



Delivered in favour of the Prince of Portugal, with the exception of St. Salvador, which was still in possession of the European troops, the garrison amounting to 2500 European troops and 2200 militia, favourable to the European cause. The troops were constantly employed in fortifying the city, and all the Brazilian soldiers in the city were disarmed, and many of them were deserting from the European army. The headquarters of the Brazilian army (10,000 men) was at Cascaes, about 40 miles distant.

A French 64 gun ship, a sloop of war, and a schooner, were at St. Salvador, the commander of which had politely offered, in a letter to the American Consul, to receive on board his vessels all the Americans and their property, in case of an attack on the city, there being no American vessels on the station. The British sloop of war, *Diosom* was also there to protect British merchants and their property.

The following is an extract of a private letter from Paris, which has been received in the City: "Paris, Monday Afternoon.—In certain quarters, more seems made of the illness of the King than after inquiry, I can find that it deserves. His Majesty is indisposed, but not serious, but that his indisposition is not serious there is every reason to believe. Upon this point no official information is published in the shape of bulletins, or otherwise. It is supposed that the King is suffering under a renewed attack of the gout, but nothing more. Persons connected with the money market have endeavoured to make use of the circumstance, but without avail, as the prices of French Securities have somewhat risen since the subject was noticed in the Journal.

Accommodated here from Verona of the 20th, at night. It was still said that the first formal meeting of Congress would be on the 22nd. Frankfurt Journal of the 24th last has received this morning. The following is an extract: "Austria, Oct. 21.—After some fruitless conferences with the Reis Effendi, relative to the relations with Russia, Lord Stratford received, before his departure from Constantinople, a Note from the Reis Effendi, in reply to his of the 17th of July. The Note of the Turkish Minister passes lightly over the differences with Russia, but it highly flatters Lord Stratford.

There is also a report of a Note having been presented from the Reis Effendi to the Ambassadors of Austria and France, and the Prussian Minister, on the same subject. The accounts from Erzerum further confirm the victories of the Persians, who continue to advance. Aramia is in possession; Syria has been desolated by an earthquake; in the Morea, the Greeks are victorious, and it is even reported at Constantinople, that the Turkish fleet has experienced another defeat. These alarming accounts have, doubtless, induced the Porte to use measures which it has lately adopted, such as the order to deliver up gold and silver in exchange for a kind of paper; the depreciation of the currency; the prohibition to wear shawls, &c.; but all this has excited consternation among the Mussulmans, and threatens the capital itself with some awful catastrophe. The number of the discounted increases daily, and it was but about a week ago (18th September), that they went in crowds to the Greek suburb, where they set fire to several houses, so that the greater part of that suburb was reduced to ashes. Thousands of Greek artisans wander about without employment, and most of them fly either to the islands, or even to Asia.

Brussels Papers to the 20th last have arrived this morning. "Brussels, Oct. 25.—A German Journal contains a letter from Vienna, on the affairs which it is supposed will be laid before the Congress at Verona for discussion. We find in this letter that for some time past, negotiations have been on foot between the Court of Madrid and the Allied Powers, but that they have led to nothing decisive; that they will be renewed between Verona and Madrid; and, if the object proposed is not attained, which is very probable, one of the principal Powers will, it is said, declare its opinion that, considering the geographical position of the Peninsula, measures of security to preserve the rest of Europe from the revolutionary contagion, may be easily adopted, and would, at all events, be preferable to a war, the issue of which would naturally be very doubtful.

M. H. Remy, bookseller and publisher in this city, has just concluded an arrangement with Count Las Cases, to publish here, on the same day as at Paris, his *Memoir de Sainte Helena*, 12mo.; another edition will be in 8 vols. 12mo.; the work will be illustrated by a very detailed map of St. Helena, and the plan of Longwood.

The Mail from England is two days in arrears, in consequence of contrary winds. "SECOND CHAMBER OF THE STATES-GENERAL, OCTOBER 20. A Message from His Majesty transmitted the plan of a Commercial Code for the Kingdom of the Netherlands, divided into eight projects of law.—It was referred to the Sections, and ordered to be printed for the use of the members.

The Austrian Observer of the 18th instant contains the following intelligence: "Lisbon, Oct. 9.—Letters patent have been issued by His Imperial Majesty, convokeing a diet of the Kingdoms of Gallicia and Lombardy, and of the Kingdoms, to be held at Lemberg on the 15th of October, to hear and to take into consideration His Majesty's propositions, and to decide in a manner conformable to the welfare of the kingdom, and to the confidence reposed in them by His Majesty.

VIENNA, Oct. 17.—The British Ambassador, Lord Londonderry, and Count Zichy, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Prussia, set out on the 14th, and Lord Clarendon on the 15th, for Verona.

