

THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

No. VI.

JUNE, 1820.

Vol. I.

CONTENTS.

**Miscellaneous Articles.**

Nero:—Elliston; or the Emperor Actor, and the Actor Emperor.....	610
On Musical Style; principally with reference to the English and Italian Schools.....	616
Fiammetta and Boccacio, a Tale....	622
Janus's Jumble.....	625
Das Niebelungenliad: the Song of the Niebelungen.....	635
On Fighting, by a Young Gentleman of the Fancy.....	640
Table Talk, No. I. On the Qualifications necessary to Success in Life.	646
Memory.....	654
On the Panorama of Venice.....	655
A Recollection.....	655
Much Ado about Nothing. By Ego-met Bonmot.....	657
The Collector, No. V.....	661

**General Reporter.**

<b>CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.</b>	
1. Hogg's Winter Evening Tales	666

2. Dr. Clarke's and Mr. Bedemar's Travels in Scandinavia.....	671
3. Milman's Fall of Jerusalem ..	679
The Drama .....	686

**NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.**

1. Royal Academy Exhibition, Mr. Wilkie's Picture, &c.....	695
2. Janus Weathercock, on the Exhibition .....	700
Gleanings from Foreign Journals....	704
Literary and Scientific Intelligence ..	706

**Monthly Register.**

Commercial Report .....	709
Works Preparing for Publication....	713
Books Lately published.....	714
New Patents.....	717
Ecclesiastical Preferments, &c.....	718
Bankruptcies and Sequestrations .	718-720
Births, Marriages, Deaths....	720-723
Meteorological Register .....	723
MARKETS, CANALS, STOCKS, &c. ..	724

LONDON:

**BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.**

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

This is likely to be a sort of rambling article,—quite chitty-chatty and off-hand;—the best sort of leading article, perhaps, after all, now there are so many *Magazines* at work all over the island.

*Blackw. Mag.*

O, imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi sæpe  
Bilem, sæpe jocum, vestri movere tumultus.

*Id. apud Hor.*

Quos (to wit, the aforesaid Imitatores, Magazines, and Co.) Ego!

*Id. apud Virg.*

The TRUMPETER, taking the ears of the company with a stout oath, entered upon his story as follows.

*From a MS. Tale.*

PUFFING is our decided aversion—chiefly from certain notions we entertain of self-respect—and not a little from the antipathy which stirs within us to the cuffs we might be called upon to endure in conflict with that shadow of the mighty dead, which is oft-times seen, by night, haunting the scenes about Tilbury Fort. Yet truth, we are told, is a fine thing and will prevail;—to give it “all breath,” therefore, is no puff in the evil sense; and we *may* assert,—without fear from smiles, or dread of contradiction—that there are “some good hands” among our contributors;—which if any one of our readers doubt, after a due perusal of our numbers, why, then,—as our peer-poet has it, we are sorry for him and ourselves too. For our own parts, a most perfect agreement in this respect, with some few thousands of our countrymen, has put us in such good humour, that we should be for issuing, hereby, a direct Edict of editorial eulogy, but for those confounded initials, “of blackest midnight born,” whose very birth and essence are mystery. To one who has not shrouded himself in the filmy veil of a misleading letter,—we mean the gentleman who introduced us, in our early day, to the sylvan muse of JOHN CLARE, we are assured that many a gentle reader joins us in sentiments of thanks. In letters which make up a name like his, there is something tangible;—some groundwork, as it were, for eulogy, which one vainly seeks in the meagreness of A. B. or Q. or X Y Z.—And, in good truth, there is yet another (to say nothing just at present, of our double-faced dealer in “SENTIMENTALITIES”), who has vouchsafed to us both his “patronymic and sponsorial appellations:”—

