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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY 1, 1828.

No. LXI.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

We are again obliged to solicit the indulgence of the Correspondent who favoured us with a communication on Mr. Barker's Picture of the Battle of Waterloo. It shall appear without fail in our next Number.

The Legend of Stone Cross shall have a place next month, if possible.

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet of miscellanies from our fair friend L. J. which shall receive early attention.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

ASHRIDGE, HERTS, THE SEAT OF THE COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER.

THE celebrity which Mr. Wyattville has justly obtained by the completion of many splendid edifices, even from a palace to an humble cottage ornée, cannot be more justly exemplified than by the first subject which embellishes the present Number of the *Repository*. Such, however, is the instability of earthly enjoyment, that the late noble possessor of this domain, who was a liberal promoter of the arts in general, scarcely survived the completion of this magnificent mansion.

The present rage for the Gothic style has excited much competition among architects; and it is a lamentable fact, that many of their works will only serve to demonstrate the superiority of talent which Mr. Wyattville possesses. The honourable distinction which he has received, and

the completion of the magnificent alterations of Windsor Castle, will be a lasting monument of his fame. To enumerate the various structures which have been completed by this celebrated artist would occupy more space than we can allow; but it affords us much pleasure in being able to present to our readers the annexed view of one of the most elegant mansions in existence. Ashridge is situated in a beautiful part of the county of Hertford, and being embellished with many choice works of art, possesses strong attractions. The chapel, which adjoins the mansion, is also extremely beautiful, and has been ably engraved by Mr. W. Woolnoth, as a private plate, to embellish a work printed solely for his late lordship's friends.

ROCKBEAR-HOUSE, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF THOMAS PORTER, ESQ.

THIS mansion is situated in one of the most fertile parts of the county, about eight miles from Honiton, and the same distance from Exeter, and derives its name from the parish in which it stands. Owing to the great improvements which have taken place in late years, most of the cross-roads in this county have been rendered less hilly; and that leading from Honiton to Sidmouth is now one of the most pleasant, especially as it presents an endless variety of beautiful foliage and some picturesque cottages. The approach to this mansion is through an elegant lodge, built of stone; and the carriage-road is sheltered by a beautiful avenue of trees.

Since this estate has become the property of Mr. Porter, many improvements have taken place; and

if Rockbear-House cannot boast a superfluity of architectural ornament, yet its elegant simplicity produces a very pleasing effect. In the completion of this mansion considerable expense must have been incurred, as the workmanship is of a very superior kind; and the several apartments are not only extremely commodious, but most exquisitely finished. The many advantages which the neighbourhood possesses, and its proximity to one of the most delightful watering-places on the south coast (Sidmouth), render this estate every way desirable.

Rockbear-Court, the seat of F. Bidgood, Esq. is situated at a short distance from Mr. Porter's, and, with the village church, has an interesting appearance.—We beg to thank Mr. Stockdale for both these subjects.

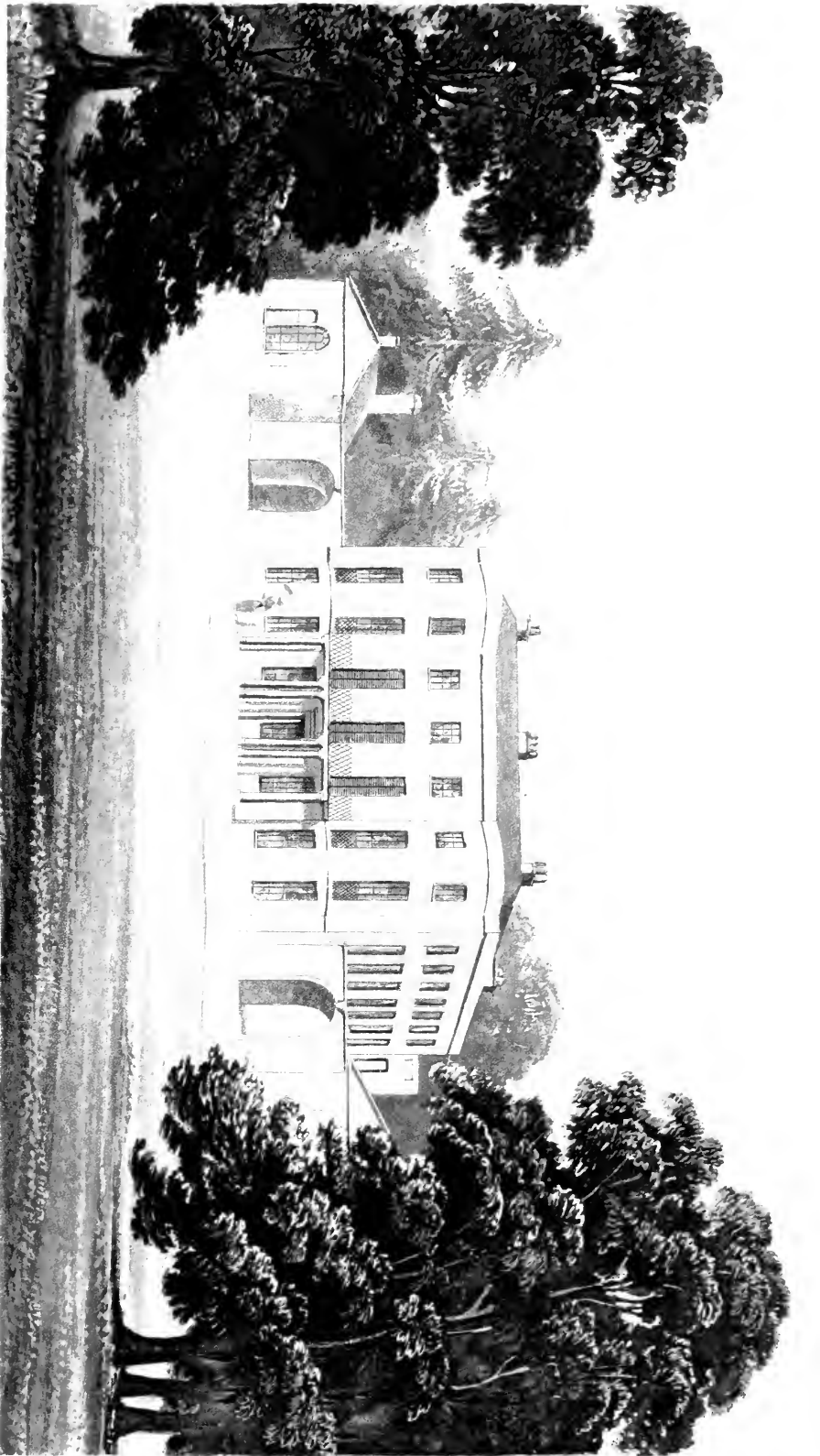
THE PREDICTION: A TALE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

From the German.

AFTER an absence of four years I was again beneath the same roof from which I had been driven by a deplorable event. "Well," said my sister, "was I not right when I told you that Ferdinand would come a day earlier and take us by surprise? I am glad that my prediction is fulfilled, for we shall to-day keep New-Year's eve, as we do every year; and so"—continued she, turning to me—"you will see all your friends assembled here about you."

These friends accordingly met, and were seated round the tea-table, where I had to answer a thousand questions. By and by a pause ensued: gaiety, which, like a beautiful

butterfly, had fluttered about and delighted us with its brilliant colours, would not immediately settle again upon the circle. I had not become a stranger to the company; all received me with equal cordiality; but every meeting after a long absence is accompanied with a pleasing pain. Words failed me in the fulness of my happiness; and the day itself served, as it always does, to make me grave and melancholy. Persons of coarse minds alone can treat New-Year's eve as a Bacchanal; to me this day has something extremely solemn; every parting is painful, but that of time the most painful of all. There is no other parting but leaves





behind the soothing balm of hope; even at the grave of our best beloved we are sensible of its efficacy: time alone sinks us without hope in the bottomless ocean of eternity. Within hearing of the simple incessantly repeated sound of the pendulum, I can neither read, write, nor think: its every stroke seems to cry aloud, "I am gone, never to return!" Every second is death to me.

My gentle and accomplished niece, Ellen, interrupted this silence. "My dear uncle," said she, colouring, "has been already teased with so many questions, that he needs some rest. If I should not be thought too bold, I would hazard a proposal for the general amusement, which has in it nothing discordant with the feelings that fill the bosoms of us all, I presume, on this day." The whole company begged her to explain, and she thus proceeded: "It would be very interesting, and at the same time instructive, if each of the gentlemen would favour us with a scene out of his own life; but on this one condition, that the story should relate to the speaker himself. This is my proposal." It was received with general applause; I cordially acquiesced, and was pleased to be relieved from the disagreeable task of talking incessantly of myself. In these narratives there was much that was entertaining and humorous, and they diffused a cheerful tone through our little circle. Several of the gentlemen had finished their stories, when we received the summons to supper.

The repast was over, and a formidable bowl of punch reeked on the board, when Amelia, with an iron ladle containing melted lead in her hand, entered the room. "Yes, ladies and gentlemen," cried she,

"this day and this night must have its due; so come, and I will tell your fortunes." She set the ladle on the fire, placed a bowl of water near it, and seated herself at the chimney corner. The blaze threw a magic light over the fair girl: she was the loveliest fortune-teller I had ever seen.

The lead being melted, she poured it with comic gestures into the bowl, and then handed the fantastic shapes formed by the lead in the water to the young Baroness of Burgdorf, who sat beside me, with the words, "That's for you!" My sister looked with a smile at the figures, and she and the baroness whispered together; but the amiable Mr. Palm interrupted them. "Your ladyship," said he, "will have the goodness to communicate aloud what you see; the whole company is anxious to know what it is: every body conjectures that there is a cradle among the figures." The lady, who had been married but three months, sought to hide the blush which suffused her beautiful face, but was obliged after a while to look herself at the figures which had fallen to her share. No sooner had she cast her eye on them than she turned pale, and said, trembling, to my sister, "O Heavens! my dear Caroline, did you take notice of it all? See here is a coffin by the side of the cradle: that forebodes my death!" At these words a fearful recollection darted across my mind; I seized the omen convulsively, and threw it into the fire. "Dear uncle," said Amelia mildly, "don't be angry—'tis only a joke."—"My sweet girl," I rejoined, "I once saw a joke of this kind turn to terrible earnest." The company solicited an explanation, and as I had

not yet related my story, and conceived that it was incumbent on me to justify myself for the violence of behaviour, I prepared to commence my narrative. Lost, however, in the remembrance of past events, I gazed vacantly before me: a disagreeable pause ensued, till my sister interrupted it with this apology: "You must excuse my brother," said she: "one of the most important events of his life, which the circumstances of this evening have recalled to his mind, has affected him in this extraordinary manner. As his letters made me acquainted with the particulars, I will relate them." She then began as follows:

About four years ago Ferdinand quitted our circle with an agonized heart; he had lived in it fourteen years, and his wishes did not extend beyond it: at length the word honour summoned him away; almost wholly unprepared, he seated himself in the carriage beside his brother, and hastened to his native city. Notwithstanding the air of beauty, nay of magnificence, which it had acquired, to him it was nothing but a ruin which the inhabitants had abandoned, where now dwelt none but strangers, who cared not for that which had been dear and sacred to him in boyhood. His elder brother was the father of a family, and that, together with his professional duties, left him no time to pay attention to Ferdinand. The latter found himself quite solitary in the crowded streets; all his friends were either dead or removed; and to escape the *ennui* which overwhelmed him, he gladly joined the patriot bands, who, at that time, were rallying round their heroic monarch for the purpose of delivering Germany from a foreign yoke.

In a city of some note, where the regiment to which he belonged was formed, he became acquainted with a young man of the same profession, and of amiable manners and disposition. They soon became the most intimate friends. Herrmann was a few years younger than my brother; in his character there was an astonishing levity, through which, however, a tincture of gravity and a certain enthusiasm, the result of education and subsequent events, would often display themselves. The two friends once sat in familiar converse by the watch-fire in the camp. It was a fine autumnal night. Around them blazed a thousand fires, and above their heads, in the azure firmament, glistened numberless stars: both fixed their eyes devoutly upon them, and Herrmann exclaimed, "O Lord of Hosts, shall we fall fighting for our beloved country, or shall we return conquerors?"—A woman who followed the camp as a sutler, and who passed at the same time for a fortune-teller, came up to them, and offered her wares. They bought something of her, and wished her luck in disposing of the rest of her stock. On leaving them, she had proceeded to some distance, when Herrmann called her back. "Here, old dame," said he, throwing her a guilder, "come and tell us our fortunes." Ferdinand held out his hand as she desired, and in a truly prophetic tone she said, "When the cousin of a celebrated general is the cause that summer does not follow winter in the circle, then some great disaster will befall you."—"Nonsense, mother!" cried Herrmann; "only tell me whether I shall escape the perils of war, and be blest with long life: the rest will follow of course." The woman survey-

ed his hand, and said, in the same tone as before, "You will not die till you have walked through the streets in a steel coat, and been pursued with the sword by a magnificent princely house."—"Well," said the young man, "in this case your misfortune and my death will not happen yet awhile."—"Who knows?" muttered the woman, and retired.

My good sister had proceeded thus far in her narrative, when I interrupted her. "Hitherto," said I, "you have been quite correct in your story; let me proceed. Your love for me might induce you to attempt to excuse my raging madness, and to treat my folly with less lenity than it deserves."

The war was triumphantly terminated; Herrmann was obliged to quit the corps, to hasten to his dying father at C——, and I went with the regiment to D——, where we were most cordially received. During my former sojourn at this place, a duel had occurred there which had excited my utmost indignation. A Mr. von Winter, a gambler by profession, after reiterated attempts to provoke a good-natured young man, at length insulted him so grossly, that a challenge was the consequence. Winter's adversary fired purposely wide of the mark; he, on the contrary, being a capital shot, took deliberate aim, put down the pistol, and carefully wiped his spectacles: he repeated this abominable manœuvre, and would have lodged his ball in the heart of his opponent had not the portrait of his bride saved his life. M. nevertheless fell. Winter went up to him as he lay on the ground, and with the most unfeeling *sang-froid* exclaimed, "What, not dead! You are incredibly lucky!" and then turned his

back on him with evident signs of disappointment. When the affair was related to me, I declared aloud, with abhorrence, that, had I been in M.'s place, I would coolly have fired the second pistol, and taken care not to miss the heart of the scoundrel.

The festivities of our reception were to conclude with a supper, to which the principal people of the town were invited. The first person whom I encountered in the room was Winter: his look thrilled me. I felt as though grasped by the hand of an assassin, and forced in self-defence to be a murderer: I could think of nothing but of him: the music, every tone, every word, rang in my ears like the hated name. "Winter! Winter!" was the cry which incessantly resounded in my bosom and forced its way to my lips; while those about me regarded me with astonishment as a maniac. At length reason gained the ascendancy; I resolved to avoid the hateful object and mingled with the company; but presently an irresistible power seemed to draw me again towards him. My eyes involuntarily followed him, and sought him out in the thickest of the throng. He had disappeared. Amid keen self-reproaches, I went into a room where tables were set out for play. Winter came up to me and mildly asked if I had a mind for a game. I roughly replied, "I never play but with a friend!" He turned coolly away, and went into the next apartment, where the bottle was circulating. His calmness vexed me: I construed his abrupt retiring into contempt, for which I ought to call him to account; and a malicious spirit within me said, "You are in an ill-humour: wine will dispel it and cheer your heart; go join

the convivial party in the next room." Presently I found myself at the table by the side of Winter. Politely addressing me, he proposed to drink to our safe return; but I replied in the same tone as before, "I shall not drink any wine!" He quietly emptied his glass and disappeared. Pacing up and down the hall, I followed the odious wretch like his shadow. After supper he went up to the lovely daughter of my host, a Miss Summer, whom I had escorted to the rooms, and offered his arm to conduct her home. She thanked him, saying, that I had come with her, and she was sorry to be under the necessity of refusing his offer. I heard him remark with some degree of mortification, "This gentleman seems determined to be for ever in my way to-night!" Not till then did my fancy attach a meaning to the name of Summer, and an unconquerable impulse urged me to a meeting with my foe. "Sir," cried I, with offensive vehemence, "this lady is under my protection; any insult to her I consider as offered to myself, and shall demand satisfaction for it." At these words Winter eyed me for the first time with eyes flashing fury, "By Heaven, captain!" cried he, "your cloth shall not give you a right to insult me: I have just reason to hate you, but have always avoided you; whereas you seem to follow me wherever I go. When I could not shun you, I behaved to you with civility; but as you are determined to quarrel, I am your man. I challenge you to meet me with pistols." After a pause, in which he measured me with his eyes, he said contemptuously, "We shall now see whether the captain will meet me as calmly as he once declared he should;

and, in spite of his remonstrance; I shall take leave to wipe my spectacles as often as I please before I let him feel my unerring fire."

After this circumstance I was, as it were, completely metamorphosed: I was thoroughly sensible of my folly and misconduct, and returned with a feeling of shame to my lodgings. I resolved to use all possible means to conciliate my adversary; but every attempt proved abortive: I offered to acknowledge publicly that I repented my behaviour, and I was ready to submit to any mode, consistent with my honour, of repairing the wrong I had done. Winter, however, coldly and peremptorily declared that none but a giddy boy suffered himself to be hurried away by every gust of passion, and sought a reconciliation as readily as a quarrel: whereas he always knew what he was about; nay, had in this instance, contrary to his custom, avoided every thing likely to lead to a hostile meeting. All my comrades, nay the whole town, took the deepest interest in the affair, and hoped that I should chastise my adversary, who was in reality a scoundrel.

Perplexed with doubts what course to pursue at the place of meeting, I repaired to the ground. I had formerly much practice in firing at a mark with pistols, and had attained great expertness in the use of those weapons: the life of my antagonist was in my hands. Without having yet made up my mind how to act, I took my position. Winter eyed me with contempt. "If you miss," said he ironically, "I will take care to inform your family of your exit." A certain degree of hatred sets the blood in a ferment, and throws us into a state in which we are not

wholly masters of our actions; but the highest degree in general diffuses a terrible calm over the mind: and it was this which now actuated me. I had evidence of the boundless revenge of the man, which was prepared even to pursue me into the grave, and with infernal rancour to feast itself on the sufferings of those who were nearest and dearest to me: my blood froze in my veins. I had anxiously resorted to every expedient to atone for the affront which I had offered: now it was life against life—I felt that I was of more value than my antagonist—I fired—the ball pierced his heart.

But let us turn from the scene: a knave was punished by the hand of a hot-headed young man whom Providence employed as its instrument—that was all. A human life was abridged by this event, but that life was of no value, indeed was already forfeited. I should not have adverted to this history had it not been intimately connected with that of my unfortunate friend; nay, had it not actually decided his fate.

I immediately made known the catastrophe myself: the judges consulted their moral feeling, and not the dead letter of the law, and I came off with a slight arrest. When I communicated the affair to Herrmann, he replied, “The prediction then is verified in your case—how will it turn out in mine? Think of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth* and their oracles!” Without paying much regard to his words, I underwent my sentence, and after soliciting and obtaining my dismissal from the army, set out on my travels. I visited many countries, till at length I could no longer resist the desire of revisiting the home of my happy

years. I proceeded from France to C——, where Herrmann resided. The particulars which I learned respecting him excited my astonishment and sorrow. I was informed, that he lived quite secluded, read nothing but religious books of a mystical nature, and was preparing himself for his death, which he fully expected to happen in a very short time. I hastened to my friend, but at the door of his room was fixed, almost petrified, to the spot. I saw a gloomy apartment, the walls of which were decorated with images of saints and martyrs; at a table hung with black, on which lay a skull and a crucifix, sat Herrmann, or rather his shadow, and seemed to be arranging papers. I had left him in the bloom of youth, I beheld him again an old man. He rose and advanced, greeting me with a melancholy smile and a faint salutation. “Ah, Ferdinand!” said he, “it is kind of you to come: I have much say to you before I die.” A conversation ensued: I strove to convince him of the folly of his fear of death; he listened patiently, without interrupting me, and then replied, “Summer did not follow Winter in the circle, and a great disaster befel you—I walked in a steel coat through the streets, and a magnificent princely house followed me. My doom is sealed.” He then recapitulated the circumstances which had occurred since our separation, on which he grounded his firm belief in his speedy death. I will relate them; but, to elucidate my story, I shall begin with my friend’s early education.

Herrmann von E—— belonged to an Austrian family of high distinction. As he manifested in his earliest youth a gentle disposition and

almost enthusiastic character, and was moreover the second son, he was placed for education in a convent, and destined for the church. The pious fathers soon found that Herrmann possessed extraordinary abilities and an ardent love of learning, for which reason they paid particular attention to him: the venerable Father Celestine indeed took him under his peculiar care, and at length devoted himself exclusively to the instruction of the youth. The excellent old man led a truly holy life, which manifested itself in acts of kindness and beneficence of every sort: to him the Almighty was a tender father, not a severe judge; and as he felt happy in this belief, he was desirous of instilling it into his beloved charge. Herrmann, at the same time, possessed extreme vanity; and this the worthy old man, instead of repressing it, strove to direct to pious purposes: he read with him the legends and histories of saints, and pointed out in the lives of the martyrs a goal for human vanity and ambition. The intelligent abbot frequently reprobated this singular and dangerous system of education pursued by the pious monk, and declared that he would bring up his pupil to be a fanatic. Celestine would then reply, "Is it not glorious to be a fanatic for God and the faith?"—"Yes," rejoined the abbot; "but ambition seems to me to be a deceitful soil: instead of good seed, it often produces wild weeds and those noxious plants which speedily overrun the human soul." Celestine smiled and pursued his old track.

The aged master was not less surprised than his pupil, when the fa-

ther of the latter wrote to inform him of the death of his elder brother, intimating that Herrmann could no longer be educated for the church, as the family estates would descend to him, and that to qualify himself for this new sphere he must speedily remove to a university. It was with great reluctance that Herrmann renounced his first destination: his kind instructor, however, assured him, that he might lead a life highly useful, and at the same time well pleasing to God, in the world; and his pupil's inclinations yielded to his remonstrances and to necessity. A conductor of a lively disposition accompanied him to a Protestant university, where he soon found himself surrounded by dissolute young men. Herrmann had hitherto been familiar only with the restraint and quiet of a monastic life, and its little circle of duties easily fulfilled; now, he entered a new world, and associated with persons who seemed to regard this stage of existence as a fugitive dream, in which it was right to grasp at every pleasure, and deemed him the happiest who contrived to enjoy the most. Herrmann soon learned to mingle with his jovial companions, and hasten with them from gratification to gratification. But, with his enthusiasm, with his childlike feeling towards God and virtue, it was impossible for him to continue in such society: this he was soon convinced of. His religious notions were turned into ridicule. The idea of being so often made a laughing-stock was intolerable to his vanity; with his superior understanding he strove himself to raise doubts in his mind, to banish from it the reverence for legends of saints and precepts of

virtue, and by these means transformed himself into an arrant scoffer and sceptic.

About this time the summons for the liberation of Germany was promulgated. Herrmann obeyed it, and this event brought together two persons who soon became the most intimate friends: we loved each other as brothers. With a feeling of anxiety I watched him when the prediction was pronounced; he seemed but to laugh with his lips, while it made a profound impression upon his mind. After the termination of the war, when his grief for the loss of his father began to abate, he lived for a while to all appearance inwardly cheerful and content; but at times he would reproach himself for his sceptical principles, into which he had been hurried by empty vanity.

The prince of the country in which Herrmann resided not long afterwards died. It was an ancient custom there that at the interment of the sovereign, a nobleman of an ancient family should walk before the corpse in complete armour; and this custom was to be revived on the present occasion. My friend, a remarkably handsome man, was selected for this duty, which he cheerfully undertook.

The morning after the interment of the prince, Herrmann was sitting in his room absorbed in profound reverie, when the door opened and a friend entered. "Well," said he jocosely, "did you not yesterday find your steel frock rather cumbersome?" This question drove the blood from his cheeks: he sat motionless for some time, and at length replied, in a low but significant tone, "Your steel coat, you might as well have said."—"Why, yes," answered his astonish-

ed friend: "but what ails you?"—"And was not the coffin a magnificent princely house too?" asked Herrmann.—"One of the most magnificent that I ever saw," rejoined the other. But tell me what all this means?"—"My death, that's all," responded Herrmann faintly, covering his face.

From this moment he was an altered creature; the early impressions of youth and his peculiar character forcibly regained their ascendancy, and his days were clouded by melancholy. He regarded his speedy death as certain, and awaited it as a just punishment for his sins. In this state I found him. When he had communicated the cause of it to me, I said, "But, my dear friend, consider that the whole is founded on an accident, which moreover has but the shadow of a truth: the prediction has not been fulfilled, as I can easily prove."—He shook his head incredulously. "You may try to convince me," he replied; "I will listen to you; but there is no help for me in this world." To shew him the groundlessness of his fear, I then resumed with vivacity, "Unless you are determined to lay all the stress on a couple of chance names, you must admit that the prediction respecting me has not been accomplished by the catastrophe which took place at D—. It was to this effect: 'When the cousin of a celebrated general is the cause that summer does not follow winter in the circle, then some great disaster will befall you.' Now, there was not a single relative of any celebrated general at that entertainment; and I was the sole cause that Emily was not escorted by Winter. Where

then do you find the circle which is expressly mentioned in the prediction?"—I shuddered on beholding one of the mysterious recesses of the human mind exposed to my view; for Herrmann smiled at my remark, as at the simplicity of a child, and said, "I can easily shew you that the prediction has been accomplished in all its parts. You are yourself the cousin of the general: your name is Ferdinand—do you recollect no hero of that name?—are you alone ignorant that persons who have received in baptism the same name are called *namesakes* or *name-cousins*?—the old woman did not mean actual consanguinity. The building in which the entertainment was held is called the Circus; if Winter had escorted Emily, she must have followed him in the Circus, or Circle; you, the namesake of a general, prevented this from taking place, as you yourself admit, and so every thing is made out."—I was horror-struck at this perverse self-destroying acuteness. "Well," I replied, "allowing this excessively far-fetched interpretation, the prediction which relates to you, and which you believe to have been fulfilled by the funeral of the prince, has not even a shadow of truth. When you should walk through the street in a steel coat, and a magnificent princely house should pursue you with the sword, your death was to follow. The prince died at his country-seat, and was thence carried through the garden to the mausoleum: of course you walked through no street."—"True!" he rejoined; "but the military were drawn up on either side, and a double file of this sort is often called a street."—"But," I resumed, "what becomes of your magnificent princely house, which

was to pursue you with the sword?"—Prepared for this objection, he said calmly, "At the funeral, the sword of the prince lay upon his last magnificent house, and pursued or followed me."—Tears filled my eyes, and I was silent.

I afterwards adduced many arguments against the prediction, but must confess that they seemed weak to myself. I recollected how irresistibly I had in my own case been impelled to the fulfilment of the oracle, and felt convinced that by this ingenious self-inflicted torment he would make the prediction come true. I determined to leave no means untried to save him; I strove to divert him, and to plunge him into the vortex of pleasure, in hopes of dislodging the dark power that swayed his mind: I succeeded beyond my expectations. But it was only a wild transient joy produced by his heated blood; blacker melancholy than ever overwhelmed him when it flowed quietly in his veins. Often did his gloomy dread of death seize him in the midst of pleasure, and thrill him as though the chilling hand of a spectre had passed over his laughing face. Thus, when once a gentleman in the neighbourhood invited us to his vintage-feast, when we were encompassed with the serenest sky, the clearest atmosphere, and all around was mirth and joy and happiness, transported with the delicious scene, I could not help exclaiming, "O God! how beautiful is this earth of thine! who would wish for death?" Herrmann, who, almost in as high spirits as formerly, stood joking amidst a detached group of the company, was suddenly struck dumb by my words, and, with a grave look, kept his eyes fixed for a con-

siderable time on the ground. He then came up to me, and cordially grasping and pressing my hand, "My dear Ferdinand," said he, "promise me one thing. Don't let me be put so deep in the dark, gloomy ground: it is too horrible an idea, to have such a load of cold, damp earth, filled with loathsome crawling worms, pressing upon one's breast. A tin coffin! do you hear?" Such effusions of the conviction which preyed upon him were of frequent recur-

rence; all efforts to save him proved ineffectual; and before the end of six weeks I followed him to the grave.

For some time after I had finished my narrative, the company sat absorbed in silent reflection. The mansion-house clock proclaimed the hour of midnight, and roused us by its solemn sounds. We cheerfully saluted each other and the new year, and parted with mutual and cordial wishes of health and happiness.

ECONOMISTS.

THE traces of the mansion where the Oldsworths dwelt have long been worn away; there scarcely remains a tree to mark where it once stood; whilst the stranger, pausing by the hedge-rows that now intersect its site, to observe some flower which he has never before found in a wild state, and surprised to see it "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," comes to a conclusion, that a garden must once have bloomed on the spot; and this is the only indication that is left of the once spacious building. But the memory of the inhabitants of Belford-Court is still preserved, and is likely to be transmitted to many future generations.

Sam Spadewell, our sexton, who seems to intend himself the pleasure of ushering four generations safe into the grave before he walks into it himself, remembers the last Mr. Oldsworth coming to Longbrook market to lay in his stock of provisions for the ensuing week. "A handsome carriage he had," says Sam, "and a pair of such horses to draw it as you don't see now-a-days—black as a coal—the real Suffolk *bobs* (for, mean as he was, the squire loved

show). The pity was, that they had not a more portly master, for Mr. Oldsworth was the merest *mite* of a man; I don't think he was bigger than a boy of ten years old. His great white wig on his little head looked like the dome of St. Paul's on a mop-stick."

Sam Spadewell will go on talking thus for hours if one is inclined to listen; he is the Longbrook chronicle, and has been the means of settling many a dispute, which, but for him, might have been referred to the Lord Chancellor; for he relates facts which happened seventy years ago with as ready a recollection and as fresh a colouring as if they had occurred only yesterday. If our rustics desire to know whether such a thing was or was not done, and at what time it did or did not take place, old Sam's retentive faculties are taxed, and from their decision the good folks believe there can be no appeal: yet I often think that the celebrity the veteran's memory enjoys is, perhaps, as much owing to there being nobody living who is old enough to contradict his assertions, as from any intrinsic value in the fa-

culty itself. Be this as it may, he has a happy knack of bringing the bygone times before one; and it is from him and his dame, who has effectually caught his habit of storytelling (women of all ages are apt scholars), that we can alone hear about the last inmates of Belford-Court.

They were, in the strictest sense of the word, oddities—*characters* even at that time, when the features of individuality were not worn out, as they are at present; when every gentleman might be recognised by his air, by a superiority in his dress, or some other distinguishing mark; when it was not, as it is now, difficult to discover who is a *gentleman* among a number of well-dressed, well-conducted persons, whose principal care appears to be to look, dress, move, and talk, as much like each other as possible. Mr. Oldsworth was a bachelor—by the way, there are few bachelors who are not odd, especially if they live to be old—and he had no near relation in the world except his sister, who, having married at sixteen, and having lost her husband twelve months afterwards, retired to Belford-Court sad and out of humour with the world, and never left the place for more than a few days till her death, which happened in her seventy-fifth year. The extinction of one passion added double power to another, which was the leading one of her nature, as the loss of a particular sense is said to render those which remain more intensely acute: with Mrs. Robson, even in her childhood, the grand maxim was, “to save and spare;” and after she went to reside at Belford, the servants, who reckon themselves judges of their masters’ dispositions

in affairs of the pocket, remarked that Mr. Oldsworth’s veneration for the virtue of economy increased daily. They were both fond of society—I should have said of gossip; but morning calls were the only visits they received; and they probably would not have had many of *them* had not the good folks deluded themselves with the hope, that for the sacrifice they made they should one day meet with a reward; for Mr. Oldsworth’s riches, it was said, could not be reckoned, they could only be guessed at. The offerings that were made at his shrine, for he was considered another Plutus, were innumerable, and were made according to the ability of the votary. Mr. Vellum, his attorney, was ever finding some musty deed by which he discovered Mr. Oldsworth’s genealogy to reach up to a centurion in the Roman army, who came to Britain with Julius Cæsar, because it was one of his client’s weaknesses to believe himself the last of the oldest family in England. A very distant cousin presented him with a valuable watch, because it had improperly descended to her through the female line, which Mr. Oldsworth had not the least objection to accept. Squire Racket filled his larder with game during the season, thereby enabling Mr. Oldsworth to sell the whole of the produce of his own preserves. The parson made no mention of charity or generosity in his discourses, nor of the vanity of riches (except now and then to hint, that they could not be carried away with us); but he denounced the sins of extravagance, improvidence, and all the grosser vices; whilst he commended the virtues of sobriety, temperance, and frugality—a delicacy of which

Mr. Oldsworth and his sister were quite sensible, for they praised him as the pink of ecclesiastical eloquence, and never, on any occasion, were known to set foot into any church but Belford.

But of all the aspirants for Mr. Oldsworth's favour, his apothecary was the most diligent and the most ingenious; every morning at ten precisely, the man of medicine called to examine the bill of health. Both Mr. Oldsworth and Mrs. Robson were formed for long life; short in stature, all muscle, with not a particle of superfluous fat on their bones: yet they lived in the constant fear of death, and it was seldom that the doctor saw them without their having discovered that they were labouring under some fresh disorder; his business was to exaggerate all their pains, which, in fact, were only so many indications of old age, into the beginning of the most serious mischief. If their heads ached, he bade them "beware of the brain fever, which was very prevalent;" if "pangs arthritic" attacked their extremities, he told them "he had known mortification to take place from a more trifling cause;" and so successful was he in persuading them that they were labouring under almost every disease that "flesh is heir to," that they were willing to take any medicine he found it convenient to send them, which, to do his humanity justice, was often no more than a draught of pure water borrowed from what he called "his best friend," the house-pump; the colour only changed by some trifling article directed in his *Pharmacopœia*.

It is true that year after year passed on, and their medical friend had

still to ponder over the undischarged account, which made a conspicuous figure in his books under the head of Cornelius Oldsworth, Esq. debtor to Jacob Camomile; it is also true that the doctor would often ask himself with a sigh, "whether he should ever live to receive the sum total of that just debt, which amounted to more than one thousand pounds;" and it must also be recorded, that he died deceiving and deceived, for during his life he did not dare to hint at payment; and after his death the matter was the subject of a lawsuit, in which his son was nonsuited on the ground of extortionate charges.

But this is only one instance out of numberless others to prove that the good people at Belford-Court understood well how to make use of their friends. Nobody enjoyed the pleasures of the table with more relish than Mr. Oldsworth, if they were not provided at his own expense; and he was ever finding an occasion to dine with some one of his neighbours: severely abstemious at home, he was remarked as being an enormous eater when out, laying up a plentiful store against the famine that was to succeed to the feast—nay, he has been seen to pocket fruit from the dessert to fill up the interstices of his own; for though he had pinerics and vinerics and melonries, the produce of them found their way to Covent-Garden even at that time, when gentlemen were much more scrupulous about emulating their tradesmen than they are now.

Mrs. Robson followed her brother's example agreeably to her feminine taste, and made daily excursions to the neighbouring village in search of tea and cakes: she had a regular set whom she favoured with

her company, and it came to their turns much oftener than they desired: but then what could they do? Mrs. Robson was so very rich, getting fast into the vale of years, and—must leave her money behind her—besides, if once offended, she never forgave;" so that under these weighty considerations Mrs. Robson was tolerated, though she would not condescend to sip any thing inferior to gunpowder tea, and generally managed to secrete more cakes than she ate in the folds of her ample apron. In short, the carriage from Belford-Court was the terror of the neighbourhood: as soon as the old black horses (which, by dint of regular though not very luxurious feeding and light labour, contrived to keep their bones tolerably well covered,) were seen approaching a dwelling, the inhabitants knew that they were going to be put under contribution, and prepared against the arrival of Mrs. Robson as against the incursions of an invading army. Every thing that she could ask or wish for was put behind the scenes: so common was this practice, that notice was given of her approach by the person who was lucky enough to espy her first, by a command to "clear for action."

The lady had a little domestic, a sort of *protégée*; an Irish orphan, named Maria Dermot, who was eminently useful to her, and in supporting whom she believed she was covering a multitude of sins. Maria's constitutional vivacity made her able to endure Mrs. Robson's disposition with more cheerfulness than any girl she had ever before enlisted in her service. She would darn and *re-darn* her patroness's thread-bare garments with consummate patience; she would,

with admirable ingenuity, mend and patch her wardrobe, which contained several varieties of that celebrated covering, Joseph's coat; she overlooked the maids, or pretended to do so; she could write—a rare accomplishment for a girl in her situation then—and copied all the economical receipts; and she saw that Tiny, her mistress's lap-dog, did not waste his daily allowance. She had besides no objection to wear such habiliments as Mrs. Robson thought proper to hang upon her; and what with the remains of her lady's dresses, and the bargain-remnants which she occasionally purchased, the poor damsel was literally a bundle of odds and ends. If Mrs. Robson was ever extravagant, if she had any pursuit besides that of gathering money, it was gathering remnants; I should think her collection in that way must have been the largest in the kingdom: the *boutiquiers* knew her passion, and took care to put by all articles that were totally unsaleable to any one else for the lady at Belford-Court at an "extremely low figure." I don't suppose they had any such "decided bargains" at that time as we have now; I can hardly believe the "march of knowledge" had got far enough to enable people to sell their goods "considerably below the cost price;" that discovery I think was reserved for the present happy times: however, Mrs. Robson was satisfied that nothing could be cheaper.

Twice every year Mr. Oldsworth travelled to the metropolis to receive his dividends; the badness of the roads, and a proper consideration for the care of his ancient steeds, kept him on the journey a whole week. I wonder what he would think if he could wake now and see the *flight*

of our present stage-coaches, or trace the magic course of our steam-carriages! The same distance is performed in a few hours that it took him six days to accomplish. Snails' paces are out of fashion; surely there can be only one more invention wanted to complete the "facility of communication," and that is the art of flying with *real* wings! Whenever the squire, as he was called for several miles round his place, set forth on his perilous undertaking, he stored his carriage with every thing he was likely to need, except wine, and that, as they say of bread in France, he took *à discretion*; he put this plan in force in order to avoid expense "on the road." Such a scheme would not be tolerated now, when masters of hotels consider themselves privileged to fleece every arrival without distinction; but then, simple souls! they were content to lodge the great man, and were grateful for the *douceurs* which he distributed from the buxom landlady downwards to the stable-boy; a liberality he exercised with the more satisfaction in the recollection that it would have cost him double what he gave if he travelled in the regular way; and he had seen enough of human nature to know, that any sum in the form of a gift, however small, is taken with more thankfulness than a larger amount paid for a value received. If one man buys of another, the accommodation is mutual; but if he makes him a present, the act implies, that the individual so favoured is worth the trouble of obliging; and we all love to feel ourselves of consequence, whatever humility we may profess. The people therefore on the road from Belford to London were always looking forward

to the time when "Squire Oldsworth would be going up," and would appropriate his expected present to a use long before it arrived.

Sometimes Mrs. Robson accompanied her brother; when she had exhausted the patience of the country tradespeople, or had finished their stock of unsaleables, then she bethought herself that something might be got "cheap in town:" no walk was too long for her, no trouble too great in pursuit of bargains; she debated the *abatement* inch by inch, or rather penny by penny; but her fondness for this sort of warfare was so well known among those with whom she dealt, that they asked twice as much as they intended to charge, in order to come down to the level of Mrs. Robson's cheap standard. "Now, Mr. Silky," she would say to her mercer, "you know there is not enough of this article to make a gown for any one but me: I am so small, and Maria Dermot is so clever, that I can contrive to get a dress out of about half the quantity that any one else would; so you may as well let me have it at the price I have offered."—"Indeed, madam," soft Mr. Silky would reply, "the silk cost me more: I should be happy to meet the views of so good a customer as you are," [with a profound bow,] "but I am sure you are too generous to wish me to make a sacrifice;" and then Mr. Silky would watch the lady narrowly, to see if the flattery took effect, which he administered according to Lord Chesterfield's receipt, namely, "that a woman expects not to be complimented for virtues or acquirements which she *has not*;" but, alas! Mr. Silky saw no signs of relenting, Mrs. Robson would be leaving the shop with

a dry "good morning," when he would tell her, with a long face and in a plaintive tone, "Well, madam, I cannot suffer you to leave town without dealing, therefore you shall have the silk; but I assure you I make you a present of at least two-thirds of the price."—"So much the better," thought Mrs. Robson; and walked away with a light heart and an increased fondness for the *bating down* system.

It was on her return from one of these visits to the metropolis, after she had been collecting materials enough to employ Maria Dermot for some months, that she found her little handmaid had taken flight with the gamekeeper, a well-looking youth, whose handsome exterior was set off in Maria's eyes by his picturesque Lincoln green jacket and trowsers; she loved him too the better for his sylvan employment, which, she said, "was no work, it was all play." It was on a fine October morning, when the sun was shining brightly on Belford Park, that Richard Trimmer shot a pheasant and Maria through the heart at the same time: she felt the burden of Mrs. Robson's service "light as air" from that moment; and what with an occasional word of reluctant praise from her lady, and the frequent report of Richard's gun, the sound of which she caught to its very last echoes, the girl led a merry life enough; for it luckily happened that Richard Trimmer, a very prudent lad, thought that Maria had been under just the kind of discipline to make him a frugal wife; besides, he tried her skill at rearing some foundling partridges, which would never have lived but for her nursing; so that he felt convinced, in every view of the case, that he

could not do better than take her for better or worse. The question was, how this was to be accomplished? Maria was so much in request with her mistress that if she knew of her intention to leave her, she would make her a close prisoner, perhaps for life; therefore the only plan he could hit upon was, that as soon as the two principals were fairly started on their journey, he should (very naturally) set out in a contrary direction, and, with all due dispatch, make Maria Mrs. Trimmer.

Mrs. Robson was enraged beyond all bounds to be cheated of Maria's services, and vowed vengeance against her and her spouse, who was never to shew his face withinside Belford Park paling again. But Richard and his wife altered her determination; they allowed a few weeks to elapse, just to let her feel the want of Mrs. Trimmer's aid, which she did sorely; for not one of the numerous odd pieces that she brought from town could she convert to a use without her assistance; and then they came humbly and asked forgiveness, and hoped that "Mrs. Robson and Mr. Oldsworth would not quite cast them off." The sight of Maria's little taper finger with the wedding-ring roused all her lady's indignation, which was, however, soon allayed, when she recollected how many little handy jobs that same tiny hand had done for her; so that, although she made some show of resentment, the interview ended in the young couple being received again into favour.

"They lived," says the old sexton, "in a cottage close by the plantation, not a stone's throw from the mansion, for madam could never bear to have Mrs. Trimmer far from her; and it was a saying among us villagers,

that we did not know who were the greatest misers, the squire and his sister, or Trimmer and his wife." Richard's careful disposition grew slowly into avarice, and Maria was so tractable, that, besides having a natural bias to economy, she obeyed her husband's wishes to the letter. "Well," says the old sexton, "they are all gone now, master and man; but they left their savings behind them."—"And where are they gone?" I asked.—"Why, the squire's property, which amounted to several hundred thousands, went to his nearest of kin, somebody that loves the French better than old England, and spends his money amongst them; he has pulled down the old house too. Squire Simplon, I think, is the name; it should be Simpleton," says Sam, chuckling at his own wit. "And as for the thousand pounds that poor Trimmer denied himself the comforts

of life to hoard up, that has been swallowed up in a lawsuit between two cousins of his, for he left no children."—"Ah!" concluded the old man, "much occasion they had to hoard; now there would have been some excuse for me if I had done so with twenty children, and I don't know how many *col-la-te-ral* branches." Collateral is a hard word for Sam to get through, but he managed it nobly; for he is, as the villagers say, a scholar, and his very profession has led him to know something about genealogies. "However," concluded the veteran, "'tis too late for me to think of laying up for this world; besides, I like to enjoy myself;" and he tried to walk stoutly away, humming, I thought with an ill-concealed melancholy, the old air of "Life let us cherish."

LONGBROOK-LODGE, Dec. 1827.

THE HOUSES OF RATCLIFFE AND WINANDERMERE:

A TALE OF CUMBERLAND.

By Mrs. BEATRICE GRANT.

FATIGUED by laborious attendance during the investigation of causes, which, with unusual pressure, came before the Court of Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Burnet slumbered in his elbow-chair. While dinner was placing on the table, he had divested himself of the judicial insignia, and wore a loose wrapping gown of raven grey cloth, bound with crimson silk galloon; the collar and cuffs were of rich crimson velvet, and a cap of the same material covered his head. Having finished his repast with a small rummer of Bourdeaux wine, the judge withdrew to his library,

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attended by an intelligent confidential domestic, grown grey in the service of the Bishop of Sarum, and transferred by his lordship to his son as fac-totum, and not much less than preceptor, when sent abroad in a diplomatic capacity, to confirm his reformation by separating him from his dissipated companions. Morison set a table and reading-desk opposite to the chair where Sir Thomas seated himself; and having arranged the books as directed, bowed and left the room. The sombre and sultry atmosphere of a misty evening in the month of July, with the lassitude

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occasioned by incessant mental effort in the earlier part of the day, and the unbroken quietude of his retreat, superinduced a dreamy oblivion of consciousness, until Morison disturbed his master, by opening the door of the apartment with more noise than at a former period of inquiry. When the judge raised his heavy eyelids, the major-domo said he had come a second time, because two men were anxious to deliver a letter into the hands of Sir Thomas Burnet. "The hour is unseasonable," answered Sir Thomas; "but the messengers have probably travelled from a distant part of the kingdom. Shew them here when my bell rings."

Morison took some steps to leave the room, when Sir Thomas said, "Hugh, I have seldom found you mistaken in your shrewd guesses regarding the character and condition of applicants. Say, what are these men like?" Hugh interlaced his fingers, knit his brows, contracted his eyeballs, and having his lips compressed a few seconds, deliberately said, "Like, Sir Thomas! to my e'en they are like ony world's gude, saving peace and plenty. Their port is the bearing o' stalwar warriors; but, alack! for the worn doon body that incloses their lofty spirit."

"Spoken as an oracle!" exclaimed Sir Thomas. The strangers may be heroes—perchance desperadoes, starved by the consequences of their own prodigality. Conduct them hither when the library bell rings."

Morison disappeared: Sir Thomas took a pair of pistols from the mantel-piece, examined the charge, cocked and primed them, placed them on the table within his reach, and threw a silk handkerchief over

them. "Now," said he in soliloquy; "I am prepared for the worst. By Hugh's skill in physiognomy I am apprized that the messengers who desire to see me are of dubious aspect. My old seer generally mixes the broad vernacular Scotch with his more recent cockney dialect when the spirit of divination is upon him; and had I acted according to his premonition, the Mohock visitation that chastised my youthful irregularities could not have succeeded in extorting a large sum of money from me after their quondam familiar renounced them and all dissolute associates. They found me unguarded, and got clear off with their booty; for, unwilling to revive the memory of my juvenile misdeeds, I could not endure to call my servants to seize the intruders. I can now protect myself."

Sir Thomas rang his bell, and Morison ushered into the library two stately men, enveloped by cloaks of foreign mode. One glance at their demeanour sufficed to convince Sir Thomas that they were personages of no vulgar stamp; he desired Morison to bring forward chairs for the gentlemen. Morison obeyed and retired; and the venerable stranger who first entered the room, handed to the judge a packet addressed in the handwriting of the Bishop of Sarum, with this addition, "Honoured by Lord Winandermere and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe." Sir Thomas looked earnestly at the superscription, and said, "My Lord Winandermere and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, thrice welcome to old England! Ye come at a juncture of deep interest to your families."

"I humbly trust we have been providentially guided to frustrate a villanous conspiracy," said Lord Winandermere. "I beg, Sir Tho-

mas, you will be pleased to read the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Sarum's details on the subject."

"While I peruse my father's letter," said Sir Thomas, "permit me to order refreshments after your long travel."

"We very lately dined, Sir Thomas," said Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, "and, with your good leave, can be well amused with companions from the shelves in our view, if you will be pleased to open your dispatches. The contents were not made known to us by the bishop, and we crave your opinion upon them."

Sir Thomas bowed assent; the strangers looked at many of the volumes within their reach, and their host gave all his thoughts to several closely written pages from his father. Morison came to light the lamps suspended from the ceiling, and having shut the window-blinds, he set a blaze of wax-light before his master, who appeared to be wholly absorbed in meditation; but when the servant withdrew, he addressed the lord and baronet with a countenance lighted up by keen perceptions: "My lord of Winandermere and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, I need not inform you that these sheets have given no more than the outline of facts, which I must of necessity know with minute precision—I mean, of course, all events that bear upon the allegations of Colonel Lowther, or can be cited to refute them."

"How shall we discriminate such incidents that come within that description, Sir Thomas?" said Lord Winandermere.

"Unerring discrimination is not possible, my lord," answered Sir Thomas; "therefore I beg to have a full narrative of the transaction that

led to political differences between the late lord of Winandermere, the baronet of Ratcliffe-Hall, and their only surviving offspring and heirs. I shall take down the recital in shorthand."

"Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, yours is the better memory and fluency of speech. Pray relieve me of a task for which I am poorly qualified," said Lord Winandermere.

"I cry you mercy, my lord! Have pity on the severe sore-throat which I contracted at the summit of an elm-tree before your castle," answered Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe.

"Your reason for declining an exertion of voice I admit to be incontrovertible," said Lord Winandermere, "and, with all my incapacities, honest truth will speak for itself. There are persons of high rank and character still living, who, no doubt, will testify to many of the facts I am to relate. His right reverend lordship of Sarum knows how early, how stedfast was the more than fraternal friendship subsisting between Sir Mildred Ratcliffe of Ratcliffe-Hall and my father, the lord of Winandermere. Their mansions were so near, that a pleasant walk brought them daily into communion when at home, and in the absence of either, the resident in Cumberland superintended the affairs of both with equal care. Such generous attachments are not frequent in tranquil and prosperous times; but our parents lived through the most turbulent period of English history, and all men felt a mutual dependence upon the good offices of their fellow-sufferers. My father, a zealous officer of Cromwell's victorious sea squadrons, was seldom off the boisterous element. I was his only child, and

but a few hours in this world when my mother departed from it. My father was in command of a ship off the coast of Holland, and Lady Ratcliffe would not intrust me to any mercenary nurse. Her ladyship weaned a child five months old, and took me to her cherishing bosom; I verily believe she loved her nursling not less than her own boy, Sir Goodlet, whose affections and whose fate and mine have been intertwined since my earliest recollection. He was nearly six years older than me, a difference in age precluding rivalry between us. I was his plaything; he was my Mentor and protector; and at a private academy near York, he had full occupation in both characters. Our reverend instructor, a jolly, easy-tempered man, was emulous of the celebrated Roman that befriended both the parties whose contests distracted the state. Cromwell had triumphed over the royalists; yet their hopes were not extinguished, nor had their loyalty abated in fervour. The spouse of our instructor was devoted to the house of Stuart, and, with singular talent and address, exerted herself to instil her sentiments into the minds of her husband's pupils. Her success with Sir Goodlet and me gave a colour to our future destinies, and, with culpable duplicity, she enjoined and prevailed with us to conceal from our parents the detestation in which we held the regicide and usurper Cromwell. I shall never forget the strong repugnance with which we partook of a feast given to the gentry, and an entertainment to all lower degrees around Winandermere Castle and Ratcliffe-Hall, on the occasion of my father being appointed admiral, as a recompence for con-

spicuous services in defeating the Dutch, whose brave commander, Van Tromp, fell in the engagement. In our intemperate zeal, we attributed to a judgment from Heaven, that this festival caused the death of Sir Mildred Ratcliffe's daughters. The eldest, a lovely creature, who had been weaned to make way for me, caught cold, and fell into a rapid consumption. The younger, a child who could just walk and prattle imperfect sentences, swallowed pins, which were carelessly left within her reach. Lady Ratcliffe, a fond and tender mother, felt all the bitterness of these bereavements, and could not forgive herself for the casualty which created extreme and tedious suffering to her infant. Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe was the sole hope of the family, and at the age of nineteen had the full consent of his parents to marry a daughter of Earl Powis not sixteen. The earl postponed their union until Sir Goodlet should complete his twenty-first year. At the celebration of their nuptials I first saw Lady Harriet's beautiful cousin, the Lady Christina Osborne, and became enamoured of charms which the cold silent tomb and the lapse of many years have not effaced from my heart. Lady Christina's mother consented to my ardent suit as soon as her angelic girl should attain the age of seventeen, and I was only seventeen months older than my bride. We were all so immature, that Lady Ratcliffe kept us under her own eye, and we dwelt together in blissful harmony, either at her own mansion or at my father's castle. His lordship and Sir Mildred Ratcliffe retired to Holland at the restoration of Charles II. leaving their estates to the judicious management of Lady Ratcliffe. Sir

Mildred came privately to visit us more than once; but my father saw not his country again until he came as a naval and military officer with King William. Before my Christina was permitted to bestow her hand upon me, Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe was the happy father of a son and daughter; but in this scene of vicissitudes, joy is but the precursor of sorrow, and that scourge of the human race, the small-pox, left Sir Goodlet childless at the time when Lady Harriet and my wife expected to be confined. My Christina dreaded the infection; I removed with her immediately to Winandernere Castle; but the germs of the disease accompanied us. My son was not a week old when his angel mother sickened of the cruel distemper; and I, worse than dead, became a despondent burden to myself, and to the more than mother who nourished my infancy, and who divided the life-tide of her daughter-in-law between her grandson and my poor boy. Lady Harriet cheerfully undertook the office of maternity for him at the suggestion of Lady Ratcliffe, and the boys, almost twins in birth, and in effect twins by nurture, grew in vigour and beauty so exactly similar, that strangers could very seldom distinguish them, unless by a remarkable peculiarity in Lowther Ratcliffe's eyes, one being of a sparkling black, and the other of a deep blue colour. This is a fact that can be proved by witnesses of unquestionable veracity; but now is not the place for insisting upon the mass of evidence in our favour.

“The reign of Charles II. was stained by many cruelties inflicted upon the Covenanters of Scotland, and when his brother James ascended

the British throne, all the Protestants of England felt how precious was their security for liberty of conscience. Her admirable friend Mrs. Berkley, who afterwards gave her hand to the Bishop of Sarum, came to visit Lady Ratcliffe, and told her, that Dr. Burnet foresaw a coming storm, and had withdrawn to Holland, whither Mr. Berkley and she were soon to remove. She advised us all to follow their example, as the only resource for maintaining our faith and lives. On the other hand, letters, which she brought in the quilting of her satin petticoat, conveyed from our fathers an exhortation to renounce all temporal advantages preferably to the sacrifice of our religion: but they added, that, if, consistently with piety and integrity, we could remain in England, we ought not to yield up our estates to the greedy priests, who obtained grants for their monasteries of all the lands of proprietors whose courage was not equivalent to the hazard which Protestants must undergo from a Popish government. We were in high favour with King James, having strained every nerve to support him against Monmouth; and in the most hopeless period of his fortunes, our remittances to him and to King Charles afforded seasonable supplies. Besides, we claimed no remuneration for services, and his treasury was sadly burdened by such demands. My profound melancholy, and the attentions I and my affairs required from my friend, were admitted in excuse by the king for absenting ourselves from the gloomy circle of his royalty. He could not be ignorant that we were Protestants; they who coveted our estates would not fail to inform his majesty; but his

prudence told him, that it might be dangerous to assail heretics so powerful and popular, and if he could win us to the bosom of the church, we should be profitable votaries. Mrs. Berkley's representations, and the letters from Sir Mildred Ratcliffe and Lord Winandermere, exceedingly perplexed us. To decide with precipitancy might be ruin either way. One month was given to anxious forecast and deliberation. Within that space the king sent a confidential agent with instructions to me and to Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, and invited Sir Mildred and my father to England; also making large promises of honours and emoluments to both, on condition of embracing the Catholic religion, and assuring them of full pardon for all past offences. Our hearts yearned once more to behold the paternal features that, at parting, beamed with affection, while their words upbraided our devotion to a family, the insidious enemies of the reformed faith; and when we obtained a private interview at the Hague, the cold displeasure which Sir Mildred and Lord Winandermere tried to assume, speedily gave way to the kindly emotions of nature. They, however, spurned all compromise that could endanger their religious principles, far less would they exchange them for any terrestrial acquisition; and they declared, on soul and honour, that they would have rejected King James's proposals at the highest zenith of his prosperity: now his throne tottered from the foundation. They admonished us to provide for the safety of Lady Harriet and her sons, by taking them and Lady Ratcliffe quietly to Rotterdam; but Lady Ratcliffe was in the last stage of mortal

disease, and Lady Harriet too near confinement to undertake a journey or voyage. We had not intended to distress Sir Mildred with accounts of his lady's danger, since he could not come to see her: yet it was perhaps better to prepare him for the impending grief; but Sir Mildred had a part to act, and no private sorrow could be indulged. King William arrayed his forces to deliver England from religious and political tyranny, and since Sir Goodlet and I refused to come in his train, Lord Winandermere, with the concurrence of his friend, laid us under restraint, to exempt us, as they said, from the penalties of rebellion. We were treated with all deference, but kept in close custody several months, when, having escaped to France, we proved our disinterested fidelity to the abdicated king. Severe and fruitless has been our repentance for implicating our present and eternal happiness with the infatuations of a Catholic prince. I need not describe the miseries incident to men, who, from affluence, have reduced themselves to dependence upon a royal fugitive, whose individual woes and privations are too engrossing to leave room in his mind for much compassion to his adherents. We had many partners in calamity; and a gallant band of Scottish gentlemen, with laudable spirit, resolved to earn their own subsistence by enrolling as volunteers with the army levied to serve against Spain. Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe and I joined their standard; but before the hostile operations were expected to commence, we ventured to seek, perhaps, a last sight of Lady Harriet and our boys in Ireland. This meeting and separation excited pleasures and pains almost too ago-

nizing for human fragility to sustain. Sir Goodlet and I masqueraded as corn-dealers of the lowest order from the south of Scotland. We had learned, with earnest application, to speak tolerably in the Doric accent and phraseology of the Scottish exiles; and so successful was the personation, that, till Sir Goodlet spoke to his lady in his own voice, she could not believe he stood before her; neither should we have recognised the high-bred daughter of Earl Powis in the coarse garments and grotesque vulgarity of a Clonkilty butterwoman, accompanied by her nieces, two awkward, masculine peasant-girls, carrying pails of butter-milk. Under such guise, who could have suspected the heirs of Ratcliffe-Hall and Winandermere-Castle to be concealed? It was then daylight. Our next interview had the screen of an old barn, and there we could vent the agitation of our souls. While Sir Goodlet locked in convulsive embraces his gasping, trembling, weeping consort, I fondly, passionately, strained the dear youths to my breast; and when the knight claimed their endearing caresses, I grasped the hands of Lady Harriet, pouring forth feeble, but sincere expressions of gratitude to her, who, from his infancy, had acted a maternal part to my son. Only exiles can form any adequate idea of the anguishing mixture of sweet and bitter sensibilities that swell and toss the very heart of men restored for a short time to the presence of their most beloved relatives, and well aware, that, in a few days, they must part in woful uncertainty whether they shall ever be reunited upon earth. Even our strange metamorphosis abated the delight we expected

from seeing each other. By faint moonlight in the old barn this alloy to our affectionate communion had less influence: yet frequently did the recollection intrude, that the figures presented to us in the afternoon had no identity of appearance with the objects that lived in our memory. The dissimilar colours of Lowther Ratcliffe's eyes could be easily seen when the moon shone out in a cloudless sky, and by day was so manifest, that we dreaded the circumstance would detect our adventurous excursion to Ireland. Lady Harriet informed us, that Lady Ratcliffe lingered a few days after receiving a letter from Sir Mildred, dated from Torbay, where he had just landed with King William. His high command in the army made it impossible for him to proceed to Cumberland, and for the same reason my father was obliged to be at his post. Sir Goodlet and I mourned for Lady Ratcliffe as a mother most deservedly loved and revered. What a painful duty had Lady Harriet to perform in acquainting us with the decease of that honoured lady, and to follow the shock by confirming a report we heard, that Sir Mildred was slain at the battle of the Boyne, being stabbed in the back by a furious Papist while defending himself against a crowd of assailants in front! My father fought his way to the assistance of his friend, but came too late to save him; and though repeatedly wounded, he might be said rather to die of grief for Sir Mildred than to sink under loss of blood. Sir Goodlet had never seen his daughter; Lady Harriet endeavoured to assuage the paroxysm of grief for both his parents, by describing the loveliness of their infant, who was born three

weeks after she bade him adieu when he set out for the Hague.

“In five days our joys and sorrows were absorbed in the excruciating separation from all that was dearest to us. The disseverment of soul and body cannot inflict pangs more severe; but praise be to Almighty God, even in moments so overpowering, we found consolation in a firm belief, that, if the unerring decrees of Providence did not

permit us all to meet again in this world, we should be reunited in a state of unending bliss beyond the grave.

“Our shrewd and indefatigable Irish confidant managed to inform Lady Harriet of our safe arrival at Bayonne, but months elapsed ere we had intelligence of her ladyship’s return to Cumberland.”

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW ROYAL HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHARINE, REGENT’S PARK.

THE hospital of St. Katharine was originally founded and endowed in 1148 by Maud, queen of King Stephen, for the repose of the souls of her deceased son and daughter, Baldwin and Matilda. This charitable institution was situated on the east side of Little Tower-Hill; and the foundation consisted of a master, brothers, sisters, and other poor persons. The perpetual custody of the hospital was bestowed by the queen on Trinity Priory, which, however, was dispossessed of it in 1257 by the contrivance of Eleanor, queen of Henry III. who some years afterwards dissolved it, and founded on the same spot the royal hospital which still subsists, dedicated to the same saint, for a master, three brothers chaplains, and three sisters, ten poor women, called bedeswomen, and six poor scholars. Philippa, queen of Edward III. was a great benefactress to the hospital, on which succeeding sovereigns conferred extensive privileges and immunities, including a spiritual and temporal court, which had cognizance of all causes, ecclesiastical and civil, within the precinct, which in-

cluded some of the neighbouring streets, courts, and alleys. It had also the right of holding a fair on Tower-Hill for twenty-one days yearly, till, in the reign of Elizabeth, the then master, Dr. Wylson, surreptitiously sold this right to the mayor and commonalty of London for his own emolument. The queens consorts of England are by law the perpetual patronesses of this institution, and they alter old statutes, make new ones, appoint and remove, and use unlimited power. Should there be no queen consort, the king exercises the like authority.

The business of the establishment is transacted in chapter by the master, brothers, and sisters; the latter of whom have an equal vote with the brothers. The subordinate officers, elected by a majority in chapter, are a commissary, registrar, steward, surveyor, receiver, and chapter-clerk; besides a clerk, sexton, &c.

The collegiate church of St. Katharine belonging to this institution was a handsome edifice, containing some exquisite specimens of Gothic workmanship, and several curious



HOSPITAL, HOSPITAL OF ST. CATHERINES,
GENEVE, SWITZERLAND.

ancient monuments for persons of high distinction.

The spirit of improvement, and the increasing commercial prosperity of the metropolis, having rendered it desirable to appropriate the site of the hospital and church of St. Katharine to the construction of docks, those edifices have been recently demolished, and a new site granted for them by the Crown in the Regent's Park, where the structure, represented in the annexed engraving, has, in consequence, been erected.

Among the various magnificent buildings lately erected in the Regent's Park, none has excited so much interest as this hospital. The character of its architecture is that of the middle ages, and it forms a striking contrast with the adjacent edifices, being the only one in that style. The subordinate but classical buildings on each side of the chapel are for the dwellings of the brothers and sisters, and are in perfect harmony: the whole calls forth our attention, and satisfies the mind. It is now generally admitted, that the architecture of the middle ages is by far the best calculated for places of worship and study; and it has been very ingeniously applied in this edifice, which reflects great credit on the architect.

The hospital stands on the east side of the park; the dwelling-houses erected on the south side are appropriated to the brothers; those on the north side, corresponding, for the sisters. The east side is occupied by the chapel, with the school and chapter-house, which adjoins it. These are so combined as to appear a part of the chapel. The interior

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dimensions of the chapel are 90 feet in length, 30 in breadth, and 45 in height. The ceiling, of oak, is nearly flat, with moulded ribs, and ornamented spandrils springing from rich corbels. The east window, 30 feet in height, and consisting of fourteen principal lights, will be filled with stained glass, representing the armorial bearings of some of the principal benefactors to the hospital, together with those of his present Majesty, and likewise those of the master, brothers, and sisters. The side windows adjoining will display the arms of the late and present chancellor, as visitors of the establishment *ex officio*. The glass is executed by Mr. Willement, who, in this branch of the arts, unites the feelings of a painter with the taste and information of an antiquary. The carved stalls and canopies in the ancient church having been particularly fine, their remains have served as models for the oak screens and other carved work with which the chapel will be fitted up. The pulpit is also to be restored, and the desks executed in a corresponding style. The altar-screens will be decorated with a fine picture of the school of Rubens; and in the cornice, which runs along the side of the chapel, are to be placed the armorial bearings of all the queens of England who have been patronesses of the hospital, interspersed with the cognizances of the different dynasties to which they belong. The celebrated organ will be replaced. The chapter-room is to contain carved oak stalls for the chapter, and to be fitted up in a manner to correspond with the chapel.

Above the chapter-room are apart-

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ments for the chapter-clerk. The corresponding building on the north side of the chapel contains the school-room and apartments for the school-master. The master's lodge is detached altogether from the rest of the building, being placed on the opposite side of the road, facing the hospital, with which it corresponds in the style of the architecture. The interior is partly fitted up in the Gothic style, with heraldic decorations, referring to the founders and most

distinguished persons connected with the establishment.

Though the antiquary will not fail to regret the necessity for demolishing monuments of the skill and ingenuity of past ages, still it must prove a considerable abatement to his mortification, to see them replaced with so much good taste and genuine feeling for the arts as have been displayed in the new buildings of the Royal Hospital of St. Katharine.

THE ORPHANS.

(Concluded from vol. X. p. 331.)

“ I WAS nearly fifteen”—resumed Miss Gardyne, continuing her narrative—“ and my—my companion two years older, when he told me the young laird had unexpectedly gratified his wish to follow the footsteps of his father, and on the morrow he should be a volunteer in Frazer's Highlanders. I burst into a passion of tears. The young soldier, with tender sympathy, begged me to consider his degrading condition under the laird. In the army he might rise by good conduct, and the laird had friends who could promote him. The old laird wished him to study for the church; and though that was not his choice, he had embraced a proposal which promised to keep him at no great distance from me; but a few hours only were gone since the young laird peremptorily told him he must go as a common sailor, or enter as a volunteer with Captain Sir Henry Seton.—‘ His mother is often with our good lady; and you, I am sure, will ask her to write in my favour,’ continued the youth. Then came a mutual acknowledgment of more than fraternal affection. We

plighted the most solemn vows, ratified by an appeal to the God of truth to bless our engagement; neither doubting the sincerity and constancy by which we tried to take comfort for our inevitable separation. While thus pouring out the innocent emotions of our inexperienced hearts, the young laird came into the arbour of a flower-garden, where, for the last time, I saw his cousin. He glared on us like a furious beast; ordered the recruit, as he contemptuously phrased it, to get on his Sunday clothes, because a serjeant waited to take him to the regiment; and he advised me to find better employment than hankering after a red-coat. From that time he jeered me about tramping barefooted after a fellow carrying a musket, and exclaimed against the plebeian spirit of a lad that enlisted when he might have had a church. I knew he spoke falsely, but, for the sake of his cousin, I dared not repel the unjust accusations.

“ I had long disliked, and now I despised him. Yet he behaved to me with a sort of respect, and tried

to excite my vanity by the offer of gaudy dress and ornaments. I invariably rejected his presents, saying, that the lady provided me with all I ought to have, and that such showy things were quite unsuitable for me. I had undefinable terrors upon me whenever he approached; and before I was seventeen, my fears took a form more intelligible. I rose very early one morning to give the lady a medicine to relieve her asthma. Having taken it, she desired me to go to bed. I had sat by her to a very late hour, and lest I should not awake in time to bring the anodyne for the lady, I did not take off my clothes. She said she felt drowsy, but could get no sleep with the drawing-room windows rattling over her chamber. I went thither to fix them, by stuffing paper where the sash was too loose. While thus employed, I heard a step on the floor, and looking about, saw the laird with his arms extended to intercept me, if I attempted to leave the room. He desired me to lay aside childish airs, and listen attentively. It was a shame to see the daughter of a laird and a captain in the army passing her days almost as a servant. He was booted and spurred for Edinburgh, and he would send his trusty groom in two days to take me there, to be boarded as a lady ought to be. But I must not tell the old woman; she would grudge the expense; and, besides, would not part with a domestic so subservient and useful. I was going to answer that nothing should tempt me to act without consulting the lady, but the laird turned from me to receive two gentlemen, who, clattering with heavy boots up the stairs, claimed his attention. They were to be his fellow-travellers to the me-

ropolis, and most welcome to me was their interruption. I escaped to my own room, and did not venture to leave it till, after the tedious hour and a half they consumed at breakfast, I saw the riders and their grooms at the most distant view of the road to Edinburgh. Softly entering the lady's room, I found her asleep. She awoke quite relieved, and I thought it incumbent to tell her the laird's intentions of taking me away.

“ ‘ My poor child,’ she said, ‘ I am little surprised at the proposal. Perhaps you observed that for some time I have rigidly watched over you: but this is a subject too delicate, too heart-wounding, for particular discussion. I promised your mother never to forsake you; and though we must part, my protection shall be extended to you. I grieve that by giving up all my fortune I have deprived myself of power to provide for you as I wish and you have deserved: I will, however, pay you a genteel annuity while I live. I have been for some time corresponding with a lady, my dearest friend. She has lost her mother, and wishes for a female inmate, who can be a companion in her husband's absence. My English housekeeper, you know, was returning to her own country at Martinmas. She wishes to go before the long stormy winter nights; a vessel sails from Montrose with the first fair wind, and you shall go to Gravesend with Mrs. Watten. She is a prudent woman; but her health does not allow her to continue in the fatiguing charge she has here.’

“ I parted from the lady as if again torn from my mother, and parting with Mrs. Watten on the deck of the Montrose trader seemed to com-

plete my desolation. Mrs. le Fleming welcomed me with unaffected cordiality. I heard from the lady, under cover to her, so long as the dying saint could hold a pen. Oh! how many anxious hours did her situation cost me! She never mentioned her *protégé*; but I traced his progress, his honourable progress, by the newspapers. I saw he had come to London, and——”

“He will account—yes, beloved Mary Gardyne Wedderburn, your Archibald can no longer refrain——Gracious God! has my irrepressible ecstasy destroyed her?”

Mr. Conison took the sleeping child from Mary's powerless hands, laid her on the grass where he had placed Betsy, then leaving the pale insensible Miss Gardyne beside them, he ran to a streamlet for water. She stood leaning against a tree, with a bewildered look, at his return: a few words from him restored her to distinct perception, and no doubt remained that real felicity dawned upon her long-depressed spirit. To describe the effusions of impassioned joy that assured Mary of Archibald's undiminished affection would demand endowments of language infinitely transcending ours. We shall leave them to the imagination of the reader, and hasten to vindicate Archibald for so long neglecting his plighted bride.

“My love,” he said, “you tremble in every joint, and my senseless raptures made me inattentive to your agitation.”

“And I forgot to resume my sleeping charge,” said Miss Gardyne, sitting down. “Give me one, and do you take the other; and when they awake, or when we see Captain and Mrs. le Fleming, remember I am

Miss Gardyne. They know me by no other name. By the advice of my honoured benefactress I dropped the surname of Wedderburn; and to explain why would be a violation of my promise not to expose domestic unhappiness, which she sacrificed so much to conceal.”

“My dearest Mary, you had related few circumstances ere I indulged the delicious hope that in you I should find my long-lost treasure; and it cost me unspeakable effort to command my feelings. But you had been basely traduced, and I was desirous of investigating the malignant aspersion. Do not interrupt me, my love; I am now impatient to account for my seeming inconstancy. You know Frazer's Highlanders sailed almost immediately after I joined them. I had sworn to myself that I would aspire to distinction, though at the expense of wounds and death, like my father. I therefore applied earnestly to learn my duty on the passage to America; and as our regiment was often sent out on small detachments, I had opportunity to obtain the notice of my officers by unsparing exposure of my life in the service. Sir Henry Seton patronised me with generous promptitude; and even before my desperate hazards at Fort du Quesne, I was marked for promotion. I was sent home with dispatches and the rank of ensign. I had been twice wounded at Brooklyn, and my name mentioned with applause in public orders before the unfortunate attack on Fort du Quesne: the newspapers spare me further egotism. The surgeons declared that the wounds I received there would be fatal if I did not take a sea voyage. I exulted in the prospect of seeing my Mary, and the idea of her

contributed to my cure above all surgery. In London I executed all the trusts committed to me by General Amherst, and hurrying through a street leading to the Scotch wharf, purposing to secure a passage to Scotland, I met him whom we called the young laird, but henceforth, in my mind, the most execrable of villains. How different was his deportment to the *not obscure* officer and his former treatment of a defenceless boy! He shook me by the hand, congratulated me upon my laurels, and told me his father had been five months dead. I asked after his lady. He pointed with careless levity to a black crape on his arm, and said, 'I have worn this for her till the colour has faded. I verily think she broke her too soft heart with grief that the silly romantic girl, Mary Gardyne Wedderburn, eloped with a flashy blade of a travelling jeweller. But what ails you, Edmonstone? You are pale as death; come to this tavern; a glass of wine will revive you. Now your face is red as a north-west moon: you must lose some blood.'

'Perhaps this qualm is occasioned rather by loss of blood,' I replied; 'and I must leave you to attend to some business.'

'How I transacted that little business and got to my lodging seems to me as a confused vision: my reason wandered. The faithful sagacious soldier who, as my servant, came from America, never left me by day or night. He feared I should commit suicide, and did not trust me alone. As I persisted in refusing drink or food during several days, he at length said, 'Surely, sir, it is my duty to call a doctor, as you are so very ill.'

'I am not ill, Nesbit; but I have

lost—lost the dearest friend I had on earth.'

'Craving your pardon, sir, I beg leave to remind your honour, that of all mortal men a brave officer or soldier has the least cause to refuse being comforted for the death of a friend. Soon, soon may he follow to the world of spirits!'

'My heart inarticulately replied, 'O that one grave had received me and my once fondly beloved, ere she sank from her high station in moral worth!' Aloud I said, 'Nesbit you are right: I will no longer grieve immoderately. Bring me a cup of coffee.'

'Nesbit brought whatever he thought would entice me to eat, and I compelled myself not to disappoint my attached servant. He was a veteran old enough to be my grandfather, and had served in the corps where my father was lieutenant. When I was a volunteer, he took upon himself the part of my military preceptor, yet with all deference to my birth. You know a Scotchman seldom forgets due respect to an unfortunate gentleman. Nesbit was a scholar, and a sincere, unostentatious, practical Christian. A shot pierced his worthy heart: the pang of death was momentary. He dropped at my side; while, wounded and bleeding, I called up my fast-receding strength to save my dear friend Conison from falling a disabled victim into the gripe of savage Indians. Of this more hereafter.

'I rose from the mourning attitude under strong excitement, and returned myself at the War-Office as fit for service, soliciting to go out with the reinforcements embarking for different regiments in the seat of war. I was promoted to

a lieutenantcy, and to command the reinforcements on board. Drilling these young recruits occupied me while crossing the Atlantic; and I was happy to find my own regiment still actively engaged. Warfare saved me from falling a prey to my own distracting thoughts. I volunteered on all perilous expeditions, and in one of these rendered the friendly office to Captain Conison, which he far overpaid by making me his heir. The scars that have so altered my countenance are mementoes of that strife."

"Even your voice is quite changed, my dear Archibald," said Mary.

"A musket-ball passed through my neck; and when Conison and I went on board the *Egremont*, he was considered as having a far better chance of living some years. He died, within a fortnight's sail of England, by the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel in his lungs; and on examination after death, they proved to have been dreadfully lacerated by the shot which pierced his side. My windpipe was so injured that I could scarcely utter a sound; but my voice gradually returned, and my health improved, though life was tasteless, until the supposed loss of my Mary was compensated in the lovely Englishwoman, whose resemblance to her instantly caught and fixed my attention; and—dare I say it?—I sometimes flattered myself that Miss Gardyne was not displeased by my assiduities."

"I confess, dear Archibald, I have been mortified by a consciousness of—I know not how to express it with propriety—but it was a feeling incompatible with my vows to the companion of many sorrowful hours."

"Most dear and most honourable pattern of fidelity, what a treasure have I regained when your rejection made me desolate—a treasure that remunerates all my sufferings! Yet I cannot banish the woful impression that brought me to the verge of madness, until the angelic Mary is mine for ever. This day, my love, if *Le Fleming* can rise to act as your father, you will compensate to your Archibald for long, long deferred happiness."

"Speak not of to-day, my Archibald. Let me have some time to regulate my feelings amidst this overflowing tide of happiness."

"You will not be so cruel as to impose on me the cold ceremonial of ordinary marriages. I made a will in your favour before I left Conison Dale. Look at it; it is signed and duly executed. Take it, for it is yours, yours only. Settlements are unnecessary with such a provision; and as for dresses, the usual concomitants of nuptial preparations, you are superior to the frivolity, the barbarous vanity of torturing me by delays, while you add to, or new-model, a wardrobe."

"You do me but justice, my Archibald, in believing I would not, for any consideration merely selfish, give you the least pain; but I am of some use to Mrs. *le Fleming*; and now, with her husband and children indisposed, it would be strange indeed to break our connection."

"I do not ask you to leave Mrs. *le Fleming* entirely, my Mary. Bestow on your Archibald the silent hours—grace my cottage at our early breakfast; and however great the sacrifice on my part, I shall submit to it to accommodate Mrs. *le Fleming*

during the day; nor will she make me unwelcome, following as your shadow."

Mr. Conison prevailed with Miss Gardyne to ask no more than a week before she changed her name. She said Edmonstone was more pleasing to her than Conison. "But my friend obtained from me a promise to take his name; and you, Mary, would not approve of breaking an engagement, though merely verbal."

Each now took up a child and returned to the cottage. Captain le Fleming had benefited greatly by a quiet sleep, and rose to dinner; Mr. Conison told him he was the happy accepted suitor of Miss Gardyne.

Le Fleming protested that the gratifying intelligence had restored him to health; and when his friend mentioned Monday as the day he was to become a Benedict, his friend proposed to shorten his term of probation. But Mrs. le Fleming and Miss Gardyne, "in close divan" at the other extremity of the apartment, had decided upon Monday; and on that day Miss Gardyne Wedderburn fulfilled the engagements of her youth, by plighting her vows at the nuptial altar; and they were performed with equal fidelity through a long succession of prosperous and happy years.

B. G.

MINE.

IT is a pleasant thing for a man to be able to call this thing *mine*, and the other thing *mine*; it gives the idea of respectability and riches; and, to use a pun, makes it seem as if he had a *mine* of wealth; and yet it is extraordinary how often this term is grossly misapplied, though in our common parlance the language would not be called improper. For instance, you will frequently hear a soldier say, the 52d is *my regiment*, when, in fact, it is the king's; while a sailor says, this is *my ship*, when that also is the king's; another man, instead of saying this is the way I am to go, says, this is *my road*, when the road too belongs to the king: thus inconsiderately is his Majesty often deprived of his rights. At other times, you will hear a man remark Suffolk or Norfolk is *my county*, or that Ipswich or Norwich is *my town*, when, if either were the fact, his possessions would be prince-

ly. A traveller, with perfect *non-chalance*, says, this is *my coach*, when it probably belongs to Eames or Waterhouse; or—and it is a much more frequent case—he says, this is *my inn*, when he may think himself well off if one pound a day clears his expenses in it. Other men will talk boldly over their good living, and say, *my dinners* and *my wine*, when it too often happens that neither butcher, baker, nor wine-merchant is paid. But the climax of all these claimings is that of a poor wretched pauper, who would, with the greatest thankfulness, accept a sixpence of an overseer, but who would yet say of a parish, whose rental was some hundred thousands a year, this is *my parish*!

In the midst of so many erroneous claimants, it is with some hesitation that I venture to call this trifle *mine*.

J. M. LACEY.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

THE MORALITIES.

HAVING described the nature of *Mysteries* and *Pageants*, and given examples of each, I now come to the *third* species of histrionic representations, which preceded the regular drama; viz. *The Moralities*. These are more important than either of their predecessors on the stage, inasmuch as they indicate a nearer approach to perfection, and display the efforts of genius to shake off the shackles which a barbarous superstition had first imposed.

"The Moralities," says Dr. Warton, "indicate dawnings of the dramatic art; they contain some rudiments of a plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and to paint manners*." From the Pageants allegorical characters first began to be introduced into the Miracle plays, or Mysteries; such as "Charity, Sin, Death, Hope, Faith, &c. And as the common poetry of the times began to deal much in allegory, at length pieces were formed consisting entirely of such personifications†."

Sir Walter Scott says, "The Moralities bear some analogy to the old or original comedy of the ancients. They were often founded upon allegorical subjects, and almost always bore a close and poignant allusion to the incidents of the day." Hence, though chiefly employed on religious topics, they differed from the Mysteries, as the latter were merely "dramatic representations of religious subjects from the Old or New

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 242.

† *Ibid.*

Testament, or Apocryphal story, or the Lives of Saints;" without any attempt at invention, either in language or plot, except so far as the substitution of a rude and barbarous poetry for prose may be considered invention. Mr. Malone thinks that Moralities were not performed previous to the reign of Edward IV. (1460). I have not been able to trace them to an earlier date; nor indeed to ascertain in what year the first production of this kind was represented, or what was its title or the name of its author. An impenetrable veil rests over this period of our dramatic history, and all attempts at withdrawing it have been vain. It is not improbable but Lydgate, who was the composer of several Pageants exhibited during his lifetime, also wrote one or more Moralities, though they have not come down to our days. Skelton too, who was poet-laureate to Henry VII. and VIII. was one of the earliest writers of Moralities. Indeed the oldest specimen of that species of drama of which we have any knowledge is one by this writer. It is entitled "*The Nigramansir, a morall Enterlude and a pithie*, written by Maister Skelton, laureate, and plaid before the king and other estatys at Woodstoke on Palme-Sunday."

It was printed by Wynkin de Worde, in a thin quarto, in the year 1504. Mr. William Collins had a copy in his possession (the one that Dr. Warton saw), and which appears to have been lost at the dispersion of his library: I believe it is not now to be met with. The following ac-

count of it is extracted from Warton's *History of Poetry** :

"The characters are a Necromancer or Conjuror, the Devil, a Notary Public, Simony, and Philargyria or Avarice. It is partly a satire on some abuses in the church; yet not without a due regard to decency, and an apparent respect for the dignity of the audience. The story, or plot, is the trial of Simony and Avarice; the Devil is the judge, and the Notary Public acts as an assessor or scribe. The prisoners, as we may suppose, are found guilty, and ordered into hell immediately. There is no sort of propriety in calling this play *The Necromancer*; for the only business and use of this character is to open the subject in a long prologue, to evoke the Devil, and summon the court. The Devil kicks the Necromancer for waking him so soon in the morning: a proof that this drama was performed in the morning, perhaps in the chapel of the palace. A variety of measures, with shreds of Latin and French, is used; but the Devil speaks in the octave stanza. One of the stage directions is, *Enter Balsebub with a berde*. To make him both frightful and ridiculous, the Devil was most commonly introduced on the stage wearing a visard with an immense beard. Philargyria quotes Seneca and St. Austin; and Simony offers the Devil a bribe. The Devil rejects her offer with much indignation, and swears by the *foule Eumenides* and the hoary beard of Charon, that she shall be well fired and roasted in the unfathomable sulphur of Cocytus, together with Mahomet, Pontius Pilate, the traitor Judas, and King Herod.

* Vol. ii. p. 361-3.

The last scene is closed with a view of hell, and a dance between the Devil and the Necromancer. The dance ended, the Devil trips up the Necromancer's heels, and disappears in fire and smoke."

I do not think the expression of the Devil, alluded to by Warton, is at all a proof that this piece was represented in the morning; any more than we can now take the circumstance of the time of any modern piece being laid at mid-day, as a proof that such is the hour when our theatrical representations take place. But whether performed at night or in the morning, the taste of King Henry and his court could not be very refined, when they derived entertainment from such a spectacle as this. We are told, however, that the reign of this sovereign was the great era of Moralities; and it would not be fair to judge of them all from this specimen.

Another Morality by Skelton is still extant: its title is "*Magnificence, a goodly Interlude and a mery, deuysed and made by Mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, late deceasyd*;" and it was printed, in black letter, by John Rastel, in 1533, occupying sixty folio pages. The story is briefly this: Magnificence becomes a dupe to his servants and favourites, named Fancy, Counterfeit Countenance, Crafty Conveyance, Clockyd Collusion, Courtly Ambition, and Folly. At length he is seized and robbed by Adversity, who gives him up a prisoner to Poverty. He is next delivered to Despair and Mischief, who offer him a knife and a halter. He snatches the knife to put an end to his miseries by stabbing himself; but Good Hope and Redress appear,

and persuade him to take the "rubarbe of repentance," with some "gostly gummes" and a few "drammes of devocyon." He then becomes acquainted with Circumspection and Perseverance, follows their directions, and seeks for happiness in a state of penitence and contrition. There are two other characters, Felicity and Liberty; and with a dialogue between these two the piece opens—Felicity justly observing,

All thyngs contry vyd by manny's reason,
The world envy renyd of hygh and low estate,
Be it erly or late welth hath a season;
Welth is of wysdome the very trewe probate*.

In the dialogue of this Morality are, here and there, some touches of humour; but the allusions are generally very low, and tintured with vulgarity.

Skelton wrote two other Moralities, one called *The Comedy of Virtue*; the other, *The Comedy of Good Order*; neither of which was printed, and nothing is known of them but their titles.

Contemporary with Skelton were the authors of two old Moralities, called *Every-Man* and *Hycke-Scornor*. They were printed in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. and have been republished by Mr. Hawkins in his *Origin of the English Drama*. Neither the names of the authors, nor the year in which these pieces first appeared, are now known; but as in *Hycke-Scornor* allusion is made to the American discoveries under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde," that piece was probably written about the latter end of

* The editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* observe, that, "although many Moralities were written about this period, *Magnificence* and *The Nigramansir*, by Skelton, are the first that bear the name of the author."

the 15th or the commencement of the 16th century.

In these Moralities the genius at least of tragedy and comedy is certainly to be found. *Every-Man* is of a solemn and grave cast; and the following analysis of it is copied from Dr. Percy's *Essay on the Origin of the English Stage*, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*:

"The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage); then God* is represented, who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-Man; for so is called the personage who represents the human race. Every-Man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-Man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches; but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good-Dedes, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her†, introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the 'holy man Confession,' who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then with-

* The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

† The before-mentioned are male characters.

draws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint: and after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits*, have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-Dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an Angel descends to sing his requiem; and the epilogue is spoken by a person called *Doctor*, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

This memoriall men may have in mynde ;
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,
And forsake Pryde, for he disceyveth you
in thende,
And remembre Beaute, Five Wits, Strength,
and Discretion,
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take ;
But beware, for they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all, &c.

Mr. Hawkins's copy of this play is taken from a black-letter one, preserved in the library of the cathedral church of Lincoln, which was communicated to him by the Rev. Dr. Stinton, chancellor of that church. The following is the prefix: "Here begynneth a Treatyse how the Hye Fader of Heaven sendeth Deth to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a moralle playe." The *dramatis personæ* are correctly enumerated in Dr. Percy's analysis above quoted. The intention of the drama is to inculcate great reverence for the church of Rome, her doctrines and superstitions; and there are passages in it which are worthy of a more refined age. The Deity opens the drama in the following terms:

* *i. e.* The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage (see *Ricconi*, p. 98); but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

I perceve here in my majeste,
How that all creatures be to me unkynde,
Lyvyng without drede in worldly prosperite:
Of ghostly syght the people be so blyude,
Drowned in synne they know me not for
theyr God ;
In worldely ryehes is all theyr mynde,
They fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe
rood ;
My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene, and shedyng of my
blode rede ;
I hanged bytwene two, it cannot be denyed ;
To get them lyfe I suffred to be deed ;
I heled theyr fete, with thornes hurt was
my heed :
I coude do no more than I dyde truely,
And nowe I se the people do clene forsake
me, &c.

One more extract shall suffice to shew the nature of this Morality. It is *Every-Man* that speaks :

O, to whome shall I make my mone !
For to go with me in that hevy journaye,
Fyrst, Felawshyp sayd, he wolde with me
gone ;
His wordes were very pleasaunt and gaye,
But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
Then spake I to my kynnes men all in dyspayre,
And also they gave me wordes fayre,
They lacked no fayre spekyng ;
But all forsake me in the endyng.
Than wente I to my Goodes that I loved
best,
In hope to have comforte ; but there had I
leest :
For my Goodes sharpely dyd me tell,
That he bryngeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed ;
Thus may I well myselfe hate.
Of whom shall I now counseyll take ?
I thynke that I shall never spede,
Tyll that I go to my Good-Dede ;
But, alas ! she is so weke,
That she can nether go nor speke, &c.

From Dr. Percy's *Ancient Reliques* I copy also the following analysis of *Hycke-Scorner* :

This piece "bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners; its plot being much less regular than that of *Every-Man*."

The prologue is spoken by Pity, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyll, representing a lewed debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion, Imaginacioun, relate their manner of life; and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hycke-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and, agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age; and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacioun, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewyll appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion, Imaginacioun, from their vicious course of life; and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue."

This Morality is printed in Hawkins's Old Plays, from a black-letter copy in Mr. Garrick's collection. It contains a few religious and moral

reflections; but its general structure is comic, and it is "a humorous display of some of the vices and follies of the age. Indeed the author has been so little attentive to allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners*." This makes it a valuable and interesting document, as every record, of any description, must be, which gives us an insight into the manners and customs of the period to which it relates. The *dramatis personæ* are, Pyte, Contemplacyon, Perseverance, Frewyll, Imagynacyon, and Hycke-Scorner; and from the conversation of the three latter, it would appear that licentiousness and immorality were practised in those days much the same as in ours; and from the language of Pyte, that there were poverty, complaints, and discontent in the 16th as well as in the 19th century. Pyte says,

I have herde many men complayne pyteously,
They saye they be smyten with the swerde
of poverty,

In every place where I do go:
Few frendes poverte dooth fynde,
And these ryche men ben unkyude;
For theyr neyghbours they wyll nought do:
Wydowes dooth curse lordes and gentyll
men,

For they contrayne them to mary with theyr
men,

Ye, wheder they will or no:
Men mary for good, and that is dampnable,
Ye, with olde women that is fyfty and be-
yonde:

The peryll now no drede wyll;
All is not Goddes lawe that is used in londe;
Beware wyll they not tyll Deth in his honde
Taketh his swerde, and smyteth asonder the
lyfe vayne,

And with his mortall stroke cleve the herte
atwayne:

They trust so in mercy, the lanterne of
bryghtnesse,

That no thyng do they drede Goddes ryght-
wysnes.

* *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. ii. p. 315.

_____Synne is now so grievous
and yll,
That I thinke that it be growen to an im-
possyble;
And yet one thyng maketh me ever mourn-
ynge,
That prestes lack utterance to showe their
cunnyng;
And al the whyle that clerkes do use so grete
synne,
Amonge the lay people loke never for no
mendynge.

Hycke-Scorner, who is just return-
ed from travel, says, he saw a num-
ber of ships on his voyage; and his
speech displays his wild, reckless, vi-
cious disposition:

Grete was the people that was in them,
All true relygyous and holy women:
There was trouthe and his kynnes man,
With patyence, mekenes, and humylyte,
And all true maydens with their vyrgynyte,
Ryall prechers, sadnes, and charyte,
Right conscience and faythe with devocion,
And all true monkes that kepe their rely-
gyon;
True buyers and sellers and alms dedes
doers,
Pyteous people, that be of synne destroyers,
With just abstynence and good counsillers,
Mourners for synne, with lamentacyon;
And good ryche men that helpeth folke out
of pryson;
True wedlocke was there also,
With yonge men that ever in prayer dyde
go:
The shyppes were laden with such unhappy
company,
But at the laste God shope a remedy,
For they all in the see were drounde,
And on a quicke sonde they streke to
grounde;
The see swallowed them every chone,
I wote well alyve there scaped none.

The company who land in the ship
with Hycke-Scorner are of a differ-
ent description:

There was falshode, favell, and jolyte,
Ye, _____ with other good company,
Lyers, backbiters, and flateres the whyle,
Braulers, lyers, getters, and chyders,
Walkers by nyght, with grete murderers,
Overthwarte gyle, and joly carders,
Oppressers of people, with many swerers;
There was false lawe with oryble vengeance,
Frowarde obstynacyon with myschyvous go-
vernaunce,

Wanton wenches, and also mychers,
With many other of the devylls offycers;
And haterede, that is so myghty and stronge,
Hath made a vowe for ever to dwell in Eng-
londe.

After this, we need not be surpris-
ed at the following lamentation of
Pyte, when in the stocks:

Lo lordes, they may curs the tyme they were
borne;

For the wedes that overgroweth the corne,
They troubled me gyltless and wote not why,
For Goddes love yet wyll I suffre pacyently:
We may all say weleaway for synne that is
now adaye.

Loo, virtue is vanysht for ever daye,
Worse was it never.

We have plente of grete othes,
And clothe ynouge in our clothes;
But charyte many meu lothes,

Worse was it never.

Alas! now is lechery called love indede,
And murder named manhode in every nede,
Extorsyon is called lawe, so God we spede;

Worse was it never.

Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and
knyves,

And ever amonge true men leseth their lyves,
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes
wyves,

Now adayes in *Englonde*.

Baudes be the dystryers of many yonge wo-
men,

And full lewde counseyll they give unto
them;

How you do mary beware, you yonge men,
The wyse never taryeth to longe;

There be many grete scorneres,
But for synne there be fewe mourners;

We have but fewe true lovers

In no place now adayes;

There be many goodly gylte knaves,

And I knowe as many apparayll wyves,

Yet many of them be unthryfty of their
lyves,

And all set in pryde to go gaye.

Mayers on synne dooth no correceyon,

With gentyllmen bereth trouthe adowne;

Avoutry is suffred in every towne,

Amendment is there none,

And Goddes commaundementes we breke
them all,

Devocyon is gone many dayes syn.

Let us amende us, we trewe crysten men,

Or deth make you grone.

Courtyers go gaye, and take lytell wages,

And many with harlottes at the taverne
hauntes,

They be yemen of the wrethe that be shakled
 in gyves;
 On themselves they have no pyte:
 God punysheth full sore with grete sekennesse;
 Some dyeth sodeynly that dethfull peryllous,
 Yet was there never so grete poverté:
 There be some sermones made by noble doctoures;
 But truly the fende doth stoppe mennes eres,
 For God nor good man some people not feres;
 Worse was it never.
 All trouth is not best sayd,
 And our prechers now adayes be halfe
 afrayde:
 When we do amende God wolde be well
 apayde;
 Worse was it never.

I shall make no further extracts, as these are quite sufficient specimens of the rude verse of this ancient Morality.

