted public notice: had these gentlemen put a period to their lives in their own kingdom, the knowledge of it would scarcely have extended beyond the limits of the city or province in which the fact was committed. Montesquieu candidly attributes our predilection for suicide, and our ill success in all works of genius, to the same cause, a damp and ungenial atmosphere; and we give him equal credit for each opinion. Our author waves as unsatisfactory the reasons that have been commonly alledged for our unhappy propensity in this respect, and asserts it to be 'the consequence of a misguided education.' The reader will possibly be as much surprised at this affirmation, as Yorick was at Father Shandy's attributing the little knowledge acquired by children in their education, to the neglect of the auxiliary verbs.<sup>4</sup> The remark was dictated, however, by humanity.

If we examine into the minutia of our laws, which were certainly formed upon the spirit of the people, we shall find, that with all our virtues, we still possess a sangui-

nary and revengeful disposition; else why do we indiscriminately condemn to death the numerous train of unhappy victims, who almost daily expire at the gallows, dragged forth to public view, and launched into eternity, either for taking the purse or the life of their fellow citizen.

Is there no medium, no alternative? Surely, men of sound judgment, great moral rectitude, and enlightened understanding, such as our judges are, might find a mean to lessen this dreadful spectacle of harm; or at least to let it return less frequently to the eyes of the multitude.

For if we consider that the majority of these poor wretches have been initiated at an early period into the mysteries of vice, and that even in our jails they herd together, hardening each other against every call of reason or reflection; and that the [389] space of time between condemnation and execution is frequently too short to awaken in their minds a just apprehension of that Being, whose name they have never uttered but with blasphemies, whose mercies they have never invoked, one of whose anger they were regardless; that thus apathised, they meet their sentence with the most perfect unconcern, and look upon it as the consequent finale of the part they have acted, and infinitely preferable to confinement or labour.

If there is any argument in this passage, it applies to the severe spirit of our laws, which, in a variety of instances, inflict capital punishments for offences merely of human institution; and against the total want of an education, not a *misguided one*. But though the former may be the cause of many unhappy men falling victims to the laws of their country, it certainly seldom or never prompts them to self-destruction. Suicide we may more often attribute to a false refinement of manners, to

– fell despair,  
Wild dissipation, and insatiate care,  
Lust, avarice, or disingenuous shame.

Indeed not one of the characters introduced in this poem appears to have owed its fate to a defective education; for Chatterton may be considered as self-taught, and his genius superseded the want of it. In general they were accomplished in arts or arms, conspicuous for birth and talents. – In a poem containing but eighteen pages, and entered at Stationer's hall, we should scarcely have expected such weak careless lines as,

Ah where was Marcia, whose care should save.  
To her hand Amalthea gave the horn.

Much less such very incorrect ones as these:

And every bright idea restrain'd.  
Coward, sayst thou, was Caithness base?

We meet likewise with some unwarrantable rhymes; notwithstanding which we shall not withhold from Mrs. Blackett her due praise. Many passages are marked by elegance and harmony; and Chatterton's unhappy end is thus feelingly described:

Not so, poor Chatterton, whose tuneful lay,  
 Had crown'd his youthful brow with living bay;  
 Short was his reign, though genius strung his lyre,  
 Wak'd each bright thought, and gave his numbers fire.  
 With rapid hand he swept the trembling string,  
 And taste and judgment paus'd to hear him sing:  
 The sorceress Hope bade expectation rise,  
 And Flattery bore his plaudits to the skies.  
 On all his hours the playful sisters smil'd.  
 And with fresh promises his heart beguil'd. [390]  
 At length repulse drew the thin veil aside,  
 Shock'd at the scene, he bow'd his head and died.  
 He died, but ah! what horrors urg'd his death,  
 No waiting cherub caught his fleeting breath;  
 No friend assiduous pour'd the parting tear,  
 Watch'd his last glance, or grac'd the mourning bier.

Oh! say, all-potent goddess, Nature, say,  
 How could a soul like his, despair obey;  
 A soul which genius, taste, and truth refin'd,  
 A soul where all the virtues were combin'd;  
 Where filial duty and fraternal love  
 Did every thought and every action move.