we mean BONMOT,—that queer fellow Bonmot,—who, by fixing his name without disguise to one of his things in our First, has-enabled us to stretch out the right-hand, of fellowship in full assurance of identity, and to say,—we desire more of your acquaintance, good master Egomet! Since his bouncing introduction of HIMSELF, we have grown familiar-ish together;—and, truth to say, he is *the* strangest medley, *the* maddest wag it was ever our fate to cope withal! It is not known in what a variety of shapes he has been figuring away through our pages. Every thing by fits, and nothing long, he changes about—not with the phases of the moon, but the minutes on the clock;—and one revolving hour shall find him critic, fidler, poet, and buffoon. *He cannot last long.* We are something like adepts in diagnostics, and repeat that he cannot last long. The *materiel* must wear out with the friction of such violent changes. Who can be wise, frolicsome, temperate, furious, tragical, comical, helter skelter—one thing down and another come on,—in a moment, without damage? No man! And yet such is Bonmot;—though he certainly does afford *one* specimen of immutability, in that perfectly semper-identical display of idiosyncratic *egotism* which runs through and leavens all his varieties. *Cœnat,—propinat,—poscit,—negat,—annuit,—unus est BONMOT,—si non sit BONMOT, mutus erit:* and we are much mistaken if this system of self-centering does not speedily throw every rival of the same stock into the shade. Nay, we should not be at all surprised to find the very folly itself starting at the hyperbolic reflection of its own image, and retiring abashed, with all its trumpery, into

that limbo of vanity, from whence it first came to visit us, "not a blessing but a curse." \* \* \*

After giving "local habitation," to the above wise saw, we laid down our pen,—and, what with a sort of mental gossiping on our friend's oddities, and what with other matters that floated across our mind, we were getting into that state of thinking, in which reverie begins to encroach upon the confines of drowsiness,—while, according to that description of gloomy presentiment so finely touched off in *Ivanhoe*, we were experiencing the indefinable consciousness of a coming evil darkening upon our mind like a cloud on a sunny landscape—When,—thump! rat, tat, thump, thump! a thundering knock at the door:—(we love to be particular in these matters:—our own rap, for instance, borrows its tone from the first bar in the overture to *Lodoiska*)—It was a knock, us thought, familiar to our ears, and, accordingly, who should burst in upon our solitude, but the identical *BONMOT*. In an instant all was storm! He was every thing, and every thing was he! He trips in with the air of a dancing master; kicks up a dust by clearing the middle of our room of books—which were lying about in all the delightful confusion—the very *lucidus ordo*, of an author's room;—and, instead of discoursing upon the old Pyrrhic, or the Romaic, insists upon giving our gravity, (*nolens volens*), a lesson in the last new quadrille, fresh from *Almack's*!

Well, dancing over, down he sat; and, putting on the rigid brow of an *Aristarchus*, "come," said he, "now for something serious;"—with that, slap-dashing into the thickest of any question that started itself,—*PHILOSOPHY, MORALS, METAPHYSICS, BOTANY, COOKERY*, were all dispatched in no time: now he was up, now he was down: now *Saturn* had the ascendant, now *Mercury*:—but, as it is more difficult to say what he did *not* attack, than what he did, let it suffice that very few of the *ANAS* or *OLOGIES* escaped; no, not even *theology*, nor (*maugre* all the wise heads of *Auld Reekie*) *Boriana* itself. In the latter science, indeed, he satisfied our doubt as to the precise meaning of *putting a head into Chancery*, by a practical lesson, which most sensibly