About this period John Rastel, who was brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, published a Morality, entitled "*A new Interlude and a mery, of the Nature of the Four Elements, declarynge many proper points of philosophy naturall, and of divers straunge landys.*" His design was

to make the stage subservient to the teaching of science and natural philosophy. The *dramatis personæ* were, the Messenger or Prologue, Nature Naturall, Hamanyte, Studyous Desire, Sensuall Appetyte, the Taverner, Experyence, and Ygnorance. Amongst the matters treated of were the following: "Of certyn conclusions, prouvyng the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle. Of certeyne points of cosmographye and of dyvers straunge regyons, and of the new founde landys, and the maner of the people." This last subject enables us to ascertain the date of this "Interlude" with pretty tolerable exactness. The poet says,

Within this xx yere
 Westward be founde new landes
 That we never harde tell of before this.

Columbus discovered the West Indies in 1492, which would place the date of the play about 1510 or 1511.
 (*To be continued.*)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXXV.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss R. PRIMROSE, Captain HORACE PRIMROSE, Mr. APATHY, Mr. MONTAGUE, Mr. MATHEWS, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

* * * * *

Reginald. We must not now complain of a dearth of books; within the last fortnight I have had a mass of new publications sent from town, sufficient to keep me "in reading" for a month, let me set to it ever so closely.

Mr. Apathy. Will they pay the trouble of perusing?

Reginald. Faith, some of them will not; others are tolerable in their way; very few decidedly good. First, here's a playful *jeu d'esprit*, called *Boyle Farm*, written by Lord Fran-

cis Gower, in honour of a *fête* which was given there last summer by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Alvanley, and a gentleman whose name I have now forgotten. It is written in a light airy style; as witness the following description of the company's adjourning to view a discharge of fire-works, the signal for which was the ascension of a rocket:

How quick that warning sound has made
 A desert of each lonely glade!
 Each silent walk and half-lit alley
 Are dull as Johnson's happy valley;

Forlorn of every living thing,
 The Indian cottage and the spring.
 In one be-shawl'd, be-feather'd cluster,
 Upon the river's banks they muster,
 To view, not glimpses of the new light,
 But rocket, Catherine-wheel, and blue-light.
 Thus, when some leader, to make good
 His station, fills a neighbouring wood
 With those insidious troops in green,
 Whose powers are sooner felt than seen ;
 If suddenly his own position
 The foe should threaten with perdition,
 The bugle sounds ; o'er all the plain
 The scatter'd masses close again ;
 Kicking their steeds with all their feet,
 The skirmishing hussars retreat,
 Resume the sabre from the side,
 And sling the carbine as they ride.
 Then from the bristling square once more
 The musketry's collected roar,
 In one tremendous chorus, stifles
 The dropping fire of scatter'd rifles.
 Triumphs of carbon and of nitre,
 None ever saw or wished ye brighter !
 How sweet for those, like me, who love
 To watch the moments as they move,
 To watch the coruscations buoy'd
 An instant on the murky void,
 The next, by gravitation's power,
 Melt in their gorgeous golden shower !
 But most I love to turn and gaze
 On all that mimic day displays,
 On eyes that watch that fiery levin,
 And saint-like glances turn'd to heaven,
 Brows to the fleeting glare exposed,
 And lips in rapture half unclosed.

Horace. Good: Lord Francis is one of the most mellifluous versifiers of the day.

Reginald. Flowing and sweet; but deficient in force. Well, with this trim duodecimo, came a bulky quarto, in two volumes, *The Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and of his Brother, Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester*; a work of great historical importance, but which I have had no time to read. A friend, however, who has, assures me that it ought to be in every library, as illustrative of the history of the times. Next, I have Mr. Bullock's meagre account of a *Journey through the Western States*

of North America. Some writers amplify materials which would make a decent octavo volume into two or three quartos. Mr. Bullock has compressed information that would have constituted a tolerable quarto into one hundred and thirty-five duodecimo pages; the chief object of which is to inform us, that the author has purchased a large estate, on which stands a handsome house on the banks of the river Ohio, within a mile of the city. Since his arrival in London, he has "engaged Mr. John B. Papworth, the architect, to lay out the most beautiful part of it as a town of retirement, to be called Hygeia:" and here comes the main object for which Mr. Bullock's one hundred and thirty-five pages were written. "This will enable persons desirous of establishing themselves in an abundant and delightful country to do so at a very moderate expense." In plain English, Mr. Bullock, like the late Mr. Birkbeck, having made an investment in land, wants to get it off his hands; and thinks this an eligible plan to gull John Bull, as his prototype did with his Illinois prairies.

Mr. Apathy. You do not know Mr. Bullock: he is a most honourable man and a gentleman.

Reginald. Oh! no doubt, I say nothing to the contrary; and if there are any persons infatuated enough to prefer the Western States of North America to "merry England," I do not know that they can do better than settle at Hygeia.

Miss Primrose. Come, you open your budget admirably. What have you next?

Reginald. Why next, here is a novel called *Whitehall*—a non-descript; and which therefore you can-

not expect me to describe: so you must all read it. I assure you it is a most clever, piquant work: the satire is, in many parts, admirable; living characters are drolly touched off, and their qualities and actions strangely perverted. It is, as well as I can make out, a kind of parody on the historical novels, supposed to be written four hundred years hence, and describing the manners and characters of the present day, after the style in which Horace Smith and Co. describe those of the olden time. Then here is another novel, *Flirtation*, by Lady Charlotte Bury, sister to the Duke of Argyle, whose name will procure it a passport to the world of fashion, and cause it to be read by every body. Many gentlemen have learned the meaning of "Flirtation" to their cost: Lady Charlotte wishes to discourage the practice; an excellent design, better in conception than in the execution. The novel, however, deserves to, and will, be read. Then I have a lyrical drama by George Darley, called *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, which, with much rubbish, contains some verses as beautiful as ever poet wrote: can any thing be better than this description of

LOVE?

A boy! with curls of crisped gold like thine;
Lips like the fresh sea-coral: in his cheek
The sleepless laughter cradles; and above
Perpetual sport rides in his humorous eye.
This guest of man hath to his use beside
A quiver and light arrows and a bow;
With which he stings his votaries' willing
hearts,

Aiming from beauty's hills, or vantage-ground,

Where he can light; then flies (for pinions he
Fleeces the wandering gossamer) to tend
The wounds his bolt has made, and often
there,

Like a good surgeon, pillows till they heal,
Or, sweetly cruel, makes them bleed again.
This is Love's picture; and his page of life
Writ in Time's chronicle.

Or who can indite a prettier lyric than this?

Awake thee, my lady-love!

Wake thee, and rise!

The sun through the bower peeps
Into thine eyes!

Behold how the early lark

Springs from the corn!

Hark, hark, how the flower-bird
Winds her wee horn!

The swallow's glad shriek is heard

All through the air;

The stock-dove is murmuring
Loud as she dare!

Apollo's winged bugleman

Cannot contain,

But peals his loud trumpet-call
Once and again.

Then wake thee, my lady-love!

Bird of my bower!

The sweetest and sleepest
Bird at this hour!

Miss R. Primrose. The verses flow trippingly from the tongue. But what have you papered up with so much care, eh! Reginald?

Reginald. Two more annuals, *The Keepsake* and *Friendship's Offering*. The first is ushered forth in a splendid dress of crimson silk; the latter in one of blue morocco and gold. In the first there are eighteen highly finished engravings: some of them are exquisitely beautiful. It is not likely that it will obtain the extensive circulation of the *Forget Me Not* and *Souvenir*, as its price, one guinea, must confine it to a more select class. *Friendship's Offering*, under the management of its new editor, Mr. Charles Knight, is far more respectable than any of its predecessors; the engravings are good, and the subjects well selected. The literary contents, too, merit praise: indeed, next to my old favourites, the *Forget Me Not* and *Souvenir*, I rank *Friendship's Offering*. The contributors to both these volumes

are the same as to the other annuals: so put them on your shelves, Rosina, and read them at your leisure; they will, with your other volumes, form an inexhaustible source of amusement, and be an elegant addition to the decorations of your drawing-room table.

Horace. As an ornament for the drawing-room table, what can be more appropriate than *Tom Raw, the Griffin*; with its splendidly coloured plates, and its admirable burlesque descriptions? It is a volume calculated to amuse both old and young; and will, I have no doubt, be as popular as "Dr. Syntax." The drawings appear to have been originally made for the amusement of some ladies at Calcutta, who then requested a descriptive poem, and when the poem was completed, insisted that it should be printed. So here we have the effusions of our Calcutta contemporaries brought out in that style of elegance for which Mr. Ackermann is so famous.

Miss Primrose. But, pray what is a Griffin?

Horace:

An inexperienced youth,
A raw, bewilder'd boy, who seeks his fortune
In Asiatic climes, unfledged in truth,
But told the fickle goddess to importune,
Lacking the means at home:—one of a boon
She showered on his parents, in the shape
Of an o'erbrimming family, whose spoon
Is not half large enough for mouths that
gape

With hunger unrequited, northward of the
Cape.

Miss R. Primrose. So, in other words, Tom Raw—that seems to be your hero's name—is a young unfledged lad, sent to seek his fortunes in the East; and this volume contains a *caricature* account of his adventures.

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Horace. Exactly so, my fair niece; and though he is placed in the army, the artist and poet "disclaim all intention of throwing ridicule on the honourable profession of arms, or on the Griffin's;" and as the volume was concerted in good nature, in the same spirit I am convinced it will be received.

Miss Primrose. Come, we are anxious to know something about your "Griffin;" introduce him in due form.

Horace. Then, ladies, fancy Mr. Thomas Raw, being duly equipped for his voyage at "Welch and Stalker's Magazine," embarked on board an Indiaman, and having "progressed" on his voyage as far as the line. The first plate represents him undergoing that ceremony which Neptune exercises on all "strangers," without favour or affection, unless they buy off his *favours* with libations of grog: the particular part of it at which the party have arrived is described in the following lines:

The water-cask was brought, and on it
plac'd

A plank, and on the plank our hero seated;
Great Neptune's chaplain, with a sermon
graced

The inauguration, while his clerk repeated
Amen!—His little wits had near retreated,
His pallid face was daub'd with filthy tar,
The razor flourished, in hot spirits heated,
The plank flew off—and his unhappy star
Plunged him in stinking brine, than ocean
salter far.

Reginald. Poor Tom! His nankeens will be soiled, when he emerges from his perfumed bath.

Horace. Next we have him at Cape-Town, at a Dutch party, squeezed between two frows till he is in rather a curious predicament.

G

The hostess, Madame Vander Sluggenbottom,
Was twenty stone at least; her neighbour
more:

Such weights made people wonder how they
got 'em,

Or how their plumpnesses squeezed through
the door.

Tom stared at sights he'd never seen before:
He felt ashamed to speak, and took to blush-
ing;

The women, in broad Dutch, both bending o'er
The embarrassed youth, talked loud, then
fell to pushing,

Till the result seemed like to end in down-
right crushing.

Mrs. Primrose. Really two delectable specimens of Dutch beauty. I feel for the poor lad's situation.

Horace. *Tom Raw delivering Letters of Introduction* is a humorous scene; the Indian attendants are to the life. The next, *Tom Raw between smoke and fire*, is capital. "The Griffin" looks absolutely bewildered.

Reginald. That arch little female monkey at the bottom of the table seems enjoying his distress.

Horace. *Tom Raw treating Lucy to a ride*, and *Tom Raw rather awkward at the Dance*, are worth the price of the book.

Reginald — (turning over the leaves). Here is a lovely plate, *Tom Raw at a Hindoo Entertainment*; and *The Royal Hindoo Hunt* is still better.

Horace. A little further on you will find another plate illustrative of the perils of Indian hunting. A spotted leopard has been hunted to a tree, and is just in the act of springing from one of its lowest branches upon one of the elephants. The inanimate drawing makes one shudder; what must the reality have done? In the next plate a wounded tiger is in the act of springing into Tom's howdah: poor fellow, how frightened he looks!

Reginald. Aye, and well he may.

It is a situation which would frighten men of better metal than Thomas Raw.

Horace. Poor Tom gets introduced to his colonel, who is a queer fish. Here is a good plate of it, and the ceremony is well described, both graphically and poetically.

It was a Sunday, and as no parade
Occurred that morn, the colonel, who, be-
sides,

Had felt a little bilious, lay in bed
Till twelve o'clock, and, waking, furious
chides

His bearer for not rousing him betides;
Thund'ring and roaring in a manner shocking,
Throws on his dressing-gown, and careless
slides

Into pyjamas, without shoe or stocking,
Drinks bowls of chicken-broth, and then be-
takes to smoking.

Just settled, and with spectacles on nose,
Poring o'er ord'ly books, the message came;
He was just feeling one of his great toes
That seemed to threaten gout; it burnt like
flame,

And murmured out a curse. "Well, Mr.
Gra'am,

And who is this recruit?" Then gaping wide
His mouth enormous—"Prithee, what's his
name?"

"They ca' him Maister Raw," the Scotch-
man cried;

"He has been wrecked, I trow, and what not
a' beside."

"Odd's blood," addressing Tom, "'tis mon-
strous trying:

Didst lose much? 'tis a most infernal river:
Charlotte! come in, my daughter, Charlotte
Kyan!

Our new recruit, girl! Mr. Raw—didst ever
See such a shameface?"—"La, papa, I never
Thought you'd receive folks in this dish-
bille."

"Curse your French words, girl—though
you're dev'lish clever,

You jade, to say the truth. Go fetch my pill,
'Tis time to take it—Mr. Raw, you've not
been ill?"

Such was our youth's reception—rather queer
For one like him who'd seen the world but
little;

And he express'd surprise. "Oh! dinna fear,"
The adjutant replied, "the man has mettle;
Prodigious civil too, although his wit ill

Pleases you, I think, sir; but then ye need
Na fash your thumb—just let the dregs o't
settle,

And ye'll be unco friends—ye wull indeed;
Tak my advice, an a' my admonitions heed.

“ He's what ye ca' a man o' precevelege,
And waxes wroth at any contradiction;
E'en let him gang his gait, and ne'er abredege
Aye thing for which he shews a predelection;
But smile and boo, and always own conviction,

Howe'er ye doo'; and—hearkee! praise his
bairn;

She's unco blank, ye ken; that's some restriction;

But then she's siller; and ye're not to learn
That siller, says the proverb, makes the mill
to turn.”

Tom plays his cards well, and marries
the colonel's daughter, who brings him “lots of brats,” but no
money; for her father, very foolishly
for an old man, marries a cunning
old maid, dies, and leaves her all his
property. Poor Tom and his wife
are immersed in sad difficulties; and
“the Griffin” is at last wounded in
an action with the enemy, which
seems to complete their misfortunes.
However, it proves their cure; for at
length

The day arrived when Tom about could
crawl;

And on that day, with joy elate, he saw
“As Sub-Assistant-Commissary-General
In Rohilcund—Lieutenant Thomas Raw,
For gallantry achieved at Fort Mundaw.”

And in a week he got his uniform
Made up, *secundum* military law;
A wooden leg his form did well become,
And every one admired the martial air of
Tom!

And now, as we've our hero so provided
With every thing one looks for in this life—
A staff appointment—not to be derided
In sorry times like these—and—and—a wife
(He's long forgotten matrimonial strife),
And of himself a dozen epitomes—
We've nothing more to do—but being rife,
In hope that this our humble tale agrees
With all your tastes—we'll drop the curtain,
if you please.

And thus ends *Tom Raw, the Griffin*;
a most amusing and cleverly

written book, independent of the
plates, which alone would be cheap
at double its price.

Mrs. Primrose. As a companion
to *Tom Raw* on the drawing-room
table you may place *Switzerland*, another
division of *The World in Miniature*;
all the previous ones being
ranged upon yonder shelf, forming
a source of amusement and instruction
almost inexhaustible; particularly
for the young.

Mr. Apathy. It is a very valuable
publication that; written in a familiar
style, it comes home to the comprehension
of every reader. But here's
a volume, probably more useful than
amusing. I would, however, seriously
recommend it to the perusal
of all who value health; and who
does not? It really is the best medical
work I ever read. It is called
*A Treatise on those Diseases which
are either directly or indirectly connected
with Indigestion*; comprising
also a Commentary on the principal
Ailments of Children, by Dr. Uwins.
The doctor's language is good; his
principles those of sound sense, opposed
to many of the vague and crude
theories of the day. He is an enemy
to a rigid adherence to system, without
any attention to circumstances; and
his advice with respect to diet
is particularly good. Repletion and
abstinence he equally condemns; and
winds up his advice with a maxim
that ought to be written in letters
of gold—“Moderation,” and not abstinence,
“is the command both of
philosophy and good sense.”

Mr. Montague. You seem quite
enamoured of Dr. Uwins—you speak
of him and his work quite *con amore*.

Mr. Apathy. I speak as I feel;
and I should like to see his *Treatise*

in every library, and its rules made the medical guide of every family.

Mr. Mathews. Well, on your recommendation, I will purchase and read Dr. Uwins' book. But as we are not perhaps all sufficiently *au fait* of medical subjects to allow of our discussing its merits to advantage, we will look out for another subject. Who has read Charles Swain's *Metrical Essays*?

Reginald. I was looking over a copy in my bookseller's shop last week, and was so much struck with the beauty and elegance of some of the brief snatches of poesy in the volume, that I ordered it to be sent home. It has not, however, arrived; therefore I cannot be said to have read it.

Mr. Mathews. Although the production of a young writer, it is a volume full of gems, not of great magnitude indeed, but of the first water. Witness that fine burst of feeling, the opening Address to Poesy. I will read you the piece entitled *Capsalis*, to which this note is attached by way of explanation:

CAPSALIS.

Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts; those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardiest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All these preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to Ibrahim, and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. "But one voice was heard among the despairing women," says M. Fabri: "'To the sea! to the sea!' Many precipitated themselves into wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full; and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which

was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even several children, had the address and the good fortune to free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve hundred, who could discover no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder-magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsalis (one of the primates of the town), who, having obstinately refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder-magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it.' They wept not; they had no parting to apprehend: the grave was about to unite them for ever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meanwhile the enemy crowded round their asylum; some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roof, and endeavoured to demolish it. At length Capsalis, perceiving that a vast multitude had assembled, uttered a brief prayer familiar to the Greeks—'Lord, remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so violent, that the neighbouring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea moving from its bed, inundated one part of the town. Two thousand barbarians were blown up with Capsalis." Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!

Voices upon the seas

Of wildness and despair;

One common cry of agony

Fills all the circling air.

Age, with snow-honoured head;

Manhood, with ardent eye;

Youth, with its light of loveliness—

All seek one hope—to die!

A shout upon the land;

A flash and ring of arms;

A gathering rush of barbarous men,

Shakes earth with dread alarms.

Like the avalanche their speed;

Like the tempest in its wrath;

Like the simoom's fatal sweep—

Is their red and deadly path.

The virgin's sacred breast,
Where love might but preside,
Lies, like a crushed yet beauteous flower,
Bathed in its purple tide.

The wan and aged head
Sinks there to rise no more;
The sightless eyes are dull and cold;
The white hairs dashed with gore.

Seek thousands, as a hoon,
Death's sullen sanctuary;
For who, when life is shame, would live?
When death is bliss—not die?

Ye dead—ye noble dead!
From ynur still gory sleep,
A voice shall pass to stir men's souls,
Far as the wild waves sweep.

A light, as of the morn,
Through this dim night shall break;
Valour shall burst the Moslem chain,
And slumbering Freedom wake!

The soul that would be free
Will drag no fettered limb;
Sooner may man the sun's course turn,
Than throw slave-bonds on him.

Call up the splendid past,
From rock, from plain, from sea;
Each hath its tale of stirring deeds,
Of stainless chivalry.

Call up the gallant bands
That died with conquest won;
Proud spirits of Thermopylæ!
Brave hearts of Marathon!

Lost hath the warrior's sun
The charm that roused his sire?
Is there no bright though failing spark
Of the old patriot fire?

Yes, Capşalis! in thee
That pure flame is not dead
Which lit the shrine of liberty,
For which thy fathers bled!

Thou speak'st—and at thy voice
The eye regains its glow;
The heart, as at some gladdening sound,
Shakes off its weight of woe.

A multitude to thee
In their last hope press now;
Thou lead'st them on—is it to death?
With that calm, glorious brow!

Is it to death? The heavy gates
Close on the martyr-train;
Gaze they their last upon that earth
They ne'er may see again.

They breathe beneath the walls
Of the war-stored magazine;
The flaming torch is in the grasp—
Yet no dismay is seen.

Fiercely the din of arms
Is heard the walls without:
Two thousand of the Turkish horde
Send up their hellish shout.

They scale the gloomy roof;
The pillared sides entwine;—
Now, now, heroic Capşalis,
Revenge, revenge, is thine!

Jesu! what sounds arose,
What horrid cries sprung there,
As twice three thousand souls thus died,
Dashed through the bleeding air!

The dark alarmed sea
Wildly its bed forsook;
And fearful chasms yawned around—
Earth to her centre shook!

O many a heart shall mourn
The evil of that day;
And eyes shall weep those bitter tears
No hand may wipe way!

Yet through these sombre clouds
Of woe—and waste—and war—
I see a morn of beauteousness
Far rising like a star.

As from the grave the soul,
Enfranchised, mounts the skies;
So from the ashes of the brave
Shall Liberty arise!

Hear it, thou far-spread land—
Record it—O thou sea—
Not vainly Freedom's martyrs bleed!
No! Greece shall yet be free!

Reginald. The title of the book is not applicable, I think. *Essays* convey the idea of a didactic species of poetry; these effusions are more in the lyrical style: but that is nothing; for "what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and the merit of these pieces is too striking to be overlooked, let them be introduced to the world by what title they may. I hope we shall soon encounter Mr. Swain's Muse in a more imposing form; that is, if he finds he can sustain a long poem with the same vigour and spirit he has

displayed in these minor ones, many of which have appeared in some of our most celebrated periodicals. And now I shall bespeak your attention to a volume of poems, the production of a lady, not less talented than Mr. Swain, Miss Agnes Strickland, of Reydon, in Suffolk, whose poem of *Worcester Field, or the Cavalier*, has obtained for her no inconsiderable share of popularity, which will not be decreased by her new publication, *The Seven Ages of Women, and other Poems*.

Reginald. There are some pieces of even a higher order than the first poem. *The Funeral of King Charles I. and Charles II. and the Cavalier's Daughter* are of this description. I shall read a short piece:

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the lengthening twilight hours,
 By the chill and frequent showers,
 By the flow'rets, pale and faded,
 By the leaves with russet shaded,
 By the grey and clouded morn,
 By the drooping ears of corn,
 Ripened now, and earthward tending,
 As man when full of years is bending
 Towards his kindred dust, where he
 Lowly soon shall withering be;
 By the silence of each grove,
 Vocal late with notes of love,
 By the meadows overspread
 With the spider's wavy thread,
 By the soft and shadowy sky,
 By the thousand tears that lie
 Every weeping bough beneath,
 Summer, we perceive thy death!
 Summer! all thy charms are past!
 Summer! thou art waning fast!
 Scarcely one of all thy roses
 On thy faded brow reposes.
 Day by day more feebly shining
 Sees thy glorious beams declining;
 Though thy wan and sickly smile
 Faintly lingers yet awhile.
 Thrush and nightingale have long
 Ceased to woo thee with their song;
 And on every lonely height
 Swallows gather for their flight.
 Streams, that in their sparkling course
 Rippling flow'd, are dark and hoarse;

While the gale's inconstant tone,
 Sweeping through the valleys lone,
 Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
 Requiems for sweet Summer's death.

Miss Primrose. I am proud of my sex when I recollect the number of gifted female names which grace our literature, adding the brightest and most enduring flower to woman's wreath of fame.

Reginald. Hood has published a second series of his *Whims and Oddities*, and it is equal to the first in its capabilities to raise a hearty laugh, and dispel *ennui* and melancholy. *Mary's Ghost* is a whimsical travestie of some of our pathetic ballads, and is already so popular as to be heard even from the lips of our urchins in the streets. The literary part is all good; and the design by which some of the pieces are illustrated contain as much poetry as the verses that accompany them. They are redolent of genius, and rich in the *figures* of wit.

Miss Primrose. I have had Mr. Neele's *Romance of History* sent me, and have been much amused by some of the tales that, in these volumes, illustrate a tradition connected with every reign in the English annals from the Conquest to the Restoration. I think the title, however, a misnomer.

Mrs. Primrose. Why so?

Miss Primrose. Because it is rather the *fables* of history which are illustrated, than the romance; rather the legends of the ages of superstition and credulity, than the many brilliant events that have occurred, which might have well called forth the genius and feeling of Mr. Neele, and have formed delightful foundations for tales of love and gallantry, or of heroism and noble daring.

Reginald. Mr. Neele has executed his task tolerably; he is ill acquainted with the manners and costumes of ancient times, and has produced many glaring anachronisms: still these volumes will prove acceptable companions in the long winter's evenings, when the social party is assembled round the cheerful hearth, to while away the hours of darkness, but not of gloom.

Mr. Montague. Is *The Tale of a Modern Genius* worth perusing?

Reginald. Some portions of it are good; but as a whole, it is a rambling production; without much method, or any very great excellence in the matter. The author is a man whose efforts at attaining distinction have proved abortive; and he now rails at the world for its want of taste: though the real fault lies in his own inability to excite interest.

Mr. Mathew's. Who is the *Modern Genius*? Does he give any clue to his name?

Reginald. Oh yes! His name is J. F. Pennic, whose epic poem of *Rogvald* I have seen, but must plead guilty to not having read it. If his book be indeed the transcript of his feelings, and a correct record of the events of his life, the former have been strangely wayward, while the latter have been most untoward, and have presented as many vicissitudes as are to be found in the pages of any romance. Led away by the praises of injudicious friends, he is impelled to think that fame and fortune await him in his literary pursuits; and bitter disappointments meet him at every step. His first outset in life was indeed ominous of his future fortunes—whilst it might have taught him how little faith was to be placed in the promises of casual friends, or rather acquaintances.

A copy of verses he sent to a newspaper led to an acquaintance with a Captain Forbes, who commanded a signal-station in the neighbourhood; and the praises he bestowed upon another production of our author's, a tragedy, called *The Unfortunate Shepherdess*, quite won his affections. The captain promised to exert his influence with the London managers to get it acted; and when he left his station for the metropolis, he told our poor genius, that he would procure him a situation which should draw him from obscurity. Shortly after, he sent for the youth to town, and told him to go to a certain number in Seven Dials. Hither he repaired; and, to his astonishment, he found it an old clothes shop, kept by a Jew, who, on being asked if he knew Captain Forbes, replied

"Yes, I do know him: he lives in Bernard-street, Oxford-road. Ah; ha, I suppose you are the youth in want of a situation from the country, that he spoke to me about. I *did* want a young man some time ago, 'tis true, to attend in the shop here, and told him I had no objection to make trial of the person he recommended; but he did not come at the time I wanted him, and I am now suited in a lad; and therefore could not take you, if you are the young man he spoke of."

The Vicar. Poor fellow! What a downfall to his hopes! and what did he do?

Reginald. He repaired to the captain, from whom he obtained little redress, and who shortly after left London, advising him to seek a service in a gentleman's family.

Miss Primrose. It was indeed an unfortunate commencement for him.

Reginald. And his whole career

was as unfortunate. He has been a clerk to an attorney, a writer and actor of plays, a poet, a contributor to periodicals, and a schoolmaster. One poem, *Rogvald*, as I mentioned, has been published, and also a tragedy; both of which, I understand, possess merit. He has another tragedy now in hand, which he is in hopes will be brought out by Mr. Davidge at the Coburg. He concludes his work in a strain of bitter despondency, which is not much to be wondered at; and I can only say, I hope, most sincerely, that he will find this the most beneficial of his productions.

Mr. Apathy. Here are *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, by the author of *Holland Tide*. Tales, not of Irish subjects, certainly, for the stamina, the groundwork of the fictions would apply as well to any other country as to Ireland; but of Irish humour and of Irish character, both of which are ably illustrated. There are three stories in the three volumes; of these the first, *Card-Drawing*, is the best. It turns upon the murder of an old man by a rejected suitor of his daughter's, and the jeopardy in which an honest open-hearted sailor, also a lover of the girl's, is placed, by

the suspicion that attaches to him of having committed the crime. The second story is called *The Half-Sir*; that is, the half-gentleman, in which are portrayed the adventures of a young gentleman, who, succeeding to a large fortune by the death of an uncle, finds himself unable to obtain admission to the circle of which his fortune and present rank in society entitle him to be a member, on account of his low birth. The third is a tale of the wild and wonderful, being the adventures of *Suil Dhuv, the Coiner*; and it instances many passages, both of incident and description, of wonderful force and power. I will leave the volumes with you, young ladies; assured that you will find them well calculated to while away the long hours of a winter's evening.

Miss and Miss R. Primrose.—Thanks, thanks: we shall read the *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, perhaps on the eve of some of our own.

Perceiving that it was now near the witching time of night, we all and each repeated our adieus, and separated.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, Dec. 12, 1827.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte and Flute, composed by J. N. Hummel. Pr. 6s.—(Boosey and Co.)

As this is a composition of importance, and the title does not mention what number of the author's works it forms, it may be proper to designate it specifically by stating, that it consists of three movements—an allegro $\frac{6}{8}$ in A major, a "romanza"

$\frac{4}{4}$ in C major, and a rondo $\frac{4}{4}$ in A minor. Six-fourths is, in our times, not a very common way of marking the measure in compositions of the present class, and likely to inconvenience some players: but the author probably preferred it to the more familiar $\frac{6}{8}$, as, with the latter signature, the piece must, for the greater part, have been written in semiquavers,

which, by the mode adopted, are represented as quavers. If we felt a desire of writing a detailed criticism on a work like this—and, to be candid, we have no such wish—we should be compelled to lay by in silence three-fourths of this month's candidates for our criticism, whom, however comparatively diminutive, we cannot find it in our heart to sacrifice to the foreign Moloch in harmony. As Mr. Hummel's fame is spread over the whole of musical Europe, and as that fame may fairly rest its pretensions on the present sonata, it will be quite sufficient to characterize the latter in general terms. In one sense we may confidently aver, that better music than what this sonata affords is not to be met with. It exhibits a store of scientific combinations, abundance of skilful contrapuntal diction, and a labyrinth of modulations of the most select description, often trenching upon the remotest boundaries of the explored domain of harmony. Although these characteristics (applying more to science than to melody) predominate unquestionably, the latter cannot be said to have been altogether slighted. As in the works of Beethoven, we are at times treated with fragments of melody, which, like sunny glimpses in the present season, cheer our frame and spirits, and put us in good humour with what is more abstruse. In the fine "romanza," we have more than mere fragments of air; but there is withal a goodly intermixture of chromatic profundity, especially in the second part in C minor. The rondo is remarkable for the originality of its subject; as to the superstructure, elaborate and masterly as it is, we must give up all

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idea of verbal description. What casts a peculiar charm over the whole of this sonata, as well as over many later compositions of Mr. H.'s, is the richness, the aptitude, the general excellence of the harmonic treatment. This feature, proceeding as it does from an exuberance of harmonic feeling, is often attended with difficulties of execution, to which none but the higher order of performers will be found to be adequate, and which, even with those, demand some previous practice. But such practice, with such a work, is invaluable, were it even confined to no more than a page or two at a time.

A brilliant Polonaise for the Piano-forte, composed by C. Schunke.
Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

We have on some former occasions expressed the high opinion we had conceived of this gentleman's talents, and this opinion is further confirmed by the perusal of the above polonaise. At the same time, the very interest we take in Mr. S.'s future success leads us to make an observation or two, which, we hope, will be ascribed to their true motive. There are difficulties in this polonaise, which, in the present advanced state of the art, will no doubt be mastered by perhaps one out of thirty *fairly advanced* amateurs; but which the greater part of the remaining twenty-nine will shrink from in despair. When we add, that the self-same ideas might have been developed under much more convenient forms, and without any essential deduction from their effect, when we appeal to the book itself, which, in some instances, gives two versions of the same idea, one with the superscription "facilitated," we may

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be allowed to doubt the expediency of writing in a style so intricate, and accessible to so few. In regard to the harmony too, and the combinations resulting therefrom, Mr. S. has launched into profundities which bespeak much learning and independent feeling, but which are occasionally rather eccentric, and will be *caviar* to more than mere plebeians. And we have further to express our surprise that a German, with an inventive genius like that of Mr. S. should not only tinge his production with a good quantum of the *style* of Rossini, but introduce a variety of entire ideas, the substance of which must be viewed as matter of reminiscence from the works of that author. Thus much we have thought it our duty to state, both as a conscientious judge and a well-wisher to Mr. S. on the occasion of a composition in many respects highly meritorious and valuable, which displays abundantly not only a rich store of science, but a flow of genius not often witnessed in our days, and from which, when its exuberance shall have vented itself more, we are warranted in expecting important results. We do not wish Mr. S. to follow implicitly the merciless dictum of Dr. Johnson, who, in counselling a young author as to style, advised him, whenever he might think to have succeeded in penning a highly wrought and finely expressed sentence, to strike it out, and translate it into plainer English; but composers would, we are sure, do well in bearing Dr. Johnson's advice in mind, so as to act up, not to the letter of it, but to its drift and spirit.

Grand March and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by F. J.

Klose. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell, Bondstreet.)

It is like dropping from the clouds on *terra firma* in turning from the preceding polonaise to Mr. Klose's march. The latter, we may safely predict, will be understood by all the world—and relished too. It is a composition reminding us of poor Von Esch's style, simply melodious, regular, and certainly very pleasing, which any body may play, and to which one feels quite tempted to move one's feet in martial measure. We hear the inspiriting trumpet-flourish, and we can fancy the rhythmic thumps of the sturdy Æthiopian. Then comes the soft intermezzo in the relative minor, and its portion in the same major key; and the march subject closes the rear with great effect. The rondo is short, and not of novel materials; a bit of Giovanni has crept in among the rest, but the whole is satisfactory and agreeable.

Voluntary for the Organ, composed by Esther E. Fleet, Organist of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

This voluntary would demand approbation, even if the author were of our sex; but as the production of a female professor, it calls for praise, considering both the external difficulties which the gentler sex has to encounter in obtaining a regular and solid musical education, and, we may add without offence, the difference of mental organization, which, under the most favourable circumstances, renders scientific acquirements more laborious and arduous. The voluntary has two movements: an interesting andante, of chaste flowing melody, with some clever canonic

writing; and a fugue, which is somewhat plainly cast, and proceeds with too little variety of plan, but which, nevertheless, impresses us with a very high opinion of the extent of the fair author's studies, more particularly as in all the windings of the different parts she has preserved a degree of harmonic purity which struck us forcibly. If this lady had no assistance or advice in this voluntary, we can only say, that we devoutly wish all male organists in and about the capital were equally qualified for the situations they hold.

Introductory Preludes and Exercises for the Piano-forte; composed, selected, and arranged by Joseph Coggins. Pr. 5s.—(Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

These preludes are, as Mr. C. states, intended to improve the finger, and to facilitate reading at sight. They are written or selected with taste, are perfectly progressive, and cannot fail to prove of great utility, more particularly as in the course of this little work, and especially towards its conclusion, the author has laudably endeavoured to exemplify various styles of playing. It is impossible in so small a compass to wish for more than what Mr. C. has contrived to give.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *Three favourite Tyrolese Melodies, sung by the Rainer Family, arranged for the Piano-forte by J. Calkin. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)*
2. *The Portfolio, consisting of select Pieces from the best Authors and original Movements, composed by P. Knapton. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)*
3. *The favourite Glee, "Drink to me only," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)*
4. *Rondolettinos, founded on popular Airs for the Piano-forte, by C. Dumou. Nos. 5 and 6. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(S. Chappell.)*

5. *Seven favourite Marches, composed for the Piano-forte by Winter, Spontini, Mozart, Hummel, and Cherubini. Pr. 3s.—(Ewer and Johannng.)*
6. *Seven Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by Beethoven, Hummel, Mozart, Spontini, and Rossini. Pr. 2s.—(Ewer and Johannng.)*
7. *The Battle of Navarino, a characteristic Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed by Augustus Voigt. Pr. 3s.—(J. B. Cramer and Co.)*
8. *Kreutzer's celebrated Overture to "Lodoiska," newly arranged for the Piano-forte, with (ad lib.) Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)*
9. *Romberg's celebrated grand Symphony, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. No. 1. Pr. 6s.—(Hodsoll.)*
10. *Romberg's celebrated Overture, "Don Mendoza," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll.)*

This is a long list, in the comments on which laconic brevity will be indispensable.

1. Of the three songs of the Rainers treated in Mr. Calkin's publication, the first—which also formed the commencement in Mr. Kiallmark's book noticed in our last Number—cannot be heard too often; it is a gem of melodious sweetness, quite perfect. The plan in which Mr. C. has treated his three subjects is chiefly by means of modulations intervening between the airs, which are well enough, but, upon the whole, too straight-forward, not sufficiently disguised or blended, and tinged with the subject. At the same time we meet with several attractive ideas, among which those in the ninth page may be mentioned by way of example. There are no particular difficulties to be overcome.

2. This being the first number of Mr. Knapton's musical Portfolio, we

would recommend to him to direct his attention, in his selections at least, to a more easy style of writing for the numbers that are to follow. The music itself is good. There is a pleasing andante of Mr. K.'s own inditing; and good writing it is, without much executive inconvenience. This is followed by two pieces of Romberg's—Andrew, we presume—of decided merit, replete with scientific combinations and select contrapuntal treatment; but presenting occasionally passages, which, although not requiring first-rate proficiency, are certainly beyond the meridian of the generality of respectable players.

3. Mr. Rawlings' divertimento consists of an introductory movement, and the air "Drink to me only," as theme, with three variations. Old as the subject is, and tired as we are of variationizing, we must still do Mr. R. the justice to declare, that he has produced a very interesting and complete piece of musical writing. Every body must like things done in so select and able a manner; and although there is much display of good execution, the player will not complain of great hardship.

4. The fifth and sixth numbers of Mr. Dumon's Rondolettinos, like their predecessors, present useful and pleasing little lessons for private performers. No. 5. is founded upon apparently a Spanish air, of rather an original complexion; and in No. 6. we have a satisfactory treatment of a French song, "Le Troubadour à la Croisade."

5. and 6. Of Messrs. Ewer and Johanning's publications of seven marches and seven waltzes, we can give a very favourable account. The selection in both cases has, as the

titles shew, been confined to authors of celebrity; the pieces are all interesting; and some, especially among the waltzes, may be classed with the very best music of this description. The harmonic arrangement is extremely proper and effective.

* * * In speaking of these waltzes, we beg leave to refer to our notice of Messrs. E. and J.'s publication of the waltz "Le Désir," arranged for two guitars, by Mr. Horetzky, inserted in the *Repository of Arts* for October last. It then appeared to us, that liberties had been taken with the original composition, inasmuch as "what we had seen of this waltz before, differed greatly in extent from the abridgment of Mr. H.'s." In fact, the whole of the *trio*, generally considered as forming an integral part of the authentic composition, was omitted. We have since received from Mr. H. some particulars concerning the waltz in question, which we feel it due to this distinguished artist, as well as to the publishers, to insert here; the more so, as we know that the belief we entertained is shared by the generality of amateurs in this country. Mr. H. assures us that this waltz is not by Beethoven, to whom it is usually ascribed; but that it is the production of Francis Schubert, a young composer of great talent, now residing at Vienna, where it is known since the year 1821 under the name of "Trauer Waltzer" (Waltz of Mourning!!); that the original composition consists of no more than a first and second part *without trio*; and that both Czerny and Pense! of Vienna have made use of the waltz, *in this shape*, for the purpose of variations, which were published by Diabelli. Mr. Horetzky further

states, that the *trio* was added by Messrs. Schott, publishers of music at Mentz, who, having obtained the waltz from an amateur at Vienna, without the author being mentioned, published it, together with the spurious *trio*, under the name of Beethoven*.

7. The *Battle of Navarino*, by way of *divertimento*!! dedicated—not to the Reis Effendi—but to Sir Edward Codrington himself. Although this battle, *by accident*, is far from being universally hailed in England, its consequences are likely to be momentous hereafter; and with this impression, probably, Mr. Voigt resolved to commemorate the event. He is the first in the list; and the expedition he must have used calls for some allowance as to the quantum of compilation, the original matter being by much the least portion of the book. “Rule Britannia,” of course, leads the way; the allied squadrons make their appearance, and are courteously complimented by a piece of Turkish music. They now steer boldly into the harbour; Sir Edward Codrington to the tune of “Hearts of Oak;” Mons. de Rigny with the air of “Partant pour la Syrie;” and the sly Muscovite strikes up the *lively* Cossack dance, “Schöne Minka;” and right merry might he well be, knowing that *his* master’s game was going to be played, and that the hardest blows would hit others more than himself. These three marches being done—not simultaneously, although Mr. V. has accomplished such a thing before now, in his “Union agréable,”—the unforeseen battle

* Since writing the above, we have seen a publication by Diabelli of Vienna, which fully agrees with Mr. H.’s statement.

commences *par un hazard comique*, as the French would say. Mr. V. now entering into the spirit of the thing, fires shots of his own; many awful broadsides of ball, grape, and chain-shot are heard, and the semi-quavered peppering of the marines all the while; moans of the wounded, death and destruction, escape of the Moslems, awful close of the fight, and trumpets proclaiming the victory. A Greek air now seems to indicate the rejoicings of the poor Hellenes on shore—a display of national feeling which, we trust, may not come to the ears of Ibrahim Bey.—Count Heyden, in the delight of his heart, once more tunes up “Schöne Minka:” and “God save the King,” and “See the conquering Hero comes,” close the scene.

From this programme it will be seen that Mr. V.’s battle of Navarino is as complete a thing as could fairly be expected at such short notice—quite a musical picture. Among the original matter there are some passages sufficiently striking and appropriate, and the mass of non-originals is aptly and cleverly brought into play.

8. 9. 10.—What, Lodoiska? Lodoiska, the friend of our younger days, which electrified our budding musical sensibilities into ecstasies! that awfully mysterious *lento*, which chilled our youthful blood until it was warmed again by the tripping and gradually loudening *dum dum-derum dum dum* of the *allegro*, that masterpiece, as we then thought, of operatic overtures. Those days are long gone by, a generation has vanished since; Michael Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, Dicky Suett, and almost all the men and women-players that helped to delight us in this opera, have sung their last. Common stuff!

we hear some of our readers exclaim: may be so, with us the music is linked to pleasing associations; we can't help having a liking for it still. Besides, how much more elaborate and musically sapient the overtures to Spohr's *Faustus*, to *Fidelio*, and to Lodoiska's twin sister by Cherubini, may be, in Kreutzer's every body can understand and enjoy every line; and surely that merit ought to go for something in music as well as in books. Mr. Rimbault has therefore been very much in the right to arrange this overture with accompaniments; and we shall take an early opportunity of getting it up in full, according to his inditing, taking care to "do it" at a time when few people are stirring, for fear of hurting our musical reputation.

The symphony by Romberg is that in D major, op. 22, a work of the highest merit, of which, as far as we know, no adaptation for the piano-forte was hitherto in existence. That of Mr. Rimbault's may serve to give a very fair idea of the nature and value of this truly classic composition; and the same commendation applies to his arrangement of the overture of *Don Mendoza*. The latter is somewhat plain; but as the tempo is extremely quick, the player will have enough to attend to as it is, and not be disappointed as to general effect.

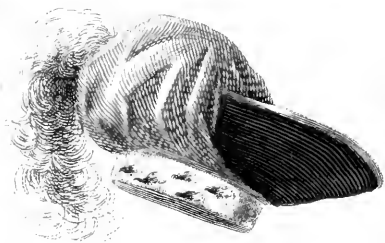
VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "By the fame our fathers won," a Song, composed by Alfred Bennett, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
2. "Youth and Age," a Ballad; the Music composed by W. Ball; the Piano-forte Accompaniment by J. Moscheles. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
3. "Come laugh with me," a Song, sung by Miss Paton; the Subject selected, composed, and arranged by W. Kirby. Pr. 2s.—(J. B. Cramer and Co.)
4. "The singing Bee," *Canzonetta*; the Music composed by W. Kirby. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)
5. "The Breaking of the Day," sung by Mr. Bedford, composed by C. E. Horn. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)
6. "Early Home," the Music by C. E. Horn. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
7. "Bless the Lord," an Anthem for three Voices, taken from the 103d Psalm, composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

1. Mr. Bennett's song is of a sturdy martial character, rather in a style of former times; but the melody suits the text, proceeds in proper rhythm, and is supported by an adequate accompaniment. Both the poetry and the air are better calculated for a male singer than a female.

2. "Youth and Age" distinguishes itself favourably among hundreds of ballads of the present day. There is a feeling of unassuming *naïveté* in the air which cannot fail to please; the ideas succeed in good connection, and maintain due rhythmic proportion among each other. The accompaniment by Mr. Moscheles blends unostentatious simplicity with tastefulness of style and great adequacy of effect. There is not one note more or less in the harmony than we could have wished.

3. 4. Although the first of these two publications is stated to be "selected, composed, and arranged" by Mr. Kirby, and the second has simply "composed" on the title, they are pretty much on a par as to musical originality; and the poetry is very so so. No. 3. besides other ingredients which may have been mixed up, seems to owe its being, chiefly, to what goes by the name of the Tyrolese waltz, modelled into different measure. It keeps faithfully to the tonic and dominant chords throughout; but as the tune is lively enough and easy, it may amuse amateurs of



HEAD DRESS.



BALL DRESS.

the minor cast. No. 4. is about some "singing," or perhaps stinging, bee: there may be an erratum; for the bees we have heard appeared any thing but musical in their intonation—their singing is all a hum. The air, in four sharps, is upon the whole pleasant (excepting, however, the symphony); but by no means "property." There is a fragment of "My heart and lute," and some other parts might claim kindred with familiar ideas of prior origin.

5. 6. "The Breaking of the Day" is a very effective hunting song for a bass voice, in which clef it is written. The main motivo is not new, but the whole proceeds with spirit and in jovial glee, and we observe a satisfactory diversity and contrast in the succeeding ideas; there is major and minor, and proper modulation and change of key, in accordance with the text. This song is sure to tell well in public. "Early Home" is a brief little ballad, plain, unassuming, but in good taste and pretty.

7. Mr. Poole's anthem consists of a chorus for three voices in triple time, a duet, and a like chorus in common time. The composition, though not of striking originality, does him credit; there is good style and pious feeling displayed, and the conduct of the parts is satisfactory. In the last chorus some Handelian ideas have crept among Mr. P.'s property.

GUITAR.

L'Aurore, ou Journal de Guitare, Choix des plus beaux Morceaux composés pour cet Instrument. No. 3. Pr. 4s.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

The present number contains twelve solos, selected and composed by Mr. Horetzky. In our review of the first *cahier* we suggested the expediency of fingering the more difficult passages; a hint which we are glad to find has been adopted in the one before us. With this addition, the difficult pieces offer the most useful private practice to moderate proficient, while the easier movements will afford them a grateful relaxation. We could not suggest a better selection, or one tending more to familiarize the amateur with every position on the instrument; all are first-rate, from the "rondongino" by Mr. Horetzky, which never leaves the first position, to the theme by Sor, which, facilitated as it is stated to be by transposition, is calculated to put the abilities of many professors to the test.

Six vocal pieces, with very plain accompaniments, are added, most of which are styled "Arietta Nationale Italiana." Without presenting striking traits of originality, they will be found to afford an easy and agreeable practice for the voice, as well as the instrument. The air, by Giuliani, is by far the most interesting.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. HAT of *couleur monstre*, or light green striped velvet; the brim, ex-

tremely wide and spreading in the front and sides, contains behind half a quarter deep and full, being a con-

tinuation of the lower velvet trimming that surrounds the crown, placed low on the left and high on the right side: the trimming on the front above is folded in a picturesque style. Papilionaceous bows of rich satin ribbon, of cherry-colour and black, adorn the left side, and spread from the top of the crown towards the right; three small branches of the golden or Portuguese everlasting fall gracefully from opposite points.

2. Toque of fine tulle spreading upwards from a broad gold band, which has two bows and an end pendant from the right side. The toque is edged at the top with gold lace; the crown is low and full, and has a star in the centre.

3. Turban of crimson velvet, with two ostrich feathers of the same colour on the right side, and a projecting ornament of black velvet, bound with gold lace, on the left; bandeau of ermine.

4. Parisian hat of black velvet, bound with gold-colour satin, and lined with pink; the brim is very large and double in front; two curled ostrich feathers of scarlet and gold emanate from the space between, and one extends beyond the edge of the brim. The crown is made plain, and has a fan-like bow of gold and black

satin ribbon, very broad; and a large ostrich feather, attached to the centre, extends in a waving direction towards the right side; strings of gold and black satin ribbon.

BALL DRESS.

Crêpe lisse dress of bird of Paradise yellow, with short full sleeves, set in a black satin band round the arm; stomacher front, composed of five perpendicular divisions, widening towards the top of the bust, and displaying black satin puffings between; scalloped blond trimming in front, deepening to a zephyr cape on the shoulders and at the back. The point of the stomacher is low, and finished with a *ruche* of tulle. The skirt is short, and ornamented with three rosaceous borders of the same material as the dress, with black satin puffings at the corners, and is terminated with a yellow satin rouleau: a band of the same colour is arranged between each of the borders. The hair is dressed in large curls in front, high on the top, and ornamented with tulle drapery, and supported with a tiara comb. Neck-lace, ear-rings, and bracelets of embossed gold and turquoise; white kid gloves; French trimmed gold tissue shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 15.

Furs begin to be in great request; many mantles are lined throughout with fur, and even those that are not have in general a broad trimming and a pelerine of that material. A good many gowns are trimmed with fur: some have two or three bands of it cut in *dents de loup*; others have bands of the same material as the gown, which are slightly edged

with fur. A style of trimming more novel, and certainly much prettier, is an intermixture of furs with the material of the dress, in the form of shells, leaves, or crescents. Ermine, sable, and chinchilla are the most in request.

Velvet mantles and *redingotes* have already made their appearance; the former are more capacious than ever.

The most novel have a kind of pelerine, which resembles a small cloak, thrown over the mantle; it covers the shoulders, descends nearly to the waist behind, and finishes in a scollop, as do the ends before.

There is also a very elegant style of pelerine made in the material of the mantle: it is of a round shape, and of a moderate size, cut at the edge like the teeth of a saw, and trimmed either with a silk fringe, or with a narrow blond lace. The clasps which fasten the mantles at the throat are very large, and some are of uncommon beauty, being exquisitely wrought in gold filigree work.

Mantles are now more in request than *redingotes* for the promenade, and those that are worn have nothing remarkable in their form. Those made for morning visiting dresses are extremely pretty and tasteful. We have just seen one made in royal purple velvet, and fastened up the front with buttons of *or mat*; the *corsage* in the usual form, but ornamented with a band *en pelerine*: it is a piece of the same material edged with narrow gold *galon*; it is let in on the shoulder, crosses the breast in folds, and is attached to the *corsage* near the hips by gold buttons. A zig-zag wreath of gold *galon* goes down each side of the front and round the bottom of the skirt.

Another very fashionable half-dress is a black satin *redingote*. The trimming consists of *creves* of blond net, intermixed with chenille; they are arranged on the bust in the stomacher style, so as to form the shape in a very becoming manner: they go down each side of the front in an oblong direction, becoming gradually larger as they reach the bottom of the skirt, which is simply finished round by a very full rouleau of black satin. The sleeve is of the usual shape; the half-sleeve, composed of folds of rich blond lace, lightly festooned by black chenille roses, has a very tasteful effect, as has also the collar: it is cut in deep points, which are trimmed with blond

lace, and falling over it, has the effect of a pelerine.

Bonnets are worn as large as ever; but the shape has altered a little, the brims being now between a hat and bonnet style, but more inclining to the former than the latter. Coloured satins and *gras de Naples*, watered in a new style, have been added to the materials we mentioned last month. Few even of our juvenile *élégantes* appear without lace lap-pets tied under their bonnets; these lap-pets have the effect of a cap, and are generally so becomingly arranged as to give much softness to the countenance.

Fancy black is still more worn than last month both in full and half dress. We have noticed in the latter a spotted poplin gown made half-high; the skirt is trimmed with three rows of flounces, which are arranged in a very novel manner, each flounce being cut in a wreath of vine-leaves, and corded at the edge with coquelicot satin. The flounces are each headed by a narrow rouleau of black and coquelicot satin, twisted together. A still narrower rouleau borders the upper part of the *corsage*, and goes round the broad bands which terminate the long sleeve. The epaulette is divided on the shoulder, and cut out in a small wreath of vine-leaves, which are bordered to correspond with the skirt.

Black net gowns, embroidered perpendicularly in wreaths of various coloured flowers, are in great favour in full dress: they have a gay but somewhat formal appearance. Plain black net dresses, trimmed with flounces, which are embroidered at the edge in a running pattern of flowers, are equally in favour. Black net dresses, richly embroidered in coloured silks, are also in request: some of these last have a mixture of *or mat* or *argent* in the embroidery.

The hair is beginning to be dressed lower in *grand costume*. In many instances it is ornamented only with knots of gold or silver gauze ribbon; wreaths of gold or silver flowers placed far back,

and feathers drooping to the left side, are also in favour. A singular, but certainly becoming, style of head-dress is formed by a piece of broad blond lace arranged among the hair, and partially shading one side of the face; it is caught up over the right temple and at the left ear by a Bengal rose, and, winding among the bows of the hind hair, ends in a long point, which falls into the neck.

The most fashionable neck-chains and bracelets are of *or nat*, and made to represent two serpents twisted together, the snags being in the shape of the heads of the reptiles.

The colours mentioned last month are still in favour, with the exception of dark blue and *marron*, which have been replaced by scarlet and a new shade of grey.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A COLLECTION of coloured Engravings of Gothic Furniture, twenty-six in number, with brief descriptions, which is expected to furnish valuable suggestions to upholsterers and decorators, will appear in the course of the month of January.

Lady Charlotte Bury, sister of the Duke of Argyle, is preparing for the press, *Historical Memoirs of the House of Argyle*, from the earliest period to the times of her father, the late duke, in two 4to. volumes.

A romance, entitled *Salathiel*, a story of the past, the present, and the future, founded on a striking superstition of the early ages of Christianity, and ascribed to the pen of the Rev. G. Croly, is about to appear.

The Viscount de Chateaubriand has completed his *Travels in America and Italy*, which will speedily be published in French and English. They form two 8vo. volumes, which will contain some fragments of his life; his Opinions on the South American Republics; his unpublished Travels in Italy; Five Days in Auvergne; and a Journey to Mont Blanc.

Tales of the Passions, by the eloquent author of "Gilbert Earle," are announced.

The author of "The Chronicles of London Bridge" is preparing for the press, *Tales of an Antiquary*.

Mr. Carne, author of "Letters from the East," has in the press, *Tales of the West*, illustrative of the manners and customs of the population of the western counties of England of all classes.

A novel, with the title of *Confessions of an Old Maid*, is announced.

The second volume of Mr. Britton's *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, with seventy-two engravings, will be ready early in January.

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson is preparing for publication, a volume, to be entitled *The Cypress Wreath*, consisting of Ballads, Tales in verse, and other Poems.

A new volume of *Tales*, by the author of "May you Like it," is in the press, and will appear soon after Christmas.

Illustrations of the University of Cambridge, being a series of picturesque views, representing the Colleges, Halls, and other public buildings, the plates to be executed by Messrs. Storer, will speedily appear.

Mr. Aspin is preparing for publication, *Urania's Mirror*, second part, containing representations of the planets, with descriptions and an apparatus, forming a substitute for an orrery; the whole fitted up in an ornamental box.

Early in this month will be published, a novel, entitled *Cuthbert*, from the pen of the successful authoress of "Stanmore."

Mr. George Cruikshank is now engaged in designing and etching a series of about thirty subjects, to illustrate *Punch and Judy*, as it is performed in the streets, which will be published about Christmas; with a history and dialogue of the performance.

Poetry.

RINALDO AND ANTONIA.

BOOK IV.

The tree may be planted in gardens more splendid,
And its beautiful blossoms on palaces shake;
But, oh! when its branches by nature are bended,
The bole ac'er is straighten'd, it sooner will break.

TIME rolls his course, and his unsparing
scythe

Cuts down alike the wretched and the gay;
The child of affluence, and he whose youth
Was cradled in misfortune, rock'd by care
And cheerless poverty, bow to his sway.
Ask the most lovely things what spoils their
bloom,

And they shall answer—Time. Ask lordly
Fame,
And he replies, 'tis Time.

Are there no chains

To check his Ariel flight? Perchance there
are;

But who would wish to bind his rosy wing
With gnawing grief, with misery or care?
These make him go on leaden pinions; these,
Which fade the fairest cheek, the brightest
eye.

Then is there ought which can add wings to
Time?

Yes, smiling Happiness has urged him on,
And in his rapid flight he dropp'd her flowers.

SONG.

Though many a mile two friends may part,
They cannot wholly sever;
For the communion of the mind
Shall bring them close as ever.

One sun shines on their varied path;
They gaze upon one heaven;
And to the Virgin Mother's throne
The self-same prayer is given.

And 'tis the same if parted from
The friends no more returning;
The thought that we shall meet them soon,
Shall chase the tear of mourning.

The dismal grave, which hides from us
The lov'd and the beloved,
Is but a passage to the skies;
A gloomy portal proving.

Short is the space of time to man
For his existence given;
And many a thorn bestrews his path
Between this earth and heaven.

Then let us gratefully embrace
Life's *flow'rets* as a blessing;
Nor murmuring pluck the loathsome weeds
Too many are possessing.

For if we only look to mourn,
The darkest pictures choosing,
We are the Virgin's kindest gifts
Ungraciously refusing.

Let's bow in trials most severe,
Nor murmur at the token;
Then trust the wreath of hope, though bent,
Shall e'er remain unbroken.

So sang Antonia, when three waning moons
Her eyes had watch'd since Don Alphonso's
form

Had vanish'd from the exile's lone abode:
Her mellow notes had scarcely ceased before
Her father joined her. "Look, my child,"
he said;

"See'st thou yon little bark which skims
along

The bosom of the water? Who can seek
Our solitary place of residence?"

Full well the conscious maiden knew what
meant

The smile that glowed on Constodella's lip:
There was but one whose presence could give
joy

To both; and her young heart, with trem-
bling hope,
Responded one lov'd name, which neither
spoke.

She watch'd the vessel near the landing place;
Saw three plumed figures step upon the
beach;

Then, with a maiden feeling, turn'd away,
But not before the mantling blush had dyed
Brow, cheek, and bosom with its rosy hue.

Ah! poor Antonia! 'tis not he whose form
Has been depicted in thy waking dreams
And visions of the night; 'twas *he*, the dread
Of peaceful hamlets; 'twas the bandit chief,
Who once before had sought to gain thy
hand

When fatal chance had brought thee to these
shores.

"Heaven shield my child!" her father
said; "for he

Alone who clos'd the hungry lion's jaws
Can aid us in this dread extremity.
Nearer he comes, Antonia; if the saints
Will not protect thee, with his life thy sire
Will buy thy freedom, or will die with thee.
The faithful Ambrose is within our call,
And he is valiant ever: for our weal
Stand by us, Virgin, for thy Son's dear sake;
For thou art ever merciful and kind
To those who place their confidence in thee!"

Meanwhile, with haughty look and towering head,
 Huberto, bowing to the trembling fair,
 And flinging back the clust'ring curls which hid
 In part his manly brow, thus spoke: "Sweet maid,
 Despite thy unrelenting scorn, I come
 To make thee Don Huberto's bride. My speech
 Is blunt; a warrior, I have little skill
 In wooing ladies' smiles; but what it lacks
 In courtesy may be made up in truth.
 Accept my suit then well; if not, by Him
 Who rules in heaven, I'll shew what 'tis to scorn
 A noble Spaniard's love!" And, as he spoke,
 His proud eye flash'd defying insolence.

"Stranger," Antonia said, with cheek all pale,
 And lip which trembled with convulsive fear,
 "But once I saw thee ere this fatal hour,
 And then I told thee I should ever be
 Deaf to thy proffers of unchanging love."

The bandit frown'd. "And wherefore, haughty maid,
 Com'st thou so firmly to refuse my suit?
 'Tis true that I am outlaw'd; but, methinks,
 An *exile's* heiress need not care for that.
 I tell thee, lady, that a warrior's love
 Is worthy of thy heart—a warrior's hate
 Should not be jested with—the lion tam'd
 By gentle courtesy becomes a lamb;
 But once oppose him, tremble for thy fate."

"If common justice cannot aid me now,"
 Antonia said, "let gratitude prevail.
 Forget'st thou *how* and *when* at first we met?
 My father saved thee from a watery grave,
 And risk'd his life for thine—oh! be not then
 Like the base reptile, whose recover'd
 strength
 Is us'd the first 'gainst him who sav'd from
 death!"

Deep rush'd the blood to Don Huberto's
 brow;
 Compress'd his lips, and flash'd his angry
 eye;
 His hand, by custom, sought the rapier's
 hilt,
 With which he mostly answer'd argument;
 Then checking his impetuous ire, replied,
 "'Tis true, thy father danger braved for me:
 But did he know *whom* he had saved from
 death?
 Had his good angel thunder'd in his ear,
 There drowning lies the Count of Carodone,

He would as soon have taken to his breast
 The burning fires of Etna's fearful mount.
 No, maid, yon billow would have been my
 grave,
 And the wild sea-fowl sung the mass o'er me."

"Thou wrong'st me," said Rinaldo, wishing
 first
 To try by gentle means to win upon
 The bandit's gratitude; for well he knew
 How insufficient was his single arm
 To meet the treble force of those opposed,
 By victory rendered insolent and bold:
 "Thou wrong'st me; ne'er did Constodella
 seek
 To strike a prostrate foe: 'twas hand to
 hand
 I met thee in the field, proud Portuguese!
 But when night clos'd upon that fearful day,
 I never thought of Don Huberto more.
 But hence! unhand my child, or thou shalt
 find
 Disuse and rest have blunted not the steel
 Which from thy treachery saved the king
 of Spain."

"And well he guerdon'd thee for such a
 deed!"
 Huberto answer'd with insulting scorn.
 "Let him send forth his armies to thy aid,
 And save thy child from Don Huberto's arms.
 What! must I fight to win my charming
 prize?
 Well, be it so; methinks she's worth a strife;
 But rather would I gain her sire's consent,
 To grace with kind good-will our bridal hour."

His sword Rinaldo drew; looked up to heaven,
 As though the justice of a sacred cause
 Were all he had to offer 'gainst a man
 Whose grim allies stood ready at his beck;
 One faithful servant but attended him,
 Called by the clamour to defend his lord.
 "Fear not, sweet lady," he exclaim'd,
 "though three
 May be opposed to two; the humble prayer
 Heard by the Virgin is itself a host
 'Gainst such a lawless robber's tyranny."

Clash followed clash, and prayer seem'd
 made in vain;
 Echo but mocked while she prolonged the
 strain
 Of dire distress; and human hope grew faint,
 And to Antonia closed in dark despair
 And horrible dismay. Yet, hush! hark! lo,
 A sound is heard! is it the billows' roar?
 It nearer comes—is it Huberto's band
 Hastening unto the rescue of their chief?
 Three unto three, for faithful Neptune had
 Espoused his master's feud, and by the throat

Detained one ruffian. Nearer are the sounds.
Rescue! deliverance! — lo! two mounted
knights,
Fleet as the wind, now joined the combat-
ants!

Swift from his panting steed the foremost
sprung,

Who first had heard Antonia's fearful shrieks
Borne on the pinions of the rising breeze;
And now, without a moment spent in vain,
Or idle questioning, he drew his sword.

“Defend yourselves or fly! and, Virgin, thou
Stand by the right, and may the saints pro-
tect

The cause of innocence!” He rais'd his bright
And glittering weapon high, but when it fell
’Twas crimson'd by the life-blood of his foe.
The combat soon was ended, for the proud
Vindictive bandit sunk to earth, and there
Breath'd his last sigh in dying agonies.

Antonia saw her father safe, beheld
Him raise his bloody hands to heaven, and
then

She knelt by him: but nature in the strife
Gave way, and recollection fled.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A SUMMER EVENING BY THE SEASIDE.

O'er the smooth surface of the sandy beach,
'Tis sweet at eve to seek our placid way,
Where ev'ry wand'ring wave the mind may
teach,

As rolls to shore the soft and snowy spray.

Now the still air is barely heard to sigh,
No noise of busy man offends the ear,
The half-heard waves upon the shingles die,
And scarcely rock the sea-weed floating
near.

Their mildly-solemn murmur on the shore
Is more than pleasing to the pensive soul;
The soothing sound delights the bosom more,
Than loud-tongued pleasure's frenzy-like
controll.

How tranquil now the ocean's silver'd wave,
As sinks the day's bright lord beneath the
tide;

While the soft lustre that his last ray gave,
Still tips the sails as slow the vessels glide!

Who, that ne'er saw its rage when tempests
rise,
Would think, to see how calmly now it
sleeps,

Its surgy waves will seem to strike the skies,
When the wild whirlwind o'er its surface
sweeps!

Yet that it is so, yonder cliff will tell,
Whose crumbling sides resist the waves in
vain;

Impell'd by storms, they rush with awful
swell,

And drag its falling atoms to the main.

So 'tis with man, whose dark deceptions
smile

Dwells on the countenance so seeming fair;
With smooth-tongued art he works his latent
guile,

And plants the sharpest thorn of dire despair.

But should suspicion glance a curious eye
To scan his deeds, he throws the veil aside,
And Passion's loudest tempest bursting nigh,
Shews with what turpitude his heart is dyed.

J. M. LACEY.

THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE.

From the Italian.

Sweet are the charms of this enchanting
scene,

Sweet the calm lake, and sweet the sky
serene;

But Laura's fate and Petrarch's woes impart
Still sweeter interests to the feeling heart.

See there the stream still gliding down the
vale,

Once taught to murmur to his plaintive tale:
Enamour'd here he chid the lingering morn,
And sigh'd that evening should so soon
return.

Who taught those rocks his Laura's name to
bear?

Ah! who but Petrarch twin'd those ciphers
there?

Deep in your glade the conscious grot I spy,
And, “Hail, blest scene of hallow'd love!”
I cry;

“Hail, reverend oaks, beneath whose som-
brous shade

Her beauteous limbs reposing, Laura laid!”
I call—and Laura echoes in mine ear:

Nor mockery this, for Laura still is here;
Here still she lives, and here her Petrarch's
strain

Thrills thro' each nerve, and throbs in every
vein;

Above—about—beneath—their spirits move,
And all is full of sympathy and love.

J. L.

SONG—FOR MUSIC.

Come haste, awake, 'tis sweet to see

The rising sun from yonder lea,
Sweet to hear the morning breeze
rustling 'mongst the trees.

Now 'tis the noon-tide hour,
 Come let us forth again;
 How fresh the passing shower
 Has made the thirsty plain !
 Now evening blushes—
 Hark ! how the thrushes
 Each one to each replies !
 And soon the moon with gentle light
 Comes to cheer the darksome night;
 Then to mortals' weary eyes
 Nature her balm supplies.

Just such is life—its early joys
 Are full of bustle, stir, and noise ;
 Bright Expectation's sanguine eye
 Ever sees Hope nigh !
 And when in manhood's prime,
 Tho' care should cross our road,
 How joyful is the time
 He leaves our glad abode !
 Short is his power,
 Thrice sweet the hour
 He wends himself away !
 What tho' old age at last shall throw
 His silver locks around the brow,
 Yet, with friends to cheer the way,
 Our lot must still be gay !

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE,

By Mrs. HENRY ROLLS.

The nettle springs upon his grave,
 O'er it the mournful yarrow wave,
 And, emblem of a nation brave,
 The hardy thistle blossoms there !
 Where is the widow, who late shed
 Such showers of sorrow o'er the dead,
 That these dank baleful weeds thus spread ?
 A low faint echo answers—Where ?

Are then those orphans left alone ?
 Do they a perish'd mother moan,
 And but delay the letter'd stone,
 To say they there together rest ?
 Peace to your shades, ye faithful pair !
 Come—o'er the hallow'd couch they share
 Place the recording stoue with care—
 Light may it lie upon their breast !

No ! follow'd by a sprightly train,
 The fair, the young, the gay, the vain,
 Emerging from the sacred fane,

Behold the smiling twice-wed bride !
 Are then a widow's tears but showers
 Like those which smiling spring-time pours,
 To gently bend, not break, the flowers,
 By the first flattering zephyr dried ?
 Then, by a hand to thee unknown,
 Be the last mournful tribute shewn !
 Here let me place the votive stone,
 And bid the cypress o'er it wave !
 Whilst she, thy tenderest, latest care,
 Is gone—Love's myrtle wreath to wear,
 Nor would one transient moment spare,
 To deck thy lone, neglected grave !

THE MICMAC*,

From a Nova Scotia Newspaper.

Tho' o'er Acadia's hills and plains,
 Thy wand'ring Micmac listless strays ;
 While scarce a single trace remains
 Of what he was in other days :

And tho' he now an outcast seems
 Upon the soil his fathers trod ;
 And his dark eye no longer beams
 With pride, that bent but to his God—

Tho' the " Fire-Water's" deadly wave,
 Which even pride could not controul,
 Has drown'd each feeling high that gave
 Such innate grandeur to his soul—

There was a time when Nature's child
 With nobler port and manner bore him ;
 And rang'd with joy his native wild,
 Or slept with heaven's blue curtain o'er
 him :

Long ere the white man's axe was heard
 Resounding in the forest shade ;
 Long ere the rifle's voice had stirr'd
 The stillness of the sylvan glade :

Ere Science, with her plastic hand,
 And Labour, with his patient toil,
 Had changed the features of the land,
 And dispossessed him of the soil.

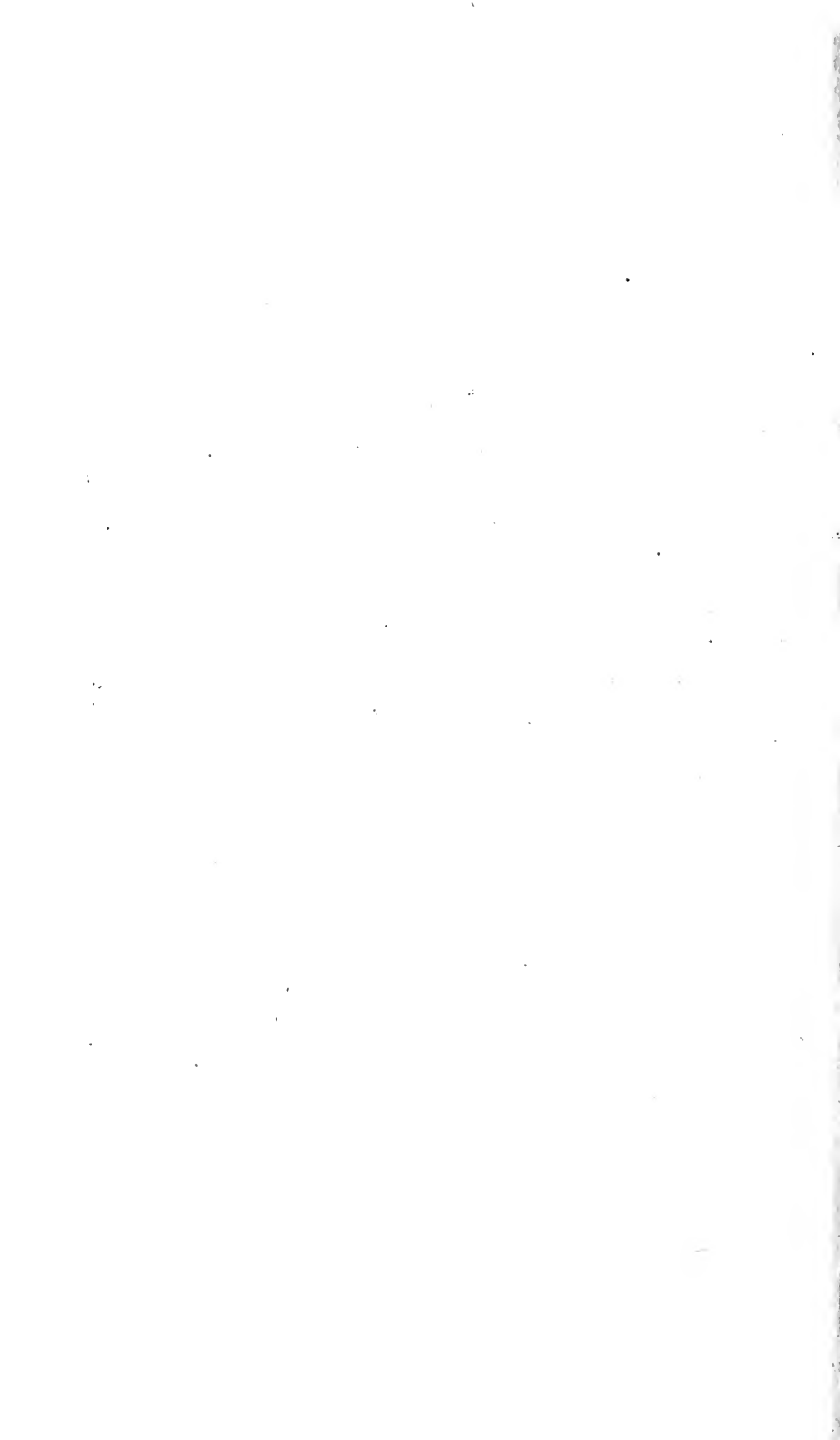
Then let fair Fancy shift the scene,
 While gazing on the Micmac's brow ;
 And shewing what he once has been,
 Make us forget what he is now.

* The aboriginal inhabitants of Nova Scotia are called Micmacs.



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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

J. W.'s suggestion has been complied with. May we request our Correspondent to transmit contributions, if it can be done without inconvenience, a few days earlier in the month ?

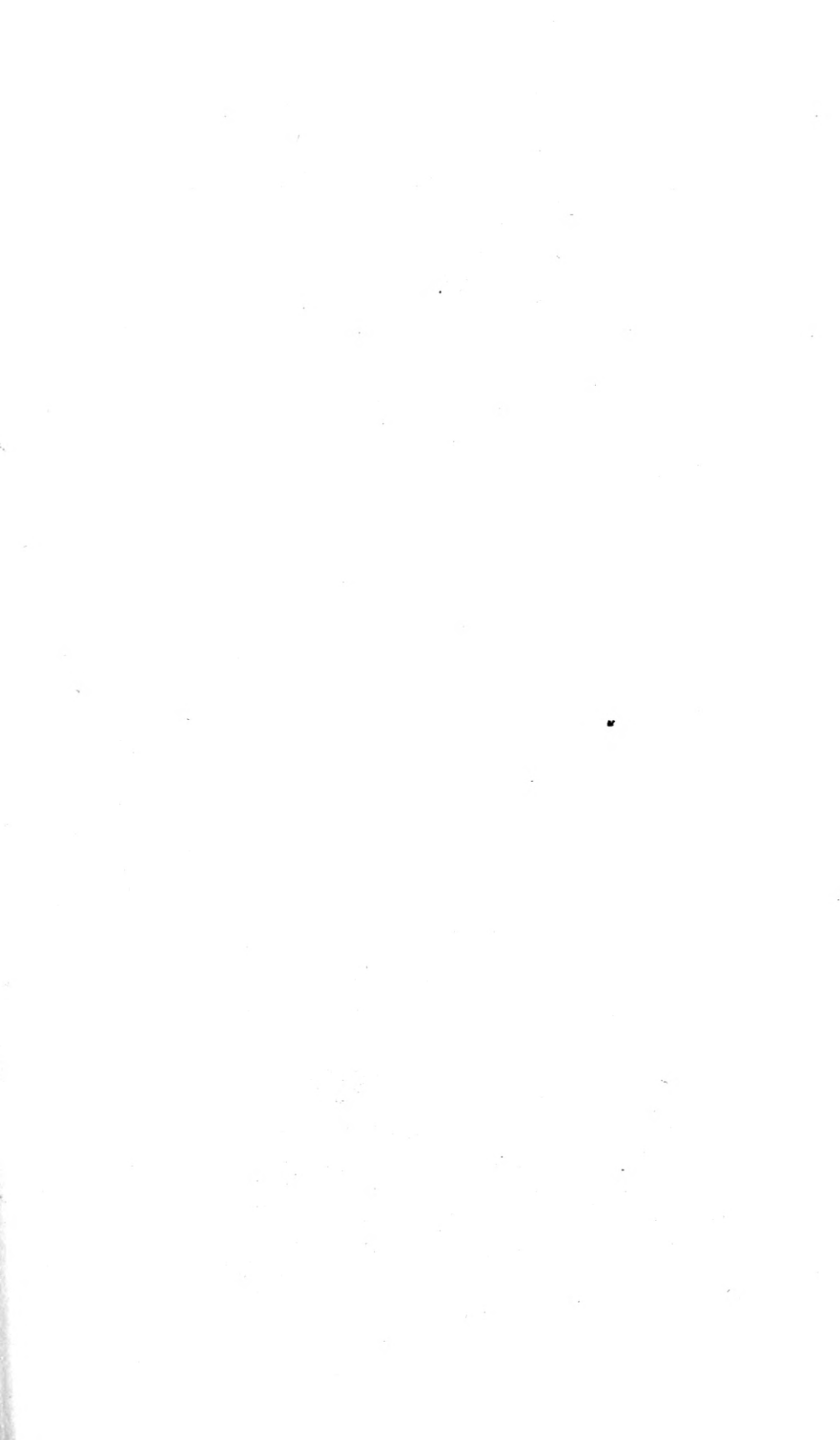
W. C. will perceive that we have at length redeemed our pledge.

The packet received from our fair Correspondent at Ipswich shall receive early attention.

The conclusion of the story of Rinaldo and Antonio in our present Number will leave more space in future for miscellaneous poetical contributions.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

KITLEY, DEVON, THE SEAT OF EDMUND POLLEXFEN BASTARD, ESQ. M.P.

THIS interesting mansion is situated about seven miles from Plymouth, a short distance on the right of the new road leading to Modbury and Kingsbridge, and about one mile from the romantic village of Yealmp-ton. In the erection of this seat considerable taste has been displayed; and although much credit is due to Mr. G. S. Repton for the improvements which have lately taken place under his direction, still the favourable situation of the building tends materially to heighten the effect. It is a quadrangular structure, of the prevailing style of architecture of the reign of Elizabeth, having numerous transom windows, long ornamented chimneys, finials, &c. and is chiefly composed of the Devonshire marble or Loine stone, which is obtained in the neighbourhood. The principal entrance is on the eastern side, over which are the arms of the family; and the hall is an ele-

gant piece of Gothic workmanship, composed entirely of polished wainscot. The several apartments are not only extremely commodious but most elegantly fitted up, especially the drawing-room, which adjoins the library, having columns in imitation of yellow marble. The chief attractions, however, are the numerous works of art which it contains, especially some of the most exquisite productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent artists.

Kitley appears to have become the property of Mr. Bastard by marriage with the heiress of Edmund Pollexfen, Esq.; and although they possessed several other estates in this county anterior to that event, there are but few places more desirable. The grounds are extensive and admirably laid out, and being embellished with a beautiful lake, or estuary, formed from the river Yealm, they are truly delightful.

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A few years since a curious cavern was discovered in this neighbourhood, regarding which many strange conjectures have arisen; and from the sequestered nature of the place, it is not improbable that it formed either a resort for robbers, or an abode for wild animals.

The present possessor of Kitley, E. P. Bastard, Esq. was returned as one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Devon on the demise of his uncle, and is a gentleman possessing much taste for the fine arts.

SELSDON, SURREY,

THE SEAT OF GEORGE SMITH, ESQ. M. P.

THERE are few counties in England containing so many noblemen's and gentlemen's seats as Surrey, which may in some measure have been occasioned by many of the opulent bankers and merchants being induced to select the most agreeable places in the vicinity of the metropolis as a retreat from the fatigues of business. In this respect the proprietor of this truly desirable estate has been extremely fortunate, as there are few places more beautifully situated; the mansion being only about thirteen miles from town, and the road, leading through the village of Streatham and the ancient town of Croydon, forming one of the most agreeable rides imaginable.

Since this estate was purchased of Mr. Coles, the eminent India broker, in 1810, the mansion has undergone considerable improvement, and is now one of the most splendid seats in the county. The great rage, however, which has prevailed of late years for the Gothic style of architec-

ture is here strongly manifested; and as we are no strangers to the superior taste which the proprietor possesses, we can only congratulate him on his selection of the most chaste specimens of that style, and also for the very splendid manner in which the interior is fitted up. Here are many works of art, especially a most splendid collection of choice prints, particularly deserving of attention; and in justice to Mr. Jackson, the Royal Academician, we feel a pleasure in noticing the portrait of Mr. Smith as a very happy effort of his pencil.

Selsdon is situated in the parish of Sandersted, three miles from Croydon: the grounds round the mansion are richly wooded.

Mr. George Smith is an eminent banker, a director of the East India Company, and representative in Parliament for Wendover, Bucks.

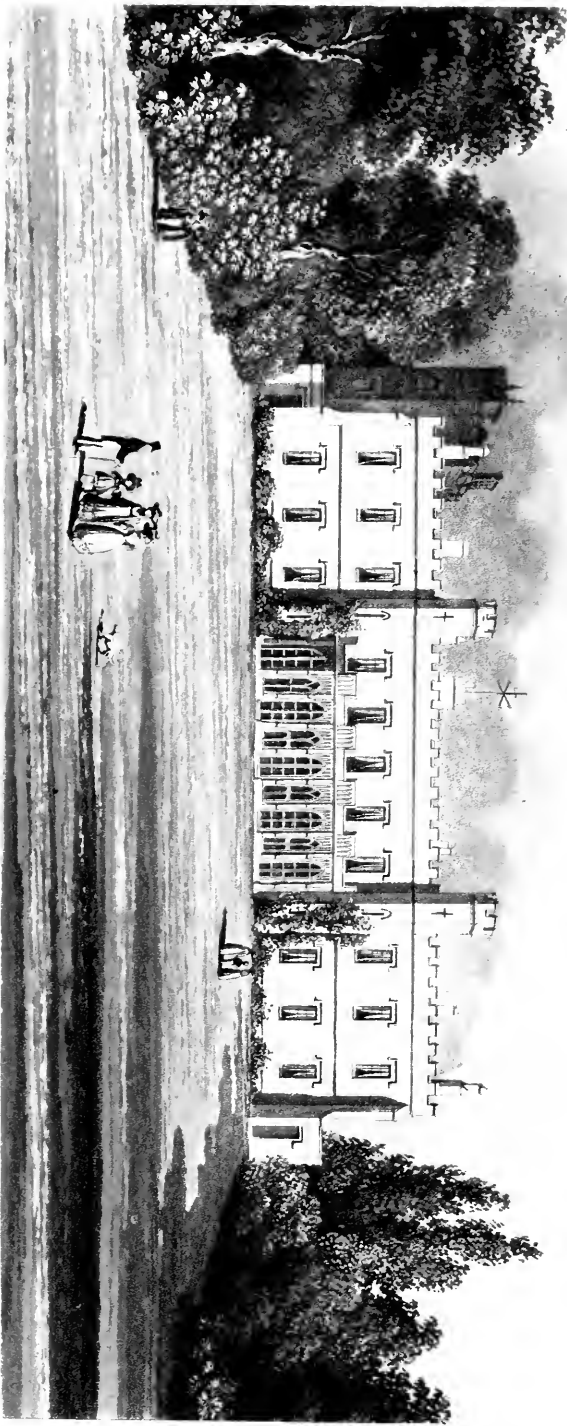
For the particulars to both the views in this Number we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

THE LEGEND OF STONE-CROSS.

By Mrs. HENRY ROLLS.

IN one of the most sequestered dells in the mountainous tract of Cam, in Yorkshire, may be seen a huge mass of stone, upon which

stands a rude and ancient cross, still held in reverence by the hardy race who inhabit the neighbouring vale of Wensley. It is known by the name



HELIGDON,
THE SEAT OF G. SMITH ESQ. M.P.

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of Stone-Cross, and is believed by many to be a natural production: this, however, is questioned by some; for at the distance of about fifty yards is another rock, hollowed out as if for a cistern, which has the appearance of a work of art, and both probably take their date from the earliest stage of the Christian era. Wodenscroft and Thorsdale lie only a few miles distant from these curious monuments of antiquity. The following legend, suggested by the above circumstances, it must be acknowledged, is altogether imaginary.

"Oh! turn thee back," the lady cried,
 "Nor seek that lonely gloomy way!
 Why quit thy tender new-made bride,
 Amongst those dreary hills to stray?"

"Why climb that rugged mountain's crest?
 Why seek that vale which shepherds fear?
 Is not this splendid bower more blest
 Than chasing harmless bird or deer?"

"That lonely dreary path to tread
 Was my fixt fate in ages hoar;
 The stag I meet sustains such head
 As never huntsman's quarry bore!"

The lady gazed upon his brow
 With all a woman's tender care;
 She read not there love's new-wrote vow,
 "But the dark lines of fix'd despair.

"O Linda! thine are fatal charms,
 And dark the hour in which I won!
 Prepare! these are no vain alarms;
 The work of fate is now begun!

"Thou know'st that pagan were my sires,
 Though now I seek a purer shrine:
 Is it devotion's flame inspires,
 Or that soft winning smile of thine?"

"There is, alas! a direful spell
 Cast o'er my house's ancient race:
 I saved thee—wooded thee—loved thee well—
 But of thy father nought could trace!

"But those bright jewels in thy hair
 Proclaim thee all I dread to see:
 Vain all my parents' watchful care;
 I clasped my ruin, love, in thee!

"Ere slaughtered by a ruffian band,
 Thou say'st thy sire that casket gave:
 I won it by this trusty brand,
 Alas! to light me to my grave!

"Seek not my corse, nor raise a tomb
 Beneath yon abbey's holy shade:
 No sacred roof must spread its gloom
 O'er the lone spot where I am laid.

"Then, lov'd, though lost one, fare thee well!
 A dark unearthly doom is mine:
 Go thou where sainted sisters dwell,
 And find thy safety in their shrine!"

He turned away in speechless woe;
 She sprung, she clasp'd his quivering
 knee:

"Though it were man's eternal foe
 Thou goest to meet, I go with thee!"

In vain he pray'd; for woman's love
 Unshaken glow'd in all its power,
 Such as, if true, 'twill ever prove
 In dark affliction's sternest hour.

Wild, steep, and rugged was the path
 That wound along that fearful dell:
 No blooming flowerets strew'd its strath;
 No dancing murmuring rivulet fell.

No goat's shrill bleat, no wild bird's cry,
 Was heard amid its depths profound;
 But the chill hollow wind's sad sigh
 Alone awoke the echoes round.

Thick clouds roll'd round the mountain's
 side,
 Dark as when swells the wintry storm;
 Quick lightnings flash! they heave—di-
 vide—
 Disclosing *Thor's* unearthly form.

Dim shines the spear grasp'd in his hand;
 Like distant thunder is his tone:
 "Why do ye here together stand?
 He, whom I claim, should come alone!

"In ages past the prize was won;
 The glory of that race is mine;
 For Redwold gave to me the son
 That first should join with Oswald's line;

"Or he should bring, to gain his life,
 At this the pledged and plighted hour,
 A spell to ward the fatal knife,
 And quell the demon's fiercest power.

"Seest thou that mighty mass of stone?
 Oft have thy sires before it stood;
 They hail'd it as my native throne,
 And bathed its base with captives' blood!"

"My reign is past, my power is o'er;
 Yet once more shall my rites be done!
 Come, kindred spirits, aid to pour
 The life-blood of their noblest son!"

The chieftain bow'd, as bends the oak
 When stricken by the blasting storm;
 But to prevent the fatal stroke,
 Between them sprung a beauteous form.

"Ask'st thou a spell to gain his soul?"
 She raised a golden cross on high:
 "This can the darkest powers controul,
 And bid the fiercest demons fly!"

"Thy robe of clouds, thy gleaming spear,
 Thy rites pure Christian hearts disdain;
 I plant this holy emblem here,
 For countless ages to remain."

Veil'd in thick clouds, the demon fled;
 Through opening skies the moon-beam
 shone,
 And a pure silvery lustre shed
 Upon a cross of living stone!

THE HOUSES OF RATCLIFFE AND WINANDERMERE:

A TALE OF CUMBERLAND.

By Mrs. BEATRICE GRANT.

(Continued from p. 24.)

"THE French and Spanish governments consumed much time in trying to accommodate their differences; and the movements of our army had been so ill arranged, that the routes of different corps were sent some from the south to northern brigades, and others from the north to serve with the troops appointed to invade Spain, by embarking in gun-boats at Marseilles, and landing on the southern banks of the river Segura. Thus, much time was lost, great expense incurred, and the regiments were harassed by long marches, which a due knowledge of the geography of the frontiers could have averted. Fortunately for us, the Spaniards profited little by the delay of incursion. They had no force concentrated to oppose their invaders; we carried all before us, and made many prisoners. Among these I one day recognised Barty O'Mullan, the son of our Irish trustee. The young man had an ample right to our best services, and we only regretted our inability to prove our intense gratitude to his worthy father. He told us, with a ludicrous expression of self-derision in his face, 'that all along since he left Ireland, there was blunder upon blunder. In the

first place, he had no objection to be a priest, since Father Callagher took an oath upon the blessed cross, that a shaven crown and a rosary were more pleasant to the Virgin and saints than the cocked hat and bandoleer of a soldier; and his uncle, a benefited deacon of the church at Al-puxara, wrote, inviting him to preach among a congregation of Moors professing christianity. For his own part, he feared all Moors were of the lower regions: however, he did not know that Moors were black, till he had the truth unfolded to him in Spain. He said, the next blunder was going on board of a vessel sailing for the Bay of Biscay instead of Malaga, as he intended; so he had to jog from Old Castile to Grenada upon a sorry mule, at least so was his purpose when he crossed the *baste*; but at Amarante the public authorities compelled him to bear arms. He had no objection to be a soldier; martial music was ravishing to his ear, and the whizzing of bullets good sport; but he thought it hard to be first bored into scholarship for a priest, then drilled by serjeants, and when expert in the manual exercise, again to be turned over to the cowl and the breviary would be

the worst, the saddest blunder of all: yet he sometimes thought he would prefer it to the discipline of the rattan, which was oftentimes unmercifully laid full bang upon his shoulders or his heels and toes.' I bade him make up his mind, and if he really wished to find his uncle, I hoped I had interest enough with our commander to get him safely conveyed to Alpuxara. I at length comprehended that O'Mullan wished to speak to me in private. I got leave to take him to my own quarters; in a moment the lining of his waistcoat was ripped up, and a letter stuffed into my hands: it was from Lady Harriet, signed by a fictitious name in case of accidents; but the handwriting and the allusions could not be mistaken. Her ladyship and fellow-travellers reached home safe and unsuspected. Sir Goodlet had been called to see the Irishman; and while we devoured the contents of the paper with eager eyes, Barty O'Mullan repaired his garment, and was ready to bear us company. His father sent him to Cumberland before he took his final departure for Spain, as he knew there was some chance of falling in with us. He had seen our sons; he had talked with them and Lady Harriet, and had carried, as he said, the beauty of England, Christina Ratcliffe, in his arms. We had thousands of questions to ask him; and, in short, while he continued with us, nothing but imperative military duties called us from him. Passing through Grenada, we had leave to conduct him to his uncle; and our presence protected the good priest from spoliation when our troops laid all the adjacent districts under contribution. We were from thence suddenly ordered to

make rapid marches northward: large bodies of the enemy were assembling to cut off, as was conjectured, our communication with the northern brigades of France. At Cuenza we engaged the Spaniards with numerical inferiority; but discipline and determined bravery had won the day, when a large reinforcement of fresh troops overwhelmed our remnants of a desperate battle. They had been nine hours under arms, exposed to a scorching sun. Before this defeat, Sir Goodlet and I were stretched on the field, and to all appearance life was extinct in both. Charitable and pious monks from a neighbouring convent explored the scene of carnage to remove the wounded to a temporary hospital, and to administer extreme unction to the dying. I am told that thirteen hours passed after my wounds had been dressed before I opened my lips. My first use of speech was to ask in French for Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe. The monks knew nothing of the name; yet, to quiet my anxiety, they said he was doing well. Sir Goodlet heard me, but was too weak to reply. I often repeated the inquiry, and in the afternoon of next day had the comfort to receive an answer from Sir Goodlet himself. His voice was scarcely audible, but the good-natured monks gently lifted my couch near to his, on promise that we would speak no more than they deemed safe in our exhausted state. I need not detail the progress of our cure. It was certainly retarded by the officious zeal of the monks to convert us, as they professed, from heresy to the holy Catholic church; and our inflexibility to their importunities, for I cannot call them arguments, produced

another striking example of humane dispositions perverted by the influence of bigotry. The priests, who spared no expense, no personal trouble in attending us while confined to our pillows, having ineffectually tried all the arts of persuasion and cajolment to make us recant our imputed errors, had recourse to menaces, which we treated with calm determination to endure all for conscience sake. The priests, horror-struck by our obstinacy, denounced us to the holy brotherhood for *the welfare of our souls*. As soon as we could be mounted upon mules we were ordered to Madrid, to be under the immediate coercion of the Grand Inquisitor. The uniform garb of his most Christian Majesty's soldiery procured us this pre-eminence in misery. The nations of France and Spain were indeed at war, but in religion they were in concord; and adherents to James II. of England, a prince who resigned temporal dominion because he would not reign over heretics, ought to be regarded with favour, and proselyted with strenuous zeal. We were still debilitated by our recent wounds; and blandishments, or the sight of horrible inflictions upon other heretics, were employed to shake our principles: we humbly submitted our mortal bodies to the trial ordained for us, trusting in the omnipotent grace of God to perfect strength in our weakness, and we committed our souls to Supreme Mercy. The Inquisitors, enraged by a perseverance which they believed impossible in beings emaciated, and more like skeletons than men, doomed us to be removed from an upper ward to a dungeon: yet as they were unwilling to give us over to ultimate rigour, we were allowed to remain together.

“The contests between Protestants and Catholics in England and Germany had acquainted us with many inquisitorial devices; and we knew that the specious indulgence of being allowed to inhabit the same dungeon was no more than a snare; the walls being constructed with auditory funnels in all directions, for the purpose of conveying to the ear of listeners every sentence spoken by the unhappy prisoners. Their conversations were written, and made the ground of perplexing interrogatories, or of materials for express accusations. Our precautions, our innocence of every charge but rejection of Catholic tenets, were of no avail. A third prisoner became the inmate of our dreary abode. He addressed us in several of the Continental languages, and finding we could speak French with fluency, he lamented our hard fate and his own. We replied in a strain which even malice could not wrest to our condemnation; for we perceived that he was sent to entrap us. These very slight sketches of our sufferings in the Pandemonium of the Inquisition I hope may have some weight to balance the offences we acknowledge to have originated from infatuated devotion to King James. We gave our fealty to a Catholic prince, but we never abandoned the Protestant religion; though a torturing death was all the release we could expect, we held fast our integrity; but the energies of our spirits being worn down, we were left in listless dejection. Unable to think for ourselves, the past, obliterated from our memory, no longer tormented us with images of happiness gone to return no more; and our thoughts had no exercise, except in prayer for a speedy transit to a future state. This benumbing apathy can alone

account for the total oblivion of an expedient, which, after years of confinement, effected our liberation; and it never occurred to us that the attempt might succeed, till called to make it as by a voice from Heaven.

“ Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe and I had long ceased to take the very little exercise which our narrow cell permitted. We seldom rose from the damp noisome ground, which was barely covered by mouldy straw, amidst the accumulated filth of many wretched predecessors; infested by vermin, and gnawed by rats, that preyed not only upon the straw, but upon our squalid clothing. Here we lay, consoling ourselves with the hope that our souls were daily nearer a deliverance, which all the guards, all the chains, bolts, and barred gates of the falsely named Holy Office could not prevent; when the stupendous fabric, reared over a multiplicity of dungeons, shook and heaved as if by a convulsion from the centre of the earth: and hollow rumblings, as of distant thunder, were, at brief intervals, followed by appalling shocks, that threatened to overturn the prison of the Inquisition. At this awful crisis, Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe and I felt no dismay. We happened to be at Lime, in Dorsetshire, in 1689, when the earthquake there spread so much alarm. We were now gladdened by the prospect of sudden dismissal from a condition which rendered life burdensome. ‘ Before we die, let me bequeath an impressive rebuke to the Inquisitors,’ said Sir Goodlet, rising from his straw, to whisper these words into my ear; and then, in tremendous sounds, he pealed aloud: ‘ The subjects of Great Britain, faithful to their national religion, and true to

James II. their king, will be required at the hands of the Inquisitors by the Supreme Avenger.’ At each return of the subterraneous noises and commotions, words to the above effect were repeated, as if they issued from the vaulted roofs of the adjoining chambers. The superiors of the Holy Office rushed into our dungeon, examined every corner and crevice; and while they searched it to no purpose, the earth again trembled beneath their feet, and a fearful denunciation of divine wrath came as from the dark profound.’

“ ‘ Do you hear any words?’ said a High Inquisitor to me.

“ ‘ Yes, senhor; and my heart responds,’ said I.

“ ‘ You shall have a trial of us instantly,’ returned the Inquisitor.

“ ‘ We ask no more than acquittal or death, senhor,’ said Sir Goodlet.

“ Nothing appeared against us but the adherence to our national faith, which we had invariably avowed. We were blindfolded and led away, uncertain whether to execution or liberation. We were conducted, or rather dragged, up several flights of stairs, through long passages, down steep descents, where a current of external air almost checked our respiration. We then felt as treading a causey — the bandages were hastily torn from our eyes, and looking after the echo of hurried steps, we had glimpses of our conductors disappearing at the portal of a convent. A narrow dark alley was the spot, where, famishing with hunger, shivering with cold in our tattered uniforms, and penniless, we groped along, unknowing what would become of us. A ruined building caught our attention. We hoped to shelter there till next day, when a

bulky figure, wrapped in a cloak, came thence, and from beneath the folds of his wide covering threw a bundle to Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, and another to me, speaking low, in a broad Irish accent, these words, deeply engraven on my memory: 'Had O'Mullan the *manes* for his hand to second his heart, he would do much more.' He raised his far-spreading hat to shew his well-known features—then dropped it again on his head, and darted into the old house. May it please God to grant us opportunity to remunerate him or his family for a benefaction that saved us from perishing! Each bundle contained a cloak, a shirt, and some money. With these slender means we took the shortest route to France, and never felt our chains broken while we trod on the Spanish soil. In France our tattered uniform, and the dismal tale of recent sufferings in the prison of the Inquisition, obtained us free quarters."

"Pardon this interruption, my lord," said Sir Thomas Burnet; "I am curious, nay impatient, for a more particular account of the voices to which you owed deliverance from prison."

At the same instant a rough unearthly but distinctly articulate succession of sounds rose from under the chair occupied by Judge Burnet, saying, "God bless the land of freedom, where no Inquisitor pollutes the fountains of humanity and justice!"

Sir Thomas Burnet became pale; but soon recovering self-possession, he said, "I beg to know the history of this marvellous attainment, Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe."

"Most willingly shall I communi-

cate all the account I can give of it, Sir Thomas," replied Sir Goodlet.

"When Lord Winandermere and I were boys ranging the hills of Cumberland, we often shouted to each other in all modulations of voice; and after some time I observed that certain inflections made the sound appear to proceed from any distance within the compass of my vocal efforts. Much pleased with the discovery, I improved by sedulous practice. We kept our own secret, and diverted ourselves with the astonishment of our companions, who, having heard sentences very intelligibly uttered, could, on no occasion, detect the speakers, though above a score of striplings sprung to the spot, searching all around; but no human form could be seen, and stories were soon in circulation that the Cumberland hills were haunted by invisible talkers. This is all I have to tell you, Sir Thomas, except a more recent application of our expedient, which Lord Winandermere will presently relate."

"My lord," said Sir Thomas, "I beg you to resume your narrative."

"The few sentences you have uttered, my friend, have augmented your hoarseness; so without further ceremony, if agreeable to Sir Thomas Burnet, I shall bring our adventures to a conclusion." A bow from the judge implied acquiescence, and Lord Winandermere thus proceeded:

"I honestly confess that a glance at the Dominican church at Bourdeaux called up in our minds recollections associated with every feeling which could add to our impatience to leave the Continent. Fatigued though we were, we hastened to the quay, and learning that a Scottish

vessel was weighing anchor to sail for a British port, we bought some homely provisions for the voyage, and assisted an old man and a boy to row a crazy boat along side of the sloop, which was bound for the south-western coast of Caledonia. The master received us; and the wind was fair during two days, when a heavy gale and gathering fogs compelled him to seek the nearest haven. To our great joy, this was found to be the port of Workington. We paid full passage-money, and bade the captain a kind farewell. With heartfelt thankfulness to Almighty God we landed upon the shores of Cumberland, and after vainly spending much time inquiring for the inmates of Ratcliffe-Hall and Winandermere-Castle, we set out for those dear residences in the afternoon, and had travelled some miles, when we overtook a clean-looking old woman, who, modestly turning to us her sagacious visage, dropped a low courtesy, and begged us to purchase some of a poor widow's wares for charity's sake. We bought all her cakes, and entering into familiar chat with her, she gave us more information concerning the objects nearest our hearts than we obtained in two hours at Workington. A new generation of colliers and fishers had arisen in our long absence, and all we could gather from them amounted to no more than hearsay — that Lady Harriet Ratcliffe was a good lady, who never turned a poor body from her door with empty hands. Perhaps the most intelligent people of Workington were at Ravenglas fair, since numbers from all parts came up with us on horseback when the daylight began to decline. The old hawker

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satisfied much of our anxiety concerning the inhabitants of Ratcliffe-Hall, and opened new sources of pain on their behalf. Little did the honest creature imagine she imparted joy or sorrow to the father and husband of those dear individuals.

“Sir Goodlet and I struggled to assume the careless air of strangers as she went on; for the commencement of her discourse apprised us that our arrival in England ought to be concealed till measures were taken to maintain the honour and interests of our families. In the progress of her communications, severe were the efforts of Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe to command his feelings. The old woman, speaking as to an indifferent auditor, gave him to understand, that while he had thought and talked of his only son as advancing to maturity in person and understanding, the dear youth, scarcely of stripling age, mouldered in the tomb; and the deplorable casualty that shortened his days had been aggravated to Lady Harriet Ratcliffe by shocking imputations from a court favourite, who, supported by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, brought forward a claim to the Winandermere titles and estates. I looked at my friend when this most lamentable announcement pierced his ear — yes, it pierced his heart: to address him would have added to his emotion. I drew his arm within mine; and several riders accosting our old hawker gave him a little time to rally his spirits. I judged by my own feelings that he would be desirous to know the particulars of events so touching; and though half suffocated by sympathy in his affliction, I asked the hawker to beguile the way with a more

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circumstantial account of the almost incredible and cruel audacity which she imputed to Colonel Lowther.

“ ‘The whole country knows that Colonel Lowther used Lady Harriet with less respect than was due to the meanest beggar that has a blameless character,’ said a farmer, whose handsome horse and silver-mounted saddle bespoke wealth: ‘but that excellent lady shall have amends of him, in spite of Madam Marlborough and her minions.—Goody Thornberry, you can tell a

story better than any man or woman in Cumberland; and it is but justice to Lady Harriet Ratcliffe to publish her wrongs to the whole world: so do be very full in explaining them to these strangers.’

“Unconscious of the impressions she conveyed to my friend and to me, Goody Thornberry shifted her basket from one arm to the other, cleared her throat, wiped her mouth with a corner of her nice white linen apron, and thus began.”

(To be concluded in our next).

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF KONIGSBERG.

At Königsberg, in Prussia, there is still current a tradition respecting a stately mansion which nobody could dwell in on account of the extraordinary noises heard there at “the witching time of night.” These noises consisted sometimes in moans and sighs; at others, in wild yells and tremendous uproar, which made the hearer’s hair stand on end, and caused those who supposed they could brave it to run away as fast as their legs would carry them. But the most awful thing of all was, that as soon as the church-clock struck the first stroke of twelve, the folding-gates opened of themselves, and out rolled a carriage drawn by black horses, and containing a lady, who, as well as the coachman on the box and the footman behind, was without head. When the neighbours heard the sound of the unearthly vehicle, the blood curdled in their veins; and such as chanced to be in the street at the time, strove to get out of the way: for a boon companion, who regarded all this as an old wife’s tale, and undertook for a wager to throw himself in the way of the passing

carriage, and to examine it closely, received such a token for his pains, that he carried the marks of it to his grave. The vehicle, after driving through several streets of the city, always returned precisely as the clock struck one, and entered the gate, which closed behind it with a vehement crash. The following story will explain the cause of this appalling phenomenon.

At the time when Margrave Albert was Duke of Prussia, this mansion was inhabited by a wealthy citizen, named Kurd, who had been ten years a widower, and his only daughter, Gertrude. They were of a good family, and possessed large estates. Gertrude was beautiful and of elegant figure; and Kurd, though advanced in years, was vigorous and hearty: still neither of them enjoyed life, for they cared not for God or his commandments; never prayed; and if they went to church, it was only for show and to keep up their character with the people. Of the gifts which Heaven had so bountifully bestowed upon them they had no enjoyment; they thought of no-

thing but how to scrape together still more money, and how to increase their already extensive possessions. On the many thousands of their fellow-creatures around them who had less than themselves, they never cast a look, but always regarded with envy and malice the least advantage which Fortune conferred on their neighbours.

Thus did they live dissatisfied with God and men, seeking to increase their wealth by the most unjust means, and even by exorbitant usury to despoil the poor, the widow, and the orphan, of the last wreck of their property. As they never allowed themselves any indulgence, so they starved their servants, harassed their dependents, imposed impracticable tasks, and wo to those who failed to fulfil their commands! for Hans the coachman and Peter the footman, both serfs, but preferred to the rest, and more mildly treated than they, had been long employed by their superiors as instruments of their rigour, and from habit took delight in the punishments which they were charged to inflict, and in which at length they frequently exceeded the orders they received.

The manner in which Kurd had amassed his wealth was obvious enough; but nobody knew what had laid the foundation for it, since he had inherited but little from his parents, and in the course of a few years had purchased considerable estates, for which he had paid in hard cash. On this subject many extraordinary reports were in circulation; some imagined that he had found a treasure; others, with a significant shake of the head, declared that his deceased wife, who once looked ruddy and blooming, had gra-

dually pined away, and that she had been accustomed to go about even at night, while all the rest of the family were asleep, with tears in her eyes and wringing her hands, as if an evil conscience would not suffer her to rest. It was said too that on her death-bed she had refused the attendance of an ecclesiastic—but what was the reason of all this nobody could tell. As, however, Kurd's estates were situate on both sides of the Pregel, and he wished to be sometimes at one place and sometimes at another, he resided chiefly at Königsberg, whence he would unexpectedly drive, even at midnight, first to this estate and then to that, and dispense the severest punishments when his orders had not been punctually executed. Miss Gertrude was in every respect a copy of her father; whenever they visited their estates, every person trembled, and at their departure, they were followed by curses and imprecations. A singular rumour was current, that Kurd went about in various shapes, and was frequently seen in two or more places at the same time; and hence many conceived that evil spirits assumed his form to play their ungodly pranks. The natural consequence of this was, that though Gertrude had attained the age of twenty-four, and though she attired herself like a princess in silks and velvets, and was adorned with costly spangles and pearls and precious stones, so that to one who had not known her she must have appeared an angel of light, still not one suitor had solicited her hand; and this circumstance served to increase the spite and malignity which she cherished in the recesses of her heart against mankind in general.

About this time Rudolph, a gentleman of a knightly family, returned to Prussia, his native country. He had served in the wars under the Emperor Charles V. and subsequently under Maurice, Elector of Saxony, and had been so severely wounded at Magdeburg in the right arm, that he could no longer properly wield the sword. Weary of the turmoil of war, as soon as the treaty of Passau seemed to have restored peace to harassed Germany, he returned to his home. He brought with him the fame of great military exploits, but neither money nor other wealth. He hoped indeed to find a little paternal estate in his native land; but so many misfortunes had befallen his mother, that Rudolph, to his severe disappointment, found the estate of his forefathers encumbered with debts, and saw none but dreary prospects before him.

One day, as with a heavy heart he had visited Königsberg to transact some business, he met a person named Wolf, who had been one of his juvenile friends, and to whom, after the first salutations, he confidentially communicated his distress. "Cheer up," said Wolf; "a handsome man like thee, and still in the prime of his years, need not despair of making himself agreeable to the ladies. Seek thee a rich wife, pay off the mortgages on thy estate, and all thy cares are at an end."—"How," asked Rudolph, "am I, who, by my long absence, am become a stranger in the land, to meet with a rich wife?"

At this moment Miss Gertrude chanced to pass by, and Rudolph, perceiving from her manner, dress, and decorations that she was above the common class, made a low obeisance to the lady, who returned the

greeting of the handsome stranger with a look expressive of something more than civility.

"There," said Wolf, "is a rich damsel to begin with; only there is one difficulty."

"And what is that?"

"She is the daughter of the wealthy but at the same time hard-hearted and avaricious Kurd, and is said to be not unlike her father."

"If that is all," said Rudolph laughing, "I have kept in order so many wild spirits, that I shall surely be a match for a woman, though she may not be exempt from faults; and let me tell thee, brother, if I am so fortunate as to win her favour, and she should but become a mother, the deuce is in it if she would not feel sufficient love for her husband to cause her to give way to him a little."

"Thou hast not a faint heart at any rate," rejoined Wolf; "and if thou art in earnest, I will to-morrow put the business in train for thee; and I have no doubt of thy success."

He held out his hand; Rudolph clasped it, and next morning they both repaired to the residence of Kurd.

As they reached the house, Gertrude, who was just going out, met them at the door. Wolf politely requested her to turn back, as she was the peculiar object of the visit of his companion; but Rudolph, who had now an opportunity of looking more closely at her, and on whom she made a still more favourable impression than she had done the preceding day, briefly explained his errand, and assured her that she had made a complete conquest of his heart at first sight. Gertrude's cheek flushed with joy; for she had relin-

quished almost all hope of obtaining so goodly a cavalier for a husband. With modest look and in gentle tone, she replied, that in this matter every thing depended upon her father's decision. Rudolph, however, impressed with the propriety of striking while the iron is hot, solicited her intercession with her father, and urged his suit with such warmth, that the blushing damsel gave him her hand. Rudolph kissed it fervently, and she then conducted him to her father, who was not a little surprised at the appearance of the group.

Wolf explained the motive of their visit; but Kurd descanted on the dearness and badness of the times, on which account it behoved every father, before he gave away his daughter, to inquire how she was to live in case she should become a widow; adding, that he must therefore request precise information respecting Rudolph's property. The latter frankly acknowledged his untoward circumstances, on which Kurd shrugged his shoulders. He was about to dismiss the suitor with a refusal, when Gertrude, who had not left the tender glances cast at her by Rudolph unanswered, begged her father to consider that a good and industrious housewife might make shift to live upon little. Kurd, aware of the drift of his daughter's remark, requested three days for consideration. Wolf invited Miss Gertrude to visit his wife and daughter, and she promised to dine with them the same day. It may easily be divined that Rudolph too was of the party, and there he obtained the first kiss as the accepted bridegroom. Kurd accommodated himself to the inclinations of his daughter, and in a few days the nuptials were solemnized.

The pleasures of the honeymoon were not of long duration, and Rudolph soon confessed to his friend that he was miserable as a husband. Still he was not without some gleams of hope. After a while Kurd died, and it then seemed as if things would go on rather better. Gertrude became a mother, and Rudolph now expected that the joys of maternity would soften her heart. At times he had reason to think that these anticipations would be fulfilled; but Gertrude soon reverted to her former behaviour. Weary of her reproaches on account of his poverty, her avarice, and her ill usage, he resolved to separate from her; but when he cast his eyes on his infant Elizabeth, he determined to endure every thing, that he might bring her up to be unlike her mother. She bore him a son, and little Rudolph became a new bond: but though the malignant and obstinate Gertrude was not to be bent, still her husband found means partly to repair the evil she did, and partly to prevent that which she would have done. Her father had taken care to have a contract executed in due form before the marriage, in which it was stipulated, that in case of a divorce, let the motive for it be what it might, Rudolph should have no claim whatever on the property of his wife; and therefore, if he would not be left quite destitute, he was obliged to give way to the humours of his wife; and habit by degrees rendered this submission tolerable.

Four years had already passed in this far from happy union, when Gertrude took it into her head to be jealous. Every maid-servant on whom Rudolph bestowed a kind word or look became an object of her mortal hatred, which she never failed to

wreak upon occasion. One day when, actuated by this baleful passion, she caused a poor girl to be severely chastised for some trivial fault, and Rudolph durst not intercede for her himself, he sent little Elizabeth to do so. She embraced the knees of her mother; but the latter, well aware who had sent the child, and beside herself with rage, spurned her from her with her foot. Elizabeth staggered, fell against one of the jambs of the chimney-piece, and sank senseless. She revived, it is true; but the physician summoned to attend her assured the parents, that she would never entirely recover the effects of the injury which she had received; and the poor child actually died in a few weeks. Rudolph now applied for a divorce, and also demanded the guardianship of his son, who, he contended, could not be left in safety in the hands of such a mother. The tribunals acquiesced in this application, and decreed that Gertrude should pay him two hundred marks per annum for the maintenance of her child. Of this ordinance she complained most bitterly, as though she had been reduced by it to beggary; and thenceforward she cherished the deadliest hatred against both father and son, who neither of them, however, troubled her more with their presence.

About twenty years after this event the elder Rudolph died. The son, who had conceived a fondness for a military life, had gone to Germany, fought in the imperial army against the Turks in Hungary, and contracted the most intimate friendship with a Baron von Venningen. The campaign being over, and the emperor having disbanded his army, Rudolph was disposed to return to Prussia,

when Venningen invited his friend to accompany him to Franconia, and spend a few months there; a proposal to which Rudolph at once acceded, on account of the intimacy subsisting between them, and which originated in very extraordinary circumstances. On a certain occasion, namely, the intrepid Venningen, having pushed on too far with his men, was surrounded by the Turks, and his liberty and life were in the most imminent danger. Rudolph exhorted his followers not to suffer Christians, and their comrades too, to be massacred by infidels, but to put their confidence in God, and risk every thing for their rescue. The brave fellows, inspired by his words, and reinforced by many of the fugitives who joined their ranks, charged the enemy, liberated Venningen, and put the Turks to flight, but not before a spahi had made a furious blow with his sabre at Rudolph, and the latter had fallen severely wounded from his horse. Venningen, grateful for the service rendered him by Rudolph, took care of him like a brother, and had him conveyed to Agram. That town, however, being full of wounded, he prevailed on the monks of a convent to admit him into their house, and attend to his cure. Rudolph's wounds were extremely dangerous, and the monks represented to him the urgent necessity there was for thinking of the welfare of his soul. Rudolph declared that he was not a professor of their religion; on which the monks importuned him with prayers and exhortations to seek safety in the bosom of their church. Venningen too, zealously devoted to the faith of his ancestors, urged him in the most cordial and affectionate manner

to accept the consolations of religion. Rudolph, a brave soldier, but not particularly well informed in matters of religion, nor a stickler for his own, yielded at the near prospect of death to the importunities of the monks and his friend, who conceived so much the stronger an affection for him.

The two heroes, on their arrival at the ancient residence of the Venningen family, were received by the old knight, Sir Eberhard, with great joy; and in a short time the old gentleman became as fond of the brave Rudolph as if he had been his own son. No wonder then that Rosalia, his niece, did not feel indifferent towards Rudolph; while the latter, who, amid the bustle of war, had not found leisure for love, having now nothing to do but to enjoy himself, and having the fair Rosalia incessantly before his eyes, was soon inflamed with the most ardent passion. The younger Venningen, whom this circumstance did not escape, rejoiced at the prospect of being still more closely allied to his friend; and Rosalia was not insensible to the handsome young warrior, of whose intrepidity and gallant deeds in the campaigns against the Turks his comrade had daily some fresh traits to relate.

One day young Venningen, at the request of his father, who was never tired of listening to the story, was repeating the particulars of the action in which Rudolph had rescued

him from the hands of the Turks. As he was describing how Rudolph sank senseless from his horse, a bright tear-drop trickled from the eye of the lovely Rosalia. Transported at this sight, Rudolph interrupted him. "My friend," said he, "only tells you what I did for him, but not the generous return which he made for it." He then related with vivacity and feeling how Venningen had carried him out of the fray, provided for him with brotherly affection, watched beside his bed, nursed him, and prayed with him. At this the tears of the fair Rosalia flowed still faster. "Even these precious tears, this inestimable reward, nay, your acquaintance itself, lovely lady, I owe to my friend; and if my vanity does not lead me to put a wrong construction on these tears, if I am not indifferent to you, permit me to solicit of your uncle this fair hand!"—"O Rosalia!" exclaimed her cousin, springing joyfully from his seat, "destroy not the fondest hope of my life! make my friend happy!" He took Rosalia's hand, put it into Rudolph's, led them both to his father, and said, "Your blessing, father, for the new-betrothed couple!" The worthy old man could scarcely speak for emotion; he pressed Rudolph and his niece by turns to his heart, and then said, "May God and his saints bestow on you the highest happiness!" Rosalia and Rudolph sank into each other's arms, and felt supremely blest.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SCENES IN THE INTERIOR OF THE FLORIDAS.

From "*Travels in America and Italy*," by *Vicomte de Chateaubriand*, just published,

WE were propelled by a fresh breeze. The river was soon lost in a lake, which opened before us, and

formed a basin about nine leagues in circumference. Three islands rose from the centre of this lake;

we sailed towards the largest, where we arrived at eight in the morning.

We landed on the skirt of a plain of a circular form, and drew our boat ashore under a clump of chestnut-trees, which grew nearly in the water. We built our hut on a little eminence. The eastern breeze blew and cooled the lake and the forests. We breakfasted on our cakes of maize-flour, and then dispersed over the island, some to shoot, and others to fish or to collect plants.

We remarked a species of *hibiscus*. This enormous herb, which grew in low, moist situations, shoots up to the height of more than ten or twelve feet, and terminates in an extremely sharp cone; the smooth leaves, slightly furrowed, are enlivened by beautiful crimson flowers, which may be seen at a great distance.

The *agave vivipara* grew still higher in the salt creeks, and presented a forest of plants of thirty feet perpendicular. The ripe seed of this plant sometimes germinates on the parent stem, so that the young plant falls to the ground completely formed. As the *agave vivipara* frequently grows on the brink of running waters, its bare seeds, carried away by the current, would be liable to perish: Nature has developed them against these particular cases on the old plant, that they may be able to fix themselves by their small roots, the moment they drop from the maternal bosom.

The *cyperus* of America was common in the island. The tube of this *cyperus* resembles that of a knotty reed, and its leaf is like that of the leek: the savages call it *apoya matsi*. The Indian women crush this plant

between two stones, and rub their breasts and arms with it.

We traversed a *prairie* enamelled with the yellow-flowering *jacobæa*, the *alcæa*, with bunches of rose-coloured blossoms, and the purple-crowned *obelia*. Light breezes playing on the tops of these plants broke them into waves of gold, rose-colour, and purple, and formed long trenches in the verdure.

The *seneka*, which abounded in swampy soils, resembled shoots of red osier in form and colour; some branches trailed along the ground, others shot up into the air: the *seneka* has a slightly bitter and aromatic taste. Beside it grew the convolvulus of the Carolinas, the leaf of which is like the head of an arrow. These two plants are found wherever there are rattle-snakes: the first is a remedy for their bite; the second is so powerful, that the savages, after they have rubbed themselves with it, handle those formidable reptiles with impunity. The Indians relate, that the Great Spirit, taking compassion on the *bare-legged* warriors of the red skin, himself sowed these salutary plants, in spite of the remonstrances of the souls of the serpents.

We found the *serpentaria* on the roots of the great trees; the tree for tooth-ache, the trunk and thorny branches of which are covered with protuberances as large as pigeons' eggs; the *arctosa* or *canneberge*, the red cherry of which grows among the mosses, and cures the liver complaint. The black alder, which possesses the property of driving away vipers, grew vigorously in the stagnant waters, covered with rust.

An unlooked-for spectacle met our

view: we discovered an Indian ruin; it was situated on a hillock, on the margin of the lake; we remarked on the left a cone of earth from forty to forty-five feet high; from this cone ran an ancient road, which was carried through a magnificent grove of magnolias and evergreen oaks, and terminated in a savannah. Fragments of vases and various utensils were scattered here and there, in cohesion with fossils, shell-fish, petrifications of plants, and bones of animals.

The contrast of these ruins and the youth of Nature, these monuments of men in a wilderness into which we should have supposed that none had penetrated before us, deeply affected both heart and mind.—What people had inhabited this island? Their name, their race, the time of their existence, are alike unknown; they lived probably when the world which concealed them in its bosom was still unknown to the other three parts of the globe.* The silence of this tribe is perhaps contemporaneous with the noise made by great European nations, which have, in their turn, sunk into silence, and left behind them nothing but ruins*.

We examined these ruins: from the broken parts of the sandy tumulus sprang a species of poppy with rose-coloured flower, hanging from an inclined stalk of a pale green. From the root of this poppy the Indians extract a narcotic liquor; the stem and the flower have an agreeable odour, which is communicated

* Historical truth requires the confession, that were I now to see the Indian ruins of the Alabama, I should subtract from their antiquity.

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to the hand when you touch it. This plant was made to adorn the tomb of a savage: its roots procure sleep, and the perfume of the flower, which survives the flower itself, is a pleasing image of the recollections which an innocent life leaves behind in the desert.

Pursuing our route, and examining the mosses, the pendent grasses, the dishevelled shrubs, and all the train of plants of melancholy port which love to decorate ruins, we observed a species of *anotherus pyramidalis*, from seven to eight feet high, with oblong dentated leaves, of a very dark green: its flower is yellow. In the evening this flower begins to open, and it completely expands during the night: morning finds it in all its lustre; about the middle of the forenoon it fades; at noon it falls: it lives only a few hours; but these hours it passes under a serene sky. What signifies then the brevity of its life?

A few paces further was a patch of the *mimosa*, or sensitive-plant: in the songs of the savages, the soul of a young girl is frequently compared with this plant.

On our return to our camp we crossed a brook thickly bordered with *dionæas*; a multitude of ephemera hummed about them. There were also at this parterre three sorts of butterflies: one white as alabaster; another black as the jay, with wings crossed by yellow stripes; the third having a forked tail, four gold wings barred with blue, and studded with purple dots. Attracted by the *dionæas*, these insects alighted upon them; but no sooner had they touched the leaves than they closed and imprisoned their prey.

After returning to our *ajoupa*, we went a-fishing, to make amends for our ill luck in shooting. Embarking in the canoe, with nets and lines, we coasted the eastern part of the island, bordered with sea-weed, and along wooded capes. The trout was so greedy, that we caught it with unbaited hooks: the fish, called the gold-fish, was in abundance. Nothing can be more beautiful than this little king of the waters: it is about five inches long; its head is of the colour of ultramarine; the sides and belly sparkle like fire; a brown longitudinal stripe runs along its flanks; the iris of its large eyes shines like burnished gold. This fish is carnivorous.

At some distance from the shore, in the shade of a bald cypress, we observed small pyramids of mud rising from the bottom of the water, and reaching to the surface. A legion of gold-fish made in silence their approaches to these citadels. All at once the water boiled up, and the gold-fish fled. Crabs, armed with shears, issuing from the insulted spot, overthrew their brilliant enemies; but the dispersed bands soon returned to the charge, made the besieged give way in their turn, and the brave but slow-motioned garrison retired backward to recruit itself in the fortress.

The crocodile, floating like the trunk of a tree, the trout, the pike, the perch, the cannelot, the bass, the bream, the drum-fish, the gold-fish, all mortal enemies to each other, were sporting pell-mell in the lake, and seemed to have made a truce, that they might enjoy together the beauty of the evening: the azure fluid was painted with their changing colours. The water was

so limpid, that it seemed as though you could have touched with your finger the actors in this scene, who were frisking at the depth of twenty feet in their grotto of crystal.

To regain the creek, where we had formed our establishment, we had but to let ourselves float at the pleasure of the wind and water. The sun was near setting: in the foreground of the island appeared ever-green oaks, the horizontal branches of which formed a parasol, and azaleas, which glistened like net-work of coral.

In the rear of this fore-ground rose papayas, the most beautiful of all trees; their straight, grayish, and carved trunk, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, supports a tuft of long-ribbed leaves, resembling in their outline the graceful *S* of an antique vase. The pear-shaped fruit is ranged round the stem; you would take them for glass crystals: the entire tree looks like a column of chased silver, surmounted by a Corinthian urn.

Lastly, in the back-ground the magnolias and the liquidambar rose gradually into the air.

The sun sank behind the curtain formed by the trees of the plain. As he descended, the play of light and shade threw a magical effect over the landscape: here, a ray, stealing through the dome of a great tree, shone like a carbuncle enchased in the dark foliage; there, the light, diverging between the trunks and the branches, cast lengthening columns and moveable trellises upon the greensward. In the sky there were clouds of every colour, some fixed, resembling huge promontories or old towers on the brink of a torrent; others floating in rose-coloured

smoke, or in tufts of white silk. A moment sufficed to change the aerial scene: you then saw the mouths of flaming furnaces, rivers of lava, burning landscapes. The same tints were repeated without being confounded; flame parted from flame, pale yellow from pale yellow, violet from violet: all was brilliant, all enveloped, penetrated, saturated with light.

But Nature mocks the pencil of man: when we imagine that she has invested herself with her greatest beauty, she smiles and embellishes herself still more.

On our right were the Indian ruins, on our left our hunters' camp: the island expanded before us its landscapes, engraved or modelled in the water. In the east the moon, touching the horizon, seemed to rest motionless on the distant hills; in the west the vault of heaven appeared to be melted into a sea of diamonds and sapphires, in which the sun, half set, looked as though it were dissolving.

The brute animals were, like ourselves, attentive to this grand spectacle: the crocodile, turned towards the luminary of day, spouted from his open mouth the water of the lake in coloured jets; the pelican, perched on a withered bough, praised the Author of nature in his way; while the stork soared to bless him above the clouds.

We too will praise thee, God of the universe, who lavishest around so many wonders! The voice of a man shall be raised with the voice of the wilderness: thou shalt distinguish the accents of the feeble son of woman amid the harmony of the spheres, which revolve at thy bid-

ding, and the roaring of the abyss, the gates of which thou hast sealed.

On our return to the island, I made a hearty meal: fresh trout, with tops of canneberge for sauce, were a dish worthy of the table of a king: thus I was much greater than a king. Had Fate placed me upon a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of dragging on a miserable life in Europe, like a Charles or a James, I would have said to those who coveted it—“You long for my place: well, try your hands at the trade; you will find that it is not so agreeable. Cut one another's throats for my old cloak; I will go and enjoy, in the forests of America, that liberty which you have restored to me.”

We had a neighbour at our supper: a hole, resembling the den of an otter, was the habitation of a tortoise: the recluse came forth from her grotto, and gravely took a walk on the margin of the water. These tortoises differ considerably from the sea-tortoise: they have much longer necks. We did not molest the peaceful queen of the island.

After supper, I went and sat down by myself on the shore. Nothing was to be heard but the continued sound of the flux and reflux of the lake along the beach: fire-flies shone in the shade, and were eclipsed when they passed through the moonlight. I fell into that kind of reverie which is known to all travellers: no distinct recollection of myself was left me; I felt myself living as a part of the great whole, and vegetating with the trees and the flowers. It is perhaps the most agreeable disposition for man; for even when he is happy, there is in his pleasure a sort of bit-

terness, a something which might be termed the sadness of felicity. The reverie of the traveller is a sort of fulness of heart and emptiness of head, which permits you to enjoy your existence in quiet. It is by thought that we disturb the felicity which God bestows on us; the soul is tranquil, the mind restless.

The savages of Florida relate, that in the centre of a lake there is an island, where dwell the most beautiful women in the world. The Muscogulges set out several times to attempt the conquest of the magic island; but the elysian retreat, fleeing before their canoes, at length disappeared—a natural image of the time which we lose in the pursuit of our chimeras. In this country was likewise the Spring of Youth. Who would wish to be young again?

Next morning, before sunrise, we quitted the island, crossed the lake, and re-entered the river, which we had descended to it. This river was full of alligators. These animals are not dangerous but in the water, and especially at the moment of landing. On shore a child may easily outstrip them, by walking at an ordinary pace. To prevent ambushes, it is common to set fire to the grass and reeds: it is then a curious sight to see large tracts of water surmounted, as it were, by hair of flame.

When the crocodile of these regions has acquired its full growth, it measures from twenty to twenty-four feet from head to tail. Its body is as large as that of a horse. This reptile would have exactly the form of the common lizard, if its tail were not flattened on both sides like that of a fish. It is covered with scales, which are ball-proof, excepting about the head and between the legs. The

head is about three feet long; the nostrils are wide; the animal's upper jaw alone is moveable; it opens at a right angle upon the lower jaw: in the former are placed two large teeth like boar's tusks, which give the monster a terrible look.

The female kaïman lays on the ground eggs of a whitish colour, which she covers with grass and mud. These eggs, sometimes to the number of a hundred, form, with the mud that buries them, little hillocks four feet high, and five in diameter at the base: the heat of the sun and the fermentation of the mud hatch the eggs. A female makes no distinction between her own eggs and those of another: she takes under her care all the broods of the sun. Is it not singular to find among the crocodiles the common children of Plato's republic?

The heat was oppressive; we navigated amidst swamps; our canoes leaked, the sun having melted the pitch with which they were caulked. Scorching gusts frequently burst upon us from the north: our hunters predicted a storm, because the savannah-rat ran incessantly to and fro along the branches of the evergreen oak: the mosquitoes tormented us cruelly. Luminous meteors were seen in the low grounds.

We passed a very uncomfortable night, without *ajoupa*, on a peninsula formed by swamps: the moon and all objects were enveloped in a red fog. This morning the breeze failed, and we re-embarked with the intention of endeavouring to reach an Indian village some miles distant; but it was impossible for us to ascend the river long, and we were obliged to land on the point of a cape co-

vered with trees, which commanded an immense view. Clouds are beginning to spring up from the north-western horizon, and slowly rising in the sky. We are making a shelter for ourselves with boughs, in the best manner we can.

The sun becomes overcast; the first muttering of the thunder is heard; the crocodiles reply to it with a hollow roar, as one thunder-peal answers another. An immense column of clouds extends from north-east to south-east; the rest of the sky is of a dirty copper colour, semi-transparent, and tinged with the lightning. The wilderness illumined by a false daylight, the storm suspended over our heads and ready to burst, present a scene replete with grandeur.

The tempest commences. Figure to yourself a deluge of fire without wind and without water. The smell of sulphur fills the atmosphere. Nature is lighted as by the flames of a conflagration.

Now the cataracts of the abyss open; the drops of rain are not separate; a sheet of water unites the clouds and the earth.

The Indians say that the noise of thunder is caused by immense birds fighting in the air, and by the efforts of an old man to vomit a viper of fire. In proof of this assertion, they shew you trees which the lightning has branded with the likeness of a serpent. These storms frequently set fire to the forests; they continue to burn till the conflagration is stopped by the current of some river: these burned forests are converted into lakes and marshes.

The curlews, whose voices we hear in the atmosphere, amidst the rain and the thunder, announce the conclusion of the storm. The wind rends the clouds, which fly shattered across the heavens; the thunder and the lightning, attached to their flanks, follow them; the air becomes cool and sonorous: no relic of the deluge is left but the drops of water which fall in pearls from the foliage of the trees.

OBSERVATIONS ON A PAINTING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, BY MR. T. BARKER OF BATH*.

THE influence of the periodical press in promoting the improvement of the community, is called for in no department more than in that of the fine arts; and I regret to observe, that in attending to the concerns of trade, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, the interests of painting and sculpture are but rarely attended to by that

portion of our literary talent which is employed in the publications of the day. I know from experience, that to touch upon the merits of living genius is a service of danger. The artist, to whose merits you would fain bear public testimony, is liable to be offended by some inadvertent expression, or well-meant notice of a peculiarity or defect in his works.

* There are few lovers of the arts but are acquainted with the print of *The Woodman*, engraved from an early performance of Mr. Barker's, which was purchased by Macklin, the printseller, for 500*l.*—EDITOR.

Thus you risk his displeasure by your honest attempt to excite a public interest in behalf of modern art and native genius. But this is not the worst. All the envious rivals of a superior artist conceive an irreconcilable enmity against any one who ventures openly to do justice to the genius which they would depreciate. We may, with more safety, exhaust every extreme of hyperbolic applause upon Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, on Raphael, Titian, and the other celebrated old masters; the angry passions of their envious competitors, which raged round them when living, have been long buried in the grave of oblivion; and the whole mass of anti-contemporarians, with all the trading interests connected with the works of the old school, will applaud your taste and judgment to the skies, in proportion to the extravagant praises which you bestow on the real or supposed performances of the illustrious dead!

Notwithstanding my knowledge that the department of the arts is a scene of conflicting interests, in which missiles are continually flying, and that I have severely felt the consequences of having unintentionally given offence to the envious rivals of living merit, I have kept the field, during many years, as a lover of the arts and a vindicator of modern genius—the angry looks and fiery tongues of the money-changers in the Temple have not deterred me. I still maintain my old doctrine, that man is at least equal now to what he was in the days of antiquity; and it is in discharge of a hazardous duty to my unbiassed sense of excellence, that I transmit to the press the following observations on a very extraordinary picture, which I have just

had the pleasure of seeing, painted by Mr. Thomas Barker of Bath, on a commission from John Hugh Smith Piggott, Esq. of Brockley-Combe.

But, first, as the subject of this grand composition is a battle, I may be allowed to offer some general remarks on the mode of treating these subjects. Contrasted forms are of importance in all compositions where they are introduced without excess; but contradictory principles, however excellent in themselves, when apart, cannot be introduced together without neutralizing each other. In battles from ancient history, when it was customary for the bravest and most powerful man to hold the chief command, and to set an example to his soldiers by leading them into battle and charging the enemy sword in hand himself, the introduction of the chief commander is an additional instrument of effect. The whole scene and all the actors breathe of war and carnage; and this unity of character is essential to the terrible impression on the mind of the spectator. Raphael's *Battle of Constantine*; Pietro da Cortona's *Battle of Alexander*, in the Sachetti Palace at Rome; Rubens' *Battles of the Amazons* and of the *Milvian Bridge*; and Le Brun's *Battles of Alexander*, are examples of this unity of action; with the single exception of Darius's helpless *inactivity* at Issus. Since the invention of gunpowder has changed the mode of warfare, and a commander-in-chief directs the action, but takes no part in the fight, the introduction of a commander-in-chief, with his staff, on the fore-ground, reduces the battle itself, which ought to be the first, to a secondary object, and in some degree neutralizes the effect. Of this we

need no other instances than the *Battles of Louis XIV.* painted by that excellent painter, Vander Meulen: they are admirably designed and painted; but the artist being obliged to introduce the king and his favourite courtiers in the foreground with all the unavoidable exactitude of portraits, these grave formalities damped the fire of the whole. If the artist had been permitted, in conformity with his own wishes, to occupy the main ground with the shock of the armies, and to indicate the presence of the king by the royal standard and other insignia, descried in the remote distance, those pictures would have occupied a much higher rank in their class.

If Salvator Rosa, Michael Angelo, Cerquozzi, and Borgognone had introduced commanders-in-chief and their staffs with real portraits, these great masters would never have acquired their immortal reputation as battle-painters.

Mr. Barker has chosen for his subject the impetuous charge of the British Life-Guards on that fine body of veterans, the French Cuirassiers. As this effort of valour had so large a share in deciding the victory, the artist has judiciously made it the principal object, and has represented the attack and defence of a French standard, surmounted by the eagle, the most prominent incident.

A young British officer of the Life-Guards, mounted on a fiery war-horse, is, in the centre of the foreground, engaged in a gallant effort to wrest the eagle from a French officer of the Cuirassiers. The assailant sits his horse with as much easy grace as if he had been born

in the saddle. His face is seen in fore-shortened profile; his left arm is raised and stretched over his horse's neck; and his hand has grasped the pole of the standard. His right arm is drawn back in the act to strike and to make good his prize by the sword. The wild impetuous action of his horse shews that the spirit of the battle is upon him; the noble white horse on which the French officer is mounted, being rendered ungovernable by the discharge of cannon and musketry, is bearing his rider away. This movement produces a variety and spirit in the action of the Cuirassier, who is swayed back in his seat, making a desperate effort to preserve the standard, and to ward or strike in turn. His gloved right hand is raised sword to sword against his assailant; and the gleaming lights, flashing on his steel helmet and cuirass, are touched in with a pencil of fire.

Immediately behind, or rather beside, this spirited incident, a body of the Cuirassiers, who are separated by the breaking of their line, are hotly engaged with the Life-Guards. The foremost of the French are dealing their back strokes with fury on their assailants; and their horses, maddened by the impetuous shock, are plunging over the fallen horse of one of their hapless companions, which lies bleeding beside its dead master. This victim of ambition still grasps his sword, as if death itself had not power to disarm him.

In the middle distance, and more to the right, a body of the Life-Guards are galloping, in squadrons, up a hollow way to attack this part of the French line. They form a tremendous column, finely thrown into a broad mass of strong half-

shade; and their lowering effect is heightened by the volumes of smoke which, at short intervals, rise above their heads at every discharge of musketry and artillery. Still farther off, and on somewhat of a higher ground, another body of British cavalry are seen spurring on to the charge. Their commander is giving his orders and waving his sword aloft with enthusiastic ardour.

On a still higher ground, which forms the line of the horizon, above these advancing cavalry, some large bodies of the British infantry are seen; and the standards flying over their heads indicate the presence of the commander-in-chief, the victorious Duke of Wellington. These bodies of infantry are prepared to receive the attack of the Polish Lancers, who are in full gallop coming on them. The volleys of musketry from the British ranks, the blaze of cannon from the batteries on these heights, and the rolling volumes of smoke ascending in eddying clouds and deepening into darkness on the sky, produce an extraordinary idea of that fearful moment which precedes the closing shock of contending armies.

The red fire of Hougoumont, which had been so often taken and retaken during the course of that sanguinary day, and was at last set in flames by the combatants, is seen near the centre of the horizontal line; but this circumstance is kept subordinate to the spirit of the conflict on the near grounds. To the left of the French officer who is defending his eagle, the squadrons of France and England, the flowers of their cavalry, are mingled together, fighting hand to hand. The fury of the battle rages on the edge of the chasm in the

French line, broken by the impetuous and irresistible attack of the Life-Guards. All the whirlwind and thunder of the fight is there: swords gleam, and helmets glitter; hands strike, horses plunge, and eyes flash vengeance: yet the artist has kept every thing in broad and noble masses. Instead of mocking the scene with cold, mechanical details, out of place and out of season, he has, in the true spirit of poetry, with a few strokes of his pencil laid in upon the general forms, contrived to excite the imagination of the spectator, and to throw the most terrible impressions of peril, desperation, and carnage upon the mind.

On this side of the fore-ground (the left of the picture) a striking instance of British valour is painted. A life-guardsmen is at once endeavouring to disengage himself from his horse, which has fallen mortally wounded, and to mount the horse of a cuirassier with whom he has been engaged, and who is falling dead from his saddle. The helmet of the English veteran lies on the ground; his bald head is seen; and his adversary sinks to the earth with all the leaden hues and weight of death upon his countenance.

This conspicuous corner of the fore-ground is most judiciously occupied by a few objects finely conceived, and executed with a commanding breadth and power: a fallen horse behind these two adversaries is boldly foreshortened, and introduced with felicitous skill, so as to confer a greater magnitude and a more striking form on this capital group. The fallen horse of the bald veteran lies across in front, not yet dead; the arch of his proud neck is still raised, and his eyeballs rolling,

ready to burst from their sockets in his mortal agony. Immediately behind this animal's head, the lower limbs of a fallen soldier are seen stretched out; he lies on his back, stiff and lifeless; his body is concealed by a nearer object, but a glimpse of his cuirass shews his nation.

On the right side the fore-ground is equally rich in the display of invention, and in dauntless energy of execution. A dead cuirassier lies in a picturesque, but natural position, near a massive stone, among the corn; his helmeted head is foreshortened; one arm is still half raised, but the hand is sunk on his face, which it conceals from view; the other is extended.

Close to him lies one of his comrades; the falling back of his head, the impression of death on his livid features, the projection of the lower part of his face, and the swelling rise of his chest, as if collecting all his powers in heaving forth his last groan, bespeak the convulsive burst of his spirit from its earthly confinement. The disposition of his body is apparently accidental; but it touches the breast of the spectator, and seems to cry aloud against the horrors of war with an appalling truth of expression.

The slender elegance of youth is stamped upon this lifeless form. Young, brave, and chivalrous, we may also imagine him to have been humane, generous, and gifted with endowments; the hope of parents, the delight of friends, an ornament of society, loving and beloved by the chosen of his heart, but cut off in a moment in the bloom of life and the pride of a noble nature:

“There lies honour!”

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Two English life-guardsmen lie close to these two cuirassiers: the nearer, who has fallen forward, is half buried in the standing corn; his companion, a young and fine-looking soldier, has fallen backwards beside his dead horse. He is in his departing moment; one arm is still raised, as if it had been thrown up in defence, when he suddenly sunk from his saddle, and this hand is across his helmet; the other is stretched out on the ground. One of his legs is concealed by his fallen horse; the thigh of the other is drawn up to his body as if shrinking under excruciating pain, and the leg is raised and pushed violently out in the last convulsive extremity.

La Belle Alliance is discernible on the left, near the horizon, and the Observatory where Buonaparte took his station during part of the day, rises above that distant line: but these incidental particulars do not at all interfere with the main object of the representation.

The great mass of light is in the centre of the sky, enlivened with some partial gleams of clear blue. From thence the clouds of smoke roll off to the right, and darken all along the horizon, unless where a few specks of sullen light are seen. On the left one powerful night of shade rises from the horizon to the top of the picture, with just sufficient gradation of tone to express the troubled motion of the atmosphere. Below the light is spread by the white horses and the tints of the fore-ground: the scarlet uniforms are so judiciously kept down that they do not offend the eye. This attack upon the Cuirassiers having taken place in a vast tract of corn-country, where the harvest was ripe

for cutting, the warm colour of the corn-fields forms a rich ground to set off the grey and dark tints of the shadows, and to harmonize the general effect.

This artist's delicious picture of Italian groups in the Campo Vaccino at Rome, now in the possession of Mr. Shew, in Bath, is finished with so much lightness and delicacy, that it is one of those beautiful specimens of attention to detail, without any sacrifice of breadth or freedom, which will do honour to the British school. There is a purity and sweetness in the movement suitable to the tranquil loveliness of the prospect and to the fine taste of the figures. With the same judgment, suiting the execution to the tempestuous action in this battle, he has let loose his hand, and rejected every subordinate detail that was likely to draw off the eye from the deadly fury of the agents. Where the whole is so admirably conceived, I feel jealous of descending to a critical notice of the mere practical mode: but in battle-painting much must be left to the imagination of the spectator; and the

grand expression of the whole is intimately connected with a fearless velocity and power of execution; like life and soul, they invigorate each other. The handling of these conflicting masses displays a disdainful rapidity, decision, and vigour, which I do not remember to have seen surpassed in the works of any ancient or modern painter. The strokes of the pencil appear as if they had been rained down upon the canvas with all the noble heat of a soldier, letting drive with his sabre at an enemy in battle. This enviable fervour, the true poetry of the art, gives to every object and circumstance a fierce impetuous motion, a breathless character of attack or defence, and a stormy air of menace, danger, and destruction. In saying thus much of a modern work of art, the production of a living British artist, I am under the public eye, and open to the public judgment, exposed to the heartless sneers of pretended connoisseurs, and incurring the anger of interested money-changers and prejudiced anti-contemporarians.

W. C.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

THE MORALITIES.—(Continued.)

IN adverting to our ancient Moralities, there are two still extant which merit rather more than a mere incidental notice. They are curious relics of this species of drama, and well worthy of the attention of the dramatic antiquary. The first is

LUSTY JUVENTUS;

the full title of which is "*An Entertulude, called Lusty Juventus; lyvely describing the frailltie of youth, of nature prone to vyce, by grace and*

good counsell traynable to vertue." This is one of those dramatic pieces which were written to expose the errors and superstitions of the church of Rome, and to promote the Reformation. The author was R. Wever; but, except his name, nothing is known of him. The piece is published in Mr. Hawkins' *Origin of the English Drama*. The *dramatis personæ* are Messenger, Lusty Juventus, Good Counsell, Know-

ledge, Sathan the Devyl, Hypocrisie, Fellowship, Abominable Living, and God's Mercifull Promyses. It is a very curious performance; and it is to be regretted that there is no date to it, though it probably belongs to the reign of Edward VI. We learn from it "that most of the young people were new Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:

"The olde people would beleve still in my lawes,

But the yonger sorte leade them a contrary way:

They wyll not beleve, they playnly say,
In old traditions, and made by men;

But they wyll lyve as the Scripture teacheth them.

"And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The world was never mery

Since children were so bolde:

Now every boy wyl be a teacher,

The father a foole, and the chyld a preacher."

The plot consists in the temptations thrown in the way of a young man, Lusty Juventus, by the wiles of the Devil; and his being reclaimed from evil courses by God's Merciful Promises and Good Counsell. Good Counsell and Knowledge detail, at some length, the principles of the Reformers; and reference is made to the Scripture, by chapter and verse, as in a sermon. Though generally written in an uncouth style, there are yet some passages which will bear being extracted. The following song, with which the drama opens, is a clever lyrical effusion, considering the age:

In a herber greene aslepe where as I lay,
The byrdes sange swete in the middes of the daye;

I dreamed fast of myrth and play:

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro;
And from her company I could not go:
But when I waked it was not so.

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and harte's delight.

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

The following, from a subsequent part of the piece, is worth extracting: it is sung as a duet between Hypocrisy and Abominable Living:

Why should not youth fulfyl his owne mynde,
As the course of nature doth him bynde?

Is not every thyng ordayned to do his kinde?

Report me to you, report me to you.

Do not the flowers sprynge fresh and gay,
Pleasaunt and swete, in the month of Maye?
And when their time cometh, they fade awaye.

Report me to you, report me to you.

Be not the trees in wynter bare?

Like unto their kynde, such they are;

And when they springe, their fruites declare.

Report me to you, report me to you.

What should youth do with the fruites of age,

But live in pleasure in hys passage?

For when age commeth, his lustes wyll swage.

Report me to you, report me to you.

Why should not youth fulfyl his own mynde,
As the course of nature doth him bynde?

Is not every thyng ordayned to do his kinde?

Report me to you, report me to you.

Of the didactic style of the Morality, the following is a specimen: Knowledge replies to a request of Juventus to inform him how in "this life he may his vocation lead, according as God hath ordained and decreed:"

The prophet David saith, that the man is blessed

Which doth exerceyse himselfe in the law of the Lord,

And doth not follow the way of the wicked;
As the fyrst psalme doth playnly recorde.

The fourscore and xiii. psalme thereunto doth accorde:

Blessed is the man whom thou teachest,
O Lord, saith he,

To learn thy lawe, preceptes, worde, or veritie.

And Christ in the Gospell sayth manyfestly,
 Blessed is he which heareth the word of God
 and kepeth it;
 That is, to believe his word, and live ac-
 cordingly,
 Declairing the fayth by the fruites of the
 spirite;
 Whose fruites are these, as S. Paul to the
 Galathi doth write—
 Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and faith-
 fulnes;
 Mekenes, goodnes, temperaunce, and gentil-
 nes.

The following lamentation of Good
 Counsell sets forth the prevailing
 vices of the times:

O merciful Lord, who can seace to lamente,
 Or kepe his hart from continual mœarnynge,
 To see how *Youth* is fallen from thy word
 and testament,
 And wholly inclined to Abominable Livinge!
 He lyveth nothyng accordyng to his profes-
 syng;
 But, alas! his lyfe is to thy word abusion,
 Except thy great mercy, to his utter confu-
 sion.

O, where is now the godly conversation
 Which shuld be amonge the professours of
 thy worde?

O, where may a man find now one faithful
 congregation,
 That is not enfected with dissention or dis-
 corde?

Or amongst whom are al vices utterly ab-
 horred?

O, where is the brotherly love betwene man
 and man?

We may lamente the tyme our vyce began.
 O, where is the peace and mkenes, long suf-
 feringe and temperaunce,
 Which are the fruites of God's holy spirit?
 With whom is the fleshe brought under obe-
 dience,
 Or who readeth the Scripture with intent to
 follow it?

Who useth not now covetousnes and de-
 sceite?

Who giveth unto the poore that which is due?
 I thinke, in this world, few that live now.
 O, where is the godli example that parentes
 shuld geve
 Unto their yonge familie by godly and ver-
 tuous livinge?

Alas! how wickedly do they themselves live,
 Without any fear of God or his righteous
 threatning!

They have no respect unto the dreadful re-
 kenynge

Which shall be required of us when the Lord
 shall come,
 As a rightful judge, at the day of dome.
 O, what a joyful syght was it for to se
 When *Youth* began God's worde to embrace!
 Then he promised godly Knowledge and me,
 That from our instructions he wold never
 turn his face;
 But now he walketh, alas! in the ungodlies
 chase,
 Heaping sinne upon sinne, vyce upon vyce:
 He that lyveth most ungodly is counted most
 wyse.

The next and last quotation shews
 how the author has personified God's
 Mercyfull Promises:

Here entreth God's Mercyfull Promises:
 The Lorde by hys prophet Ezechiel sayeth
 in this wise playnly,
 As in the xxxiii chapter it doth appere:
 Be converted, O ye children, and turne un-
 to me,
 And I shall remeady the cause of your de-
 parture.
 And also he sayeth in the xviii chapter,
 I do not delight in a sinner's death,
 But that he should convert and live: thus
 the Lord sayth.

Juventus.

Then I must give neither creadite nor fayth
 Unto Saint Paule's sayinge, which this man
 did alege.
God's Mercyfull Promises.
 Yes, you must credite them accordyng unto
 knowledge;
 For Saint Paul speketh of those which re-
 sist the truth by violence,
 And so end theyr lives without repentaunce.
 Thus Saint Augustine doth them define:
 If unto the Lorde's word you do your eares
 encline,
 And observe these thinges, which he hath
 commaunded,
 This sinful state, in the which you have lien,
 Shall be forgotten, and never more remem-
 bred.
 And Christ himselfe in the Gospell hath pro-
 mised,
 That he which in him unfaynedly doth be-
 leve,
 Although he were dead, yet shall he live.

The second Morality to which I
 alluded is, "*A new Enterlude, no
 less wittie than pleasant, entituled
 New Custom devised of late, and
 for diverse causes nowe sctē forthē.*"

Never before this time (1573) imprinted." Like *Lusty Juventus*, this piece was written to promote the Reformation; and though not printed till 1573, the structure of the verse, which is in English hexameter rhymes, the spelling, and general phraseology, prove that it was written much earlier. The *dramatis personæ* are eleven in number; viz. Perverse Doctrine, an old Popish priest; Ignorance, another but elder; New Custome and Light of the Gospell, Protestant ministers; Hypocrisis, an old woman; Creweltie and Avarice, rufflers; Assuraunce, a virtue; Edification and Goddes Felicitie, two sages. These characters are so disposed, that four people might play the interlude; a practice adopted for the convenience of such as were disposed to divert or improve themselves, by representing this kind of entertainments in their own houses.

This Morality begins with the lamentations of Perverse Doctrine to Ignorance at the change which has taken place in men's opinions. He says,

—————The world was never in
so evyll a state.
But this is no time for us of these matters to
debate.
It were good we invented some politike waie
Our matters to addresse in good orderly
staie.
And for us, reason would we looked to our-
selves.
Did you not see howe these newe-fangled
pratling elves
Prinke up so pertly of late in every place,
And go about us auncients flatly to deface?
As who shoulde say in shorte time, as well
learned as wee,
As wise to the world, as good as they mighte
accomptid bee.
Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares
do know no more,
But that every pevishe boye hath even as
muche witte in store:

By the masse then have I lyved so longe,
and I would I were dead,
If I have not more knowledge than a thou-
sande of them in my head!

Ignorance responds to his com-
panion; and the latter, alluding to
those who were followers of the re-
formed faith, says,

They have brought in one, a younge upstart
lad as it appears;

I am sure he hath not been in the realme
very many years:

With a gathered frocke, a powlde head, and
a broade hatte,

An unshaved bearde, a pale face; and hee
teacheth that

All our doings are naught, and hath been
many a day.

He disaloweth our ceremonies and rites, and
teacheth another way

To serve God then that which wee do use,
And goeth about the people's myndes to se-
duce.

It is a pestilent knave; hee wyll have priestes
no corner cappes to weare:

Surplices are superstition; beades, pixes,
and such other geare,

Crosses, belles, candells, oyle, bran, salt,
spettle, and incense,

With sensing and singing, he accomptes not
worth three halfpence,

And cries out on them all, if to repete them
I wist,

Suche holy thinges wherrin our religion doth
consist:

But he commaundes the service in English to
be readde,

And for the holy legende, the Bible too put
in his steadde;

Every man to looke thereon at his list and
pleasure;

Every man to studie divinitie at his conve-
nient leisure;

With a thousand newe guises more you know
as well as I.

And to term him by his right name, if I
should not lie,

It is New Custome, for so they do him call,
Both our sister Hypocrisis, Superstition, Ido-
latrie, and all.

And truly methinketh they do justly and
wisely therein,

Since he is so divers and so lately crept in.

Ignorance.

So they call him indeede, you have saide
right well,

Because he came newly from the devyll of
hell.

New Custome, quoh you? Now a vengeance
of his newe nose,
For bringing in any suche unaccustomed
glose;
For he hath seduced the people by mightie
greate stockes.
Bodie of God, it were good to set the knave
in the stockes,
Or elles to whyp him for an example to all
roges as hee,
How they the authors of newe heresies bee.

The "politick waie" which Per-
verse Doctrine and Ignorance in-
vent to stay the progress of New
Custom is, to call the former Sound
Doctrine, and the last Simplificie;
under which names they hold a dia-
logue with New Custom, which ends
in their assaulting the latter; and as
they cannot defeat him in argument,
they drive him off the field with
blows. The next extract is a dia-
logue between the two ministers of
the Reformation:

Light of the Gospell.

Doubt you nothing at all, for God will so
provide,
Who leaveth not his elect to defende and to
guide;
That wherever I come such grace you may
finde,
As shall in each poynte content well your
minde:
And admit that they call you New Custome,
what then?
Attribute that follie to the ignorance of men,
That follow their fancies, and know not the
right.
Well, you knowe where I come, once the
light
Of the Gospell, whose beames do glisten so
cleare,
Than primitive constitution in each place
you appeare,
And as elsewhere you have ben, so do not
mistrust,
But in this place hereafter be received you
must.

New Custome.

According to your nature, so do you very
well
To put me in good hope, bright Light of the
Gospell;
And seing you be trewe, I may in no wise
Misdeeme you the father or aucthour of lies;

For if trust to the Gospell do purchase per-
petuance
Of life unto him who therein hath confidence,
What shall the light do? whose beames be
so bright,
That in each respect all thinges else of light
Are but very darkness, and eke terrestriall,
So the light of the Gospell oversheweth them
all.
Wherefore with great comfort I receive your
counsell,
With hartie thanks unto you, the Light of
the Gospell.

Light of the Gospell.

Do so, and, by faith, then shall you obtaine
Whatsoever you desire: the Scripture saith
plaine,
For *quicquid pateritis in nomine meo*,
It must of trueth needes be understode soe;
That without faith, whatsoever we fortune to
crave,
We may not looke for it our desire to have.
Faith moveth mountains, so it be pure faith
indeede;
By fayth wee obtaine what so ever wee neede.
Then faith shall restore to you more thinges
than this,
Believe me, primitive constitution, whatso-
ever is amisse.

Avarice, Crueltie, and Hypocrisie
are engaged to counteract the efforts
of Light of the Gospell and New
Custom; but the two latter meet
with Perverse Doctrine, and the
former thus accosts him:

O impe of antechrist, and seed of the
devyll!
Borne to all wickednesse, and nussed in all
evyll.

Perverse Doctrine.

Nay, thou stinking heretike, art thou there
indeede?
Accordinge to thy naughtines thou must look
for to speede.

New Custome.

Godde's holie woorde in no wise can be he-
rasie,
Though you so terme it never so falsly.

Perverse Doctrine.

Yee precieuse whoreson, art thou there too?
I think you have pretended some harme mee
to doo.
Helpe, helpe, I say; let me be gone at once,
Else I will smite thee in the face with my
fist, by Godde's bones.

New Custome.

You must be contented a little season to stay,
Light of the Gospell, for your profite, hath
something to say.

Perverse Doctrine.

I will heare none of your preachinges, I promise
you playne,
For whatever you speake, it is but in vayne.

This angry beginning ends in the conversion of the votary of the Roman Catholic church, who is strengthened by Assurance and Godde's Felicitie; and the Morality concludes as follows:

Edification.

Defende thy church, O Christ, and thy holy
congregation,
Bothe heere in England and in every other
nation,
That wee thy trewth may attaine, and still
follow the same,
To the salvation of our sowles and glory of
thy name.

Assurance.

Preserve our noble Queene Elizabeth and
her counsell all,
With thy heavenly grace, sente from thy
seate supernall.
Graunt her and them long to lyve, her to
raign, them to see
What may alwaies be best for the weale
publique's commoditie.

From these two specimens the reader will at once see that no great talent was brought by the authors of the Moralities to advocate the reformed faith. It may be observed, that the last quotation would seem to place the date of *New Custome* in the reign of Elizabeth. I should, however, as before remarked, assign it to a much earlier period; the name of that queen being most probably substituted by the printer for that of the prince in whose reign it was written. It is termed by Dodsley "one of the most remarkable" of our ancient Moralities; and I have little doubt is of the age of Henry VIII. The difference between the language and versification of *New Custome* and that of the poets of the reign of

Elizabeth, is a sufficient proof that the former cannot be of the same age as the latter.

Another ancient Morality, which was also intended to advance the cause of the Reformation, and which is amongst the earliest printed plays in our language, is "*A Comedye concernynge Thre Lawes, of Nature, Moses, and Christ, corrupted by the Pharisees and Papystes, most wicked.*" Compyled by Johan Bale, anno 1538." The author says, "Into fyve personages may the partes of thys comedye be devyded: 1. The Prolocutor, Christen Fayth, Infydeleyte. 2. The Lawe of Nature, Covetousnesse, False Doctryne. 3. The Lawe of Moses, Idolatrye, Hypocresye. 4. The Lawe of Christ, Ambycyon, &c. 5. Deus Pater, Vindicta Dei." He also gives the following directions as to the costume of the characters: "Lete Idolatrye be decked lyke an old wytche; Ambycyon lyke a byshop; Covetousnesse lyke a Pharyse or spyritual lawer; False Doctryne lyke a Popish doctour; and Hypocresye lyke a graye fryre. The rest of the partes are easy enough to conjecture." This Morality is written in various measures, and concludes, as printed, with a prayer for King Edward VI. *Queene Kateryne*, the Lord Protector, and the nobility." The anachronism of placing Queen Catherine in the same era with Edward VI. will be the fault of the players; the comedy was written in the reign of Henry VIII. and, as originally written, the prayer was for that king and his consort.

In another place the old philosophy is ridiculed. Hypocrisy says,
And I wyll rays up in the unyversitees
The seven sleepers there, to advance the
popes decrees:

As Dorbel and Duns, Durande and Thomas of Aquyne,
The Mastro of Seutens, with Bachon the great devyne, &c.

There is nothing in the whole drama more readable than this; and there is one very improper parody of sacred writ, on which Warton very justly remarks, "Bale, a clergyman, and at length a bishop in Ireland, ought to have known, that this profane and impious parody was more offensive and injurious to true religion than any part of the missal which he means to ridicule*."

A very curious account is given of a Morality, performed about the time that *New Custome* was printed, in a work entitled "*Mount Tabor, or private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, by R. W. [R. Willis], Esq. published in the year of his age seventy-five, anno Domini 1639." The following extract will not prove uninteresting:

"*Upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child.*

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations), that when players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the mayor, to enforme him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lords and masters, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common counsell of their city; and that is called *the Mayor's play*, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play my father tooke me

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 199.

with him, and made me stand between his leggs, as he sat upon one of the benches, when we saw and heard very well. The play was called *The Cradle of Security**, wherein was personated a king, or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsels and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, that he snorted againe; and in the mean time closely conveyed under the cloathes, where withall he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage two old men; the one in blue, with a serjeant at armes, his mase on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along with a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man, with

* *The Cradle of Securitie* is mentioned, with several other Moralities, in a play which has not been printed, entitled *Sir Thomas More*. MSS. Harl. 3768.

his mase, stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle, wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate face starting up, barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the Morall the wicked of the world; the three

ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the End of the World and the Last Judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted*."

(*To be continued.*)

* See the Historical Account of the English Stage prefixed to the 8vo. edition of Shakspeare, in 21 vols. 1813.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXXVI.

Present, the Vicar, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss R. PRIMROSE, Captain HORACE PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREBRAKE, Mr. APATHY, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

THE first meeting of friends in a new year is always tinctured with some solemn feeling; we cannot forget that another year is taken from our existence; we cannot forget that in the period just expired some whom we have loved and honoured have preceded us to the tomb; we cannot shut out from our contemplation the probability that, ere another revolving year shall have joined the days that are gone, we ourselves may have passed "that bourne whence no traveller returns." The first meeting of the *Coterie*, on the 9th of January, 1828, was mixed up with much of this feeling; for although none of us had lost immediate friends or relatives, yet, since our meeting in January 1827, we, in common with the country, had to mourn over the natural demise of one and the political death of another high personage, to whom we had all looked up with feelings of regard and veneration—for the Duke of York especially—almost filial. But a work more especially devoted to ladies is not the place in which to detail our regrets

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for the past, our anticipations for the future: I pass therefore to the *literary* conversation of the evening, which was begun by

Mr. Apathy's asking: How has the new year commenced amongst the booksellers?

Reginald. I scarcely know how the new year has commenced; but I know how the old one has closed, and that is very briskly. I think there have rarely been more books published in the same period than appeared in the last four or five weeks of 1827.

The Vicar. How many good ones are there amongst them?

Reginald. Why I think perhaps the average number. The majority of them have been works of fiction; and though no Scott arises amidst the multiplicity of novel-writers, yet there are several productions in this class of literature, which have appeared since our last *symposium*, that will live a few years at least: they will not be forgotten before December 1830.

Miss Primrose. Do you think

O

Lord Normanby's *Yes and No* will be of that number?

Mr. Montague. O that is the book of which I have seen a paragraph running the round of the newspapers, to the following effect: "In Lord Normanby's forthcoming novel, *Yes and No*, his lordship is said to have taken quite a new ground and new characters. It is reported among the noble author's friends, that the dialogue of the new work is eminently light and brilliant, and that the pathetic scenes are infinitely more touching, than in his lordship's story of *Matilda*."

Reginald. That the "dialogue" may be "more light and brilliant," and "the pathetic scenes more touching," than those of *Matilda*, I will admit, and that is saying very little for *Yes and No*. It is, however, evidently the production of a gentleman, a man of education, and of the *haut-ton*; and very different from the impudent fictions which have lately been foisted upon the public as pictures of "high life;" fictions, in which the butler and the groom, the abigail and the housemaid, sat for the pictures of their masters and mistresses; and their slip-slop is gravely put down as the "table-talk" of the leaders of the *beau monde*. These *pseudo-fashionable* novels are gently exposed in the following passage:

Lady Boretton encourages these literary poachers on the manors, or rather *manners*, of high life; she gives a sort of right of free chase to all cockney sportsmen to wing one's fallies in a double-barreled duodecimo, or hunt one's eccentricities through a hot-pressed octavo. Not that they are, generally speaking, very formidable shots; they often bring down a different bird from the one they aimed at; and sometimes shut their

eyes and blaze away at the whole covey: which last is, after all, the best way. Their coming here to pick out individuals is needless trouble. Do you know the modern recipe for a finished picture of fashionable life? Let a gentlemanly man, with a gentlemanly style, take of foolscap paper a few quires; stuff them well with high-sounding titles — dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, *ad libitum*. Then open the peerage at random, pick a supposititious author out of one page of it, and fix the imaginary characters upon some of the rest; mix it all up with *quantum suff.* of puff, and the book is in a second edition before ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have found out the one is as little likely to have written, as the others to have done what is attributed to them.

Miss Primrose. And pray of what does *Yes and No* consist? What are its incidents? And of what description of people are the characters?

Reginald. The characters are all of the higher classes of society, and they are not overcharged: they strike me as being extremely natural portraits. The incidents turn upon the adventures of two young men, Mr. Oakley and Mr. Germain, of the most opposite dispositions. Germain is a good-humoured, careless, confiding personage, easily imposed upon, as he suspects nobody; he exemplifies "Yes." Oakley, on the contrary, who is the personification of "No," suspects every body: his suspicions bring him into several awkward dilemmas, and are the occasion, finally, of his losing his life in a duel. He is still amiable, and there are many good *traits* about him; but Germain is my favourite.

Miss R. Primrose. And pray what becomes of him?

Reginald. He marries and is hap-

py; meeting with a congenial mind in the daughter of a scheming mother, who, though educated and passing all her life in the fashionable world, has nevertheless a heart.

Mr. Apathy. An article which many in that class want.

Reginald. Perhaps not so many as you imagine. There are more good and companionable qualities amongst our aristocracy than many persons will allow; and in the very best society, there is a great deal more affability, more heart—if I may use the expression—in their intercourse with their inferiors, than there is amongst those of a lower grade. The following observations are very just:

It would be difficult perhaps to define exactly the qualifications which ensure at once, without dispute and as a matter of course, a fixed position in what is called the first society. Birth alone will not do it. Wealth not only will not succeed alone, but is not always an indispensable requisite. Neither personal appearance nor talents will be separately sufficient: yet a fair allowance of the two combined, and a slight infusion of one or both of the other two ingredients, will go far towards establishing a claim to its fellowship. But from whatever source the consciousness of this fixed position in society is derived, it exempts a person from nothing more decidedly than from that which by some is ignorantly supposed its characteristic—a propensity to cutting a casual acquaintance on account of his personal appearance; a weakness which arises from a false alarm, that the ridicule which attaches to a quiz is catching. Such a person, secure of his own situation, well-dressed himself, as a matter of course, not of care, would never imagine that there would be contagion in the cut of a coat, or the make of a gown; and therefore would, even in the most

public place, without a moment's uneasiness, interchange common civilities with the veriest quiz that ever adorned a print-shop. But as passports are most examined in frontier towns, it is in the outskirts of fashion that those who there occupy uncertain settlements are most particular about external badges, and can see exclusive merit in their own costume, or mortal offence in that of another. It is those who dwell on what may be called the debateable land of society who are in most constant dread of inroads from without. It is here that slights are incessantly fancied from above, and intrusion perpetually feared from below.

Mr. Montague. Is there not a rich description of an election in the novel?

Reginald. Yes; and it is the most spirited part of it. Germain and Oakley are rival candidates; the former being a sort of half Tory, the other a thorough-bred Whig. For many of the incidents one would almost suppose Lord Normanby had drawn upon the events of the last Yorkshire election; they so closely resemble them. Two or three piquant dialogues occur in this part of the work—not the least amusing of which is one between Oakley and a waiter at an inn, of which I will read you an extract. Oakley had expressed his surprise at the din of the election reaching that retired spot; the waiter replies:

“ Lord, sur, there's not a man, woman, or choild in all the country round, but has made a bit of a favourite of one of them; and as for our house, we're no two of a moind here. There's Betty Chambermaid all for Germain, because his colours are prattysier for to look on. Cook's all for ould Squire Stedman, because he's most against the Pope's roasting-alive consarn. As for me, from what I sees in the papers of Squire Oakley's

talk, I conceits him the most, only I doubt it's all gammon he says."

"Why so?" inquired Oakley.

"Why, you see, he talks a deal about liberty and natural rights, and that all property is only in trust for the public: well—he's gotten a mortal foine place and park and gardens, such as there's not the loike in the county; and he wont let a living soul get a soight of it, though master might have five pair of horses out a day, I dare say, with company from —, going cross country to see it. And much harm that would do. Then, as to economy which he preaches, I doubt he practises that better: it's nothing to me that for certain, for the more as don't dine with him the more may come here. But I am tould that neither man, woman, nor choild, have ever had their trotters under his mahogany."

Basil Firedrake. Well, there is quite enough of Lord Normanby, whom I don't like. Give me a book of stirring incident, one in which there is something to interest the feelings, and which, if the heart be made of "penetrable stuff," will find its way to its innermost recesses. I do not like the soulless effusions I have lately been condemned to read, for want of something to do.

Reginald. The *Red Rover* of the American novelist, Cooper, will just suit you, Basil. It is full of the most spirit-stirring incidents, and is, in the truest sense of the word, "A Tale of the Sea." The author luxuriates in the description of nautical events, and all the technical terms used by sailors are as "familiar in his mouth as household words." A deep, a thrilling interest is attached to some portions of this novel: but none, except those who have been in "perils on the ocean," can fully appreciate it.

Basil. I shall read it. I have read

nothing for years that gave me half so much delight as *The Pilot*, though the sentiments are somewhat Anti-British: and if the *Red Rover* equals that tale, I shall say Cooper is the boy for the sailors; he is the only writer since Falconer, whose *Shipwreck* is inimitable, that has attempted to describe sea-scenes, without making innumerable blunders.

Reginald. The story of the *Red Rover* is of little interest compared with the descriptive part: yet there is merit attached even to that. But the characters, and the scenes on board ship, are admirably drawn: they are equal to those of *The Pilot*; and that is saying a great deal.

Basil. I will order it to-morrow; and when once fairly involved in the fortunes of its hero, depend upon it I shall not readily be tempted to lay the book aside.

Mr. Montague. I believe it will have magic enough to chain you to the fire-side for several hours; and there are few novels, except those of Sir Walter Scott, that have this merit.

Mr. Apathy. A very questionable merit, is it not? Cannot time be better spent than in devoting so large a portion of it to fictitious compositions? Are not other branches of literature more useful, and equally attractive?

Counsellor Eitherside. More useful, perhaps, but not more attractive. I am something of Gay's opinion, that in a dark, dull winter's day, as well as on a warm one in summer, there is no luxury greater than reclining on a sofa, or reading a new novel: at least so I thought when, a few days back, I thus perused *Emir Malek*; an historical ro-

mance, fresh from the shop of Messrs. Longman and Co.

Miss Primrose. And who is *Emir Malek*?

Counsellor Eitherside. A prince of that singular people, the Assassins, who occupied, for nearly two hundred years, a considerable tract of land among the mountains of Lebanon, extending from the neighbourhood of Antioch to Damascus. They owed their origin to the Karmatians, an heretical sect of the Mahometans, who settled in Persia about the year 1090, and from thence emigrated to Syria. Hassan Sabah (or Hussun Subah) was their first prince or legislator; and no people yielded more implicit obedience to their chief than the Assassins did to their Sheik, as the Orientals termed him; though he was better known in Europe by the title of the Old Man of the Mountains. The religion of this curious sect was a compound of Magaism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mahometanism.—The principal article of their creed was, that the Holy Spirit resided in their chief; that his orders proceeded from God himself, and were real declarations of the divine pleasure.

Miss Primrose. They must have been a fearful people: it was one of this tribe who attempted to assassinate our Prince Edward.

Counsellor Eitherside. Yes; and they derived their name of *Assassins* from their frequent practice of that diabolical crime, assassination. Their chief, from his residence on Mount Lebanon, sent, like a vindictive deity, inevitable death to all quarters of the world; and many sovereigns paid secretly a pension to the Sheik, for protection and safety to their

persons. The Knights Templars alone dared to defy his machinations.

Miss Primrose. A terrible power to wield at the head of a fanatic people.

Counsellor Eitherside. It is astonishing the pitch to which they carried their notions of obedience. When a neighbouring Sultan sent to Hassan to require him to submit to his authority, accompanying his demand with threats in case of a refusal, the Old Man desired the ambassador to be admitted to his presence; and having assembled his troops around him, he commanded one of them to draw his dagger and plunge it into his own breast. The man obeyed, stabbed himself to the heart, and fell dead at the feet of the Sheik. He then commanded another to throw himself from the top of the nearest tower, and met with an obedience equally prompt. Turning to the ambassador, he said, "Go to the Sultan, your master, and inform him, that I have no other reply to make him, excepting that I have seventy thousand troops, equally obedient with those you have this day witnessed." The war was not prosecuted by his neighbour.

Miss Primrose. And they were subdued at last by the Tartars, I think.

Counsellor Eitherside. The Tartars conquered them in 1257, and killed the Sheik of that period; but they were finally extirpated by the Egyptians in 1272.

Miss Primrose. And it is the history of these Assassins which the novel illustrates?

Counsellor Eitherside. Yes; and with great ability. You have read it, Reginald; what is your opinion of it?

Reginald. The tale is the production of a gentleman who appears to be quite *au fait* in the history of this singular people; and he has contrived to render the story of De Mowbray and Vallidah a most ingenious vehicle for the conveyance of a brilliant and glowing account of them to his readers. There are also several finely drawn characters in the volume.

Counsellor Eitherside. Yes; and some splendid descriptive passages. At present I can only refer to one, in which he portrays one of the Eastern storms with vivid correctness:

It was one of those storms which seldom visit other regions. Amidst the wild and towering mountains and the rich valleys of the East, Nature loves to put on her most magnificent raiment; but it is there, also, that she invests herself, at certain seasons, in her most awful terrors. De Mowbray, however, to whose troubled spirit excitement, no matter how violent, was but too congenial, rejoiced that the silence of the scene—a silence which had afflicted him with a thousand undefined apprehensions of impending evil—was at length exchanged for the visible but tremendous warfare of the elements. He tracked the course of the tempest that careered around him with a degree of interested curiosity amounting to a feeling of delight. The thunder burst from the vast black cloud that seemed, as it heavily hung above the tomb of the Sheik, a shapeless and brooding genius of destruction, who ever and anon proclaimed to the children of man tidings of desolation and death. The terrible voice of his wrath arose louder and more frequently upon the night air—deep and rolling echoes, as they reverberated among the rocks and the precipices of Lebanon and Carmel in augmented volume and sublimity, aroused the af-

frighted beasts of prey in their holes and caverns in the distant forests. The yell of the scared hyena, and the hollow bark of the jackall, were heard in the momentary pauses of the thunder; and the complaining notes of the grackle and vulture bespoke the alarm of the wildest birds that dwelt in that savage wilderness. In the mean time, the continued tempest of rain, and showers of enormous hail-stones, bore down with resistless violence the lofty crowns of the oak and the cedar. The 'monarchs of the wood' vainly stretched forth their gigantic arms to stem the fury of those assailants; their combined power either felled them to the earth, or scattered their leafy honours around them, abraded, prostrate, and defaced.

With a rapidity scarcely inferior to the descent of the lightning itself, thousands of turbid pools had been formed in the gullies of the rocks, and the various inequalities on the sides and surface. For a few seconds, a man might see these dark waters eddying and whirling about in violent agitation; but presently, uniting together, and pouring onward in a thousand directions, they mingled with the hill-torrents, which were wont to fall adown the breast of the mountain in gentle though somewhat lofty cascades. The latter, in an instant of time, assumed an aspect totally different from that which they had presented under ordinary circumstances to the observation of the astonished De Mowbray. Their waters, no longer blue, pure, and sparkling, were dusky and defiled; and instead of falling into the valleys beneath in sadly murmuring streams, they came roaring and foaming along, till they dashed over the accumulated volume in immense and destructive masses, sweeping all before them. Occasionally, some stupendous tree, undermined by the ravages of the swollen torrent, and hurried along by the impetuous waves that foamed behind it, was propelled headlong into the boiling abyss

below. The thunder, which, for a few minutes, you might have imagined to have been dying away, because its tones had become like the roar of a retreating lion, less deep and more interrupted, now returned with all its might, and pealed its awful bass, till the crag he stood upon trembled.

Basil. Very picturesque and very correct; as I can vouch, having been exposed to storms and tornadoes, by land and by sea, both in the orient and the occident.

Miss Primrose. There is a romance of which I can scarcely comprehend the object. It is called *Sir Michael Scott*, and is full of *diablerie* and witchcraft.

Mr. Montague. *Sir Michael Scott* is indeed a singular production.—Taking up his tale at the era of the disastrous battle—for Scotland—of Flodden Field, the author, adopting an old legend, long current in the north, represents his hero, Sir Michael Scott, as revivifying the body of James, King of Scotland, who was killed in that battle, and with him visiting the abodes of the spirits of earth and of air, of the great deep, and even of hell. All the legends that credulity has ever propagated of witches and demons, elves and fairies, are, in some way or other, embodied in this production, which has afforded the poet great scope for his descriptive powers; and in which, I must also admit, that, in some instances, his imagination appears to have run away with his good sense.

Miss R. Primrose. I plead guilty of knowing very little of witches and warlocks. Pray who was Sir Michael Scott?

Reginald. In a note to the second canto of *The Lay of the Last Min-*

strel, Sir Walter Scott tells us, that “Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a Commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496, and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that ‘he remembers to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who are thereby invoked.’ Lesley characterizes Michael Scott as ‘a philosopher singularly addicted to astronomy, medicine, and magic;’ and Dante mentions him as a renowned wizard.—A personage thus spoken of by biographers and historians,” continues Sir Walter, “loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he was buried.”

You will all recollect the use made

of this legend in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where the poet represents the "Monk of St. Mary's aisle" and "William of Deloraine" opening the grave of the magician, and taking away his mighty book.

The Vicar. And what use does our friend Allan make of Sir Michael, after, by a pardonable anachronism, he represents him as living some centuries later than he really did live.

Mr. Montague. He represents him as having power given him by the Almighty over all the inferior spirits, and even over Lucifer, "the son of the morning," himself. He takes "Sir James," as the King of Scotland is styled, to Fairy-land, to the world of spirits, where he converses with the mighty dead, and holds colloquy with the shades of Wallace and of Bruce. He is also taken to the caverns of the sea, where he sees a race of beings "partaking of the gross nature of man and of the ethereal essence of spirits;" to the "trysting-place" of Satan and his subjects, on Hallowmas-eve, and to the gates of heaven itself. Our magician is pictured as a most benevolent mortal, who seeks, on all occasions, to foil the malignant designs of evil spirits: He thus relates one of his adventures to Sir James:

"I have been a wanderer from my youth," said Michael, "and gained knowledge as wise men did of old, by travelling amongst the nations of the earth, and looking on the ways of men. It happened in the wild desert, that as I sat and refreshed myself at a little well amidst a clump of palm and date trees, a beautiful wild steed approached the spring, and in an agony of thirst plunged his head into the fountain. He seemed a noble animal, as dark as a raven's back,

without one white hair, save a spot in his forehead; and when he ran in the desert, his mane and tail streamed like flame wavering in the wind. As he drank, I laid my hand on his mane and sprang upon his back; he gave one loud snort, and away he started. I think I feel him beneath me now. The raven of the desert croaked, but pursued us not; the hyena uttered a low growl, and started from our path; and the hermit, whose cavern was between the wilderness and the field of rice, fell on his face, and prayed for my preservation. We came to a vast valley where a battle had been fought; the bones of twenty thousand men lay bleaching in the burning sun. The skulls crunched beneath the heels of my steed. I looked back, and imagined I beheld all the bones rise into skeletons, and glare after me. Two hungry lions had seized a horse and rider; their victims were bleeding beneath their paws, and they lashed their sides with their tails in token of enjoyment. A wild Arab had waylaid a Christian traveller, and had pulled him to the earth: with his left hand he grasped his hair, and with his right he flourished his scymitar to give the mortal stroke: he beheld the wild steed come; his love of blood over-mastered fear; the horse sprung upon him, crushed him to the earth like a worm, and left him dying on the sands. We came to a forsaken city; its walls were broken down; its majestic temples were mute; its marble tombs were empty; and a hyena stood and looked from a place where oracles had spoken of old. We came nigh to an inland sea; there was wind but no wave; and the water raised no green grass on its margin, nor lilies along its border; no water-fowl were swimming on its surface; neither was there a living thing to be seen. The wild steed gave a neigh of joy, and rushed towards this fearful sea. I prayed, for I thought death was at hand; and suddenly there fell something from a dark cloud which was sailing over us: it gleamed like fire as it

descended, and plunged into the sand between the horse's fore-feet. In a moment I was thrown senseless on the sand, and the creature that bore me ran on, and I saw him no more. When I awoke, I saw something glittering beside me; a substance resembling melted steel, and it was hot and burning. I knew it to be what fell from heaven, and I blessed it, and took it up, and bore it with me through the desert. I came to the forsaken city, and there sat an old man with a cross before him eating wild figs. I told him all that had befallen, and he fell on his face before me, and said, 'Michael Scott, thou art a favoured one; the steed which bore thee was the unholy spirit; and the brand that fell from heaven was a token that thou art one of the elect. O for that blessed metal which came from above; and O for a fire of heaven's own kindling, that I might make thee a sword which a demon could not resist!' And I said, 'Father, here it is;' and the old man's face kindled with joy; and he took the rough metal and threw over it a nitrous preparation; and the fire sparkled up, and all the ancient temple of Apollyon was filled with a wondrous light. When he had fashioned the sword, he carried it burning to the entrance of the temple, and waved it to and fro, till it seemed to kindle all the air. Then he ground the blade, and wrought many holy symbols and devices on the sides; and he added a hilt of pure gold, and set it round with precious stones. And when he had finished it he put it into my hand, and said, 'Go, thou favoured one; this blade, wrought in the fire kindled in heaven, tempered in the pure air of God, with its hilt forged of consecrated gold, and covered with the precious stones which adorned the altar of Jerusalem, will be irresistible in a righteous man's hand, and neither mortal nor demon will endure its dint. I took the sword; it is now at thy side! I have

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struck the foes of Scotland with it; I have since ridden on that wild steed's back, and I hope to ride again."

The sword, thus miraculously made, he gives to Sir James, who is enabled therewith to defeat evil spirits; and it is subsequently thus apostrophized:

O charmed sword! thy steel was formed
When thunderbolts flew fast; †
Thy blade was born 'mid fire from heaven,
And tempered in its blast,
Nought mortal may withstand thy stroke
Beneath the sun or moon;
No spell shall stay thy sheer descent,
Nor might of black Mahoun.
I see thee gleaming in the air,
Like God's avenging fire:
The fiercest hearts are struck with awe,
And tremble and retire.

O charmed sword! O charmed sword!
Soon thy consuming gleam
Shall leave Assyria's scorching sands
For Tweed or Teviot's stream;
To strike the tyrant in his strength,
And, with his chosen band,
Heap Stirling field and Roslin ridge,
And Bannock's silver sand.
Then pause, and let thy bloody blade
Wave o'er the freeborn brow,
Till comes the hour of Trafalgar
And day of Waterloo.

O charmed sword! O charmed sword!
I name thy name with awe;
Thy blade nought that is base may touch,
Nought that's unholy draw.
The tyrant ne'er shall have thy aid;
Thy blade no gold shall hire;
Who hopes to bribe the thunderbolt,
Or wield eternal fire?
Shine with the weak, and strike the strong,
And George, the ocean lord,
Shall free with thee the world from chains.
Farewell, thou charmed sword!

Miss Primrose. I recollect those verses.

Counsellor Eitherside. They are slightly altered from the poem which appeared in my friend Alaric Watts' *Souvenir* last year, called "The British Sword."

Mr. Montague. There are seven

ral pieces of poetry dispersed through the volumes, the merit of which is greater than that of the prose; for instance, this

SONG OF SIR JAMES.

The grass of Flodden's ruby red,
That late so greenly grew;
The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood
Instead of silver dew:
For Howard's arrow-flight has flown,
And in their fleet career
His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,
And broke her deadly spear.

I sing, and while I sing I sigh!
For had these gallant men,
Whose life's-blood stains the river red,
Whose bodies choke the glen,
Been sagely ruled, as bravely led,
Yon moon, above us hung,
Another sight had seen, and I
A happier song had sung.

The sword has smote, the shaft is flown;
The victor's cry is cried:
More sad is he who basely lives,
Than he who bravely died.
I'd rather lie like Lindsay sped,
Have Douglas' bloody brow,
Or share stont Maxwell's grassy bed,
Than be as I am now.

I fought where Surrey's shafts flew thick;
Where rose fierce Selby's cry;
Where Daere rush'd, and Stanley charg'd;
And yet I could not die.
Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,
And to its lovely dames!
To lordly lance, and knightly brand!
So sings he, sad Sir James.

Reginald. I regret Allan has not employed his talents upon a worthier subject: the splendour of Sir Michael Scott is cold and inanimate; the unearthly beings who are introduced never interest us; and we may well ask when we read it, *cui bono*?

Mr. Apathy. Have you seen this volume of *Poems* by Mr. Thomas Gent?

Reginald. I have: the principal pieces which it contains, the Monody on Sheridan, Elegy on Abraham Goldsmid, and Lines on the Death of the Princess Charlotte,

besides many others, have been long before the public, and won the author the approbation of the critics. Among the minor pieces, many of which are new, there are many pleasingly playful effusions. I will just read a passage from "The Poet's Last Poem," in which he humorously bids adieu to the Muse, because all his best and most brilliant ideas are forestalled by others:

If then I take "the brilliant" pen,
And, scorning measures, talk of men—
There Luttrell steps 'twixt me and fame—
So like, egad, we're just the same;
I never half squeeze out a thought
But jumps its fellow on the spot—
My tenderest dreams, my fondest touch,
Are victims to his ready clutch.

Or when I tune my pen to love,
A theme that fits me like a glove,
A pang I've borne these twenty years
With ten times twenty several dears,
Each glance a dart, each smile a quiver,
Stinging their bard from lungs to liver—
To work my ruin or my cure
Upstarts thy pen, Anacreon Moore!
In vain I talk of smiles or sighs,
The girls all have him in their eyes;
And not a soul, mamma or miss,
But vows he's the sole bard of bliss.
Or Smith, the master of "Addresses,"
Carves history out in modern messes;
Tells how gay Charles cook'd up his collops;
How fleeced his friends; how paid his trollops—

How pledg'd his soul, and pawn'd his oath,
Till none would give a straw for both;
And touching paupers for the evil,
Tonah'd England half way to the devil.
Or Hook picks up my favourite hits;
For when was friendship between wits?
Or Lyster, doubly dandified,
Fidgets his donkey by my side;
Or Bulwer rambles back from Greece,
Wool-gathering from the golden fleece;
Or forty volumes piping hot
Come blazing from volcano Scott.

I had a budget full of fun;
But here again I'm lost, undone.
I'm so forestall'd that—faith! I could
Half quarrel with my *lively Hood*;
For *odd* it is my "Oddities"
Are *even* all the same with his.

Mrs. Primrose. Have I not lately seen in some of our periodicals a brief notice of Mrs. Gent's death?

Reginald. She was indeed an honour to her sex and country; and Mr. Gent, in a preliminary page to these *Poems*, very feelingly alludes to the severe loss he sustained in her decease, during the progress of his work through the press. Mrs. Gent was a lady of high accomplishments, both of person and mind; and she was well known for her attainments as a lecturer; her Course on the Physiology of the External Senses being a perfect model of elegant composition and refined oratory. For the advancement of her sex in pursuits that are intellectual, she made many sacrifices, both of her feelings and her time: yet in all she did and all she contemplated usefulness was her end and aim. She was moreover a very lovely woman: her bust by Behnes was in the exhibition at Somerset-House two or three years ago; and on account of its intrinsic simplicity and beauty alone many casts have been made from it.

Mr. Montague. Every feeling mind must sympathize with the author in his lamentations for such a woman.

The Vicar. My bookseller has sent me *Memoirs of the Public Life and Administration of Lord Liverpool*. Will it repay the trouble of reading?

Reginald. That must depend entirely upon the extent of information previously obtained by the reader. To one who has a pretty competent knowledge of public events for the last thirty years, it offers nothing new, being a compilation from the Annual Registers, Parliamentary Re-

ports, and State Papers, for that period. The facts are well arranged; and the information scattered over a wide surface is ably condensed: to many therefore it may prove valuable, as a history of the most eventful period in the history of the world, and a record of undeviating consistency of purpose and unblemished integrity of character in the illustrious individual, who, unhappily for his country, is now unable to take any part in the transaction of public business.

The Vicar. Lord Liverpool is one of the very few men who has, through a long public life, maintained the "even tenor of his way," and won the confidence of the nation by the solidity, rather than the splendour of his talents, and by his steady adherence to those principles which he supported at the outset of his career.

Reginald. No minister was ever more respected than Lord Liverpool: perhaps none ever conciliated so large a portion of the regard of his opponents. But it must be observed, by the bye, that, of late years, his sentiments upon commercial subjects have undergone a change; and, under the influence of Mr. Huskisson, his lordship consented to support measures which are utterly inconsistent with the principles he laid down in the former part of his public life, and even down to a very late period. His political opinions, however, never underwent a change; and as he always supported them firmly, but still without any mixture of acerbity towards those who differed from him, the most perfect conviction of his conscientiousness pervaded all with whom he came in contact;

and few men have had more influence over public opinion from this very circumstance.

Reginald. He was a true Englishman, and one who would not have exclaimed with Mr. Kennedy,

Thou fool! I care not for the soil that bore me,

Or more, or less, than I do care for thine:
What strand should lie beneath, what sky
hang o'er me,

Was chance or fate's allotment, and not mine;

A toad, within a rocky hollow pent,
As well might boast of its stone tenement.

No; his lordship would have utterly reprobated the sentiment as opposed to one of the holiest and noblest of our passions, when it is entertained in purity and sincerity.

Miss Primrose. Who is Mr. Kennedy?