Ah! had Reflection, to her office true,  
 Shewn the sad mother's anguish to his view;  
 When all her hope, her pride, her joy, repress,  
 Sad desolation seiz'd her widowed breast;  
 Then had he paus'd, and, ere he closed his course,  
 His guardian genii had awoke remorse;  
 In gentle whispers sooth'd his soul to peace,  
 Reviv'd his hopes, and bade his sorrows cease.  
 But ah! too sensible of want and shame,  
 Too gentle to endure uncandid blame;  
 Afraid to brave the censures of the throng,  
 And wanting means his being to prolong:  
 Unus'd to beg, unwilling to offend,  
 Without a patron, advocate, or friend:  
 No sympathetic breast to share his grief,  
 To soothe his sorrows, or afford relief:  
 Alone and unprotected in life's void,  
 His honour blasted, and his hopes destroy'd;  
 No chearful ray to gild the gloomy scene,  
 By malice darken'd and disturb'd by spleen;

His soul indignant brav'd its awful fate,  
 Unthinking, brav'd, or thought, alas! too late!  
 Unable to endure the scoffs of pride,  
 By his own hand the hapless victim died. [391]

### Bonhote, Elizabeth

68 (November), p. 407.

*Darnley Vale; or, Emilia Fitzroy, a Novel*, by Mrs. Bonhote, Author of the *Parental Monitor*, &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. Lane.

This is a very interesting and pleasing novel; it may be placed in the first rank, and probably might be arranged at an equal distance from the first and the last of that rank. The author, particularly towards the conclusion, steps too nearly in the steps of Cecilia.<sup>5</sup> The whole, we have said, is pleasing and interesting; and we may add also, that the story is well conducted, strictly moral, and unfolded with skill.

### Bromley, Eliza Nugent

67 (March), pp. 237–8.

*The History of Sir Charles Bentinck and Louisa Cavendish*. By the Author of *Laura and Augustus*. Three Volumes. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Hookham.

We can perceive nothing in this history but a series of improbabilities, which constantly disgust, and of those trite hackneyed adventures which have been often related, and which have often lulled us to rest. We perceive, however, a little tendency of that spirit which we reprobated in Agnes de Courci,<sup>6</sup> and which we shall continue to reprobate whenever we meet with it: we mean that fascinating description of the calm, quiet, retreat of a cloyster, a description which exists only in the visionary mind of a novel-writer, or the perverted imagination of a bigot. We should not have expressed ourselves so warmly, if we had not seen how easily the young mind is warped by descriptions [237] of this kind, and how soon the best impressions are effaced by these seducing glosses. Let the novelist of every kind beware how he offend in this way again. [238]

### Brooks, Indiana

67 (May), pp. 397–8.

*Eliza Beaumont and Harriet Osborne; or, the Child of Doubt*. Written by Indiana Brooks. Two Volumes. 12mo. 6s, Robinsons.

The adventures, which our fair authoress has interwoven into one tale, seem to be independent sketches, probably copied [397] from nature. There are many

characteristic traits, and nothing is greatly exaggerated, or raised beyond credibility. The language is also clear, natural, and easy. We have read these volumes with some pleasure, and think they rise much beyond the common herd, though we cannot style them excellent. [398]

### Burney, Frances

Ref. See Bonhote, *Darnley Vale*, 68 (November), p. 407.

Ref. See Johnson, *The Innocent Fugitive*, 68 (August), p. 164.

Ref. See Johnson [Mackenzie], *Calista*, 68 (October), p. 327.

Ref. See Lady, *The Self-Tormento*, 67 (June), p. 554.

### C., Mrs

68 (September), p. 250.

*Belinda; or, the Fair Fugitive, a Novel*, by Mrs. C. 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. Allen.

This Novel is a little fascinating, for it has kept us nearly an hour from better employment, without novelty of sentiment, character, or situation. It is, in effect, the story on which Cibber's comedy, 'Love makes a Man' is founded, or rather the play of Beaumont and Fletcher,<sup>7</sup> from which Cibber stole the first part of his comedy. The pursuit, in consequence of the similarity of names, is the most amusing part of the work. It is dedicated to the duchess of Marlborough, and Mrs. C. tells her a little unaccountably, that this novel is her *right* – but 'what' she 'next produces' she shall deem the – duke's – We presume no inconvenience can ensue, till the nature of the next production be ascertained.

### Cole, Mary

67 (June), p. 559.

*The Lady's Complete Guide; or, Cookery and Confectionary in all their Branches, &c.* By Mrs. Cole. 8vo. 6s. in Boards. Kearsley.