assured us that he had it at his fingers' ends. He had no sooner done with gymnastics, than, as if willing to allow us what he denied himself,—a moment's breathing time,—he began shouting at the top of a voice, which seemed the very soul of social mirth and good-fellowship, the first of "*Plumpy Bacchus*:"—then, his countenance suddenly subsiding into sadness, he flung himself into a tragedy attitude, and fell to reciting some verses which he assured us he had *dreamt* the night before: they were "ON DEATH," and, sure, never were lines more grave-like and dolorous! There was, of course, the raven flapping his ominous wing against the window of the death-chamber; there were hatchments that rattled, and black banners that waved in the sullen blast of a wintry eve. But death itself could not tame him, for, in an instant, diving into his pocket, as if nothing was too trifling for the curious grasp of his mind, he fished up a *musical snuff-box*,—and, setting it to the liveliest of all lively French airs, he began to accompany the strain on a *Jew's-harp*—an instrument he had just bought, and of which, he said, he had made himself a proficient by a lesson taken as he came along. The tune, however, proved too long for the quips and cranks of our friend's disposition; for, before it had gone through half its measure of pigmy sweetness, he thrust the box into his pocket,—and then his fancy seemed mightily tickled at the tiny, smothered sounds of the imprisoned musician's voice, as it struggled out through the mufflings of bandanas and broadcloth. At this, the alembic of his mind soon dropped forth *Tasso* and *Ferrara*;—and then, with a gradation rather less *Zenith* and *Nadir* than usual, he began to spout, "*Eternal spirit of the chainless mind, brightest in dungeons, Liberty, art thou.*" He was about six lines on when he stopped short—"ha! true, that reminds me of *MY NEW BOOK*; here it is! Just going to publish." So, unrolling a small manuscript which he held in his hand, he read in a tone of elation and display,

"A CENTURY OF GOOD THINGS;

Or,

*Thoughts of*

*EGOMET BONMOT, ESQ.*

Striking,—eh? But, come, I'll read you a bit, and, first of all, (list, list, oh, list!) to a list of title pages; for, as I dispatch each one of my hundred good things in two pages and a half, or so—distinct title-pages (with vignettes, you know), will help to give my book a bulk as respectable as its contents are important. Now gather and surmise."

THOUGHTS.—<sup>A</sup>ON SONNET-WRITING; with a choice collection of skeletons for young beginners; being an improvement upon the principle of the French *Bouts-rimés*; by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—NUGÆ ANTEDILUVIANÆ, with the *Ophic* and *Simia-cercopithecan* controversy;—or Snake versus Ape, and Monkey versus both; the whole illustrated with specimens of the weapons used in the conflict, collected on the spot; by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—ON WIT AND HUMOUR: the distinctive differences of each shewn by examples drawn from the works of Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—ON THE PROPHECIES OF THE CUMÆAN SIBYL; proving by irrefragable argument, that the entire meaning of the six rolls, originally burnt for want of a purchaser, has been discovered by Egomet Bonmot.

Thoughts.—On the Authority of the Brut, wherein our national descent is satisfactorily traced from the great-grandson of Æneas; and, thence, conclusions drawn in favour of Catholic Emancipation; by Egomet Bonmot.

"Now, I am one of that stock, said he, resting a moment; my family-name, left untouched by the Saxons, became BONMOT at the Norman conquest. Before that time it was *Æwþæt-þraidd*; a name (or one very like it) borrowed by Taliessin, to shed the lustre of its bright associations on his Oracle of Varieties. But, allons!"

THOUGHTS.—More particularly on MYSELF; by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On certain tendencies to the abolition of the SLAVE-TRADE, in the extraction of Sugar, for home consumption, from the Irish Lalla-root. It is the peculiar property of this root to sustain so little injury from pressure, as to be immediately after in a fit state for the absorption of fresh saccharine matter. By Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On the tragedy of "PLAYWRIGHTS VERSUS POETS," now performing nightly at the Theatres Royal, in solemn silence; with a natural digression to the evils of a paper currency, and hints for the resumption of cash payments: the whole to conclude with specimens of a true tragic and comic style, in a series of scenes; written by Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—On our treatment of BURNS, contrasted with the mode pursued by the Scandinavians with regard to their SKALDS: the result altogether in favour of the hyperborean method. With an appendix, containing ideas on the most approved means of smothering the fire of genius in a whisky-still: and a treatise on the *Art of Punning*: the examples taken from the stores of Egomet Bonmot.

THOUGHTS.—ON PROLEGOMENOUS VARIETIES; with a collection of pre-faces, prologues, et cetera, ready adapted for any poem, tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce, that has been, is now being, or shall hereafter be written, in *sæcula sæculorum*; by Egomet Bonmot.