Reginald. A young man, Scotch I should suppose, from his name and from his publisher residing in Edinburgh, who, having probably heard of Lord Byron's anti-social and misanthropic conduct, has thought it becoming to sigh away his days and groan through the (to him) sleepless night, blind to the thousand beauties which nature scatters profusely in our path; and "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," who would lure him from this unprofitable mode of life. He thus draws his own portrait:

Behold yon melancholy man;
He walks the world alone;
Though formed on nature's choicest plan,
Unhonoured and unknown.
Oh! I could weep, but that his eye,
Fixed calmly, yet disdainfully,
Seems proudly looking on,
In stern derision of the fate
Which leaves him thus to meditate.

The woes of human destiny
May crave a human tear;
The monster called Society
Claims nought beyond a sneer:

The golden calf by Folly framed,
Which man in abject mood proclaimed
His god and glory here;
The senseless idol that his power
Hath raised to rule the passing hour.

The Vicar. Think you not he is one who, having suffered some early disappointment, having, when young Hope smiled and all was gay around, seen his prospects nipped in the bud, has abandoned himself to the dominion of gloomy and melancholy feelings, and scarcely made an effort to shake off the torpid and benumbing influence, which, if not resisted, will soon "cow the better part of man," and bring him completely under the dominion of fell misanthropy?

Mr. Montague. Or is he not some phantastic, who, having fancied that he is unjustly passed by, whilst others of inferior merits are on the high-road to fortune and to fame, assumes a lofty port; affects to despise the world which has neglected him; pretends to look "in stern derision on his fate;" and is resolved to let all those who were blind to his pretensions know, that if he be "unhonoured and unknown," it is only because he has not had justice done him, but has been shuffled out of the path to distinction by that scurvy jade Fortune, who delights in playing modest merit slippery tricks?

Reginald. I should think Mr. Kennedy is not the latter character: it is not so much a wounded pride, as, apparently, a weariness and disgust with every thing around him, which prompts him to ejaculate the following

WISH.

I have a wish ungratified;
One wish and nothing more:
Oh! would that wish were satisfied,
And hope and terror o'er!
'Tis not a gem from Fortune's crown
So earnestly I crave;

The prize I seek to make my own
Is but an early grave.

Oh! may I never live to shew
The locks of reverend grey!
But, like a vernal fall of snow,
Ere evening pass away!
A sickly passenger afloat
On a tempestuous sea,
The motions of life's bounding boat
Are heaviness to me.

Aye, smile, and say 'tis but the wild
Caprice of fleeting pain,
And that bright eyes will charm the child
To happiness again:
Thou know'st me not; in vain the spark
Of woman's love may shine;
It cannot light a soul so dark,
So desolate as mine.

Horace. Poor young man! I wish we had him here, Reginald. A few nights at Elmwood-Hall and the Rectory would soon cure him of these *Fitful Fancies**, I have no doubt.

Counsellor Eitherside. Aye, aye, bright eyes and dulcet voices would charm the melancholy devil out of him, I warrant ye.

Reginald. I know not that: "man delights him not, nor woman either;" and he has disclaimed woman's love, as we find from the following

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Though my young cheek's untimely faded,
It owes it not to cankering care;
And though a cloud my brow hath shaded,
Nor pain nor sorrow placed it there.

'Tis weariness of all around me,
Which loaths, but fears to leave, the earth,
That in its leaden grasp hath bound me,
To mourn no woe, yet feel no mirth.

The ivory hand, with music's power,
Strikes on my heart's dull chords in vain,
Stirring the memory of some hour
I would not have recalled again.

Horace. Well, if neither woman

* The title of a volume of poems by Mr. Kennedy, from which these extracts are made.

nor music will charm him, he is irretrievably lost: nothing can be done for him.

Reginald. Mr. Kennedy, however, is a man of genius, of sterling genius; and therefore it is the more to be regretted that he gives way to such morbid sensibilities. His volume of poetry contains "many gems of purest ray serene," which rank him above any one of the minor poets of the day; and even leave but a little distance between him and the choice spirits of the age, who touch the lyre with a master's hand, and couch their "thoughts that breathe" in "words that burn."

The Vicar. Reginald, have you read Mr. Green's *Sketches of the War in Greece*?

Reginald. Yes, but not with much profit; for there is little in the volume that was not known before: to those, however, who are still strangers to the subject, it is, perhaps, next to Mr. Waddington's work, the best account of the Greek revolution we have.

Mr. Apathy. What! better than Pouqueville's or Blaquiere's?

Reginald. Pho! Neither Pouqueville nor Blaquiere is any better than a romance. They furnish any thing but a correct account either of the Greeks or Greece; and in what relates to the Turks, their partiality has made them give currency to the most unfounded imputations, the grossest exaggerations. They are confirmed by no other writers on the subject: whereas the statements of Mr. Green are corroborated by those of Colonels Leake and Stanhope, the Chevalier Gamba, Count Pecchio, and Messrs. Emerson and Humphreys.

Mr. Apathy. I had always con-

sidered Pouqueville and Blaquiere as good authorities.

Reginald. Depend upon it you have imbibed an erroneous opinion. They make the Greeks heroes; and they have no claim to the title: oppressed they were; they have therefore a right to our sympathy: but as a people—and I will not dispute but it may arise from that very oppression of which I am speaking—they are the most worthless class of beings under the sun; and I never heard but one opinion on this subject from any who had once come in contact with them. I do not, however, agree in every opinion sported by Mr. Green, who, in his friendship for the Turks, goes farther than I am inclined to follow him.

The Vicar. Has the work no new details?

Reginald. Positively no; not as to the origin, or conduct, or progress of the war. Mr. Green's account of the Turkish navy will, however, be read with interest.

Basil. What does he say on this head?

Reginald. He says the Turks can bring a hundred sail of armed vessels into action, though they never produced more than fifty at once.

The Tunisians, Tripolitans, and Algerines, have occasionally furnished about twenty vessels of war, consisting of corvettes, brigs, and schooners, well armed and manned; but these, though acting under the Turkish admiral, do just as they please. The Turkish naval force proper, or that which is furnished from the arsenal at Constantinople, consists of five or six three-deckers, six or eight seventy-fours, thirty frigates and corvettes, and between forty and fifty schooners and brigs. There is no regular marine; but whenever the ships are

to be manned for any expedition, an impressment takes place. The press-gang run into the coffee and wine-houses, where the poorer orders resort, and seize all indiscriminately, without making the least inquiry as to their knowledge of naval tactics. Nay, people walking quietly in the streets do not escape. A more efficient race of sailors, however, is found among the traders of the Black Sea and the boatmen of the Bosphorus, and these are impressed without mercy.

Basil. Why what a delightful crew must be got together by these means! What admirable sailors they must make!

Reginald. Admirable indeed!—Mr. Green says,

Nautical skill may truly be said not to exist amongst the Turks; and any one who has had the good fortune to have sailed with the squadron which accompanied our fleet at the time of Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt, is thought a very Nelson. With such a crew, it is matter of surprise how the Turks manage to navigate at all; but the fact is, that the vessel is sailed and steered by Europeans, whilst the fighting part belongs exclusively to the Turks. I have been told, and, from what I have seen, can easily believe, that the confusion on board a Turkish vessel is absolutely ridiculous. One half of the men are, perhaps, horribly sea-sick, sprawling about the deck; while the other half are pulling at ropes, of which they have no knowledge. The Chaouses are seen, running here and there, bastinadoing right and left, and forcing the men to do their duty. Indeed, the way in which the sailors are taught to know and handle the different ropes is, as I was informed, quite on a par with the rest of the system. Vegetables, pipes, pieces of cloth, &c. are attached to the rigging and the cordage, and then the command is given, "Haul up the long rope; let go the cabbage," &c.

Basil. Avast there! Mr. Green may tell that story to the marines—it will not do for the sailors.

Reginald. Why it does seem to me quite preposterous, I must allow: but he does not vouch for it; he only gives it as “he was informed;” and I must think quite erroneously. If not, the scene must be ludicrous enough: I cannot think of it without laughing.

Mr. Montague. The Turks have managed to get together a pretty good set of seamen, too. They fought well at Navarino.

Reginald. Many are Europeans, who are trepanned into the service by the coffee and wine-house keepers; and before the revolution a great many of them were Greeks; the Islands of Hydra and Spezzia being obliged to furnish a certain number of seamen, whenever the

Porte required them, as a condition of being allowed to govern themselves. But, as far as mere fighting goes, the Turks were never deficient in courage, whether by sea or land. The belief that if they have said their prayers the day before the battle, they will, should death be their fate in combating the Christians, immediately be in company with their prophet amongst the Houris of Paradise, is a very excellent creed for making good soldiers of many, who, whatever be their faults, are not deficient in natural courage.

Mr. Montague. Well, it is near “the witching time of night;” we are positively becoming great rakes.—Adieu!

Good night was repeated by all, and we separated.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, Jan. 9, 1828.

MORNING VISITS.

WHOEVER is blessed or cursed—it is all a matter of opinion—with what has been called a pasteboard acquaintance; that is, whoever is known to a large number of persons, with whom cards are oftener exchanged than visits, and happens to order her carriage on a fine inviting morning, when she expects to find every body abroad like herself, having stored her card-case to meet every possible exigency, must occasionally have been sadly *bored* to hear the wished-for “not at home” reversed, and to feel herself obliged to look in upon her “dear five hundred friends” for five minutes at least. She finds Mrs. Bookworm surrounded with reviews and magazines, and scarcely visible above a pile of the latest publications. If

she hazards an opinion on *Flirtation*, or names a passage that has struck her in *The Obriens and the O’Flahertys*, Mrs. Bookworm sets her down with a dry “Do you think so?” or she is perhaps obliged to sit and hear Lady Morgan’s tale “cut up,” as the artists say, *in toto*. Sensible that she is sailing “i’ the north” of the literary lady’s good graces, and desirous of courting more favourable gales, she mentions the elegant annuals with which our press has lately teemed, runs over the contents of the whole tribe, intending to pay her *Blue* friend an ingenious compliment as she goes on, by noticing, with marked approbation, such contributions as Mrs. Bookworm is the supposed, though not the acknowledged, author of; but in

her haste she passes them over, and expatiates, unluckily, on an article written by Mrs. Bookworm's rival, and consequently her enemy; when, suddenly seeing the danger of her situation, Lady Beaumonde stops short, and to escape a total shipwreck, pleads her numerous engagements as an excuse for so short a call, and makes off, too happy if the *Blue* has sufficient humanity to complain only of the *general* ignorance and ingratitude of the age.

Then away she goes to Mrs. Allill, devoutly wishing she may be gone her daily airing; but the thermometer standing about half a degree below the point at which the invalid is allowed to issue forth on her search after health, Lady Beaumonde is most disagreeably surprised at being admitted immediately to her morning-room, where the good lady sits basking in the sunshine in a chair which the united efforts of every eminent upholsterer in town have scarcely succeeded in making an easy one in Mrs. Allill's acceptation of the word. Poor thing! with what sympathy her friend listens to her complaints, and how pathetically she chimes in with "Ah! I know what you suffer, for I have felt the same myself!" till at last, finding it quite impossible to keep pace with her, she gives the matter up, and listens with as composed a countenance as she can assume to a list of disorders so long and so dire, that, if Mrs. Allill had gone through a tenth part of them, and had escaped with life, she would of necessity be a miracle even in this age of wonderful cures. "Her illness," she tells Lady Beaumonde, "began with indigestion from having eaten too many strawberries by *two* at her friend Lady

Choicemore's rout early in March three years ago. She went to hear what Abernethy had to say upon it: he prescribed eight ounces per day; and treated her with the same inconsequence and rudeness that he is accustomed to dispense to the lowest of his patients. 'He hoped she lived far enough off for him never to be troubled with her company again;' told her 'to walk every day till she was tired, and to rise at six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter.' I have adhered to the first part of his advice strictly," says Mrs. Allill; "but as to walking and early rising I took that for one of this odd fellow's jokes, and have never troubled myself to put it in practice. I don't know how it is, but ever since I have eaten Abernethy's quantity, I have been sadly weak—'tis no fault of his, for he is the cleverest man alive;—and some time since I was obliged to lie on a reclining board for many months, from an affection of the spine. I am able now to sit up and take the air in a carriage made expressly for me. I lately went to Curtis to relieve my deafness, which was becoming very annoying, and he has done wonders for me, as you may suppose; for I dare say you do not now observe any deficiency in that respect." Lady Beaumonde nods assent. "I have left off my silver ears some time," she continues, pointing to a pair of things on the table which have the appearance of being made to *stop* rather than to *assist* the organ of hearing; "and certainly," she adds, adjusting her gold-mounted spectacles, "my eyes are better since I have worn these glasses. At one time our most celebrated oculists seemed to agree in thinking it would be necessary for me to un-

dergo couching; but I was willing, if possible, to avoid that operation. What most troubles me now," she goes on, "is a tiny swelling on this little finger," putting forth her beautifully formed but somewhat too delicate hand: "do you see it, Lady Beaumonde?"—"Indeed," says her ladyship, "I must confess my eyes are worse than yours, for I can perceive nothing."—"Oh! no, I dare say not, for I cannot discover it without my glasses; but I intend going to Sir Astley Cooper, and if he advises it, I shall certainly have the finger amputated: it will be of no consequence, as I have given up the harp for some time. Better lose a finger than an arm, you know."—"Oh! certainly, certainly, by all means," cries her ladyship, rising at the first pause. She takes a hasty leave, fearful that from the mere force of sympathy she shall be as really indisposed as Mrs. Allill desires to be.

"Oh! what a relief!" she exclaims, as she throws herself back in her carriage: "now I sincerely hope Lady Modish will be at home, for I really want something to send that sickening woman out of my head, just as one takes a bit of sweetmeat to put the taste of medicine out of one's mouth—pah! give me fashion in every thing but physic!"

"Is Lady Modish at home?" inquires the silk-hosed footman. "Not at home to any one but Lady Beaumonde," replies the well-mannered, well-looking porter; "she is engaged with numerous artists this morning, and desired to see her ladyship if she called." Lady Beaumonde is quickly ushered into her friend's *boudoir*, which is in such "admired

disorder," from the quantity of velvets, satins, silks, gauzes, feathers, flowers, and ribbons with which it is strewn, that she has some difficulty in making her way through the elegant impediments. "My dear Lady Beaumonde, how opportune this visit! yours is just the advice I wanted, for positively there's 'nothing new under the sun.' Here is the *Courier des Dames*, with nothing in it worth looking at; there's my oracle the *Repository* and *La Belle Assemblée*; nay, I have even condescended to look at the *Lady's Magazine*; but I can find nothing splendid enough for me this evening. I conclude you are not going to meet Don Miguel at the Austrian ambassador's?" she adds in a perfectly *exclusive* tone.—"Are you invited then?" asks Lady Beaumonde in an accent of unaffected surprise. "Bless me! how did you manage *that*?"—"I assure you it was an honour quite unsought for," says Lady Modish gravely.—"Well, my dear," rejoins her friend, recovering herself, "it will be a horrid crowd, depend upon it: no room for display; so I advise you to go as plainly dressed as the nature of the visit will allow."

So saying, she is about to retire, but Lady Modish requests, in her most beseeching voice, "her dear Lady Beaumonde just to say, whether the bird of paradise yellow dress, trimmed with black velvet, would do for the occasion?"—"Yellow and black, Lady Modish! Why you'll bring very unpleasant associations to the mind of the Don; he will be thinking of nothing but the Grand Inquisitor! Yellow and black indeed! If I gave any counsel on such a momentous subject, I should say,

wear pink, with silver ribbons and a silver tissue turban: but really I am not at all *au fait* at these foreign parties; you must make use of your own experience—so adieu!" And away she goes, pleased to have said something cutting even to the "dull, cold ear" of Lady Modish, who, quite new to the undertaking of meeting a set of illustrious foreigners, would have been happy to have claimed the privilege of sheltering herself under the protecting wing of the finished Lady Beaumonde.

That butterfly of fashion flies off again, to lay before her dearest friend, Madame St. Pierre (*dearest*, because, by good fortune, she is free from the contamination of English blood), the extraordinary intelligence that Lady Modish, decidedly a second-rate fashionable, has actually contrived to get herself invited to a party at which Don Miguel is to be present. "*Oui, ma chère, dat is de case,*" replies madame, "*dere is no place vere nous ne sommes pas ennuyé* by dese *parvenues*; *mais j'espere* dat her lasheep will no go to de party of *son Altesse Royale* at de *Amirauté*. See, I have *un billet, et sans doute vous en avez aussi:*" but the discomfited Lady Beaumonde, having received no card, dexterously avoids the blow, and replies, "Oh yes! but I fear I dare not venture

out, on account of my cold:" and shaking off Madame St. Pierre's caresses and entreaties of "*Mais, ma chère, il faut—tout le monde* shall be dere, *et nous serons si triste sans vous, ma belle!*" she hastens *à faire ses adieux*, and with the best grace she can put upon the matter.

Desiring the coachman to drive home with his utmost speed, she alights with breathless trepidation, and finds upon her table the so-much-coveted invitation: then all the gloom of the morning vanishes, every thing blushes *en couleur de rose*. Reinforced with an exquisite luncheon, for which the fatigues and anxieties of the last hour have given her a most unusual appetite, she starts again for Regent-street and Bond-street, in search of a dress, the principal qualifications of which must be eccentricity and costliness. The labours of the day being successfully ended, she actually is content to dine *tête-à-tête* with her husband; she even condescends to treat him with an air on her guitar; and retires almost convinced that "my Lord Beaumonde is not so *very* stupid after all." Such are the happy effects which a royal invitation can produce on a lady of supreme *bon ton*.

Longbrook-Lodge, Jan. 5, 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Rondo caractéristique pour le Piano-forte, sur la Barcarole de l'Opera "Marie," par Henry Herz. Op. 33. Pr. 3s. 6d. — (Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

AN introduction of two pages precedes the rondo, which extends to thirteen closely printed sides. The

Barcarole, or Boat-Song, upon which the rondo is stated to be founded, is very pretty, but we have little enough of it. In fact, the subject has so much been lost sight of, and such a quantity of extraneous matter, digression and modulation, has been introduced, all succeeding each other

without much connection or direct analogy of import, that the term *fantasia* would have suited the composition infinitely better than that of rondo, and would have borne out Mr. H. in all his multifarious flights and windings. The music, as it is, no doubt presents many detached portions of the highest merit; but it wants plan, and melody is not superabundant. This remark, it must be owned, does not alone apply to Mr. H.'s labour before us; it is more or less applicable to the productions of the German instrumental school, ever since the appearance of the works of Beethoven, a genius whose gloomy and eccentric mind too often disdained to conform to established rules and practices, and, by pursuing a path of his own, frequently blended ideas the most beautiful and sublime with oddities, extravagances, and even crudities, which his genial inspirations make us willing to put up with, the latter being in fact set off to greater advantage by the former.

This style, this predilection for the abstruse, has met with numerous admirers, especially among the Germans, a nation fond of what is thoughtful, profound, or sentimental; and most of the instrumental composers of that country have followed the steps of Beethoven; but—as in all cases of imitation—the genius of the original is missed, and, with it, the redeeming beauties which compensated for the abstrusities. But it is the style of the day; and until a change for the better ensue, we must have patience, take what is offered to us, and make the best of it; as, after all, the productions emanating from that school have an interest in *their way*; and such are the natural charms of melody, that although it

seems to be deemed of secondary consideration, it is not entirely banished; only it occurs more rarely, and in fragments.

This is the case with the present rondo, which, although it happened to lead us into the above remarks generally, must not, as has already been observed, be supposed to have specially and exclusively called for them. Allowing for the taste of the day, which it follows, it will be found to contain much that is truly valuable, and to exhibit the talents and science of its author in a very conspicuous light. It is calculated for matured performers, and will afford excellent practice to less advanced players.

A favourite Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by J. Mayseder, of Vienna. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street).

Mr. Mayseder's rondo is of a very different complexion from the preceding; much less elaborate and profound, but more attractive for melody and regularity of construction. The author is a violinist, and by this class of artists we are pretty certain that melody will not be sacrificed to the mechanism of mere harmonical combinations. Mr. Mayseder sets out with a neat subject, which he varies and modulates in a select and very pleasing manner; and amidst a proper diversity of successive ideas, the main motivo, and a due consistency of plan, are never lost sight of. All is in good keeping, and perfectly clear and intelligible: The author's principal instrument is discernible throughout the rondo, the right hand being occupied at all times with propounding the melody, while the bass part is devoted to accompaniment. This composition cannot be

termed difficult; but, to be executed with befitting neatness, it should be consigned to players of some taste and experience.

Deux petites Polonoises pour le Piano-forte, composées par J. B. Pixis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street).

These two little polonoises are written in a tasteful style; clear, regular, and altogether pretty. As they keep, moreover, within the bounds of convenient practicability, they may fitly be placed before middling pupils, as lessons which, while they are sure to gain favour, will contribute to the improvement of both manual dexterity and good expression. The trios are particularly attractive.

The Battle of Navarino, a characteristic Fantasia for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Admirals of the combined Squadron, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll).

Mr. Rimbault, ever indefatigable in his labours, presents us here with a musical record of the successive occurrences of that strange combat, in which the fleets of three powers united in the destruction of the navy of a fourth, with whom they were at perfect peace. But whether the battle itself be liked or not, there is no reason to find fault with the music, which is much to the purpose, and effective.

Though the materials called into action are not very original, the musical portraiture of the whole is ingenious and satisfactory, and likely to be a favourite with youthful performers, as there are no great difficulties to be surmounted. The title-page, representing the action, is peculiarly neat, and well executed in lithography.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &C.

1. *Variations, Waltz, and Coda, on the favourite Chorus "Nel Silenzio," from Meyerbeer's Opera "Il Crociato in Egitto;" composed for the Piano-forte by Jerome Payer.* Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)
2. *A Selection of admired Pieces from the Operas of Rossini, Carafa, and Mercadante; arranged for the Flute and Piano-forte by Antonio Diabelli, of Vienna.* Nos. 1. to 5. Pr. 3s. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)
3. *Overture to Spontini's Opera "La Vestale;" arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by D. Steibelt.* Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)
4. *"La Gaité," a Set of new Quadrilles, with their proper Figures, by J. P. Pixis, Payer, Schloesser, and Zerbini.* Nos. 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 3s. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)
5. *Lord Mornington's Glee, "Here in cool grot;" arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by T. A. Rawlings.* Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)
6. *"Cushlih ma chree," a favourite Irish Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by P. Knapton.* Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
7. *"Isabel," arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Augustus Voight.* Pr. 2s.—(J. B. Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)
8. *Hook's Overture to the "Lady of the Manor," newly arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault.* Pr. 4s.—without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)
9. *Petit Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed and arranged by S. F. Rimbault.* No. 4. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

1. Although the chorus, "Nel Silenzio," is perhaps the least original piece in the *Crociato*—for it is obviously a close imitation of a Spanish air, or at least of an air which has been published here long ago in a collection of Spanish melodies—it has proved one of the most favourite pieces in the whole opera, and its repetition has generally been called for at the King's Theatre. The cause of this may probably be assigned to the sweet simplicity and regular construction of

the air, and to the perfect harmonic arrangement of the several voices in the score. On so popular a subject, variations are not likely to fail of success; and those of Mr. Payer, six in number, are written in a very superior style, and not too difficult for a fairly advanced performer.— Among other varieties of form under which he has represented the theme, the canon in C minor (var. 4.) deserves very favourable mention; and the waltz which winds up the whole is particularly neat, and quite in its right place.

2. Mr. Diabelli's arrangements of operatic airs, of which we have five numbers before us, are excellent; but it is proper to remark, not only that the flute part is absolutely indispensable, but requires, moreover, an experienced and neat player. With such assistance, this publication will be found valuable; for Mr. Diabelli has the reputation of being unequalled in adaptations; a quality which, to a publisher, as he is at the same time, must prove incalculably profitable: for we have been assured, that such is this gentleman's musical tact and memory, that the mere attendance at the first representation of an opera enables him to publish, a few days afterwards, the most successful pieces in the shape of adaptations. Mozart possessed this talent in the most eminent degree, and Woelfl likewise. The latter once played to the writer of this, from pure recollection, the whole of the opera of "Il Don Giovanni" on the piano-forte, not only correctly as to melody, but with all the authentic harmony; and when his ten gigantic fingers could not grasp what he deemed essential, he sang, or whistled in, the supple-

ments. The contents of Mr. Diabelli's numbers are:

- No. 1. "Vieni fra queste braccia," from *Gazza Ladra*.
 — 2. "Alma grande e generosa," by *Mercadante*.
 — 3. "Che ascolto," from *Otello*.
 — 4. "Sorte secondami," from *Zelmira*.
 — 5. "Ognor piu tenero," bolero by *Carafa*.

3. The arrangement, by Steibelt, of the overture to "La Vestale" presents two great features of recommendation. It is very effective, and by no means difficult. The flute part is optional; but if it be called in, it must not be given to a quite inexperienced hand.

4. The quadrilles, comprised in the three numbers, entitled "La Gaité," should not be confounded with the numberless crude quadrille-books that have been forced on the public for some years past. Not only are the airs in "La Gaité" such as our young friends would delight in dancing, but the music is of a description to please both the untutored and the cultivated ear. Many of the pieces present ideas of a very superior order engrafted on the airs on which they have been framed, so that the publication may confidently be made to serve the purpose of lessons occasionally. This, indeed, might be expected from the names of the adapters, whose reputation stands more or less high on the Continent, and even in this country. The first number, founded on airs from Mercadante's "Eliza e Claudio," and arranged by Pixis, although not wanting in interest, is certainly the plainest of the three. No. 2. contains a set of tunes from Rossini's "Semiramide," selected, arranged, and augmented by Pixis and Payer in excellent style; and No. 3. consists of five elegant airs from va-

rious sources, modelled into capital quadrilles by Schloesser and Zerbini, and in a manner seldom witnessed in this kind of publications.

5. Mr. Rawlings' divertimento consists of an introductory allegro, followed by Lord Mornington's well-known glee, "Here in cool grot." Glees do not present the most favourable pieces for piano-forte adaptation: in this shape the steady march of the parts will, more or less, infuse a stiffness of design and colouring, which is not in accordance with the light-fingered style of the present age. Mr. Rawlings, it must be confessed, has done his best to overcome or disguise this feature of inconvenience; and, at all events, he has furnished non-vocalist performers with the means of satisfactorily executing and enjoying a composition which mainly contributed to the musical reputation of the father of the British hero of the Peninsula and of Waterloo.

6. Mr. Knapton's variations on "Cuishlil ma chree," nearly a dozen in number, are as good as variations on this Irish tune can possibly be wished for. The minor key of a theme is perhaps rather unfavourable to the composition of variations, particularly when they come to be numerous; but Mr. K. has, in some degree, broken the monotony of the minor tonic, by resorting to kindred major keys; and he has brought into action a more than common store of science and artifice, for compositions of this kind, so as to keep the player's attention alive and in good humour. The variations have evidently been written with laudable care, and they deserve to be assigned to a good performer.

7. Mr. Voigt's variations on the

air of "Isabel" are also of creditable workmanship; but we must be short with them. Among the more striking features, may be reckoned the little sprinkling of counterpoint in var. 2.; the whole of var. 4. in F minor; and more particularly its second part in A b, which is very meritorious; it blends good contrapuntal interlacement with clear melodic expression, traits not commonly found united. Much of the subsequent matter would call for favourable notice, had we more space at command.

8. The overture to "The Lady of the Manor" being in the simple, clear, and melodic style of a musical age now nearly gone by, may serve as fit entertainment for the more juvenile class of performers. Whatever Hook wrote was universally intelligible, and mostly melodious and pleasing. He is said to have composed upwards of a thousand vocal pieces. Many of these are undeservedly forgotten, except by those who have made use of his ideas to reproduce them as their own.

9. Mr. Rimbault's "Petit Rondo," No. 4. treats us once more with the air of "Isabel," satisfactorily arranged for the use of beginners.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *Collection of German National Melodies, arranged with Accompaniments for the Piano-forte or Guitar*, by Mollwo and Derwort. Nos. 1. to 6. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)
2. "True love," a celebrated German Arietta, translated by W. M^rGregor Logan; adapted by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith street.)
3. "Oh! many have sworn to adore me," a Canzonet; written by W. M^rGregor Logan; composed by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart.)
4. "Jamie's o'er the sea," a Scottish Ballad; the Words by Miss Rosamond Wudans; the

Music composed by W. Kirby. Pr. 2s.—
(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

1. The German melodies, in the six numbers of Messrs. Mollwo and Derwort's collection, now before us, are good without exception, and sure to please singers of all degrees. If it were not for some few embellishments, which had better been omitted, and which the less advanced may fairly contrive to pass *sub silentio*, we should add, that the ease and simplicity of the airs present additional features of recommendation. The accompaniments are appropriate: yet that of the piano-forte might, in many instances, have been rendered more satisfactory. That of the guitar, without being beyond the reach of a very moderate player, is more to the purpose. Among the airs which claim more particular notice are, a song and a duet of Weigl's, and a song from Himmel's *Fanchon*; not that these are altogether unknown in England, but they deserve a wider circulation. With regard to the English translations and their adaptation to the melody, we cannot absolutely say that all is perfect in these respects; but, upon the whole, there is reason to be satisfied.

2. "True love" is a very interesting German melody, in the polacca style, which certainly was highly deserving of being adapted to English words; and this task has been well accomplished by Messrs. Barnett and Logan. The song is sure to please all hearers. Its popularity, indeed, has rendered a second edition requisite.

3. Mr. Barnett's canzonet seems to express the lament of a declining beauty, followed by her gratitude towards a swain—"though last not

least in our love"—who, when all wooers "forsook her, extended his arms," and so forth. An act so *uncommonly* generous deserved a good song, and Mr. B. has not been unsuccessful in the cause of fading charms. The lament is couched in an "Adagio con gran passione" (not "in a great passion," as the occasion might tempt some half-linguists to interpret). But when our fair-one reaches the comforting portion of her reflections, she proceeds "poco piu allegro;" and, on expressing her feelings when "lovingly taken to the friend's bosom," the music proceeds under the direction of "stringando poco a poco," a well-known musical term, which literally implies "drawing tighter and tighter." Mr. B. thus appears to have been fully imbued with his subject, and his melody further evinces the fact. The first part is a serious impassioned strain, of rather a recitative kind, presenting some very select combinations of chords. The allegro moves in more regular and measured steps, and, amidst great attention to the import of the text, preserves a chaste flow of melodic diction, supported by good and apt harmonic colouring.

4. Mr. Kirby's Scotch song is made up of materials which have been heard over and over again; but these have been put together with propriety and good tact, so as to express very fairly the lass's grief at "Jamie's being o'er the sea."

HARP MUSIC.

Grand Duet Concertante for the Harp and Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Panther, by Charles Schunke. Pr. 6s.—
(Boosey and Co. Holles-street).

An allegro in E four sharps serves as introduction; then follows an

Irish air in three sharps; and this is succeeded by a subject from "La Cenerentola" in E major, upon which three or four variations have been devised, among others, a polacca, which serves to lead to the conclusion of the duet. The harp part may be intrusted to a performer of much less advancement—and such was probably Mr. S.'s view—than that of the piano-forte, which is rather intricate for players not thoroughly familiar with the sharp keys; for not only do the sharps abound in the signatures, but we have a goodly sprinkling of accidentals, double sharps, and naturals. It is certainly not *prima vista* business.

The little room we have left pre-

cludes any detail. Much of what we said of Mr. Schunke's style on the occasion of the polonaise noticed in our last Number, and some of the remarks introduced in our comment on Mr. Herz's rondo in our critique of this month, may fairly be applied to this duet, which will repay the trouble it may give, to one of the parties at least, by a variety of ideas of a classic stamp, amidst which we observe some really original conceptions. Mr. S. possesses an inventive genius; his style is formed on the best models; and his harmonic combinations are select, bold, and frequently luxuriant and rich in the highest degree.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

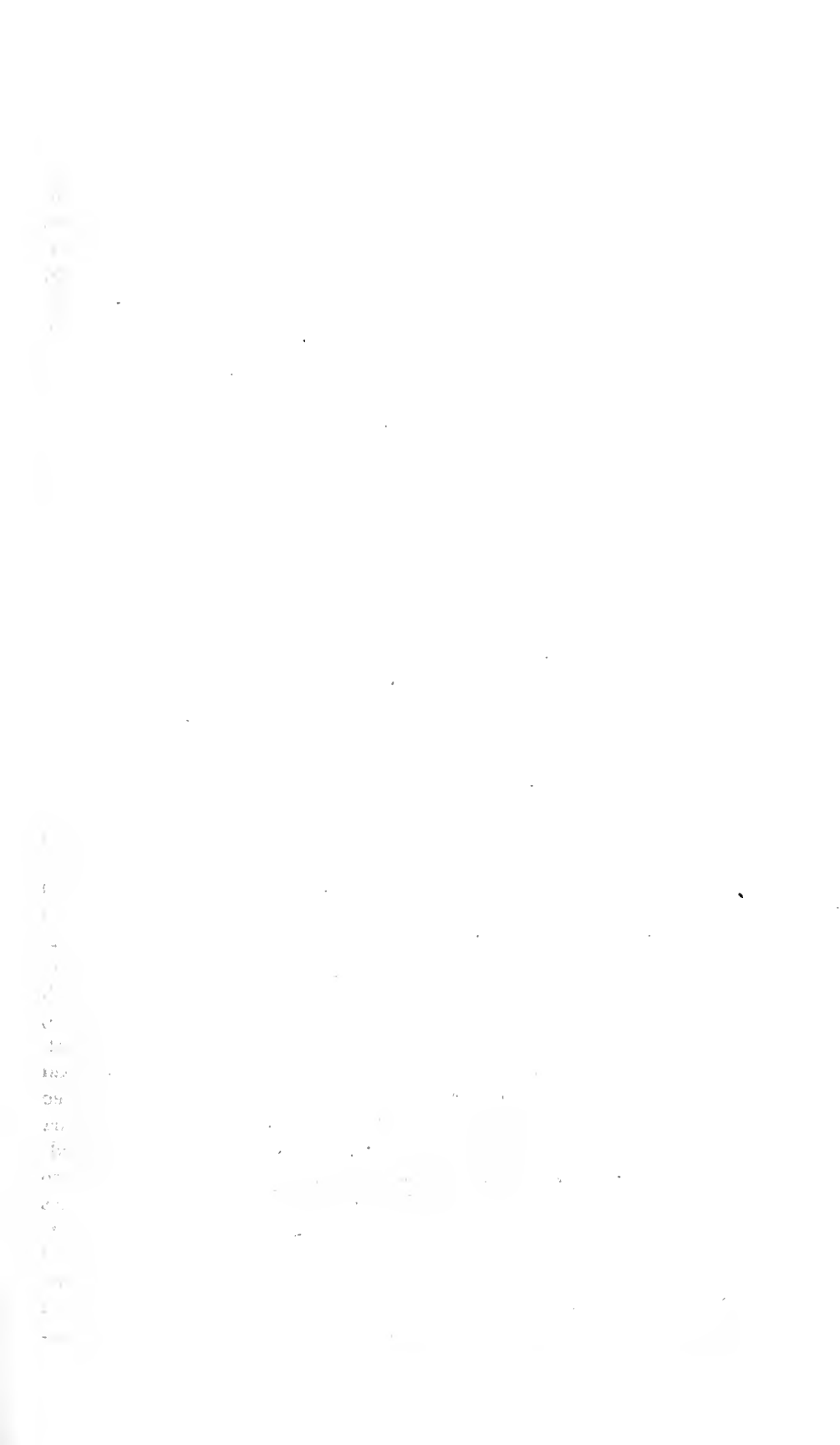
PROMENADE DRESS.

MERINO high dress of *giraffe* colour; made plain and fastened in front: the waist long, with a broad band of the same material as the dress: *gigot* sleeves, with deep black velvet cuffs, ornamented with gold buttons: circular black velvet cape, trimmed with black lace. The skirt has a border of black velvet, cut bias, and adorned with five gold buttons in front: blue and scarlet silk kerchief, beneath the dress, rises just above the cape, and ties in front.

Circular hat of blue velvet; the crown full; the brim, broad in front and narrow behind, edged and trimmed with *giraffe*-colour velvet; the trimming in front resembling fern in shape: the strings are *en bride*, but not very long. Light blue gloves; *giraffe*-colour shoes; chinchilla muff.

EVENING DRESS.

The body of scarlet velvet, made close to the shape, and quite plain; pointed in front, and ornamented with a cruciform bow, and edged with gold lace: circular epaulettes, edged with gold on either side. Farinet tucker, of longitudinal folds of white *crêpe lisse*: sleeves of scarlet velvet, short, full, and stiffened; long sleeves, of white *crêpe lisse*, full to the wrist, where they are terminated by broad gold filigree bracelets, with cameo clasps. The skirt is of white China crape, finished with a broad wadded hem, and ornamented with two flounces of white *crêpe lisse*, cut bias and double, edged with narrow scarlet velvet, and headed by a row of vandykes or *dents de loup*. The hair is parted in front, and arranged tastefully in curls on each side. Co-







EVENING DRESS.

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ronet shape head-dress of jewels, set in gold and silver gauze. Necklace and ear-rings of filigree gold, adorned with emeralds and pink topazes. Imperial Chinese yellow gauze scarf;

white kid gloves, embroidered in the form of a star at the backs, and confined beneath the bracelets; silver tissue shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Jan. 15, 1823.

MANTLES are less worn than last month, though still considered very fashionable. Some have been recently introduced, composed of rich crimson levantine, trimmed with black velvet, or black satin trimmed with crimson velvet. These mantles have a novel and striking appearance. The trimming is either an imitation of palms, into which the velvet is cut, or else a band formed *en treillage* by very narrow velvet ribbon: the upper part of this band is arranged in *dents de scie*.

Redingotes are more in favour than they were last month. Some new ones have just appeared more remarkable for their singularity than their elegance. They are composed either of velvet or poplin: this last article, particularly when plaided, is in very great request, especially those of the royal manufacture of *la Savonnerie*; they are by far the best of the French poplins, but still inferior to the English. The *corsage* of the *redingote* is made as usual, but is nearly concealed by a large pelerine, which is cut out round the back, and at each side of the front, in the shape of a scollop, and edged with a satin cord, to correspond with one of the predominant colours of the dress. The sleeve is very full to about half way below the elbow, where it is attached to a band quite tight to the arm: the effect is very ungraceful. The trimming, consisting of a very broad band, scolloped to correspond with the pelerine, goes round the bottom and up one side of the front, where the dress fastens. Upon each of the scollops going

up the front is a full knot of satin, to correspond with the trimming at the edge.

Gowns, without any other envelope than a large fur tippet, are also in favour for the promenade: poplin, *gros de Naples*, and various kinds of merinos, are all in favour for promenade gowns; besides which, there are a variety of stuffs composed of a mixture of silk and cotton, or cotton and wool, which are considered fashionable: of these the one most in favour is *Missourienne*.

The shape of promenade bonnets continues the same as last month; but they are less profusely trimmed. Velvet is the material most in request. Some bonnets are simply trimmed with large knots of the same material; a greater number are ornamented with plaid *pluche de soie* intermixed with flowers. This style of trimming is principally confined to black velvet. Coloured velvet bonnets are ornamented either with ostrich or down feathers; but the latter predominate. Plaid velvet bonnets, trimmed with a mixture of blond lace and very low plumes of white marabout, have just appeared, and are likely to be much in favour. Bonnets now, white ones excepted, are generally lined either with rose colour or bird of paradise colour: sometimes the lining is covered with broad rich blond lace disposed in flutings. The ribbons used to trim bonnets at present are much wider than last month.

In dinner-dress the materials most in favour are *gros des Indes*, *popeline brochée*, *velours Turc*, and *veloutine*. The

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last is a newly invented silk, of a lozenge pattern; it is now quite the rage, but is not equal either in beauty or richness to the *velours Turc*: it is a fancy velvet, striped in two colours; on one, generally the least glaring coloured of the stripes, appear little Turkish patterns at regular distances. Blond sleeves and trimmings are usually worn with these last dresses, and generally also with those of *gros des Indes*. Poplins have a mixture of satin and poplin in the trimming; *veloutines* have either the same material mixed with *crêpe lisse* or else *veloutine* only.

Many dinner gowns are now made entirely tight to the shape. These have always the bust ornamented in various ways: the newest style is a kind of stomacher, composed of satin points, or *coques*, which forms the shape in a very becoming manner. Another style of ornament consists of three demi-lozenges

of white satin, edged either with narrow blond lace or silver fringe: these also are so arranged as to form a stomacher. The bodies of dinner-dresses are in general cut low. Short sleeves are in favour, but not so much so as transparent long ones. The only new style of trimming this month is a gauze *ruche*, composed of at least three colours; it is disposed in very deep festoons round the bottom of the dress: in the hollow of each festoon is affixed a knot of either gold or silver gauze or white satin. Some *élégantes* substitute for the knot a bouquet of lilies or myrtle either in silver or gold.

Fashionable colours are mulberry, *ponceau*, dark slate colour, gold colour, bird of paradise, sea green, and *bleu de Suède*: the last is the most fashionable, and is worn in every sort of stuff: it is a peculiar shade of bluish grey.

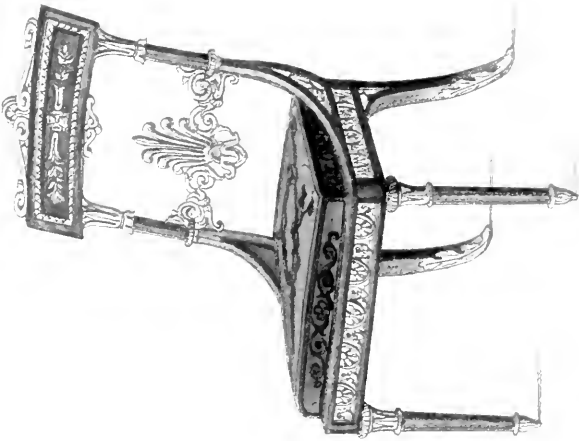
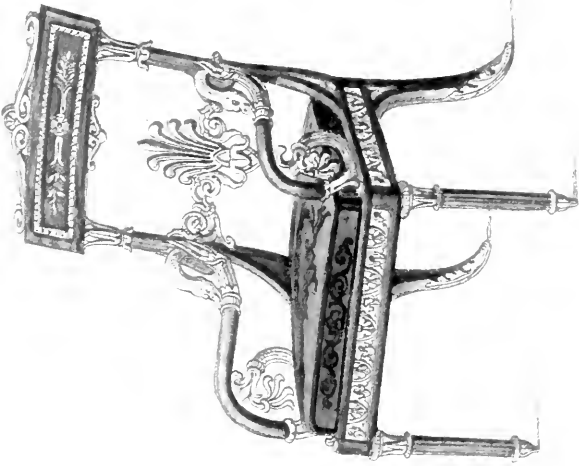
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS.

JUDGING from the admirable ancient remains of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we may infer that those nations were equally magnificent in their decorations and furniture; but as we have no examples transmitted to us, it is only by tradition we know that among them chairs were occasionally used by the higher class of people. These were made of rich materials, such as ebony, ivory, &c.; but it is a matter of doubt if they were more than stools, or used as thrones, having no back to them. It is well known, that to this day the inhabitants of the East hardly use chairs, but recline on cushions, sofas, and ottomans; and though they are used in China, they are by no means so common there as in European countries. In the 15th and 16th centuries, chairs were not so much in use as they are now; they were made large, clumsy, and stiff in appearance,

no curved lines being then introduced in the making of them. The modern chairs, though much smaller, are made stronger than those before-mentioned, which is owing to the introduction of curved lines. In Catholic countries, chairs are made use of in churches instead of pews; and even in the public walks persons are accommodated with chairs, but of a very common sort.

In the accompanying plate are represented two chairs, fit to be placed in a drawing-room, requiring richness and elegance in their designs. They both bear the same character, differing only in size, and in the addition of elbows. The blue silk is to correspond with the hanging of the room. Part of the ornaments are carved in wood, and the smallest in metal, of or-molu: the body of the chair should be made of fancy wood.



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FINE ARTS.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARIN.

WHATEVER may be the sentiments entertained by politicians respecting the justice of the late destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian naval force by the united fleet of Britain, Russia, and France, at Navarin, there can be but one opinion relative to the skill and gallantry displayed in an especial manner by our brave countrymen, and which were crowned with such signal success. Every spectator who views the representation of this scene, now exhibiting at the Panorama, Strand, must be equally struck with the talent and industry which has enabled Mr. Burford, the proprietor, to complete a work of such magnitude, and so full of details, in so short a space of time.

Considering, that in regard to the manner of attack and position of the ships, the artist has strictly followed the official plans, the use of which has been allowed him by the Lord High Admiral, he has contrived to give to his subject a highly picturesque effect. This effect

is greatly heightened by the snatches of coast in the back-ground, with the old and new towns of Navarin, which are excellent specimens of panoramic painting; while the boats, the fragments of wreck, and the clusters of men striving to save themselves upon them in the fore-ground, contribute to give great variety to the scene. The British commander's ship, the *Asia*, pouring her destructive fire into the Turkish and Egyptian admirals, forms a conspicuous object, and is remarkable for the contrast presented by her solid compact appearance with the gaudy trappings of the Mahometan vessels. But the eye is still more struck by the effect of the explosion of one of the Turkish fire-ships, which is represented with extraordinary force and brilliancy of colouring.

This exhibition can scarcely fail to be an object of popular curiosity; and the more so, as the event here represented must, we presume, shortly undergo parliamentary discussion.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for publication a *Picturesque Tour of the River Thames*, from the city of Oxford to its mouth. This work will be printed to correspond exactly with the Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges, already before the public; and consist of twenty-four coloured views of the most remarkable scenes and objects along the river, from designs by Mr. William Westall. It will be completed in six monthly numbers, each containing four engravings, and about four sheets of descriptive letter-press; the first of which will be ready for delivery on the 1st of April next.

Mr. Joseph Woods has in the press *Letters of an Architect from France*,

Italy, and Greece; containing Observations on Ancient and Modern Architecture, which are intended to give an idea of the effect of each building, and to explain the principles on which that effect is produced.

Religious Discourses by a Layman are announced; and it will excite the public curiosity to learn that they consist of Three Sermons, by Sir Walter Scott.

It is stated that the famous letter of Junius to the King has been recently discovered at the Duke of Buckingham's magnificent mansion at Stowe, with the signature of the writer; and it is added, that none of the theories hitherto advanced respecting the author of the celebrated letters has hit the real person. †

is said the Lord Grenville has requested that the secret may not be disclosed during his life.

Tales of the Talmud, from the spirited pen of Dr. Maginn, are announced.

The authors of "The Odd Volume" have nearly ready a collection of *Tales and Legends*, in 3 vols.

Mr. Best, author of "Four Years in France," will shortly publish *Three Years in Italy*, or Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that period.

The author of "The Military Sketch-Book" is engaged on a new work, entitled *Tales of a Military Life*.

A new literary gazette, and weekly critical review, entitled *The Athenæum*,

to be published every Wednesday morning, was commenced on the 2d January, under the direction of Mr. Buckingham, proprietor and editor of "The Sphynx," in conjunction with some of the most eminent literary characters of the day. The Athenæum is printed on larger paper than any literary journal previously established, but at the same price.

Captain Glasscock, author of "The Naval Sketch-Book," has a new *Tale of the Sea* nearly ready for publication.

The Betrothed Lovers, a Milanese tale of the 17th century, translated from the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni, is preparing for publication, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

Poetry.

RINALDO AND ANTONIA.

BOOK IV.
(Concluded.)

WHEN first

She found herself to life restor'd, what eyes
Were those which met her waking ones?
whose glance
Call'd to her cheek the blush of sweet de-
light?

"Alphonso! do I owe my life to thee?
Oh! doubly valued is existence now,
And freedom dearer to Rinaldo's child!"
Then, as if fearful she had said too much,
She on her father's breast her blushing face
Conceal'd, and tears, the sweetest, purest
tears,
Of gratitude and fond affection shed.

At length a voice, whose dulcet sounds were far
Too well remember'd ever to deceive
The ear which once had heard their melody,
Whisper'd, "Awake, fair girl! lift up thine
eyes;
Behold this tress which lately grac'd thy
head:
No other favour has adorn'd my cap.
The flower of constancy, though faded, yields
A sweet perfume; and, oh! 'tis cherish'd
still!

Nay, look again; behold, to bless thy sight,
Thy father's pardon!—by the royal seal
'Tis stamp'd; and he is now declar'd to be
A faithful subject and a injur'd man."

"'Tis true indeed, my child," Rinaldo said;
"This gallant youth before the throne of
Spain
Has clear'd my honour and redeem'd my
name
From the foul stain of treachery. I shall see,
Before the grave's dark slumbers close my
eyes,

Again my king; again shall kiss his hands,
And hear him say, 'Thou wert a loyal knight,
By perjurd tongues traduced.' "

"Alas! my lord,"
Alphonso said, "two moons have wan'd
since he
Whom thou knew'st king was number'd with
the dead;

But ere he died Don Carlos had declared
In last confession to a holy friar
His perjury to thee; and bid him haste,
As he would gain salvation from the saints,
To tell his royal kinsman of his fraud.
He then expired, absolved, and our good
king

Surviv'd not many days; but when he gave
His blessing to his son, the Prince of Spain,
He bade him see thy injuries redress'd,
I then was order'd, with this noble knight,
To bring thee safely to thy monarch's court,
Who will confirm the pardon he has sent
With his own lips, and welcome thee his
friend."

"The Virgin bless thee with her choicest
gilt!"

Rinaldo cried; "for thy companion says,
Hadst thou not named me at the court of
Spain,
His nephew's last confession in the breast
Of Ferdinand had slept."

"Don Raphael's love,"
The youth replied, "I know has made him
think
Of me more highly than I'er deserved:
Yet if thou deem'st a guerdon I might crave,
'Twould be to claim thy lovely daughter's
hand.

No sire will now oppose my ardent suit;
And I am noble. Am I then too bold?
Speak, Constodella, since Antonia's mute."

"My child is thine," Rinaldo said, "if thou
Prove worthy of her love: but, gentle youth,
Wed her when not a stain shall rest upon
Her lineage; when her joyful sire no more
Is deem'd a traitor, then my daughter's
thine."

Lips need not always speak, the beaming
eyes
May save the laggard tongue the task of
speech;

And young Alphonso in Antonia's read
(Though they were downcast, and their glances
bent

On the gay flowers that blossom'd at her
feet),

That her whole heart was his; nor was it long
Ere she receiv'd his faith and gave her own.

* * * * *
At length acknowledg'd as a lord of Spain,
Rinaldo bowed before the monarch's throne,
And was by him receiv'd with courtly grace
And warmest favour: all that he had lost
Should be restor'd; and Constodella's name
Should be declar'd, for truth and loyalty,
Second to none throughout his native land.

His daughter, by the king's express command,
Was next presented, and with wonder
charm'd

By her surpassing beauty, he exclaim'd:
"Heaven, though unseen, thy footsteps must
have led

To place the crown of Spain upon thy brow,
Which never yet beam'd on a lovelier one.
Yield thy consent, my lord, to our fond suit,
And by the Virgin mother and the saints,
Thy heiress shall queen-consort be of Spain."

"My liege," Rinaldo said, "my child is
now
Betrothed, and her heart and faith are given
Where gratitude and virtue must approve."

"Lady," the monarch ask'd with flushing
cheek,

"What say'st thou? Wilt thou share the
throne with one

Who, for thy sake, a kingdom would resign
If he in humble life could win thy heart?"

"Thy proffer'd love I must indeed refuse,"
Antonia said; "for mine, O king, is pledg'd:
Nor could the brightest jewel in thy crown
Reward me for a breach of constancy."

"Lady, know'st thou that I have power to
bind

As well as skill to loose a galling chain?
The hand which gave thy father back his
rights

May hold thee stubborn in the darksome
gloom

Of a lone convent. Understandest thou
What I would say or ere it be too late?"

"Thy power is much, my liege, as King of
Spain;

But as the daughter of a noble house,
Whose early teacher was adversity,
I can do more; I can defy that power
With steady patience to the sovereign will,
Which sometimes gives the reins to tyranny.
In vain may arbitrary ire be us'd;
It may affright but shall not make me false
To my own heart, or to my plighted faith."
And, as she spoke, her beaming eyes declar'd
The virtuous purpose of her constant soul.

"Thy speech is bold, most noble maid; and
now

What says brave Don Alphonso, when he
hears

His king defied in language, which, me-
thinks,

Subject should not address to monarch's
ear?"

"I say at length the woman I have found,"
Alphonso answer'd, while his glowing cheek
Proclaim'd the triumph of his noble heart,
"Whom wealth could not allure nor splen-
dour bind

To falsify her vows, whose love has prov'd
Like to the seven times furnace—tried, pure
gold

Which loses not its weight—say how can I
Reward a constancy so excellent?

A royal crown I'll place upon thy brows,
My own Antonia; for the wandering knight
Who left his father's court in ire, was own'd
The Prince of Spain: Don Cæsar, now retire.
Our lovely queen must pardon that we tried
A scheme to know if wealth could dazzle
her.

My noble cousin, thou hast often said
A woman's faith deserved to be engraved
In characters of sand; here thou hast proof
That virtuous love, when rightly plac'd, will
be

A bulwark 'gainst the snares which splendid
power

May spread to lure.

"Antonia, Queen of Spain,
The flower thou gav'st me is exchanged, and
I,

For such a prize so cherish'd, do return
A royal coronet to grace thy brow."

D. L. J.

LA TRIBUNE.

From "*The Acadian*," a *NOVA SCOTIA News-paper*.

[There is a vast difference between the honest reputation which springs from an act of disinterested heroism, and the false fame which the world is too apt to bestow on those whose celebrity is built upon the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. I think the preserver of a single life has a better claim upon the sympathies of society, than all the sackers of cities and winners of battles that ever deluged the universe with blood. Influenced by this opinion, I have endeavoured, in the lines which follow, to preserve alive the recollection of an incident, the brightest I believe in our Provincial History. I know not what has become of the lad; but his name, and the memory of his fearlessness and humanity, belong to his country, and should not be forgotten.]

The knell of death is on the blast,
The seas are wildly driv'n;
And those who cling around the mast,
Look up with prayers to Heav'n:

While ev'ry swelling, dark blue wave
Strikes terror to the eye
Of men who think they see their grave,
Yet feel 'tis hard to die.

And who, in such an awful hour,
Will dare approach the wreck,
When he, who only has the power,
The waters will not check?

For, oh! the deep sea's sullen roar,
That sounds so fierce and loud,
And mountain waves that lash the shore,
Appal the shrinking crowd.

But who his little bark has launch'd,
And to his oars has sprung?
His cheek by age seems yet unblanch'd,
His brow is fair and young*.

His light and almost childish form
Seems far too weak to brave
The fearful howling of the storm,
The terror of the wave.

But yet a high and fearless soul
Is gleaming from his eye;
Which tells that he will reach the goal,
Or on the waters die.

His boat the billow proudly cleaves,
While bounding from the shore;
And those whom on the beach he leaves,
Ne'er hope to see him more.

But mark the sacred freight he bears
From off the troubled main;
Two human forms—what bliss is theirs,
Restored to life again!

And, oh! what feelings swell the heart
Of that undaunted boy!
Could Roman triumphs e'er impart
So sweet a throb of joy?

Acadia's child! thy humble name
The Muse will long revere;
The wreath, so nobly won from Fame,
Shall bloom for many a year.

Long as the thoughts which swell'd thy
breast,
The flame that lit thine eye,
Within our Country's bosom rest,
Thy name shall never die.

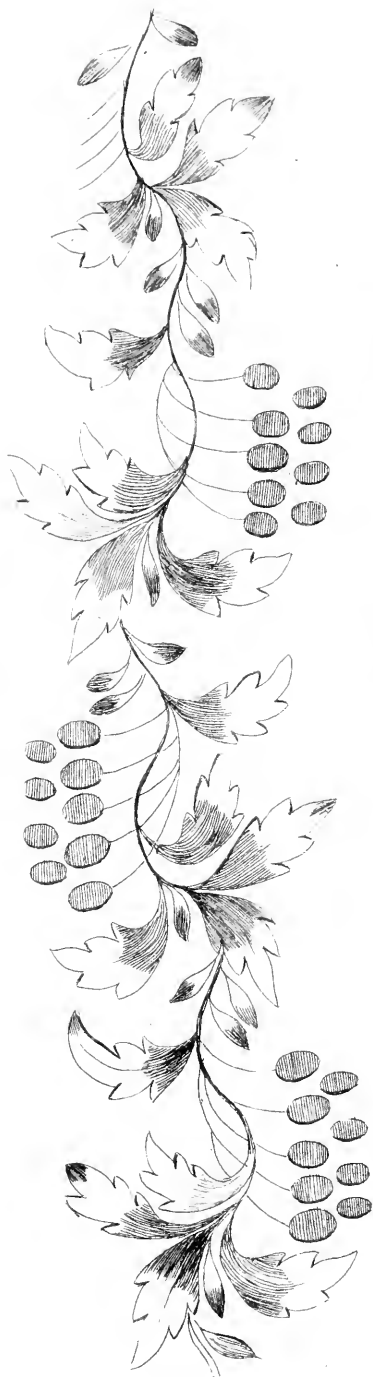
* He was not fourteen years of age.

TO A LADY WITH A WATCH.

Go and count Anna's better hours,
They more happy are than ours;
The day that gives her any bliss,
Make it as long again as 'tis;
The hour she smiles in, let it be
By thine art increas'd to three!
But if she frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be swift in such an hour, and soon
See thou make night, though it be noon:
Obey her times, who is the free
Fair Sun that governs you and me.

CHARLES.

MUSLIN PATTERNS.



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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

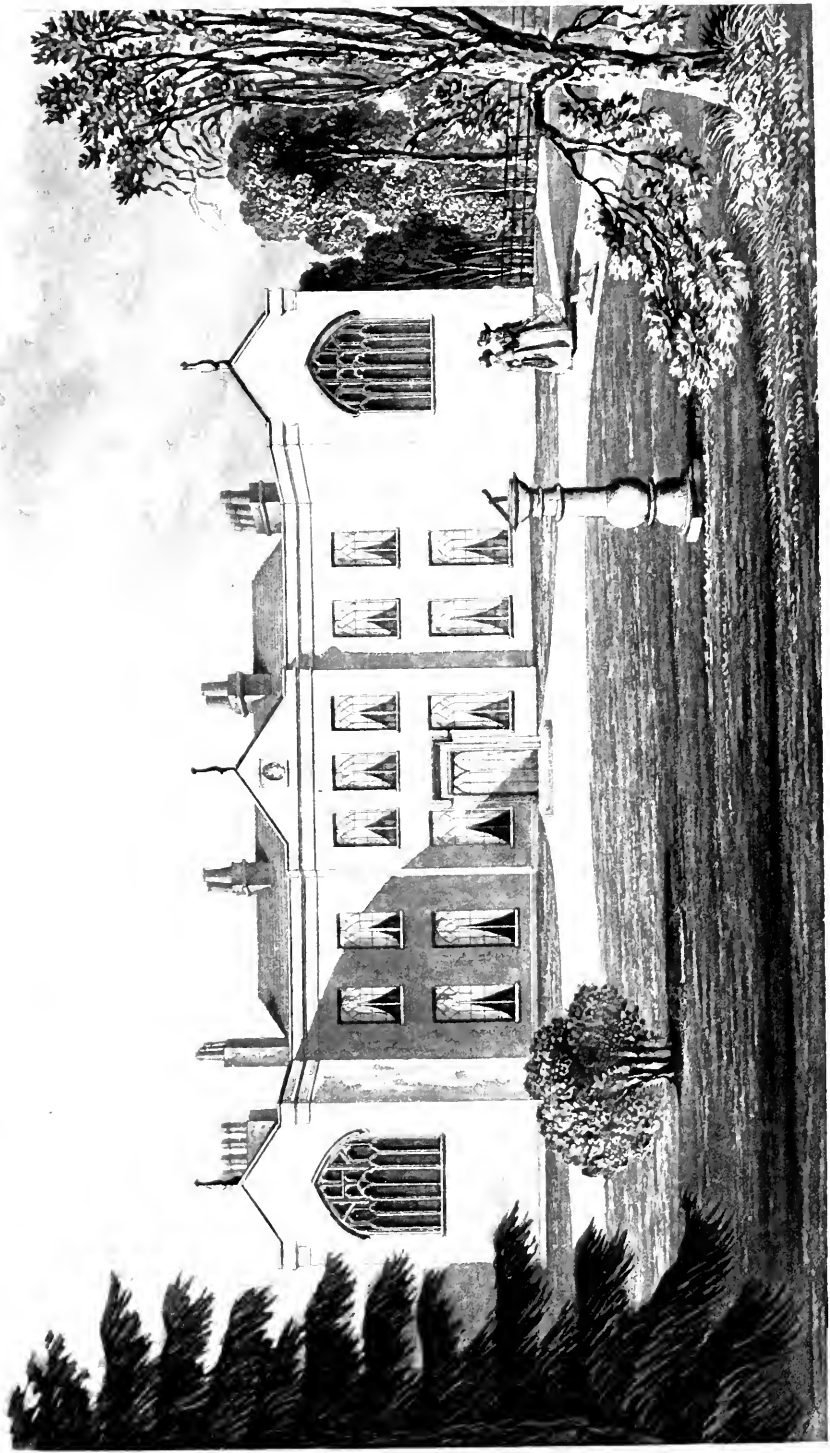
We regret having been obliged, by the great length of some of the articles in our present Number, to defer the interesting Letter from Naples till next month. We shall not fail to attend to the request of the friend to whom we are indebted for this communication.

Owing to the same cause, we have been unable to admit The Court of Love—Lines by E. S. C.—Reflections by the late Mrs. Reeve—and various other poetical contributions, which shall have an early place.

If we promise insertion to A Cure for Drunkenness, it is not that we suspect any of our fair readers of needing such a remedy, but under the idea that it may perhaps prove useful to such of them as may have male acquaintances addicted to that disagreeable vice.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAP, Rotterdam.



A view of the Court House, New York.

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IEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

BISHOP'S-COURT, DEVON, THE SEAT OF LORD GRAVES.

BISHOP'S-COURT, purchased by the father of the present noble owner of the executors of Miss Beavis, who died in 1801, stands in the parish of Farringdon, about four miles from Exeter. It is pleasingly situated, and commands some interesting and rather extensive scenes from its western front. The annexed view is of the entrance-front, which still possesses much of the old clerical character. The hall of entrance is spacious, and communicates with the billiard-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and library; the two latter being so contrived as to form one very fine room, extending the length of the western front. This room contains a few paintings; among them a full-length portrait of the late Admiral Lord Graves.

The gardens are extensive, and in fine order. From the entrance-front a fine avenue of venerable trees leads to the London road, and partly sur-

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rounds the out-offices, which are commodious, and exhibit much of the ecclesiastic remains in the original form. Over one of the door-ways, now removed, was cut in stone by a worthy man, a priest and resident, a Latin motto, which may be thus translated: "My door is open, but my heart is opener still."

There was a chapel at Bishop's-Court dedicated to St. Gabriel, in which were two chaplains endowed by Bishop Bronscombe: to this chapel Bishop Stapeldon annexed an hospital for twelve blind infirm or superannuated clergymen; and to assist the establishment, the dean and chapter of Exeter bound themselves, in 1376, to contribute forty-three marks per annum out of the appropriated churches of Westleigh and St. Melan. In 1506, Bishop Oldham appropriated this chapel to the priest-vicars, who were to pray for King Henry VII. his mother, Bishop

Fox, &c. The chapel, with its revenues, was seized by King Edward VI. but restored by Queen Elizabeth in 1585.

The bishop is patron of the rectory, the advowson of which was purchased by Bishop Bronscombe of Robert Gifford, canon of Exeter.

The manor of Bishop's-Clist, or Clist-Sackville, belonged to the Sackvilles till Edward I. Sir William Pole relates, that it was mortgaged to Bishop Bronscombe by Sir Ralph Sackville when he went to France on the king's service: he adds, that the bishop built a mansion on this manor, and was said to have laid out so much money on it, that Sir Ralph could not repay it; and the manor in consequence became attached to the see, and the mansion became one of the episcopal palaces: hence its name. Bishop Stapeldon procured a charter for a market on Tuesdays at Clist, and a fair for three days at the festival of St. Michael. Bishop Brentingham died at Clist in 1394. Bishop Veysey, at the instance of the crown, alienated this estate to John the first Earl of Bedford, to whom it was confirmed by the dean and chapter and by royal grant in the reign of Edward VI. Francis Earl of Bedford was possessed of it in Sir William Pole's time. It was

afterwards for some descents in the family of Beavis, and of this family purchased as related above. At one time it took the name of the owner, Bedford-House; and in the month of October, 1645, it was made one of the garrisons for the blockading of Exeter, when Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general, sent an engineer to draw a line of fortifications around it.

A part of the barton of Budshed, near Plymouth, is in the possession of Lord Graves, having been conveyed to the late Lord Graves by — Alcock; but little remains of the old mansion, all having been taken down a few years since, with the exception of an ivy-covered tower. The barton of Halbroke, near Exeter, which was for many descents in the family of the Halbrookes, and the manor of Sowton, three miles from Exeter, are also the property of his lordship. Thankes, the ancient seat of the Graves family, is in Cornwall, and is still kept up a good house on the banks of the Tamar.

The father of the present lord was Thomas Graves, Admiral of the Blue, who was created a peer of Ireland in 1794, for his services in Earl Howe's victory over the French fleet.

CLANDON-PARK, SURREY,

THE SEAT OF EARL ONSLOW.

THIS is one of the most elegant mansions in the county, erected from the designs of Leoni, at the expense of the second peer, whose father purchased the estate of the Duncumb family in the early part of the last century. It is situated in a very fertile and richly wooded park, about

three miles from Guilford, and is enlivened by several herds of deer. The interior is fitted up in the most splendid style, the several apartments being extremely commodious. The entrance-hall is particularly striking, being a perfect cube of 40 feet: it has two elegant carved fire-places by



Rysbrack. Among the several works of art which adorn this mansion, there is a fine portrait of Sir Edward Onslow by Cornelius Jansen.

The prospects from the house are extremely beautiful, and the grounds are embellished with some of the

most delightful plantations, which, from the peculiar richness of the soil, thrive to the greatest advantage.

The present noble possessor of this estate succeeded to the title but a short time since at the demise of the late Earl Onslow.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF KONIGSBERG.

(Concluded from p. 77.)

ON the following morning the knight thus addressed his guest: "Joy yesterday made me quite young again; and therefore I forgot to tell you, my dear Rudolph, that Rosalia is poor. My once opulent family has been reduced by war and other calamities. Accustomed to the ancient splendour of my house, I have never been an economist, especially as my son is adequately provided for by my estates; but as these estates are all entailed, I cannot give Rosalia a portion, much as I should wish to do so." A chill came over Rudolph, who had hitherto thought only of his passion, when he recollected that his mother hated him so mortally, that he had nothing to expect from her so long as she lived, and being little more than fifty, she might still survive many years. Rosalia's eyes were fixed upon him in anxious suspense. He resolved not to conceal any thing. He related the circumstances attending his mother's separation from his father; that her hatred extended to him; that she would never afterwards admit him into her presence; and when he wrote to her, previously to his departure from Prussia, soliciting her maternal blessing, she had returned no answer to his first epistle, and sent back the second unopened. "She is rich," he continued; "her property must de-

scend to me after her decease, for I am her only child, and my grandfather, Kurd" — (mentioning his surname, which, as well as Rudolph's, is here withheld for various reasons). No sooner did the old knight hear this name, than joyfully clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God and his saints that they have conducted you to my house!" All present were astonished; but Venningen thus proceeded:

"When Luther's doctrine found entrance into Prussia, and was espoused almost universally, Ulric von Venningen, commander of the Teutonic Order, stedfastly adhered to the faith of his forefathers; and whoever was attached to the Order, whoever held any of its property and was solicitous to preserve that property for it, as well as the priests who desired to place in security jewels, silver, and gold, belonging to the churches, before they quitted the country, deposited them secretly with the honest Ulric: for no one, at his departure, was allowed to take with him articles of this kind, which were all confiscated by the new sovereign, and seized wherever they were found. Ulric therefore considered in what manner he could best provide for the safety of these treasures when he should himself leave the country, and how they might in due

time be removed to Germany for the benefit of the Order. Being intimately acquainted with your grandfather, Kurd, and knowing that he had been one of the first to join the new religion, not from conviction, but for the sake of temporal advantage, he agreed with him, that Kurd should take charge of all these valuables, for which he should give duplicate receipts, in case one should chance to be lost. The contract purported that three-fourths of the treasures should be delivered to any person producing one of these receipts, and that Kurd should retain the other fourth for his trouble: but that if he should refuse to restore the deposit, the document should be handed over to the government of the new sovereign, which would be sure to seize the whole and not to leave him the smallest share. Kurd seemed hurt at the bare suspicion which this clause seemed to imply; he declared that it was wholly unnecessary, and Ulric left Prussia.

“At the expiration of fifteen years, when no one imagined that there was still any property of the Teutonic Order in Prussia, Ulric sent his cousin, Ferdinand von Venningen, to fetch his treasure. To avoid suspicion, Ferdinand assumed the character of a merchant, took ship at Lübeck, and arrived without accident at Königsberg, as was attested by the master of the vessel. What became of him afterwards was never known. Whether he was discovered and so closely confined as not to be able to send intelligence of his fate, or whether he was murdered, it is impossible to decide; for up to this moment no trusty person has been found willing to run the risk of going to Prussia with the second receipt,

though a proposal has been made on the part of the Order to me, to whom Ulric left all he possessed, that, if I would fetch these treasures from Prussia, or let my son go for them, a second fourth should be ours. The Almighty and his saints then, my dear Rudolph, have brought you to us; you have adopted our holy faith, and would certainly rejoice to render a service to the church and the worshipful Order. A fourth of these treasures will abundantly suffice for a suitable provision for you and Rosalia; and your mother, how avaricious soever she may be, will rather comply with the just demand and secure one fourth, especially as a second fourth is to belong to her son, than expose herself to the risk of losing the whole. I will furnish you with the requisite documents: go to Prussia; God and the saints will attend you.”

Rudolph, though he surmised that he might meet with many an obstacle, was nevertheless impelled by love and hope. He had himself a trusty servant, and the old knight gave him for a second attendant a man named Martin, who, though no longer young, was yet stout and bold, and who had from his youth served the house of Venningen with great zeal and fidelity. Rudolph accordingly set out, accompanied by the best wishes of the whole family and the prayers and tears of Rosalia, for his native country. The journey was prosperous, till, having arrived within three days' journey of Königsberg, he turned one evening into a village inn. It was full of country-people, returning from a neighbouring fair. Among the company were two venerable old men, who related how the Order had

been expelled the country, and the great changes that had suddenly ensued, by which many a one had become rich, and many acquired valuable estates. "Nevertheless," said the other aged man, "I should not like to have on my conscience what some of the owners of them must have had. For instance, I was formerly acquainted with a very rich man, whose name was Kurd. Nobody knew how he came by his wealth; and many imagined that he owed it to the foul fiend. At any rate, it has fared strangely with his family. His wife, once a pious, respectable woman, fell into a profound melancholy, and was constantly weeping and wringing her hands. An aunt of mine, who was then a servant in the house, declared, that on her death-bed her mistress begged that a priest might be sent for. My aunt would have gone to fetch one to the poor unhappy creature, but Kurd strictly forbade her, and so she died without that consolation. Kurd too, who never went near a church, was taken off suddenly, which gave rise to many extraordinary stories. His daughter is still living, but she is as stingy as the devil; and her son is wandering about in foreign countries, and gone over, it is said, to the Popish religion."

On hearing all this a feeling not to be described overpowered Rudolph; he went out of doors to recover himself: dark clouds obscured the face of heaven, and the distant lightning flashed ever and anon. He stood absorbed in reverie, from which he was roused by the loud screech of an owl which hovered over his head. "Art thou," said he, "as the vulgar assert, a messenger of death? Be it so! my soul is unstained

by crime, and without Rosalia this life has no charms for me." Dejected and silent, Rudolph proceeded next morning on his way. On entering the inn where he intended to pass the night, he saw there a Jew, with a long gray beard, performing his evening devotions. Some other travellers were laughing and jeering him. Rudolph reproved their behaviour. "Disturb not the old man," said he, "who is but serving God after the fashion of his people." This did not pass unobserved by the Jew, who, in answer to Rudolph's inquiries, related that he came from Amsterdam, that he was a rabbi, and had dedicated his whole life to the study of the learning of his people. Rudolph asked wherein this learning consisted; on which the rabbi talked a great deal concerning the Cabala, a mystic science, which was capable of imparting even a knowledge of futurity. At this intimation Rudolph smiled. "Nay," said the venerable man, "you need not believe me unless you please; but if you like, I will tell you your fortune, and you will then know that old Mordecai is not a liar." He then took a large book, wrote down from it some Hebrew letters, muttering the while, and at length said, "Ye have surmounted imminent perils, yet of late all has been lovely and auspicious behind you; but what lies before you is dreary and dismal. Be therefore upon your guard; your property and life are in great danger."—"Both are in the hand of God," said Rudolph, "and therefore I care not." Nevertheless he did not disregard the warning of the sage; and the next evening, on reaching Braunschweig, unwonted apprehensions assailed his heart. Early on the fol-

lowing morning he repaired to the church, confessed himself, received the sacrament, and on resuming his route, he said to the faithful Martin, "Happen what will, I am prepared for the worst, and even for death itself." Arriving towards evening at Königsberg, they put up their horses at an inn situated near the residence of Rudolph's mother: he had never been in the house, but it had often been pointed out to him by his father. Urged by an irrepressible uneasiness and anxiety, he immediately repaired thither, commanding old Martin to wait under the porch of the house, and to be in readiness at his call. After he had long knocked at the door, it was opened by Peter, who, when Rudolph intimated that he wished to speak to the lady Gertrude, conducted him to her apartment. When a boy he had occasionally seen his mother at a distance, but never before exchanged a word with her; and now that he was so near her, the first impulse of his heart was to make himself known, to throw himself at her feet, and to implore her blessing; but when he beheld her gaunt bony figure, her sallow shrivelled cheeks and haggard look, an invisible power seemed to deter him. He spake therefore as follows: "I bring you greeting, lady, from your son Rudolph, my friend."

"If that be all that has brought you hither," said she, "you might have spared yourself the journey."

"Your son is grown a comely man; he has fought valiantly in the war with the Turks, and received a gold chain of honour from his majesty the emperor."

"Yes, and become a renegade Mameluke. Can ye deny that?"

"Lady, condemn not your son. Had ye seen how he lay grievously wounded at Agram, where there was no priest of your communion to administer comfort to him, you would not be angry with him, if, attended and nursed by kind and pious monks, he accepted their consolations, and embraced their religion."

"Well, as ye are so warm an advocate, listen to my last words: Accursed even now in hell be his execrable father, whom I mortally hated! but as for him, he has prepared misery enough for himself in being such an idiot as to renounce his faith; for to this country he must not return, unless he would be an object of universal scorn and abhorrence; and nobody can find fault with me if I leave my fortune to others. Deliver this message to him, and now adieu."

With a sardonic grin she rose from her seat. Rudolph shuddered. He was well aware that he should never receive a farthing from her: a thought of Rosalia darted athwart his mind, and he resolved to risk every thing for the recovery of the treasure. He therefore mustered his courage and said, "I am the Baron von Venningen."

A deadlier paleness overspread Gertrude's sallow cheeks. With affected coolness, however, she replied, "What is that to me? Our business is at an end."

"Not so, lady. The commander, Ulric von Venningen, committed a considerable treasure to the charge of your father. One fourth of it I am to allow you for its safe custody; the other three-fourths I must send back: but if you refuse to restore it, I shall make the government acquainted with the circumstance, and then

you will be deprived of the whole, while I shall receive at least a proper remuneration for the discovery."

"Whoever dare make such an assertion," cried she, eyeing Rudolph with the look of a Fury, "may expect condign punishment, unless he can support it with proofs."

"I have your father's seal and hand-writing in my possession."

"Shew me them."

"At a distance, for I shall not suffer them to pass out of my hands."

She looked at the parchment which he held before her. Sometimes her fingers seemed to contract convulsively, as if to snatch the deed from him; at others she trembled again; and at length she said laughingly, "Well, let the Venningens have it: I am satisfied so that scoundrel, my son, gets no part of the treasure. I see you are the right person. The property is safely deposited in a cellar in one of my country-houses. How will you remove it? My people must know nothing of the matter, otherwise they will betray us both."

"I have two trusty attendants."

"Well, we will go this very day to my country-house, and there divide the property. When you have viewed it, you must consider of the best means of taking it away. I will stay there, while you come back to Königsberg, and provide waggons and horses; but your servants must be the drivers. You must contrive to be there about midnight to receive the property: I am heartily glad to get rid of it, as I was always apprehensive of treachery, and wanted to turn my share into money."

Rudolph bethought him of the fate of young Venningen, who had come upon the same errand as himself, and disappeared at Königsberg,

and also of the warning of Mordecai. He retired for a few moments, stepped out to old Martin, ordered him to saddle the horses, to wait with his comrade in a retired street, slowly to follow the carriage, and to put up at the inn of the village where it should stop; and next morning to be on the look-out about the mansion. If they should perceive his cap at the window, they might conclude that all was right; but if his white handkerchief was exhibited at it, this would be a sign that he was in danger, and they must immediately hasten to his rescue.

"And supposing you should meanwhile be murdered?" asked Martin.

"I have a cuirass under my clothes, a pair of pocket-pistols, and my good sword, so that it will be no easy matter to make away with me; and in the worst event, I hope to be able to let you know where I am."

Martin's apprehensions were somewhat relieved. About midnight Gertrude's carriage, drawn by black horses, drove up to the door; she and Rudolph got into it, escorted by Hans and Peter. Martin, and Conrad his companion, followed at a distance, so as not to lose sight of the vehicle, yet not to approach too near it. Rudolph sat in silence, his heart oppressed by many a painful presentiment, while Gertrude appeared to be asleep. At length rousing up, "What a cold night it is!" exclaimed she: "as soon as we get there we will have a cordial to warm us both." They arrived: Gertrude ordered refreshments to be brought, and hot wine to be prepared. She ate but little; Rudolph, on the other hand, enjoyed his supper. There was but one candle on the table: Peter, in snuffing it, put it out, and

Gertrude scolded him severely for his awkwardness. He ran and lighted it again; and Rudolph drank off the last cup of spiced wine, which was meanwhile placed before him.

"Now, good night, and pleasant sleep to you!" said Gertrude—"early in the morning we will proceed to business."

In Rudolph's chamber the windows, as in every other part of the mansion, were secured with iron bars. He tried them; they were all firm; he locked and bolted his door, examined the walls and the floor, to discover whether there might not be some secret door, and was almost ashamed of his suspicions when he found nothing. He commended his soul to God, and threw himself on his couch. All at once he was seized with excruciating pains in his intestines; and the thought that he had been poisoned by his mother suddenly flashed in all its horror across his mind. He attempted to open the door, but it was fastened on the outside; he threw up the window, which looked into an extensive garden, and not a soul heard his cries for help. He strove to split the door with his sword, but his strength forsook him; and having tied his white handkerchief to one of the bars of his window, he sank to the floor and expired. At daybreak Martin perceived the handkerchief floating at the window; he hurried back to Conrad, and both scaled the garden-wall. Nobody was yet stirring in the house. They found a gardener's ladder, which they raised to the open window. Martin ascended it. "Jesus Maria!" he exclaimed, on discovering the lifeless form of Rudolph. They had come too late for deliverance, not for revenge. They

hastened to Königsberg, and reported all the circumstances to the authorities.

As it was not quite clear that the statement of two strangers could be implicitly relied on, one of the judges was sent to Gertrude's house. When the judge read the charge to her, she inveighed against the treachery and wickedness of men, appealing to the testimony of her servants, that for several days she had not been out of the town. The neighbours, on inquiry being made, declared that she had only come home the preceding night; and this strengthened the suspicions excited against her.

Hans and Peter, however, were conveyed with the greatest privacy to prison, where, being threatened with the torture, they confessed all. They added, that, many years before, her father had, with her assistance, murdered young Ferdinand von Venningen, and buried him in the cellar of his house; and there, sure enough, on digging, were discovered the bones of a man. Rudolph's corpse was found in the sequestered chamber in which he had died, and at the request of his attendants, it was delivered to them, and conveyed to Ermland, and there interred in consecrated ground. In one of the cellars were also found several chests full of gold and silver chalices, chandeliers, crosses, censers, shrines, and such like church utensils, all which devolved, together with the estates, to the sovereign. Gertrude, when she heard that she had murdered her son, still continued obdurate and unmoved; she would not listen to exhortations of repentance, declaring that with death there was an end to every thing. On account of her family, she was sentenced to be only

beheaded, together with Hans and Peter; and for the same reason this sentence was privately executed at night on all three culprits in a subterranean apartment of the castle of Königsberg, which, from its being appropriated to the purpose of private executions, had borne from time immemorial the name of the Court of Blood. Martin and Conrad were allowed a liberal sum for travelling expenses, and set out on their return to Franconia.

There the old knight and his son, but above all Rosalia, anxiously awaited intelligence from Rudolph. His last letter to them was dated from Braunsberg: after that they heard nothing of him. Their alarm increased daily, and Venningen could no longer impart consolation to the weeping Rosalia, for he had as great need of it himself. One morning Rosalia, standing at the window and looking at the high-road with tearful eyes, suddenly gave a loud shriek and fainted. All present ran to her assistance: her cousin, stepping to the window to see what could have thus affected her, perceived two horsemen. He soon recognised them to be Martin and Conrad: his mind was filled with dreadful forebodings, for Rudolph was not with them. These forebodings were but too soon

verified. The travellers entered and reported the distressing catastrophe. The mourners caused many masses to be said for the soul of their deceased friend. Rosalia took the veil, and died at an advanced age as abbess of her convent, after having been venerated in her lifetime as a saint for her extraordinary piety and her beneficence to the poor.

On the third night after Gertrude's execution, when the watchman at Königsberg was crying the hour of twelve, the folding gates of the court-yard of her house flew open, and, as related above, out rolled the carriage, and returned in an hour. Some of the neighbours, who disbelieved the watchman's story, waited the next night in the street, and beheld with their own eyes the horrid apparition. Though spacious and handsome, still nobody could abide in the house, which thence received the appellation of the Haunted House. When, from the lapse of time, the building had fallen in ruin, and another edifice was erected on the spot, no more supernatural appearances were seen there, but the inmates dwelt in peace and quietness. It has nevertheless retained to this day the name of *the Haunted House*.

FERDINAND XIMENES: A SPANISH TALE.

AT the time when Charles V. Emperor of Germany, reigned in Spain, there lived at Barcelona, in Catalonia, a wealthy gentleman, named Ferdinand Ximenes. He was a distant relation of the famous Cardinal Ximenes, the greatest minister that Spain ever produced, who, during

the preceding reign, had rendered important and manifold services to his country, and acquired celebrity and respect, not merely by his extraordinary talents, but also by his unimpeachable integrity. A ray of the glory of this name was reflected upon Ferdinand. When therefore

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he repaired from his country-seat, where he had passed his youth, to the city, he was every where received with open arms, and treated with particular regard. This favourable prepossession was not diminished on a closer acquaintance. His elegant figure, his courteous demeanour, his high moral character, and his generous hospitality, which his wealth enabled him to indulge to the top of his bent, all served to procure him a multitude of acquaintance, who eagerly sought his society. His house became the rendezvous of the best company in Barcelona, to which his young and beautiful wife, Isabella, imparted what he could not—life and spirit—for she was not less accomplished than beautiful.

This lady, in fact, to whom he was but recently married, had been the chief cause of his removal to the city. The solitude of a country life could not furnish sufficient entertainment for her mind. Though bred in the country, she never had any relish for rural occupations; and a particular circumstance, to which we shall presently advert, had inflamed her desire to live in the great world to an ardent passion. She had, however, been obliged to relinquish all hope of its gratification, when, unexpectedly, she became the wife of Ferdinand. From him she could not long withhold this her fondest and long-cherished wish; and Ferdinand complied, not merely without reluctance, but even with pleasure, partly because he rejoiced in the opportunity to gratify his beloved Isabella, and partly because the change was conformable to his own inclination: for he was himself fond of pomp and external show, and well aware that he should be better able

to indulge this propensity in town than in the country.

The first year in Barcelona passed in a series of enjoyments. Ferdinand drank copious draughts from the exuberant sources of delight, which the amiable qualities of his wife, and the unwonted charms of a luxurious town life, opened to him. They were accounted the happiest pair in all Barcelona. All eyes were fixed upon them, and many with envy.

In the second year Ferdinand's friends observed a decrease of his cheerfulness. He seemed no longer to take so hearty an interest as formerly in the conversation and pastimes of the merry circle about him, either at his own house or in the entertainments given by his friends. He began to stay away from the public amusements, which he had before never missed; and the theatre, his favourite diversion, ceased to attract him. A similar change was perceived in Isabella.

This alteration gave rise to various conjectures. It was attributed to every cause but the right one. It was at length agreed that a misunderstanding must have taken place between Ferdinand and Isabella; but people could not so easily decide which of them was in fault. No rational grounds could be alleged against either of the two; but, as is usual in such cases, Isabella was condemned by the women, and Ferdinand by the men. Some, impelled by curiosity, others by cordial sympathy, sought to learn the true state of the case from Ferdinand and from Isabella, excusing the inquiry, by a sincere desire to restore harmony between them by a friendly mediation. Ferdinand declared that there was no occasion for their good of-

fices; but Isabella, while declining them with dignity, could not always conceal her vexation, or the tear that, in spite of her, would sometimes glisten in her eye. This served to confirm the suspicion, that Ferdinand and Isabella were dissatisfied with each other.

In the two succeeding years the change in both became more and more apparent. At length they began to avoid society: they seemed to take no interest in any thing that did not immediately concern themselves: their friends, in spite of all their efforts, could not obtain from them one cheerful look, one kind word; they had become quite intolerable. One after another forsook them. Their house, late the temple of social pleasure, and the rendezvous of wit and fashion, was deserted, and its inmates became anchorites.

The real cause of this melancholy alteration in Ferdinand and Isabella was, that they were not blest with issue. This would of itself have deeply oppressed Ferdinand's spirit; for he was the last of his family, of which he was not a little proud, and the extinction of which he could not think of without the keenest mortification; and it would have sufficed to render Isabella extremely unhappy, because she tenderly loved her husband, and sincerely sympathized in his sorrows. But, what was still worse, both were thoroughly convinced that a curse pursued them, and that it was this which deprived them of the most delicious of earthly enjoyments, of the now hopeless object of their most ardent desire. The circumstances in which that notion originated were these:

Ferdinand's father, Pedro Ximenes, had a friend, to whom, from his

youth, he had clung with his whole soul. His daughter, Margaret, was to have wedded Ferdinand. This was the fondest wish of his heart. Margaret acquiesced in it: Ferdinand had early made an impression on her, and she was attached to him. Her father's sentiments coincided with Pedro's; and both looked forward to the union of the young people as an event that would crown their happiness in this life. Ferdinand alone was averse to this plan. He could not endure Margaret. Not only had her person no attractions for him, but she was of a sullen, reserved temper, which he exceedingly disliked. At first he merely kept aloof when he discovered the intentions of the old folks in regard to him. He shunned as much as possible all opportunities of meeting Margaret; and when he could not avoid her, he paid her less attention than formerly, manifested more and more indifference for her, and at length treated her with such coldness as he hoped would cool her heart and wean her affections from him. He was wrong in his calculation. The preference in Margaret's bosom grew to love, and from the difficulty of attaining its object, love became an intense passion.

Ferdinand now disclosed his sentiments to his father. He frankly confessed his decided aversion, and implored to be left at liberty. The father calculated as falsely as the son. Intercourse and habit, thought he, will diminish this aversion; friendship will succeed, and friendship will turn to love; or the latter may even be dispensed with. He was loath to relinquish his favourite scheme. Ferdinand left him in deep dejection. His heart was divided between the

duty of filial obedience and a feeling of unconquerable dislike. Accident all at once produced a total change in his situation.

On a small estate on the frontiers of Catalonia resided Don Antonio Pacheco, an old acquaintance of Ferdinand's father's. He had borrowed of the latter a considerable sum of money for the purchase of this estate, which he had long promised to repay, but had not kept his word: of this Pedro had several times reminded him to no purpose. Now that he was thinking of an establishment for his son, this matter naturally recurred to his mind. He directed Ferdinand to take a trip to Don Antonio's, and, if possible, to obtain payment of the debt.

Ferdinand accordingly set out. He performed the journey on horseback. After travelling three days, on approaching Don Antonio's mansion, he observed a footpath, which seemed to lead through a wood to the house. He alighted, and ordered his servant to take the horses round by the road, while he himself followed the path through the wood. It was a hot day, and the cool shade diffused by the spreading oaks was refreshing. He sauntered slowly along, and came to a by-path leading into a thick shrubbery. Soft plaintive tones all at once struck his ear. They seemed to proceed from a sequestered bower formed out of wild bushes, which he perceived at some distance. It was a female voice, and its effect on him was magical. With a delicacy according with the chivalrous spirit of those times, he instantly paused and turned back, lest he should disturb the lovely damsel, whom his imagination pictured as the inmate of that bower. In going, he

heard the words, "Farewell then, beloved bower! farewell for ever!" uttered in a tone of profoundest melancholy, which made a still deeper impression on his heart. He quickened his pace, and another path conducted him out of the wood to the mansion.

Pacheco received him so kindly, and welcomed him with so cordial a salutation, that at first he had no heart even to allude to the errand on which he was come. It was not long, however, before Don Antonio himself introduced the subject. "Twice already," said he, "have I nearly collected the sum which I owe your father, for the purpose of discharging my debt; but ill luck pursues me. The first time I was cheated by a merchant, who prevailed upon me to place the money in his hands, and next day stopped payment. I now began saving again with greater economy than before, and to this end made every possible retrenchment in my expenses. When I had again scraped together a considerable sum, my house was set on fire by lightning, and, with the out-buildings, totally consumed. All the money I had saved, and more to it which I borrowed, I was obliged to apply to the purpose of rebuilding. Now, when I had just begun to recover myself, I have lost a law-suit by means of the false evidence of suborned witnesses, and am stripped of every thing. But—" continued he after a pause—"be under no concern. Nobody shall be a loser by me. I have sold my estate, as I can no longer afford to keep up such an establishment; and the produce will be sufficient to satisfy all my creditors. I shall seek some humble retreat, where I may lay down my

gray head in peace in the grave; and my daughter, my only, my darling child"—here his eyes filled with tears—"is going to-morrow into a convent."

Ferdinand was powerfully affected by this address. He now comprehended the meaning of what he had heard in the lonely bower. "Worthy man," said he with deep emotion, "despond not under your misfortunes. Perhaps——"—succour may not yet be too late, he would have said, for that was his only thought—but at that moment the lovely candidate for the veil entered the room, and the word expired on his lips.

"My daughter, Isabella," said Pacheco.

Ferdinand made a silent obeisance.

"Are you well, my dear?" asked her father.

Isabella returned no answer. She too stood seemingly absorbed in thought, and cast her tearful eyes to the ground, as though dazzled by some brilliant apparition.

The blooming beauty of her majestic form, and the spell diffused around her by her charms, which were heightened by the expression of grief that dwelt upon her countenance, seized Ferdinand's heart with irresistible power.

To Isabella the monastic vows appeared at this moment more terrible than ever. It was not without a severe struggle that she had renounced the pleasures of the world. This idea now wrung her bosom with unwonted anguish.

Ferdinand's resolution was soon formed; or, more correctly speaking, he acted unconscious of any resolution. Consideration, and more especially the thought of his father's wish, would probably have led to a different result. The very same day

his ardour triumphed over Isabella's scruples of conscience, which represented to her the promise that she had given to the convent. Her inclinations were on his side; these would have embraced any means of escaping a monastic life, and Ferdinand's person and manner had made at first sight an equally strong impression upon her. On the evening of the same day the father's assent was obtained without difficulty, and rendered the lovers supremely happy.

The superior of the convent for which Isabella had been destined, on receiving the next day, instead of the new bride of Heaven, a letter communicating this change in her prospects, threatened her marriage with the wrath of the Almighty. Isabella, in the first intoxication of happiness, cared little for this denunciation, and Ferdinand still less.

After two days of rapture, the latter returned to solicit the consent of his father, and to make arrangements for bringing home his bride as speedily as possible. His father received the intelligence, which at once annihilated his favourite scheme, with considerable displeasure, which it cost him a hard struggle to conquer. At length, however, he yielded, and gave his consent, considering it as his duty to sacrifice a pre-concerted plan to the happiness of his only child.

When the news reached Margaret, she was seized with a violent fever; and her father, beside himself with rage, wrote to Ferdinand, abusing him as a murderer, and cursing him and the woman to whom he was about to be united.

Ferdinand had not expected such an effect from his resolution, and at first it gave him great pain; but the

impression soon subsided. When, however, a few weeks afterwards, just as he was about to celebrate his nuptials, his father, to whom he was tenderly attached, suddenly fell ill and died, the thought that the curse of Margaret's father and the threat of the abbess had already begun to operate, pressed like a heavy weight upon his heart. He was of course obliged to defer his marriage: during the intermediate time this idea never ceased to torment him; and one day he had the imprudence to reveal to his bride, who knew nothing of the matter, the cause of his disquietude. Indeed he could not well have avoided it, for she perceived that something ailed him, and anxiously inquired what it was. Kind words were not sufficient to pacify her; he could not stoop to falsehood, and was of course obliged to confess the truth.

Isabella took it deeply to heart that she had been innocently and ignorantly indeed the cause of Margaret's misery; and though she had

clearer notions of the dispensations of Fate than Ferdinand, still she could not wholly banish from her mind the idea, that the blow which had so unexpectedly fallen upon her lover might be the beginning of the fulfilment of the curse pronounced against them. The transports of the honey-moon somewhat dissipated these gloomy ideas: Ferdinand too forgot his griefs. Then followed their removal to town. The new amusements of all kinds that awaited them there, and their mutual tenderness, which daily increased, spread a charm over their life. Their minds wholly recovered their cheerfulness, and they passed a happy year. In the sequel, however, when their most ardent wish was disappointed, the recollection of the curse which pursued them revived with new force in their souls, and at length reduced them, when all hope seemed to have vanished, to the miserable state of mind into which, as already related, they were now plunged.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSES OF RATCLIFFE AND WINANDERMERE:

A TALE OF CUMBERLAND.

By Mrs. BEATRICE GRANT.

(Concluded from p. 72.)

“LADY HARRIET RATCLIFFE left Cumberland in a little Irish wherry. I could not swear to anno Domini—but I could take my Bible oath it was full two years before the judgment-like stones of hail that fell in Lancashire, and when England was ringing with grand news of the battles that Prince Eugene fought against the wild Turks. Her ladyship came back to Ratcliffe Hall in little more than a month, and two

years had scarce gone by when her only son—ah welladay!—was drowned in a fishing-pool. He and the young lord of Winandermere went early, in a fine spring morning, a-trouting to one of the pretty becks that roll down from Borrowdale Fells. About the hour that workmen go to dinner, Lord Winandermere was found on the bank of a deep pool; and as the weather was dry and the sun shining brightly,

and the men found him with his clothes dripping wet, he could not have been long out of the water. He was carried to Ratcliffe Hall. An enemy would have pitied Lady Harriet—if a lady, ever the friend of rich and poor, could have an enemy. ‘O where is my son?’ she cried. The groom took horse, and rode to the river. Sir Lowther Ratcliffe was not to be seen, but a sharp-eyed lad discovered the end of a fishing-rod under the water. The landsteward had come provided with a drag—it brought up the young knight cold dead. The boy who attended him was not found for two days, though the river was dragged against and with the stream. His body had stuck in mud very near the spot where his master was drowned. The wisest heads in our parish are of opinion that the young fishers, intent on throwing their lines, had not observed how the bank was undermined.’