Mrs. Cole appears to be a well-informed woman in the art of Cookery; and we have no doubt that her treatise, as appearing to be very carefully executed, will prove highly useful. She has likewise given instructions for brewing in all its branches, besides a marketing-table, another for buying and selling, and a specimen of a housekeeping-book.

## Craven, Elizabeth, Lady

67 (March), pp. 281–7.

*A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople. In a Series of Letters from the Right Honourable Elizabeth Lady Craven, to his Serene Highness the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith. Written in the Year 1786.* 4to. 18s. in Boards. Robinsons.

Lady Craven, or her editor, has taken advantage of the general curiosity respecting the Crimea, and given the relation of her varied tour that title which appeared most attractive. The Crimea is only one object of her travels, and, in this work, can scarcely be styled the principal object; for she proceeds from the banks of the Seine to those of the Loire, and [281] from Tours to Marseilles, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, and Venice. From thence she went, by way of Trevisa and Klagenfurt, rather an unusual and inconvenient route, to Vienna; through Cracow, to the capital of Poland; through the flat country, forsaken by the Baltic, to Nerva, and to Petersburg. From the capital of Russia she proceeded to the Crimea, and to its south-west boundary, where the sea has retired from the neighbouring mountains. A frigate conveyed her to Pera and Constantinople, and she passed the sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles by the same conveyance; made a tour through the Grecian islands, and returned along the coast of the Black Sea, through Romania and Bulgaria; she crossed Wallachia and Hungary in her way to Vienna, where the tour concludes.

This journey, with all the advantages which female elegance and rank command, must have been the most delightful gratification to the philosopher, the antiquary, and the politician. Lady Craven amuses us by the ease of her narrative, and the minute circumstances, which would probably have been overlooked by either of those characters. But we are amused only: she travelled as lady Craven, and she saw objects in the true female view. The observations are, in a few places, trifling, and the new facts are not always considerable or important: while the language, sinking to familiar ease, is sometimes colloquial and inelegant: indeed her ladyship declares, p. 74, that she means only to be a finger-post, to point out what is worth seeing. As these letters were written to an intimate friend, the heart dictated without the controul of prudence or discretion; so that when they were published, much was very properly omitted. The omissions are, however, so frequent, and the erasures so carelessly made, that the volume is as full of stars and dashes as *Tristram Shandy*, and we may occasionally conjecture what must have been the context of the passages expunged.

Of the defects of language we may give a few short specimens. 'Ugly' is applied very extensively, not only to objects but to circumstances. The lady talks of being walked over 'a very large house.' In the French idiom she says, 'he is dead but lately.' Many parts of a town 'are positively frightful.' – A want of ver-

dure 'gives a most ungentlemanlike appearance,' &c. &c. We may be pronounced sour critics for these remarks, but our language is steadily frittered away by the affectation or neglect of those who, from fashion or rank, are looked up to as examples; and it is necessary, as much as possible, to stop the contagion.

After having given the outline of lady Craven's tour, we need not follow her particularly, for often a journey of 400 [282] miles is described in half as many syllables. We shall, however, turn over the leaves once more, and extract or abridge those observations which appear new, or of the most importance.

The fountain of Vaucluse has been often described, yet perhaps never with so much spirit, and so much feeling.

Monstrous rocks rise over and on each side of this craggy arch; these seem to bend forward to meet or crush the curious. Which ever way I turned my eyes, I saw gigantic and fantastic shapes, which nature seems to have placed there to astonish the gazer with a mixture of the melancholy, terrible, and cheerful; for the clearness and rapidity of the river makes it a lively object, and where there is a flat place on the banks, though not above a few feet in circumference, the peasants have planted trees or sowed gardens – you lift up your eyes, and see the most perfect contrasts to them – the birds, which hovered towards the upper part of the rocks, were scarcely perceptible. In looking into the cavern, it appears horrible and gloomy; I could almost have fancied the river ran thus fast, rejoiced to quit the mansion from whence it sprung. No wonder Petrarch's song was plaintive, if he courted his Muse with this scene perpetually before his eyes; Love and all his laughing train must fly the human imagination, where nature displays her features in the majestic and terrible style, and I was very glad to find so good an excuse as this situation for Petrarch's eternal complaint. – Till now, I was puzzled to guess how a man of his sense could pass the greatest part of his life *eternizing* a lady's contempt of a faithful passion; but I now believe there was no Laura – or if there existed one, he found in either case his imagination particularly turned to poetry, and that of the melancholy kind.