In the Committee of the Lord Mayor Elect, assembled a few days ago at Guildhall, upon the subject of the approaching banquet, it was proposed that Government should be applied to for the usual accompaniment to the Chief Magistrate on the 9th of November, a troop of Guards. The necessity for making the application was unanimously agreed to. The proper officers having received the instructions of the Committee, waited upon the Secretary of State with the request, when, to the confusion of Alderman Heygate's hopes and the wishes of his friends, they were told that the Guards could not be spared. We believe that since the majority of Alderman Heygate's attendants such an occasion. In the present Majority Committee there had been some talk on the subject, but no application was made. The refusal of the request, and the newly and independent declaration of the Lord Mayor Elect, upon finding that the King had no idea of visiting the City, have been the cause of much conversation amongst his fellow-citizens, who are of opinion that the one remarkable circumstance was a consequence of the other.

ACCIDENT FROM GAS. The Opera House end of Pall-mall was on Tuesday at noon thrown into the greatest consternation, by a sudden and tremendous subterranean explosion, that was more like the discharge of heavy ordnance under ground than any thing else. All the inhabitants in the fine row of shops constituting the Opera House Arcade, and in the houses on the opposite side of the way as far as Cockspur-street, were instantaneously out of their residences, thinking that their own habitations were tumbling about their ears. Pall-mall and the Opera House Arcade were immediately filled with people; and their alarm and amazement were not diminished on beholding an immense volume of flame, accompanied with a strong smell, issuing forth from the dilapidated front of the house belonging to the "Westminster Wine Company," at the corner of the Opera House Arcade. The shop fronts were completely blown from their stations, and dashed on the pavement in thousands of pieces, and within the premises there appeared nothing but a heap of ruins. Three individuals hurried forth from the premises, presenting an extraordinary appearance. One of them elevated his hands, from which blood was copiously running; the second had still a wilder and more extraordinary look, the hair on his head being nearly consumed; and the third person, apparently one of the masters of the Westminster Wine Company, had run from the premises, on beholding the terrific explosion, and on beholding the shop windows and other fixtures blown from their stations with the most frightful crash. The immense explosion, and this sudden rain, were the result of an accidental ignition of gas, which had escaped from the gas pipes, owing to some defect in them, or to the gas not having been properly "turned off," and had wholly occupied the cellars under the Wine Company's shop and counting-house, at the corner of the Arcade. The clerk and cellerman were proceeding to the cellar to fulfil some orders, and the approach of a lighted candle caused the ignition of the vast body of gas that had escaped from the pipes and filled the cellars. The whole of course immediately exploded, and for a time left the two individuals almost senseless. The ignited gas in the progress of its expansion, beat down windows, doors, partitions, several hampers of bottles, all which were spread on the cellar floors nearly shattered to pieces; and it thence made its way up stairs to the floor which is even with the street, and dashed out the whole of the shop fronts as already described, carrying with it ruin and terror. It could be compared to nothing but the fury and devastation of an earthquake. The clerk, whose hair was so severely burnt, on escaping from the house, ran off with terrific haste to such a distance, that for some time it was not known what had become of him; indeed, till some person appeared to bear testimony to his flight, his master and companion feared that he had fallen a victim to the fury of the dreadfully severe, and alarming gas explosion in the cellar. We could not learn whether he had sustained any injury more serious than what has previously been mentioned. The explosion did not fire the premises. Firemen were promptly on the spot; individuals connected with the gas-works in Peter-street, Westminster, were also immediately sent for, and instantly obeyed the summons; and the Arcade iron gates were closed, so that the premises were protected from those intruders being made upon them, which, as the crowd was so great and mixed, might have otherwise subjected the proprietors to further severe losses. Doubtless the Gas Company will submit to the Public an explicit account of the cause of so terrific an accident.

MR. HUNT'S LIBERATION. Heber, 12 o'clock, Tuesday night. The term of Mr. Hunt's severe imprisonment has at this hour expired, and as the last sound of the Castle clock had tolled twelve, the air was illuminated by a volley of fire works, rockets, &c., which were discharged from a field adjoining this town, and gave a signal to Mr. Hayward, of Muford, a place four miles distant, to make his neighbourhood resound with the glad tidings as loud as the roar of a few pieces planted on his demesne could effect that purpose. Cannon, it was

said, would also be discharged in this town, but an imitation of their noise was only conveyed by the explosion of some gunpowder which was exploded in the hollow of an anvil. Notwithstanding the expected assemblage of persons to witness the procession, present appearances do not indicate any great popular effervescence. Sir Charles Wolsey and Mr. Northmore, of Exeter, arrived in the day; they are the survivors of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