“‘When evil is done, it is but poor comfort to seek out how it happened,’ said the farmer; ‘but the Lord ordained that the love a whole country bore to Sir Lowther Ratcliffe and his mother should provide a cloud of witnesses to testify in her ladyship’s cause against the ruffian, Colonel Lowther. He and his duke and duchess shall know what honest yeomen, and even honest labourers, can do for the great, that are also good; and they shall be made to feel there is justice in old England, independent of court favour. As soon as the melancholy report spread abroad of the woe upon woe at Ratcliffe Hall, people from many miles round hastened to get a last sight of the knight’s dear body; and dear he was to all; for a sour haughty

look, or stinging word, never came from him to hurt the spirit of a man in lower estate. Lady Harriet and her heavenly daughter were fixed by the bedside of Lord Winandermere, whose life hung by a single hair, weaker than a hair from the head of a babe born yestreen—but her ladyship had given orders to admit even the meanest that asked for a sight of the corpse. Every one remembered the black and the blue eye that made Sir Lowther’s face so remarkable when alive, and death had not changed their colour. The eyes were open, and more than a hundred men, and as many women, will make oath that they examined, and plainly saw that one eye was black and the other blue, just as we saw them when Sir Lowther Ratcliffe was a strapping lad, neither man nor boy. But, Goody Thornberry, I was ill-mannered to take the words out of your mouth, and now we will all thank you to give us the rest of your doleful story.’

“‘Doleful indeed!’ said Dame Thornberry. ‘The heart of Lady Harriet Ratcliffe was bleeding at every vein for her only son; but amidst the agony of a mother’s wail for the heir of her love and her land, she thanked God that the son of her husband’s dearest friend was yet in being. The young lord still breathed—but it was the broken heavy breath of sickness. Weeks grew to months before he was out of danger. All that long time Lady Harriet and her daughter did nothing but weep and watch by his restless pillow. Miss Christina Ratcliffe, now the Lady Winandermere, was then the loveliest child that the light of summer’s sun unfolded as a fair flower in the gardens of England; but

from the moment that the dearest companion of her brother was carried to the hall, as if to give up the ghost on the breast that fostered his infancy, Miss Ratcliffe put away all childish mirth. Her understanding, ripened as by miracle, was at once equal to the wisdom and attention which ought to minister at a sick-bed; her judgment never erred; her anxious cares never flagged; and when Lord Winandermere recovered the use of reason and speech, he would take no medicine, no nourishment, unless from her hand. From that time they lived but for each other; and as soon as they were bordering on the age for holy wedlock, Lord Winandermere asked Christina's mother to crown the wishes of their fond hearts. Both were fatherless. Lord Winandermere and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe were killed in the wars between France and Spain—more's the pity that the unworthy James II. bewitched them to leave all their wide manors, to be paupers to him that kept no faith with his subjects in this kingdom, nor when they forsook all for his sake. Lady Harriet was father and mother and all relations to Lord Winandermere's family and to her own. They had no near connections—for the unmanly Colonel Lowther is a very distant cousin; and who had such a right to give or withhold consent to Lord Winandermere's choice as she that had been to him both father and mother, and was all in all to her own child? Lady Harriet consulted the Bishop of Sarum, the friend of Lord Winandermere's grandfather and father, and his own true friend. The good bishop approved the match, and joined the young couple with his

own most sanctified lips. Never did my eyes behold a more blessed sight, than, standing on a hillock east from my cottage, to see them, like two beautiful angels, in their white morning robes, arm in arm, walking at early hours in their garden. But Colonel Lowther crept as a serpent into their paradise, and, for a time, withered all its blossoms. However, I trust, they are crushed but for a short season. The whole county, and many counties round, are up in arms to support their rights. High and low are convinced Lady Harriet has justice on her side. Lowther must be a black-hearted sinner; to believe it possible that the pious and virtuous Lady Harriet Ratcliffe could for a moment harbour a thought of marrying together her own son and her own daughter for any gain of worldly lucre. This frightful slander he has published to all that will listen to him or his creatures; but nobody credits it, and all cry out upon the cowardly fiend that took the opportunity of Lord Winandermere's absence to insult and oppress two noble ladies. Lady Harriet Ratcliffe and Lady Winandermere hurried off to Ireland, to seek his lordship's protection, and to bring over the Bishop of Sarum, who went with Lord Winandermere to support a distressed family against a malicious defamer. God send the good and great a fair wind, and happy voyage, and speedy justice, and many, many prosperous years to make up for all they have suffered!

“ Oh! if the last lord of Winandermere and the last knight of Ratcliffe Hall had been dutiful to their own fathers, this evil had not been visited upon their offspring!”

“ This was a home thirst to

conscience-stricken wanderers—we deeply, but silently endured the pang. The farmer, and persons of various denominations who joined company with us, expressed, in forcible though rude terms, their concern for what they called Lady Harriet Ratcliffe's *trouble*, and declared that if money should be wanting to oust Colonel Lowther from Winandermere Castle, they would raise the needful sum among themselves.

“Being left alone with the old woman, we asked if she could lodge us for the night. She had already intimated that her cottage was situated within view of Winandermere Castle, and we wished to be near. The idea of making Colonel Lowther suppose the invisible talkers of Cumberland hills were his adversaries occurred both to Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe and to me. Goody Thornberry said she could give us clean though not fine beds, and bread and cheese and ale for supper; and that she would walk forward as fast as her legs would carry her, to make ready for us. She set off at a round trot, when a rider called after her, ‘Stop, Dame Thornberry, stop! I have rare news for you. We shall soon see Lowther tumbled out of Winandermere Castle.’

“We all made a halt till the rider came up. ‘Rare news, Dame Thornberry!’ he repeated. ‘I spoke to two men at the fair, who told me the Bishop of Sarum came home ten days ago—Lady Harriet and her daughter have surely seen his lordship in Ireland—for back he came in haste, and messengers to and from London have been many since his lordship returned. Rare news for you and me, Dame Thornberry!’

“‘The news is good—very good—if not too good to be true,’ answered Dame Thornberry, in a calm and rather desponding voice.

“‘What, Goody Thornberry,’ said the rider, ‘how can you doubt the word of honest Sam Jenkins and his honest son; that man and boy have carried cutlery and all sorts of hardware from Salisbury to Cumberland these five and twenty years.—They have seen and spoken to the good bishop since he came from Ireland.’

“‘If Sam Jenkins told this it must be true,’ said Dame Thornberry. I could have asked many questions of this horseman; but as I remembered his features and voice, he might also recognise me, and I was not sorry that he spurred his nag, and took a well-known short cut to Ratcliffe Hall, where his father was head-gardener. Dame Thornberry quickened her pace. Sir Goodlet and I were glad to vent our labouring thoughts, and settled, that before we resigned our weary frames to sleep, the vengeance ready to burst upon the slanderer of Lady Harriet Ratcliffe should be denounced by her husband to the ear of her oppressor with all the terrors of supernatural agency. In earnest discussion upon her family affairs, we forgot that nature demanded refreshment and rest; but Dame Thornberry invited us to step into her cottage, as the dew was fast falling, and the grass-plot had not been lately shorn. Two beds were made for us in the same neat little room, with a cheerful fire and supper on a clean table-cloth awaiting us. We insisted on paying for our accommodations before the good hostess went to her repose, and asked

the favour of her to leave the key inside of her house, that we might let ourselves out, being obliged to travel southward when the moon rose. Dame Thornberry agreed to our request, and we anxiously watched for intire quietude to assure us that she was asleep; then each took the sheet from his bed, wrapped it about his head and person like a shroud, and stalked to Winandermere Castle. Some of the people who gave us their company from the fair had mentioned that Colonel Lowther was often half-choked by asthma, and slept with open windows on that account. We had the satisfaction of finding that he had chosen for himself a state bed-room, opposite to which there grew a clump of old elms. Sir Goodlet climbed to the summit of a tree nearest to the open window, and at his highest pitch of voice, trumpeted forth, "Caitiff slanderer! usurper of the rights of the real heir of Winandermere! the dead alive shall speedily extort restitution!" These tremendous sounds were repeated at intervals; and perceiving, by the ringing of bells, the trampling of feet, and lights fluctuating within the castle, that Lowther had taken the desired alarm, we covered the sheets with our cloaks, returned to the cottage, made up the beds with their linen, and directed our journey southward. The excellent Bishop of Sarum was fortunately at home. His distant civilities shewed that he took us for strangers; but on asking his lordship whether our voices could find no place in his recollection, though time and hardships had changed our faces, his lordship led us severally to a window, and having looked earnestly at our features, exclaimed, 'You, sir, may be a

near relative of the deceased Lord Winandermere; and this gentleman strongly resembles Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, who, with his noble friend, lost his life in Spain. Both were dear to me, and the loss their families sustained by their death has lately received a cruel aggravation.'

"We informed his lordship that we were those wanderers; and having stated transactions of the troublesome times that were known only to the bishop, to Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, and to me, his lordship could no longer doubt our identity. He told us that my son requested his lordship would go with him to Ireland, whether he was hastening, to extricate old Roger O'Mullan from the consequences of an essential service he had performed to his exiled father and father-in-law in the beginning of King William's reign. A malignant fellow had ripped up that old affair against O'Mullan, who had challenged frequent trespasses on his cowpaddock. 'And we ought to repair to Ireland, or to the most remote extremity of the earth, to avert from the trusty Irishman the consequences of high treason,' said Sir Goodlet and I, in one breath. Indeed we shall be uneasy until we hear the issue of his trial."

"He will not be called to a trial, my lord," said Sir Thomas Burnet. "Justice, humanity, and a natural feeling for her unfortunate brother, incline Queen Anne to lenity in cases that implicate the partizans of James II.; and this disposition of her Majesty will be in favour of your lordship for obtaining from Colonel Lowther the restitution of your property."

"But, Sir Thomas Burnet, are not Sir Goodlet and I liable to at-

tainer as rebels. Our journey from Cumberland was undertaken chiefly to consult you on this momentous question."

"Neither your lordship nor Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe bore arms against the established government of your country; and though you had been actively engaged for King James, you were not in possession of the estates and titles which were then held by Lord Winandermere now defunct, and by Sir Mildred Ratcliffe, also departed from this life; both fought and died for *Magna Charta* and the Protestant religion. Queen Anne would be more apt to exert her royal prerogative to reward than to punish faithful adherents of her brother's; and all the influence ever enjoyed by the Duchess of Marlborough could not, never can, annihilate the supremacy of our just and immutable laws. I may intrust your lordship with a political secret. The Duke of Marlborough is fighting our battles as a victorious commander. The queen and all the three kingdoms acknowledge him as their hero; but the duchess has overstrained the indulgence of her Majesty, and her power is hastening to decay. Of this we shall talk after supper; and I entreat your lordship and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe to take beds at my house."

The clock struck eleven. Lord Winandermere and Sir Goodlet said, they were greatly obliged by the offer of Sir Thomas Burnet's hospitality; but they had ordered supper at their inn, and horses to be ready by two in the morning, when they would set out to meet their friends at Salisbury. They might by that time have arrived. They arrived sooner than the bishop expected, which gave his lordship nearly four days to

prepare them for sustaining an excess of joy. Lady Harriet, whose presence of mind and useful exertion never failed to benefit her connections, after the first tide of sensibility abated, employed herself in providing linens and all kinds of apparel for Sir Goodlet and for Lord Winandermere. This supply was indeed much wanted. Even in the bishop's library, and with Sir Thomas Burnet, the wanderers had kept themselves closely enveloped by their long and wide wraps; for underneath these they had only the tattered French uniforms. The son, the wife, and the daughter were petrified by a rush of bitter sensations, when, divested of the cloaks, their squalid figures appeared to view. The ecstatic scene of their first meeting, their mutual embraces and gratulations, no language, however emphatic, can express. The ladies shed floods of tears; deep groans arose from the inmost heart of the Honourable Mr. Lowther—no longer to be called Lord Winandermere—a title delightfully resigned to his father. The young gentleman grasped the hand of Lord Winandermere, and the hand of his second and not less valued parent, Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe, pressing them alternately to his lips, to his breast, and moistened cheeks. Lady Harriet first regained composure, and told them that in their respective dressing-rooms they would find a little wardrobe more suitable for Lord Winandermere and Sir Goodlet Ratcliffe. Having taken baths provided by the considerate bishop and made their toilette, they returned to the happy circle, and waited upon his lordship in a private parlour. Much interesting conversation passed, and the bishop re-

quested Lady Harriet to repeat the circumstances she had communicated to him of Colonel Lowther's dastardly intrusion and base attempt to frighten her ladyship into the signature of papers inimical to the rights of her family.

"I had never seen Colonel Lowther," said her ladyship, "nor did I know he was in the north, till he entered my family-room. Conjecturing he was come to visit Lord Winandermere, I felt and expressed regret that his lordship was not at home, and begged him to be seated. He replied, that having introduced himself, and come to discuss unpleasant business, he preferred standing. He used much rhetoric to make a merit of coming unattended, being solicitous to save me from exposure, so far as due attention to his own rights would permit. I cannot rehearse word for word a tedious harangue that alarmed and confounded me, though perfectly unconscious of crime. When I felt so much without guilt, oh! how hideous must be the terrors of a guilty mind! After a rapid flow of words, consisting of insinuations I never could comprehend, because I was in utter ignorance of their aim, my tormentor came to the point by saying, that if my daughter and I did not escape without delay, three hours would place us in the custody of the officers of justice. I had allowed Colonel Lowther to speak without interruption; but the last insult overcame my forbearance, and in a resolute tone I demanded upon what grounds he presumed to treat me so rudely. 'Your own conscience, madam, and the consternation in your face, make explanation superfluous: yet, as I wish to be scrupulously polite to la-

dies, I will answer your question: I shall tell you, that by marrying her brother german, your daughter has incurred capital punishment; and you as her accomplice in the shocking crime—a crime intended to retain the estate and titles of Winandermere—you also are amenable to prosecution for fraud and for a crime too disgusting to give it a name. I pray, madam, you will not again interrupt me. So far as my interest goes, you shall be screened from infamy; but you and your daughter must fly from the sentence of the law; and I need not say that your son has the same motive for flight. I will, however, bind myself to pay an annuity to each of you; but you must affix your name and seal to this parchment, in presence of three lawful witnesses. Your late father-in-law, Sir Mildred Ratcliffe, made over all his estates to your uncontroled, irresponsible discretion, until your son completes the age of twenty-seven years, and he wants six years of that period.'

"'I cannot hear this in silence,' said I, 'knowing that my dear and only son has been in his grave for five years. Lord Winandermere is sole master of his own affairs; and I, acting for his lordship's wife, my daughter, shall sign no parchment nor paper without consulting him.'

"'Take the consequences of your obstinacy, madam,' said Colonel Lowther. 'The officers of justice will accept no compromise.'

"Without bowing he left me; but my spirit was roused, and I immediately took measures to defeat Lowther's machinations. I dispatched a servant to the west to hire a passage-boat for Ireland, and mounting our swiftest palfreys, my daughter and I rode to the coast, and embarked

with all speed. So many acts of oppression were imputed to the Duchess of Marlborough and her agents, that it seemed to me indispensable to guard ourselves from indignity by seeking protection from my son-in-law."

While Lady Harriet spoke, the countenances of her lately recovered friends and of her son-in-law were distorted with fury. Mr. Lowther started up, and with flashing eyes said, "I have heard my dear mother repeat the ruffianly insults of Lowther twice ere now; and I am aware that the miscreant is out of our reach: yet even to think of his brutality is maddening."

"He is not beyond our reach, if upon the face of the earth," said Lord Winandermere—

"My dear friend," interrupted Sir Goodlet," leave me to call him to account: life would be hateful to me if he existed another month without the chastisement so unpardonably deserved by him."

"My husband and my husband's dearest friend," said Lady Harriet, "thank God he has not lived to endanger your precious safety. I would not have acquainted you with the extent of his cruelty, if an express from the steward at Ratcliffe Hall had not come to the bishop this morning with tidings of Colonel Lowther's demise. An awful voice announced to him that the dead alive would extort restitution of their rights. The castle, from top to bottom, being minutely explored, no concealed speaker could be discovered, and Colonel Lowther affirmed, that the sounds came from a person close to his bed; in few words, the supernatural denunciation so affected

his nerves, that the usurper was seized with convulsions, and in three hours expired."

"Wretched man," said Sir Goodlet, "I wish his death had been less sudden. I wish he had had time to repent of his sins; but it is just retribution that his penalty came from the husband of an injured lady."

"I did indeed think of your secret attainment," said Lady Harriet, "as the bishop told me how greatly it availed you in the horrible dungeon I shudder to think of."

Sir Goodlet smiled, and the bishop proposed a solemn act of devout thanksgiving to God for his great mercies. Never did the incense of gratitude arise with more fervour and sincerity before the Throne of Grace.

The long-separated and most affectionate relatives and friends returned together to Cumberland—bonfires, ringing of bells, and feasting, with every imaginable demonstration of joy, endeared the people and the proprietors of Winandermere Castle and Ratcliffe Hall to each other. An annuity for life rewarded Goody Thornberry for her disinterested attachment; the honest farmer who declared his zeal to vindicate Lady Harriet Ratcliffe, and to obtain justice for Lord Winandermere, was presented with a long lease of his land on very easy terms; and Aldridge, the head-gardener's son of Ratcliffe Hall, received a bountiful recompence; and, lastly, though not least in desert or remuneration, O'Mullan and his family were induced to leave a bad neighbour in Ireland, and to settle near Ratcliffe Hall. His son, the priest, had been some years confessor to a

Spanish grandee, and under Divine Providence his advancement to that high office became instrumental in saving our heroes from perishing by destitution after their release from inquisitorial tyranny.

THE WANDERERS.

IN the year 1785, the widow of a soldier in the 71st regiment, reduced to extreme want by the general scarcity and high price of food, left a northern district in the beginning of winter, and travelled southwards, hoping to subsist herself and twin boys by charity, until a milder season should restore her health, and enable her to maintain them by industry. She had accompanied her husband to America, where her sons were born, and where her husband fell, defending an out-post at Charlestown. She was so ill, and the children so enfeebled by scanty and coarse fare, that a few miles was a great journey to them; and in the Highland countries through which they had to pass, the famine was so universal and severe, that many hamlets could only afford them a temporary shelter, and a piece of beef or mutton of their half-starved cattle, and not one bit of bread.

The poor widow dragged her emaciated person and her little followers to a village in Lanarkshire. She could proceed no further. Her sons begged for her in turns; one remained with her, while the other went out to tell her doleful case, and to solicit relief. It happened that the village-surgeon had served in America. He questioned the boy, who remembered enough of the disastrous campaigns in that region to convince the doctor that he was no impostor. He visited the mendicant invalid, prescribed for her, and she was crawling from her miserable bed,

when the doctor sent one of the boys with some medicine to a patient residing two miles from the village. A heavy fall of snow drifting in his face made him lose his way, and late in the evening he was found in a saw-pit near the village, with his leg broken. The anguish of his fractured limb prevented that sinking into sleep which is a precursor of death to sufferers under excessive cold.

The doctor had his unfortunate messenger removed to his own house, and his mother and brother wandered all day through the neighbourhood seeking charity, and returned at night to watch alternately and read to the patient from a Bible, which, in all her distresses, the poor mother retained. The doctor now learned that her instructions had preserved and improved the little education her sons acquired at a regimental school in the winter of a hostile land. The doctor wanted a shop-boy who could read and write a little, and the widow was happy that her son could be of use to a gentleman, their best benefactor. Kenneth remained with the doctor, his mother and brother proceeded south, and by the first month in spring were perambulating the sheep-farms of Tweed-dale. Here the mother's cough and asthma recurred, and she expired in the house of a shepherd, who benevolently conveyed her thither from a waste cot.

The shepherd and his wife had no children; they were stricken in

years; and finding the orphan boy well disposed and useful, they engaged him to tend the lambs of their flock. He continued in their service boy and man; and when the old man died, bequeathing all to his wife, excepting fifty pounds to his servant, he conducted the business for the widow, and ultimately became her heir. He converted his flock into money; and after many inquiries by letter, without discovering his brother, he went to the village where they parted, hoping to obtain some direction where to seek him. He could learn no more than that the doctor went to England, and took with him a fair-haired youth, who had long acted as his assistant.

Malcolm had never lost the early predilections that inclined him to a military life. He purchased a commission in the army, and joined his regiment at Portpatrick, on their route to Ireland. He first saw his brother officers on the parade; his bashful rusticity seemed to amuse the greatest number: but a young man, in a plain scarlet coat with one epaulette, made up to him as soon as

the soldiers were dismissed, and asked him to share his lodgings, as the town was crowded. Malcolm's father's name was Gow, which in Gaelic signifies Smith, and by his mother's advice, her sons, when they journeyed to the low country, adopted this translation. Malcolm found, that, like himself, his new acquaintance was named Smith; but the coincidence in a name so exceedingly common excited no surprise in either. Both dined at the mess, the assistant-surgeon taking the young embarrassed ensign by his side. At night, while undressing in a double-bedded room, the surgeon slightly adverted to a scar of a complicated fracture in his leg. The ensign, with breathless anxiety, inquired how and where the accident happened. The reply, and every subsequent question and answer, confirmed the fact that they were the wandering orphan brothers, now in honourable professions. We leave them, hourly blessing the memory of their mother, whose early instructions prepared them for rising from mendicity to respectable independence.

ST. VALENTINE'S-DAY.

SOME people, who have a taste for watching the "seasons and their changes," profess to place the month of February high on their list of favourites, and call it the shortest and sweetest month of the year. For my own part, I never could abide it; its very sunshine is delusive and comes only to be obscured by clouds, which rise upon us like disappointment, doubly dark, because they are unexpected. No, though it numbers among its festivals that of "sweet

St. Valentine," I am always glad when its twenty-eight or nine days are fairly over, and hail with pleasure the arrival of rough rude March; for one is prepared against *his* storms, and can endure a little blustering, in the recollection that he is the precursor of those beauteous, inseparable sisters, inconstant April and blooming May. St. Valentine's is indeed the only redeeming spot in the whole of February's dreary waste; many a frolic I have seen on that

day in the course of my life, and though I am now "laid on the shelf," and reckoned among the ancients, still

"Memory will the past recall,
And half its joys renew."

The fate of many a poor soul has been decided on Valentine's-day; many have been paired if not matched then, who would never have thought of each other if the bleeding hearts and flaming darts, surrounded with doves and cupids, enveloped in embossed paper "redolent of sweets," had not reminded them that such a *belle* as Miss A. B. or such a *beau* as Mr. C. D. was actually in existence, and of age to marry. The custom, I am told, is falling into disuse, and is, according to *exquisite* accentuation, *ex-assively vul-gare*: however, in spite of gentility, it is a merry day: the very faces of the letter-carriers are a volume of fun; the oldest among them twists the corners of his mouth into a smile, and puts a knowing twinkle in his eye as he delivers a packet of remarkably well-directed epistles into the hand of the pretty domestic, addressed to Miss Annabella and Isabella and Rosa and Marianne, and as many more musical names; while the maiden herself is not at all displeased to see that *her* swain has not forgotten to "pen a sonnet" (or at least to attempt one) to her fairself—*Miss Susan Smith, at Samuel Bowfort, Esqueer*. How the vixen runs away laughing with her *billet!* and what a welcome messenger she is as she distributes to each of her young mistresses their share of the "compliments of the season!" Well, and where's the harm of that? Certainly I do know one gentleman decidedly miserable in his married

life, who dates the whole of his misfortunes from this love-making day: but then his is rather a singular story. I will tell it.

Edmund Mordaunt was in his childhood a tender plant, his mother's darling, and his father's butt: if any thing awkward was done, a vase broken, or a book defaced, Mr. Mordaunt said it was "Edmund's mischief;" and Mrs. Mordaunt said, "it was no such thing." He was fond of books, rather indolent, of a most affectionate and sensitive temperament, and being unable to share in the violent exercises and rough amusements of his older brothers, he was necessarily much with his mother, who was a lady of considerable literary acquirements, and had, besides that "precious jewel," a good heart. She watched the opening of her son's expansive mind with true maternal solicitude, and took the most anxious care of his delicate constitution. Her pains were well rewarded, for Edmund grew to man's estate healthy though not robust; and she ceased to have any fears for him on that account, except such as were excited by his intense love of study. At college he distinguished himself particularly, took "a very pretty degree," as the academicians say, and returned home with all "his blushing honours thick about him." He was eminently handsome, quite an Apollo the ladies said; and while he, simple youth! was solving a problem, or catching from Fancy's

"pictur'd urn

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," there were many bright eyes sending "soft speechless messages" to his, if he could but have understood them.

After the *écât* of his college tri-

umphs had somewhat subsided, his father began to wonder " what could be done with Edmund; he could not bear to see him lounge about like an idle dog; so different from Frederick, who was such a fine active fellow:" quite different certainly, for with Frederick Mordaunt bodily activity appeared to be substituted for strength of intellect. It happened that there lived very near Mr. Mordaunt a lady named Bustleton, the Lady Bountiful of the village. She completely outstripped Mrs. Mordaunt and every body else in charitable deeds. The quantity of clothing she gave to the poor, all made by her own hands, was in fact miraculous. She was her own milliner, dress-maker, tailor, and shoemaker; an amateur in these elegant arts. Miss Bustleton was the reflection of her mother's virtues and acquirements, and was also accomplished in all other matters of modern refinement; she painted, she modelled, she was a craniologist; nobody like her for examining skulls; she was a chemist, and made numberless experiments and discoveries, in the course of which she met with some curious accidents, amongst which we may reckon her having burnt down one side of her mother's house by an unexpected ignition, having herself narrowly escaped with life. She was a naturalist, and kept a menagerie; a musician, and played on seven different instruments, including the violin and violoncello; and I believe she attempted the bassoon. She botanized, and obtained several prizes for dahlias, tulips, &c.: nay, she was positively an agriculturist; moreover, a judge of fattened beeves, and expected to receive a medal for

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an extraordinary ox which was exhibited at the annual cattle-show; but whether she succeeded or not I forget. I know she wrote to Sir John Sinclair on the interesting subject. To sum up all, she was, or believed she was (which answered her purpose equally well), a universal genius. She was the idol of her five maiden aunts, whose stores of curiosities she ever and anon supplied with some fresh proof of her affection and of her versatile talents. They thought her by far the cleverest and most industrious young lady they had ever known, and heartily wished her well married.

Now this was going a great way for the Misses Singleworth; for although they have long waved all pretensions to matrimony, they instinctively pass censure on any young friend who is so unfortunate as to offend them by declaring, " that nobody will ever fancy *her*." Many are the luckless lasses who come under the bane of these weird sisters; for they have the component parts of gunpowder amongst them, and their house is called by the wags *the magazine*. The celebrity of Edmund Mordaunt reached their ears in common with every thing else that was done, said, or acted, within twenty miles of their dwelling; and they all with one consent agreed, that if a match could be effected between that deserving girl, Jane Bustleton, and Mr. Mordaunt's youngest son, it would bring a blessing to posterity. Accordingly they set about the measure in good earnest, and Jane's mother joining in the pursuit, on the laudable principle, that by forming this union she should give her daughter an opportunity of re-

X

claiming young Mordaunt from his indolent habits, poor Edmund was literally hunted down; for his father thought the chase excellent sport, especially as his favourite, Jane Bustleton, was also a favourite of Fortune. Wherever the young folks met, whether at a party, ball, or play, the old folks manœuvred so cleverly, that they were sure to be placed together. Edmund was seldom an attentive listener to Jane's everlasting tattle, yet occasionally she struck out something that surprised and amused him.

Several months had elapsed after this curious conspiracy against his existence as a bachelor commenced, when the important 14th of February arrived, and settled the question at once. On that eventful morning Edmund received such a *billet*! The heart of man, even guarded with the whole armour of caution (a defence, by the way, which Edmund seldom troubled himself to put on), could stand the siege no longer. In short, young Mordaunt surrendered at discretion to a copy of verses not inelegantly turned, written in the most lady-like hand imaginable, and sealed with perfumed wax, on which was impressed the fanciful device of a lute, with the motto, "More is meant than meets the ear." On the evening of the same day the wary Mrs. Bustleton received a large party of guests, including Edmund of course, to whom the adventure of the morning had imparted unusual animation; for what man is there of "woman born" who can resist the intoxication of flattery judiciously administered? It was arranged that each gentleman should draw lots for his dancing-partner, who, contrary to ordinary custom, was to remain such for the

whole evening. Each ticket which decided the fate of the *beaux* was inscribed with a lady's name, to which a figure of Cupid pointed with peculiar archness, whilst *Saint Valentine*, surrounding the whole, stamped it as the current coin of the hour. Many of the couples were miserably assorted, and dissatisfied with their lot, looked any thing but "just like love:" but Mrs. Bustleton managed the matter better for Jane; she became Edmund Mordaunt's, whether he would or not. He was inquisitive to discover whether Miss Bustleton was capable of penning the effusion he had that day received, and though she appeared desirous of concealing the fact, Edmund felt convinced it was to her he must ascribe the welcome tribute to his worth and genius, and began to think Jane was really as clever and delightful as he had always been told she was. His spirits rising beyond all former precedent, he was that evening the admiration of the whole throng; and his father perfectly agreed with Mrs. Bustleton when she declared, "that she never saw any young man so much improved as Edmund was since his intimacy with her daughter."

The lady's *fête* brought her additional notoriety; nothing else was talked of but her delightful Valentine-ball, till some newer wonder arose. From that day Edmund Mordaunt became the accepted lover of Jane Bustleton, and shortly after consummated his father's wishes and his own unhappiness by leading her to the altar—a step which he has had reason sorely to repent of; for Mrs. Edmund Mordaunt is the grand disturber of the peace, not only of her own house, but of the whole neighbourhood. She has fidgeted her

husband out of all his little quiet comforts; no late breakfasts; no "wasting the midnight oil;" no bright fire in his warm library, such as his kind mother indulged him with. Oh, no! his lady tells him, and he is obliged to believe her, to avoid long discussions, "that early rising suits his health; that his studies should have ended at college; and that his family and dependents call upon him to direct his mental energies to the business of active life." *Active*—that horrifying little word! how she does "vex" the poor man's ear with it! how she lectures him for money misspent or indifferently accounted for! how she does tease him to discharge his honest old steward, and to engage an *active* young man! What entertainments she gives, and how she drills her husband to perform the honours of his house with proper vivacity! Whenever they are going out on a visit, Mrs. Mordaunt is dressed a full hour before Mr. Mordaunt is ready to attend her; and the moment he enters the room, she exclaims with a sigh, "Ah! my love, as usual, too late! it was always thus!"—"No, my dear, not

always; I was once too soon."—"Dear me," she asks impatiently "when was that? I don't remember it: come, be quick, and tell me what you mean."—"I mean, my dear, that I married too soon, before I knew my own mind or your disposition." A gentle hint of this kind, cleverly thrown in, now and then acts as a sedative to Mrs. Mordaunt's intolerable restlessness; but the effect soon evaporates, and poor Mordaunt is destined to endure day by day the persecutions of his useful, busy, but ill-selected companion, without the power of meeting her on her own ground, except when she has goaded him to the last extremity, and then he turns upon her with inconceivable bravery. He, however, generally escapes any unpleasant collision by getting out of the sound of her shrill clear voice; and tries to forget in the education of his infant son, who inherits his own kind complacent disposition, that he was ever such a fool as to fix upon Miss Bustleton for a wife because she chose him for her Valentine.

LONGBROOK-LODGE, Feb. 1828.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.—(Concluded.)

THE reader must not imagine that when Moralities were introduced, the representation of Mysteries ceased; on the contrary, they continued to form a favourite recreation of the people even to the time of James I. in whose reign the last Mystery is said to have been represented. The first Morality is supposed to have been performed in 1460; and not many years after (1487) we find King

Henry VII. keeping his court at the castle of Winchester, where Prince Arthur was born. Here the Mystery of *Christ's Descent into Hell* was performed before him during the time of dinner by the choir-boys of Hyde Abbey and St. Swithin's Abbey, two large monasteries at Winchester. The chief characters were, Christ, Adam, Eve, Abraham, and John the Baptist. The Mys-

tery represented "Christ entering hell triumphantly, delivering our first parents, and the most sacred characters of the Old and New Testaments, from the dominion of Satan, and conveying them into Paradise." Warton remarks, that this is "the only proof he has ever seen of choir-boys acting the old Mysteries." But if not particularly mentioned, they most probably took part in all the representations of these pieces in churches, as they formed part of the ecclesiastical establishments; and as we have seen that the organ was directed to be used in the performance of some of the Mysteries, the choir no doubt lent their assistance. Indeed Malone thinks that the performance of choristers was "coeval with the earliest attempts at dramatic representations."

In 1489, there were shows and ceremonies and religious plays exhibited in the palace at Westminster*; and in 1490, the parish clerks performed, at Skinner's Well, *The Creation of the World*, with other Mysteries, to splendid audiences of nobility and gentry from all parts of England: the performances lasted eight days. The remembrance of these performances of the parish clerks is perpetuated by the following inscription, in raised letters of iron, upon a pump on the east side of Rag-street, now called Ray-street, beyond the Sessions-House, Clerkenwell:

"A. D. 1800. William Bound, Joseph Bird, churchwardens. For the better accommodation of the neighbourhood, this pump was removed to the spot where it now stands.

"The spring, by which it is supplied, is situated four feet eastward; and round it, as history informs us, the parish clerks of Lon-

* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 239.

don, in remote ages, commonly performed sacred plays. That custom caused it to be denominated Clerks'-Well, and from which this parish derived its name.

"The water was greatly esteemed by the prior and brethren of the order of St. John of Jerusalem and the Benedictine nuns in the neighbourhood."

The parish clerks had an annual procession and mass, which seems to have taken place on the 6th of May. Strype has preserved an account of one which was celebrated on that day in the year 1556, when the mass was sung by the queen's chapel and children; and afterwards the clerks went in procession, two and two, each having on a surplice and a rich cope and a garland. There were fourscore standards, streamers, and banners, and the bearers had each an alb or a surplice. Then came in order the waits playing; next thirty clerks singing *fésta dies*; then a canopy, borne over the sacrament by four of the masters of the clerks, with staves, torches burning, &c. We sometimes hear of the *splendid* shows and processions of modern times; but they are poor and paltry compared with those of the days of old.

In 1511, on the feast of St. Margaret, the Miracle play of the *Holy Martyr St. George* was acted on a stage, in an open field, at Bassingbourne, in Cambridgeshire. I copy from Warton some curious particulars of the expenses, &c. of acting this play, which are extracted from the rolls of the churchwardens of that parish: "They collected upwards of four pounds in twenty-seven neighbouring parishes for furnishing the play. They disbursed about two pounds in the representation. These disbursements are, to four minstrels, or waits, of Cambridge, for three days, vs. vjd. To the players, in

bread and ale, ijs. ijd. To the *garnement-man* for *garnements* and *propyrtes*, that is, for dresses, decorations, and implements, and for play-boys, xxs. To John Hobard, *brotherhoode-preeste*, that is, a priest of the guild in the church, for the play-book, ijs. viiid. For the crofte, or field in which the play was exhibited, js. For propyrte-making or furniture, js. ivd. For fish and bread, and to setting up the stages, ivd. For painting three *fanchoms* and four *tormenters*, words which I do not understand, but perhaps fantoms and devils. The rest was expended for a feast on the occasion, in which are recited, 'Four chicken for the gentlemen, ivd.' It appears by the manuscript of the Coventry plays, that a temporary scaffold only was erected for these performances*."

In 1512, a Mystery was written and represented, which is, probably, the oldest printed drama extant, at least with the exception of *The Nigramansir* of Skelton; and it is, as I have before observed, very doubtful whether a copy of that is now in existence. The Mystery to which I allude is called *Candlemas-Day*, or *the Killing of the Children of Israel*; and it is published by Mr. Hawkins in his *Origin of the English Drama*, from a MS. in the Bodleian library. It was written by one John Parfre, of whom there is no other memorial extant. It is a rude performance, not, however, altogether without humour; and the author, for as Mr. Hawkins parenthetically observes, "one can hardly say the poet," has even endeavoured to invest Herod with something like dignity. The *dramatis personæ* are,

the Poete, who speaks the prologue and the epilogue; Kyng Herowd; four Knyghts; Watkin, Messenger; Symeon, the Bysshop; Joseph; Maria; Anna, Prophetissa; a Virgin; Angelus; and four Muliers, or Mothers. The piece opens with the Poet speaking the prologue, from which we learn that this Mystery was played on a

Solemne fest to be had in remembrance
Of blisshed Seynt Anne, moder to our Lady;
and that, in the preceding year, a Mystery, representing the Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds, and the Adoration of the Three Kings, was performed. The prologue, like a chorus, relates the plot or programme of the Mystery, and concludes thus:

Friends, this processe we propose to play as
we can

Before you all here in your presens,
To the honour of God, our Lady, and Seynt
Anne;

Beseechyng you to geve us peseable audiens;
And, ye menstralles, doth your diligens;
And, ye virgynes, shewe sume sport and
plesure,

These people to solas, and to do God reve-
rens;

As ye be appoynted doth your besy cure.

The Mystery opens with a soliloquy by Herod, in which he exalts himself above all kings, and announces his intention to proceed with severity against all who disobey his laws:

What erthely wretches, what pompe and
pride,

Do ageyns my lawes or withstonde myne
euent,

Thei shall suffre woo and peyne thugh bak
and syde,

With avery myschaunce ther fleshe shal be
all to rent;

And all my foes shall have suche commaunde-
ment,

That they shal be glad to do my byddn ay,
Or ells they shal be in woo and myscheff per-
manent,

That thei shall fere me nyght and day.

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii.
p. 326.

Herod is told by Watkyn, his messenger, that the three "stranger knyghts," who had lately gone to Bethlem, and had promised to return, had gone home another way; and, in his rage, he orders all the children, "bothe in Bedlem and his provynces, every where," to be slain. Watkyn, who is a low buffoon, petitions to be made a knight, "for Mahound's sake:" a curious anachronism. Herod complies with his request, and he accompanies the soldiers in the Massacre of the Innocents. When they are ready to depart, the stage direction is—

"Here the knyghts and Watkyn walke about the place tyll Mary and Joseph be conveid into Egypt."

And the Angel warns them to fly, as the life of their son is sought by Herod. After they have brought forth the ass, and Joseph has packed up his things, to take with him, another stage direction is—

"Here Mary and Joseph shall go out of the place, and the godds shall fall; and there shall come in the women of Israel with young children in ther armys, and than the knyghts shall go to them."

The children are murdered; but Watkyn makes a very unheroical figure, as the women beat him off with their distaffs, and the knights have to interfere to rescue him from their fury. Herod, when the knights and Watkyn return, and inform him of the result of their bloody enterprise, dies, praying to his "Lord Mahound" to take his soul into his holy hand.

The presentation of our Saviour in the Temple is next represented. The stage direction is—

"Here Maria and Joseph go towards the Temple with Jesu and ij dowes; and our Lady seith unto Symeon:

"Heyll, holy Symeon, full of grett vertu;
To make an offryng I gan myself perveye

Of my sovereyne sone that callid is Jesu,
With ij young dowes, the lawe to obeye,
Toward the Temple, grace list me conveye,
Of God's sone to make a presentacion:
Wherefore, Symeon, hertly I you pray,
Into your hands take myn oblacion."
"Here shall Symeon receive of Maria,
Jesu and ij dowes, and holde Jesu in his
armys, expownyng *Nunc dimittis*, &c. seyng
thus:

"Welcome, lord, excellent of power,
And welcome, Maria, with your son sove-
reynne:

Your oblacion of hooll herte and enter
I receyve, with these dowys tweyne.

Welcome, babe; for joye what may I seyn?
Atween myn armys now shall I thee em-
brace:

My prayer, Lord, was not made in veyn;
For now I see thy celestiall face.

[Here declare *Nunc dimittis*."]

The *Nunc dimittis* is afterwards sung by a chorus of virgins, "as many as a man will;" and the Poet speaks the epilogue:

"Nowe of this pore processe we make an ende,
Thankyng you all of your good attend-
aunce;

And the next yeer, as we be perposid in
our mynde,

The disputation of the doctors to shew in
your presens.

Wherefor now, ye vrygyns, or we go hens,
With all your company you goodly
avaunce:

Also, ye menstrallies, doth your diligens,
Afore our depertyng geve us a daunce."

We learn from the Earl of Northumberland's household-book (1512) that Mysteries were performed, during the twelve days of Christmas and at Easter, by the children of his chapel, under the direction of the master of the revels. The exhibiting scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the establishment and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility, which plays were generally composed by the chaplains, whose business it was to write dramas as well as sermons. Indeed, as these dramas were founded on scripture histories, probably very few of the laity were able

to compile them. Amongst the clergy, John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, was a very voluminous writer. Between the years 1530 and 1540, he produced a number of "comedies," or "enterludes," of which only three appear to have been published; *i. e.* *The Chief Promises of God to Man*;—*John Baptist's Preaching in the Wilderness*;—and *The Temptation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. The others were not either printed or acted; and the only knowledge we have of these pieces (sixteen in number) is derived from the author's own mention of them in his account of the writers of Britain. The first-mentioned of these Mysteries, namely, *The Tragydye or Enterlude manifesting the chefe promyses of God unto man by all ages in the old lawe, from the fall of Adam to the encarnacyon of the Lord Jesus Chreste*, is a curious old Mystery. It is in seven acts, and was printed in 1538. It seems to have been written to vindicate the doctrine of grace against those who held the doctrine of free-will and the merit of works. The speakers are, Baleus, prolocutor; and Pater celestis, justus Noah, Moses sanctus, Esaias propheta, Adam primus homo, Abraham fidelis, David rex pius, and Joannes baptista, persons of the drama. There are only two speakers in each act, the Pater celestis and one of the other personages; and as a specimen, I shall quote the passage in which Abraham is endeavouring to avert the threatened judgment upon Sodom and Gomorrah. The patriarch having suggested that there might be fifty righteous persons in those cities, the Father replies,

At Sodom, if I may fynde just persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis. I take upon me to speke,
here in thy presence,
More than become me: Lord, pardon my
neglygençe;

I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.
Pater celestis. Saye fourth, good Abraham,
for yll dost thee now intente.

Abraham fidelis. Happlye there may be fyve
lesse in the same nombre;

For their sakes I trust thee wyll not the rest
accembre.

Pater celestis. If I amonge them myght
fynde but fyve and fortye,

Them wolde I not lose for that just cumpayne.

Abraham fidelis. What if the cytie maye
fortye ryghtcouise make?

Pater celestis. Then wyll I pardone it for
those same fortye's sake.

Abraham fidelis. Parauenture there may be
thirty founde amonge them.

Pater celestis. Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll
nothyng do unto them.

Abraham fidelis. I take upon me to moche,
Lorde, in thy syght.

Pater celestis. No, no, good Abraham, for
I knowe thy faythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis. No lesse, I suppose, than
twenty can it have.

Pater celestis. Could I fynde twenty, that
cylie wolde I save.

Abraham fidelis. Ones yet wyll I speake my
mynde, and than no more.

Pater celestis. Spare not to utter so moche
as thee hast in store.

Abraham fidelis. And what if there myght
be ten good creatures founde?

Pater celestis. The rest for their sakes myght
so be safe and sounde,

And not destroyed for their abhomynacyon.

I have already stated that the Mysteries and Moralities were frequently represented in churches, where temporary scaffolds were erected; and that the actors were ecclesiastics, though, when a sufficient number of these could not be procured, the churchwardens appear to have engaged the secular actors to supply their places; and it was common for parishes to borrow and lend the theatrical wardrobes to each other. This profanation of places of

worship was much inveighed against in the 16th century; and A. D. 1542 (the thirty-third of Henry VIII.), Bonner, Bishop of London, in a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese, prohibited the performance of "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes," in their churches or chapels. In the early part of the reign of Henry, Mysteries and Moralities were performed indiscriminately. But when the Reformation began to dawn upon this kingdom, and men's minds were called to the subjects of the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome, the religious dramas were made a vehicle of attack by the Reformers, and of defence by the Roman Catholics; though those written on the latter side of the question were few in number compared to those of the former. So many abuses sprung out of this practice, that an act of parliament was passed (the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth of Henry VIII.), prohibiting all religious plays and interludes, except plays for the rebuking and reproaching of vice, and the encouragement and setting forth of virtue. "After this time, during Henry's reign, Mysteries were, in a great measure, superseded by Moralities, which appear to have been exempted from the above prohibition. In that of his daughter Mary, however, they were again revived as appendages to the Roman Catholic worship."—"In the year 1556," says Mr. Warton, "a goodly stage-play of the *Passion of Christ* was presented at the Grey-Friars, in London, on Corpus-Christi day, before the lord mayor, the privy council, and many estates of the realm."

Mysteries were occasionally represented in the reign of Elizabeth, as

appears from the assertions of one of the controversial writers. "They play," says he, "and counterfeite the whole passion so trimly, with all the seven sorrowes of our Lady, as though it had been nothing else but a simple and plain enterlude, to make boys laugh at, and a little to recreate sorrowful hearts." The Chester Mysteries, after having been revived in the reign of Henry VIII. (1533), were performed in Chester for the last time in 1560; and in July 1563 (sixth Elizabeth), a Mystery, founded on the story of Tobit in the Apocrypha, was exhibited in the Broadgate, Lincoln. The following is a list of properties used:

"*Lying at Mr. Norton's house in tenure of William Smart.*

"First, Hell-mouth, with a nether-chap. *Item.* A prison, with a covering. *It.* Sarah's chamber.

"*Remaining in St. Swithin's church.*

"*It.* A great idol. *It.* A tomb with a covering. *It.* The cyty of Jerusalem, with towers and pinnacles. *It.* The cyty of Rages, with towers and pinnacles. *It.* The cyty of Nineveh. *It.* The king's palace of Nineveh. *It.* Old Toby's house. *It.* The king's palace at Laches. *It.* A firmament, with a firy cloud and a double cloud, *in the custody of Thomas Fulbeck, alderman*.*"

"Strype mentions, under 1577, the representation of a stage-play at the Grey-Friars, of the *Passion of Christ*, on the day that war was proclaimed in London against France, and in honour of that occasion. On St. Olave's day in the same year, the holiday of the church in Silver-street, which is dedicated to that saint, was

* See *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1789.

kept with great solemnity. At eight of the clock at night began a stage-play of goodly matter, being the miraculous history of the life of that saint, which continued four hours, and concluded with many religious songs*." The same Mystery is mentioned by Prynne†, as having been performed, in the reign of James I. "at Elie-House, in Holborne, when Gundomar lay there on Good-Friday at night;" and it was probably the last performed in England. According to Prynne, there "were thousands present" at the representation‡.

Moralities were performed with the regular dramas for some years during the reign of James I.; but it is quite impossible to determine the period when the former gave way to the latter, though they would appear to have lost much of their attraction even in the reign of Elizabeth.

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 326.

† *Histriomastix*, 4to. 1633. p. 117. n.

‡ "In France the representation of Mysteries was forbid in the year 1548, when the fraternity associated under the name of the *Actors of our Saviour's Passion*, who had received letters patent from King Charles VI. in 1402, and had, for near 150 years, exhibited religious plays, built their new theatre on the site of the Duke of Burgundy's house, and were authorized by an arret of parliament to act, on condition that they should meddle with none but profane subjects, such as are lawful and honest, and not 'represent any sacred Mysteries.' Representations founded on holy writ continued to be exhibited in Italy till the year 1660; and the Mystery of *Christ's Passion* was represented at Venice so lately as the early part of the present century."—MALONE'S *Account of the English Stage*.

Vol. XI. No. LXIII.

The following are the titles of a few of the Moralities still extant: *Magnificence*, written by John Skelton; *Impatient Poverty*, 1560; *The Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567; *The Trial of Treasure*, 1567; *The Nice Wanton*, 1568; *The Disobedient Child*, no date; *The Marriage of Wit and Science*, 1570; *The Interlude of Youth*, no date; *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, no date; *The Interlude of Wealth and Health*, no date; *All for Money*, 1578; *The Conflict of Conscience*, 1581; *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584; *The Three Lords of London*, 1590; *Tom Tyler and his Wife*.

I must not forget to observe, that in the Moralities a character called Vice or Iniquity supplanting the Devil in the task of making the spectators laugh. Thus Jonson says,

But the old Vice
Acts old Iniquity, and in the fit
Of mimicry gets the opinion of a wit*.

And again, in the *Staple of News* (which was acted in 1625), "Iniquity came in like Hokos-pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs." The Vice appears to have been habited in a long coat, and to have carried a *wooden dagger*, the prototype of harlequin's magic sword; for in the same comedy this character is described as "in a long coat, shaking his wooden dagger." And in another part it is observed, "Here is never a *fiend* to carry him (the Vice) away; besides, he has never a wooden dagger: I'd not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every one he meetes." Strutt says, "I remember to have seen a stage direction for the Vice to lay about him lustily with a

* Epigram, 159.

great pole, and tumble the characters one over the other with great noise and riot, 'for dysport sake.*' This character usually personated "some bad quality incident to human nature, as *pride* or *lust*, or any other evil propensity."

Such were the religious dramas of our ancestors, and that they were highly popular, we have the most undoubted testimony; although, to our refined and more cultivated minds, they appear rude, uncouth, and void of interest; not to say that we should, in many instances, be offended by what would appear the grossness and indecency of the language. An elegant writer, in one of the best conducted of our periodicals†, thus accounts for this popularity:

The fondness of our ancestors for Mysteries and Moralities may be perhaps, in some degree, ascribed to the circumstance of there being, at that time, no other species of dramatic entertainment. But a still more powerful cause of this partiality was in the subjects of the sacred dramas. Few being able to read the scriptures, and those that could, being shut out from their perusal by the want of a translation, it is not surprising, that, considering the scriptures as the oracles of God, they should seize, with avidity, the only means open to them of attaining a knowledge of holy writ, and treasure up even the poor and feeble exhibition of it contained in the Mysteries, in the holy tabernacle of their memory. They thirsted for the living springs of immortality; and not being able to obtain access to the sacred fountains themselves, they drank in, with delight, the rapid waters which were brought them by those who had been more fortunate. In this point of view the devotion of

the people to sacred plays is not surprising. The capacious soul of man is not satisfied with the things of this world; it cannot be divested of a natural "longing after immortality;" it feels an alliance with something above and beyond the earth. The effect even of the insipid Mysteries on the general mind must have been great, considering the tremendous impulse which was communicated to it, when the word of God itself was laid open to the public in all its simplicity and solemnity.

Warton too observes,

It is certain that our ancestors intended no sort of impiety by these monstrous and unnatural mixtures. Neither the writers nor the spectators saw the impropriety, nor paid a separate attention to the comic and the serious part of these motley scenes; at least they were persuaded that the solemnity of the subject covered or excused all incongruities. They had no just idea of decorum, consequently but little sense of the ridiculous. What appears to us the highest burlesque, on them would have made no sort of impression. We must not wonder at this in an age when courage, devotion, and ignorance composed the character of European manners, when the knight, going to a tournament, first invoked his God, then his mistress, and afterwards proceeded with a safe conscience and great resolution to engage his antagonist. In these Mysteries I have sometimes seen gross and open obscenities. In a play of *The Old and New Testament*, Adam and Eve are both exhibited on the stage naked, and conversing about their nakedness: this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves. This extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a numerous assembly of both sexes with great composure; they had the authority of scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of *Genesis*. It would have been absolute heresy to have

* *Sports and Pastimes*.

† *The Retrospective Review*, vol. i. p. 336.

departed from the sacred text in personating the primitive appearance of our first parents, whom the spectators so nearly resembled in simplicity; and if this had not been the case, the dramatists were ignorant what to reject and what to retain*.

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 242.

I could have extended this part of my subject to a much greater length; but I was afraid of tiring the patience of my readers, who, probably, have had quite enough, if not more than enough, of the ancient Mysteries and Moralities.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXXVII.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss R. PRIMROSE, Captain HORACE PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, Mr. APATHY, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Reginald. Do you ask what new poetry I have to lay at your shrine, fair lady?

Miss Primrose. Yes, exactly so: what votary of the Muses has lately tasted the waters of Helicon, and, mounted on his Pegasus, has essayed to climb the Parnassian mount?

Reginald. Nay, I shall not attempt to follow you in your flight of fancy; but, in plain humble prose, tell you, that I have lately been reading a poem, which, though the production of one unknown to fame, deserves to be, and will be, both read and admired.

Miss Primrose. Indeed! and who is this new Bloomfield, or Clare, or Nicholson, or —?

Reginald. Nay, you may cease enumerating the names of our plebeian poets, as Mr. Picken, the young man to whom I allude, is not exactly upon a par with any of them; inasmuch as he is a person of education, and some knowledge of the world: one who is better acquainted with him than I pretend to be, says, he is "a young man of considerable adventure, whose native enthusiasm has been expanded rather than crushed by a romantic pilgrimage to the wilds of Poyais, and who has

brought with him, from the palm-groves of the west, a store of imagery equally novel and ornate, and a portion of worldly experience, which, we trust, will enable him to bear, with something like philosophy, the rebuffs which, as a competitor for the poet's garland, he must lay his account to meet*."

Miss R. Primrose. And his poem a "tale of the west?"

Reginald. No. He has travelled to the orient instead of the occident to find themes for his Muse; and, under the title of *The Bedouins*, has produced a most animated and interesting poem, which, although not perfect, holds out the promise of future excellence; and which will, I hope, be so widely patronised, as to induce him to write again.

Mr. Apathy. It is an Arabian tale then?

Reginald. Yes; and there are passages in it, alternately wild and beautiful, like the country in which the scene is laid. Take, as an example the following sketch of the heroine, Leah, a Hebrew girl, who, by the death of her father, is left an orphan in the valley of Kashmere;

* *Sheffield Iris*, Jan. 22, 1828.

Hers was a wild and melancholy tale :
 A Hebrew girl, a stranger in the vale,
 Revil'd and shunn'd. Oh! ne'er was fate
 So cheerless or so desolate
 As that whose blighting scowl was thrown
 O'er every year in childhood flown ;
 As that, whose shadows darker grew
 O'er each in womanhood that flew ;
 And she, that pale and fragile thing,
 Was like a wild rose perishing :
 But yet her unrepining tongue

To none its tale of sadness spoke,
 Save when her native airs she sung,
 And thus on listening ears they broke :

THE HEBREW'S SONG.

" That evening breeze--that evening breeze--
 It moans among the darkening trees ;
 And though my heart is rest and lone,
 I almost joy when its voice is flown.

" It seems to tell--it seems to tell
 Of a land my young heart loved well :
 Oh! were my steps on its hills again,
 That heart would bound from the grasp of
 pain!

" It stoop'd to lave--it stoop'd to lave
 Its wings in the blue of Jordan's wave ;
 Oh! even the sight of that lovely river
 Would have chain'd my heart to its banks
 for ever!

" I remember well--I remember well,
 I look'd with fond eyes from each hill,
 Till Judah melted from my sight,
 And sunk in distance and in night.

" I turn'd away--I turn'd away,
 Through many a land my journey lay :
 But mine eyes ne'er dwelt on a sight so dear
 As they lost in the gathering darkness there.

" My friends are gone--my friends are gone,
 I walk in the cold wide world alone ;
 And future years no hopes impart,
 To sooth the outcast's broken heart."

The Vicar. That reads well; there
 is melody in the versification; pa-
 thos and feeling in the sentiment.

Reginald. Here is a contrast in a
 sketch of the desert and a young
 Bedouin chief:

O'er the broad waste, like some pale star,
 The Bedouins' camp-fire flashes afar,
 Shooting its cold and sulphry light
 Beneath the sullen brow of night ;
 As shines the shark, when it rests asleep
 Neath the ebon waves of the midnight deep,

And seems to the corsair's watchful eye
 Like light reflected from the sky ;
 And oft, as the travell'd sand-cloud fell,
 Was heard the sound of the camel-bell,
 With glimpse of the coursing sentinel,
 As he shot, like meteor, swift and bright,
 From the dark obscure, on wings of light!

By that cresset-fire reclined, was seen
 One youthful warder of martial mien,
 Unshelter'd, save by the lofty shade
 Of the desert palm-tree's gourdlike blade.
 One arm across his courser thrown,
 In quiet stretch'd beside him down,
 His form half resting on its neck,
 His fingers wreathed in the bridle-check.
 Turning his swift unsettled eye,
 As danger there he might desery,
 Even in the desert, where might be
 No danger, save from treachery ;
 Yet still he pierced the dark profound,
 With vulture glance, all sides around,
 And leant his train'd ear to the ground,
 To catch, with jackall's readiness,
 The unwarly footfall, or to trace,
 From post to post, the sentinel,
 By camel hoof and camel bell.

Mr. Apathy. If meant as an imi-
 tation of Scott, I should say that ap-
 proaches very near the original.

Reginald. I will read you another
 descriptive passage of still more sin-
 gular beauty :

The steeds are neighing in the stall,
 From bit and bridle free ;
 And horn and lance against the wall
 Are hanging silently ;
 And 'neath the nut-lamp's pensive light
 His sinewy length the huntsman lays,
 His tawny cheek and turban white
 Contrasted 'neath its blaze,
 Folding each brawny limb and sandalled
 foot,
 And smoking, as he rests, his long seroot.
 Sleeping, ere yet the day's glad course is
 done,

He meets on mountain heights the rising sun ;
 And rocks and flowers have then a voice,
 And eyes come lightning from the spring ;
 And many a fond and viewless thing,
 Whose tones the heart alone can hear,
 Is whispering to his inward ear--
 The huntsman's life hath many joys,
 For he to innocence is dear.

Glad feet are dancing 'neath the cotton-tree,
 Whereswings the nut-lamp high and flaringly ;

And men of many lands and varied hue,
The vassals of the Brahmin and the Khan,
The bright-eyed Persian and the dark Hind-
doo,
Are group'd upon the ground; and there the
wan

Ani moon-eyed outcast, with uncover'd head
And long dark locks, the dance's mazes led,
Clothed in his light seymar, and hung on
high

His slender arms, and yell'd towards the sky.
And now the wild unmeasured melody,
That rises o'er the Ganges, when, at eve,
The worn Lascars the lofty vessels leave,
And trim their light canoes with wearied oar,
And homeward wind to Coromandel's shore,
Is sung by women's voices; and the strain
All that was dear in childhood wakes again.

Miss Primrose. What becomes of
the heroine, the interesting Leah?

Reginald. Carried off by a party
of Bedouins from her native village,
she excites an ardent affection in the
bosom of Hindallah, a young Arab,
which she returns. But she was des-
tined to swell the harem of the sul-
tan; and Hindallah kills her rather
than see her become an inmate of
the seraglio. The following passage
describes her appearance after death:

He look'd upon her as she lay,
Like a crush'd flower in summer's path;
The flush of life had pass'd away,
But there was beauty even in death.
Though death had frozen her eye's dark spell,
Though on her cheek his fingers fell,
With a blasting touch on the rose's sheen,
And the snow lay white where the flower had
been;
Oh! there was all that the heart could seek
To love on that pale and changeless cheek;
And there was a dream in the glazing eye,
That shone with the mask of reality;
And that eye unclosed, and that cheek yet
warm,
Lay motionless on the Bedouin's arm;
And the gather'd locks of her long dark hair
Fell down with a gentle motion there;
And some round the lifeless arm had twined,
And some were toss'd by the wanderlug wind,
Like ivy's tendrils, fitfully
Streaming from some blasted tree;
And some all heavily hung down,
With blood-drops oozing one by one,

Through the long wreaths, to the ground,
With a stilly-trickling sound.
Once—and but once—he raised a tress,
To brush the death damps from her brow;
It left upon its ashiness
The blood it had imbibed below;
And fearfully he flung it by,
With haggard lip and straining eye.

Miss Primrose. I should like to
read the poem.

Reginald. I shall have much plea-
sure in sending it to you: in a few
days you may expect to receive it.

Mr. Apathy. Here is an enter-
taining volume, called *Austria as it
is, or Sketches of the Continental
Courts*, by an Eyewitness. I have
read it with much pleasure: it con-
tains many piquant anecdotes; and
the author, a foreign noble, evident-
ly understands what he is writing
about.

Mr. Montague. And he finds the
more favour with you, friend Apa-
thy, because he is a sort of king-
hater; one who has a kind of anti-
pathy to all crowned heads.

Mr. Apathy. I have no such an-
tipathy: therefore it by no means
follows that I should like the author
of *Austria as it is*, merely because
he is not inclined to bend the knee
to rank alone, without virtue to en-
noble it. But it is his shrewd re-
marks and amusing stories that please
me. For instance, here is one of
Mozart:

When Mozart had composed his *chef-
d'œuvre*, Don Giovanni, he hastened to
Prague, to lay his work before a public,
which, as he expressed himself, was alone
capable of giving a correct opinion of
the merits of his productions. It was
accordingly performed three successive
nights. The enthusiasm increased with
every performance. When he returned
to Vienna, this master-piece met there
with a cold reception: the Emperor
Joseph was present during the perform-

ance. Mozart was called before the monarch. "Mozart," said the monarch, "your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it"—"Just as many," replied the offended artist, "as there ought to be!"

Mozart was much attached to this sovereign. He

received, soon after, an invitation from Frederick the Great, with an offer of 5,000 florins salary; his own was but 800 florins, 80*l*. While hesitating, he was called before his sovereign, Joseph II. who addressed him: "Mozart, you are going to leave me." Overpowered by the kind tone in which these words were pronounced, he, sobbing, and tears gushing from his eyes, could only reply, "No, never will I leave your Majesty!"

Reginald. There was one passage in the book which fixed itself in my memory. It is that in which the author sums up the character of the inhabitants of the Austrian capital.

The tide runs in Vienna towards gross sensuality in the people; mute obedience in the public officers; gloom and dissoluteness among the young nobility; and towards the most complete despotism in the government, which grasps with the iron claws of its emblem, the double eagle, the whole empire, and keeps it in his baneful embraces."

Basil. I have been reading, since we last met, the *Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood*, and have seldom been so interested in any book. He was, indeed, a gallant officer and an admirable man; and when Nelson died, we all said, Collingwood was the only one to succeed him. Poor fellow! he too died at last, as much a martyr to his country's cause as if he had perished on the quarter-deck when fighting with the enemy: for he was literally worn out with hard service, and fell

a victim to intense application and a most sincere devotion to his country's cause.

Reginald. Admiral Collingwood's letters, whilst they may be taken as models of epistolary composition, are endeared to me by the beautiful strain of pious feeling, of kindly affection, with which they are imbued. It is quite delightful to read his letters to his wife: they breathe a spirit of the purest affection; whilst those to his children are redolent of parental love. It is but seldom that the editors of great men's letters shew any regard for the memory of the writers, by dragging their productions before the world; but in the letters of Collingwood, whether we look at the *matter* or the *manner*, there is scarcely a line, that, had he been living, he could have desired to blot out.

Basil. I am proud of them, for the honour of the service. They prove that naval officers are not the rough uncouth animals they are too frequently represented; but that the most gentlemanly feeling, the most refined delicacy, may be the companions of the most ardent courage: for who could be braver than Collingwood? He was literally the lion in battle, and the lamb in peace.

The Vicar. What has struck me most, in perusing this correspondence, was the account of the modes used by Collingwood to do away with the necessity of corporeal punishment. I do not agree with those philanthropists who would, by act of Parliament, leave an officer no discretion; for there are some natures, haply but few, so brutal, that they can only be dealt with as you deal with brutes: but I do hold, that as corporeal punishment is the most de-

grading of any that can be adopted, it never ought to be resorted to till every other method has failed: and I rejoice to find, that it is very nearly abolished both in the army and navy.

Basil. So am I: yet I am well convinced it would not do to deprive the officers of the power of inflicting it in extreme cases. All commanders, however, like Collingwood, ought to do without it as much as possible.

The punishments which he substituted for the lash, says the editor of his letters, were of many kinds; such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded. It was the ordering every offender to be excluded from his mess, and to be employed in every sort of extra duty; so that he was, every moment, liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors, that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes; and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become attentive and orderly.

He laboured hard, alas! to devise means to keep both officers and men employed, in some way or other; and whilst he made them all attend to their duty, he did not neglect their amusements.

My wits are ever at work to keep my people employed, both for health's sake, and to save them from mischief. We have lately been making musical instruments, and have now a very good band. Every moonlight night the sailors dance, and there seems as much mirth and festivity as if we were in Wapping itself. One night the rats destroyed the bagpipes we had made, by eating the bellows: but they suffer for it; for, in revenge, we have made traps of all con-

structions, and have declared a war of extermination against them.

Reginald. Poor Collingwood! he complains in one letter (October 28, 1798,) of being almost broken-hearted, because he was not sent with Nelson. In others, he laments certain promotions which he thought injudicious; but in the majority he breathes a desire for home, a wish for peace, that he might once more enjoy the society of his wife and children, which is quite affecting.

Basil. Well, peace to his memory! We shall never look upon a better officer, nor a better man.

Mr. Apathy. What think you—keeping the class of books still in view, though the subjects are widely different—of Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*?

Mr. Montague. It is, in some respects, a good-humoured, prattling, and yet an old-womanish, scandalizing sort of a production, upon which one might be very severe, without much breach of truth or good-nature; and still it is very amusing. To me it represents Lord Byron—who is the lion of the book—in a character by no means widely differing from what I had always conceived of him. At the same time, whilst I think Mr. Hunt had much reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment he received from the noble bard, there are some disclosures made which are not altogether creditable to him who gives them to the world.

Reginald. I think, of all men, Lord Byron, were he alive, could have complained with the least grace of any details of his life and conduct that were made public, provided they were true. As, however, the grave now covers all his virtues and all his

faults, good taste would have dictated the omission of some passages in the volume before us. Such are the details of the bard's conduct in "his cups," and some scenes in the interior of his dwelling, on the very threshold of that domestic hearth which should be sacred from invasion.

Miss Primrose. The work gives an unfavourable idea of Byron, does it not?

Mr. Montague. Very. It describes him as sordidly mean in his pecuniary affairs; as deficient in self-possession and address—"humming and hawing, and looking confused on very trivial occasions;" as talking coarsely "of women, even when he was in his best humour with them;" as "being the pleasantest when he got wine in his head," when "he was inclined to be tender, but not weakly so, nor lachrymose;" as "loving notoriety even more than money," though "he was extremely anxious to make them go hand in hand;" as capable of doing "the most humiliating things," and of insinuating "the bitterest" both of Mr. Hunt and his friends; as fond of flattery to excess; and as to his literary taste, he had none—not being able to read Spenser; affecting to doubt the genius of Milton and Shakspeare; and its being an impossibility "to persuade him that Sandys' Ovid was better than Addison's and Croxall's." Such is Leigh Hunt's Lord Byron; and though the portrait is unfavourable, I am afraid it must be pronounced too accurate a likeness.

Basil. I should rather think it an attempt by Hunt to reduce Lord Byron to his own level.

The Vicar. Who are the contemporaries of Lord Byron whom Mr. Hunt honours with his notice?

Reginald. Moore, Lamb, Campbell, Hook, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Matthews, Hoare, James, Smith, and some others of less note. His portrait of Shelley is a vigorous and skilful effort, and gives us a vivid idea of that extraordinary, misguided, and unfortunate man. The other sketches are more commonplace: that of Mr. Moore is the best next to Lord Byron; but even the Irish bard, who is a favourite with every body, is not a favourite with Mr. Hunt: his offence, as far as I can gather, was his saying there was "a taint in the *Liberal*:" and a taint there certainly was; one which will leave as lasting a stain upon the memories of all connected with it, as the *Fudge Family* and *Twopenny-Post Bag* and *Little's Poems* have affixed upon the otherwise brilliant fame of Moore.

Mr. Montague. Leigh Hunt's vanity betrays itself in every page of the book.

Reginald. Yes, that must be allowed; and at times, when he is speaking of Lord Byron, it is absolutely repulsive: for, although his lordship was not that "demi-god" his admirers affect to consider him, yet it is scarcely bearable to have him abused by such a man as Hunt. There was much to excuse, besides, in Lord Byron's conduct: his lordship had agreed to give Hunt an asylum, but did not promise to receive Mrs. Hunt and the children into the bargain: this, to a man of his lordship's temper, was an annoyance, and a serious one; and there really seems to have been little done

to conciliate. The following is one of the stories Hunt tells of his wife and Lord Byron :

As I oftener came to his part of the house than he came to mine, he seldom saw her [Mrs. Hunt]; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on hers. He said to her one day, "What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?"—"It is the first time," said Mrs. Hunt, "I ever heard of them."—[Tolerably pert that, you must allow; much in the style of a lady's waiting-maid.]—This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed and reduced him to silence. But her greatest offence was in something which I had occasion to tell him. He was very bitter one day upon some friends of mine, criticizing even their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. At the same time, he was affecting to be very pleasant and good-humoured, and "without any offence in the world." All this provoked me to mortify him;—[how kind!—and I asked if he knew what Mrs. Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? (It is the fastidious scornful portrait of him, affectedly looking down). He said he did not, and was curious to know. An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her, and her opinion asked; upon which she observed, that "it resembled a great school-boy, who had had a plain bun given him instead of a plum one."—[Would a disappointed school-boy look fastidious and scornful and affected?—I did not add, that our friends shook with laughter at this idea of the noble original, it was so like him! He looked as blank as possible, and never again criticized the personal appearance of those whom I regarded. It was on accounts like these that he talked of Mrs. Hunt as no "great things." Myself,

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because I did not take all his worldly common-places for granted, nor enter into the merits of his bad jokes on women, he represented as "a proser;" and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced "impracticable."

The Vicar. I think, on the whole, the book called for the severe rebuke which Mr. Moore gave in the following lines, that appeared two or three weeks back in the *Times* :

THE "LIVING DOG" AND THE "DEAD LION."

Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)

The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,

Of a small Puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage

Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"

'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;

And few dogs have such opportunities had,
Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,

Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the Puppy-dog thinks

That the Lion was no such great things, after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the Puppy allows—

It was all he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;

And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred Setter of Rabbits

Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of Lions by Puppy-dog habits.

Z

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)

With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,

He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcase,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book—being rich in

Examples and warnings to Lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly Curs in their kitchen,

Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

Exeter 'Change.

T. PIDCOCK.

Reginald. By the bye, I think the last verse is, in one sense, applicable to Mr. Moore. He has not certainly abused a dead friend, whom he sponged upon when living, but he basely violated the confidence of his prince, who hospitably admitted him to his table, and converted the information he thus acquired into an offensive engine of attack upon the characters of his royal host and his friends. I think Mr. Moore must reflect on this part of his conduct with deep regret.

The Vicar. Here is a good-humoured, eccentric, unconnected volume, called *Rambling Notes and Reflections, suggested during a Visit to Paris in the Winter of 1826-7*, by Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. It is a strange mixture of good sense and absurdity, adding some little to our previous store of knowledge respecting the neighbouring kingdom, and its inhabitants; but containing much matter that had better been omitted, as it only swells the size of the volume without answering any good purpose.

Reginald. There is some agreeable gossiping in the book too, which will repay the trouble of a perusal. His visit to Pleyel, the veteran composer, who resides in Paris, is narrated in very good taste; and to the musical amateur will be very interest-

ing. Pleyel is now seventy-five years old; and when our author visited him, he found him very animated, of middle size, and thin, with a head of hair as white as snow, and dark, intelligent, penetrating eyes. Sir Arthur told him his only motive for visiting him was, the pure satisfaction of seeing a composer, to whom he had been indebted for a very large share of the enjoyment of his early life. The passport was admitted, and a very animated conversation ensued.

Miss Primrose. On musical subjects of course?

Reginald. Principally; and the great charm about the old man was, the earnest zeal with which he did justice to his contemporaries. When Haydn was mentioned, his eyes sparkled, and he spoke of him with enthusiasm.

Haydn, said he, is the father of us all (*notre papa*): he and Mozart monopolized all the genius of their age, and were amongst the last great masters who felt, and made others feel, that the end of music is to touch the heart. Beethoven he allowed to be a man of first-rate talents, but on many occasions deficient in originality; copying both his great predecessors, but especially plundering Mozart. He was quite of my opinion (says Sir Arthur), that Beethoven has been the cause of generating the present vicious school of music run mad, by begetting a mania for imitating his abstruse and complicated harmonics, to the utter extinction of every thing like sentiment or air. At present, said he, *il n'y a point de phrase*. In place of this, the composer thinks he has attained all, when he has exhausted his invention in producing every practicable combination of notes, and every imaginable transition from one key to another.

Mr. Montague. There is some

truth in that observation; but the blame ought not to be attached to Beethoven. He was a truly great genius; and though a resemblance to the works of his predecessors may be traced in some of his compositions, yet he displays a boldness and an originality in his principal pieces, which his imitators cannot approach; and it is rather too hard, if a man of genius is to be blamed, because dull and ignorant blockheads will imitate his higher flights, and make that ridiculous which he had made sublime.

Miss R. Primrose. I agree with you, Mr. Montague. But what was Pleyel's opinion of Handel?

Reginald. He spoke of him with veneration. "That wonderful man," said he, "anticipated every thing that is to be known in the art, and must be for ever new." But Haydn seems to have been his favourite—to whatever subject the conversation might stray, he always returned to Haydn.

Pleyel resided in England before the Révolution, but having property in France, was obliged to return, and has never since left the country. At present, he passes a great part of his time in country retirement, the quiet of which he finds necessary at his advanced age; but his health, though infirm, is far from bad.

The Vicar. Sir Arthur had an interview with another great *artiste*, Grassini. He says,

At the house of the Countess Beljoyso I met to-day the celebrated Madame Grassini, who, I thought, had for many long years been enjoying the company of the harmonious sisters in another world. She is in excellent health and spirits, and intends visiting England in a short time, once more to delight, perhaps rather to astonish us. She says, Catalani has lost many of her high notes, but obtained a complement in exchange of low. I should

much doubt their being an equivalent. The revolution in Grassini is the reverse. Instead of the delightful contralto, which in years past

Would, as she sung, have seized the prison'd soul,
And rapt it in Elysium,

her voice is now a mezzo soprano. How far the alteration may be for the better, I have not heard: but whatever it is, I should think the raciness of tone cannot be much improved by being fifty years in bottle. She seems a most charming person, and her manners of the first order of captivity.

Reginald. If Grassini should come over to England to sing in public, I predict that her failure would be as signal as was that of Madame Mara, who thought to witch our ears with her melodious strains a few years back: but, instead of melody, there was nothing but harshness and discord; and the once celebrated *prima donna* was dreadfully mortified. I hope Grassini's good sense will save her from such humiliation.

Mr. Montague. I hope so too; for nothing can be more melancholy than to see genius in its dotage, or to witness the efforts of once favourite professors, whether vocal or instrumental, whether in the orchestra or on the stage, when their powers have failed, and they, having fallen "into the sere, the yellow leaf," are become objects rather of pity than of admiration.

Mr. Apathy. I have seen revived, in the *Notes of a Bookworm*, the idea of finding out the number of the beast mentioned in the *Revelations*, in the name of some individual: the *Bookworm* quotes from Vivian, a French writer, who published his works about eight years previous to the French revolution; and who understood by the two beasts mention-

ed in the 13th chapter of the Apocalypse, the King of France and the Pope of Rome. The *Bookworm* adds, "It is somewhat extraordinary that the name of Ludovicus, which is the Latin for Louis, should apply to the following lines in the *Revelations*: 'Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred three score and six.' It applies thus:

L	stands for	50
V	—	5
D	—	500
O	—	0
V	—	5
I	—	1
C	—	100
V	—	5
S	—	0
		666

The exact number mentioned in the prophecy."

The Vicar. Upon that principle there are few names to which the number might not be made applicable, if the licence were allowed of changing it into another language, and of omitting in the calculation such letters as do not stand for numbers. I remember a volume was written and published twenty years ago, to prove that Napoleon was the Antichrist, and that Talleyrand was the second beast, the false prophet, mentioned in the same chapter of the *Revelations*.

Miss Primrose. Indeed! I never saw or heard of such a work.

The Vicar. Very likely, my dear; and very few persons in the present day have, though the writer, I have no doubt, fancied he had earned himself a deathless immortality. His work, however, is curious, and may hereafter be referred to, as a proof of the singular aberration of a clever

man; for that the author was a man of talent admits not of doubt.

Mrs. Primrose. How did he prove his assertion?

The Vicar. By adapting, in his own way, the vision of the beast with ten horns to the conquests of the king-making Corsican; by shewing how his acts and conduct corresponded with the impieties committed and the blasphemies uttered by the beast; and by attempting to prove, that the "number of the beast" was to be found in the letters of Napoleon's name, with some adjuncts, and by adding a final *e* to it, which, he says, was the way it was spelt in his mother tongue.

Miss Primrose. Well, on what principle did he proceed? I do not see how the number can be found in the letters of Napoleone by any system of notation with which I am acquainted.

The Vicar. By appropriating to each letter in the alphabet a number, as follows:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 20, 30, 40,
O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, X, Y,
50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140,
Z.
150.

On this plan the number 666 is to be found in the words *l'Empereur Napoleone*.

L	20	N	40
E	5	A	1
M	30	P	60
P	60	O	50
E	5	L	20
R	80	E	5
E	5	O	50
U	110	N	40
R	80	E	5
		666	

Mrs. Primrose. The coincidence is striking certainly.

The Vicar. But he found the

number in another way. The Greeks divided their alphabet into three series, of eight letters each; the first for units, the second for tens, and the third for hundreds. On the same plan he divides the French alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, X, 60, 70, 80, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, Y, Z. 700, 800.

Then in the words *le roi impie Napoleon*, he still finds 666; but this time he discards the final *e* in *Napoleon*:

L	30	N	50
E	5	A	1
R	100	P	70
O	60	O	60
I	10	L	30
I	10	E	5
M	40	O	60
P	70	N	50
I	10		
E	5		666

Mr. Apathy. There is some little ingenuity displayed here, however: still it is by no means satisfactory; because, by affixing some epithet to it, we might find the number of the beast even in the name of our gracious king himself.

The Vicar. On the first principle of notation an American writer found the number in the words *Napoleon Buonaparte*, which he affirmed was the way "in which the name of the emperor was originally spelt."

N	40	B	2
A	1	U	110
P	60	O	50
O	50	N	40
L	20	A	1
E	5	P	60
A	1	A	1
N	40	R	80
		T	100
		E	5
			666

Reginald. All these speculations are more curious than useful; indeed,

they can lead to no good result: for that reason I have read none of the recent interpretations of the Apocalypse, not even Mr. Croly's, which I am told is a splendid production.

The Vicar. It is strongly indicative of his genius. But, in my opinion, he starts upon a wrong foundation; of course all his calculations must stand for nothing. Mr. Irving's exposition of the prophecies is more eccentric than Mr. Croly's, and infinitely more presumptuous.

Mr. Montague. Here is a clever little volume, entitled *Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies*, by a Resident, which is well worth your perusal. It is evidently the production of one well acquainted with his subject; and not a book manufactured in London by some scribbler who never saw the West Indies, and knows nothing of them, but what he reads in the publications of the Anti-Slavery Association, or hears in the speeches of the well-meaning but mistaken persons who occasionally declaim at public meetings, or elsewhere, upon the hardships sustained by the blacks, and the tyranny practised by the planters. But even in our author's more chastened sketches the evils of slavery are apparent; and "every Briton, on first setting foot on West Indian soil, must, on this subject, experience sensations nearly allied to those of sorrow, sympathy, and regret."

Reginald. Much has been done for the slaves since the author of the *Sketches* was in the West Indies.

Mr. Montague. Yes. And he observes very justly, that

the abolition of the Sunday markets, and the instruction of the negroes in the first principles of religion, will, undoubt-

edly, tend greatly to the welfare of the whole West India population; and the steps which are now taking to accomplish these and other most important improvements in the condition of the slaves, to be followed by still greater, as they become more and more fit to enjoy higher privileges, give promise of an improved state of society in the West Indies; unless indeed the eagerness to do every thing *at once*, and to confer emancipation on the slaves, in their present state, should render all these measures curses instead of blessings. Whenever the black population shall have become fitted, by gradual and progressive improvement, by civilization and religious knowledge, they may safely be made free; but, until then, until this great change of condition shall have been accomplished, until emancipation can be granted without sacrificing vested rights and property, let the abolitionists pause.

The Vicar. There is truth in those observations: moderation must be observed, or the efforts of the emancipationists will make the last state of the slaves worse than the first. Their improvement, however, should never be lost sight of; above all, their religious improvement; and I see with great pleasure, the zeal and ability with which the prelates, who now exercise episcopal functions in the West Indies, are prosecuting their arduous and important duties. From these I augur the happiest results.

Mr. Montagu. And so must every rational man; and every one too must wish them success.

Mrs. Primrose. How long was the author in the West Indies?

Mr. Montagu. Several years. He describes the climate as being "proverbially inimical to European constitutions;" the uncleared colonies being "more destructive to health than the old islands, which have been

freed from wood, and are highly cultivated." The towns "are healthful, or otherwise, according to situation," which is selected often more for convenience and protection than for health and comfort:" the towns are "not famed for their cleanliness," doubtless one great cause of their unhealthiness.

Every new-comer, says the author, must make up his mind to have what is called the seasoning fever: if he escape a year or two, he has a far better chance of surviving, and much will depend on his arriving at the best and healthiest season of the year, viz. about Christmas; and in avoiding all unnecessary exposure to the sun, or being out after sunset, as nothing is more prejudicial than the night air. It has been often said, and believed, that the mortality is greatly increased by the habits of intoxication of the people, civil as well as military. My observation and experience lead me to no such conclusion. Though wine and spirituous liquors, especially rum, are within the reach of most of them, the inhabitants and garrisons are not more addicted to their immoderate use, than are the people of this country.

Society seems to be at a low ebb; and really I think the slaves appear, with their balls, and their fairs, and their markets, to lead as gay, and probably a happier life, than their masters.

Reginald. Does not the author give an account of the affair at Roseau in 1805?

Mr. Montagu. Yes. He was an actor in it; and this is a very interesting part of the book. But, in fact, the whole volume may be read with great interest; amusement and information will be derived from it.

Basil. It is some years now since I saw the West Indies; but I shall be happy to renew my acquaintance

with them, through the medium of the *Sketches*.

Reginald. There is the third series of Hook's *Sayings and Doings*, which contains a fund of amusement. The first tale, *Cousin William*, is one of deep pathos, yet intermixed with scenes of exquisite humour. Indeed, few writers can succeed like Hook in exciting both your serious and risible faculties in the same story, almost in the same page. Gervase Skinner is also a very agreeably written tale. Then there are *Tales of the Moors, or Rainy Days in Ross-shire*, said to be by a lady, but displaying many traces of masculine intellect; Chateaubriand's *Travels*, which contain a mass of varied adventure, and animated description; and *De Beauvoir, or Second Love*, a novel, in which an interesting tale is conveyed in great elegance of language.

Miss Primrose. I do not like second love.

Reginald. Nor I, in women.

Mrs. Primrose. And why not in women?

Reginald. Because I believe, where woman once loves *truly*, she loves for ever: she may *fancy* she loves a second time; but, as a young female friend of mine has expressed it in flowing verse, she never can forget her heart's first love.

"MEN ARE APRIL WHEN THEY WOO."
Aye, veering man may change his love, and
call that first love vain,

But woman, when she *truly* loves, can never
love again;

And *he* may term the youthful flame the dream
of gay romance,

But her fond heart can ne'er forget affection's
first sweet glance.

Man may of reason, prudence, talk—in his
most selfish years,

But woman on the passion thinks, and hal-
lows it with tears;

And though stern duty, virtue, may forbid
her to regret

Her heart's *first* love, believe it true, she
never can forget!

Whilst man can woo philosophy, or seek re-
nown in war,

The life of woman knows no change—love is
her polar star;

He may his sorrows soon decrease, midst
scenes of pride or gain,

Whilst woman, less ambitious, loves, though
still her love be vain.

She thinks on life's enchanting paths, which
hope once strew'd with flowers,

And its departed music breathes the knell of
happier hours:

Forget when first she lov'd? oh, no! believe
she never can!

She leaves inconstancy like that to her su-
perior, *man*!

The Vicar. Those verses might give rise to a long discussion, *Reginald*, in which much might be said on both sides.

Reginald. And I have a friend who would be inclined to maintain that woman could not love at all.

Mrs. Primrose. Indeed! And what could cause him to entertain so uncharitable an opinion?

Reginald. An early disappointment; which, although it has not made him a misanthrope, has induced him to abjure love, as he does in these verses:

There is a time ere youth has fled,
Or manhood quite assumed his sway,
When the balanc'd powers of heart and head
With doubts and dreams distract our way;
And we feel as if life's bewildering stage,
We could almost quit without regret,
And yield each toy of that sunny age,
Yet pause, and lingering love them yet.

Yes, there's a struggle ere we can part
For aye with the joys of each early scene,
And 'twere well if aught might dull the heart
'Mid what must be, to what has been:
'Tis well, for tho' lone on the world's rude tide,
With me that mental strife is o'er,
And its chilling waves may coldly glide
Above what may freeze or glow no more.

Yet while each vivid ray that shot
 Its gladdening warmth on youth has fled,
 One light which time has quenched not
 With sickly gloom illumines the dead:
 And who has trod life's chequer'd way,
 Nor seen some form of beauty bright,
 Whose frowning gloom, or smiling ray,
 Would bless his pilgrimage, or blight?

I dreamt of one; and that form was fair
 As aught of earthly mould could be,
 And a spirit of life was shrined there,
 Exalted, polished, kind, and free:
 We parted, but scarce a few short days
 Had past ere again in joy I came;
 On friendship's cheek the smile yet plays,
 And why is love no more the same?

There was a word—there was a look
 That dealt a first and a final blow;
 Nor since could that slighted bosom brook
 To thro' for one that spurned it so:
 And here let each embittering token
 That fondness has to frailty giv'n,
 As fragments of a bond that's broken,
 Be scattered to the winds of heaven.

Love, home, and friendship, fare ye well!
 Your joys to others I resign;
 For time dissolves the fairy spell
 With which ye bound this breast of mine:
 All shall be friends, the world my home,
 And love's deceitful vision flown,
 My mind unmov'd in time to come,
 Shall feel her pleasures all her own.

Miss R. Primrose. I wish your friend was here, Reginald. I would try if I could not lure him back to a proper subjection to our sex.

Reginald. "There is witchery in thine eye" that might subdue the most confirmed woman-hater. But see, Mr. Montague, our other friends are rising to depart. Adieu!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD HALL, Feb. 13.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Voluntaries for the Organ or Piano-forte, composed by Thomas Adams, Organist of St. George, Camberwell. Book III. Pr. 5s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

LIKE the prior numbers of this work, already noticed in our Miscellany, the present book contains three voluntaries; viz. 1. A largo and fugue in C major. 2. An adagio followed by a $\frac{3}{8}$ movement, also of fugued construction, both in B b major; and, 3. an allegro (we suppose) in the key of F major.

The whole may justly be termed good music, in the stricter style of writing; and although this style is declining apace in public favour, nay, almost extinct in modern composition, we would on no account encourage the zealous student to neglect such works in his practice. They not only present the fittest ex-

ercises for prompt reading, but the harmonic combinations and contrivances with which they abound are sure to render the player familiar with the march of contrapuntal evolutions and artifice; a knowledge, or at least a tact, which he will find as valuable at every step of his progress as anatomy is to a painter. With this object in view, the voluntaries of Mr. Adams are so much the more deserving of the amateur's notice, as they unite convenience of execution with a style of melodic diction, which, although solid, is by no means dry and unattractive. Melody is not lost sight of, amidst all the art displayed; and in the slow movements, especially, its charm, together with the many select harmonic combinations and modulations, will form a source of gratification to every ear of pure taste, whether it

be of the modern school, or biased in favour of the works of prior generations.

Two Polonoises, with Trios, for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Czerny. Op. 85. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 1s. each.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

Lest the name of the author, so well known by many compositions unprofitably intricate, should frighten the amateur, we deem it essential to mention, that these polonoises may be mastered with perfect ease by very moderate players. There is a certain sameness of construction in all polonoises, which is strikingly perceptible in No. 2. In No. 1. considerably more originality prevails; but both are truly elegant, and they eminently recommend themselves, as short lessons, for the pupil's practice.

VARIATIONS, ADAPTATIONS, &c.

Grande Variazioni di Bravura on the admired Cavatina of Carafa "O cara memoria," for the Piano-forte, composed by Jerome Payer. Op. 71. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

The above variations were first introduced to the London public by that musical prodigy, Master Edward Schulz, and they are, as the title sufficiently implies, calculated for the sphere of well-skilled players only. They would not be found easy in any key, but that of E major, in which they are set, adds, in a certain degree, to their difficulty. The freedom and classic elegance with which the variations are devised, place them absolutely in the first rank among compositions of this kind. Much of their interest, no doubt, is to be ascribed to the beauty and simplicity of Carafa's air; but

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this circumstance on no account lessens the value of Mr. Payer's labour, which displays a degree of taste and luxuriant fancy not to be surpassed by any variations with which we are acquainted; and the acquaintance, we regret to admit, is more extensive than we could wish it to be.

Overture to the Romantic Opera "Faust," composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by Louis Spohr, with a Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by C. Dumon. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Our opinion of this overture has so often been given, that it is unnecessary to repeat it. The present arrangement, by Mr. Spohr himself, is much less loaded and intricate than we could have expected from the usual fondness of composers for every note in their harmony. Mr. Hummel would have made hotter work of it. The flute, although *ad lib.* is not sparingly provided for.

Maltese Air varied, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(Hodgson, High-Holborn.)

The Maltese air is plain, but neat; and the three or four brief variations made upon it, as well as the introduction, are respectable. All is simple and easy, quite within the reach of juvenile performers, for whom Mr. P.'s labour was probably intended.

Pacé's Overture to "Camilla," newly arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad lib. by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodgson.)

Romberg's Grand Symphony, performed at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accom-

A A

paniments (as above), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.—(Hodsoll.)

Our notices of Mr. Rimbault's adaptations of overtures and symphonies have been so often before the public, and the execution of these arrangements on the part of Mr. R. is so steady and similar, that what we could have further to say, even under varied terms, would only be a repetition in substance. Neither in industry, nor in good judgment and care, can we observe the slightest diminution.

Paer's overture to "Camilla" is an interesting, well-digested dramatic introduction, in the clear and spirited Italian instrumental style; not profound, nor laboured, but sufficiently pointed and seasoned to please a general audience. The symphony of Andreas Romberg (Op. 6. E flat), is of more solid materials, and more elaborate. It possesses all the characteristics of the unrivalled instrumental school of Germany, and, as such, was worthy of the pains bestowed on it by Mr. R. for which the musical amateur has reason to thank him.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Six Original Trios for three (!) Voices, composed by Andreas Romberg; the English Poetry by W. M. Logan; adapted and arranged, with Symphonies and Piano-forte Accompaniments, by John Barnett. No. 1. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

Romberg's vocal trios, of which the above number contains one, are much and justly prized in Germany. A German copy, in three little books, one for each voice, has long been in our possession, but we cannot at this moment lay our hands upon it. The

trio here given is not only rich in good melody, but conspicuous for the simple, unaffected, and yet most effective progress of the vocal parts. There is no redundancy of notes, nor a naked spot; on the other hand, every note is just where it should be, and absolutely indispensable.

The voices are, a treble, a tenor, and a bass; a circumstance which we deem it right to mention, as the second voice has, like the first, the treble clef for signature; and if sung as written, would be an octave too high. In concerted pieces of this description, it were much to be wished, that the vocal parts could be had in detached sheets, the expense of which would be trifling, compared with the inconvenience thereby avoided, of three or four singers, some of them perhaps short-sighted, struggling, with their heads close to each other, to catch a glimpse of their respective parts.

"*A Sentiment*," set to Music for three Voices, by J. M'Donald Harris. Pr. 2s.—(Harris, Barton-street.)

The symphony is imperfect as to rhythm; because, in the second period (from b. 9), the first phrase of four bars (b. 9 to 12), is followed by a conclusion of two bars (b. 13 and 14.) The trio itself proceeds in good clear melody, and the two parts of support unite with the air in satisfactory harmony. This union, however, is somewhat too scrupulous, inasmuch as the three voices go together, note for note. A little of independent progress here and there, without being absolutely contrapuntal, gives variety and more pointed effect. The whole of the music is twice printed, once in B b major, and again in D major; by

which means Mr. H. we presume, intended to adapt his labours not only to two female voices and a bass, but also to three male voices; viz. alt, tenor, and bass. Such transpositions are hardly necessary, and they double the cost.

“*What fairy-like music,*” a *Gondola Song or Duet*, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 2s.—(J. de Pinna, St. Michael’s, Cornhill.)

“*Behave yourself before folk,*” a *Ballad*, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 2s.—(Published as above.)

The tune of the *Gondola Song* is not altogether original, it being an imitation, with some variation, of a well-known national melody—Swiss, if we are not mistaken. The air, in its present shape, however, is of chaste and tender expression, and highly attractive, either for one or two voices; a second being added with the latter view.

The words of the *ballad*, by Mr. Alexander Rodger of Glasgow, are in the Scotch dialect, and not without humour and point; *e. g.*

Behave yourself before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk:
It wad na gi’e me mickle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak’ a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gude sake, no, before folk, &c.

The above is part of one of *seven* stanzas, stated to have been sung by Miss Kelly. Three or four will do at any time, and the rest may do for an *encore*. The melody is simple and lively, in the manner of a country dance. It presents no striking points; but it runs smoothly, and suits the text remarkably well.

A Parody on the celebrated Song,

“*Oh no, we never mention her,*”

written by J. Churchill. Pr. 2s.

—(Payne and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

This, as may be guessed, is also a humorous text, of rather a broad cast. As the melody of the original is well known, and *musical* criticism therefore uncalled for, a specimen of the text, as in the prior case, may put the reader *au fait* of the parody:

They tell me she has money now,
And freely makes it fly;
They hint that she has lovers too,
But that is all my eye!
’Tis nothing but a trick of theirs,
To catch me in the net;
But I have known her once, good Lord,
And never can forget.

According to the practice introduced of late, the title-page is decorated with a lithographic representation of the “not to be mentioned” fair—certainly not a flattering likeness! as also of her quondam beau, horror-struck at the unexpected visit. The drawing is very spirited, and the lithography superior to the generality of such embellishments.

“*Ye waves, divide not lovers long;*” the *Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music composed by J. T. Craven.* Pr. 2s.—(Payne and Hopkins.)

These beautiful lines of Lord Byron’s are impressively represented by an apt melody in E b major, simple, regular, and in good taste. The resolution of the chord of A 5, 6 into B b, 4, 6 (p. 1, b. 4, and elsewhere), is not strictly orthodox: but, as others have done the like, why should not Mr. C. be allowed the same freedom in these times of compositorial latitude? The effects of the diminished seventh on A 4 at “shrieking sea-birds” claims very favourable notice. The subsequent period in C minor is less satisfactory

where it effects a temporary modulation to A b: but, taken in the whole, the song is meritorious, and deserving the attention of the vocal amateur.