Italy is the subject of much censure, on account of the neglect of a consistent magnificence in the houses and palaces; in the furniture and equipages of the nobility. Instead of being a fine country, lady Craven observes, that 'a want of fine trees and turf makes it in general very *ugly*.' The observation is more just than the phrase is elegant. She is strictly correct when she says, that it has been too much extolled, and consequently, a foundation is laid for frequent disappointment. Yet even this lady is extravagant in her praises of the remains of antiquity, which a less cultivated eye would perhaps look at with coldness, almost with indifference.

In Germany, except in courts and capitals, she is seldom happy: rude uncultivated manners displease; the stoves disgust her; and, in the eagerness of her disapprobation of the last, she denies the authenticity of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters, where the stoves are commended. On this assertion we should have, perhaps, made some remarks, if in the moment, [283] while we

write this account, we were not promised a more particular confutation of the aspersion.

The only thing interesting in Poland is the King; and our extract must relate to him only.

The king received us in his study; I was accompanied by the grand marechal's wife, who is one of the king's nieces. You, sir, (the margrave) do not speak better French and English than that amiable sovereign. He told me he had been in England thirty years past, and asked me if Mr. Walpole was still living – not only living, I replied, Sir; but in good spirits; for I have a charming letter in my pocket from him – He said, if there was nothing imprudent in his request, he would ask to see it. He imagined Mr. Walpole's style must be uncommon; I gave him the letter – he put it into his pocket after reading it, and told me, as his sister, the princess of Cracovia, did not understand English, he should translate it into French for her; and if I would dine with him two days after, he would read me his translation, which indeed surprised me – He must be a very elegant writer in every language he chooses to profess. –

– The King, in his face, is very like the Duke of Marlborough; and there is an elegance in his language, with a softness in the tone of his voice, that pleases the ear to the highest degree –

The King has a manner of saying things obliging or flattering, peculiar to himself – he tells me he thinks men, animals, trees, every thing, in short, that takes its birth or is produced by England, is more perfect than the produce of other countries – the climate, the soil probably, he says, may occasion this; his partiality to the English, together with your's, sir, would make me prejudiced in favour of my own country, if I could love it better than I do – but the word comfort, which is understood there only – has long stamped the value of it in my mind.

The political history of the Crimea is of no great importance; and we can collect so little knowledge of the natural history, or of the appearance of the country from these letters, that we have left the attempt in despair. The various hints of its deserted state do not agree with lady Craven's own description of its importance. But this subject we shall resume in our review of the Russian description of the country of the Tauride. The account of the Cossacks is amusing, and the compliment which an old chief paid to lady Craven, on seeing her vault into her side-saddle, is characteristic: he kissed the hem of her petticoat, and told her that 'she was worthy of being of a Cossack.'

In my way hither, I dined at the Cossack chief's post – and my entertainment was truly Cossack. – A long table for thirty people – at one end a half-grown pig roasted whole – at the other a half-grown sheep, whole likewise – in the middle of the table an immense tureen of curdled milk – there were several side [284] dishes made for me and the Russians, as well as the cook could imagine to our taste. The old warrior would fain have made me taste above thirty sorts of wine from his country, the borders of the Don; but I contented myself with three or four, and some were very good. After dinner, from the windows, I saw a fine mock battle between the Cossacks; and I saw three Calmoucks, the ugliest fiercest looking men imaginable, with their eyes set in

their head, inclining down to their nose, and uncommonly square jaw-bones. These Calmoucks are so dexterous with bows and arrows that one killed a goose at a hundred paces, and the other broke an egg at fifty. The young Cossack officers tried their skill with them, but they were perfectly novices in comparison to them – they sung and danced, but their steps and their tones were equally insipid, void of grace and harmony.

When a Cossack is sick he drinks sour milk for a few days, and that is the only remedy the Cossacks have for fevers.

The rocks, which still retain the marks of cables, and at the foot of which the Tartarians assert, with great probability, that the sea once ran, are mentioned; but we cannot discover, in our author's narrative, either their height from the valley, or their distance from the present shore. A branch of Mount Caucasus gave the Crimea its insular form, by affording a resisting mass to the encroaching sea; but this branch now passes through very nearly the centre of the peninsula, from whence it turns to the south-west, where it forms Cape Aya; and this extremity seems, so far as we can ascertain, to be the place where the marks of the former cables still remain. From the harbour, on the southern coast, but on the eastern side of the promontory, lady Craven embarked. We can find nothing relating to the manufactures of the Crimea, but the excellence of its swords and knives, or of its leather, which is what we style Morocco leather; little of its natural productions, but its soap-rock.