How long he might have gone on at this rate, and whether he would have given over till the end of the "century," heaven only knows: but at this moment, the devil (what a relief!) rapped at the door with a proof, and thus gave a new turn to our thoughtful friend's fancy. "Apropos, room for ME of course in your next."

Then out he lugged, from an inside pocket, a huge packet, filled, as we imagined from his present mood, with all that was pleasant and sprightly, —fit for the goddess frank and free, she ycleped Euphrosyne. "Sprightly!" echoed Bonmot: "Euphrosyne! bless your laughter-loving soul, (our laughter-loving soul!) no such thing;



grave, my dear sir—very grave (making two distinct syllables of the word ve-ry)—sensible and sedate: fun is very well in its way, but, to reverse the old saying, Apollo's bow must not be always unbent: you must therefore absolutely print these—let me see how many, sheets? one, two, three, um—um—eleven—only eleven sheets of REMARKS—made by a dear and bosom friend of mine, upon a drama taken by another dear and bosom friend of mine, but with manifold most judicious alterations, from a very curious Dutch work, written by Mynher Hatteraik," (nearly related, we believe, to Dirk of that name) "but not yet known in this country. There, there it is; and there also (laying his own volume upon our writing desk) there's my collection of choice thoughts; you may offer it to your friend BALDWIN—'twill finish his fortune. Good morning, I am almost too late: engaged to meet some *prime coves* of the fancy at twelve; then to the *dues* Court; *must* be at the Royal Institution by half past two; take my twentieth peep at Haydon's Picture in my way back; letters to Belzoni till five; dinner *chez moi* with the little philosopher and the doctor at six; don our azure hose for the Lady Cerulea Lazuli's Conversazione, at half past nine; opera,—applaud Milanie, and sup with the Corinthians in St. James's-square at two Sunday morning:—good bye,—hope to see you at church tomorrow, if up in time,—or meet ye at Sir Joseph's at night;—good bye,—won't forget my hundred good things? Pray print my friend's remarks:—and" exit Bonmot!

Was there ever such a creature! But now for his friend, and his friend's friend; let us see what heaven has sent us.—“*Remarks on Jan Hatteraik's obstreperous tragedy, called DONNER AND BLITZEN, with citations from a manuscript English drama founded thereon, but, with sundry alterations and manifest improvements.*”—*Noscitur à sociis!* This is certainly a friend of Bonmot's; so, we'll try what can be done by some abridgments in the threatened number of “grave, sensible and sedate sheets.”

But here we find ourselves in a dilemma:—our pen has been scratching on, (Editor's-like) at such a rate,

that we have not room enough left for the said sheets, nor even for their abridgment. We must absolutely give up the insertion this month; for never be it said that we of The London were the first to set the pernicious example to our brethren of giving up the space occupied by a single paragraph of our own, for the most sparkling production of another. No, no, that would indeed be heresy. Another month we'll see what can be done.

It just now happens to strike us that Addison says somewhere, (at least, we think 'tis Addison, but our “chitty-chatty” mood takes away the inclination to get up and look: therefore Addison says somewhere) that a lady seldom writes her real sentiments till she comes to her *Postscript*. Now it may be the same, for aught we know, in the case before us; so, with a hop, skip and a jump (like Milton's devil when, high o'er-leaping all bound, he scorned to touch with his feet the lovely freshness of the verdurous banks of paradise) we find ourselves passing over a thousand beauties, and at once pitching in upon a postscript, appended to the remarks in question. 'Tis a note from Bonmot, in which he gives us to understand, that, besides critiques on most subjects under the sun, he has in his possession a very voluminous collection of matter, fit for furnishing up articles quite as good as the foregoing (criticism that was to be) even till doomsday:—that he has, by him, large bundles of *such* riddles, charades, and rebuses, as might throw the most legitimate descendants of Ædipus into the jaws of the sphinx; to say nothing of whole *Albums* filled with *Bigouterie* in the various settings of ode, elegy, sonnet, epigram, &c. In answer to all which promise, we shall not fail to impress upon him that there will be ample space and verge enough in these our monthly columns to “air his jewels,” whenever he pleases: so that the public (that is to say *our* public) may judge to what riches their support of our magazine will infallibly lead! What *can* be more delicious than being amused till doomsday with every subject under the sun? What a ransack of treasures! Another Boccaccio, with a thousand days instead of ten, were a

mere drop in the ocean to such draughts of "potable gold."