"*I watch for thee*," *Ballad, composed* by Samuel Webbe. Pr. 2s. — (Willis and Co.)

The melody of this ballad is tasteful and congenial to the text: perhaps the two bars, "When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea," might be deemed an exception to the former of these epithets; but this may be matter of individual liking. We also think the song engrosses too great a compass of scale for the common range of voices (\bar{c} to \bar{g}). The burden "I watch for thee" is well rendered. The whole of the three stanzas are given with the music, although they are mere repetitions. This is paying dearly for a little additional convenience. We state our objection the more freely, as the practice is gaining ground; although, in our opinion, it can benefit the author and publisher as little as the purchaser's purse.

"*Cupid's Device*," a *Ballad, composed* by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Cupid's Device is a lively, pleasant little song, of simple construction and harmony, in which Miss Love has met with applause. As the piano-forte carries the whole of the melody, and the bass is quite plain, very limited vocal as well as instrumental abilities may accomplish the execution with perfect ease.

"*For unto us a Child is born*," *Handel's celebrated Chorus in the Messiah, newly arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte* by John Purkis. Pr. 1s. — (Hodsoll.)

Mr. Purkis's labour enables *one* voice to enjoy the shadow of what can only be effectively executed by a vocal phalanx. These outlines also present the advantage of recalling to our imagination the impression caused by the original in its full colouring. They therefore have their use, especially when the task is judiciously performed, as is the case before us.

HARP AND GUITAR MUSIC.

A Grand Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Jenkinson and Miss Selina Jenkinson, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 7s. — (Chappell, New Bond-street.)

We do not usually notice dedications; but as in the above duet Mr. B. has not stated any number of op. — (and we have seen op. 250 of Mr. Bochsa's about a twelvemonth ago!!) — we deem it desirable to designate the work in some way, more particularly as the production is of considerable extent and merit, and calculated for advanced performers on both instruments. The duet consists of a long *allegro*, F $\frac{4}{4}$, followed by a *recitative* and a *rondo*, F $\frac{2}{4}$, in the midst of which recitative is again resorted to. It is obvious that in this composition Mr. B. has written not only with his usual good taste, but with marked care, and with the determination of doing his best. It deserves to be ranked among his works of the higher order.

The celebrated French March, originally composed for the Harp, arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. — (Chappell.)

If we are not mistaken, this march has been reviewed by us in its original state. The present adaptation

for two instruments is in every respect satisfactory. The melody is agreeable and spirited; the score full and effective; and the execution will be found void of any intricacies for either of the performers. The publication therefore recommends itself as a *pièce de famille*, where both instruments are cultivated.

"*Soirées Dramatiques*," select *Airs from the latest and most admired Italian, French, and German Operas and Ballets, arranged as Solos for the Harp, with Accompaniment of Flute, ad lib. by the most celebrated Composers for that Instrument.* Book III. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

The subject of the above book of Messrs. Boosey's "*Soirées Dramatiques*" is a cavatina, "*Il soave e bel contento*," introduced by Madame Pasta in Mercadante's opera *Didone*, which was brought out at the King's Theatre last season. This air is one of the few pieces in the opera that were listened to with interest, and Mr. Bochsa has done ample justice to it. We ought to add, however, that its execution demands a performer of some taste and experience. There is no flute accompaniment in this instance, the cavatina, as is stated by Mr. B. not admitting of it.

Theme varied, Andante, and two Waltzes, in a familiar Style, for the Guitar, composed by A. Donnadieu. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

As the contents are enumerated in the title, we have only to add, that the pieces are pleasing, easy, and properly harmonized. Mr. D. has marked the requisite fingering to every passage, which, otherwise, might be liable to doubt in point of position. His labour therefore is well adapted to guitar-performers of li-

mited proficiency, to whom we can confidently recommend it.

"*Dolce ed Utile*," a *Mélange of Original Compositions, Operatic Airs, Rondos, Waltzes, &c. for the Spanish Guitar, by Carulli, De Call, Derwort, Giuliani, Küffner, Legnani, &c.; selected for the Use of Amateurs; corrected and fingered by Wm. Derwort.* Nos. 1. to 12. Pr. 6d. each, or Twelve Numbers, 5s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Mr. Derwort's arrangements, although never deficient in full and effective harmonies, are favourably distinguished by the absence of difficulties. Of this assertion the above "*mélange*" affords additional evidence. It contains an interesting selection of well-arranged airs and themes, gleaned from a variety of classic authors, most carefully fingered, and interspersed with a few pieces adapted to the guitar by Mr. D. himself. Not an air in the collection is beyond the reach of students in the first year of their tuition, and a very short practice will enable them to execute the contents satisfactorily. We cannot enter into any detail; but among several truly valuable things, we will just notice a movement, "*alla bolero*," styled *l'amore nascosto*, by Giuliani, in No. 3. which is a little gem. After this publication, guitar-students can no longer complain of the cost of music for their instrument; they have here three, four, and sometimes six pieces, for as many pence, and an aggregate of three or four dozen for five shillings.

Sérénade pour Piano-forte et Guitarre, composée par Léonard de Call. Op. 116. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Few of our readers are perhaps aware how effectually the guitar blends itself with almost every other instrument. A violin, tenor, and guitar form a delightful and potently harmonious combination; and to the late Mr. de Call we are indebted for a considerable number of duets, trios, &c. in which the latter instrument sustains a prominent part. The above serenade is of equal facility for both instruments; and as no extraordinary positions occur, it is well calculated to vary the musical evenings of amateurs. We have met with a few errors of the engraver; but they are such as the performer no doubt will notice and correct of his own accord.

The Harmonicon, a Monthly Journal of Music, No. 1. New Series.

Pr. 3s.—(Samuel Leigh, Strand.)

The successful career of this miscellany, during a course of several years, has rendered its name familiar to almost every professor and amateur in the British empire, and its merits have procured it considerable reputation on the Continent. The conductors may, with justice, pride themselves in having largely contributed to the advancement of musical taste and science in this country; both, practically, by the wide circulation of an immense store of classic compositions, at a price which that circulation alone could render at all profitable to them; and, theoretically, by means of numerous interesting papers on various topics connected with the art itself; by well-digested

biographical memoirs; and, above all, by their criticisms on musical publications, the candour and correctness of which have formed a marked feature in the *Harmonicon*. As brother-critics, we own, with pleasure, that the frequent coincidence of the reviews in that miscellany with our own has often been a source of personal gratification. For in music, where individual taste is often apt to exert its influence on the opinion of the most conscientious critic, it is no small satisfaction to find other judges pronounce a verdict substantially concurring with our own.

The new series just begun does not appear to differ in plan from that which preceded it; and it would probably be difficult to suggest any material improvement. In the notices of concerts, where the sameness of the bills of fare necessarily creates much repetition, greater brevity would often, perhaps, be desirable, considering the limited space of the journal. The abandonment of the idea of giving a musical lexicon, in successive small portions, has been judicious: its accomplishment appeared to us problematical at the outset. The difficulties will be endless, unless the *whole* of such a work were ready for press before a type is set. The price has been raised from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a number. With this small augmentation, no reasonable person can find fault. The work is still unaccountably cheap. About twenty pages of music, besides all the letter-press, for three shillings!

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS Gallery has been opened for the present year with an Exhibition of the works of our living British Artists. A multiplication of artists does not certainly make good painting; but it is due to the crowd of aspirants to public patronage who throng to leave their offerings at the shrine of this temple, that there never was a body engaged in an arduous and uncertain profession who have displayed so many and such genuine claims to approbation and reward.

The present Exhibition consists of five hundred and twenty works, twelve only of which are classed under the head of sculpture. The English school of art has at length become so crowded, and its just pretensions so enlarged, that our limits will not enable us to give those copious details illustrative of individual efforts, which it was our gratification to tender in promotion of the growth of the fine arts during the less auspicious times of their immature progress. The frequency of these Exhibitions has improved the public taste: the public frequent them with "a desire to please and be pleased;" and they only require to have their attention turned to them by a general notice, which is sufficient to bring before them the growing advancement of British art. This Exhibition is, on the whole, perhaps the best which modern efforts have contributed to the British Institution; the merits are more various; there is more of decided proficiency, and less of mediocrity, than were discernible in preceding ones: the pictures

too seem fairly and favourably hung, as far as the nature of the building admits; and though we must always be prepared for bickerings when large bodies clash in the laying out of their individual specimens, yet we think we shall hear less of them this year than upon any former. We shall run our eye over the catalogue without confining ourselves to the numerical order it presents, or to any particular classification of the works.

The Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family to Pius VII. containing Portraits of Cardinal Consalvi, Riario Maestro di Camera, Canova, Gibson, Rieppenhansen, and others.—J. P. Davis.

This is a large picture (No. 1.) in the north room over the fire-place. The grouping possesses interest; it develops a great variety of characteristic expression, and some of the attitudes are well chosen. The colouring and drawing do not possess the same uniform claims to praise, though in parts they are not deficient in merit.

"Venus now wakes, and wakens Love."
From Milton's "Comus."—W. Etty, A. R. A.

Besides this picture, Mr. Etty exhibits a picture of *Cupid interceding for Psyche*, and his justly celebrated *Judith and Holofernes*. The style of this artist is now well known, and his powers of execution are justly appreciated. His drawing is always correct, and free from crampness in the foreshortening, or evolutions of the limbs of his figures: his colouring is rich and beautiful, and imparts

the glow of nature. A cry has been raised against the Venus, because of the figure being entirely uncloded. We do not concur in that prejudice; because, if we did, we must shut our eyes in the presence of some of the most splendid monuments of ancient art: still, before a public beginning only to imbibe a just taste for the arts, perhaps an over-scrupulous delicacy will be the safer feeling for an artist, who means not prematurely to offend prejudices, that will in due time be brushed away by the operation of more correct judgment.

Rodomonte, King of Sarza, challenging Ruggiero to Battle.—H. P. Briggs, A. R. A.

The subject is taken from the last canto of *Orlando Furioso*, and there is a great deal of merit in the composition: it is full of fire and spirit. The armour is finely formed and coloured, and the attitude of the challenger, as it ought to be, commanding. The female leaning on the shoulder of Ruggiero has a tender and softened expression, which sheds a pitying contrast to the lowering brows of the surrounding warriors.

Amphitrite.—W. Hilton, R. A.

This picture is taken from Keats' poem of *Amphitrite Queen of Pearls*, and is a splendid production. The grouping is perfect; the drawing corresponds; and the colouring is Mr. Hilton's: it is beautiful, and breathes the pure spirit of poetry. The grace and elegance of the queen of the sea cannot fail to excite admiration; nothing can be more faultless. The marine deities who attend her are depicted with pure classic taste, and the whole composition and execution of the work attest the hand of a master.

The Beach at Brighton; the Chain-

Pier in the Distance.—John Constable, A. R. A.

A correct and pleasing picture: the cliff and sea-view present a well-arranged *coup-d'œil*: the aerial effect and sweeping of the squally atmosphere produce good effect.

Fruit.—A. J. Oliver, A. R. A.

This picture is well coloured, and the composition tasteful and agreeable.

The Castle of Indolence.—F. P. Stephanoff.

We have seen this pleasing work before, and it will not tire by exposure to repeated examination: the colouring is, as usual with Mr. Stephanoff's style, sparkling and harmonious.

Wreckers off Fort Rouge; Calais in the Distance.—C. Stanfield.

This is for effect a very extraordinary picture. It represents a tempest off the French coast, with the animated bustle of sea-boats engaged in the hazardous enterprise to seize or preserve vessels in distress, or their dismantled fragments; and the nearer view at the fort presents the safe mooring of coasters, who are sheltering themselves from the storm. This picture, without the high finishing of Turner, or the brilliant tone and transparency of his colouring, has more of action and a rougher display of energy and bustle. Mr. Stanfield had better have called his picture the *Salvers* than the *Wreckers*. One would fain hope, for the honour of human nature, that the coast-mariners, on the immediate high passage of the channel between two such civilized countries as France and England, in their perilous efforts, when they brave being "tempest-tost," are not often engaged in stripping the shattered fragments of

the unfortunate: we, on the contrary, have seen them in the Downs far more constantly and laudably engaged in relieving the helpless. Human nature is not so bad, that we should wish to display the darker side of the picture. As to the execution of this work, the agitated and heaving bosom of the swollen ocean, the appalling conflict of the elements, the crash, as it were, between the sky and sea, and swallowing up of all intermediate objects, presents an awful combination of events produced by the convulsion of nature, which paints to the mind one of the most afflicting catastrophes to which human enterprise is exposed. There are defects in the distribution of the light and shade of this picture, but they are opaque spots, which are irradiated by the genial power of the predominating tone of colouring. The powers of this artist are almost incomparable; he ranges through every department of art, from the minute and elaborate finish of water-colouring, to the broad and panoramic brushing of our too glaring scenic representation. A tribute to such merit is not a compliment, for we pay none, but an act of justice.

Landscape, Moonlight.—T. C. Holland.

This artist evinces his usual industry in the present Exhibition. He has several landscapes in the same careful and natural style of execution which we have so often had occasion to admire. He is a painstaking, and, we believe, inobtrusive painter, who seeks encouragement through the medium of his works, rather than the importunities of his solicitations. His works

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in this gallery are very clever and well selected landscapes.

The rain Jackdaw stripped of his stolen Plumes.—George Lance.

“*Moveat cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus.*”

From the excellent satire in Horace of the Peacock and Jackdaw, Mr. Lance has composed a beautiful picture: the colouring is uncommonly accurate. Of this picture it has been truly said, that the artist has contrived to impart a great deal of character to the two principal actors in the scene. The jackdaw seems to feel the humiliating situation in which he is placed; while the eye of the peacock glistens with delight at the chastisement which he is inflicting on the presuming bird.

The Ducal Palace, Venice.—R. F. Bonington.

The sister arts have so often combined to celebrate this city of the waters, that to have it spoken of as well as painted by a modern artist, is no small meed of praise. Canaletti has given us Venice before her streets were absolutely deserted. Her glories are now

“*Statues of glass—all shivered—the long
file*

*Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
pile*

*Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid
trust.”*

Mr. Bonington has preserved the same architectural accuracy; his drawing and perspective are good, and the water is transparent. He has evinced taste likewise in the introduction of the gorgeous pageant—

“*When Venice was a queen, with an unequalled dower.”*

It enables the artist to shed some pleasing tints of rich colouring upon

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the colder hues of the architectural objects: but whatever merit (and it is considerable), belongs to Mr. Bownington, we must not, he would not wish it himself, force him into a comparison with the Venetian artist. Of Canaletti, it was well said by Mr. Fuseli, that he combined his objects so congenially, that the common spectator found nature, and the man of knowledge art. Canaletti made use of the camera to obtain precision, but corrected its defects in the air-tints; he was the first who shewed to artists its real use and limits.

Cows of the Ayrshire and Alderney Breed.—James Ward, R. A.

This picture, together with the portrait of the horse called the Norfolk Phenomenon, in his action of trotting, or rather bounding, at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and we may add the delineation of the Persian sheep, sustain the justly acquired reputation of Mr. Ward as a perfect animal-painter. It is not the mere dry outline which he gives us; he puts the flesh and muscles on the skeleton, and then imparts to his subjects the vivacity and action of nature. They are, in fact, true to life.

We have not room for further details; but among the artists whose works claim, and will, we have no doubt, receive public attention in this Exhibition, are, Mr. Howard, Mr. Northcote, Mr. J. Ward, Mr. Ro-

berts, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Zeigler, Mr. Geddes, Mr. Linnell, Mr. E. Landseer, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Farrier, Mr. Gill, Mr. Witherington, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Knight, Mr. Davis, Mr. Lee, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Webster, Mr. Boaden, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Chalon, Mr. Kidd, Mr. R. Bone, Mr. Clint, Mr. Childe, Mr. Carse, Mr. Clater, Mr. Cox, Mr. Deane, Mr. Fradelle, Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. Guest, Mr. Havell, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Nash, Mr. Stothard, jun., Mr. Whicheloh, and indeed a crowd of other artists, many of whom are "plodding their weary way," with patient and praiseworthy industry, and we hope with the best prospects of final success.

The ladies are, as usual, most acceptable contributors: among those who have evinced the greatest proficiency, we have to notice Miss Gouldsmith, Miss Adams, Miss Arnald, Miss Beaumont, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Checkley, Mrs. Hakewill, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Keanley, Mrs. Nasmyth, &c.

We quit this rapid and imperfect sketch of an interesting Exhibition with regret, consoled however with the persuasion, that the public will hasten to its examination, and judge for themselves: we can assure them that the enjoyment will much more than repay the trouble of a lounge into Pall-mall.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

WHITE satin dress made with a frock-body, equally full all round,

square at the top, and ornamented by a cape, straight in front and deep on the shoulders, where it has three



DRESS. DRESS.



pointed divisions: it is trimmed with narrow blond. The sleeves are *en gigot*, and terminated by broad fancy bracelets of garnet and gold. The skirt is decorated by a row of white satin bows, with two angular ends pointing downwards. Beneath is a puffed triangular trimming, united by a rouleau to a deep and full bias flounce, that touches the ground. Broad gold belt, embroidered in crimson bows, and long ends, tasselled, attached to the left side. The hair is parted from the forehead, with two curls on each side, and confined by a gold band, beneath a toque of rose-colour *crêpe lisse*. The edge of the brim is rather elevated, slightly constructed, and decorated with broad rose-colour satin ribbon, having bows on each side, beneath the brim, and bows on the low circular crown, with long ends projecting over the edge, on the left side. Gold earrings and necklace, with turquoise ornaments. White kid gloves, embroidered with gold *giraffe*-coloured kid shoes.

BALL DRESS.

White tulle dress over a Feodore blue satin slip: the waist is long, and

pointed at the back and front, and bound with gold lace: the stomacher extends to the top of the shoulder, where it terminates in an obtuse angle, projecting over the sleeves, and united to an angular cape, that decorates the back: a branch of white Persian roses spreads over the front, and gives the stomacher an elegant appearance: it is terminated with a rosaceous ornament of rubies set in gold. The sleeves are short and full, and kept out by the stiffened sleeves of the slip. The skirt is made equally full all round, bound with white satin, open in front, but united at regular distances by five rosaceous ruby clasps set in gold: branches of white Persian roses form its rich and delicate border: it is a quarter of a yard shorter than the slip, which is terminated by a blue satin rouleau. The hair is parted in front, dressed in large bows, and adorned with papilionaceous bows of blue and gold tissue ribbon. White kid gloves; medallion bracelets outside. Ear-rings *à la Flammante*; gold necklace, with a diamond-shape locket in front; gauze scarf; white satin shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 15.

VERY little alteration has taken place since last month in promenade costume. Furs are more worn, particularly tippets, which have increased in size, not to speak of those of the pelerine form, which have latterly been, in a great measure, superseded by the *boa*, or round tippet: this last is still fashionable, but not exclusively so. Muffs have increased in size since the beginning of the winter. Furs are still in great request for the trimming of mantles and of promenade

gowns. They are used for the latter in a very novel way: a broad band cut in triangles, which are edged either with satin or velvet, is laid on the bottom of the dress, between two rouleaus of either satin or velvet, to correspond with the edging of the triangles: the rouleaus are in general of the same colour as the dress.

The materials for promenade dress are less varied than last month; velvet being more in request than any other. Among the few novelties that we have remarked, is a *rédingote* composed of

dark blue velvet, which has just been introduced by a very dashing leader of fashion. The *corsage* is full behind, and plaited in front, in a style something similar to that of a man's shirt; it has a high standing collar, composed of bands of intermingled velvet and satin, to correspond. The long sleeves are less voluminous at top than they have lately been. The epaulette, which is composed of bands to correspond with the collar, crosses on the shoulder in a bias direction, and is ornamented with a row of small gold ornaments, beautifully wrought in open work, in the form of a shell. The very broad band which terminates the long sleeve is ornamented in a similar manner. The skirt is less gored than usual, and is very full at the top; the fulness being set on in very deep plaits all round, which has a most unbecoming effect. A broad band of ermine, cut in large round scollops at the upper edge, goes round the skirt, and the dress is fastened up the front by bows of satin, corded with velvet: in the centre of each bow is an ornament, to correspond with those of the sleeves.

There is nothing novel in mantles, with the exception of a trimming, which is composed of *pluche de soie*, *chenille*, and satin. A wave, formed of *chenille*, goes round the mantle: from each hollow of this wave issues a branch of oak-leaves, composed of *pluche de soie*, corded with satin. Several mantles, composed of velvet and of levantine, lined with *pluche de soie*, have lately appeared, without any other trimming than a very narrow edge formed of the lining.

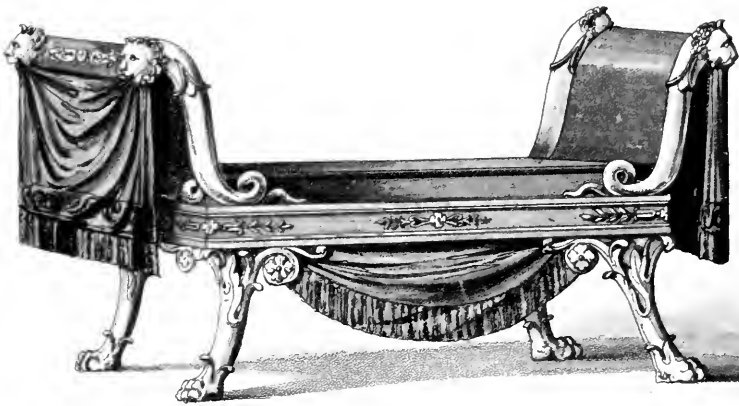
The shape of bonnets has varied a little; the crowns are made rather higher, and, in some instances, are broader round the top than the bottom. The brims are still excessively large, and are deeper behind than last month. Bonnets composed of a mixture of satin and velvet are now much in season. Black and rose-colour, *bleu de Suede* and white, lavender and cherry-colour, dark blue

and gold-colour, sea-green and ponceau, are most in favour. Sometimes the satin is disposed in folds upon the crown, between two pieces of velvet, which are laid on plain: the brim is composed of one material, and lined with the other. A great number of bonnets are composed entirely of velvet, and lined with satin, and *vice versa*. In this last case the trimming corresponds with the lining; or if not, the bonnet is ornamented with a mixture of feathers of both colours. A plume stands upright in front of the crown, and a feather, which appears as if falling from the plume, droops across the brim. The *nœuds*, so long in favour, have taken a new form; they are now made long and narrow, and being placed at the bottom of the crown, fall a good deal over the brim. A whimsical style of trimming for bonnets has lately appeared, but does not promise to be very general: it consists of feathers cut in imitation of foliage. *Chapeaux de pluche de soie* are coming very much into favour; but they are principally worn by very young ladies.

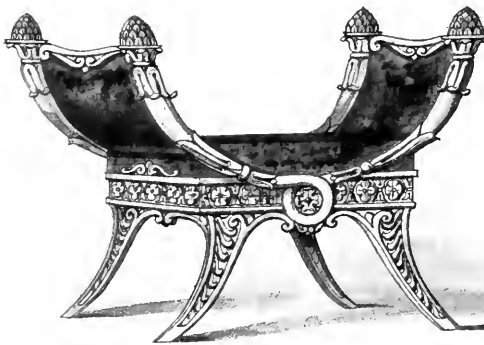
Full dress is this month rather remarkable for splendour than novelty: velvet is much in request for grand parties, particularly fancy velvets. Several of these dresses are trimmed with flounces of blond net, richly, but lightly, embroidered in gold or silver. There are generally three flounces set on at a distance from each other. Sometimes the flounces are headed with satin rouleaus; at others by gold and silver gauze rouleaus, twisted together. The *corsage* is generally *drapé* with satin; the sleeves are almost always short, with epaulettes to correspond with the trimming of the dress. Some few *élégantes*, who affect an excessive simplicity, have appeared in velvet gowns, without any trimming whatsoever.

Veloutine, various kinds of fancy silks, and white satin, are also in favour in full dress; particularly the latter material: we have just seen a dress com-

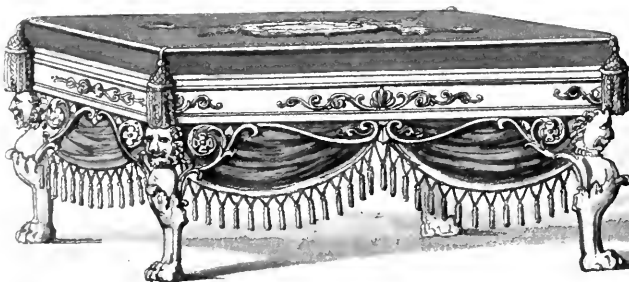
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posed of it, which struck us as very novel and elegant. The *corsage*, cut higher than usual, was draped, *à la Sevigné*, with a mixture of white satin and silver gauze, disposed in large plaits on each breast. The *corsage* descended in a peak before, and was ornamented from top to bottom with an embroidery in silver, of a chain pattern. Short sleeve, composed of silver gauze, very full, surmounted by a *mancheron* of white satin, arranged so as to fall over in three points by light silver chains. The trimming of the skirt consists of a very deep gauze flounce, lightly embroidered in silver at the edge, and headed by a chain, to correspond with the sleeves.

Corsages of *satin pluche de soie* and fancy velvet, with skirts of crape, *crêpe lisse*, or white lace, begin to be worn in ball-dress. The *corsage* is always of a different colour from the skirt. One of the prettiest of these dresses that we have seen had a skirt of white crape, trimmed with *bouillons* of the same material: the *bouillons* were placed at some distance from each other, and in the space between were little baskets, formed of narrow rouleaus of straw-coloured satin, supporting bouquets of flowers. The *corsage*, of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, had no other ornament than a tucker, *à l'enfant*, of fine blond-lace, and *mancherons* of the same material, which fell over a very short full sleeve of rose-coloured satin.

There is considerable variety in head-dresses in full dress. Toques, turbans, and *bérets* are all worn, the two former

in light materials only. These materials are also used for *bérets*; as is likewise velvet. A new style of toque has just appeared: instead of the small brim which has lately been worn, the band round the bottom of the crown is ornamented with pieces cut in the shape of triangles; to one of these, more pointed than the rest, is attached a superb plume of marabouts.

Coiffures en cheveux are still more fashionable than toques. Many ladies, particularly young ones, have their tresses arranged in the Chinese fashion; and they render this unbecoming mode still more grotesque, by intermixing the hair with ribbons, so as to form the *coiffure* of an extravagant height. Those who do not adopt the Chinese style, dress their hair in excessively full curls on the temples, and the hind hair is dressed very high in bows and bends. In some instances, a plume of feathers is placed on one side of the head, rather far back, and a smaller plume, to which is attached a single rose, or a small bouquet of flowers, on the other. Gold combs, richly wrought in open-work, and enriched with precious stones, are also much in favour: they are placed quite at the crown of the head. Sometimes these combs form the only ornament; at others, a bandeau of precious stones, brought low upon the forehead, goes once or twice round the head; or else knots of gold gauze are mingled with the curls on the temples. Fashionable colours the same as last month.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM SEATS.

THE annexed plate represents three seats intended for a drawing-room, on account of the richness of their ornaments and the lightness of their framing.

No. 1. retains a French name, and is generally called *causette*, probably owing

to its admitting two persons to sit upon it. In decoration, as in other branches of art, it is only in nature that we must seek materials in designing: we must therefore refer to the animal or vegetable kingdom for subjects of embellishment.

The tops of the two sides are adorned with four lions' heads, and the four legs with claws: the other ornaments are leaves and flowers in or-moulu, variously combined. The stuff and draperies are the same as the hangings of the room: fancy-wood forms the framing of it.

No. 2. is calculated for one person alone. Seats of this kind were formerly more in use than chairs; and even as late as the reign of Louis XVI. it was customary to say, speaking of a courtier, " *C'est un homme comme il faut, il a tabouret chez le roi.*" It is only within the

last thirty or forty years that plain or arm-chairs have been so generally used; they were a luxury almost unknown to our ancestors.

No. 3. is a window-seat, which is generally placed in the recesses of windows, and made to fit the apertures; it is in every respect like the two former, with the exception that it has no sides to it. The lion is introduced as a symbol of strength, which is considered as a proper characteristic for a seat which has a constant bearing.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE *Life of Lord Byron*, preparing by Mr. Moore, enriched by the collection of materials made by Mr. Murray, who has communicated them for the purpose, is expected to appear in the course of the spring.

The second series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, by Sir Walter Scott, is nearly ready.

The same writer, as if to shew the versatility of his mind and studies, is engaged on a volume of *Practical Essays on Gardening and Planting*, which will be published next winter.

Miss Edgeworth has made considerable progress in a novel, to be entitled *Taking for Granted*.

Mexico in 1827, by H. G. Ward, Esq. late chargé-d'affaires of his Britannic Majesty in that country, will very soon appear.

We are requested to announce the completion of Robson's *Picturesque Views of all the English Cities*, consisting of 32 engravings by eminent artists, in one volume, medium and imperial 4to.; and also of *Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, with historical and descriptive accounts of each subject; edited, and the greater part writ-

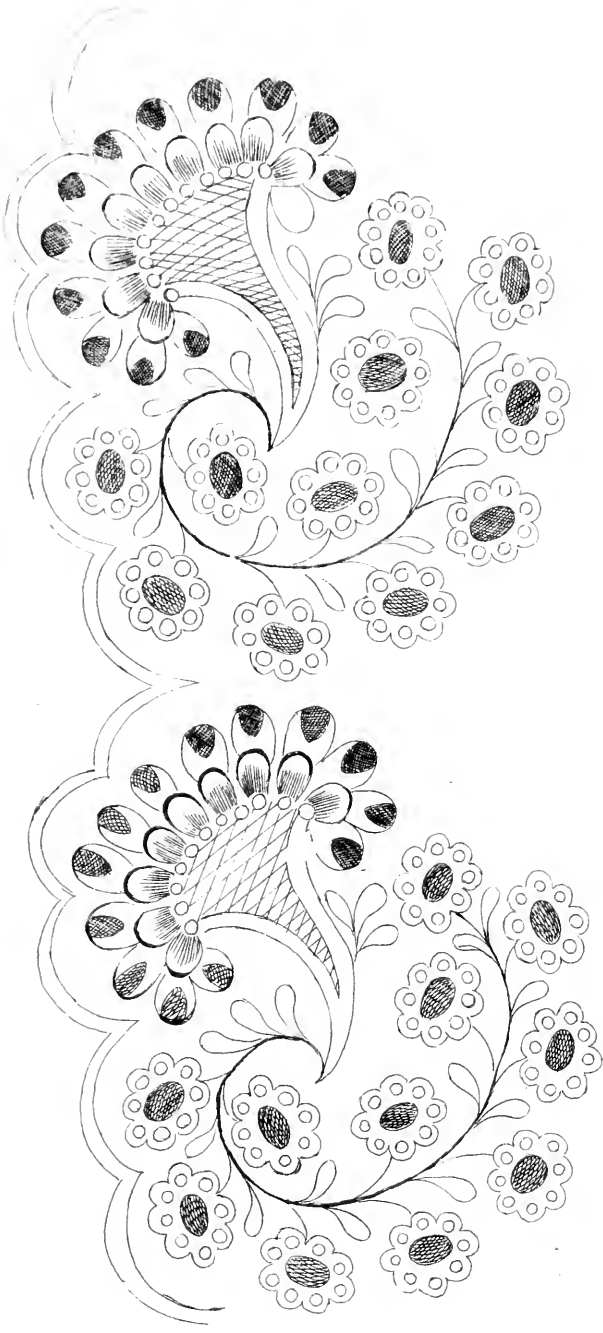
ten, by J. Britton, F. S. A.; containing 144 engravings, mostly in outline, by Le Keux, Roffe, Gladwin, &c. from drawings by A. Pugin, in one volume, medium and imperial 8vo.

Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, translated from the original Sanscrit; together with an account of the dramatic system of the Hindus, notices of their different dramas, &c. &c. by H. H. Wilson, Esq. secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, is just ready for publication, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A second edition of Hamilton's *East India Gazette*, greatly enlarged and improved by the author, from the most authentic materials, and brought down to the end of 1827, is in the press, in 2 vols. 8vo. with maps.

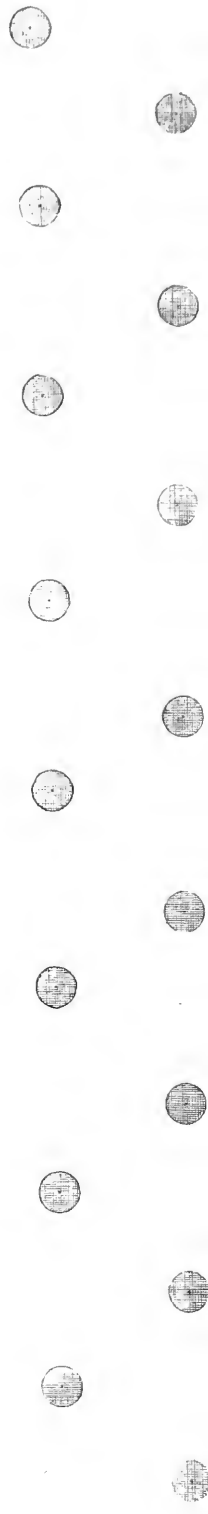
Mr. Jacob Jones of the Inner Temple, the author of " *Longinus, a Tragedy*," has just presented for one of the theatres a tragedy, entitled *Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator*.

The Rev. G. Oliver has issued proposals for publishing a *History of Initiation*, comprising a detailed account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World.



MUSLIM PATTERNS

PLATE 10 - MUSLIM PATTERNS





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THE THIRD SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

The Silver Bell, a Bohemian Legend, in our next.

We shall clear off as early as possible the arrears of new publications transmitted for notice; and hope soon to satisfy such of our Poetical Correspondents whose contributions we have been obliged to delay.

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E. W. Goodale del.

WIDEN
SEAT OF ANDREW W. MORSEHEAD, ESQ.*

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XI.

APRIL 1, 1828.

NO. LXIV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

WIDEY, DEVON, THE SEAT OF ANDERSON MORSHEAD, ESQ.

FROM the circumstance of this place having been the temporary residence of King Charles I. during the civil wars, it possesses much interest, although not remarkable for architectural grandeur. It is situated only about two miles from the town of Plymouth: the peculiar beauty of the country in its immediate neighbourhood cannot fail to gratify every visitor; and notwithstanding its proximity to the principal of our maritime ports, it forms a most agreeable retreat. The ancient mansion has undergone considerable alterations and improvement since it has been in the possession of the present proprietor. The approach to the house is by a neat modern lodge on the right of the road leading from Plymouth to Tavistock, and

Vol. XI. No. LXIV.

which is a conspicuous object in this part of the county. Among the improvements which have taken place, a very handsome dining-room, erected at the western angle of the building, is particularly deserving of attention, especially as it contains several fine works of art; viz. Old Buildings at Venice, by Canaletti; a Virgin and Child; two portraits, by Northcote; portrait of Colonel Morshead, by Lonsdale; Head of a Virgin; and a small landscape. In the conservatory are some very rare foreign plants, which here grow in great perfection, owing, in a great measure, to the peculiar mildness of the atmosphere of Devonshire. The house contains also a copious library, furnished with many rare works in almost every branch of literature.

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HAWLEY-HOUSE, HANTS,

THE PROPERTY OF J. NORRIS, ESQ.

HAWLEY-HOUSE is situated in the most pleasing part of Hampshire, and commands an extensive view over part of Berkshire, Hampshire, and Surrey. The grounds, containing about two thousand six hundred acres of rich pasture-land, are tastefully laid out, and adorned with seats, rustic cottages, and some very elegant lodges. The woods are extensive, consisting of very fine oak and fir trees, the greater part of which were planted by the father of the present owner.

The house is a plain mansion, not conspicuous for style of architecture,

being built more for convenience than show; and as the situation is well chosen, it is a most desirable residence. The large window over the door, as seen in the plate, was painted by Mr. Norris himself, and possesses considerable merit. A walk over the grounds affords a highly gratifying treat, as they display a delightful variety of hill and dale, rich lawns and inviting slopes, which are alternately relieved by the seats and lodges above-mentioned. T. Champion, Esq. is the present occupant of this mansion.

LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST IN ITALY.

LETTER VI.

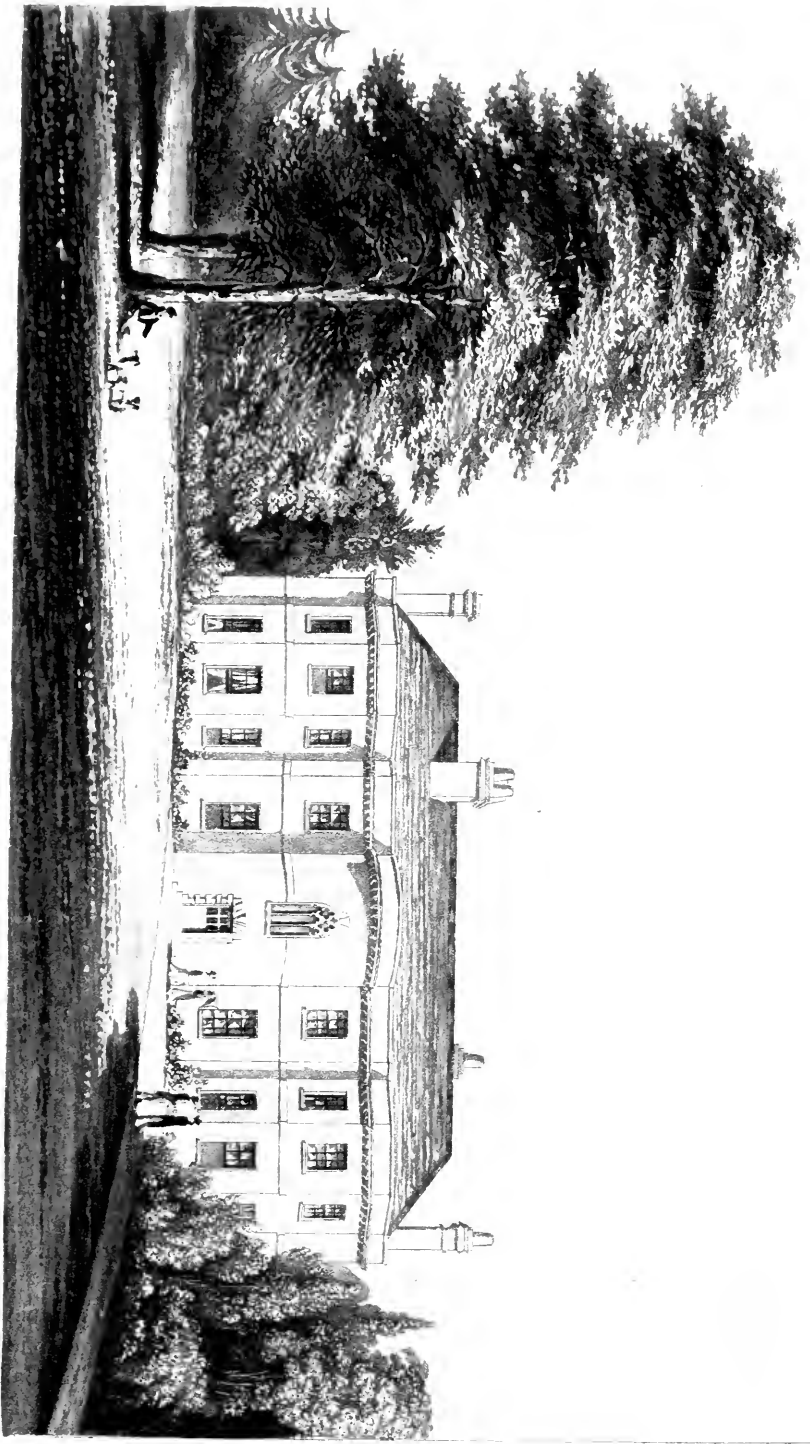
NAPLES, Jan. 8, 1828.

IN this delicious climate a thoroughly dull day is a rare thing; we have storms and blasts and hurricanes; but they pass over rapidly, and the sun shines out again with all its vivifying influence, and in a moment we almost forget that there ever was such a thing as bad weather. This day, however, is an exception to the general rule; it is English, English from top to toe! Overcome and broken down by its oppressive character, I am sitting by a blazing fire, and endeavouring to raise my spirits by performing a long-neglected duty. It is but a sorry compliment to absent friends to choose those moments for communicating with them which cannot be applied to other purposes. Many a long, and apparently kind, letter owes its origin to a rainy day; and it is natural that, shut out from external objects, the mind should go

back to those attachments which, after all, form the most interesting feature of every man's life.

I have spoken of the climate of Italy, and in speaking of the climate, I say much, to an artist especially; and to one who, like myself, is fond of studying out of doors, the power of doing so without cold or rheumatism is happiness. But there are other things which make Italy delightful; the rude and simple character of a half-laborious people, the furniture and structure of their houses, their instruments of labour, together with their pastoral and patriarchal pursuits; these all present to an artist's eye objects of interest, which cannot be found in our artificial country.

During the last summer, while wandering amongst the mountains of Cava, on the borders of Calabria, I was constantly reminded of the oc-



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cupation of the Psalmist previous to his being taken from the sheepcot to be ruler over Israel. The shepherd of these hills is the shepherd of the Bible similes. I have seen him lead forth his flock from the fold in search of green pastures, feeding them by the side of still waters, calling them all by their names, carrying the little ones in his arms, and gently leading those that were with young. I have seen him retire to his cottage at night, and I have sat with him under his own vine and his own fig-tree; no one making us afraid.

Then there is an infinite variety of picturesque dress, which, though lost in the cities, is still retained in the country with a fond and almost superstitious attachment. The dresses in which Raphael and Corregio painted their historical groups, may now be found on figures not less noble, and faces not less expressive, than those which people their poetic canvas. With the eye to seize and taste to select the forms of beauty, the painter will find his models around him in living grandeur and animated sublimity. Canova, when in London, said, he never in his life saw finer women than he saw in walking on a bright shining morning through Leicester-square. Perhaps it was in compliment to the English; or perhaps a sculptor does not see with a painter's eye: for myself, I never had a conception of the power of expression till I came into Italy.

I painted, a short time since, in a country village, a girl who had all the majesty of a queen, and I have lately painted the wife of one of the brigands of Sonini, and in my life I never met with such an interesting creature. She is very handsome,

with a hand and foot like a lady, and a carriage as stately and as elegant as a princess; or rather I should say, there is a natural grace about her much superior to that found in courts and palaces. Her conversation is a mine of interest, whether it consists in the animated expressions of her own thoughts and feelings, or in her description of the actions and exploits of the bandit troops. As she has been now removed for some time from those lawless scenes, and is living in comparative order and respectability, it is difficult to lead her to the subject; but I am so much in her confidence, that she lets loose with me the chain which binds her to society, and goes back into mountains and caverns with all her native zest and energy. Sir Walter Scott, if he knew her, would make her the heroine of a romance, and would obtain enough from her conversation to fill up a bolder story than any he has yet ventured upon.

It is quite thrilling to hear her tell of the marauding habits of these people; the celebrated cavern in which they had all the comfort of a home; the wild energy of their character, and the uncertain tenure of their existence, which in her mind gave a zest to present pleasure, such as is no where else enjoyed. The idea of death, she says, could never be separated from their feasts, while the knives with which they ate their food were not unfrequently stained with human blood: yet they sung and they danced, and were apparently happy. How her eyes glisten with delight when she tells of the splendour of their dress, in which there was a whimsical mixture of orders and ornaments—the spoils of the conquered, and the trophies of

victory; and of the beauty of the persons of some of the younger ones; mingling in her story much of feminine feeling and imagination! One youth in particular, with his bare neck, and a profusion of beautiful hair rolling in fine ringlets from his forehead down upon his shoulders, was like nothing so much, she says, as the heathen gods represented by the ancient sculptors in the Vatican of Rome. Poor thing! they were the gods of her idolatry, in the age when her imagination began to put forth its buds, and the impression on her mind no after-scenes of life are ever likely to alter or obliterate. This youth, as well as her own brother, equally beautiful, were given up to justice; they were betrayed by a priest; and the fierceness which her mild and beautiful countenance assumes when she tells of the *traditor* (traitor) is truly terrific. There is no mercy, she says, in heaven or earth for the traitor. Jesus Christ was betrayed, and the memory of Judas is for ever execrated. You will possibly smile at the connection, though odder things than these arrange themselves quietly and comfortably in the minds of Roman Catholics.

But to return to my subject. If the people are simple, natural, and graceful; if their dresses are historic and picturesque—how much more beautiful, how much more magnificent, is the country in which they live! Nature here makes holiday every day in the year, and dresses herself in a fanciful profusion of

loveliness. One of the delights of Naples is the facility with which every thing that an artist may want in the pursuit of his profession can be obtained. If, while painting a picture, I wish to refer to any natural object, in half an hour's walk I may have it. Sometimes my own balcony will furnish it. If I wish to be retired for a day or two, I can put myself into a public boat at twelve o'clock, and for four-pence be transported across the bay to one of the islands, and find myself, in a few hours, amidst scenery which breathes and inspires poetry, and amongst a people as primitive in their habits as the ancient patriarchs; or I can go in a hackney-coach to Pozzuoli, and, in as short a time, be wandering through the temple of Venus, or investigating other antiquities that surround the lovely bay of Baïæ. We have every thing that is classical on one side, and all that is rude, wild, and fanciful, on the other; while Vesuvius, in silent and solemn majesty, backs up the whole—silent, I say, but fearful, lying like some huge monster at rest, the breathing of whose nostrils indicates that he has not lost the power to destroy.

These are all great delights and great temptations to one who can really feel, appreciate, and enjoy them; though, after all, I long to be in England: but how I shall bear the chilling, bone-penetrating damps and fogs of my own dear country, I know not. The very anticipation freezes my blood.

DOMESTIC ALCHEMY.

THE gates of Fitzedwinstown had not opened for the reception of a splendid winter assemblage of guests during a long course of years, until January 1795; when early in the forenoon, eight and forty hours preceding Twelfth-Night, a merry peal from the village bells announced the travelling carriages of Earl Edwinburgh. They slowly drove up the avenue, shaded by trees, the growth of ages, the inmates of the equipages bowing or nodding to the gathered crowd as they passed each group. The people respectfully withdrew, and at a quickened pace the horses advanced to the grand entrance of the mansion. The Earl and Countess of Edwinburgh, and his lordship's sister, Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin, descended from the chariot, and from the coach appeared two daughters of Lord Mountedwin, accompanied by three daughters of General Sir Augustus Wynyard, who, with his lady, the eldest daughter of Lord Edwinburgh, had been several years in the East Indies. Mrs. Richards made a sixth traveller in the roomy old-fashioned vehicle. She had resigned authoritative supervision as a governess, but still held over her late pupils the more potent influences of esteem and affection. As they proceeded along the avenue, Miss Edwin said,

"This softened light is refreshing to the eye. My sight was dazzled by the cloudless sunshine."

"I delight in the golden haired Phoebus," said Georgina Wynyard, "and surely never did he more beautifully illumine a clear frosty sky."

"The skaters will have charming

amusement," observed Miss Lavinia Fitzedwin, "shall we run to look at the pond, as soon as we have seen how Lord and Lady Edwinburgh and dear aunt Lavinia relish this renovated place?"

The young party all agreed to this proposal, but not without appealing glances to their *chaperon*, Mrs. Richards. She understood them, and expressed concurrence.

The gladdened aspect, the deferential bows of the ancient domestics, hailed the return of their long absent lord and lady, as they led the way to a blazing fire and sumptuous refreshments in the spacious hall of the mansion; and the venerable housekeeper, with courtesies low and frequent, entreated her ladyship to honour the Derbyshire viands; and she humbly prayed the earl, and his grand-daughters and Mrs. Richards, to taste every thing.

"My good Mrs. Cromer," said the earl, "wait but a few days till these nymphs shall have breathed the air of our hills, and I promise you they will discuss your dainties, all excellent in their kind."

The nymphs seemed more disposed to talk, than to comply with Mrs. Cromer's urgent calls upon their digestive organs. The purposed ramble to the skating-pond, the hope of witnessing displays of dexterity on the ice from their brothers and their University friends, and the Twelfth-Night fancy ball, excited much volubility in all, especially Miss Caroline Wynyard, the youngest of the light-hearted circle. Lord Edwinburgh took her hand, and gravely said,

"Be not too sanguine in your an-

icipations, my gay Caroline. Though we got through the snow with tolerable expedition, another flaky mantle from these congregated white clouds would make all our roads impassable."

With fallen countenances, the junior travellers expressed their eager hopes, that, after a morning so bright, another fall of snow was not to be apprehended.

"My children," said the countess, "you speak the illusive hope of minds new to life. These flattering signs in the atmosphere, like the smiles of prosperity, are too surely indicative of adverse changes to be expected; and I am sorry to inform you, that in our approach to the avenue, Lord Edwinburgh noticed circling snow-flakes descending, which, though not numerous, are an indubitable prelude to a commotion in the upper regions of air."

Mrs. Richards suggested to the young ladies, that, if they intended to walk, they should embrace the favourable hour. Lord Edwinburgh had no objection to their hazarding an encounter with the vicissitudes of a wintry day, but advised Mrs. Richards not to expose her rheumatism to the chances of being overtaken by a shower. Mrs. Richards willingly remained within reach of the fire in her own parlour, and the cousins gaily tripped to the pond. It was situated north from the mansion. The walkers reached it, and were dismayed to find the surface more thawed than could have been expected at that season by the sun. They hastened back, lamenting the probable failure of the ice, and reporting that the mountain gale had risen almost to a hurricane.

"Alas!" added Miss Augusta

Wynyard, "these are not our only alarms. Detached masses of vapour, tossed by the careering blasts, were falling in sleety showers before we gained the house."

Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin rose to examine the sky in different quarters, at the several windows.

"It may snow to-morrow," she said, "but if I have not forgotten my weather-wise skill, we shall first have thunder and rain."

The daylight was of brief duration, and it now darkened earlier than usual. The ladies separated to their toilets. Miss Caroline Wynyard desired her waiting-maid to draw up the window-curtains, open the shutters, and extinguish the candles in her chamber, the lights in her dressing-room would suffice. The Abigail obeyed, wondering at the thrifty whim of her seldom-considerate young lady. Before her hair was half combed, Miss Caroline ran to the window of her bed-chamber. After straining her sight on all sides, she mentally complained,

"Nothing can be seen. The cruel fogs are gathered, pile on pile, like the thickest exhalations from a smoky furnace."

Electric fluid darting through the sullen vapours startled Miss Caroline from her soliloquy. She escaped to her dressing-room, and overcome by the sudden shock of her nerves, added to grief for the threatened snow-storm, she burst into tears. Composing herself, she again ventured to the windows. The blackened clouds had assumed a tinge of dusky red; magnificent and awful strife of the elements followed these changes of evil omen; tempestuous eddying gusts of wind,

with frightful fury, shook the solid building. On subsiding a little, the tremendous roar became a dismal howl, while quick flashes of lightning made the darkness more appalling, by visible glimpses of the lowering atmosphere; hail-blasts ended in deluging rains, and as the night advanced, the higher clouds wore a fleecy aspect.

The young ladies met in the drawing-room before the earl and countess appeared. Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin and Mrs. Richards were before them, and though they could offer no prospect of a continued thaw, they endeavoured to reconcile their sadly foreboding friends to an inevitable, and unquestionably a wise dispensation of Providence. The young ladies yielded a helpless acquiescence; but at dinner, though they exerted themselves in conversation, they were evidently out of spirits. The wines were placed on the table, the servants disappeared, and Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin said,

“It seems a fall of snow has commenced. Our friends cannot come to us; but Lord Edwinburgh is such an adept in Domestic Alchemy, that I will not despair of having the disappointment transmuted into gratification for our young expectants of Twelfth-Night festivities.”

Tears glistened in the eyes of the cousins; to have noticed this excess of sensibility would have aggravated the pain, and Lady Edwinburgh, without a direct reference to it, said,

“When we spent some hours here four years ago, you all seemed greatly surprised that your grandfather, Lord Edwinburgh, could have been comfortable in such a place; or that Lord Mountedwin and Lady Wyn-

yard were born where the house and furniture were so inferior to Edwinburgh Hall.”

“I remember our surprise,” answered Miss Lavinia Edwin; “but the accommodation is wonderfully improved, though still on a limited scale.”

“I once thought the scale too extensive, I assure you, Lavinia,” answered Lord Edwinburgh; “but, with the good help of Domestic Alchemy, we changed all the baser components of our fate into pure and precious ingots of contentment. Lady Edwinburgh ascribes to me this invaluable science. I must, in justice, return the compliment to her ladyship and to your aunt. Mrs. Richards, too, understood and practised a happy transmutation, in converting the labour of your studies into refined and growing satisfactions. To speak without our quaint metaphor, I feel we made each other happy in circumstances which might have thrown the gloom of repining over our condition at Fitzedwinstown. I think you will be interested, entertained, and edified by a recital of the adventures which occasioned our residence here, and the system I sportively compared to the ancient alchemical search for the philosopher’s stone, or the art of blending baser metals by fire, and transmuting the mixture into genuine gold. I need not remind you, that this effect was never produced; but the various experiments of alchemy gave rise to discoveries in chemistry, of more benefit to mankind than the object of those chimerical pursuits. To-night I am rather fatigued; to-morrow I shall be much engaged; on Twelfth-Night, if we are *en famille*, which is very probable, I shall make you acquainted

with the events of our early days; and I have no doubt you will perceive in them how much a domestic circle may promote each other's happiness, and individually procure self-enjoyment, even while struggling with misfortunes; an art more inestimable than the philosopher's stone."

The snow fell deeper and deeper. Lord Edwinburgh was engrossed by settlements with his land-steward till the dinner-hour, and the ladies, with kind consideration, amused their young associates, by employing them in superintending arrangements of the new furniture, and preparing gifts of clothing for Lady Edwinburgh's pensioners. The afternoon was enlivened by the earl. He remarked, that the wreaths of drifted snow emulated the height of Matlock hills; but the inclemency of our seasons was far exceeded in other countries, where the inhabitants had displayed the most enthusiastic attachment to their ungracious clime. He spoke of the seven thousand Swedes who, in 1719, perished on the snow-clad mountains of Rudel and Tydel, on their march to Drontheim; of glaciers and avalanches in Savoy and Switzerland; of ice-bergs in the Northern seas; of the lives lost in 1762, while snow fell in Great Britain during eleven successive days; and from all drew comparisons with the more felicitous condition of those who were sheltered from "the pelting pitiless storm."

Next morning, at breakfast, Lord Edwinburgh and the elder ladies talked of the substantial repasts of brawn, mustard, and malmsey, with which our forefathers ushered in Twelfth-Day; of the fictitious cha-

racters they assumed; of the masques written by Ben Jonson, in the reign of King James I. and the revelries of the Temple described by Dugdale. These topics sent the juniors to seek further information from the library. Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin and Mrs. Richards assisted them; and being satisfied regarding those particulars, their aunt led them to inquire into the origin of twelfth-cakes, called in France the cake of kings. Mrs. Richards enlarged on the winter recreations of different countries, and the palace of ice erected by command of the Czarina Anne, in 1740. When Lord Edwinburgh met his grand-daughters at the table, he applauded their cheerful resignation under a severe disappointment, and laughingly said, they should be elected female professors of Domestic Alchemy, an honour more appropriate and more beneficially exalted than the academic distinctions conferred on the fair at Bologna and Padua. Dinner passed with vivacious pleasantry. Mrs. Cromer excelled in the manufacture of twelfth-cakes; the mottoes were diverting and complimentary; the tea-table was a scene of merriment, yet the cousins looked forward, with an anxiety they could not restrain, for the promised family history from Lord Edwinburgh; and Caroline Wynyard, with an arch smile, asked his lordship if he had not a pledge to redeem.

"I remember it well, my dear," replied he, "and only wait to consider how I may execute the awkward task. A knight-errant should have his squire to relate achievements implying any claim to merit; and it is even a delicate point to ex-

hibit the great and good deeds of the present company.

“However, since I have promised, I must try to perform. My father, Sir Christopher Fitzedwin, was literally an old English knight, more indebted to natural sagacity and goodness of heart, than to education, for the cordial respect and influence he held among his neighbours of all degrees. He was a dexterous and keen sportsman; but, unlike many other rangers of the brake and forest, he discouraged convivial excesses. He said it was not a fair competition; one man’s bodily vigour and brains might defy two bottles of wine, another would be fuddled with half a bottle: therefore, though all were welcome, he urged nobody to drink, and he thought a knot of good companions might be very merry and very happy without drowning their senses in liquor. Sir Christopher Fitzedwin’s opinions were always found to deserve the authority of apophthegms; and it was felt that his frequent hospitalities not only pleased at the moment, but next day, and each subsequent hour, since no qualms of nausea, no peevish lassitude, nor lowness of spirits, were the consequence. Sir Christopher remained a bachelor to his fiftieth year; and was then, if I may so speak, conducted to the altar of Hymen by mere accident. Lady Milsingham, with her only unmarried daughter, on an airing from Matlock Spa, had their chariot overturned near Fitzedwinsburg. Sir Christopher saw the disaster, and, with a crowd of domestics, hastened to extricate the ladies. Lady Milsingham was sadly bruised; her daughter, Lady Lavinia, inconsolable.

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She attended her mother with unremitting care, and Sir Christopher admired her dutious affection as a sick-nurse, before he became acquainted with her fascinating powers as a companion. In a fortnight Lady Milsingham could be carried on a couch to the great hall of Fitzedwinsburg for change of air, and Sir Christopher passed the greatest part of every day with his guests. Ten weeks glided on before Lady Milsingham was able to return to her lodgings at Matlock, and her departure bereaved Sir Christopher of all enjoyment. He had never known the undefinable, but ever new pleasures, that arise from domesticating with amiable and accomplished ladies; the charm of animated variety in table-talk and insinuating attentions was irresistible. Lady Lavinia was neither very beautiful nor very young, but she was sprightly and accommodating. She had no time to lose; Sir Christopher had already lost too much. They were united, and Lady Lavinia had the full enjoyment of splendour which her noble father’s encumbered revenue could not afford. In all matters of taste and fashion Sir Christopher was guided by his lady, but there were positions he resolutely maintained among the household gods. His old friends, his old dependants, his family customs of hospitality and charity, must suffer no alteration. I have been told that my name occasioned the most painful difference of opinion that ever interrupted the conjugal harmony of my parents. All that knew Sir Christopher Fitzedwin respected and loved him; Lady Lavinia was sensible of his worth; and while she was blessed by

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his influence, her conduct was generally approved. She was my mother, and I wish to speak tenderly of her foibles. Indeed, her imprudent second marriage brought its own punishment, which her daughter Lavinia, whom she deserted in helpless infancy, alleviated by pecuniary supplies—all we could do to soften the distress inflicted by a tyrannical husband. This digression, I hope, will account for the mention of Lady Lavinia with less filial reverence than I pay to the honoured memory of my excellent father.

I have told you, that he and my mother were not of one mind in giving me an appellative. Sir Christopher had an only brother, whom he loved, and in whom he gloried as the hero of his race. His name was to be conferred on me. Lady Lavinia objected to the absence of euphony in Edward Fitzedwin. Sir Christopher begged her ladyship to remember he consulted his heart, not his ear, in the present instance; ‘and if the boy lives to do half as much honour to the family as Edward Fitzedwin, the secretary and favourite of Lord Peterborough, a baptismal name would not lessen him in the estimation of his country.’ My fa-

ther gave me the name of Edward Fitzedwin, to which the demise of Lord Edwinburgh has since added another surname and title. London never agreed with Sir Christopher; but Lady Lavinia persuaded him, that, to do justice to the education of his children, he ought to reside there eight months in the year. He died of apoplexy, at his house in St. James’s-square, when I had entered my eleventh year. Happily for me, Colonel Fitzedwin arrived from the East Indies in time to see his brother, and to receive me as a solemn trust. Lady Lavinia and her brother, Lord Milsingham, could not reconcile themselves to my un-euphonic name, but it secured for me the guardianship of a wise and accomplished gentleman. My eldest brother succeeded to a large and clear estate. Augustus was a lieutenant in the navy. My sisters, now the Ladies Ashby and Raymond, were sent to school; and as Lady Lavinia soon married Lieutenant Fortescue of the dragoons, her aunt, Mrs. Margaret Trevor, took charge of the infant Lavinia, training her to be happy in herself, and to conduce to the happiness of all around her.”
(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE TEMPLE GRACES.

To shew the readers of the *Repository* that our modern lawyers are not the graceless beings some ill-disposed persons would have us believe, I purpose to introduce to their notice the Graces of the Middle Temple. These graces are not only curious in themselves, but are moreover interesting from their great antiquity, having been in use ever since the time of that religious military order,

the Knights Templars, who came first to England in the reign of Stephen, and who, having left their first establishment, which was in Holborn, in the succeeding reign built their new establishment, now called generally the Temple, but subdivided into Inner and Middle, for the purposes of dining and making barristers, and other wise matters best known to themselves.

Anciently there was much more form and ceremony used at their dinners, though plenty of it is still left. At the term dinners, in the Middle Temple Hall, before either seniors or juniors take their seats at the tables, that of the benchers being of course across the top, like the ancient *dais*, they are summoned to a distinct table by three loud strokes of a hammer, and when they are all assembled, one of the under-butlers says the following

Grace before Meat :

“ The eyes of all things look up, and put their trust in thee, O Lord! Thou givest them their meat in due season; thou openest thine hand and fillest with thy blessings every living thing. Good Lord, bless us, and these thy good gifts that we shall receive of thy bounteous liberality, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

As soon as dinner is over, all again standing, the same person repeats this

Grace after Meat :

“ Glory, honour, and praise be given

to thee, O Lord, who dost feed us from our tender age, and givest sustenance to every living thing; replenish our hearts with joy and gladness, that we, having sufficient, may be rich and plentiful in all good works, through Jesus Christ our Lord. God save his church, the king and all the royal family, and this realm. God send us peace and truth in Christ our Lord. Amen”

As soon as this is over, the benchers file off from the upper table, and retire to another room to take their wine, as it is not their custom to unbend before the young lawyers, who come there to dine a fortnight in each term, which having done for twelve terms, they are entitled (to say nothing about being qualified) to plead and manage causes for clients in the courts.

Thus it will be seen that modern lawyers have to thank the Knights Templars for much of their piety at dinner-time.

J. M. LACEY.

FERDINAND XIMENES: A SPANISH TALE.

(Continued from p. 138.)

It was about this time, in the year 1535, that the Emperor Charles V. was equipping his first expedition to Africa, which conferred so much additional glory on his name and arms.

The Dey Heyradin Barbarossa then governed Algiers, professedly under the supremacy of the Grand Signor, but in reality as an independent sovereign. Not less subtle and crafty, than bold and enterprising, he was a formidable warrior, and one of the most dangerous corsairs that Barbary ever sent forth. He harassed all the coasts of Spain,

France, and Italy; destroying the hope of the merchant, in vain awaiting the return of his captured argosies, and carrying many thousands into the most oppressive slavery, in which they languished for life, amid hunger, thirst, and intolerable labour; and were moreover subjected to the most cruel treatment, and even to death itself, if they refused to renounce their religion. All Barbarossa's ships, even when he was not present, fought with the courage of despair; for such as suffered themselves to be beaten, he himself plundered, causing the officers to be ex-

ecuted as cowards or traitors, and making galley-slaves of the crews.

Stimulated by his rapacity and fondness for war, he had, on some trivial pretext, attacked Muley Hassan, Dey of Tunis. The latter, of a much more peaceable disposition, having much less practice in the art of war, and moreover unprepared for such a contest, had been obliged to give way, after a short but valiant resistance. Barbarossa had driven him from his dominions, and reduced them under the nominal authority of the Porte.

In this emergency, Muley Hassan applied to the Emperor Charles, promising that, if he would reinstate him in his territories, he would hold them as a fief from him, swear allegiance to him, and, for further security, admit an imperial garrison into his most important fortress, Goletta.

This proposal was agreeable to Charles. Ambitious as he was, he felt stimulated by the hope that this enterprise would crown his glory; for it was attended with extraordinary difficulties, and required, of course, extraordinary talents and resources. It was, besides, of consequence to him to humble Algiers, and to deliver the coasts of Spain and Italy from its piracies; and of still more importance to mortify the Turk, the arch-enemy of his religion, by wresting the state of Tunis, and perhaps Algiers itself, from his supremacy.

He caused therefore a very considerable fleet to be equipped with incredible activity. It numbered more than four hundred ships, which assembled in the harbour of Cagliari, in Sardinia. An army of thirty thousand men was drafted from the best troops of Germany, Italy, and Spain, to be

transported to Africa; and it was liberally provided with every thing requisite for such an undertaking. The Marchese del Guasto was appointed to command it, and Doria was the admiral of the fleet. Nobles, knights, and gentlemen thronged to take part in this crusade, impelled by the love of glory, and the notion that it was meritorious to fight the infidels.

No sooner had Ferdinand received tidings of this expedition, than he too hastened, but from very different motives, to solicit an appointment in the army. He hoped to find tranquillity in the turmoil of war, conceiving that it would serve at least to divert his mind, and render the burden of his life somewhat more tolerable.

The emperor, flattered by the solicitude that was manifested to participate in this expedition, assured Ferdinand, in reply to his offer, of especial favour. In the month of July, shortly before the fleet sailed from the port with the troops, Ferdinand arrived at Cagliari, and immediately went on board.

The success of the enterprise, or at least the rapidity with which the contest was terminated, surpassed the emperor's expectations. The fortress of Goletta was taken by storm, in spite of the obstinate resistance of the garrison, which was very strong, and comprehended six thousand Turks, who were brave veteran troops. In the field Barbarossa was defeated, and his army wholly annihilated, while he himself narrowly escaped being taken. His personal intrepidity impelled him into the thickest of the fight; and when his troops began to be thrown into disorder, he did all that valour, skill, and presence

of mind were capable of accomplishing, to prevent the disgrace of flight. Several times was he encompassed by foes, and obliged to cut his way through them; but the gigantic strength with which he wielded the sabre, the undaunted courage with which he met every contingency, and the excellence of his horse, enabled him to escape. Several thousand Christians were delivered from the slavery in which they had languished at Tunis. The emperor took a peculiar interest in their situation, and caused them to be liberally supplied with all that was necessary for their return to their respective countries, where they contributed not a little to diffuse his glory.

Muley Hassan, reinstated in his dominions, took an oath of allegiance to the emperor, according to his promise, and delivered up to him the fortress of Goletta, which commands the port of Tunis. To the emperor this was a doubly important acquisition; for it not only gave him the key to Tunis, but afforded a secure retreat, in which the ships of his subjects could take refuge from the corsairs.

The city of Tunis, it is true, was totally destroyed. Before the emperor arrived, the infuriated soldiers had plundered all the houses, and massacred their inhabitants without distinction, to the amount of perhaps twenty-five thousand souls. Charles, justly indignant at this slaughter, deeply lamented that the glory of the day was stained with so much innocent blood.

Whoever feels cheerful and happy, is disposed to kindness and compassion towards others; while the miserable are apt to be cruel and misanthropic. In the massacre at

Tunis, none was more active in sacrificing the unfortunate inhabitants than Ferdinand. The torments within his own bosom rendered him deaf to the shrieks and lamentations which arose around him; nay, the sight of the horrors that reigned on all sides seemed to alleviate the feeling of his own wretchedness.

During the scene of confusion, he was turning a corner out of one street into another, when he met a young man, a Tunisian, as his costume indicated, endeavouring to escape from some Spaniards who were pursuing him. Ferdinand had already raised his sword to dispatch him, when the fugitive threw himself at his feet, and, in broken Spanish, implored mercy.

His countenance was so expressive, and his eye so penetrating, that Ferdinand's hand was suddenly arrested, and, for the first time, he felt a horror of slaughter. He involuntarily dropped his weapon, and took his prisoner under his protection. He then kept him about his person till the conclusion of the bloody business of the day, in which he had no further share; and it was not long before it was over, for the emperor appeared and put an end to the atrocities of his troops.

Ferdinand then proposed, as the danger was over, to dismiss his *protégé*, but the latter refused to leave him. "To you," said he, "I owe my life, and to your service I will devote it. Take me along with you. I will be your slave, though not born for that condition."

Ferdinand was ashamed of himself. He was fully sensible how little merit he could claim in the preservation of the young man's life. From his religious principles, too, he wished

to have nothing further to do with an infidel. Besides, there was something in the piercing glance of his eye and in his features, that was particularly disagreeable to him. He therefore declined the offer and bade him go home. "Never!" said Hussein, for that was the name of the young Mussulman. "What should I do at home? My father, my mother, and my brothers and sisters, are no more. Your swords have slaughtered them. The habitation of my father, who was a wealthy merchant, and all his warehouses, also are no more. Your flames have consumed them. Wherefore then should I remain here? Here is none to afford me shelter. Which way soever I look, I behold nought but ruins to remind me of my inexpressible wretchedness. To you fate has directed me. I shall not leave you; you must take me along with you."

At these words Hussein fell on his knees, and renewed his solicitations with such urgency, that Ferdinand at length yielded, and, half-reluctantly, promised to take him with him. Hussein manifested the liveliest joy, especially when he learned that Ferdinand abhorred slavery, and that he meant to treat him like the rest of his household.

This indulgence doubly stimulated him to shew his gratitude. During the short time that the imperial army still remained in Africa, he contrived to ingratiate himself with Ferdinand. His extraordinary officiousness and constant attention to anticipate all the wants of his master soon won his affection, and rendered him indispensable, especially in a country where wide-spread devastation made it difficult to procure subsistence, and Ferdinand's inexperience would

have plunged him into a thousand embarrassments. Ferdinand now rejoiced that he had found such a servant as Hussein: the disagreeable impression which the latter had at first produced upon him gradually wore off; he conceived a liking to, nay, a confidence, in him, and soon gave him proofs of it. One thing alone puzzled him. When Hussein was about him, he always appeared cheerful, lively, talkative; and this seemed to be so natural to him, that it was impossible to suppose it to be the effect of dissimulation or constraint. But when Ferdinand sometimes came upon him unawares as he sat alone in the tent, he would start up as if alarmed; it was evident that he had been absorbed in gloomy reveries, and that he did violence to himself in striving to assume the appearance of his accustomed cheerfulness. On one occasion Ferdinand even thought he saw him, as he sprung up, conceal under his garments something that had been lying on the table before him; but, as he was not sure that his eyes had not deceived him, and had no great curiosity about the matter, he forbore to question him on the subject. From that time Hussein took good care not to be again surprised alone, though Ferdinand determined within himself to watch him more narrowly.

The army received orders to embark for the purpose of returning home. The weather was favourable, and the voyage short and prosperous. Ferdinand hastened to rejoin his Isabella. He arrived at his residence, but he brought back with him the same corroding care which he had hoped to drown in the waves of the sea and in the bustle of war. For the first day, indeed, the joy of meet-

ing again and the drolleries of Hussein had the effect of cheering up his spirits and producing forgetfulness of his sorrows; but on the very next day he relapsed into his former state.

Hussein insinuated himself more and more into his favour, and at length gained his entire confidence. He was not so successful with Isabella; in vain did he exert all his art to please her. She had at the first moment conceived for him an aversion which was not diminished by habit, but which daily increased, and at length became absolute horror. She warned her husband most earnestly to be on his guard against Hussein; but he paid no attention to her. He considered Isabella's zeal as a woman's whim, which, however, he could well excuse, as the first impression made by Hussein upon himself had been very disagreeable, and he was obliged to admit, that the female mind cannot so easily conquer such impressions as the stronger mind of the other sex.

One day, in one of the solitary rambles which he was accustomed to take in the most sequestered parts of the environs of Barcelona, when he could no longer endure the house, and his melancholy thoughts became too oppressive, he ordered Hussein to follow him. They were soon engaged in brisk conversation. Hussein artfully contrived to direct it to the cause of the gloom which overspread the mind of his master, and which he had long suspected.

Reserved as Ferdinand was on this subject, he at length became communicative, and disclosed to the African the real cause of all his sorrows.

"I could be of service to you in this case."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Doubt me not, master. To be sure, you must earnestly desire that I should."

"Would to God that earnest desire were all that is required! Never was wish so ardent."

"Who knows? A strong resolution is necessary. You must conquer prejudices, and raise yourself above the weakness of ordinary minds. You must——" Hussein paused.

"Well, proceed."

"Every year," he again resumed, after a considerable pause, during which he seemed to be at a loss how to express himself, "there came to my father an Arab, who brought to him the productions of Arabia Felix, and carried away, in exchange for them, heavy purses of gold. His snow-white hair floated over his shoulders, and wisdom dwelt upon his brow. He took a fancy to me, and in those days—it was often weeks—that he passed with us, he instructed me in the arts and sciences of the East. From him I learned how man can make the spirits of the nether world subservient to him, and compel them to fulfil his most fervent wishes."

"Mere mountebank's tricks! If you could have made spirits subservient to your will, you would not have knelt before me at Tunis and begged your life. It would have been easy for you to have saved yourself."

"By no means! The spirits never render the same kind of service twice, and I had unluckily been previously obliged to solicit their aid in a similar predicament. If then you think proper, I will teach you how this is to be done."

Ferdinand declined his instruction. He would have nothing to do with

Arabian necromancy; for the bare idea of holding intercourse with the foul fiend and incurring obligation to him, thrilled him with horror. The pains of everlasting perdition were present to his soul, as well as the scaffold of the Inquisition, which, as he well knew, was assiduous in searching out sorcery, and exterminating it from the earth with fire. These things were not to be joked with.

He could not, however, drive the matter out of his head. The thought of seeing his long-relinquished hope fulfilled was too flattering. The power of conviction, exerted by passion, operated. He became more and more uneasy. In a few days he again led the conversation imperceptibly to this subject, and inquired, as though out of mere curiosity, in what manner spirits may be made subservient to a person's wishes. When he learned that there was no formal compact to be entered into with the Evil One, and that nothing more was requisite than to use certain mystic figures and words, unaccompanied by any ceremonies which could excite the least notice, his scruples were much weakened, and the voice of conscience became more faint. Hussein, who remarked this change, redoubled his persuasions; but Ferdinand was not to be urged to any resolution. A few days afterwards he called Hussein, and told him that he intended to venture upon the trial. Hussein then formally instructed him how to proceed: at midnight, when Isabella was asleep, he was to draw a variety of magic figures round her bed, and to repeat, in a low voice, certain mystic incantations, when a spirit would appear, or manifest his presence some way

or other; he was then to solicit the fulfilment of his wish, and the very same night the desired result would infallibly take place.

Ferdinand complied with these directions; but the next morning his conscience was again awake. He cursed Hussein for having seduced and exposed him to the pains of eternal perdition, of which indeed, during the night, he had already had a foretaste: for, in spite of the intoxication of the senses which deprived him of the power of reflection, he felt but too plainly that an infernal fire was circulating in all his veins. His state of mind now became more intolerable than ever.

The promised effect did not fail in due time to manifest itself. When Isabella was certain of it, she seemed to be invigorated by new life. Her spirits returned; she felt oppressed by no guilt; the world appeared to her in the same colours as it had formerly done, and she grasped with double avidity at the pleasures which she had long renounced. Her extraordinary vivacity operated on Ferdinand also; the gloom which overspread his soul began to give way. She strove to devise means to accelerate this effect, and her fertile mind and delicacy of feeling, and, above all, love, more sagacious than any thing else, soon enabled her to hit upon the right expedients. She again rallied around them their old acquaintance, who cheerfully returned; and their house was, as formerly, the theatre of social pleasures. Ferdinand contrived to stifle more and more the reproaches of conscience; and in the confident expectation of a father's joys, he was once more happy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT has transmitted the following extract from a communication to an American periodical work, in the hope that its publication here may be attended with some of the benefit which the remedy described in it is said to have effected on the other side of the Atlantic.

“Several notices have of late appeared in the public prints (of the United States) respecting Dr. Chambers’ cure for intemperance, and some examples offered in proof of its success. It is presumed, that all who have witnessed the wide-spreading evils consequent on this vice, will hail with pleasure any attempt at its suppression. For several years my attention has been directed to this object, not for the purpose of making it a source of emolument to myself, but of benefit to others; and I have discovered a remedy which has been tried in a great many cases, and I have heard of none in which it has not proved effectual.

“I know nothing of Dr. Chambers’ medicine; its composition is a secret, and its exorbitant price a great objection to its general adoption. In regard to mine, there is no mystery or concealment; the thing is open to public scrutiny and public trial; my sole object in making it known is the public good; and if the remedy shall be found to fail, I shall henceforth place no reliance

on experience and the testimony of my senses.

“The success of my remedy is founded on that immutable principle in our nature, that we loath whatever produces a disagreeable impression. Such impressions may be obliterated by time: hence a repetition of the remedy sometimes becomes necessary.

“The prescription which I have generally employed is the following: Antimonial wine, half an ounce; wine of ipecacuanha, two drachms; tincture of assafœtida, one drachm. A portion of this, and in cases of long standing, the whole of it, is to be mixed with the liquor to which the person is addicted; and very often, unless the person is told, he will swallow the dose without suspicion. It is not always necessary that all of the ingredients should be administered, and the dose can be graduated according to the constitution, age, and inveteracy of habit. The relish for liquor will be instantly and entirely destroyed; and whenever the liquor is seen, and in many instances even mentioned, the principle of association will immediately call up the disagreeable impression. As long therefore as this is retained in the memory, there will be no danger of a relapse; but whenever symptoms of this are observed, a much smaller dose will wonderfully refresh the memory.”

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THE RULING PASSION.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, in his work on New South Wales, gives a remarkable instance of the “ruling passion strong in death” manifested in a convict named George Breadman. He

able instance of the “ruling passion strong in death” manifested in a convict named George Breadman. He

was, says the author, a poor yokel, foisted upon me in the last stage of consumption, and who remained bed-ridden until our arrival in the colony. He fell away so fast, that I never expected to land him alive; and certainly it required the most anxious attention to retain the glimmering spark. Fortunately, however, I possessed a very facetious fellow among the batch, to whom this poor dying creature became strongly attached, never being a day happy whereon his friend neglected to visit him, and often begging me to send this man to him for company, which I gladly did, seeing it invariably put him in good spirits. Wondering what could be the cause of this extraordinary liking, I inquired, and found that Breadman had been a great pig-stealer in his day, which, being considered a very vulgar calling among the professional classes (particularly among the townies), he could get no one to listen to his adventures except this joker, who would laugh with and quiz him on the particular subject of his achievements; praise the wonderful expertness with which he had done the farmers out of their grunterns; and proposed a partnership concern on reaching the colony, if the pigs there were found to be worth stealing. I really believe the poor creature was kept in existence a full month solely by the exhilarating conversation of his companion. On anchoring at Sydney, no time was lost in conveying Breadman ashore, he being so weak that he could not even sit up without fainting: yet in this pitiable state, supporting himself round the hospitalman's neck, while the latter was drawing on his trowsers for him, the expiring wretch mustered strength

enough to stretch out his pale trembling hand toward the other's waistcoat-pocket, and pick it of a pocket-comb and penknife. Next morning he was a corpse; thus dying as he had lived. Yet, during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the sober-minded rogues to read the Scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side.

IRON CAGES.

In the time of Louis XI. of France it was a customary punishment to shut up offenders in iron cages. Thus Cardinal Baluc, for instance, was confined by the king's command in a cage of this kind. They were called *filletes*, because they were in the shape of a sort of butts called *feuillettes*. They measured eight square feet, and were secured within and without by strong iron cramps. The prisoner was forced to stand upright, and so close were the bars to him on all sides, that he could not stir. To the legs was attached a ring, to which was fastened a heavy chain, and to the latter a still heavier ball. These cages were the invention of a bishop of Verdun, who, like the maker of the brazen bull of Phalaris, was the first to taste the sweets of an abode in one of them.

GOING SNACKS.

During the great plague which preceded the fire of London in the 17th century, the office of searcher, which is continued to the present day, was a very important one. A noted body-searcher, whose name was Snacks, finding his business increase so fast that he could not compass it, offered to any person who should join him in his hazardous practice half the profits; thus those

who joined him were said to go with Snacks. Hence going *snacks*, or dividing the spoil.

COLONEL NEWTON.

The only Englishman who fell by the guillotine during the reign of terror in France was Colonel Newton. He entered very young into the service of Russia. His bravery in the war with Turkey made him a favourite with Prince Potemkin. When these wars were over, his active spirit suggested a passage from Kamschatka to the western coast of America, and thence across the desert to New-York. With a few Russian sailors and carpenters to construct rafts and boats for crossing the lakes, and to clear a way through the immense forests, and with no guide but the compass, this enterprising Englishman was eager to press forward; but his attempt was rendered abortive by the death of Potemkin. Newton therefore went to France, and raised a regiment called "*Les Dragons de la Liberté.*" His intimacy with Roland and the Brissotins brought him to the block.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

At Guadaloupe Major Walford of the 54th regiment escaped without a scratch, though a ball passed through the crown of his hat, another tore off one of his epaulettes, and a third fretted the end of his cravat. Two shots passed through his coat, and another lodged in the heel of his boot.

SINGULAR PROPERTY OF THE BIRCH-TREE.

When the Indians of America are overtaken by a thunder-storm, they immediately take shelter under a

birch-tree. Experience has taught them that lightning never affects the American birch.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM AND INTREPIDITY.

In the fight with the Birmans before Promé three young and handsome females of superior rank encountered the British forces with Amazonian courage and resolution. Two of those ladies were left dead on the field. At Fraunbrunnen, in Switzerland, two hundred and sixty heroines armed themselves, and fought for their country. A matron, named Glas, had three daughters and three grand-daughters fighting by her side. They were all slain. The history of southern and northern Britain records the valour of many ladies and of women in an humbler sphere, who defended castles, organized troops, and bled in the cause of freedom. At the battle of Borough-moor, a Scottish esquire, named Richard Shaw, was furiously assailed by a Flemish combatant, and both continued the fight until mutually transfixed by wounds. On taking the armour from the dead bodies, the valorous Fleming proved to be of the gentle sex. Tradition says, she had seen her lover bled to death by a wound from Richard Shaw.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SOMNOLENCY.

Jussoodanundum Mahapator, one of the principal landholders of Midnapoor, in British India, being required to attend the Zillah court, was reported to be asleep when called for, and unable to appear. Upon this, a person in the court exclaimed, "Oh, if Jussoodanundum Mahapator is asleep, days must pass ere

he awakes." The curiosity of Mr. Rees, the judge and magistrate, was excited, and he visited the man, who was found asleep in his dormitory, surrounded by his friends and relations. His pulse and respiration were scarcely perceptible; and in this state he continued two days and a half without motion, without taking sustenance, or performing any of the animal functions. It was with difficulty that ten ounces of blood were drawn from his arm by the lancet, or an emetic administered. Various external stimulants were applied. By these excitements, his pulse became stronger, and his breathing more apparent. Stimulants to the nostrils produced sneezing only once; another emetic caused him to vomit three times; but he did not awake. Mr. Rees was informed, that, before

he awoke, his legs would become very warm; and it happened exactly as they said. Jussoodanundun Mahapator was then about fifty years of age, strongly formed, and rather corpulent. He related that his first somnolency took place when he was about thirty-one years of age. During thirteen years, these fits of prolonged sleep recurred at intervals of twelve days, and he sometimes slept eight days without intermission, and never in his somnolent state had he dreamed, or had the least consciousness of existence. For the last four years the periods of sleep had decreased. Tumbling him about with violence, shouting in his ears, or even the report of a gun near him, had no effect in rousing him; and when he awoke, he felt no lassitude, nor injury to his health.

THE KING OF THRACE:

From the Spanish of JUAN TIMONEDA.

THE beautiful ballad by the German poet Schiller, *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, "The Walk to the Forge," is known to the English reader by the recent translation of Mr. Collier, which is accompanied by Retsch's designs. The catastrophe of this ballad so nearly resembles that of one of the tales of a Spanish writer, Juan Timoneda, published in 1583, at Seville, by the title of *Patranas*, that, if it was not borrowed from the latter, the coincidence must be considered as remarkable. It is the sixteenth in the second part of Timoneda's collection. Presuming this story to have been Schiller's prototype, the following translation will shew how ably he adapted it to his purpose:

The king of Thrace, having one day gone out a-hunting to the mountains, and engaging in the close pursuit of a stag, separated from all his attendants. He found himself alone in the wild forest; night came on, and the rain descended in torrents. Twice or thrice did he wind his horn, but finding that no one heard him, he resolved to give his horse the reins, and let him go which way he pleased. In this manner he had proceeded a considerable distance, when it became dark night, and he could no longer distinguish objects around him. At length, looking about on all sides in this wilderness, he discerned afar off a light, towards which he guided his horse; and on reaching the place

whence the light proceeded, he saw before him a thatched cottage, wherein dwelt a man and his wife, and their son Julian, a youth of fifteen. He inquired if he could find shelter there, and implored them, for God's sake, to grant him a lodging for that night; and they answered that they would do so with pleasure. He then alighted from his horse, and Julian took off his spurs. He also took charge of the horse; while his father made a fire to dry the stranger's garments, and his wife prepared supper. After they had finished their repast, the king, seeing how well-bred and attentive Julian was, said to the father, "But tell me, my good friend, why do you suffer this youth to waste his time here? Let him see something of the world; it cannot do him any harm." The mother thereupon answered, "For God's sake, sir, talk not thus! for he did once want to leave us, and go to the wars, and was induced only by my tears to relinquish his intention."—Then said the king, "I give you, honest folk, my word, that the youth is fit to serve a king; and when your sovereign, the king of Thrace, hears of him, depend upon it he will take him from you into his service."—"Hush, sir!" rejoined the father, "you are making game of us: let us drop the subject, and go to bed, for the night is far advanced, and you, methinks, must be fatigued."—"You are right, father," replied the king; and thereupon they all retired to rest.

In the morning, when the dawn began to tinge the sky, there came many persons on foot and on horseback, to seek the king. Julian was just then standing at the door of the cottage; and when they asked if he

had seen a gentleman, whose person and appearance they described, he answered that he was asleep: they went into the chamber, and seeing the king, fell on their knees, and kissed his hand, overjoyed at having found him again. When Julian saw this, he hastened to his father and mother, and told them that the stranger whom they had entertained was the king of Thrace. The old folks immediately hastened to kiss his hand also, and to beg pardon for not having treated him with due respect. The king raised them from the floor, embraced them, and begged that they would permit their son Julian to enter his service. Delighted with this, they collected for him the best clothes they could find; and the king, taking leave of them, returned with all his retinue to the capital.

After many days had passed, and Estacio, a courtier and cupbearer to the king, saw that the king did not promote him to a higher office, to which he thought himself entitled, and that Julian had in so short a time gained such a large share of the royal favour, he conceived, out of envy, a malicious design, and thus spake to the unsuspecting youth: "Take good heed, brother, of what I am going to tell thee. Thou oughtest not to take it amiss, but rather to feel much obliged to me for it; for thou art yet but a novice in the place which the king hath given thee, and very young and inexperienced. Thou art guilty of a great fault when thou speakest to the king face to face, because thy breath, being rather offensive, is, I have heard, exceedingly disagreeable to him. Remember, therefore, to turn thy face another way when thou

speakest to him in future." Julian, a good-tempered lad, and far from suspecting any trick or deception, avoided as much as possible looking the king in the face whenever he spoke to him. When Estacio perceived that Julian carefully followed the advice which he had given him, he took the king in private, and said, "Your highness ought to know how little reliance is to be placed on the sons of peasants, and that they are not to be weaned from what is natural to them. This is clearly proved in your favourite Julian." The king was puzzled to conceive what he meant, and said, "What has he done then?"—Estacio answered, "Your highness must know, that he spreads a report among the people, that your breath is so offensive that nobody can bear it. If you disbelieve me, take notice yourself, and you will see that when he speaks to you, he turns his face from your highness." The king was angry at what Julian had done, though at the instigation of Estacio, and when he had convinced himself that it was as the latter said, he resolved to put him to death. Being, however, too fond of him to wish to see him die, he went one day to walk out of the town, in a place where the wood-cutters were accustomed to burn charcoal. To these he said privily, "My good people, when I send to you early to-morrow morning one of my servants, who shall say, 'Have ye done as the king commanded you?' throw him alive and dressed as he is into the kiln in which ye burn your charcoal, and there let him die; and herein fail not, for the matter is of great consequence to me."

The king then returned to his palace; and next morning told Ju-

lian to go to the place where the wood-cutters were burning charcoal, and ask them if they had done as the king had commanded. Julian departed; but as he was in the habit of saying every morning certain prayers, which that morning he had not yet said, he first went to the church to pray. Estacio, knowing what directions the king had given, and impatient to learn whether his aim had been accomplished, proceeded straightway to the wood-cutters, and; without apprehending the mischief which might befall him, said to them, "My good folks, have ye done what the king commanded you?" Scarcely had he finished the question, when they gave him a blow on the head; and threw him into the kiln. When Julian, on leaving the church, where he had performed his devotions, went to the wood-cutters, and inquired if they had executed the king's commands, they told him to go back and inform the king that they had obeyed his orders. The king was astonished, and thought that Estacio might have suffered. He waited till night, and when no Estacio appeared, he was convinced that a judgment of God had overtaken him, and said to Julian, "Come hither: has Estacio ever intimated in any way that I was displeased with thee?"—Julian answered, "Your highness must know that he told me, when I waited on you at table, I must turn my face from you, because your highness said that my breath was disagreeable." The king then smote his forehead with his hand, and discovered the wickedness of Estacio, and that he had been burnt by the wood-cutters, and that God had rewarded him according to his deserts. But from that time forward he loved Julian more than ever.

DESTRUCTION OF THE AMPHITHEATRE OF STATILIUS TAURUS, AT ROME, BY FIRE.

From "*Salathiel; a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future,*" just published.

ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts; then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that wrapped and half-blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted on knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and

solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round the summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were blazing up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upward through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their

fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, to die raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest—a man who had either been unable to es-

cape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below—a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from p. 159.)

IN dismissing the Mysteries and Moralities, I ought not to omit advertising, which I had nearly forgotten to do, to probably the last production in this species of dramatic literature, *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, with the tragedy of *Absolon*, written, in 1579, by George Peele, the city poet and master of the pageants, being also the author of several of the latter. It is written strictly upon the plan of the ancient Mysteries, so far as the story goes; narrating the discovery by David of Bethsabe bathing, and the passion he conceives for her; the siege and capture of Ramah; the story of Thamar; the death of Ammon, and the rebellion and death of Absolon. It only resembles the old dramas, however, in its plan: the language is highly poetical; it abounds in pathos and passion; and the outline of the characters is filled up, as an elegant critic has well observed, "with bold and masterly

touches, and with beautiful and true colouring." A few extracts will prove that this is only just praise. The following is a speech of David on the approach of Bethsabe, whom he has sent for:

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair;
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign
joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful
Sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

The following is a fine personification of sin:

Sin, with his sev'nfold crown and purple
robe,
Begins his triumph on my guilty throne;
There sits he watching, with his hundred
eyes,
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell.

One more extract—David's lament for Absolon :

Hath Absolon sustained the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absolon,
And make these cursed news the bloody
 darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched
 breast.

Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
And fire from heav'n hath made his branches
 black,

Sit mourning the decease of Absolon :
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
And through the hollow sapless sounding
 trunk

Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst ;
Let Tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absolon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heav'n,
Even to his hands that beats me with the
 strings,

To shew how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

From these specimens it will be seen that this Mystery would not have been a discredit to any poet of the present day.

In a history of the English Drama, we must not omit to remark, that whilst "the people were amused with Skelton's *Trial of Simony*, Bale's *God's Promises* and *Christ's Descent into Hell*, the scholars of the times were composing and acting plays on historical subjects, and in imitation of Plautus and Terence. Hence ideas of legitimate fable must have been imperceptibly derived to the popular and vernacular drama*." These plays were frequently written in Latin; and we cannot wonder that, in the seminaries of education, where Plautus and Terence, Euripides and

* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 388.

Sophocles, were read in the original, imitations of these classical writers should supersede the "bald and disjointed chat" with which the "common people" were amused in the shape of Mysteries and Moralities. We have notices of plays thus written and acted at a much earlier period than that from which the regular drama takes its date; and to this custom the modern practice of acting Latin plays by the scholars of Westminster and other schools probably owes its origin.

"In the year 1538 Ralph Radcliffe, a polite scholar, and a lover of graceful locution, opening a school at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, obtained a grant of the dissolved friery of the Carmelites in that town; and converting the refectory into a theatre, wrote several plays, both in Latin and English, which were exhibited by his pupils. Among his comedies were *Dives and Lazarus*, Boccaccio's *Patient Griselde*, *Titus and Gesippus**, and Chaucer's *Melibeus*. His tragedies were, *The Delivery of Susannah*, *The Burning of John Huss*, *Job's Sufferings*, *The*

* Titus and Gesippus were famous for their friendship, and their history forms an interesting novel in Boccaccio. Gesippus falling into poverty, thought himself despised by Titus; and thence growing weary of life, gave out, that he was guilty of a murder just committed. But Titus, knowing the true state of the case, and desirous to save the life of his friend, by losing his own, charged himself with the murder. The real murderer was so struck with the conduct of the two friends, that he confessed his crime, and all three were saved. Titus then, to repair the broken fortunes of Gesippus, gives him his sister in marriage, with an ample dowry.

Burning of Sodom, Jonas, and The Fortitude of Judith. These pieces were seen by the biographer Bale in the author's library; but are now lost." It would appear to have been an ancient exercise for youth, not merely to act, but to write interludes. Erasmus tells us, that Sir Thomas More wrote comedies or interludes at an early age; and in Roper's Life of that statesman, it is mentioned, that when he was page to Archbishop Moreton, as the plays were going on in the palace during the Christmas holidays, he would often step upon the stage, without previous notice, and exhibit a part of his own, which gave much more satisfaction than the whole drama besides.

Latin plays were acted in both the Universities from a very early period down as late as Cromwell's usurpation. In an account-roll of the dissolved college of Michael House at Cambridge, among the entries in 1386 is the following item: "For an embroidered pall, or cloak, and six visors and six beards, for the comedy."

In the year 1544 a Latin comedy, called *Pammachius*, was acted at Christ's College, in Cambridge, which was laid before the privy council by Bishop Gardiner as a dangerous libel, containing many offensive reflections on the papistical ceremonies, not yet abolished. The ancient Reformers appear frequently to have attacked the Roman Catholic worship through the medium of the stage; a mode of attack not often returned by the latter, as the simple and spiritual nature of Protestantism afforded much fewer points of attack than the religion of the Romish church, many of the ceremonies of which

are capable of being successfully made the objects of ridicule in a drama. The practice, however, cannot be justified; and that side which abstained from following it perhaps shewed the greatest Christian forbearance.