Lady Craven describes, with enthusiasm, the situation and the prospects in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. This spot was designed, she thinks, to be the seat of the empire of the world: at the same time she delineates, in the most lively colours, the stupidity and indolence of the Turks, the effects of their despotism on the conquered Greeks, and the gloomy state in which their political intrigues, the obscurity of the seraglio, and the sanguinary decrees of the monarch involve every servant of the empire. The Turkish ladies, she says, have more liberty than the women of any other nation, for, if the husband sees a pair of sandals at the door of his wife's apartment, he dares not to intrude; but this is only saying that those who are not confined may be licentious. If the sandals were often found, probably no opportunity for intrigue would be in future left. [285]

The Greek islands are described with a gloomy pencil, as spots raised by volcanos, and again sinking in the deep, except where their magnitude and extent prevent sudden changes, and give a scope to the oppression of the subordinate tyrants of the eastern despot. The grotto of Antiparos, in our author's eye, did not retain much of its beauty, yet there is something singular and picturesque in the following part of lady Craven's description.

One of the most singular scenes I ever saw, was the descending of about five-and-twenty people after I was at the bottom of the grotto, most of them with torches; as there was but one rope to hold by, when we were obliged to have recourse to it, I insisted that only five people should go down with me, and the rest set out when

we were safely landed, lest the rope should break. As the passage to the *grande salle* is winding, and as there are many gaps in it, we caught and lost sight of these people alternately, and of the torches. – The brilliancy of the petrifications, the jagged shapes of the rocks, through which we saw the men, the darkness of part of the grotto, and the illuminations which reflected light in new places every moment, displayed the strangest and most beautiful scenery that can be imagined.

The remains of magnificence in the Grecian islands astonish our author; and she accounts for the vast works which the Greeks undertook in a manner which is ingenious, but, we suspect, not new. The marble was found very near, and their numerous slaves, obedient to their commands, were employed in the coarser and more laborious work, while a master-hand was ready to retouch and finish the whole. Their country would not admit of plantations, for Attica was a barren rock, with a scanty soil; and, these buildings, at first necessary for shelter, were, at last, the only objects of their splendor or their taste. At present the destructive scene of the ruin of Constantinople is carrying on. The Corinthian capital is burnt without distinction into lime, to form an edifice for a Turkish governor. M. de Peyssonel may object, but our author ascribes the depressed state of the islanders, with strict justice, to the despotism of their masters.

The rest of the journey affords little subject of remark, except that whatever accommodations rank and beauty could demand, and despotic power could procure, lady Craven enjoyed. She reached Vienna in safety, and immediately returned to join her 'dear friend and *brother*' the margrave, to whom she writes with the warmest affection and esteem.

The ornaments of this work, the plates, are well executed. The artist seems to aim at general effect, often with success. The map in the beginning relates only to the Crimea. The [286] island is accurately laid down, with the different roads which lady Craven did not pass, without particularly pointing out her own route. – On the whole, this is a pleasing and animated work, which perhaps we should have liked better, if we had expected less. It may be read with great pleasure and some information, except perhaps by those who look for deep research, where they are only promised rational amusement. [287]

### Dalton, Maria Regina

67 (June), p. 475.

*The Vicar of Lansdowne, or, Country Quarters. A Tale.* By Maria Regina Dalton. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Johnson.

If, at our author's request, we should be inclined to pass by the good Vicar of Lansdowne, and turn, like the Levite of old,<sup>8</sup> to the other side, yet a duty superior to complaisance, a duty arising from our professions and connection with the public, would compel us to pay our respects to him. In reality, we do not

see why this lady, for young she has said she is, and single we suspect her to be\*, should deviate so far from the usual desire of being noticed, except she feared that our attention would be followed by dislike. But this is a suggestion so unfeminine, that we cannot for a moment admit it. Let us leave then conjecture, and turn to the work.

We see in many passages of this novel proofs of its having been written by an author unhackneyed in the tricks of the profession. The tale is natural, easy, pleasing, and interesting. If it were not for the little inexperience which we hinted at, we should have ranked it very high in the class: at present, if it is not in the first rank, it may be placed at the head of the second. The language is good, the characters, if not quite new, are not those usual personages, which we meet with every day; the situations are interesting, and the moral unexceptionable. We have read it with pleasure, and we ought, for miss Dalton's sake, to say that she deserves praise.