OCTOBER 14.—An order has this morning been posted up, enjoining the inhabitants to testify their loyalty and attachment to the Emperor, on the occasion of his arrival to-morrow. The Duke of Wellington is now perfectly recovered, and is expected here to-morrow evening. He sleeps this night at Padua, on his way from Verona. The King of Prussia, it is said, will also come in to-morrow.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. It seems now to be generally believed that the Speaker is started as one of the candidates for the University of Cambridge, in the place of the Senior General; but there are some doubts and difficulties, worthy of consideration, which have been suggested as to his eligibility. The first question that occurs is, whether the Speaker, or any Member of Parliament, is eligible, during the recess, while he continues Member for any other place, or whether, in order to become eligible, he ought not previously to vacate his seat? It is well known that the law of election holds, that any person who has taken his seat in Parliament for any place is ineligible for another place, unless he first vacates his seat. A candidate may be elected by two or more places at the same time, and may take his seat for either; this continually occurs in the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered with vines, or dotted with white vines. The King of Prussia is much better accommodated than his Imperial Majesty, so far as regards the several articles of furniture, which he has at his disposal. The apartments, though small, are extremely elegant, and the furniture is of the very best description. The hotel which the Emperor of Austria is to occupy belongs to a private individual, who has willingly engaged it to his Sovereign during the period of the Congress.—It is an immense mansion, and fitted up, I understand, in a style worthy the presence of the illustrious Personage who is to be its inmate. Had the redoubtable Chieftain of the Glogny clan, or any other true born northern Celt, been at the Grand Opera of this town last night, I would not take upon myself to answer for the safety of the poor wights who burlesqued Sir Walter Scott's *Roslin of the Lake*, while making up the vehicle for Lady's line music. I presume you are aware that the *Domestic Lingo*, which is a recent production, has become a very great favourite with the Italians; but it certainly is not likely to grow popular in England; and no Scotchman could endure it. Some of the airs, it is true, have all

the exquisite tonics of varied melody which constitute the peculiar merits of Rossini's style; but they are as much out of character with the romantic tale in which they are introduced, as the persons who sing them are in language and feeling dissimilar from the natives of the *Tramontane Hills*. Nothing could be more grotesque than the appearance of the whole dramatic personae last night. It was impossible for any man who had ever seen a Highland kilt—yes, even that worn by Sir Wm. Curtis—to look with a sober countenance at the imitation of it, which they brought forward in the shape of a patch of green baird round the waist, with occasionally a few diagonal stripes of red and white, by way of Tartan. All the men wore beads, which would have done honour to the best furnished chin that ever Peter the Great had to deal with; and their ribbed stockings of red and brown would have appeared to Sir Walter's friend, Dr. Dydusot, an unique sample in the details of outlandish costume. The theatre is one of the bandmost structures of the kind I have yet seen; but being lighted only from the stage, it never displays to advantage the decorations of the interior. The eye of an Englishman is particularly offended at the sight of something like a cabinet, placed upon the stage for the prompter, who sits there with his back to the audience, and reads out, loud enough to make every word distinctly heard by the persons in the pit. The fellow who officiated the night before last, cut a most ludicrous figure. Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone* was performed, and during each dialogue the prompter, while muttering forth the text, turned his head incessantly to the right and left, half concealing, by a pair of immense black bushy whiskers, the violent contortion of his side face, with which he sought to give more forcible effect to the spirit of the author. The people here, as well as in most other parts of Italy, go to the theatre, not so much for the sake of seeing the performance, as of seeing their friends and acquaintance. It is the place where all visits are made and received, for nothing like social intercourse is kept up at their houses. The boxes are private property, and rented by the year. This affords, at the same time, a facility for public interviews, without the expense of a public entertainment; and every box becomes, in the evening, a drawing-room for a circle more or less limited, according to the sphere in which the proprietor moves.

YESTERDAY, about twelve o'clock, Prince Metternich, Count Nevelode, and Count Porzio di Borgh, arrived here and proceeded immediately to the different hotels which had been prepared for their reception. Count Nevelode was so little pleased with his, that he left it almost before he had time to glance over the apartments; and I have learned that he has shifted his quarters not less than three times within the last twenty-four hours. I had this morning an opportunity of surveying the whole interior economy of the Palace which has been provided for the Emperor of Russia. In point of splendid architecture and gorgeous decoration, it was scarcely to be surpassed; and as to furniture, it was almost every thing appropriate, and had nothing that is even tolerably decent. In the grand banquetting saloon, where the floor is of mosaic, smooth as glass, and resplendent as crystal, there is one each side a row of dirty rush-bottomed chairs, that would disgrace a country town in England; and I find, upon inquiry, that they must remain there, as intended for the Imperial Majesty's private use, having in his Majesty's cabinet, a small cabinet, which has a rough bed, with a canopy of yellow satin, and hung up in a style that reflected little credit on the taste of the upholsterers. Count Volkousky, first Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, has a suite of rooms immediately near those of His Majesty, and one of the principal apartments is fitted up as a chapel. This Palace is called the *Casa Cosova*, and is taken at the rate of 20,000 francs a month. But whatever exceptions an Englishman might justly take to the furniture, he cannot fail to admire not only the building itself, but the beautiful view which commands. Standing on the balcony over the Adgey, you may survey a thousand sublime and interesting objects within the extent of the chequered horizon. The Tyrol Alps, bold and irregular, present themselves directly in front, and the smaller eminences descending from them, towards the vicinity of the town, are all covered