Both at Oxford and Cambridge officers were appointed, whose province it was to see that at Christmas a certain number of spectacles and plays were presented. This officer was called *Imperator* at Cambridge, and Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule, at Oxford. John Dee, the famous occult philosopher, presented, in his character of Greek lecturer, the *Εισηνη*, or *Pax*, of Aristophanes, accompanied with a piece of machinery, for which he was taken up as a conjuror. He exhibited at this time "the performance of the Scarabeus, his flying up to Jupiter's palace with a man, and his basket of victuals on his back: whereat was great wondering, and many vain reports spread abroad of the means how that was effected." The rolls and records of the colleges, and their statutes, contain many entries relative to the performance of these Latin plays; and "at length our Universities adopted the representation of plays, in which the scholars, by frequent exercise, had undoubtedly attained a considerable degree of skill and address, as a part of the entertainment at the reception of princes and other eminent personages." The gentlemen of the inns of court also used to act plays; the first piece on record so performed being a comedy, written by John Roos, or Roo, student at Gray's Inn, and acted at Christmas, in the year 1527, in the hall of that society.

There can be no doubt that the

practice of performing plays at the University was the means of opening a new era in the dramatic art, and of driving the old Mysteries and Moralities from the stage. The first writer who presented the public with a dramatic piece which could not be classed with either the Mysteries or Moralities was John Heywood. In the *Ancient British Drama* indeed, and also by Anthony Wood in his *Athene Oxonienses*, we are told that Dr. Palsgrave's play of *Arolastaus*, printed in 1529, was the first attempt to depart from the old beaten track. That play, however, was merely a translation, for the use of children, of a Latin play of William Fullonius, on the story of the Prodigal Son, "set forth before the bourgeois of Hagen, in Holland," in that year; and is, in fact, a Mystery. But Heywood's plays, or *interludes* as they were termed, are, as they profess to be, secular dramas; and, as Dodsley observes, "the Muse might now be said to be just awake, when she began to trifle in the old interludes, and aimed at something like wit and humour."

John Heywood was born either in London or at North Mims, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire—for the point is contested, and remains doubtful—but was educated at Oxford. He was of a lively wit, and a free and generous spirit, which agreed ill with the rules and restrictions of the University; and he left Oxford for the metropolis, probably before his education was completed. He now commenced author, and was patronised by Sir Thomas More—a kindred spirit—who introduced him to the Princess Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII. by whom he was

much encouraged. His "ready wit and aptness for jest and repartee, together with the possession of great skill both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favourite with Henry VIII. who frequently rewarded him very highly*." He is generally said to have been the court jester in King Henry's reign; and whilst he filled this office he wrote his comedies, being, as Warton observes, "among the first of our dramatists who drove the Bible from the stage, and introduced representations of familiar life and popular manner†." He also published a collection of six hundred epigrams, most of which were written about the same time.

On the death of Henry he appears to have fallen into disgrace; for Oldys observes, that only "his pleasant wit saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edward VI." The author of the *Art of English Poetry*‡, however, says, he still continued in favour, though rather "for the mirth and quickness of conceit, than any good learning that was in him." When Queen Mary ascended the throne, she renewed her patronage, and he was in higher estimation than ever. His lively sallies and quaint sayings were so irresistible, that even her rigid muscles were moved by them; and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, and his jests. He was often invited to exercise his art of entertainment and pleasantry in her presence; being admitted to the most intimate conversation with

* *Biographia Dramatica*.

† *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 88.

‡ Puttenham.

her, even in her privy chamber*. Even when she was languishing on her deathbed, she derived entertainment from his droll and ludicrous narratives.

Heywood was a strict Roman Catholic; and on the death of Mary he quitted England for the Continent, and died at Mechlin, in Brabant, about the year 1565, a few years after the accession of Elizabeth. The following, which is one of his own epigrams, is, I should think, a good sketch of his character:

OF HEYWOOD.

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?
Yea, forsooth, mayster, that same is even hit.
Art thou Heywood that applieth mirth more than thrift?
Yea, sir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that has made many mad playes?
Yea, many playes, few good woorkes in all my dayes.
Art thou Heywood that hast made men mery long?
Yea, and will if I be made mery long.
Art thou Heywood that would be made mery nowe?
Yea, sir, help me to it now I beseech yow.

Many of his sayings have been preserved by Camden; but I confess they do not strike me as being remarkable for their humour: probably, however, they have lost much of that raciness which they derived from his quaint and original manner.

Heywood wrote six dramatic pieces. The exact date of their production is not known; but they were all printed in or before 1533 (the 24th of Henry VIII.) and were therefore probably written some years previous. They are called,

1. A play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and Sir Johan the Priest.

* See Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. art. *Heywood.*

2. A mery play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte.

3. The play called the four P's: a newe and a very mery Interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, and a Pedlar.

4. A play of Love.

5. A play of the Wether, called A newe and a very mery Interlude of Wethers.

6. A play of Gentilness and Nobility.

Two other pieces are attributed to Heywood by some writers; *i. e.* *The Pindar of Wakefield* and *Philotus*: but Langbaine rejects them; and they do not appear, from internal evidence, to be by the same hand as the interludes*.

Of two of these interludes I shall give a brief account, as a specimen of that species of drama; and first of *The Play of the Wether.*

The characters in this interlude were as follows: Jupiter, a God; Merry Reporte, the Vyce; the Gentlyman; the Marchant; the Ranger; the Water-Myller; the Wynde-Myller; the Gentlywoman; the Launder; and a Boy, the best that can play." A copy of this play, printed in 1533, in quarto, black letter, by John Rastell, is still in existence. The drama is intended, apparently,

* Besides his plays and epigrams, Heywood wrote "A dialougue, contayning in effect the number of al the proverbes in the English tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages;" and a poem, entitled *The Spider and the Flie*, of which, Harrison, in his Description of Britanny, says, "One also hath made a book of *the Spider and the Flie*, wherein he dealeth so profoundlie, and beyond all measure of skill, that neither he himself that made it, neither anie one that readeth it, can reach unto the meaning thereof."

to shew the absurdity of the various wishes and complaints of mortals with respect to the weather. Jupiter, tired with the various misfortunes and inconveniences that result from the contrary dispositions of "Saturne, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phebe;" and being invested by these deities with the command over them, he determines to call together such mortals as may have suffered, and having heard their petitions, to act accordingly. Mery Reporte is appointed a messenger, to declare the intention of the deity to the different nations; and the characters in the *dramatis personæ* all appear, and prefer their requests to Jupiter, who hears two of them, and then turns them over to Mery Reporte, who thus relates their several requests to his godship:

The fyrst sewter before yourselfe dyd apere,

A gentylman desyrunge wether clere,
Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
For hurt in hys huntynge: and then, as ye knowe,

The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde;
For wether clere and mesurable wynde,
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede:

And streyght after thys there came to me in dede

An other man, who namyd hymself a ranger,
And sayd all of hys crafte he farre brought
in daunger

For lack of lvyngge, whyche chefely ys wyndefall;

But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al;

Wherefore he desyret, for encrease of theyr fleesys,

Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in peces:
Then came a water-myller, and he cryed out
For water, and sayde, the wynde was so stout

The rayne could not fall, wherefore he made request

For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest:

And then, syr, there came a wynde-myller in,
Who sayde, for the rayne he could no wynde wyn;

The water he wysht to be banyshyt all,
Beseechynge your grace of wynde continuall:
Then came there an other that wolde banyshyt all this;

A goodly dame, an ydyl thyngge i wys;
Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor soushyne would she haue,

But fayre close wether her beantye to saue:
Then came there a nother that lyveth by laundry,

Who must haue wether hote and clere here cloyths to dry:

Then came there a boy for froste and snow continuall;

Snow to make snowballys, and frost for his pytfale,

For whyche God wote he seweth full gredely.

Jupiter sends for the different petitioners, and addresses them, promising that they shall have every kind of weather in due season; by which means all occupations may prosper, without one retarding the other. He continues:

Now on the tother syde yf we had granted
The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
Yet who hadde so obtayned had wonne his owne wo;

There is no one craft that can preserue man so,

But by other crafts of necessitye
He muste haue myche part of his commodyte.

All to serue at ones, and one destroy a nother,
Or ellys to serue one, and destroy all the rest;

Nother wyll we do the t'one, nor the tother,
But serue as many or as few as we thinke best;

And where or what tyme to serue moste or lest,

The dyrecyon of that doutles s' all stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherefore we wyll the hole worlde to attende;
Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall;

Now one, now other, as lyketh vs to sende,
Who that hath yt ply it, and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you al,
That ech wyth other ye shall hole remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne.

The petitioners are satisfied with this reasonable decision, and the in-

terlude ends with their returning thanks for the mildness and clemency with which they have been treated*.

The Four P's has been reprinted in Dodsley's collection. It is not divided into acts; and the interlocutors are a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedlar: from which the name of the "Four P's." The Palmer opens the drama by relating the various shrines and places of note he had visited; and after he has run through a long list, he says,

To these, with other many one,
Devoutly have I prayed and gone,
Praying to them, to pray for me,
Unto the blessed Trinitie.
By whose prayers and my dayly pain,
I trust the sooner to obtain
For my salvacyon grace and mercy.
For be ye sure I think assuredly,
Who seeketh saints for Christ's sake,
And namely suche as pain doo take
On foot to punish their frail body,
Shall thereby merit more hiely,
Than by any thing done by man.

The Pardoner replies to him:

Now is your own confession likely
To make you a fool quickly.
For I perceive ye would obtain
No other thing for all your pain,
But only grace your soul to save:
Now mark in this what wit ye have.
To seek so far, and help so nic,
Even heer at home is remedy:
For at your door my self doth dwell,
Who could have saved your soul as wel,
As all your wide wandering shall doo,
Though ye went thrice to Jerico.
Now since ye might have sped at home,
What have ye won by running to Rome?

The Poticary joins them, and soon after the Pedlar also. He enumerates the wares he carries at his back, from which we may see what were the commodities in which pedlars dealt in those days.

Gloves, pinnes, combs, glasses unspotted,
Pomaunders, hooks, and laces unknotted;

* See Sir Egerton Brydges' *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. p. 238.

Brooches, rings, and all maner of beads:
Laces round and flat for women's heads;
Nedles, thred, thimbles, and suche other
knacks,

Where lovers be no such thing lacks:
Sissers, swathbonds, ribands, and sleeve
laces,
Girdles, knives, purses, and pincases.

The Pardoner, Poticary, and Palmer have a dispute as to which of "the three shall take the best place;" and the Poticary wishes the Pedlar to be the judge. He replies,

I neyther will judge the best nor wurst;
For be ye blest, or be ye curst,
Ye knowe it is no whit my sleight
To be a judge in matters of weight.
It behoves no pedlars nor proctours
To take on them judgement as doctours:
But if your minds be onely set
To worcke for soule helth, ye be wel met;
For eche of you somewhat doth showe
That soules toward heven by you doo growe.
Then if ye can so wel agree,
To continue together all three,
And all you three obey one wil,
Then all your mindes ye may fulfil.
As if ye came all to one man,
Who should go on pilgrimage more than he
can?

In that you, Palmer, as deputie,
May clearly discharge him, pardie.

[To the Palmer.

And for all other sinnes, once had contrition,
Your pardon giveth him ful remission.

[To the Pardoner.

And then you, maister Poticary,
May send him to heaven by and by.

[To the Poticary.

As they cannot agree, however, which shall take the first place, and command the other two, the Pedlar says,

Since ye cannot agree in voice,
Who shall be head, there is no choice;
But devise some manner of thing,
Wherein ye all be like cunning;
And in the same who can do best,
The other twain to make them prest;
In every thing of his intent,
Holy to be at commaundement.
And now I have found one maistry,
That ye can doo indifferently;
And is neither selling or buying,
But even onely very lyeing.

And though afore ye heard me grudge,
In greater matters to be your judge;
Yet in lying I can boste some skil,
And if I shall be judge, I wil.
And be ye sure without flattery,
Where my conscience findeth the maistry,
There shall my judgement straight be found,
Though I might win a thousand pound.

Although Heywood was a strict Roman Catholic, he would seem, from this interlude, not to have been the dupe of many of the pretences set up by the priests to cozen the people. For "reliques," in particular, he appears to have had no veneration; they are ridiculed very freely by the Poticary, when the Pardoner produces them as a proof of the riches he possesses, and a reason why he should command the other two. They proceed, however, to exhibit their skill in lying. The Poticary tells us of a marvellous cure he had performed; and the Pardoner how he had proceeded to the dominions of Lucifer, to extricate a woman from thence, who was such a terrible shrew, that the devils roared for joy at her delivery, she having been such a plague to them. The Palmer thought it strange that women should be such shrews in the other world, when he had found them so gentle in this.

I have seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while;
Not one good citie, town, or borough,
In christendome, but I have been thorough;
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women five hundred thousand;
And oft with them have long time married,
Sometimes with single, and with married:
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew, in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience,

The Pedlar, who taketh the tales of the Pardoner and the Poticary to be "impossible," deems that of the Palmer to be "farther incredible;"

and he adjudgeth his lie to be the "most excellent." The Poticary and Pardoner, however, do not appear inclined to comply with the condition of waiting upon the Palmer; and the Pedlar saith,

Now by my trowth to speake my minde,
Sith they be so lothe to be assinde,
To let them lose I think its best;
And so shall you live the better in rest.

Palmer.—Sir, I am not on them so foud,
To compel them to keep their bond;
And sith ye list not to wait on me,
I cleerly of wayting doo discharge ye.

Then follows an exhortation from the Pedlar, who rates the Poticary for railing so openly at pardons and reliques; and the Poticary justifies himself by saying,

In that I think my faut not great,
For all that he hathe I knowe is counterfeit.

Pedlar.—For his, and all other that ye
know fayned,

You be not counsaill nor constrayned
To any suche thing in any race,
To give any reverence in such place.
But where ye dout, the truthe not knowing,
Beleving the best, good may be growing;
In judging the best, no harme at the least;
Judging the wurst, no good at the best.
But best in these things it seemeth to me
To take no judgement upon ye,
But as the church dooth judge or take them,
So doo ye receive or forsake them.
And so be you sure ye cannot er,
But may be a fruteful follower.

Poticary.—Go you before, and as I am true
man,

I wil followe as fast as I can.

Pardoner.—And so will I, for he hath said
so well,

Reason would we should followe his counsel.

Palmer.—Then to our reason, God give us
his grace,

That we may follow with faith so firmly
His commaundements; that we may purchase
His love, and so consequently

To beleve his church, fast and faithfully;
So that we may, according to his promise,
Be kept out of error in any wise.

And all that hath escapt us heer by negli-
gence,

We cleerly reveke and forsake it:

To pass the time in this without offence,

Was the cause why the maker did make it;
And so we humbly beseeche you to take it:
Beseeching our Lord to prosper you all,
In the faith of his church universall.

Such was the plot, "if plot it can be called, which plot had none," and style of *The Four P's*. As a literary or dramatic production, it stands

very low indeed; but it is curious as being one of the first rude attempts to shake off the shackles in which bigotry had enslaved the stage, and to make a choice of theatrical subjects from other sources than the Bible.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXXVIII.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss R. PRIMROSE, Captain HORACE PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, Mr. MATHEWS, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Horace. I RECOLLECT, when campaigning on the Ohio, myself and brother officers had several conversations with the Americans, whom we encountered, relative to the source of the Mississippi, of which wonderful river the Ohio is a tributary. The commonly received opinion was, that it took its rise from the east side of the Red Cedar lake, in lat. 47° 28' north, long. 95° 2' west: but many persons had never been discovered; and like the Nile and the Niger in Africa, it has given rise to many conjectures. The question, it would appear, is at last solved. At least here is a volume, entitled *A Pilgrimage in Europe and America; leading to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River, with a Description of the whole Course of the former, and of the Ohio*. The author, J. C. Beltrami, was formerly judge of a royal court in the ex-kingdom of Italy; and not being able to adapt his sentiments to the changed condition of his country, was compelled to expatriate himself. He betook himself to travel; and the result is two octavo volumes of letters, addressed to a

"Dear Countess;" in which, with much unmanly whining about the hardness of his fate, and many details which might as well have been omitted, as they are trite and "familiar to the meanest capacity," there are mingled a great variety of interesting personal adventures; and much geographical, historical, and antiquarian information.

Mr. Mathews. Not, I think, as regards Europe, if we except England, of whose manners and customs he appears to have been an excellent and unprejudiced observer.

Horace Primrose. Undoubtedly the great novelty of the work consists in that part of it relating to America; and here again, the paramount interest belongs to his travels up the Mississippi, which he ascended as far as Fort St. Peter, where he joined a party of Americans, and proceeded with them, in a south-westerly direction, as far as the rise of the river St. Peter; from which place they took a northerly course to Pémbenar, where Lord Selkirk had attempted to found a colony. Here, thinking that he was "too far north" to attain the great object of his labours, the discovery of the sources

of the Mississippi, or Mother of Waters, as the name imports, Mr. Beltrami left his companions, and took a direction to the south-east. He encountered many difficulties in the way; and the narrative of his adventures is as interesting as any romance: but his toil was crowned with success; for, at the top of a high hill, which he supposes to be the "highest land in North America," he found a vast extent of table-land, in the midst of which was a lake, which has no apparent issue, but which, filtrating from the bottom of the hill, formed several small basins; and one of these Mr. Beltrami thinks is the source of the Mississippi. "This majestic river," he observes, "which embraces a world in its immense course, and speaks in thunder in its cataracts, is at these sources nothing but a timid Nafad, stealing cautiously through the rushes and briars, which obstruct its progress. The famous Mississippi, whose course is said to be twelve hundred leagues, and which bears navies on its bosom, and steam-boats superior in size to frigates, is at its source merely a petty stream of crystalline water, concealing itself among reeds and wild rice, which seem to insult over its humble birth."

The Vicar. And where does Mr. Beltrami place the source of this mighty river?

Horace. To judge from his map, which, however, as he had no scientific instruments with him, must not be implicitly relied on, about a league north of Lake Cedar.

The Vicar. Did he return by the stream?

Horace. As far as Fort St. Peter; and he had much intercourse with
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the Indians on his way, of whom he has given us a very interesting account: yet he is puzzled as to their character. He says,

They are very warm in their affections to the dead and very indifferent towards the living: a father of a family, a son, or a husband, returns home after a very long absence, and enters his hut without even raising his eyes towards his relations; and his relations exhibit precisely the same conduct towards him. On the one hand, they are extremely avaricious and always grasping; while, on the other, they are excessively prodigal, lavishing every thing in presents to their friends. They appear to reverence a million of divinities; and die without invoking, or apparently even calling to their recollection, a single individual of them. Some offer sacrifices to gods, and others to devils. They complain of never having any thing to eat, and devour in a single day what would supply them abundantly the whole week. They are sometimes indolent and sluggish, sometimes active and indefatigable; vicious and virtuous, sober and intemperate. They never say what they feel, and they never feel what they say; in this respect resembling many other people of all countries and times. Revenge appears to be with them a passion absolutely irresistible, yet presents sometimes moderate and qualify it. They salute you to-day as friends; to-morrow they will lie in wait for you and murder you as enemies. They always expect gratitude from others, but never exhibit any themselves. They promise you favours, but you never obtain them. In their manners, their customs, and their ceremonies, we see traces of the ancients, of the moderns, of all times and all nations; but they resemble no nation in the world. After such a contrast of sentiments and actions, of propensities and devotions, I leave it to those who can compress every thing into a system,

to decide on the character and religion of the Indians. I hope they will be more fortunate than he, who, while attempting to catch the moon in a fountain, was drowned in it himself.

The Vicar. I have been perusing a journal of travels in another distant region, and amongst Indians of a different description from those Mr. Beltrami describes. It is the journal of the late Bishop Heber, certainly one of the most exemplary, as he was one of the most talented of British prelates. Zealous in the discharge of his duty, nothing daunted him, nothing dismayed him. He encountered every difficulty; and surmounted every hardship, till his health failed him; and then he fell a martyr to his zeal for the church. May his successor "Go and do likewise!" But may he not, like him, be cut off in the very bud and promise of his hope, but live to see the fruit of his labours ripen to a plentiful harvest!

Mr. Montague. Bishop Heber's journal is one of the most interesting books of travels I ever read, particularly with respect to India; a country which every Englishman ought to be well acquainted with, so intimately is it connected with our own, but of which we know little correctly; and many of us are ignorant even of that little.

The Vicar. Few travellers have traversed that immense and interesting region with so many advantages, mental and physical, as were enjoyed by Bishop Heber. His mind was attuned to a perfect conception and complete enjoyment of the beauties of nature; and where are they seen on a more grand and splendid scale than in India? To the description of the scenes which he there en-

countered, Bishop Heber brought, as has been well observed, "the eye of the painter, and the pen of the poet;" and sitting down to commit to paper a record of his feelings, when they were under the influence of that pleasing surprise which novelty always generates, he has given a picture of Indian life, and Indian manners, and Indian scenery, which, for freshness and originality, and a strict regard to truth and nature, is unequalled. How vivid is the following passage from the first pages of his journal! it relates to a village on the Hooghly:

The green-house-like smell and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances; they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months' voyage; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry, now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish, that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantages of creatures so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. *Angeli forent, si essent Christiani!* As the sun went down, many monstrous bats, bigger than the largest crows I have seen, and chiefly to be distinguished from them by their "indented wings," unloosed their hold from the palm-trees, and sailed slowly around us. They might have been supposed the guardian genii of the pagoda.

The following remarks also shew the quick perception and judicious talent for observation evinced by the learned prelate :

Two observations struck me forcibly ; first, that the deep bronze tint is more naturally agreeable to the human eye than the fair skins of Europe, since we are not displeased with it even in the first instance ; while, it is well known, that to them a fair complexion gives the idea of ill health, and of that sort of deformity which, in our eyes, belongs to an Albino. There is, indeed, something in a negro which requires long habit to reconcile the eye to him ; but for this the features and the air, far more than the colour, are answerable. The second observation was, how entirely the idea of indelicacy which would naturally belong to such figures as those now around us, if they were white, is prevented by their being of a different colour from ourselves. So much are we the children of association and habit, and so instinctively and immediately do our feelings adapt themselves to a total change of circumstances ; it is the partial and inconsistent change only which affects us.

Basil. There is much truth in that last observation. As far as beauty is concerned, however, give me the pure red and white of nature's painting, which is far more agreeable to me, whether the taste be natural or acquired, than the most rich and glowing tawny or copper-coloured complexion that ever adorned an Indian damsel of either hemisphere.

The Vicar. There are some most delightful traits of character displayed in this journal, which is a book every one must read. The result of the bishop's observations proves decidedly, that the influence of the British government has been

favourably exerted in behalf of the people of India ; and it is most satisfactory to find, that their anti-christian prejudices are wearing away. That these have been not sooner removed is probably owing to the thoughtless levity, if not absolute criminality, of many of those who profess the Christian name, with whom the natives come in contact. Bishop Heber frequently alludes to the carelessness with which they trifle with the feelings of the natives ; and, keenly alive as they are to a sense of indignity or wrong, this conduct is attended with the worst effects. They, however, are equally ready to appreciate benefits, and perhaps more tenacious in their remembrance of them than of injuries. Bishop Heber relates, that, at Allahabad, though he found the people agree that " Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings " were " the two greatest men that had ever ruled this part of the world ; " yet they " spoke with much affection of Mr. Jonathan Duncan ; " and *Duncan Sahib kha chota bace, i. e.* " Mr. Duncan's younger brother," is still the usual term of praise applied to any public man who appears to be actuated by an unusual spirit of kindness towards their nation." At Boglepore, the memory of Judge Cleveland, who died in 1784, is still held in veneration ; as I have no doubt that of Heber himself will be many years after his body has resolved into its original dust. But I must close this book, or I could linger over it all night. I will read a copy of verses, equal to any thing in that way the bishop ever wrote, and leave you to peruse the " Journal " at your leisure.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done, on Ganga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And barked beneath the tamarind bough,
Our moor has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride;
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through,
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert, dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun),
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
Mid nature's embers, parched and dry;
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death.

Come on! yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dies,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod:
Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,
But thought on England's "good green
wood?"

And bless'd, beneath the balmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer—(how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?

A truce to thought; the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opens ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and brier
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell?
It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze;
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye.
Yon lamp, that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh! with thankful hearts confess,
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on Earth—his hope in Heaven.

Reginald. May I ask, before we drop the subject, what opinion the bishop expresses relative to the practice of the Hindoo widows burning themselves upon the funeral pile of their husbands?

The Vicar. He expresses no opinion of his own, but records the sentiments of those who have had more frequent opportunities than himself of seeing the effect of government interference. Doubtless he would wish, as every humane man must, for its abolition. But it is a very serious and important question; and I cannot take upon me to decide whether it would be possible to put a stop to it by legislative measures. But, if the thing be practicable, it ought to be done, and a heavy responsibility will rest on those who neglect it.

Mr. Montague. The author of *Pandurang Hari* and *The Zenana* has just published another novel, il-

lustrative of the manners of the East, called *The English in India*, which, though in a much humbler form and of vastly inferior pretensions, may yet be no inappropriate supplement to Bishop Heber's Journal. Some of the author's sketches are lively and picturesque, and they are conveyed through the medium of a story by no means devoid of interest, though told in language to many parts of which the epithet "slip-slop" may most properly be applied. I have just opened at his description of Gumbia Singh, a celebrated Pindarree chieftain.

The appearance of the chieftain, unaccompanied by his men, was far from awesome—["Rather an awkward phrase that!" ejaculated Reginald].—In stature he exceeded all his followers; and for beauty and regularity of features, his equal could be seldom met with: nor was he unconscious of his noble appearance and handsome countenance, every feature of which he delighted to display to both friend and foe. On his head he wore a dark green turban, having in the front a silver spray, which waved and glittered in the morning sun. His coat, of white, edged with silver lace, wadded in front only, was fashioned so as to exhibit a well-formed throat and neck; whilst his jet-black mustachios and pearl-white regular teeth might have excited the envy of every beholder.

His trusty sword, and watered blade, whose hilt was studded with diamonds, was all the armour that cumbered his graceful form: around his loins was girt a silken sash; and on his feet he wore spangled slippers, the toes of which turned upwards several inches, and though not drawn up at the heel, were firmly fixed on his small feet, which barely filled the narrow stirrup-irons wherein they were thrust. His horse, an iron-grey Arab, from continued harassing marches, strove to assume a suitable

dignity of deportment, throwing up his head, anxious to be thought the proud and vigorous beast he once had been; but the sunken eye and yawning mouth at once evinced the treatment he had experienced, and tended by no means to set off his rider to the greatest advantage.

Miss Primrose. This Pindarree appears a gay and gallant cavalier in description, rather than a lawless robber; one formed to woo and win fair ladies' hearts, rather than to be the leader in scenes of bloodshed and rapine.

Mr. Montague. That appearances are frequently deceitful, is a proverb no less trite than true; and Gumbia Singh had a robber's heart, though his exterior was so fascinating.

Miss R. Primrose. I shall read *The English in India*; you will therefore please to leave the volumes with me: I am very partial to Eastern stories and to Eastern scenes.

Mr. Montague. You shall have them: but what is Reginald about to produce?

Reginald. Here is a volume of elegant designs for Gothic furniture. When I rebuild Elmwood-Hall, the Gothic will be the style of architecture I shall adopt; and it is not unlikely but I may also put these sketches of Mr. Pugin's into requisition.

Mrs. Primrose. There are some very chaste and elegant articles delineated in these plates. The "cabinet" is a beautiful pattern; so is the "bookcase:" either of these would make most ornamental pieces of furniture.

Reginald. Mr. Pugin justly remarks, with respect to the library, "that no style can be better adapted to its decoration than that of the mid-

dle ages, which possesses a sedate and grave character, inciting the mind to study and reflection. The rays passing through its variegated casements cast a religious light upon the venerable tomes on either side, the beautiful arrangement of its parts combining to produce an impressive grandeur in the whole design."

Miss Primrose. I think the tables and chairs are particularly elegant: the toilette and flower-stands are also beautiful. I should like to have a *boudoir* fitted up after the Gothic.

The Vicar. No doubt; and I a library. But, my dear, we must content ourselves with our plain English apartments, unless you can persuade the patron of the living to rebuild the vicarage according to your taste.

Miss Primrose. I am very well contented, my dear sir: indeed why should I not, when I have parents and friends whose whole study is to please? But I was always an admirer of the Gothic, you know; and when I marry, I shall make a stipulation to have one room fitted up from the designs of Mr. Pugin.

The Vicar. Well, if you can persuade your husband to gratify your taste, I can have no objection.

Reginald. This little volume is an elegant addition to the publications in the department of the fine arts. The plates are admirably executed, both as to the drawing and colouring; the letter-press is neat; and there is a good deal of antiquarian information brought forward in a very quiet and unostentatious way. We are much indebted to the public spirit of Mr. Ackermann for bringing it forth in this style of elegance.

Mr. Montague. Any thing new in "*la belle science*," Reginald?

Reginald. Yes; a new poet has sprung up amongst us, and one too worthy of the name. Seeing an advertisement of a poem on *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, by a Mr. Montgomery, I ordered it, under the impression that it was our old favourite, James Montgomery of Sheffield. When I received it, however, I found out my mistake: it is by a *Robert Montgomery*; a name I never heard before, but who has proved himself no mean or ignoble aspirant for the laurel which wreathes the brow of the successful bard.

The Vicar. The subject is a noble one; one to which even Milton's pen could not do justice; and it is therefore rather a daring flight for a young man to take. Does he not run some risk of failing in his bold attempt? a failure which might make him wish he had taken an humbler theme than that which sings the Being, of whom the Psalmist has said, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Reginald. I cannot consider that Mr. Montgomery's poem is a failure: on the contrary, as a whole, it is a chaste and classical production; and it contains passages of splendid beauty. I cannot say that they are worthy of the subject, for nothing short of inspiration can be worthy of it; and even an inspired writer may reasonably be supposed to fail in imparting ideas commensurate with the glory of the all-seeing, ever-present God: but they are such as no living

writer need be ashamed of, and hold out promise of much future excellence. It opens very finely :

Thou uncreate, unseen, and undefined,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind,
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,

Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where thou art not!

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born earth,

Or young Creation revell'd at its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep ;

Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world.

The Vicar. That is the noble, sonorous style of Pope and Dryden; the good old English heroic verse, which has been too much neglected of late, but which is best adapted, from the nature of our language, to elevated and dignified subjects.

Reginald. Mr. Montgomery shews no mean skill in the use of it, evincing, in many passages, a sublime and brilliant genius. The following is a fine apostrophe :

Lord of all being, where can Fancy fly?
'To what far realms unmeasured by thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st thou not—the boundless, viewless One?

Shall Guilt conch down within the cavern's gloom,

And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountain-tops, where eaglets rest,

And the chill snow-flakes thicken on their breast?

Within the cavern'd gloom thine eye can see!
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to thee!

Thy Spirit rides upon the black-wav'd seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze.

In storm and calm, in earth and heaven,
thou art :

Trace but thy works—they bring thee to the heart!

Again;

There is a voiceless Eloquence on earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of Nature's majesty—sublime or wild!

Hill, flood, and forest; mountain, rock, and sea ;

All take their terrors and their charms from thee—

From thee, whose hidden but supreme controul

Moves through the world a universal soul!

Here is a passage of a more tender cast :

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime

I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time:
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,

And bursts the thralldom of terrestrial woes?
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the Majesty of Heaven is there?

The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile ;

The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

But I could quote the whole poem; and there are other volumes awaiting our notice: I will therefore read you one of the minor poems which follow the principal one, and close the book.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! Beauty is the master-charm,
The syren of the soul ;

Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with controul!

The love and light of human kind,
The foster-flame of every mind!

'Twas Beauty hung the blue-rob'd heavens!
She glitters in each star ;

Or trippeth on the twilight breeze
In melody afar!

She danceth on the dimpled stream,
And gambols in the ripple's gleam!

She couches on the coral wave,
 And garlandeth the sea ;
 And weaves a music in the wind
 That murmurs from the lea.
 She paints the clouds, and points the ray,
 And basketh in the blush of day.

She sits among the spangled trees,
 And streaks the bud and flower ;
 She dims the air, and drops the dew
 Upon the glade and bower !
 'Tis she unwreathes the wings of night,
 And cradles Nature in delight !

And woman ! Beauty was the power,
 That, with angelic grace,
 Breath'd love around her glowing form,
 And magic in her face !
 She crisp'd the silky-flashing hair,
 And framed her throne her forehead fair !

She arm'd her liquid-rolling eye
 With fairy darts of fire ;
 She wreath'd the lip of luscious hue,
 And bade its breath inspire !
 She shaped her for her queenly shrine,
 And made her like herself—divine !

Oh ! Beauty is the master-charm,
 The syren of the soul ;
 Whose magic zone encompasseth
 Creation with controul !
 The love and light of human kind,
 The foster-flame of every mind !

Mrs. Primrose. I shall place that volume on my shelves by the side of Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and his namesake, the Sheffield bard.

Mr. Montague. I have lately met with a little work, which I am rather surprised none of us encountered before. It is entitled *Conversations on the Animal Economy*, by a Physician; and it contains a very pleasing and popular account of the economy of animals, as exhibited in the Lord of Creation, and in some of his subjects in the inferior classes of beings; together with the mode in which the various parts that constitute the complicated machine, perform their functions, and contribute to the well-being of the whole. It is really a clever work, and ought to be generally known. It contains nothing new to

scientific men; but it is calculated to bring science home to our fire-sides, and imparts useful knowledge in a simple and intelligible form.

The Vicar. The best recommendation of any book which is not written expressly for the scientific classes.

Mr. Montague. The second and third *Conversations on the Divisions of Animals and the Varieties of Man-kind* are very interesting. The different species of the human race, *i. e.* the European, or Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the American, and the Malay varieties, are familiarly described; and some curious peculiarities, both in man and animals, are enumerated. For instance—it is the physician who is speaking :

Many peculiarities have been observed in man, as well as in the brute creation, which are capable of being perpetuated; Family likenesses are a familiar example; so is hereditary stature, whether large or small; and it is curious how long peculiarities of features may continue in the progeny. The thick lip, introduced into the house of Austria by the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, is visible in their descendants, even after a lapse of three centuries. Many instances have occurred, both in ancient and modern times, of peculiarities of structure being handed down from the parent. Thus the occurrence of six fingers or six toes is not uncommon. Such persons were called, among the Romans, *sedigiti, sedigita*, six-fingered men or women. Sir Anthony Carlisle has recorded the transmission of such a variety for four generations.

I met myself, some time since, as you may recollect my mentioning to you at the time, an Irishman from Killarney, who had a thumb and only two fingers, the third and a little finger on each hand, and only the large and small toe on each

foot. The two fingers were united with each other, were permanently bent inwards, and were anchylosed or stiffened at the second joint, so as to have no motion in it. The metacarpal and metatarsal bones (those to which the fingers and toes are united) were covered with integuments, which had not the smallest appearance of cicatrix or scar, to give any idea of the fingers or toes having ever been removed. This person's grandfather had one thumb on each hand and no fingers; his father was like himself both as to toes and fingers. He had many brothers and sisters, none of whom had any peculiarity; and of his own children (of whom there had been fifteen, though three only were living), the eldest son was the only one who had any peculiarity, and he wanted the middle toe on each foot. The transmission of a peculiarity, for no less than nine generations, is mentioned as having occurred at Iwer, near Uxbridge. The mother and several children had only the thumbs perfect; and instead of fingers, they had only the first bone of each finger, and the first and second bones of the third finger of the left hand. The fingers had no nails. Such was reported to have been the state of the family, with slight variations, for nine numerous generations of their immediate ancestors; and it was observed by the mother, that the females only of the family transmitted this peculiarity. No great inconvenience was stated by her to be felt from the want of so many joints, as the advantage of perfect fingers had never been experienced.

Miss Primrose. Very curious!

The Vicar. Many instances of this kind might be adduced. It is not unfrequently the case that a particular mark, derived from some impression received by the parent, is transmitted through several generations.

Mr. Montague. I was much pleased with the fourth Conversation, on
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the Bones; in which a clear account of their formation and use, and the machinery, if I may so express myself, by which they are connected, is given. In the Conversation on the Muscles I find the following observations, in reply to the question, "Have people ever succeeded in adapting wings to their bodies, so as to support them at all in the air?"

From the time of Icarus downwards there have been many attempts, but they are quite absurd. All that can possibly be done is, to imitate a sort of parachute, so as to diminish the celerity and force of a descent; for birds fly as well by the size of their wings as by the immense power of the muscles which move them, to which we have nothing in any degree similar. Birds have likewise hollow bones, to make them more buoyant, and some of them even pouches, which receive air from the lungs, in order still better to enable them to remain suspended in the air, or to float on the surface of the water. The muscles of the breast of a bird are equal in weight to that of all the other muscles of the body put together; and it is clear therefore, that, setting aside the other circumstances to increase buoyancy in which he is deficient, until man had a muscle of equal power, instead of the thin pectoral muscles which cover the side of his chest and are inserted into his arm, he must be satisfied with something short of aerial flights. The buoyancy which birds are capable of obtaining, through the means of hollow bones and air-bags, is strikingly evinced in the facility with which the majestic condor, the enormous vulture of the Andes, which is said to measure fourteen feet with the wings extended, can suddenly dart, as Humboldt has seen him do, from the bottom of the deepest valleys to a considerable height above the summit of Chimborazo, which has an altitude of 21,470 feet above the

level of the sea. It is to be observed, however, that Humboldt must have been at a considerable elevation when this took place, and that this animal usually occupies situations of very considerable altitude; but still, when the rarity of the air is so great as it must be at the top of such elevated mountains, and which is indicated by the barometer being below ten inches, the diminution of specific gravity, necessary to make so huge an animal be supported by air so highly rarefied, is wonderful.

Reginald. Does the author say any thing of phrenology?

Mr. Montague. Yes; the subject is discussed in the Conversation on the Brain and the Nervous System. The physician, though no craniologist, seems to attach some credit to the speculations of Dr. Spurzheim; and I find this to me incomprehensible science is making more progress than might be expected. I was conversing with an eminent professional gentleman lately, who was formerly a decided opponent of phrenology. He lectured against it, if he did not write against it; and he is now become a convert to the system of Gall and Spurzheim; and he really stated to me his reasons so strongly, that though they did not convince me, I could not refute them.

Mrs. Primrose. I thought the system was going out of date, we now hear so little of it.

Mr. Montague. I believe quite the contrary. But to return to the Conversations. The organs of sense are illustrated very ably, particularly that piece of beautiful mechanism, the eye. The following are the physician's observations on the eyes of insects:

Some insects have simple eyes, that is, eyes which seem composed of a single lens; in others these simple eyes are

collected into a body, and these have been termed conglomerate. But the most extraordinary are the compound eyes, which are those possessed by most insects, and which, with the glass, present an appearance resembling shagreen. This arises from the eye being traversed with numerous dark lines, cutting each other at right angles, and forming little squares, within each of which is set a six-sided convex lens. The inside of these lenses is covered with a black varnish or paint, and behind this are minute white threads, of the shape of hexagonal prisms, which fit into the groove formed by the sides of the hexagonal lens, and are separated from the latter by the black varnish. The threads are inclosed in a black, unvarnished membrane, on which the optic nerve is expanded, and from which they are derived; so that they may be regarded as the retina of the eye, and the dark membrane as the choroid coat.

The number of these lenses varies in different insects; some have very few, not more than fifty; but Hooke computed those in the eye of a horse-fly to amount to nearly 7000; Leeuwenhoeck found more than 12,000 in that of a dragon-fly, and still more have been observed in the eyes of butterflies. It is to be presumed, that the number and minuteness of those lenses are necessary to that microscopic nicety of vision, which insects must have in order to provide food and avoid injury. As their eyes, too, are without motion, a structure such as that which I have now mentioned was wanting for the reception of rays from all directions. The appearance of the opaque substance below these lenses produces the beautiful metallic hues, for which the eyes of some insects are remarkable.

The Vicar. This indeed appears to be an interesting and valuable work; plain and familiar, yet containing much scientific information.

Miss Primrose. Now, Reginald, what have you there so tastefully got up with crimson covers, and black and gold lettering on the back? Any thing for the ladies?

Reginald. There is amusement in the volume for all sexes and all ages. It is a collection of *One Hundred Fables*, partly selected, and partly original; with head-pieces, an initial letter, and a tail-piece to each, most beautifully engraved on wood by Jackson, Smith, Slader, Bonner, Moses, Wright, Nesbit, H. White, jun. J. Dodd, F. W. Braunton, R. Branston, M. U. Sears, Mason, D. Dodd, T. Williams, and Eliza Thompson. The fables have been selected and partly written by Mr. Northcote, the veteran academician, by whom the head-pieces have been designed. The initial letters and tail-pieces have all been designed by Mr. William Harvey, who drew the whole on wood, and prepared them for the engraver; and the work is printed by Mr. Johnson, of the Apollo Press, the ingenious author of *Typographia*. I am thus particular in mentioning the names of the artists, because I conceive the volume to be unique in its class, and that wood-engraving is exhibited in it to greater perfection than even in the works of the celebrated Bewick.

Miss R. Primrose. The engravings are indeed beautiful: they are exquisite sketches, whether the drawing or the engraving be considered. In looking at them, I scarcely know which to admire most: to say which is the best is impossible.

Mrs. Primrose. They are as fine specimens of art as the steel engravings in *The Keepsake*.

Reginald. Some of the initial letters are as fine specimens of wood-

engraving as can possibly be produced. They reflect equal credit upon the draughtsman and the engraver, for having produced such spirited sketches in so small a compass. I understand one of the artists, Jackson, is about to engrave a series of designs to illustrate the old ballad of Chevy Chase. He has executed a great number of the cuts in this volume; and I admire his style, which is chaste and spirited. Braunton's are also good: in short, so they are all; it would be quite invidious to particularize.

Mr. Montague. But what can you say of the literary part of the work?

Reginald. That it certainly is not equal to the graphic; but still many of the fables possess merit, and are pleasing specimens of that style of composition.

Basil. We will dismiss fables for realities. Here is a work in my own way; Washington Irving's *History of the Life and Adventures of Christopher Columbus*, a man whose memory every sailor delighteth to honour. I have never read four volumes with a deeper interest; though, to confess the truth, there is little of novelty in them as far as regards Columbus: but the last volume, which contains sketches of the contemporaries of that great man, contains particulars of many individuals with which we were not before familiarly acquainted, and is highly interesting.

Reginald. The work will explode the generally received opinion, that Columbus was inspired with the spirit of discovery, from reflecting upon the vacuum which must exist in the west, if there was not a continent in that direction to balance the regions of *terra firma* in the East. It seems he imbibed his thirst for "roaming"

not in search of a *new* world, but of an *old* one by a different route, about the time of his marriage with the daughter of Bartoloméo Monis de Palestrello; an Italian, who was one of the navigators employed by Prince Henry of Portugal, in whose service he discovered the Island of Porto Santo, which he colonized, and of which he was the first governor. His charts and journals were communicated by his widow to Columbus; and most probably the germs of that spirit of enterprise were then sown, which led to such brilliant though unexpected results.

Basil. It undoubtedly appears, that from his reflection on the "nature of things," from the authority of learned writers, such as Aristotle, Seneca, Pliny, and, above all, of Marco Polo, and from "the reports of navigators," Columbus imbibed the idea that about one-third of the earth's circumference was undiscovered.—This space, as appears from "the data on which his plan of discovery was founded," drawn up by his son, he imagined

might, in a great measure, be filled up by the eastern regions of Asia, which might extend so far as nearly to surround the globe, and to approach the western shores of Europe and Africa. The tract of ocean intervening between these continents, he [*i. e.* Columbus, from whose notes these data were drawn up.] observes, would be less than might at first be supposed, if the opinion of Alfaragius, the Arabian, be admitted, who gave to the earth a smaller circumference, by diminishing the size of the degrees, than did other cosmographers; a theory to which Columbus seems at times to have given faith. Granting these premises, it was manifest, that by pursuing a direct course from east to west, a navigator would arrive at the extremity of Asia, and discover any intervening land.

It was the eastern part of Asia therefore which Columbus set out to seek; and when he discovered Cuba, he thought he had found it. Mr. Irving is in error therefore when he says, "the glorious result established the correctness of the opinion of Columbus:" an error which it is the more surprising he should fall into, as he himself speaks of the hero's frequently quoting Marco Polo's work; and "on his voyages, supposing himself to be on the Asiatic coast, continually endeavouring to discover the islands and main lands described in it, and to find the famous Cipango," which is supposed to be Japan, and which the Venetian describes as an island "abounding with gold," the king of which had "a magnificent palace covered with plates of gold, as in other countries the roofs of palaces are covered with sheets of lead or copper;" the halls and chambers being likewise "covered with gold, the windows adorned with it," and "the very floors paved with it, sometimes in plates of the thickness of two fingers."—"This island," Mr. Irving again adds, "was an object of diligent search to Columbus," it being the first land he expected to make. The first land, however, which he encountered was one of the Bahamas, San Salvador, or the Cat Island; and he was soon convinced this was not the "famous Cipango," the appearance of the natives giving no indication "either of wealth or civilization."

Reginald. When he discovered Cuba, however, he felt convinced it was Cipango, till a misunderstanding of the Indian language induced him to believe, that he was on the borders of the province of Cathay, in which was the city of Cambalus (Pekin), described by Marco Polo as the

residence of "the great Khan," to whom Columbus sent an embassy; and in the conviction that this was the main-land of Asia, he remained till his death.

Basil. Yes; and this misconception most likely prevented him from discovering Mexico, and in part realizing his golden dreams. Hayti, Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, was the next discovery; and Mr. Irving gives a most interesting account of the first intercourse of the Spaniards with the natives, and the kindness of the latter when the ship of Columbus was run ashore, and could not be got off. How cruelly was this kindness afterwards returned, when the poor Indians were tortured and hunted to death, in order to make them discover their gold, with which the Spaniards felt convinced this supposed *El Dorado* abounded!

The Vicar. A dark page of crime and suffering in the history of the world is that which narrates the conduct of the Spaniards to the helpless natives of the western isles and the adjacent continent. It is scarcely credible that human beings could commit such atrocities on their fellow-men: but the accursed thirst for gold had metamorphosed them into demons, and they desolated the land they visited.

Reginald. Mr. Irving narrates some of the horrors committed in St. Domingo; and it must be observed, Basil, that Columbus, the man whose memory you say every seaman delighteth to honour, was the first who paved the way for the subjugation and destruction of the natives. They having been roused into resistance by the conduct of the Spaniards,

Columbus took arms against them, and having defeated them, he imposed a heavy and annoying tribute, in order to "indemnify the sovereigns for their great expenses," and to "meet the public expectations so extravagantly excited." The results of this step are described by Mr. Irving as most lamentable.

Basil. When I said seamen delighted to honour Columbus, it was as a man of enterprise, and one to whom the science of navigation owes much: in no other light. But, poor fellow, he was naturally humane, and was severely punished for his faults to the Indians, faults forced upon him by circumstances: they were avenged by the ingratitude with which his sovereigns treated him, and the gloom and disappointment which clouded the latter years of his life, and hold him up as an eminent moral example to mankind.

Reginald. Mr. Irving does not represent him in that light. However, he only evinces the general spirit of attachment with which most biographers regard their heroes; and therefore I will not condemn his work on that account.

Basil. It has been called an unnecessary work; and I know few works in the present day which can strictly be said to be necessary. It is much more *readable* to me than any other life of Columbus: as such, I think Mr. Irving has done the state of literature some service.

Here we closed the literary discussions of the evening; and having made our adieus, each wended his way to his own domicile.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND,

ELMWOOD-HALL, March 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Les Charmes de Londres,*" *Rondeau brillant, précédé d'une Introduction pour le Piano-forte, composé par J. Moscheles.* Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)

If, as the title may lead us to guess, Mr. Moscheles intended to embody in this publication a *genre* of ideas and diction more particularly of a national character, his aim has been successfully accomplished both in the introduction and rondo. The former presents several original and interesting features. The rondo is of a light and brilliant character, requiring spirit and precision of execution, without presenting greater difficulties than what a moderately skilled performer may easily subdue with a little practice; and to practise music like this is the sure means of acquiring not only facility of reading and execution, but also the right style of playing, by infusing due expression, in the marks of which Mr. M. has not been sparing.

Petite Polonoise, avec Trio, pour le Piano-forte, composée par Ign. Moscheles. Pr. 1s.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

This elegant little polonoise will serve as an excellent lesson for juvenile pupils of scarcely any advancement in their studies. It is the more valuable as it happens so rarely that we meet with good and at the same time quite easy music from the pens of composers of acknowledged celebrity.

"*La Tendresse,*" *Rondo Grazioso pour le Piano-forte, composé par Charles Czerny.* Pr. 2s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

This rondo cannot absolutely be classed with difficult compositions;

the tempo is modérée, and there are no passages whatever that require agility of execution, the quickest notes being quavers. But the key in which it is set (E four sharps) and the chromatic modulations which occur, and which abound in accidental sharps and even double sharps, are likely to afford work for even an advanced player, at first sight. As the sharp keys are generally neglected by the majority of players, they cannot do better than give Mr. Czerny's rondo a trial, which will prove infinitely salutary, and, if successful, yield real pleasure; for there is much graceful delicacy in the ideas, and the harmony presents an abundant store of scientific combination.

A new Grand March in E b for the Piano-forte, composed by Carlo della Torre. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

A new Grand March in F for the Piano-forte, composed by the same. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Whenever it falls to our lot to notice for the first time the productions of composers with whose works we were previously unacquainted, our attention is naturally excited in a higher degree, and we feel more deeply the weight of a critic's responsibility.

Mr. della Torre styles himself "late of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Naples," and not only the name but the style of his music would lead us to consider him a native of Italy; a country so exclusively vocal, that a composition for the piano-forte, alone, from the pen of an Italian master, may be considered as a great rarity. The musical genius

of the Italians being devoted to song, they seem not to think it worth their while to write for mere instruments, except an opera overture or so when needful; and these latter they contrive for the most part to dispose of rather cavalierly. If Italian composers were to write now and then for the piano-forte, we should probably be all the richer in point of melody, whatever we might lose with regard to profundity of harmonic combination. But as our space is too scanty to admit of speculative discussion, we return to Mr. della Torre.

The two marches under consideration have given us a very high opinion of this gentleman's taste and talents. They are different in style and measure. That in E b, a slow march, is more solid and elaborate in melody and harmony; while the march in F, apparently intended for a quick march, trips in a more light-some and familiar strain, not without a strong tinge here and there of the manner and even the ideas of the Grand Maestro of Pesaro. The former certainly is our favourite; it presents many beautiful ideas, which are varied with much elegance of melodic diction; but the harmonic colouring above all, the instrumentation, if we may be allowed the term, is distinguished by a luxuriance, a richness, and an intensity of effect, which shew the right musical feeling, and a corresponding tact and facility in giving it utterance. That the like feeling must exist in the performer to produce all the effect intended by the author, may be deemed a truism. But of all the music that passes muster before us, none requires the application of that truism in a stronger degree than that of Mr. della Torre. Of this Mr. T. appears to have

been fully aware, and he has amply provided for it by an abundance of marks of expression. Our system of notation is far from being perfect in this respect; but Mr. T. has made every possible use of the stock in hand; and in this particular it is our pointed wish to draw the amateur's attention to these compositions. They present a most instructive opportunity of acquiring an accession of good expression in execution. Let the student practise these marches with the most scrupulous attention to the marks affixed to every significant note, bar by bar, or rather phrase by phrase; let him pause to judge of the effect; try and rehearse again until his own inward musical sense tells him, "such must have been the author's intention!" Let this mode of practice be strictly and conscientiously pursued, and the student will soon feel what a surprising difference there will be between the same passage played in a careless or neutral way, and that passage executed in all respects according to prescription. This conviction will render him practically sensible of the immense importance of due expression; and the benefit arising from such conviction will, we make no doubt, be of infinite use to him in his future studies.

We have rather exceeded our limits on the occasion of these compositions, from a wish to do them the justice which their merit entitles them to. In our vocal article we shall have a further opportunity of considering Mr. D. T.'s talent in another point of view.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, composed by E. Solis. Op. 20. Pr. 3s.
—(Clementi and Co.)

The introductory largo in C mi-

nor does Mr. S. great credit. It presents some very select touches of harmonic combination, which, together with some passages requiring expertness of hand, render this slow movement not altogether analogous, as to ease of execution, to the much more familiar allegro which follows. There is a series of sevenths in the largo, from b . 9, which presents rather a bold leap from the last crotchet of that bar to the first crotchet of the next. Why not the dominant seventh upon F (F , A \sharp , C , E b), instead of the secondary seventh (F , A b , C , E b), which renders the tenth bar singularly hard, not to mention the dissonant and distant leap from \bar{g} to \bar{a} flat in the melody. The rondo has a very pretty melodious subject, which is treated, with much taste, in a variety of ways and tonics, and with the addition of sundry interesting digressions, all in very good style. The whole of the allegro, as has been observed before, is written in a familiar manner, so as to fall within the sphere of moderate performers.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

The Musical Album for the Piano-forte and Flute, ad lib. containing the Fairy Rondo, composed by J. B. Cramer. No. 1. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)

Hitherto our notion of the term musical album was that of a portable little volume, blank, all but for the ruled staves intended for the instant notation of whatever ideas might involuntarily suggest themselves to the imagination of a composer. But as the critic's business does not lie with titles, we shall content ourselves with observing, that the album of Mr. Cramer is any thing but a blank. The subject is that of Lord Morn-

ington's glee, "Here in cool grove," on which we offered some observations quite recently, as to its aptness for arrangements of this description. When Mr. Cramer takes a subject in hand, the workmanship seldom falls short of the material worked upon. In the present case he almost induces us to regret the remarks we lately made on the propriety of arranging glees for the piano-forte. Mr. C. has handled his theme with a master-mind, and avoided intricacy of execution at the same time.

Trois Airs variés pour le Piano-forte, par Henry Herz, premier Pianiste de S. M. le Roi de France. Nos. 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 2s. each.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

The airs varied are, No. 1. "Partant pour la Syrie," No. 2. "La Suisse au bord du lac," No. 3. "We're a noddin," with respective introductions, which latter are not only appropriate but really beautiful. Of variations, our readers are aware, we are not enthusiastically fond; but those of Mr. Herz are well calculated to lull, if not altogether overcome, the nausea which the frequency of this sort of writing and its general mediocrity must necessarily produce. These three books are masterly productions, pointedly claiming the attention of the amateur. We have not space sufficient to enter upon a critical detail of the contents of each, nor shall we institute any comparison between them; an attempt which, amidst such universal excellence, might prove hazardous. A good player certainly is indispensable for all; at the same time evident attention appears to have been paid to executive conve-

nience, so as to render these variations fairly accessible to a large class of performers. There are no real intricacies; and, as studies for style and brilliant execution, these compositions will be eminently beneficial.

"*Ebben a te ferisci,*" *Duet in the Opera of Semiramide, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s. 6d. (Chappell.)

In this publication Mr. Klose has incorporated the three successive pieces, "*Ebben a te ferisci,*" "*Giorno d'orrore,*" and "*Tu serena intanto.*" The adaptation for four hands has been done with care and judgment. The parts move well, there is no difficulty of any kind, and the general effect is such as to convey a very adequate idea of the striking thoughts of the original.

The favourite Airs in Mozart's Opera of "The Seraglio," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by S. Webbe. Pr. 6s.—(Chappell.)

Mr. W. has selected nearly a dozen of the airs, &c. of the above opera, which has created much less sensation on the English stage than was generally anticipated, although the opera contains many pieces of real excellence, as may be proved even by the extract before us. The arrangement of Mr. W. is valuable both as to choice and mode of treatment. Every thing is handled with taste and due effect; there are no intricacies of execution, and the price of the book is remarkably reasonable.

"*Les Etrennes,*" *a Melange of Twelve Airs for the Piano-forte, adapted.* Vol. XI. No. LXIV.

ed by Czerny and Payer. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

A more useful and entertaining book for juniors in their first year's tuition we should be at a loss to point out. It contains short airs, chiefly operatic, from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c. most effectively arranged as to harmony, and amply fingered wherever needful. Lessons like these cannot fail to improve the pupil's taste and expression; and we hope their success may encourage the publishers to bring out further books on the same plan, but equally well done.

"*La Gaité,*" *Fourth Set of Quadrilles, from Mozart's Opera, "The Seraglio,"* by L. Zerbini. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

There is no help, quadrilles *must* be made from operas, if we were to write ourselves blind in making protests against this wicked practice. We think we see the shade of Mozart upbraiding Mr. Zerbini with the sacrilegious doings; and the latter pleading in excuse the care and good tact he exercises in performing the operation, with the infliction of the least possible hurt to the original—Mozart *v.* Zerbini, before the awful tribunal of Minos, and Signor Zerbini sentenced to trip everlastingly every quadrille that ever he dared to concoct from the divine works of the Salzburg bard! Whether the Seraglio quadrilles be charmingly danceable, we have not the presumption to decide; but we can venture so far as to say, that they go smartly and effectively on the key-board.

Duet, No. 63. Paer's Overture to the Opera "I Fuorusciti," or

"*The Outlaws*," arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad lib. by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.; without Accompaniments, 3s. — (Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Duet, No. 64. *Romberg's Overture, "Don Mendoza,"* arranged as above, by the same, same price, same publisher.

Mr. Rimbault's arrangement of these two overtures, for one performer, having been commented upon in a recent number of the *Repository*, it is unnecessary to say more on these duets, than that they exhibit very satisfactory adaptations of the same subjects on a larger, and proportionately more effective scale, yet so as to fall within the sphere of very moderate players.

"*Oberon's Horn*," a Selection of favourite and modern Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by the most esteemed Foreign Authors. Nos. 15. to 24. Pr. 6d. each. — (Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

The prior numbers of this handy and portable collection of waltzes have been favourably noticed not long ago in our Journal; and we are equally warranted in speaking well of the continuation before us. The greater part of the dances are compositions of a superior class in this style; and the waltzes of Schiedermayer and Walch, in particular, distinguish themselves by their originality and the selectness of their general tenor. Here are many excellent sixpenny-worths of music.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"*The Orphan*," a new Ballad; Words written by Wm. Parr, Esq.; com-

posed by Carlo della Torre. Pr. 2s. — (Clementi and Co.)

"*The Spider and the Fly*," a comic Song, the Words by ditto, composed by ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Goulding and Co.)

The above two songs are well calculated to confirm the favourable opinion which Mr. della Torre's two marches impressed us with, although, as candid critics, we shall not hesitate to offer an observation or two on one of them; and one upon which Mr. D. T. has unquestionably bestowed more elaborate science and study, than on the other. It is "*The Orphan*." Our first remark is of a general nature, without any reference to the import of the text. There appears to be too much and too frequent modulation, above all at the *outset*. The song (in F major) has scarcely begun, and we are—cleverly enough, it is true—in A major; a few further steps on, after winding through various transient modulations, in themselves select enough, we find ourselves in A b major, until two bars more, and the period safely comes to an anchor in smooth water, *i. e.* in C major. All this is managed with great skill, we must own; but the first æsthetical rule, a rule founded upon unity of design, especially in vocal composition, is not only to settle well in the key at the beginning, but to let the harmony of the key preponderate; while in "*The Orphan*" there are very few bars that can be said to dwell fairly and firmly in the harmony of F major. This rule, less strictly observed in the works of English composers, is adhered to by none so much as the Italian masters, guided as they seem to be by an innate feeling of the beautiful; and we won-

der therefore the more to see the principle departed from by Mr. D. T. an Italian probably, and a gentleman whose writings shew his musical feeling not to be of the common order.

As regards adaptation of melody and harmony to the import of the text, the lament of a distressed and famished orphan, no doubt, is not to be expressed by lively strains. But in this respect, the composer, like a poet, must nevertheless suit his language in some degree to the character of the party speaking. Without being low or homely, the musical diction must not trench upon the other extreme; must not be studied and chromatically profound. The latter character is not requisite to be affecting; on the contrary, simplicity has a greater chance of attaining that object, because it is more conformable to nature.

With regard to the degree of gloom which an air may be allowed to assume, and that of "The Orphan" is deeply tinged with it, the composer, in our opinion, ought to be very cautious not to be too scrupulously faithful to his poet. Very sad melodies are mostly very sad things to hear. We may talk more gloomily than sing, because the effect of musical sounds is more intense than that of language; and another cause perhaps may be, that the musical means at our command, more directly suited to such expressions, are so limited as to come soon under repetition, and create monotony and languor. The minor tonics, diminished sevenths, extreme sixths, &c. must not be lavishly employed.

Although upon the whole, therefore, "The Orphan" would have pleased us better, had it presented a

melody less checkered by modulation, less studied, and less gloomy, it nevertheless must be pronounced a composition of striking merit and general interest. There are several fine ideas to be met with in its progress; the harmony is of the most select description, and the manner in which that harmony has been arranged and brought into play is truly classic.

"The Spider and the Fly" is a very clever composition, full of musical point and humour, well varied by divers modulations; of which latter there is quite enough, too; and the conduct of the harmony is remarkably good and correct. The strange accentuation, "affects to be *västyly* in love," we were going to tax the composer with, but it must be laid at the poet's door; and *he* perhaps took this liberty intentionally. There certainly is a comic effect in this mode of pronunciation, which may be admitted in a humorous song.

A Selection of popular National Airs, with Symphonics and Accompaniments, by H. R. Bishop; the *Words* by Thomas Moore. No. 6. Pr. 12s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

The quantum of matter in our present review, and the space which we have already engrossed, prevents us totally from noticing this further and interesting volume of *National Melodies*, with all the detail which our notes on it present, and which its value would otherwise fairly claim. There are twelve melodies in all, Italian, Spanish, French, Austrian, Old English, and even Indian. Of these twelve, two are harmonized for two or three voices. In some of them we observe a certain degree of similarity; but taken in the aggregate

gate, variety is conspicuous, and the book does not fall far short in interest to its predecessors. Mr. Bishop's symphonies are frequently very ingenious and characteristic; and the accompaniments are devised with much taste and mature knowledge of effect. Of the poetry it is not absolutely our province to speak critically, the name of the author alone would guarantee its value. It certainly breathes the soft luxuriance of Mr. Moore's Muse. The book, like the prior volumes, is brought out with a typographical elegance and a quantum of embellishment which, independently of the contents, would justify a higher price. An extensive sale alone can remunerate the publisher.

Collection of Select German National Melodies; arranged, with Accompaniments of Piano-forte or Guitar, by Mollwo and Derwort. Nos. 7. to 12. Pr. from 1s. to 2s. each.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

The first six numbers of this publication have been sufficiently noticed, in a former review, to render any detail of the character of the work superfluous. The present selection is as interesting as before; the names of Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, and Himmel alone, would guarantee this assertion. Whether the air to "Through the meadows sweetly singing" can fairly be assigned to the latter composer, is more than doubtful. It is nothing more or less than the well-known "Mamma mia."—Himmel's "Spirit of bliss," and Beethoven's "Farewell," are pieces of intense feeling and classic beauty. The piano-forte accompaniments, as we observed on the prior occasion, are not always so full and apt as could have been wished; but there is enough to support the voice with effect, and impart the proper harmonic colouring.

* * * *Want of room compels us to defer the notice of several compositions that have been submitted to our consideration.*

FINE ARTS.

MR. HOBDAY'S GALLERY.

THE Gallery of modern art, by this clever artist, in Pall-Mall, has been re-opened for the season with a considerable accession of works, which still more entitle it to public patronage and attention. This Gallery is intended by the proprietor for the reception of pictures of the first class by living British artists: of course, every general rule must have its exception, and now and then works will be found in this Exhibition from the pencils of deceased painters, as well as some, which, how-

ever meritorious, cannot be described as belonging to the first class in art.

The present Exhibition consists of one hundred and fifty-five pictures, and comprehends the productions of some of our best artists, with no small share of the creditable specimens of our rising school. As many of the works have previously appeared at the principal Exhibitions of the metropolis, it will not be expected that we should enter into any detailed enumeration of their respective merits: nor indeed cannot it be

necessary; for, as the works themselves are now before the public in a gallery most conveniently arranged for giving them suitable effect, the votaries of the fine arts have a full opportunity of estimating their merit from their own actual inspection.

There are here two pictures of de Louthembourg, which we wonder should at this day remain on sale in the British metropolis: we allude to *the Landing of the British Army in Aboukir Bay* and *the Battle of Alexandria*. The subjects refer to achievements which are associated with our national renown, and are executed in the best style of a very skilful artist. Great fidelity is observable in the description of these battles, and in that in which the veteran hero Abercrombie fell, there is a crowded group of portraiture, uniting individual with national interest. The drawing is generally very correct, and the colouring possesses that full and glowing tone for which the artist was so remarkable.

Mr. Daniel, R. A. has some Oriental scenery, teeming with the natural productions, animal and vegetable, of the tropics, which possesses uncommon interest from its novelty, and is very creditable as a specimen of well-executed art. The picture (No. 73.) of the umbrella-tree, buffalo, &c. is a good example of this peculiar novelty and merit.

A Rural Scene, Suffolk, by Mr. Constable, is a finely finished landscape, with the elaborate delineation of nature for which this artist has obtained such deserved distinction.

The Temple at Tivoli, by Mr. Glover, is one of those pleasing touches of Italian scenery, with which

the artist enriched his gallery upon his return from the confines of "the eternal city." It is a soft and chaste example of agreeable colouring.

Miss Gouldsmith's *Studies from Nature* are always what they profess to be, pleasing specimens of the facility with which the pencil of this lady can embody well-selected landscape-scenery.

Mr. Stothard's *Fête Champêtre* is too well known to require our recommendation. Of this artist's talents in his profession, we may say, as was said of the undecaying powers of a venerable statesman, that

"Age cannot wear, nor custom steal
His infinite variety."

Mr. Ward, R. A. has some agreeable landscape-scenery, as well as some admirable delineations of animal life, which have the full force and expression of nature.

We have likewise in this Exhibition Mr. Singleton's picture of the Royal Academy, containing portraits of the whole of the members of that corporation in the year 1795, engaged in the examination of the works for the medals. Why does not the Lord Chancellor purchase this picture? His lordship is an excellent judge of painting, and his father's portrait is in the fore-ground of this picture.

Mr. W. Westall's Cumberland scenery is picturesque and attractive; his *Cape Wilberforce* is a very fine picture; and the landscapes by Sir F. Bourgeois have a good deal of merit.

Mr. Nasmyth's *Tomb of Buonaparte* is very well painted; and there is a small landscape by a young artist of the name of Wilson, which is very cleverly finished.

Mr. J. J. Chalon exhibits a scene

from *Gil Blas*, which, if we mistake not, was very much praised at the Royal Academy.

Sir William Beechey's *Venus chiding Cupid* has a good poetical character, and the colouring of the flesh is very soft and delicate.

Mr. Barney's *Fruit and Flowers* evince the permanent power which this artist retains in advanced age for delineating subjects, which are generally supposed to require the vivid fancy and striking impressions of youth for their natural development.

Mr. J. Wilson's *Pilot-Boat crossing the Bar off the Brill* is a very clever marine piece: the distant sweep of the clouds is a very happy effort.

Mr. Biggs' two pictures of the *Sailor-Boy* are simple and pathetic: they are studies from nature, alike careful and successful.

Mr. Rigaud's *Sketch of Sampson*

is a fine production, and will always sustain the merit of the artist.

Mr. H. P. Bone has some pleasing poetical works.

Mr. M. A. Shee's *Bacchus* is beautifully painted; and so is Mr. Brockedon's *Mother and Child*.

Mr. Hobday has himself furnished some well-executed portraits, as well as other pictures; and we were further pleased with some good specimens of the taste and skill of Mr. Stephanoff, Mr. Laporte, Miss Sharples, Mr. Cosse, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Porter, Mr. R. B. Davis, Mr. Danby, Mr. Stanfield, and other artists whose names we have not space to enumerate.

We are glad to have to add, that Mr. Hobday has also for sale in this gallery a very fine collection of original drawings by several of our most eminent artists: among them we observed some very clever sketches by the late Mr. Deighton.

GENERAL LE JEUNE'S PICTURES OF BATTLES.

THERE is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a series of pictures descriptive of the most important battles fought by the French armies during their memorable campaigns in Egypt, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Russia, from the years 1792 to 1812, painted by General Baron le Jeune, an officer personally engaged in all the actions. They are described as having been painted from drawings and plans taken at the time, and subsequently authenticated by revisiting the principal spots. The general was an officer of engineers, who appears, though at times (judging from his situation and treatment as depicted in some of these battles) to have encountered the sad

vicissitudes of campaigns, never to have forgotten the accomplishment of his pencil; and while he kept, as we presume he did, a strict eye upon the duties of his military profession, to have now and then cast a side-long glance upon the grand and picturesque appearances with which nature and the horrors of war so frequently enveloped him.

In painting, as in the sister art of poetry, there are limits which cannot safely be passed, and objects that must be rather generally sketched than particularly defined; while striking incidents admit of being brought out in full relief, and by absorbing the attention with their prominency, are capable of shedding an impres-

sive interest upon the subject, and conveying to it that complete character which is necessary for its proper effect. It is obvious that, in battle scenes, no attempt beyond general sketching can be given of the confused collision of great masses; and that the description of "the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war" must be confined to the grouping of a few prominent objects, and the delineation of some striking incidents which associate the memory with the general event.

In this proper spirit and taste, General le Jeune, in *the Battle of Marengo*, gives prominence to the fall of General Dessaix, whose charge of cavalry decided the victory, for which he paid the instant price of his life. He also represents Buonaparte and his staff (and the portraits of the general officers are all represented as likenesses) in these battles in the positions which it is natural they should occupy, and mostly in the performance of particular duties which history represents them to have fulfilled on these memorable occasions.

This Exhibition consists of eighteen pictures and some small sketches. The former are of gallery dimensions, and admit from their size a variety of details. The width of the back-ground in particular permits the artist to convey a good idea of the picturesque scenery of the Pyrenees and of Germany; while the distribution of "the sulphurous canopy" of war enables him often to envelop these stupendous natural objects, so as to hide with no small dexterity faults of perspective and an occasional hardness of outline, which can well be spared to an artist-soldier, who wielded his sword and

his pencil at the same moment, and was often wounded in the performance of these almost incompatible duties.

The first picture represents *the Battle of the Somo Sierra*, where, in 1808, fifteen thousand Spaniards in the defiles of the mountains endeavoured to impede the advance of the French army upon Madrid. The Polish and imperial guard are charging the Spaniards up the passes; and the clearing away of a fog gives a good view of the respective and picturesque positions of the combatants. Buonaparte, in front, is reproaching some Spanish officers for cruelties inflicted upon French prisoners; and not far from him, supported on the ground, is placed Count Segur, the author of *The Russian Campaign*, whose wounds Dr. Yvan, Napoleon's surgeon, is examining.

The second picture represents *the Battle of Mount Tabor*, fought in Syria, in 1798; and here the variegated costume of the Mamelukes, Janissaries, Arabians, &c. renders the *coup-d'œil* vivid and sparkling. The scenery is here uncommonly beautiful; the high mountains of Syria in the distance, the mount of the Transfiguration, the flowing of the Jordan, are finely portrayed; and the time given is when Buonaparte, Berthier, and his staff, have arrived to survey and attack the Turkish camp.

The third picture represents the memorable *Battle of Marengo*, which, in the year 1800, decided the Austrian campaign. The time, as we have already observed, is when Dessaix' charge has turned the fortune of the day. The staff of Buonaparte is here uncommonly brilliant; he is surrounded by Duroc, Murat,

Lasnes, Lefebvre, Marmont, Lauriston, Eugene Beauharnois, &c. There is great spirit in the grouping, and firmness and well-defined character in the execution.

The fourth picture is that of *the Battle of Moskwa*, in 1812; and here it is a remarkable proof of the sacrifice of pictorial effect, which the artist avows he has made to fidelity of local representation, that he is unable to introduce either Buonaparte and suite, or the brilliant attack of Marshal Ney upon the redoubts, which crowned the last of the French successes against Russia.

The fifth represents *the First Passage of the Rhine*, in 1795; the sixth, *the Battle of Barossa*, in 1811; the seventh, *the Attack of a Convoy on its Route from Vittoria to Bayonne*, in 1812, by General Mina and his guerillas, who are shamefully ungallant, for they are attacking a carriage full of ladies of the French court, who are protected in a truly chivalrous style by French officers; and the wife of a wounded dragoon is bravely defending her sick husband. Blood has been here spilt most ingloriously; and we are glad to find that English prisoners here refused the arms offered them by their Spanish guerilla allies, to disturb convoys which were graced by the presence of ladies. We had a regard for General Mina until we saw this picture; but he could not have known that ladies were in the coaches, nor could he have stopped his followers, we suppose, when the fight began.

The eighth picture represents *the Storming of Saragossa*, in 1809. This memorable defence under Palafox will never be forgotten in the annals of heroism. The picture gives

the storming of the convent of St. Eugratia, the Moorish tower of which forms the back-ground. The cloisters are in front, in which the monks are seen defending every cell, as well as firing from the tower. The whole had been undermined by the French, and when they had thrown down a part of the cloister, the Polish legion stormed, and were opposed by man, woman, and child within the convent. Gilt statues, books, columns, &c. are falling amid heaps of ruins; and the scene is of the most varied and interesting character.

The ninth picture shews a *Skirmish with Guerillas in the Mountains of the Guadarama*, in which a good rainbow effect is produced; and the colossal figures of bulls cut out of the solid rock in ancient times, which are referred to by Livy and Polybius, give a classical character to the spot, which associates it with the memory of former achievements. In this skirmish our artist, General le Jeune, was very roughly handled.

The tenth picture, *the Eve of the Battle of Austerlitz*, is perhaps the best of the whole. The time of representation is sunrise. In the centre, Buonaparte, warming himself at a fire, is interrogating Moravian peasants, whilst the Mameluke, Roustan, is spreading a skin upon some straw, for his master to repose upon. There is a calmness, a solemnity, and pathetic interest in this representation of character which gives an interesting relief to the din and bustle of the other battle-pieces; and the colouring is, in many parts, entitled to commendation.

The other pictures consist of views of *the Battle of the Pyramids*, of *Aboukir*, and sketches of *the Battles of Austerlitz, Ulm, Eylau*, and

the Interview between the Emperors on the Niemen.

We cannot take leave of this Exhibition without recommending it to the notice of the public. The profession of General le Jeune will at once prepare the judicious spectator to make due allowances for technical defects in the development of his studies as a painter: nevertheless, there is a great deal of solid merit in the execution of this series, and they will always be interesting as records of military renown. The great difference of style between the French and English tastes for the fine arts, and indeed their respective modes of

execution, is very apparent in these works. Our foreign friends do not make up for the general merit of their drawing in the free and bold style of their execution. Their figures are too often statues, and their monuments are too constrained for the flexibility of nature. Meanwhile, as each nation will always have something to learn from its neighbour, we are always glad to see these Exhibitions among us. A rivalry in arts we shall always prefer to one in arms; and we are glad to find of General le Jeune, that "even though vanquished, he can combat still."

MR. LOUGH'S STATUES.

MR. LOUGH, who obtained last year such deserved distinction by the production of *Milo* and *Sampson*, the latter perhaps one of the finest groups in modern sculpture, with nearly the convolutions and anatomy of the *Laocoon*, is now exhibiting in his rooms in Regent-street a group of *Somnus* and *Iris*, and a *Musidora*. Having excelled in bold and vigorous composition, Mr. Lough has ventured upon the display of subjects requiring softness and beauty.

The *Somnus*, as every body knows, is an embodied composition from the beautiful lines of Ovid, descriptive of the desire of Juno to reveal to Alcyone the death of her husband Ceyx, who had perished by shipwreck; in pursuance of which she dispatches Iris with a message to Somnus, requiring of him a dream, to impart the fatal intelligence to her disconsolate votary. Iris, in obedience to Juno's command, repairs to the abode of the sleepy god, which is a gloomy cavern, impervious to

the rising or setting sun, where neither birds nor beasts intrude, and even the breathings of the Zephyrs are unheard. The god lies relaxed in sleep, while Iris with her right hand is supposed to be keeping off the intrusive visions that obstruct her approach as she gently touches with her left the body of Somnus, whose raised eyebrows and unclosed lips mark the sluggish influence that weighs him down. At the same time the bended arm and knee of the sleepy god, and the hand upon his breast shrinking from the touch of Iris, announce his slow return to momentary recollection. The artist has, we think, happily succeeded in imparting to the reclining figure that half-awakening and uneasy sensation which the poet describes; while to Iris he has given the softness and buoyant character which are associated with our idea of a messenger of the gods. The anatomy of the figures is perfect; and there is a flexibility in the limbs, and fleshy soft-

ness upon their surface, which assuredly denote the hand of a master. We do not say that these figures are absolutely without faults; but we do not hesitate to pronounce them as predominating in poetical beauty.

The figure of *Musidora* has been painted and chiselled almost as often as Thomson's *Seasons* have been read; and most people have long since fixed in their minds an ideal character of excellence for it. These impressions will naturally render it difficult for an artist to inspire the mind with any novel idea of his conception of such a figure. We view Mr. Lough's work, however, as one which is worthy of the poet's intention; at the same time that, with the exception of its anatomical and fleshy

beauty, we do not see any thing very particular to admire in the study of the figure. We say this with the less risk of offending the artist, because merit of a high kind so decidedly predominates in his works, that he can spare a little qualification of approbation without any risk to his reputation.

We ought to add, as an additional attraction to this Exhibition, that the old works of *Milo* and *Sampson* remain in the same gallery with the new statues to which we have referred; and, as in Mr. Day's examples of Michael Angelo and Raphael, two opposite styles of execution, from the severer to the gay, can be examined and compared at one view.

THE STANZA OF RAPHAEL.

MR. HOLLINS, who has been a long time copying from Raphael, in the Vatican, in Rome, is about to exhibit a copy of the magnificent fresco, called *l'Incendio di Borgo*, painted upon canvas of the dimensions of the original.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has truly observed, that a degree of elementary knowledge in art is necessary to comprehend the beauties of these magnificent frescoes; and that therefore, at first sight, they were not wont to impart that pleasure, which a more detailed examination was sure to convey. They have, however, been so long studied in engraved and painted copies, and a knowledge of the principles of the fine arts has been so generally diffused, that we are quite sure the public will receive with much satisfaction the present admirably executed work. In this compartment of the

frescoes, Raphael has described all the horrors of a people surprised by the desolation of fire. Women are seen rushing with water to assist in extinguishing the flames; while their frightful aspect, with hair dishevelled by the storm of wind, and eyes blinded by smoke, presents an appropriate accompaniment to so awful a scene. The grouping is in the highest degree appalling; while the mysterious interposition of St. Leo, before whom the people kneel in earnest intercession, compels Nature herself, in the awful working of her power and elements, to yield before the miracle. As so few have the means of visiting the Vatican, and as a written account must necessarily be imperfect and inadequate, we hail with pleasure every attempt to bring before the palpable view of the public, such splendid specimens of the immortal glory of the arts.

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PAINTING ON GLASS.

MR. COLLINS, who is so celebrated for his paintings on glass, is now exhibiting, at No. 287, Strand, his large window, measuring thirty feet in height, by thirteen feet six inches in breadth, for St. Peter's church, Calcutta. In the four lower divisions are introduced the Evangelists. The central divisions comprise a selection from the cartoon of Christ's Charge to Peter; on the left, the figure of Moses bearing the tablets of the law; on the right, that of Aaron, as high priest. The head of the window represents the four angels chanting *Gloria in excelsis*, surmounted by a dove. The exhibi-

tion likewise contains copies upon glass of some beautiful cabinet pictures, particularly one very finely executed from *Belshazzar's Feast*.

The perfection to which this art, after having been supposed to have been lost for centuries among us, has recently been brought, is beyond all praise. The beautiful enamels of Mr. Bone and of the late Mr. Moss have established our fame; and the more recent execution of works of the size of Mr. Collins's, shew to what a magnificent extent the power of vitrification can be applied, to the perpetuation of splendid colouring.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

DRESS of lilac *gros de Naples*, made rather high, the fulness of the body drawn towards the shoulders: the sleeves are *en gigot*, ornamented with two rows of pendent lilac-leaves stiffened, of the same material as the dress; one row is placed just above the elbow, the other between that and the waist. The skirt is set on full, and trimmed with two deep flounces, each headed by a row of pendent lilac-leaves: satin sash of the same colour. Double pelerine of embroidered tulle; the shape circular, and very deeply vandyked with a stiffened projecting collar, having a rose-colour satin ribbon drawn through it at the top, and tied in front: the bows small, the ends long, reaching to the lower

flounce, and terminating in double bows.

Cap of tulle; the border of blond, very full, and arranged in large puffs; the crown high, with trimmings of blond, and a large radiated bow of rose-colour satin, placed a little towards the left side. Hair *en grand boucle*. Gold ear-rings and bracelets; white kid gloves; black satin shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of *giraffe-colour* tiffany, painted in waving columns of fancy flowers, and crossed diagonally by lines of Ionian gray. The waist is long, and the upper part of the body full, terminating in a point in front: the *ceinture*, bound with satin cord, is attached to it, and partakes of the form of a diamond, the

longitudinal corners continuing round the waist in a broad band. The sleeves are of white *crêpe lisse*, long and full, confined at the wrist by gold bracelets, and ornamented thence to the elbow by three heraldic roses of pink satin, with green centres. Zephyr cape of *crêpe lisse*, with three narrow pipings of white satin, and fastened in front and at the divisions on the shoulders by oval ornaments of emeralds and gold. The skirt, though full in front and at the sides, has the principal fullness behind, and has a deep border of fluted *crêpe lisse*, decorated with three rows of heraldic roses, in pink

satin and green centres, at equal distances one between the other; beneath is a small rouleau of *giraffe-colour* satin.

The hair is dressed in long and large curls around the head, very high at the top, in three large bows, supported by a semicircle of green satin, behind a rosette of rose-colour satin placed just above the division of the hair on the forehead.

Gold ear-rings, and delicately wrought gold chain, entwined and passing three or four times round the neck. Short kid gloves, of pale pink, tied at the wrist. *Giraffe-colour* satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

TOILETTE.

WE are now making use of a number of articles of furniture which were unknown to our ancestors; but the toilette, which is the subject of the annexed plate, takes its origin from the most remote antiquity. It is placed in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the English lady, called the dressing-room, where it serves principally to reflect the charms of the fair, who is to command, by its assistance, the admiration of every beholder. On the Continent, and particularly in France, the dressing-room is open to every visitor, from the poet and artist, to the politician and prelate: and where all subjects are submitted and discussed previous to their being given to the world. In those

countries, the toilette is considered as the altar of fashion, where every one deposits his tribute at the feet of the enchantress, who gives laws in the sanctuary of elegance and taste.

As the wish to please is inherent in our nature, we cannot therefore be surprised if, so many of the fair sex spend hours in adding to the charms which they already possess, and in assisting nature by the bewitching hand of fashion.

The toilette ought to be light in its general character and diversity of materials, elegant in design; and it has been the endeavour of the artist to unite these qualifications in the present design.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has just ready for publication, a series of carefully coloured engravings of *Characters in the Fancy Dress Ball given by Sir Henry Wellesley*, while ambassador at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival in 1826. These characters, thirteen in number, are taken

from Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, and La Motte Fouqué's romance of *Undine*, and other works of the latter writer's not yet known in this country; and they form, with the descriptive letter-press, a thin volume in demy 4to.

The same publisher is also preparing,



THE TABLE.

Characteristic Costumes of India, in forty-four coloured engravings, after drawings taken on the spot, with a description to each, by Captain James Smith of his Majesty's service.

In the press, and speedily will be published by Mr. Ackermann, *Illustrations of the Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon*; consisting of upwards of forty coloured plates, illustrative of the Religious System of the Buddhists, their Heavens, their Hells, their good and evil Spirits, their Moral Tales, Astronomy and Astrology; with descriptive letter-press, extracted from a Cingalese manuscript, now in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston, late chief justice of Ceylon. This work, which, it is presumed, will have a peculiar interest for persons connected with, or resident in, India, will form one volume imperial 4to.

Mr. Rickards has in the press a work, which will be published in parts, under the general title of *India*, and will contain, with other matter, a distinct treatise on various interesting subjects connected with that country.

Derwent Conway, author of "Tales of the Ardennes," has in the press, *Solitary Walks through many Lands*, in two volumes.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce is preparing for publication, *The Dramatic Works of George Peele*, the contemporary of Marlowe and Shakspeare, now first collected from rare and unique copies. A specimen of Peele's writings is given in Mr. Stafford's History of the Drama, in the present number of the *Repository*.

A collection of *Portraits and Biographical and Critical Sketches of Twenty-seven Distinguished Personages of the present Age*, uniform with the *Percy Anecdotes*, is about to be commenced.

In the press, *Observations on Projections*, with a description of a Georama by M. Delanglard, inventor of the Georama at Paris.

Mr. Bowring will speedily publish, in an 8vo. volume, a collection of *Hungarian Popular Songs*; with Critical and His-

torical Notices of the Magyar Literature and Language, as spoken in Hungary and Transylvania.

The publication of the *Runes of Finland*, announced some time ago, by the same industrious writer, will be somewhat delayed by Mr. Bowring's intention to add to them sundry Laplandish and Esthonian compositions, which he has already collected, and which will enable him to give a more comprehensive view of the state of letters among the three principal branches of the Finnic stem.

No. I. of a new Magazine, to be called *The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, Fancy Costumes, and the Regiments of the Army*, will appear on the 1st of May, with coloured embellishments.

Preparing for publication, by W. V. Hellyer, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law: 1. *A succinct Historical Account of the Representations from the earliest Times to the present*.—2. *The History of every County, City, University, Borough, and Port in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, returning Members to Parliament, in regard to the Representation*.—3. *The Law of Elections to the Commons House of Parliament*. These three subjects will be treated of separately, and form each a distinct work.—4. *Reports of Trials upon Election Petitions in the present Parliament; with a Table of all the Reported Cases heretofore printed*.—5. *A Table of the Years of the Reigns of the Kings of England, concurrently with the Years in common use (1066—1828), for ascertaining the Dates of Charters, Acts of Parliament, and other Muniments*.

Cameleon Sketches, by the author of the "Picturesque Promenade round Dorking," are just ready for publication, in small 8vo.

Early in the Easter holidays will be published, with upwards of two hundred engravings on wood, and a frontispiece printed in gold, *Every Boy's Book*, designed as a present for youth, and forming a complete Encyclopedia of all their amusements.

On the 1st of May will be published, *The First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry*, including the recent discoveries and doctrines of the science, by Mr. J. S. Forsyth.

The First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy, by the same author, is in preparation.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARTISTS.
The Exhibition of this society in Suffolk-street opened on the 24th of March, but too late for remark in our present number. It possesses many pictures of superior character, and is particularly rich in sculpture.

Poetry.

LINES

Suggested by passing through LITTLE ILFORD
Church-yard by Moonlight, October 29,
1827.

WAKE not, ye dead! we come not idly here,
With step profane, to press the silent bier,
To tempt the confines of this dread domain,
And break the stillness of your awful reign.
Sleep on, sleep on! no rude intrusion waves
The wild flowers on your lone and lowly
 graves;
No daring hand plucks thence the violet's
 bloom,
Or robs the greensward of its rich perfume.
No ruthless grasp, no sacrilegious tread,
Rend those sweet blossoms from your moss-
 grown bed;
No light and careless glance is swiftly thrown
On the dark mound, the turf, the time-worn
 stone;
No sceptic meets the fondly graven line,
Round which affection's faithful tendrils
 twine;
Nor doubt, nor lurking sneer, nor vain dis-
 trust,
Mock with cold critic art the mould'ring
 dust,
Snatch from lamented worth its cherish'd
 bloom,
And blot the tributes render'd to the tomb.
Strangers, we come awhile to pause and
 gaze
On these mute emblems of departed days;
By those pale beams, which faintly glimmer
 here,
To trace the text, the name, the age, the
 year;
The ivied slab, the verse, the verdant knolls,
That index forth the ceaseless flight of
 souls,
To read the solemn truth of life's decay,
And muse one meditative hour away.

Spring dawns and dies, the Summer quick
 succeeds,
Brown Autumn smiles, and Winter chains the
 meads:
So fares it e'en with perishable man—
This world's a shade, existence but a span.
The morn, the noon, the soft and dewy eve,
These sketch the line, for these no vestige
 leave:
Night comes, the sands are run, the race is
 o'er,
On earth the Christian joys nor sorrows more.
Pomp, pride, and pow'r, the mingled hopes
 and fears,
The lights and shades that mark this "vale
 of tears,"
E'en Jove's enchanting hues 'scape not the
 gloom
Which clouds in sullen guise the fated tomb.
What though these fleet, like Iris' tints, away,
Religion points to scenes of brighter ray;
And o'er the sod, the stone, the sculptur'd urn,
The heart's pure sympathies, unchanging,
 burn;
These consecrate the venerated clay;
These chase the stain of earthly soil away.
Where Nature lies, the hollow murmur'ing
 breeze
Sighs a sad requiem through the rustling
 trees;
The modest daisy spangles o'er the spot,
And Mem'ry brings the sweet Forget-me-
 not;
The curtain's drawn, the latest couch is
 prest,
And man reposes on his SAVIOUR'S breast.
Keep then, ye dead, through destin'd ages
 keep
Your vigil'd trance, your dark and dream-
 less sleep!
Such as ye were, we are—brief time, and we,
Wrapt in the same chill vest, shall slum-
 b'ers be. E. S. C***y.

М. У. С. Л. И. Н. П. А. Т. Т. Е. Р. И. Н.





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THE THIRD SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

We assure D. G. D. that our answer meant no more than it expressed. His request shall be borne in mind; and the Lines transmitted by him shall have an early place.

Patriotism is deferred to our next volume, to avoid the inconvenience of division.

We have been again obliged, by the length of temporary articles, to postpone The Court of Love and other poetical contributions.

ERRATA IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Page 188, col. 2, line 12 from the bottom, for *half-laborious*, read *half-barbarous*.

In the Lines on Ilford Church-yard, p. 248, col. 2, line 11, for *Jove's*, read *Love's*; and in the last line, for *rest*, read *rest*.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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VIEW^s OF COUNTRY SEATS.

KILLERTON, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART.

COLUMBJOHN, now a part of Killerton, was the ancient seat of the Aclands. A fine old gateway and an ancient chapel near the site of the old mansion are the only remains. It takes its name from a small river running near, and from John de Culme, who possessed it in 1233. After being in the families of Clifford, Prideaux, Courtenay Earl of Devon, Basset, and Boswell, it was purchased of the latter by Sir John Acland, who built a new mansion on a foundation said to have been begun by the Earls of Devon. It was garrisoned during the civil wars by its loyal owner, and kept in controul the parliamentary army at Exeter, under the command of the Earl of Stamford. In 1646 it was the head-quarters of Fairfax, his army being stationed at Silvertown.

Killerton, the present seat of Sir Thomas Acland, was for several de-
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scents in the family of Killerton, one of whose coheireses married Sir John Vere. After passing through several hands, the estate was purchased, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Edward Drew, Esq. serjeant at law, who built a mansion on it; his son sold the estate to Sir Arthur Acland, father of Sir John, who was created a baronet in 1644, by King Charles, for his loyal services. The letters patent having been destroyed during the civil wars, they were renewed to his son, Sir Hugh, in 1677, with precedence from the former date.

The house begun by Sir Thomas, the grandfather of the present proprietor, who died in 1788, was intended only as a temporary residence. The extensions and improvements by the present baronet have been very considerable: though the exterior, from the park, as shewn in the annexed plate, is not what the

very beautiful ground around it deserves, nor does it bespeak the extent of the house in the rear, the comfort and size of the interior make ample amends for the seeming deficiency of front. From the entrance, the hall has a pleasing appearance, being continued to the depth of the house, which is very considerable; it is set off in circular-headed compartments, the suite of apartments opening right and left. Portraits by Sir Peter Lely and other artists ornament the spaces over the doorways. Immediately on entering, to the right is the breakfast-room, containing a number of beautiful drawings, principally by Nicholson; a very beautiful sketch of a waterfall, by Williams of Edinburgh, with others by the same; a fine drawing by Havell; some by Varley, with small paintings by Nasmyth; and some beautiful drawings by Barrett. Adjoining this room is the dining-room, of fine proportions and spacious, a portion of which is set off by scagliola Ionic columns and pilasters. This room contains portraits by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, and others; among them a portrait of the Archduke Charles of Austria, in his military costume, a very powerful likeness.

The drawing-room is over against the breakfast-room, and has a sweet look-out across a deep lawn, up through a fine mass of wood, to the brow of a bold hill, the pride of Killerton and ornament to this part of the country: but in other respects this room commands attractions from its highly ornamented walls, which are divided into compartments, with pier glasses and cabinets; and more particularly from its possessing one of Owen's best works, a full-length

portrait of Sir Thomas*; a work honourable to all parties, particularly to the county that presented it, taking this mode of expressing to their talented and favourite representative their high sense of his able exertions for the good of his country.

The library, a corresponding room to the former, is connected with it by folding doors, and is finished in a similar style and with the same exquisite taste as the drawing-room. It contains some fine portraits by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others; besides a very beautiful painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Lady Acland and two of her sons†. This room contains a fine collection of books and illustrated works, besides a good collection of drawings in folios by various masters, chiefly after sketches by Sir Thomas, whose masterly scenes in Italy and Switzerland would deserve particular mention if the limits of this work would admit. Connected with this room is a private library and sitting-room, the entrance to which is through a bookcase, forming a secret entrance. The collection of titles to the sham books in this case or door-way are most curious: it will be felt how appropriate by enumerating a few:—“Playfair on the late Formation of Trap.”—“Trap on Fictitious Entries.”—“Friend's Right of Entrance.”—“Continuation of Chambers.”—“Pasquin at Home.”—“Treatise on the Law of Partitions.”—“Pleas in Vindication of

* Engraved in mezzotinto by Reynolds.

† This painting has been recently engraved by Cousins, a *protégé* of Sir Thomas's, and the engraver of young Lambton, of whom as a mezzotinto-engraver Devon has to boast.

Solitary Cells, by a Bachelor of the Inner Temple."—"Millington on Covered Ways."—"Noah's Log-Book, and Snug's the Word, by a Clerk of the Closet." The titles near the hinges are equally quaint: "Squeak on Opening."—"Bang on Shuttings."—"Hinge's Orations."

The principal staircase is spacious, and is ornamented with a few fine paintings.

From the flower-garden a terraced-walk leads to the plantations and the beautiful woods crowning the hill: this commands a fine panoramic view of the highly cultivated country around, which has all the appearance of a beautiful garden, rich, varied, and grand.

Killerton is situated about five miles from Exeter, in the manor of Broad Clist, in the hundred of Clifton and deanery of Aylesbeare.—This manor had belonged to Ordulf, Earl of Devon, and was vested in the crown at the time of the Doomsday survey. It was granted by Henry I. to the family of Novant; after passing to the Chudleighs, Arundells, and Morices, it was purchased, in 1808, of Mrs. Levina Luther and her sister, by Sir Thomas Dyke Acland.

Francis Court, in the parish of Clist, is said to have been anciently called Killerington or Killerton. In the reign of Edward I. it belonged to the Raleghs, who were succeeded by Francis. It is now, with the manor of Killerton-Francis, the property of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland.

At Columbjohn is a domestic chapel, endowed by Sir John Acland, to which Sir T. D. Acland presents the minister. Near Killerton, a house, with a large school-room for boys, and another for girls, has been built,

at the expense of Sir Thomas: it is supported by subscription, the worthy baronet being the chief contributor; the average number of scholars being 130. There is another school for about thirty female children, supported by Lady Acland.