### Daubenton, Marguerite

67 (May), p. 397.

*Zelia in the Desert; or, the Female Crusoe. From the French.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Forster.

Instead of 'the Female Crusoe, from the French,' this work should be entitled, the French Crusoe; for the lady has all the refinements of that nation; and, instead of being alone obliged to her invention and labour for her support, every necessary and many luxuries are provided: she has successively a female friend; that friend's child; a husband and children of her own. In the delineation of English manners, the author is very faulty, and the translator has not corrected the errors. An English nobleman has a German title in his minority, and that nobleman's son is a baronet, for in this way the usual title of chevalier is translated. It is ridiculous also to hear of a commander of his majesty's ships at Sumatra, where even a frigate is scarcely ever seen but by accident.

### Eliza

67 (March), p. 234.

*Adversity; or, the Tears of Britannia. A Poem,* by a Lady. With a beautiful emblematical Etching of a celebrated Poet on Horseback. 4to. 2s. Kirby.

It is not easy, from the title, to say what is the subject of these lines; and it is less easy to explain it, after having read them. Washington, André, lord North, lord Heathfield, Mr. Pitt, Peter Pindar, doctor Heberden, with a long &c. are introduced in hobbling verse, as the subject of praise or blame. Mr. Pitt and Peter Pindar are

\* See vol. ii. p. 107.

indeed both praised and blamed so much, that whichever side of Fortune's wheel shall at last come uppermost, our fair authoress may pretend that she was right. She dreads indeed the lash of Peter, but, in the true school-boy style, says,

The smart once o'er, methinks I should not grieve.

In short, as we cannot comprehend the author's design, or praise the execution, for some of the lines are mutilated, and others are equally injured by redundant limbs, we shall transcribe a short quotation:

Virtue, bright nymph, too seldom seen,  
 Save always with our gracious queen.  
 Would her example influenc'd more! –  
 Then these our days, like those of yore,  
 Would more with wedded bliss abound,  
 And parting pairs be seldom found: –  
 Here Hymen sheds his brightest rays,  
 And equal gilds increasing days;  
 Were often blam'd by wedded strife,  
 Where wife plagues husband – husband wife, –  
 You, friends, says Hymen, gad about,  
 Neglect the flame until 'tis out,  
 Then blame poor me, alas! too late. –  
 I sometimes fan, but not create.

In short, metre, sense, grammar, and consistency are sacrificed in every page: some of the lines too are such, that for third credit of the ladies, we hope Eliza, the name at the end of the dedication, is an error either of the press or the pen.

### Fenn, Ellenor, Lady

67 (June), p. 560.

*The Juvenile Tatle*. By a Society of Young Ladies, under the Tuition of Mrs. Teachwell. small 8vo. 1s. half bound. Marshall.

This little collection of Characters and Dialogues, chiefly of the dramatic cast, is very pleasing, and will probably be useful. The general instructions contained in the work are unexceptionable, if the lady will not insist too strongly on the motto to the Wary Mother – *'It is very important to young women, early to distrust men in general.'*

## Finglass, Esther

67 (February), pp. 153–4.

*The Recluse; or, the History of Lady Gertrude Lesb* . By Miss Esther Finglass. Two Vols. 12mo. 6s. Barker.

Miss Esther Finglass is neither qualified by her knowledge of the human heart, of the manners of the world, nor of the country where her scene is occasionally laid, to write a novel. We [153] would, therefore, advise her to desist from the office. Her present work is deficient in each of these respects, and we would recommend to her the housewifely cares, where she may be useful and respectable; where, if she does not enchant by her wit, or her humour, she may secure esteem by being employed advantageously. [154]

## Fuller, Anne

68 (July), p. 74.

*The Son of Ethelwolf. An Historical Nove* . By the Author of *Alan Fitzosborne*. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Robinsons.

*The Son of Ethelwolf* is inferior to his predecessor; and though Alfred calls for all the veneration of an Englishman, yet his obscurity and his adventures afford little that is not well known, and that has not been often repeated in modern times. Some expressions are little exceptionable: 'Alfred first of men,' is an encomium misapplied at the period when the words were spoken; and 'nurtured in the softness and delicacy of the court,' is a representation not very consistent with the manners of the times. But, notwithstanding these, and a few similar inconsistencies, this work has considerable merit. Miss Fuller engages attention by her pleasing language, and generally interests the reader by a varied contexture of adventure.