• COROLLARY.

And now, reader of MINE; wert thou admitted, for a moment, within the veil of mystery, among the puppets of a magazine, thou would'st learn, that it is not an *unknown* thing for authors to criticise *their own works*; wherefore, I Egomet Bonmot, Esq. do agnise, as the offspring of mine own proper quill, every atom, prose and poetry, drama and criticism, wisdom, and witticism, which thou hast now been reading with so much delight. I make this revelation for the sake of candour, not as a wonder; for hath not my letter in January's magazine, which also gave thee pleasure, already intimated that, be the subject what it may, of whatever character, whether tragical or farcical, editorial or contributorial, like Plautus or Seneca—Tros Tyriusve—or, as Liston says, with his own whimsical and unimitated look of conscious absurdity, "short cut or long,"—to ME 'tis all the same?

Furthermore, and finally, I hereby record my sincere conviction; that had the preceding pages been no less poetical than they are purely fictitious, the Stagyrite himself would have hailed me as his fellow. There is to be seen in them the requisite *beginning, middle, and end*; yea, what is even more Aristotle than Aristotle, these three important divisions are, one and all, congruously amalgamated with the very perfection of *unity*: my sole object, from first to last, having been to lay open the most approved method of treating that NOBLE SCIENCE, described by the two syllables which stand at the very threshold of this article (pray look back; you will find them there), making up the same word which has been echoing throughout, and with which I shall now very consistently conclude, namely—PUFFING!

N. B. Dispatched, by the highflyer, from my lodging in the hotel d'Ubique, No. 1, Ruelle Quiz, Tarbe, Gascony, where I am, just now, for the benefit of *the air*, this — day of —

E. B.

---

THE COLLECTOR.

I will make a prief of it in my note-book.

*Merry Waves of Windsor.*

No. V.

*Letter from John Locke, Esq. to the Rev. Samuel Bold; \* never before published.*—Sir, Yours of the 11th of April I received not till last week. I suppose Mr. Churchill staid it till that Discourse, wherein you have been pleased to defend my Essay, was printed, that they might come together; though neither of them needs a companion to recommend it to me. Your Reasonings are so strong and just, and your Friendship to me so visible, that every Thing must be

welcome to me, that comes from your Pen, let it be of what kind soever.

I promise myself, that to all those who are willing to open their Eyes, and enlarge their Minds to a true Knowledge of Things, this little Treatise of your's will be greatly acceptable and useful. And for those that will shut their Eyes for fear they should see farther than others have seen before them, or rather for fear they should use them, and not blindly and lazily follow the sayings of others,

---

\* Samuel Bold was a native of Chester, and brought up in the family of the Rev. Mr. William Cooke, a dissenting minister of that city. It does not appear that he had any other academical education; but he was a good scholar, and obtained orders in the Church of England, after which he became rector of Steeple-cum-Tyneham, in the county of Dorset. He wrote several works, and among the rest four tracts, in defence of Mr. Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," from the attacks of Dr. John Edwards; and in 1699, he printed, "Some Considerations on the principal Objections and Arguments which have been published against Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding." It was in consequence of this last performance that Mr. Locke wrote the letter here printed, and which has not been noticed by any of his biographers or editors. Mr. Bold afterwards vindicated Mr. Locke in the articles of the Resurrection of the same Body, and the Immateriality of created thinking Substances. He died at Steeple in 1737.