## Gibbes, Phebe

68 (August), p. 164.

*Hartley House, Calcutta*. 3 Volumes. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Dodsley.

We have been much pleased with these volumes; for, in the guise of a novel, they will convey much information. They contain a pleasing, and, we think, an accurate description of Bengal and its capital, Calcutta.

## Gomersall, Ann

68 (August), p. 163.

*Elenora, a Novel, in a Series of Letters*, written by a Female Inhabitant of Leeds in Yorkshire. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Walter.

An accident prevented Eleonora from reaching us as soon as we expected, and to that circumstance alone must be attributed to our delay. It is, on the whole, a work highly creditable to the good sense and the benevolence of the author. The story is not perplexed by an artificial plot unravelled with skill; but an artless tale, told in an easy, pleasing style, enlivened by the occasional introduction of humorous personages and laughable events, and rendered instructive by the excellent morality which pervades every page of these volumes. We heartily wish the author, in her future attempts, the success which she so well deserves.

## Gosling, Jane

67 (June), p. 559.

*Moral Essays and Reflections*. By Mrs. Gosling. 8vo. 3s in Boards. Robinsons.

Though we perceive nothing objectionable in these little Moral Essays, or Lilliputian sermons, yet our language so abounds with works of a similar nature, and of infinitely superior merit, that we do not see the necessity of this production.

At the head of this work there appears a very numerous lists of subscribers, who, we doubt not, had some *good* motive for the support they have afforded to the author.

## Harley, Martha

68 (July), pp. 75–6.

*Priory of St. Bernard, an Old English Tale*, being the first literary Production of a young Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Lane.

There is, as may be expected, much fancy, a luxuriance of description, and no little improbability in this work. The young lady steps in the vestiges of miss Lee and other novellists, and violates a little the truth of history, by representing Richard as fickle, inconstant, and unjust. Yet, on the whole, it is a pleasing piece; and the young lady's opinion, that all her female personages are happy in the married state, shows that she [75] herself entertains favourable expectations when she follows their example: we hope she will not be disappointed. [76]

68 (November), pp. 408–9.

*The Countess of Hennebon, an historical Nove , in 3 Vols.* By the Author of the *Priory of St. Bernard*. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Lane.

We have stretched our recollection of the situation of different parts of France to the utmost bent, without being able to fix on one spot where Hennebon can be situated, consistently [408] with the events of the story. We have owned our predilection for historical novels, chiefly because the idle readers of these works might, in this way, have some remote chance of information. But, where history and geography are so repeatedly violated; or probability can scarcely be found; where names and titles are constantly mutilated and disfigured, the whole must be pronounced contemptible. [409]

#### Hawkins, Laetitia-Matilda

67 (May), pp. 396–7.

*Argus; or, the House-Dog at Eadlip. Memoirs in a Family Correspondence.* By the Author of *Constance* and *the Pharos*. In Three Vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Hookham.

The best moral of this story is contained in the motto, from Metastasio, ‘Fear accompanies great faults; the mind full of [396] the crime in its whole extent, is afraid of itself.’ It is exemplified by one immoral action entailing a constant distress and terror on the culprit. In other respects this novel is the meanest of its tribe; the tale is dull, the plot trite, the denouement hurried and improbable. Every character we have seen before; we have seen them in better dress and better situations. Perhaps the author may call this ill nature; but we are not conscious that in this disapprobation, or in our former commendations, that we have deviated from truth; yet she has chosen to consider the Review, as ill-natured. [397]

#### Hilditch, Ann

68 (November), p. 408.

*Rosenberg, a Legendary Tale*, by a Lady. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Lane.

From the title of this tale, professedly *legendary*, we were led to expect that the imagination and the fancy would be more attended to than the judgment, and that the wonderful would be more predominant than the probable. We were not greatly deceived; yet the imagination is strongly and forcibly interested, particularly in the tale of the Haunted Castle. Perhaps the cold hand is too nearly allied to a similar incident, in the Fragment of Sir Bertram, and the murderer’s neglect of the valuable furniture of the house not very satisfactorily accounted for. But, notwithstanding these, and a few similar errors, the young lady’s tale is interesting and amusing: the wilder horrors astonish; and the more familiar scenes entertain us.