The ancient family of Acland derived its name from Aclana or Aceland (Oakland), in the parish of Landkey, which had been their property and residence for sixteen descents at the time of the heralds' visitation in 1620. Before the year 1500, the heiress or coheiress of Leigh in Loxbeare, Hawkridge, River-ton, and Hakworthy, had married into the family. John Acland, who lived about the end of the 15th century, had two sons, the younger of whom, Anthony, left posterity; settled at Hawkridge, and afterwards at Fermington. John, grandson of the last-mentioned John (in the elder line), married a coheiress of Radcliffe, and had two sons, the younger of whom, Sir John, built the house at Columbjohn.

Sir Arthur, son of Sir Hugh, elder brother of Sir John, and heir to his father and uncle, married the heiress of Malet of Wooley. John, son of Sir Arthur, was a zealous royalist, and garrisoned his house at Columbjohn for the king, as already mentioned. Sir Hugh Acland, grandson of the last-mentioned and sixth baronet, married a coheiress of Sir Thomas Wrotts, Bart.; a younger son of this Sir Hugh settled at Fairfield, in Somersetshire. Sir Thomas, the seventh baronet, married the heiress of Dyke of Somersetshire, and was succeeded by his grandson John, son of the brave Major Acland, distinguished by his gallant services in Ame-

rica, and of the excellent Lady Harriet, whose sufferings and resolution, during an anxious attendance upon her husband throughout the perils of a long campaign, have been related by the pen of General Burgoyne, and will bear comparison with what

has been recorded of the most celebrated heroines of antiquity. The present and tenth baronet, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, is son of the late baronet, and nephew of the brave major and Lady Harriet.

HUISH, DEVON,

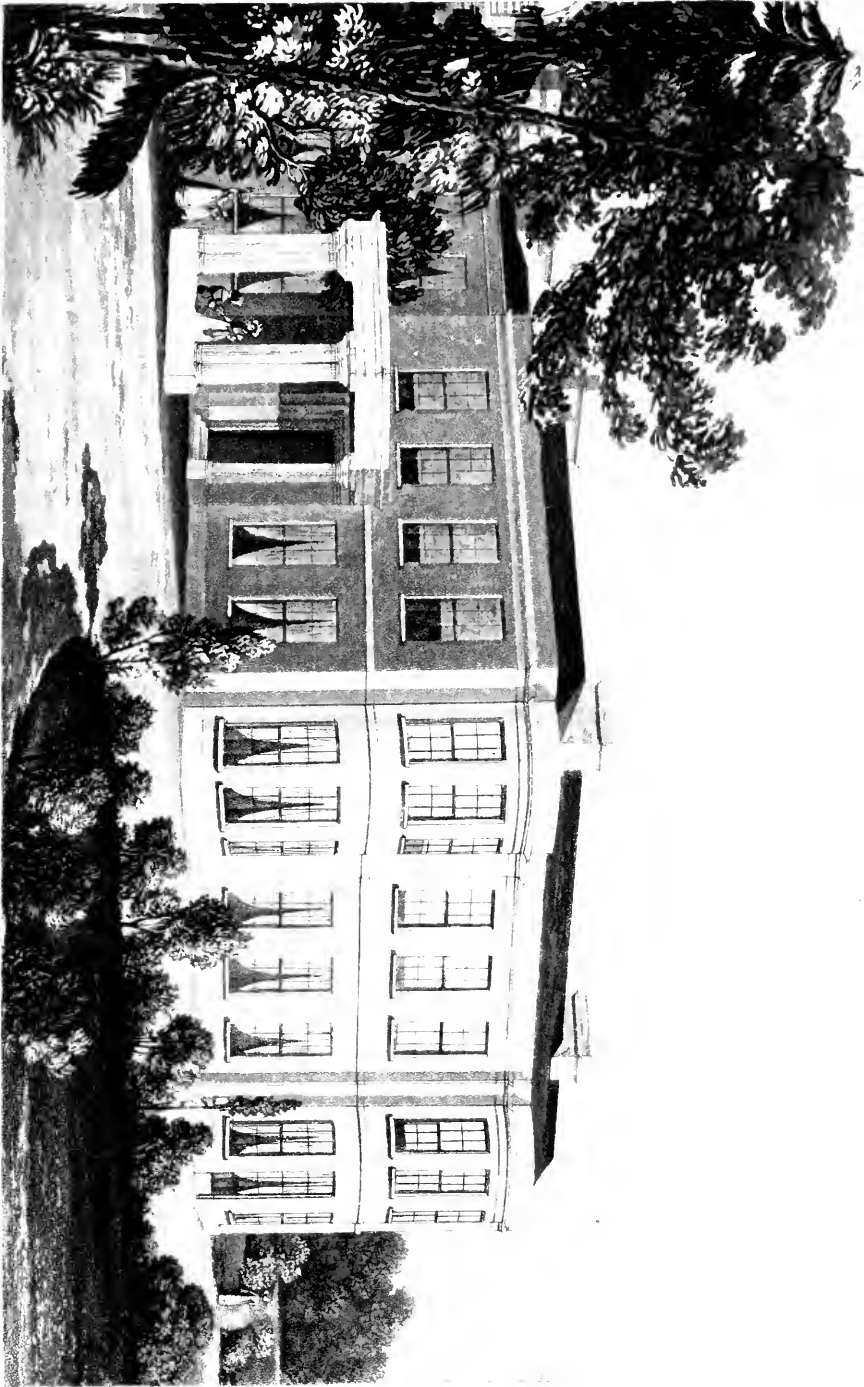
THE SEAT OF LORD CLINTON.

HUISH, or HEWISH, in the hundred of Shebbear, and in the deanery of Torrington, lies about five miles and a half from Hatherleigh, and about seven from Torrington. This place, anciently called Hewis, gave name to the equestrian family of Hewis, whose heiress married Chief-Justice Tresilian in the reign of Richard II. and afterwards Sir John Coleshill. This manor afterwards passed by marriage to a branch of the Yeo family, who resided at this place for many generations. It was sold by the last branch of this family, Robert Roe Yeo, Esq. M. P. to Mr. John Dufty, of whom it was purchased in 1782 by Sir James Norcliff Innes, Bart. now Duke of Roxburgh, who built a new house on the estate for his own residence. It was sold by the duke to Richard Eales, Esq. of whom it was purchased by Lord Clinton. The house has of late undergone great alterations; his lordship has not only improved the exterior by a new approach and granite portico, but has gone completely through the interior, rendering it a complete family mansion. The hall of entrance and staircase are new; the dining-room has a portion cut off by marble columns, the finest, in point of shaft, size, and finish, that we have seen in Devon. They are superb specimens of what

may be done with Devonshire marble.

Huish possesses a few paintings: a beautiful Rubens, *the Incredulity of Thomas*. We observed, among others, the full-length of Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon, by the Devonshire artist, Eastlake, and purchased by his lordship as an honourable specimen of native talent. The garden and shrubbery to Huish are pretty. The views from the house are extensive, but from some points dreary, from their extending over a long low flat to the hills of Dartmoor; but it has capabilities, and from the spirit shewn in its improvements, and which are still going on, it bids fair to come in for a large share of those beauties in which it appears to be somewhat deficient, when compared with the very beautiful and more favoured situations in the same county.

The ancient barony of Clinton was, in 1794, adjudged to George William Trefusis, Esq. he being the fourth in descent from Francis Trefusis, Esq. who married the heiress of Robert Rolle, Esq. of Heanton-Sackville, in this county, by the elder coheiress of Theophilus Earl of Lincoln and Baron Clinton and Say. The barony, being in abeyance between the daughters of this earl, was given by King George I. in 1721,



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

to Hugh Fortescue, son and heir of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh, by Bridget, sole heiress of Hugh Boscawen, Esq. who had married another of the Earl of Lincoln's co-heiresses; and in 1746 the said Hugh Fortescue was created Baron Fortescue and Earl Clinton. On his lordship's decease, without issue, in 1751, the barony of Clinton and Say devolved to Margaret, only daughter of Samuel Rolle, Esq. then recently become the widow of Robert Wal-

pole, the second Earl of Orford. After the death of her son George Earl of Orford in 1791, without issue, the barony of Clinton was claimed by Mr. Trefusis, and adjudged as above-mentioned. It is now vested in his son, Robert Cotton St. John Trefusis, the present lord. Heanton was the seat of the Countess of Orford and of the last earl; but is now in a dilapidated state. Huish is a purchase of Lord Clinton's, as already stated.

WHO ARE THEY?

"To-day, my dear," said Lady Worthington to her daughter, "we will go and call on Mrs. Truman."

"Do you mean to visit those people too?" said Maria—"why, what an incongruous mixture our acquaintance will be at last!"

"Society," said Lady Worthington, "must necessarily be a mixture of different classes: however the great may glory in excluding those of lower degree from their tables or their houses, it always happens that there is enough ambition in the world to force the inferior orders into notice. Thus, if a man cannot boast of a good ancestry, he endeavours to get rich, and, having attained his end, he lends to his poorer but noble neighbour some of the overflowings of his purse, and by that means becomes fit for the company of the first peer in the realm; then, having dined with lords, he begins to court nobility for himself, and, with the aid of those whom he has obliged, and of those whom he *promises* to oblige, he works his way into the peerage, plays the lord in *his* turn, is proud and supercilious, outruns his fortune, becomes poor, and does his wealthy

but untitled friend the honour to invite him to his table, and to borrow of him some few thousands. This is too often the course of ambitious persons," continued her ladyship; "and I am of opinion, that by associating more with the generality of mankind, we should shew them that there is really no superlative felicity in being great; that rank brings with it an additional portion of care and anxiety, the usual drawbacks upon human happiness; and that we should check that spirit of ridiculous rivalry and emulation which, in England, reigns equally between the footman and the butler, the commercial man and the professional, the squire and the peer. Now I like to visit every visitable person; that is, every one who is not inconvenienced by receiving me, and who does not shock me by ignorance or vulgarity."

"Ah! that's a very pretty theory, mamma; but it will not do in practice," rejoined Maria: "it would be all very well if one could know every body, and put them into suits as you do your cards at whist; but then, in playing the game, these different suits, or classes, must of course mix

and clash: the king of diamonds must succumb to the insignificant two of clubs, if it happen to be a trump; and the queen of hearts must 'hide her diminished head' when she comes in contact with the dark and rather questionable beauty of the queen of the same family: so that beauty, and even riches, must bow to power: the man of mere wealth is nothing to the man of office; and as for the *médiocres*, the pitiful eights, nines, and tens, they only fill up one's hand or room, and are of so little use, that one is glad to be rid of them at any rate. No, mamma, you cannot 'convince me against my will;' let me belong to a certain *set*, and neither know or be known to any body out of it."

"Nonsense, Maria! here is the carriage; you surely will not suffer me to ride alone?"

"Well, if I must I must," said the superlatively elegant Maria, and followed her mother in the worst possible humour with the weather, which was very fine, and protesting against the visit, which might have been very agreeable.

Mr. Truman had retired from mercantile pursuits on a competent fortune, and had settled himself (so tenacious are the heart and memory of early prepossessions) in a handsome but unpretending villa near his native town; the only place, perhaps, in England where he would have been classed among the *nobodies*. However, he was

"Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground,"

and troubled himself very little about who would visit him and who would not. His sons were fixed in distant homes, and his wife and daughters found resources among themselves,

which made them feel, in a great degree, independent of the society of the neighbourhood; and in the recollection that they could change the scene whenever they pleased, they contrived to make themselves perfectly happy at Laburnum Vale, though they had resided there three months before any one thought proper to honour them with a call.

The luxuriant beauty and sunny brightness of a fine May morning, even in our fitful climate, calls forth every living creature to pleasure and delight; it was on one of those sweet calm days which come to us islanders so seldom, and pass away so soon; when every shrub is blooming, and every flower is doubly bright, that, walking in their shrubbery, the paths of which were literally strewed with blossoms, Louisa and Frances Truman espied Lady Worthington's carriage and four descending the road which led immediately to the approach to their dwelling.

"Bless me!" said Louisa, "who in the name of splendour can this be driving down upon us at this rate! 'Tis the first carriage and four I have seen since we came to Longbrook, excepting always Farmer Thresher's wain and its two pair of coal-black long-tails. Who can it be?"

"Ah! who indeed?" said Frances; "I'll just step in and tell mamma."

"You must do no such thing," Frances: don't you hear our neighbour Thresher's geese giving 'sufficient warning,' and papa's pointers are barking their loudest, quite indignant that any body, besides the butcher and the apothecary, should presume to invade the peacefulness of our solitude?"

"Pooh!" said Frances, impatiently, "let me go; mamma would like to be

made aware that these grandees are coming."

"I tell you no, Frances: do you think mamma is like my horse, my pretty Sidney, who takes fright at every gay equipage he meets? If you do, you are quite wrong. See, they are just driving round the sweep, and we shall be at the hall-door in the nick of time to meet them; so that James, who is as busy as a bee with papa in the green-house, will not be called from his employment."

"O dear!" cried the timid and somewhat ceremonious Frances, "how awkward! no servant to shew them in, and strangers too!"

"I think I know who will feel most awkward," said Louisa, as she walked up to the carriage, while the footman, with that air of constrained respect which the lacqueys of the great know so well how to assume when addressing their masters' inferiors, said, that "Lady Worthington of Grandville Park begged to inquire if Mrs. Truman were at home?"

"At home," said Louisa, speaking to Lady Worthington, "and will, I am sure, be happy to see your ladyship."

With many a bow and smile the unexpected guest alighted; while even Maria, the superb Maria, was surprised into an attempt at affability and condescension by Louisa's superior manners and elegant address.

Mrs. Truman did not *shy* the grandees as Frances suspected, but being easily pleased herself, succeeded in pleasing Lady Worthington, who returned home delighted with her visit, and full of the praises of Laburnum Vale and its inmates. In due course the Trumans returned her ladyship's call, and an intimacy com-

menced between the families, which promised to ripen into friendship.

Summer and autumn, however, came on with their fruit and field sports, and all the winter-absentees returned to rusticate at Longbrook. Its little church was crowded with beauty; and as for fashion, the circumscribed pews could scarcely contain the immensity of the ladies' flounces; while the grim, gaunt figures, which frown from the ancient monuments that surround its walls, seemed to look reproof as the belles appeared to sink under the weight and pressure of their prodigious head-dresses.

All the world was at Longbrook; we had a cricket-match, the gentlemen of our club against all England, and races, in which half the sporting men at Newmarket were interested. During this gay time Mrs. Truman and her daughters drove to Grandville Park: Lady Worthington received them with her accustomed kindness, though her morning-room was filled with fashionable visitors; to whom, however, she omitted to introduce them, and Maria Worthington gave them the *cut direct*, being engaged in a serious flirtation with a rich young nobleman. Sir William this and lady that, my lord such a one and the countess of so and so, came indistinctly to the ears of the discomfited Trumans, who sat listening and endeavouring to amuse themselves by making out the riddle. In the course of conversation Lady Worthington now and then addressed a few words to Mrs. Truman. "I suppose your green-house is in its beauty, ma'am, and your walls loaded with fruit?"—Mrs. Truman assented; whilst a murmur of "Who are they?"—"Fine girls!"—

and "Don't know them at all," ran round the well-bred throng, and looks of eager, or what would be deemed impertinent, curiosity in any but high society, were darted under the large straw bonnets of the Misses Truman, to add to the pleasantness of their situation. Louisa could endure the ordeal no longer: therefore, giving her mother a hint to take leave, they made their adieus; Lady Worthington begging, in her most persuasive tone, that she might soon see them again, and for a longer time.

No sooner were they out of sight than they could hear through the windows, which were thrown up to admit the summer air, "Who were those people you did not introduce to us, Lady Worthington?"—"Bless me!" replied her ladyship, "did not I present them? what a pity! such agreeable neighbours!"—"Now, mamma," said Maria, "what a fib you are telling! You know the Trumans are ciphers here, and that was the reason you did not name them."—"Truman! Truman! Truman!" echoed several *exclusives*, "don't know them at all;" while Lady Worthington felt herself caught in the atrocious crime of visiting people "whom nobody knew."

"Did you hear that?" said Louisa Truman, as she drove off her pair of grey ponies dashingly.

"Yes, and if Lady Worthington has a second opportunity of putting us in the way of such insults, it will not be *my* fault, Louisa," said her mother.

This was indeed the last visit the Trumans ever paid to Grandville Park. Lady Worthington invited and coaxed and drove to Laburnum Vale, affecting to think it the prettiest place in the country; but in vain, for

Mrs. Truman declares, that having no reason to be ashamed of her name, she must decline visiting any one who *is*.

Maria Worthington was not a little pleased when she found her "mamma's pets," as she called the Trumans, were getting out of favour, and was delighted to recollect that they were completely driven from the field on the day before the Longbrook races. "If they had maintained their ground on that eventful morning," said Maria, "my mother would never have been cured of her passion for *parvenus*; but I believe she is now convinced, that the great cannot associate with the vulgar without getting contaminated, nor the vulgar with the great without reflecting their polish."

"The last part of your sentiment I perfectly agree with," said Lady Worthington, who entered the room just as Maria ceased speaking; "for I was in the same station of life that the offensive Trumans now hold before I married Lord Worthington, the orphan daughter of a retired merchant, and I think I have succeeded tolerably well in reflecting his polish, since my own daughter has hitherto believed me to belong exclusively to the *exclusives*."

The feelings of Maria were so deeply mortified at this startling intelligence, so fatal to her supremacy in the world of fashion, that she immediately accepted the thrice-offered hand of Lord Mushroom, a nobleman certainly, though a newly created one, and retired to a remote part of the country, a victim to disappointed ambition. She rarely emerges from her retreat, though she has been married twelve months, and when she *does* take a peep at the scene of her former triumphs, it is

never in what is properly called *the season*; no, she goes to town in November, when every body is out of it, and hurries through the streets as if she were escaping from some impending evil, avoiding her *quondam* friends, her *set*, with the greatest caution, never having been able to meet one of them face to face since she discovered the meanness of her mother's birth. With them, like every thing which is not present, she is almost forgotten, or remem-

bered only as "poor Maria Worthington, the daughter of the worthiest creature alive; though to be sure she had a sublime *lift* when she gained the heart of Lord Worthington."

The truth is, they were in possession of the sad secret long before it was revealed to Maria, and laughed in their sleeves at her *airs magnifiques*, as they called them. Such is the "stuff" this life is made of!

LONGBROOK-LODGE, 1828.

THE SILVER BELL:

A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

THE third number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published, contains an interesting article on the literature of Bohemia, written, as we suspect, by Mr. Bowring, who is assiduously proceeding to lay open to English readers the stores of national poetry possessed by the European languages least accessible to them. From this article we extract the analysis of a ballad, founded on one of those old and common traditions of which so many exist in Bohemia, by a living poet named Snaidr, "all whose writings breathe a cheerful, nay a joyous, spirit," and who takes a high station among the regenerators of the literature of his country. As no title is given to this ballad in the work from which we quote, we shall call it

THE SILVER BELL.

The ballad opens by an invitation to young men to come with their maidens, and listen to the old minstrel, while he sings a song of ancient times, while he calls up the spirits of departed days, and repeats the echoes which burst on his ear from
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the past. He thus proceeds with his story:

Near Hrub Kozoged's village stream,
An ancient well
Has held from immemorial time
A hidden bell.
That bell is veil'd from human eyes
For ever there;
And never shall its voice again
Summon to prayer.

Once—only once—in centuries gone,
That awful bell
Poured in an ancient woman's ear
Its marvellous knell.
She went to wash her flaxen threads
In that old well;
Her threads had bound the bell around;
She shriek'd and fell!
She shriek'd and fell, and long she lay
In speechless dread;
She dropp'd the threads, and dropp'd the
bell,
And frighted fled.
And then the bell with fearful sound
Sank in the well,
And hill and forest echoed round
Its fatal knell—
"John, John, is for the greyhound gone*!"

The metre then changes, and the minstrel introduces a scene which

* "Jan, Jan, ya chřta d'an."—These words are intended to convey the sound of a bell.

had taken place ages before, when the lord of Hrub-Kozoged is returning homeward, accompanied by his faithful servant, John; but with a dark brow and a sorrowful spirit, on account of the loss of his favourite greyhound. He dispatches messengers in all directions, but in vain: the dog is no where to be found. The lord of Hrub-Kozoged goes forth himself in pursuit of him, and makes the wood echo with his inquiries; but this is also in vain: he is overcome with grief, when,

 behold!

An ancient witch on crutches passed,
One-eyed and hunch-back'd, haggard, old.
Fierce as a screech-owl—lo! she cast
A hellish light from fiendish eye:
Parch'd skin and bone her wither'd hands:
She call'd—'twas like the raven's cry,
Hot—hoarse—the knight astonish'd stands.

“ Stop, stop, sir knight! arrest thy steed,
And hid thy train their steeds arrest;
For I can do a friendly deed,
And drive the storm-clouds from thy breast.
I know what thou hast lost—I know
Where thy poor hound is wandering now:
But 'tis in vain to tell thee so—
Thou art incredulous, I vow!

“ Deliver me thy John, and I
Thy favourite hound will bring to-morrow—
And dost thou wish to ask me why?
Know that the sorceress can borrow
Youth from youth's blood—the stars above
Have told it—I shall be in truth
A maid of beauty and of love,
Wash'd in the blood-streams of the youth.”

When John hears the witch he throws himself at the feet of his master, entreating him not to give away a human soul for the sake of a brute. But his lord has no thought for him: he accepts the witch's offer; bids her come the following day with the greyhound, and engages to deliver up to her his servant John.

The form of the stanza varies again, and the verses march more solemnly. After a restless night,

John again seeks his master—again implores and weeps:

'Twas vain—the greyhound's bark had reach'd
 that ear

Where voice of human sorrow idly fell;
He hugg'd the witch—he hugg'd his grey-
 hound dear,

And ordered a rejoicing festival;
And to the witch, when beam'd the evening
 star,

He gave his servant fetter'd like a slave:
Two dragons harness'd to the death-black
 car

Bore witch and victim to her mountain cave.

The bard changes his measure a fourth time, and proceeds:

Two weeks had passed by,

So fast they glide,
When the lov'd hound, so dearly bought,
Died—aye he died!

His master, furious, tore his hair,
And groan'd with pain;
Call'd on his hound; his John he call'd,
And groan'd again.

At last the gentle lapse of time,
Quietly stealing,

Brought to his over-passion'd heart
Some human feeling:

The cruel worm of conscience gnaw'd
His breast within;
And John's dim shadow seated there
Recalled the sin.

My John! my John! he often cried—
Thou innocent!

Thou, by the madness of thy lord,
From life uprest!

Oh! bend thy head from highest heav'n,
If there thou live;
And, pitying him who pitied not,
My crime forgive.

At length he rear'd a little church
To wash his guilt,

And near a belfry-tower of wood
Repentant built;

And there of purest silver hung
A sacred bell,

Which daily, never ceasing, rung
John's funeral knell!

But from the very earliest toll
Of that loud knell

The hearers' teeth all gnash'd with fear;
So terrible—

So terrible its sound—so loud—
No silver sound—

But the church trembled at the noise,
And all around:

“ John, John, is for the greyhound gone!”

A fifth variety of measure is introduced:

Kozoged's lord was told the story,
And bitter were the tears he shed ;
He doffed his robes of knightly glory,
Tore all his honours from his head,
A coarse rough robe of hair-cloth made him,
Which from that day unchanged he wore:
Then to the wooden tower he sped him,
To be the watchman of the tower.

And, lo! his hand, uplifted, seizeth
The bell-ropes—and begins to toll:
No more the worm of conscience teaseth
His half-emanipated soul;
No more the bell those awful noises
Pours—which so many hearts had riven;
It sounds like angel's silver voices,
When echoed through the courts of heaven.

One only vesper-knell was sounded—
The aged watchman toll'd no more;
Death came—and there, with peace surrounded,
He sank upon the belfry-floor:

The frown upon his brow departed—
Some gentle hand had chased the frown;
And there he slumber'd, peaceful-hearted,
All guilt forgiven the guilty one.

Ages roll by and throw their shadows
over the face of Bohemia.

That church in melancholy ruins lay,
The tow'r o'erturn'd, the bell had ceas'd
its ringing:

Yet when that church and tow'r in fragments
fell,

A heavenly angel, clad in light, appearing,
Conveyed the silver relic to the well.

The bell is preserved through all
the Zizkian struggle, and sleeps silently
under the water until the time
spoken of in the commencement of
the ballad, which is thus referred
to:

From that same hour the crystal waters play
Above the silver bell, in silence sleeping;
There come the thirsty sheep-flocks, as they
stray,

And there the revellers of the chase are
keeping

Their court. That silver bell in deep repose
Lies cold and voiceless ages without number—

The ancient woman in the water throws
Her flaxen threads, and wakes it from its
slumber.

'Twas the last time its awful accents broke;
"John, John, is for the greyhound gone!"
it mutter'd,

And never more to mortal ears it spoke,
Nor word, nor sound, nor whisper, has it
utter'd.

The neighbours seek the well, their pitchers
fill;

They wash their flax—and fear pursues
them never;

They know the bell's mysterious tongue is
still,

And that it rests beneath the wave for ever.

The minstrel here strikes off in
livelier strains; he sees that slumber
is visiting the eyes of his audience;
and after moralizing on the story,
urging the exercise of patience, gentleness,
and kindness, imploring them
to consider "a soul" as of far more
importance than any object they can
desire, he thus dismisses them:

Now sleep in blessedness—till morn
Brings its sweet light;

And hear the awful voice of God
Bid you—Good night!

Yet ere the hand of slumber close
The eye of care,

For the poor huntsman's soul's repose
Pour out one prayer.

DOMESTIC ALCHEMY.

(Concluded from p. 196.)

"AT the time of which I am speaking," continued Lord Edwinburgh, "a commission for a boy was easily procured. My name filled a vacant ensigncy in my uncle's regiment, and I was placed, with his sons, under

the tuition of a respectable young man, a resident in Colonel Fitzedwin's house. The colonel was almost self-educated. Mistaken indulgence permitted him and my father to trifle at their books; but my uncle

had the good fortune, when but fourteen, to enter a corps, where the field-officers took a paternal charge of the young subalterns, and several of the officers were gentlemen of superior attainments. My uncle perceived the importance of general knowledge to corroborate his military studies. His energetic mind was not exerted without success. At the decease of my father, Lord Milsingham acquired entire influence over my brother, Sir Lionel, who, in his twenty-second year, obtained the hand of his cousin, Lady Julia Milsingham. I was then serving in America. Our regiment was ordered to embark for the attack upon Havannah. I commanded the troops on board of a transport, manned by hardy British tars and a division of soldiers inured to warfare. In a gale of wind we parted from our convoy, and fell in with a British West India ship, engaged by a privateer under Spanish colours. The commander of our transport, in a short harangue, asked us whether we would stand by, like poltroons, and see our countrymen overpowered by the Dons, or board the enemy and make her a prize. With one accord we prepared for boarding; and so unexpected was our attack, that, with little resistance, the privateer struck her colours. Just as she surrendered, I heard shrieks from female voices and smothered English accents. With my sword reeking in blood, my face and person ensanguined, I leaped down an opening intended for a stair, which had been removed, and bursting open a door, saw a young female defending herself with a cutlass against a villain. Before I could gain upon him he had wrenched the weapon from her hand, and had seized her.

The tumult on deck prevented him from attending to my approach, till I cut him on the arm, and made him prisoner. I gave him in charge to a soldier; and returning to the lady, found her insensible on the floor. Lady Edwinburgh's countenance may tell you she was the fair sufferer. She soon recovered, and told me the ruffian had dragged her mother to a state-room, and confined her there. This monster was son to the commander of the privateer, or more properly the pirate. Her crew consisted of reprobates from different countries. The commander was a Genoese, and had treated the ladies with civility, as they assured him of a large ransom; but his son, who acted as clerk and ship's steward, took the opportunity of the engagement to make his brutal assault upon Miss Disney. While he was forcing her mother into the state-room, she snatched his cutlass from the sheath, and with the spirit of a heroine held him at a distance. The ladies had been only two days on board. The pirates plundered and sunk the vessel in which they were taken, and we found her crew in irons. The West Indiaman rescued by us conveyed Mrs. and Miss Disney to Jamaica. After the reduction of the Havannah our regiment was stationed at Port Royal. I was soon invited by Mr. Disney to visit the lady I had so opportunely succoured, and he bestowed her on me in remuneration. He survived our nuptials only a few weeks, and the next packet brought me intelligence, that my brother Augustus was slain in Keppel's engagement with three French frigates. I was now presumptive heir to Sir Lionel, who had no children, and to Lord Edwinburgh, an old bachelor.

But I did not trust to contingencies. At the peace I retired from the army on half-pay, to wind up the affairs of my late father-in-law, and disposed of all the property on advantageous terms. We took a final leave of the West Indies; Mrs. Disney accompanied us to England, where, in conformity to my wife's marriage settlement, I secured her fortune in her own name and disposal. General Fitzedwin gave me dismal accounts of the reckless profusion with which Sir Lionel was squandering the inheritance of our ancestors. I was much attached to my affectionate, but too easy brother, and made haste to visit him. I had nearly finished the business that detained me, when an express brought the notification of his death. My affliction may be more easily conceived than expressed; but on examining the state of his affairs, I could not be insensible that my dear brother was *taken away from the evil to come*. His debts were enormous; and there were large jointures to pay to my mother and Lady Julia Fitzedwin.

"Her ladyship left Fitzedwinburgh two days before General Fitzedwin and I arrived. I had informed my wife, my sister Lavinia, and Mrs. Disney, that I had little hope of preserving any part of my hereditary estates. They most earnestly desired that I would, if possible, retain them, offering a loan of the sums they could advance to pay off the most urgent demands; and yet more generously promising to reside at Fitzedwinburgh, and to concur in the most rigid economy to liquidate all the debts.

"General Fitzedwin had apprised me of danger in serving heir to

a property so involved; but when I submitted to him the proposals of my magnanimous female friends, he advised me to take no steps towards a sale of Fitzedwinburgh, until the exact amount of the mortgages and other claims should be ascertained, and further creditors foreclosed.

"With these precautions, we undertook to pay off all by instalments, and the enterprise was successful. Lord Milsingham was greatly annoyed by my determination to remain at Fitzedwinburgh, and hoped I should see how much less mortifying we might feel retrenchment by sojourning some years on the Continent. Lady Fitzedwin looked delicate; a milder climate would perhaps restore her to health, and he had known couples longer married who had heirs after living twelve months in the south of France. I was so provoked by this *finesse*, that I forbore to tell my lordly uncle this expedient was not necessary. I merely assured his lordship, that if Lady Fitzedwin's health required it, I would go to the extremity of the globe for a cure; but neither she nor I could feel mortification in retrenchment to discharge debts we had no blame in contracting; and even if we had encumbered the estates, I should consider a reduction of our expenditure as a tacit declaration that we had become wiser.

"Lord Milsingham besought me to avoid the mistake of Lord Edwinburgh, in supposing the reverse of wrong must be right. I assured his lordship I had no intention of going to extremes. I was a husband, and did not despair of being a father. Lord Edwinburgh was a single man; but I was responsible for the happiness of more than one dear relative,

Lord Miltingham desisted from counselling a low-minded commoner, who deemed it less honourable to support the accustomed magnificence of Fitzedwinburgh, than to pay twenty shillings in the pound to each creditor of his predecessor; and who resolved to manage the property by his own assiduous cares, instead of leaving it a prey to agents. To set his lordship's mind at ease, I entreated him to consider my reluctance to skulk in a foreign country, as a pledge of my regard for my place in society. I saw his lordship no more till I emerged from obscurity; but I have good grounds for believing he did not make a very candid report of my conduct. This letter, which I shall preserve among the archives of my family, was delivered at the gate, five months after we settled at Fitzedwinburgh, and a fortnight before the birth of our eldest son, Lord Mountedwin:

“ ‘ *To Sir Edward Fitzedwin.*

“ ‘ A certain lord censures as want of spirit a determination which confirms the esteem of Sir Christopher's old indebted friend for Sir Edward Fitzedwin. Lord Edwinburgh has proved the difficulty in redeeming an estate, and balanced against it the facility in spending a fortune; he can assure Sir Edward Fitzedwin, that the first not only yields retrospective satisfactions, but immediately is attended with the least inquietude and chagrin. He whose high sense of honour, manly courage, and wisdom, disdained to skulk in a foreign land with his retrenchments, and to leave his affairs to harpy agents—the worthy representative of Sir Christopher Fitzedwin, deserves to enjoy comfort in his own domicile; and it is hoped, nay it is

entreated, he will not reject the inclosed. Sir Edward Fitzedwin will be pleased to draw for the sum it contains, as his own property. No acknowledgment shall be received; and if he perseveres in the laudable efforts to save his paternal inheritance from passing to other hands, a similar note of hand shall testify the sincere esteem of his father's old indebted friend.’

“ ‘The note of hand for ten thousand pounds, added to the very large supply from my sister, my mother-in-law, and wife, with a considerable loan from my uncle, General Fitzedwin, relieved me from importunate creditors: but we did not deviate from our frugal system.

“ ‘Before I enter upon our household details, I must make you better acquainted with Lord Edwinburgh. His lordship received from nature the most brilliant endowments, and he improved them by energetic application. He entered the army very young, as a captain in the corps where General Fitzedwin obtained an ensigncy; they were cousins german: but as he was near the age of my father, they were more intimate at school and at college, though very different in character. My uncle and his lordship, as brother officers, formed a stedfast friendship. He often avowed, that during his pupilage, and in camp or garrison, Christopher and Edward Fitzedwin were his good angels, and moderated the precipitancy and extravagance of his disposition. After the peace of 1748, he lived much in London, and made excursions to foreign courts, where his magnificence was unexampled. In the British senate he shone the most powerful orator; and, alas! he sparkled in the haunts

of dissipation the most profuse, as the most gay and accomplished of rakes and gamblers. This career must terminate in mortification. Lord Edwinburgh's finances and his credit were exhausted. Edwinburgh Hall, where his classic taste had assembled the noblest decorations of art, to unfold and complete the varied beauties of natural scenery, was advertised for sale. Sir Christopher Fitzedwin, with the honest zeal of genuine friendship, had expostulated with his lordship at an early period on his prodigality; he was not offended, neither did he avail himself of the counsel. They visited and corresponded, but could not assimilate in their pursuits. Yet Sir Christopher's affection was unshaken; and when, with lawyers and appraisers, Lord Edwinburgh came to make arrangements for disposing of all his property, Sir Christopher waited upon him, not to express unmeaning regrets, but to offer the aid of his disinterested services to rescue his lordship's affairs from a state of confusion and ruin, and his purse to save the hall from going to another owner.

"It happened on a Sunday that the lawyers and their satellites were visiting or riding for exercise, while Lord Edwinburgh and Sir Christopher were in the shrubbery, within hearing, though shaded from the view of the gentlemen who were extolling the superb mansion and picturesque landscapes surrounding it. One of them swore, that rather than part with such a place, he would toil as a labourer and live on the simplest fruits of the earth: a bachelor, such as Lord Edwinburgh, if he had not lost the spirit he displayed as a soldier, might brave every

hardship and endure all privations to continue master of such a paradise. The gentlemen walked away; and Lord Edwinburgh asked Sir Christopher, if it could be possible to retain the hall. Sir Christopher reminded him, he had urged that measure, and was unaltered in his purpose to furnish a sum in ready cash, and to pledge his credit for a larger amount.

"From that time, Lord Edwinburgh lived as a recluse. He redeemed his estates, reimbursed Sir Christopher, and amassed near half a million of money*.

"I promised Lord Milsingham to keep my place in society; and found that, at a very moderate cost, the head of an ancient family, who avows, without making a parade of retrenchment, to do justice to his creditors, and who maintains a manliness of conduct, may keep his hereditary station, and be useful and respected, though shorn of the dazzling rays of splendour. Our establishment, our apparel, and occasional hospitalities were in the plainest style that could be called genteel, and every member of the family was incessantly busied from morning till night. The ladies made all our garments, except such as must be the work of a hatter, a tailor, or shoemaker; and I was my own landsteward and upper-gardener. For some months we were not insensible to numerous privations; but we laughed off the murmurs of our disappointed palates, and compensated for costly refinements by mental luxuries. My sister's library was ample, and my kind uncle sent us new publica-

* A fact from real life concerning an untitled proprietor.

tions. Habit made us easy under the renunciation of elegancies and amusements; and indeed, as we were constantly occupied, we had no leisure for repining. Perfectly happy in each other, and assimilating in our tastes and sentiments, after a day of employment our evening recreations had a fresh zest of heart-felt pleasure. Every graceful and fashionable attainment of the ladies, and these were not few, were called upon for our mental entertainment, after an early evening repast; and as our thriving little ones grew to a capacity for tuition, those acquirements became of high value, even after Mrs. Richards and good Mr. Hungerford took a special charge of the girls and boys. Unquestionably we were happier than my poor brother Sir Lionel and Lady Julia had been, as the slaves of pomp and notoriety. Nor were we excluded from sociable enjoyments. Persons of the highest condition and most amiable character in our neighbourhood paid us marked attention; and though all had neglected us, we could not have felt degraded, conscious as we were of acting an upright and honourable part, and dependent only on each other for inexhaustible satisfactions. If purse-proud vanity slighted us, which sometimes, though seldom, happened, we pitied the weakness, and felt a superiority in our own principles and understanding.

“At the end of eight years, I was, before sunrise, directing the undergardener to clear the frunks and branches of orchard-trees from moss, and had begun to prune away straggling shoots with my knife, when an aged man, clad in a threadbare old-fashioned great-coat, a hat of corresponding antiquity, and jack-boots,

such as were used by French couriers in the last century, walked slowly past me. Returning, he asked if so timely in the day he could see Sir Edward Fitzedwin. I smiled, and replied he was visible.

“‘It is then as I hoped,’ he said, ‘you are early abroad, Sir Edward; but I was here before you; and I would forego sleep at any time for this noble sight of an English baronet, with the most honourable motives, exercising the labours of an operative gardener. Many men far inferior would be more ashamed to be so seen than to be detected in any vice of the sensualist.’”

“‘Honour and shame are relative terms,’ I answered, willing to know more of my odd companion, who yet had an air of graceful dignity that claimed respect.

“‘You say true, Sir Edward,’ he rejoined. ‘The intrinsic merits of a case will change degradation into glory. Bovadilla imposed chains upon the discoverer of a new world; but tyranny could not degrade Christopher Columbus; he preserved the fetters as trophies of innocent suffering, and ordered them to be laid with him in the grave. I will take a turn to contemplate the rising sun, while you, Sir Edward, examine the contents of this letter.’

“He gave me a bulky packet. I removed several envelopes, and came to a note of hand for ten thousand pounds. I was now convinced Lord Edwinburgh had spoken to me. I inquired for him instantly in every direction, but saw him no more. The following year the exemplary Mrs. Disney was removed to a better world. This was the first real sorrow we experienced in our retirement; but the humble assurance of

her happiness consoled us. Four years afterwards, the decease of Lord Edwinburgh gave us titles and wealth; but no accession of happiness. We emerged from obscurity, with feelings nearly approaching to reluctance and apprehension. We found ourselves equal to the part we had to act in retirement, but we knew well how much was wanting to fit us for appearing in the great world. However, as we were satisfied to assume nothing beyond our actual qualifications, we had no fear of being ridiculous; and we soon acquired so much of the tact of high life as might be necessary for unpretending folks, who still sought their supreme felicity in the domestic circle."

Here ended Lord Edwinburgh's narrative. The reader will suppose the thanks of the young ladies, and the kind remarks of the countess and Mrs. Lavinia Fitzedwin, for the compliments paid to them. We omit these to make room for a fact, according with the scope of the preceding story, though not immediately connected with it; but which, in the present times, deserves attention.

Three families, reduced by surety and the prevailing agricultural dis-

tress, were anxious to give their children advantages of education more suitable to their birth than their pecuniary means. Two of the gentlemen were brothers-in-law, the third a cousin german. They were born neighbours, and had long been intimate friends. They agreed to take a large house in a provincial town, and to live together. Each head of a family contributed an equal sum for himself and his wife, and an allowance for each child. This was quarterly paid into a common stock, to bear the charges of house-keeping; and each couple in turn had the management of the domestic concerns. They lived together with uninterrupted concord, and could afford to live in a more genteel style than if they had had separate habitations. The saving in fire and candles and attendance was very considerable; and they could keep a comfortable table at much less expense. They paid respectively for the education of their children, for clothing and individual expenses; and they went alternately to look after the management of their small estates. Those who are really inclined to prudence can render it compatible with substantial enjoyments and respectability.

B. G.

FERDINAND XIMENES: A SPANISH TALE.

(Concluded from p. 202.)

ISABELLA looked forward with impatience to the day that was to make her a mother, and to compensate for all her past sorrows and mortifications. Alas! she knew not what she wished for! Short-sighted creatures that we are, how seldom are

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we aware what the next moment will produce! After an inexpressibly painful labour, which reduced her to the utmost extremity, she was delivered of a son: but on his forehead there was a large dark red mark, resembling in shape the

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magic characters which Ferdinand had employed. Isabella was struck with such horror at the sight of this mark, which hideously disfigured the child's face, that, exhausted as she was, she sunk under the shock and expired.

Ferdinand stood by in silent, tearless despair. On his guilt-oppressed soul the ghastly mark had produced a totally different impression from what it had done on Isabella, who considered it as the effect of the old malediction which still pursued her; for he beheld in it, at the same time, the malignity of the infernal spirit to whom he had had recourse. This idea burst upon him like a thunderbolt. When he saw his beloved wife, his only solace, pale and lifeless, he felt himself alone in the wide world, forsaken by God and man, and in connection with hell alone. He was nearly distracted.

It was some days before he recovered his reason sufficiently to be sensible of the consolations which friendship was solicitous to offer. They might perhaps have made some impression upon him, had not Hussein counteracted their effect; for he was either indiscreet or malicious enough to declare plumply, that Ferdinand had nobody to blame for his misfortune but himself. According to the directions which he had received, he should have demanded of the spirit a *blameless* gift. This condition he must of necessity have omitted to add; and all the fault therefore was his and his alone. Ferdinand recollected that he had indeed forgotten this part of his instructions, and he was again reduced to the brink of despair; for Isabella's death now aggravated the load of guilt which oppressed his conscience.

His remorse was in the sequel embittered by a circumstance which he regarded as a fresh punishment, and by which his already lacerated heart was still more tortured. He soon perceived that the hellish fire which the magic arts of that unhallowed night kindled within him, had been transferred into his child. Philip, for so he had named the boy, became every day more and more obstinate and untractable. Unhappily deprived of the endearments of affection, for his mother was no more and his father had no heart for him, he grew up a stranger to love and to the kindly feelings of humanity. No wonder that, with a disposition naturally wild, he should soon begin to manifest a strong propensity to mischief. To such a length was this carried, that his only study seemed to be what tricks he could play others, and how he could spoil their pleasures. To torment living beings was his delight. Remonstrance and reproof had no effect upon him; and least of all from his father, towards whom he was most refractory. To Hussein alone did he manifest any attachment; but he used his influence with the boy, not to amend his faults, but to render him still worse; not only assisting him secretly in the execution of his wicked pranks, but even leading him into all sorts of mischief.

Ferdinand at length perceived that no means were left for his amendment but force and corporal chastisement; and, notwithstanding his natural aversion to these, he deemed it his duty to have recourse to them. Accordingly, he threatened to punish the boy severely for the next offence which he should commit. Philip, as if by way of challenge, played some wicked trick or

other on the spot. The father, who had probably been too indulgent before, was provoked to execute his menace. He laid hold of the boy, and gave him a sound beating. The latter extricated himself from his father's grasp, and, beside himself with rage, rushed to the window, which was on the second floor, and leaping out of it, broke his neck.

Petrified with horror, Ferdinand stood aghast. This was the second life that he had upon his conscience. "Behold your work!" cried Hussein, with a hideous grin, laying the shattered body at his feet, and rousing him with a shake, to contemplate the ghastly object.

Ferdinand would not have had strength to endure all these strokes of fate; he must have succumbed under them, had not an unexpected occurrence served to divert his thoughts from his misfortunes. On the very same day, news arrived at Barcelona, that the emperor had determined upon another expedition to Africa. It was destined against Algiers: for that piratical state had regained strength; its corsairs again harassed, as formerly, the coasts of Spain and Italy, and obstructed commerce over the whole of the Mediterranean. The complaints of his subjects, who on all sides solicited succour and protection, roused the emperor. He was impelled still more by the mortification of finding that the effects of his former expedition against the Barbary pirates had subsided; and that the fame he had won by it would naturally decline in the like proportion. He hoped, moreover, by an attack on Algiers, to draw off the Turks from Hungary, which was hard pressed by them, or at least to cause them

to reduce their army in that quarter; for Algiers, which acknowledged their supremacy, was of such consequence to them, that they would not fail to hasten with a considerable force to its relief. For these reasons the emperor resolved to accelerate the enterprise. Experienced seamen, indeed, recommended to him to defer it till the ensuing spring, but he persisted in his plan. He was bent on carrying it into execution that same year, and the autumn was then far advanced. All the preparations were therefore made with the utmost expedition, and some of them with too great precipitancy.

To Ferdinand this intelligence was like a gleam of light penetrating the night of despair. The very same evening he quitted his house, with a determination never to enter it again, and hastened to the rendezvous of the nearest division of the army to offer his services. Hussein was charged to provide for the funeral, to make other necessary arrangements, and then to follow him as speedily as possible.

It was not long before orders for embarking arrived. The army, consisting of thirty thousand men, comprised the flower of the nobility of Spain and Italy. Ferdinand began to breathe more freely when he had turned his back on the country of his misfortunes, and felt the bracing effect of the refreshing sea-breeze. He was, moreover, not a little flattered, for he was still susceptible of ambition, to find that he was not forgotten by the emperor, by whom this new offer of his services had been accepted in a peculiarly gracious manner.

Considerations of a very different nature soon forced themselves upon

him. The tempestuous winds of autumn, which are wont to agitate those waters, began to rise, as the veteran seamen had predicted; the waves were piled up into mountains, the passage became extremely dangerous, the ships were separated, and the sailors prophesied nothing but disaster.

Ferdinand was not naturally timid; but under these circumstances he was seized with a terror which he could not conquer, partly arising from his total inexperience of this kind of dangers, but principally from his guilty conscience. The thought that he ought not to sink into a watery grave till he had made his peace with God, haunted him like a spectre.

After a long and severe struggle with the tempest, the ships successively arrived at Algiers; but the landing proved still more difficult and perilous than the voyage. It required the utmost skill of the most expert mariners to make head against the continued storms; and it was not without the greatest dangers and hardships that the disembarkation was effected. The whole of the troops were not yet landed, neither were the provisions, the tents, and other necessaries carried on shore, when the wind rose to an absolute hurricane; the ships, driven from their anchors, were hurried among the raging billows, and dashed in pieces against each other. More than one hundred and fifty vessels foundered; ten thousand men perished; and if an individual here and there strove to save himself by swimming, he was cut in pieces as soon as he reached the shore by the vigilant Algerines,

The troops which had been put

on shore stood ankle-deep in mud, and beheld this horrible destruction. Here the men could scarcely keep their legs; they were obliged to thrust their spears into the ground and to cling to them for support, so great was the fury of the hurricane. Had the Dey of Algiers taken advantage, or rather had he been able to take advantage, of the first confusion, he might have cut off the whole army; but he too was confounded. The sudden landing, especially at that season of the year, which was not at all suited for it, had taken him by surprise, and he had not a sufficient force collected. Thus, with the exception of some skirmishing parties, which were soon repulsed, the army remained all night unassailed, and had to battle with the elements alone.

As soon as day dawned, and the fury of the tempest—the like to which Admiral Doria, in his long experience of the sea and its perils, had never witnessed—began to abate, the Emperor Charles had recourse to every practicable expedient that could be devised for saving the army. His firmness in this desperate situation, his coolness, his presence of mind, were so much the more admirable, inasmuch as on the one hand he had been a constant favourite of Fortune, and was a stranger to adversity; and, on the other, he could not but be sensible that he was himself to blame for this disaster. He felt with the keenest regret, that he ought to have listened to the experienced mariners, who would have dissuaded him from the enterprise at that late season of the year.

Admiral Doria exerted all his science and skill to save the relics of

the fleet, and to collect them again. Actuated by ardent zeal for the service of his sovereign, and for the preservation of his countrymen, whose only hope depended on his success, he was favoured by several fortunate and unexpected circumstances. With incredible promptitude, before the Algerines durst venture upon a regular attack, he assembled so many ships, all the heavy articles in which he caused to be thrown overboard, that the troops still on shore could be embarked in them. Notwithstanding the incessant danger with which they were threatened, this business was accomplished without further loss.

Most of the brave warriors, accustomed to victory, sat silent and thoughtful in the departing ships, deeply oppressed by the feeling of disgrace at being obliged in this manner to quit the enemy's coast; and by the reflection, that they should now be the scoff of the barbarians, who loudly exulted in their discomfiture. Some few congratulated themselves on having escaped with their lives; but these were soon awed into silence, for the tempest again arose in its might. It was less furious indeed than before, but still vehement enough to separate the fleet; several ships were driven far out of their course, some were lost, and the rest arrived singly in the ports of Spain.

The vessel in which were Ferdinand and Hussein was driven by the storm to the greatest distance. The steersman no longer knew where they were; though to be sure this was a point of little consequence, because the ship was quite ungovernable. Such was the violence of the tempest, that the crew were obliged

to abandon her to her fate. The waves increased to mountains. Some prayed, while others blasphemed with horrid imprecations. They expected every moment to be dashed upon a rock. One cursed his ill fortune, and another the emperor, who had brought them into this situation. At this crisis the wind seemed to change; a violent blast from the opposite quarter carried the ship far away from the perilous spot. Hope again dawned upon her crew; and Ferdinand rejoiced that at least his ears were no longer shocked by their profane and blasphemous language. For his own part, he had no hope, being firmly convinced that he was destined to perish, and having resigned himself to his fate, which he awaited in silent meditation.

He was suddenly roused by horrid yells from the crew. The ship had sprung a leak. She had sustained injury during the landing at Algiers, but it had passed unnoticed in the confusion that ensued; and besides, there had not been time or opportunity for repairs. All hands were set to work to clear the ship of water, but to no purpose. The utmost efforts of despair were insufficient to reduce it, or even to prevent its increase. It rose higher and higher. The strength of the people began to fail, and with it the last spark of hope was extinguished.

Hussein stepped up to Ferdinand, "We are sinking," said he, with the utmost composure; "that you must be well aware of. I will summon my spirits to my aid. They have never yet saved me from drowning; they cannot refuse me their assistance. And you, are you determined to throw away your life? Have you so strong a desire to furnish food for

the fishes and sea-monsters? To die upon the bed of honour would be a totally different affair; but to drown ignominiously in villanous salt water, cruelly sacrificed by another's imprudence and folly! No, no; he must be mad who will not save himself if he can."

Ferdinand shuddered at the idea of incurring a fresh obligation to the spirits of darkness. He had indeed a thousand times felt life to be a burden to him. But now, at the moment when death, death too in so hideous a form, stared him in the face—at that moment the love of life asserted its natural right, and it proved victorious in Ferdinand's bosom.

"Make haste then! there is not a moment to lose."

"But how can I do what is requisite here?"

"Take this—it is a mirror. Draw

it out of the case, pronounce the words which I taught you, look in it, and your deliverer will appear."

Ferdinand took it. Hussein turned from him with an infernal smile. "Recollect," said he, "this is only to be done in the last extremity," and disappeared.

The last extremity soon arrived. The water rose higher and higher. All were plunged in sullen despair. The ship was fast sinking. Ferdinand drew the mirror from its case. Oh, horror! he beheld his son Philip, as he appeared when he had thrown himself from the window. The mark glowed hideously on his brow, and hideously were the features of his face distorted. He started, and fell backward, never to rise again. At that moment the ship was engulfed by the devouring deep.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT BURNS. *By Sir WALTER SCOTT.*

(From LOCKHART'S *Life of Burns*, just published.)

As for Burns, I may truly say *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the West country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner; but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day

at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew

Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school; *i. e.* none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a hu-

man head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.

His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling. I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also that, having twenty times the ability of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate. This is all I can tell you about Burns.

I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention par-

ticularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add

to these recollections of forty years since.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 218.)

HENRY PARKER, Lord Morley, the son of Sir William Parker, by Alice, sister to Lovel Lord Morley, was probably the earliest dramatic author, next to Heywood. He wrote, according to Walpole, several tragedies and comedies, of which nothing is now known but their names.

In 1535 John Hoker, first demy, or semi-commoner, afterwards fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, wrote a comedy, called *Piscator, or the Fisher Caught*; but of this play, like those of Parker's, all records are lost. A few years afterwards (1540) the Rev. John Palsgrave translated *Arolastaus* from the Latin of William Fullonius. This piece was founded on the story of the Prodigal Son, and appears to have been intended to teach children the Latin tongue. Next to them followed Nicholas Udall, who was born in Hampshire, and admitted a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the 18th of June, 1520, about the age of fourteen. He became probationer-fellow September 1524, being then B.A.; and in 1526 applied for the degree of M. A. but failed in obtaining it, being addicted to the opinions of Luther, which were not then popular in the university. He was subsequently appointed master of Eton School, and in 1534 obtained the degree of M. A. In 1540-41 he had nearly been de-

prived of the mastership of Eton, "as being suspected," says Anthony Wood, "to be conscious to a robbery committed by two scholars of his school, who, having stolen images, plate, and other matters belonging to the college of Eton, were, with Udall, examined by his Majesty's council in the beginning of March that year. What became of the matter I know not; sure 'tis that our author, Udall, was servant to Queen Katharine, King Henry VIIIth's last wife, and was made canon of Windsor in the beginning of Edward VI*." The time of his death is not certain, but is supposed to have taken place at Westminster in 1557. He was the author of several works, amongst which were *The Tragedy of Popery* and *Ralph Roister-Doister*, a comedy.

The last-mentioned piece, *Ralph Roister-Doister*, is now known to have been in existence in 1551. It was only discovered a short time ago, and the MS. is in the library of Eton College. A few copies of it were printed; but I have never been able to obtain a sight of one of them, and am indebted for the following account to an article in the *Morning Chronicle*:

"It contains the adventures of a fortune-hunter in London, in his

* See *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Ed. 1813. Col. 211-214.

courtship of a wealthy widow, assisted by a servant, whose character is found in his name, Matthew Merrygreek. There are eleven other persons in the comedy, of various peculiarities; and the whole piece is a curious representation of town-life in the reign of Queen Mary. It appears by the epilogue that she was then on the throne. The piece is regularly divided into five acts, each containing a certain number of scenes. The following lines shew the then fashionable reading; they are spoken by Merrygreek, who humbugs and flatters the vanity of the hero, his master:

“Who is this (saith one), Sir Lancelot du Lake ?

Who is this, great Guy of Warwick? saith another.

No; say I, it is the thirteenth Hercules's brother.

Who is this, noble Hector of Troy? saith a third;

No; but of the same nest, say I, it is a bird.

Who is this, great Goliath, Sampson, or Colbrand ?

No, say I, but it is Brute of the Alie land.

Who is this, great Alexander or Charle-le-maine ?

No; it is the tenth worthy, say I to them again.”

“Various songs are interspersed, most of them written with great facility for the age, as may be judged from the following specimen :

“Whoso to marry a minion wife
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

“If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still;
Whatever she list to do or say,
Must let her have her own will.

“About what affairs soever he go,
He must shew her all his mind;
None of his council she may be kept fro,
Else he is a man unkind.”

“Excepting for the abbreviation
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of the word *from* into *fro* (which we still preserve in the phrase “walk to and fro,”) this song might have been written yesterday. The whole piece is highly curious as a picture of manners, and is far from being deficient in dramatic merit. The *unique* copy of this play, which, as above stated, is now in Eton College library, where it was placed by the first discoverer of it, is unluckily without a titlepage, so that the precise date of its publication cannot be ascertained. It is, however, a singular coincidence, that Thomas Hacket had a license to print it in the very year when *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was first performed, and very shortly before the death of Nicholas Udall. That such a play had had existence was known long ago; and it is to be hoped, that whoever publishes a *Supplement to Dodsley's Old Plays*, will not fail to include this extrinsically and intrinsically most valuable relic amongst his selections.”

Besides the notice in the *Morning Chronicle*, I have found an extract from this comedy in Wilson's *Art of Logike*, which was printed in 4to. at London, anno 1567. He calls it

An example of doubtfull writing, whiche, by reason of printyng, maie have double sense and contrary meaning, taken out of an enterlude made by Nicholas Udall.

THE QUOTATION AS GIVEN BY WILSON.

Swete maistresse, wheras I loue you nothing at all,

Regarding your richesse and substance chief of all;

For your personage, beautie, demeanour, and witte,

I commende me vnto you neuer a whitte.

Sorie to heare reporte of your good welfare,
For (as I heare say) suche your condicions are,

That ye be worthie fauor of no liuyng man:
To be abhorred of euery honest man;

O o

To be take for a woman enclined to vice!
 Nothing at all to vertne giuyng her due
 price.
 Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are
 thought
 Such a fine paragon as neuer honest man
 bought.
 And now by these presents I doe you ad-
 uertise,
 That I am minded to marrie you in no wise;
 For your gooddes and substance I could be
 content
 To take you as ye are. If ye will be my
 wife,
 Ye shall be assured for the time of my life
 I will kepe you right well from good raiment
 and fare;
 Yes shall not be kept but in sorrowe and care,
 Ye shall in no wise liue at your own libertie;
 Doe and saie what ye lust, ye shall neuer
 please me.
 But when you are merrie, I will be all sad,
 When ye are sorie, I will be very glad;
 When ye seke your harte's ease, I will be
 vnkinde,
 At no time in me shall you muche gentle-
 nesse finde,
 But all things contrary to your will and
 minde
 Shall be doen, otherwise I will not be be-
 hinde
 To speek: and as for all them that would do
 you wrong,
 I will so help and maintein; ye shall not
 liue long.
 Nor any foolishhe dolte shall comber you
 but I.
 I (who ere saie naie) will sticke by you till
 I die.
 Thus, good maistresse Custaunce, the Lord
 you saue and kepe
 From Roister Doister, whether I wake or
 slepe.
 Who fauouereth you no lesse, ye may be
 bolde,
 Then this letter purporteth, which ye haue
 vnfolde.

A few of the first lines will suffice to
 shew the way in which this passage
 should be read:

Swete maistress, wheras I loue you; nothing
 at all
 Regarding your richesse and substance;
 chief of all
 For your personage, beauty, demeanour,
 and witte,
 I commende me vnto you. Never a whitte
 Sorie to hear report of your good welfare, &c.

Contemporary with Udall, were
 Bishop Still, Mr. Richard Edwards,
 Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst,
 Thomas Norton, and Mr. Edward
 Ferrys or Ferrers. Of these last-men-
 tioned authors, Puttonham, in his *Art
 of Poetry*, thus speaks: "I think that
 for tragedy, the Lord Buckhurst and
 Maister Edward Ferrys, for such
 doings as I have seen of theirs, do
 deserve the highest praise. The
 Earl of Oxford and Maister Ed-
 wards of her Majesty's chapel, for
 comedy and interlude." In ano-
 ther place, he observes, "But the
 principal man in this profession [of
 poetry] at the same time [viz. Ed-
 ward VI.] was Maister Edward Fer-
 rys, a man of no less mirth and fel-
 city than John Heywood, but of much
 more skill and magnificence in his
 metre; and therefore wrote for the
 most part for the stage in tragedy,
 and sometimes in comedy or inter-
 lude: wherein he gave the king so
 much good recreation, as he had
 thereby many good rewards." It is
 strange, that of this Ferrers, thus
 highly spoken of, we cannot now
 find remains of any thing he wrote.

John Still was the son of William
 Still of Grantham, in Lincolnshire.
 He was admitted of Christ's Colledge,
 Cambridge, where he took the de-
 gree of M. A. He afterwards be-
 came rector of Hadleigh, in the
 county of Suffolk, and archdeacon of
 Sudbury. He was also successively
 Master of St. John's and Trinity
 Colleges, in the above University;
 and two years after the death of
 Bishop Godwin, was appointed to
 the vacant see of Bath and Wells, in
 which he continued till his decease,
 which happened February 26, 1607.
 This prelate is supposed to be the
 author of the comedy called *Gam-*

mer Gurton's Needle; but the circumstances which led to this conclusion are not sufficient to warrant the positive conviction that he was so. In the Bursar's book of Christ's College (9 Eliz. *i. e.* 1566,) is the following entry: "Item, for the carpenters setting upp the scaffold at the play, xxd." This play was *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which in the titlepage is said to be "written by Mr. S. Master of Arts." At that time there was no other Master of Arts of Christ's College whose name began with an S; and, says the compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, "as it is not probable that any other person than one belonging to the house where the play was acted, would be employed in writing it, there is little reason to hesitate about ascribing this piece to our author." It appears, however, on the authority of one of the Oldys MSS. that this comedy was written and printed in 1551; fifteen years previous to the period mentioned in the above entry. It is therefore highly probable, that it has been erroneously ascribed to the right reverend prelate. Gross as the manners of the age were, in many respects, I think it is not likely a dignified clergyman would have written this comedy.

This play was long supposed to be "the first comedy in our language; that is, the first play which was neither Mystery nor Morality; and which handled a comic story with some disposition of plot, and some discrimination of character*." Udall's comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister* was, however, undoubtedly its precursor; but if written in 1551, it may lay claim to the honour of

* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, iii. 208.

being the second production in that class of literature. It is called in the titlepage, "A right pithy, pleasant, and merry Comedy, intituled *Gammer Gurton's Needle*;" and the characters are as follows: *Diccon*, the bedlam; *Hodge*, Gammer Gurton's servant; *Tyb*, Gammer Gurton's mayd; *Gammer Gurton*; *Cork*, Gammer Gurton's boy; *Dame Chat*; *Doctor Rat*, the curate; *Mayster Baily*; *Doll*, Dame Chat's mayd; *Scapethruff*, Mayster Bailye's servant; Mutes.

The action is simple, and may be gathered from the prologue, which tells us that "as Gammer Gurton, with many a wide stiche," was mending a part of the garments of her man *Hodge*, "by chance a misfortune, as she her gear tost," she lost her needle, and thus the progress of her work was retarded.

When Diccon the bedlam had heard by report,
That good Gammer Gurton was rob'd in this sort,
He quietlie perswaded with her in that stound,
Dame Chat her dear gossip this nedle had found.
Yet knew she no more of this matter (alas!)
Then knoweth Tom our clarke what the priest saith at masse.
Hereof there ensued so fearful a fray,
Mas doctor was sent for these gossips to stay;
Because he was curate, and esteemed full wise,
Who found that he sought not, by Diccon's device.
When all things were tumbled and man out of fassion,
Whether it were by fortune or some other constellation,
Sodenlie the nedle Hodge found by the prick-
ing.

The useful implements being found, all parties, "their hearts then at rest with perfect security," drown all remembrance of past tribulation in "a pot of good ale."

I shall give a few extracts from this comedy, which is by no means deficient in humour. It opens with the entry of Diccon the bedlam, who expresses his surprise at the confusion in Gammer's house, and inquires the matter of Hodge. Hodge is ignorant of the cause of turmoil, and goes to ask Tib; who tells him of the enormous loss which Gammer has sustained in the absence of her needle. All parties go to search for it. Gammer sends her boy to light a candle, and as he is a long time in accomplishing that simple task, Hodge is sent to help him. The boy soon returns, and says,

Gog's cross, Gammer, if ye will laugh, look
in but at the door,

And see how Hodge lieth tomlinge and
tossing amidst the floure;

Raking there some fyre to find among the
ashes dead,

Where there is not one sparke so big as a
pin's head.

At last in a dark corner two sparkes he
thought he sees,

Which were indede nought else but Gib, our
cat's two eyes.

Puffe, quod Hodge, thinking thereby to have
fyre without doubt;

With that Gib shut her two eyes, and so the
fyre was out;

And by and by them opened, even as they
were before,

With that the sparks appeared even as they
had done of yore;

And even as Hodge blew the fire as he did
thinck,

Gib, as she felt the blast, straightway began
to wincke;

'Till Hodge fell of swering, as came best to
his turn.

The fire was sure bewicht, and therefore
would not burn.

At last Gib up the stayers, among the old
postes and pins,

And Hodge he hied him after, till broke were
both his shins:

Cursing and swearing oths, were never of
his making,

That Gib would fire the house, if that she
were not taken.

The first act ends without the

needle being found; and the second opens with the following song. It is, according to Warton, the "first *chanson à boire*, or drinking ballad, of any merit, in our language." And I perfectly agree with him in opinion, "that it has a vein of ease and humour, which we should not expect to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times*.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;

Both foote and hand, go colde:

But, belly, God send thee good ayle enoughe,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,

My stomach is not good;

But sure I think that I can drink

With him that wears a hood.

Though I go bare, take ye no care,

I am nothing a-colde;

I stuff my skin so full within

Of joly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare;

Both foote and hand, go colde:

But, belly, God send thee good ale enoughe,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown tost,

And a crab laid on the fire;

A little bread shall do me stead,

Much bread I do not desire.

No froste nor snow, no winde I trowe,

Can hurt me if I wolde,

I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt

Of joly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life

Loveth well good ale to seek,

Full oft drinks shee, 'till ye may see

The teares run down her checke;

Then dooth she trowle to me the bowle,

Even as a mault-worm should;

And saith, Sweet heart, I took my part

Of this joly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,

Even as good fellows should do;

They shall not misse to have the blisse

Good ale doth bring men to.

* *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, iii. p. 206.

And all poor souls that have scowred boules,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be yong or old!

Back and side, go bare, &c.

At the ale-house a ludicrous scene takes place between Diccon and Hodge; the composition is by no means equal to that of the song just quoted, which would almost appear to be by a different hand. Diccon learns from Hodge the loss of the needle, and being of a mischievous turn, he first goes and tells Dame Chat, that Gammer Gurton's "goodly fair red cock at home was stole the last night;" and that the Gammer suspects, on the information of Tib, that Dame Chat has been the thief; and then he tells Gammer, that Dame Chat has found her needle, and refuses to give it up. Both the old ladies are put in a terrible pet; and Diccon thus closes the second act:

Here will the sport begin, if these two once
may meet,

Their chere, durst lay money, will prove
scarsly sweet.

My Gammer sure intends to be upon her
bones,

With staves, or with clubs, or else with coble
stones;

Dame Chat on the other side, if she be fare
behinde,

I am right far deceived, she is given to it of
kinde.

He that may tarry by awhile, and that but
short,

I warrant him trust to it, he shall see all the
sport.

Into the town will I, my friendes to visit there,
And hither straight again to see th' end of
this gere;

In the mean time, felowes, pype up your
fidles, I say take them,

And let your friendes have such mirth as ye
can make them.

The last two lines appear to be addressed to the musicians in the orchestra, who then, as now, played between the acts.

In the next act the two women meet, and chide each other in language of the purest Billingsgate. From scolding they get to fighting, and Dame Chat beats both Gammer Gurton and her man Hodge. Foiled in this attempt to recover her needle, Gammer sends for Doctor Rat, to hear his advice. From what falls from the doctor, we may learn some of the occupations of a parish priest in those days:

A man were better twenty times be a bandog
and barke,

Than here among such a sort be parish priest
or clarke:

I had not set the space to drink two pots of
ale,

But Gammer Gurton's sorry boy was strait-
way at my taile;

And she was sicke, and I must come, to do
I wot not what;

If once her finger ends but ache, trudge, call
for Doctor Rat.

And when I come not at their call, I only
thereby loose,

For I am sure to lack therefore a tythe pig
or a goose.

I warrant you, when truth is known, and told
they have their tale,

The matter whereabout I come is not worth
a halfpenny worth of ale:

Yet must I talke so sage and smoothe, as
though I were a glosser,

Els or the yer come at an end, I shal be sure
the loser.

The poor doctor fares no better than the Gammer and her man. Diccon informs Dame Chat that Hodge means to get into her house through a hole lately broken down "behind her furnace or lead;" and the dame sets a tub of scalded water for his reception. Diccon then seeks the doctor, and tells him that he had seen the dame sewing with Gammer's needle in her hand. The doctor replies,

O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy
stead!

Dic. Well, if ye will be ord' red, and do my
recade,

I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,
Where ye shall take the drab with the needle
in her hands.

Dr. Rat. For God's sake, do so, Diccon, and
I will gage my gown
To geve thee a full pot of the best ale in the
towne.

Dic. Follow me but a little, and mark what I
say :

Lay down your gown beside you, go to, come
on your way.

Se ye not what is here? a hole wherein ye
may creepe

Into the house, and sodenly unawares among
them leape;

There shal ye find the bich-fox and the
needle together.

Do as I bid you, man, come on your ways
hither.

Dr. Rat. Art thou sure, Diccon, the swel-
tub standes not hereabout?

Dic. I was within my selfe, even now,
there is no doubt.

Go softly, make no noise, give me your
foote, Sir John;

Here will I wait upon you 'till you come
out anon.

The poor doctor falls into the pan
of water, and is besides well beaten
by Dame Chat and her maid.

In the fifth act, by the interven-
tion of the Baily, all is cleared up,
and the knaveries of Diccon expos-
ed. The Baily imposes a humor-
ous penance upon the Bedlam. He
is bid to take an oath,

First for master doctor, upon paine of his
curse,

Where he will pay for al, thou never draw
thy purse;

And when ye meet at one pot, he shall have
the first pull,

And thou shalt never offer him the cup, but
it be full.

To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworn, even
on the samewise,

If she refuse thy money once, never offer it
twise.

Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as
thou dost take it,

When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou
never forsake it.

For Gammer Gurton's sake again sworn thou
shalt be,

To help hir to hir needle again, if it so be in
thee;

And likewise be bound, by the vertue of that,
To be of good abetting to Gib, her great cat.
Last of all for Hodge, the othe to scaune,
Thou shalt never take him for a fine gen-
tleman.

Whilst Diccon is undergoing his
penance, the needle is found; and
the comedy thus concludes :

Dame Chat. By my troth, gossip Gurton, I
am even as glad,

As though I my own selfe as good a turn had.

Baily. And I by my conscience, to see it so
come forth,

Rejoyce so much at it, as three needles be
worth.

Dr. Rat. I am no whit sorry to see you so
rejoyced.

Dic. Nor I much the gladder for all this noice.
Yet say gramercie, Diccon, for springing of
the game.

Gammer. Gramercie, Diccon, twenty times; O
how glad cham!

If that could do so much, your masterdome
to come hether,

Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon to-
gether;

Cha but one halfpenny as far ich know it,
And chel not rest this night, 'till iche bestow it.

If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke.

Baily. I am content, if the rest thinke as I
thinke.

Master Rat, it shall be best for you if we so do,
Then shall you warme you and rest your-
selfe too.

Diccon. Soft, sirs, take us with you, the com-
pany shal be the more;

As proude comes behinde, they say, as anie
goes before.

But now, my good masters, since we must
be gone,

And leave you behind us here all alone;
Since at our last ending, thus mery we be,
For Gammer Gurton's nedle sake, let us have
a plaudity!

This was addressed to the specta-
tors; and proves that the custom of
soliciting "the hands" and "sweet
voices" of an audience at the conclu-
sion of a piece is of very old date.

It will be seen that this comedy,
as a dramatic composition, has no
very high merit, with the exception
of the song I have quoted. That is
not only very far superior to the rest
of the comedy, but in its class of

lyrics has not often been exceeded. Perhaps my readers may like to see Sir Walter Scott's opinion of this very ancient play. The worthy baronet says :

“ It is a piece of low humour; the whole jest turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was to repair the breeches of her man Hodge; but, in point of manners, it is a great curiosity. The popular characters also, the Sturdy Beggar, the Clown, the Country Vicar, and the Shrew of the sixteenth century, are drawn in colours taken from the life. The unity of time, place, and action, are observed through the play with an accuracy of which France might be jealous. The time is a few hours; the place, the open square of the village before Gammer Gurton's door; the action, the loss of the needle; and this followed by the search for, and final recovery of, that necessary implement, is intermixed with no other thwarting or subordinate interest, but is progressive from the commencement to the conclusion*.”

Warton also says of it :

“ The writer has a degree of jocularity which sometimes rises above

* See Supp. to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. art. “ Drama.”

buffoonery, but is often disgraced by lowness of incident: yet in a more polished age he would have chosen, nor would he perhaps have disgraced, a better subject. It has been thought surprising that a learned audience could have endured some of these indelicate scenes. But the established festivities of scholars were gross and agreeable to their general habits; nor was learning in that age always accompanied by gentleness of manners. When the sermons of Hugh Latimer were in vogue at court, the university* might be justified in applauding *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.”

It may be observed, that Sir Walter Scott is clearly wrong in the date he has mentioned as the first performance of this play†. He fixes it as late as 1575, which is at all events an error of nine years, as the Bursar's book at Cambridge proves that it was played there in 1566; but if the Oldys MS. is correct, the date here affixed is twenty-four years later than its actual production.

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 208.

† See article “ Drama” in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and in the sixth volume of his miscellaneous works.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXXIX.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Mr. MONTAGUE, Mr. APATHY, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. A SLENDER party you have to meet this evening, Reginald. My daughters are gone to make a long-promised visit to a friend at Bath; whilst Basil and Horace are in London, where they have been paying Counsellor Eitherside a visit

at his chambers, which he keeps more for show than use; a remembrance of “ auld lang syne” not permitting him to give them up, though he has long discontinued the practice of the law.

Reginald. I was to have been of

the party; but I confess I prefer our literary symposiums to the convivial ones, which will cause the walls of my old friend's chambers to re-echo with the merriment of his guests. I wish, too, the young ladies had been here this evening, as I have obtained a copy of my friend James Bird's new poem of *Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City*, which adds a fresh flower to the wreath that binds his brows.

The Vicar. From the title, I suppose the scene is laid in the days when Dunwich, now a place of little import, was in its meridian grandeur, when, as Stow says, she had "brazen gates, fifty-two churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals; a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, and a mint."

Reginald. It is. The events related in the tale are supposed to have happened during the siege of Dunwich, by Robert Blanchmains, or, as he is otherwise called, De Bellmont, Earl of Leicester, who joined Prince Henry in his rebellion against his father, Henry II.; having landed at Walton on the 21st of September, 1173, with an army of three thousand Flemings. The heroine is Bertha, the daughter of Walter de Valeins, supposed to be the governor of the city during the siege; and it is upon the mutual love of Bertha and Mowbray, a partizan of the young prince and of Leicester, that the interest of the story turns. It is not a tale of happy love; for Walter de Valeins refuses to sanction his daughter's affection for Mowbray, on account of his disloyalty to his king. But the youth saves Bertha in a moment of imminent peril, and is rewarded with her hand. Thus the poem concludes:

Oh! who can paint the joy of De Valeins?
The vivid blood ran thrilling through his veins,
His eyes were raised to heaven—uplifted there
In grateful adoration, and in prayer
His hands were clasped, while rapture swelled his breast,
And tears of joy proclaimed the father blest!
And Mowbray! His delighted heart beat high—
Oh! sweet reward for darker hours gone by!
On him gazed Walter—and the debt immense
He owed to Mowbray—gratitude intense
O'ercame his warm, his generous heart, that now
Flushed its rich crimson o'er his cheek and brow;
With deep emotions, dignity that gave
Grace to his mien, and grandeur to the brave,
He smiled on Bertha—placed her snowy hand
With pride in Mowbray's! Love's celestial band,
Which joined their hearts in hours less bright than this,
Now linked their fate in undivided bliss.

Mrs. Primrose. I think that an admirable passage.

Reginald. And the book abounds with passages which any of our living poets might be proud to have written. The following is a beautiful and a just tribute to woman:

Oh! loved and loveliest of creation's forms,
Devoted woman! when distracting storms
Tumultuous sweep o'er man's ambitious breast,
Thy love can charm his troubled soul to rest,
And, like a sunbeam on the tempest's gloom,
Shed light and beauty o'er his darkest doom!
While man, still varying with the varying hour,
Flits, like the restless bee, from flower to flower,
Thy faith remains—upon thy breast alone
Eternal Love has fixed his certain throne!
Thou art man's changeless comforter—his all—
His hope—his heaven—although his earliest fall!
Oh! when thy fair, but rash and erring hand,
In Eden dared to break the dread command,

Then Adam, doubtless, from that fatal tree
Deemed ruin welcome since it came by thee!

Here is another passage replete
with beauty:

Dear is the freshness of our hearts when
blooms

Youth's sweetest flower, when Love first waves
his plumes

Before our eyes, which dazzle as they play
With hues so bright, so varied, and so gay;
Then Nature smiles, in peerless beauty drest,
And honey'd stores are hived within our
breast,

From which we trust that we can gather pure
And lasting sweets, so fated to endure,
That not the world, its storms, its trials here
Can waste that hoard, so treasured and so
dear!

Then, ere our hearts have felt the grief that
springs

From ills which Time bears darkly on his
wings,

Then breathe we rapture in life's rosy bowers,
Joy fans our souls—Love consecrates the
hours—

And Hope sets up her leading star on high:
Yet—Sorrow clouds its radiance ere we die.

Mrs. Primrose. You must leave the volume with me, Reginald: my daughters will be pleased with it. Horace has sent me some books from London; he heard me admire some poems of Mrs. Henry Rolls's which once fell in my way, and he has, very gallantly, forwarded all that lady's published works.

Reginald. Which I have possessed some time, and am not sorry to have this opportunity of paying her the tribute of praise due to her merits as a writer. Her first publication, *Sacred Sketches*, is a work, not of the highest merit certainly, but one of which the design was excellent, and the execution above mediocrity. This was followed by *Moscow*, a short poem, founded on the destruction of that city in 1812. *The Home of Love* was her next essay: her last, I believe, was *The*
Fol. XI. No. LXF.

Feudal Christmas, or Legends of the North, in which she has displayed much of the tact of true genius. I shall be happy to hear that Mrs. Rolls is again a candidate for literary honours, thinking very highly of her talents.

The Vicar. A little poem accompanied the parcel, entitled *Humanity*, by the author of "*Nugæ Sacræ*," with which I have been much pleased. It advocates the exercise of that virtue to the inferior animals, and is intended "for young persons," but may, I think, be perused with great advantage by those further advanced in life: though the propriety of more immediately addressing it to "the young" cannot be questioned; for it is upon the minds of the tender and innocent child that impressions may be easily made, which after-years cannot eradicate; and no feelings more amiable can be inculcated—next to a love and reverence for our Maker—than those which teach humanity to the brute creation. The author particularly advocates "humanity" to those animals which are intended for the food of man:

While man, to live by blood content,
Must bid the herd and flock to bleed,
Oh! let the death be gently sent,
And quickly be the sufferer freed!
Those for the general use decreed
To yield the life that dies with breath—
For them humanity would plead,
That easy be the death!

Mr. Montague. It should be easy; but I fear this rule is frequently and unnecessarily departed from, whilst we too often see absolute cruelty practised in the treatment of those animals to which man owes so much. I detest any thing like cruelty to any living creature; and, like Cowper, him

Would not enter on my list of friends,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

Mr. Apathy. Here is another volume of poems, as poetry seems to be the order of the day, or rather of the night: it is entitled *The Shipwreck, a Tale of Arabia*, and other poems, written by a young lady of Bristol. I do not pretend to be a critic on this department of literature: I know what pleases myself; but what pleases me I find very frequently does not please the public. Now, Reginald, look through the pages, and see if you can find any thing worth reading.

Reginald. Yes; here is a piece I like very well:

FRIENDSHIP.

A brighter rose ne'er grac'd its tree
Than that which blossoms here for me;
Ne'er linger'd joy's delighted eye
Upon a milder evening sky;
Nor e'er seem'd beauty more serene
Than dwells on this enchanting scene.

Yet fairer than the fairest rose,
Than every flower that summer shews,
And milder than the pensive light
That lingers on the brow of night;
Than all earth's dearest scenes more dear,
Exists a charm I find not here.

Oh! sweeter far is Friendship's sigh
Than, Rose, thy breath of purity!
Thy dew-drops, shining 'mid the ray
That hails the summer's fervid day;
Than these there dwells a charm more bright
In Feeling's eye of weeping light.

Then wonder not the wing of thought
That brighter, dearer charm has sought:
Though oft I gaze, delighted gaze,
On all the stores that earth displays,
There lives not one so sweet and dear,
As Friendship's smile, as Friendship's tear.

Mr. Montague. These lines are pretty.

Reginald. Which, by the bye, is not a very flattering epithet to apply to poetry. But there appear to be many passages in the volume more than "pretty;" it contains a number of pieces, I observe, of varied excel-

lence: I have not encountered one decidedly bad. The fair authoress bespeaks her critics' indulgence: I think she has little occasion to dread their severity.

Mr. Apathy. Are you about to commence dentist, Dr. Primrose, or is it your lady's taste? I see you have got here all Mr. Koecker's works, even to his last publication—*An Essay on the Diseases of the Jaw's*.

The Vicar. Mr. Koecker is an intimate friend of Horace's, who speaks of him in his letters in high terms. He has sent me his works, part of which I have read. Having been myself affected with a tumor in my right jaw, which, from wrong treatment, at one time threatened serious consequences, I looked over the *Essay on the Diseases of the Jaw* with much attention. I cannot pretend, of course, to any professional knowledge, but it strikes me as containing some very judicious observations: I shewed it to my surgeon, and he speaks of it in high terms.

Reginald. To advert from physical diseases to moral ones. As I know, my dear sir, you take a deep interest in what concerns Ireland, I recommend to you the perusal of a work, entitled *Ireland; its Evils and their Remedies*, which has been very lately published by Mr. Murray. The author, M. T. Sadler, Esq. of Leeds, I have the honour to rank among my friends; and the principles avowed in this work, with the able manner in which they are supported, explained, and defended, makes me proud of his friendship.

The Vicar. I recollect Mr. Sadler delivering a series of lectures, some time back, before the Leeds Literary and Philosophical Society,

upon the poor laws. I heard one of them, and thought the views developed by the lecturer were sound and humane; which is more than can be said for most of the plans proposed for the amendment of those laws; and I regretted I could not stay to hear more of the lectures. Is the lecturer your friend?

Reginald. He is; and you will find the same sound and humane views which distinguished his lectures pervading his present publication. He has also a larger work nearly ready for publication, entitled *The Law of Population*, which is diametrically opposed to the principle of Mr. Malthus; viz. that there is a constant tendency in human beings to increase faster than the means of subsistence. A synopsis of this work introduces the treatise on *Ireland; its Evils and their Remedies*.

The Vicar. I was never a disciple of Mr. Malthus's. I do think the doctrines he disseminates, though I believe a more humane or better man does not exist, are calculated to steel and harden the heart against the kindly impulses of charity and benevolence. They tend to make still stronger that feeling of selfishness which is by far too prevalent, and requires checking rather than encouraging. Besides, they lead us to doubt the wisdom and goodness of God, and to look upon the divine command, "Increase and multiply," as a curse, rather than a blessing.

Reginald. Mr. Sadler looks upon the modern "principle of population" in precisely the same light. He says, very justly, that "it is fatal to the exercise of charity, as a public and universal duty; nor does it dis-

guise its hostility." And it is not only opposed to the exercise of charity, a virtue we are so frequently and so emphatically exhorted to practise, but it is opposed to the decrees of divine revelation. It can only be true, as Mr. Sadler observes, by admitting the eternity of the world; which we know, instead of existing till every corner of it is so densely peopled, that subsistence cannot be raised for its inhabitants, will "pass away," and there will be "a new heaven and a new earth;" the inhabitants of which, at least, will not be exposed to the horrors which Mr. Malthus and his disciples deem as pendent over the heads of the devoted beings who live on the present globe.

The Vicar. If Mr. Sadler demolishes this system, he will effect a blessing for his country; and every wise and humane man will honour him. But what are the "Evils" of Ireland in Mr. Sadler's estimation; and what the "Remedies?"

Reginald. He conceives that absenteeism lies at the root of all the evils with which Ireland is afflicted; and is of opinion that neither emigration nor "clearing," in other words depopulating farms, will tend to improve the condition of the people. He recommends the discouragement of absenteeism, and the establishment of a reformed system of the poor laws. These propositions, though not new to the world, are enforced in a more favourable manner than in any previous publication with which I am acquainted; and the principles on which Mr. Sadler proceeds are demonstrated with almost mathematical precision.

The Vicar. I shall be most happy

to read the work; and feel particularly anxious to see the *Law of Population*.

Reginald. I will send it you as soon as it appears; and I expect it will not be very long before it is published.

Mr. Apathy. Dr. Gregory has been giving us a life of his friend, the late Dr. Good; and though, in some respects, an interesting miscellaneous volume, yet it is as pretty a specimen of the art of book-making as I have lately seen. The incidents of the doctor's life might have been comprised in twenty pages, and here we have a goodly looking volume of not less than four hundred and seventy-two.

Reginald. According to your computation, just four hundred and fifty-two more than is necessary: how, in the name of fortune, is it swelled out?

Mr. Apathy. By long dissertations upon, and extracts from, Dr. Good's writings, and by the insertion of various articles, which have little to do with his biography. The account of his writings is not without interest, and it gives us a good idea of those compositions. The works of Dr. Good have a certain value, and will always be in request with scientific persons; whilst even to those who are not exclusively devoted to pursuits of that kind, they will afford much useful information. His *Book of Nature*, his work *On the Study of Medicine*, and his translation of *Lucretius*, will always be standard works.

Reginald. Dr. Good was unfortunate, I believe, in many of his pursuits.

Mr. Apathy. Very much so. I will give you a brief sketch of his

history, and you will see that he must have been a man of great firmness of purpose, zeal, and perseverance. He was ushered into the world with the usual ceremonies on the 25th of May, 1764: his father was a dissenting preacher; and his mother a niece of John Mason, whose name is known all over England, and after whom the young inhabitant of this world of care and privations was baptized. At the proper age he was put apprentice to a surgeon at Gosport, a Mr. Johnson, under whom he studied the healing art with great assiduity. Emancipated from the controul of his master, he went into business at Sudbury with a Mr. Deeks; but, owing to a pecuniary engagement contracted to serve a friend, he became involved in his circumstances, and turned author from the force of necessity; and his first efforts were attended with a want of success that might have well thrown him into utter despair. He subsequently accepted the offer of a partnership in a medical concern in London: this too failed. But by perseverance and diligence, Mr. Good at length succeeded in establishing himself, not only in a very extensive professional practice, but also in considerable fame as a writer. In 1820 the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the diploma of M. D.: from that period his health declined, and on the 2d of January, 1827, he died. Such are the most material passages in the life of Dr. John Mason Good.

Mrs. Primrose. I recollect hearing him deliver some of his lectures at the Surrey Institution. I was pleased with his appearance and manner; they indicated a kind and benevolent heart.

The Vicar. Blackwood has added to his list of works a volume of *Letters from the Continent*, by the Rev. W. Walter. They contain not much that is absolutely new: but things that are old are illustrated with original observations; and there are many particulars relative to Italy and Switzerland that will be read with interest. I laughed heartily at his sketches of a Jesuit preacher and his sermon, which are most excellent. The preacher was, before he began to speak, apparently "a dark and gloomy-visaged" mortal; but when animated, his dark keen eyes seemed to take in every one of his congregation; and "the wrinkles which were gathered on his brow gradually relaxed, his countenance expanded, a smile spread itself over his now handsome features, and in a voice, extremely soft and musical, and with an expression the most engaging, he began a discourse, of which the sketches that Mr. Walter gives are most amusing: it was on the subject of Confession of Sins; and I will read you the conclusion of it:

You make confession a mere matter of convenience. On rising in the morning, your first business is to get shaved, and hear the news of the town; not being very busy, perhaps you then step into a coffee-house, and read the *Diario*; on loitering homewards, the open door of a church attracts your attention, and suddenly recollecting that it is a long time since you confessed, and that your sins are accumulating, you enter, and without further preparation, forthwith, as you conceive, disburthen yourself of your sins. I was one day applied to by one of this sort for absolution, and I will tell you how I treated him. A penitent, with whom I was already engaged, kept him some time waiting, and his manner

exhibited unequivocal signs of impatience. At length, however, the coast was clear, and then, clothing himself in all the externals of humility, he began, "Father, I wish to confess."—"Well, my son," replied I, "proceed; I am all attention."—"Father, I have been so very wicked as to say arch-priest."—"That is very bad indeed: but is that all?"—"No, father; I ate meat last Friday without a dispensation."—"Any thing more?"—"No, father; I cannot recollect that I have offended in any other respect."—"Pray now tell me, my son," said I, "how long is it since you last confessed?"—"A year," was the reply.—"A year! that is indeed a long time. Now, tell me, what had you for dinner last Sunday week?"—"Indeed, father, I cannot at this moment remember; but if you will give me a short time to——"—"Come, no hesitation; tell me instantly of what your last Sunday's dinner consisted?"—"Indeed, father, I have forgotten."—"O unworthy son of the church that thou art," said I, "go about thy business; expect no absolution from me. You came, pretending to be able to recal all the delinquencies of a year, and yet your memory is so frail, that you cannot tell me what you ate for dinner fourteen days ago. Begone! make room for more devout Christians than thyself, and learn that the confessional is not safely to be trifled with." He then expatiated upon the ignorance which prevailed, especially amongst the young, in religious matters. "Your parents," he said, "spend a great deal of money on what is called your education; but, to judge from what I see before me, a great deal more on your dress. In this education you are taught to act your part with elegance and grace in a waltz or a cotillon. Your dancing-master always finds you at home, and ready to receive his instructions; and so perhaps does your music-master. But when your religious instructor is announced, it is, 'Pray excuse me for

the present; I am very busy studying the last new opera;’ or if you do condescend to sit down and hear his instructions, it is to hear only, and not to understand. Hence your ignorance in all that concerns your eternal welfare. Now I will make bold to say, that there are many now before me, who, if I were to ask them how many sacraments there are, would be unable to answer me, or perhaps would reply, ‘ Three; faith, hope, and charity.’ ” This stroke of humour was too much for the gravity of his audience, whose visible muscles had been more than once excited; they, one and all, gave way to the occasion, and a slight hum of laughter was distinctly heard proceeding from the assembled crowd. In a similar strain of humour the good father held forth for more than an hour, with what advantage to his audience I do not take upon myself to say. But I should humbly conceive, that they would retire to their houses more amused than instructed; and would speak of Father — as a most entertaining preacher, and the inventor of some as pretty stories about the devil and the confessional as they had ever heard.

Reginald. This preacher reminds me of one I heard in Alexandria—not in Egypt, but in the United States. He was a Methodist parson, of the name of Chambers; a short, fat, pudgy figure, almost as broad as he was long; with eyes that twinkled from beneath his bushy eyebrows, like the glow-worm’s lamp from underneath the arching pent-house of a dock-leaf. In the pulpit he would retail all the curious stories he could possibly collect; and lay Joe Miller under contribution, when other sources failed. The walls of the chapel used to re-echo with laughter; and whilst the whites would vote him “ a pretty considerably particular queer sort of chap,

really, they guessed; ” the blacks would say, “ Dis buckra breacher funny man; he makee de great laff.” — Wherever he was, young and old; rich and poor, would flock to hear him; and after he had preached a few times in this strain, he would then hold forth in a different style, and, in tremendous and awful language, preach of the judgments and penalties of the world to come. The laughter and merriment were then changed for weeping and wailing; and scenes equally revolting to the decencies of religious worship, though of quite a different character, would take place. The groans, the shrieks, and the lamentations, were terrible. The excited passions of his hearers vented themselves in the most frantic exclamations of doubt and despair; whilst those amongst them who were worked up to the pitch of believing that all their sins were forgiven, would shock the ears of the truly pious by language bordering on blasphemy, and disgusting from its impious confidence. I wish never to witness such scenes again.

The Vicar. I have heard and read of such things; they took their rise from what are termed “ Revivals ” in this country; and I cannot think that the interests of religion are promoted by such practices.

Mr. Apathy. Nor I: but they do strange things in America. The author of *Austria as it is*, has published another little volume, entitled, *The Americans as they are*, which contains some curious particulars of the “ manners and customs ” of the Americans, particularly of the Kentuckians. He says,

The inhabitants of Kentucky consist chiefly of emigrants from Virginia and

North and South Carolina, and of descendants from back-wood settlers; a proud, fierce, and overbearing set of people. They established themselves under a state of continual warfare with the Indians, who took their revenge by communicating to their vanquishers their cruel and implacable spirit. This indeed is their principal feature. A Kentuckian will wait three or four weeks in the woods for the moment of satiating his revenge, and he seldom or ever forgives. The men are of an athletic form, and there may be found amongst them many models of truly masculine beauty. The number of inhabitants is now fifty-seven thousand, including fifteen thousand slaves. Planters are among the most respectable class, and form the mass of the population. Lawyers are next, or equal to them, in rank, no less than the merchants and manufacturers. Physicians and ministers are a degree lower; and last of all are those mechanics and farmers not possessed of slaves: these are not treated better than the slaves themselves.

Mr. Montague. And the slaves are treated badly enough. The author says,

While taking my breakfast, some yells and hallooing called us to the door. A troop of horsemen were passing. Two of the party had each a negro slave running before him, secured by a rope fastened to an iron collar. A tremendous horsewhip reminded them at intervals to quicken their pace. The bloody backs and necks of these wretches bespoke a too frequent application of the lash. The third negro had, however, the hardest lot. The rope of his collar was fastened to the saddle-string of the third horseman, and the miserable creature had thus no alternative left, but to keep an equal pace with the trotting horse, or to be dragged through ditches, thorns, and copsewood. His feet and legs, all covered with blood, exhibited a dreadful

spectacle. The three slaves had run away a day before, dreading transportation to Mississippi or Louisiana. "Look here," said Mrs. Forth, calling her black girls, "what is done with the bad negroes, who run away from their masters!" With an indifference and a laughing countenance, they expressed their sentiments at this disgusting conduct.

Mr. Apathy. Various traits of a similar nature are recorded; but it must be observed, they relate chiefly to the inhabitants of the western country, who are not so civilized as those of the other states.

Reginald. That useful and amiable woman, Mrs. Hofland, has added another to her many claims to the respect of the rising generation, by the publication of a small volume, entitled *Africa described in its ancient and present State*. It must have been a work of immense labour, and is very well executed. It gives a familiar description of the country, and an interesting view of the manners and customs of the people, on the authority of the various travellers in that region, from Bruce and Ledyard, down to Clapperton and Major Denham.

The Vicar. Such a work, if carefully executed, must be very useful. The expensive and voluminous works of the enterprising individuals who have pursued geographical discoveries in Africa, are inaccessible to a large part of the community; added to which, it requires a habit of patient and diligent research to extract the material details from those of less value, and to combine the scattered and desultory materials into a systematic and uniform whole, of moderate compass.

Reginald. I do not say Mrs. Hofland's work is perfect; but it is not

disfigured by any material error: the geographical details, too, are intermixed with brief but succinct historical particulars, which add much to the interest of the volume. The following description of the Arabian tribes, who live in the deserts of Arabia, under tents, "scorning all subjection to any but their own Sheikhs, or heads of tribes," is a not an unfavourable specimen of the way in which Mrs. Hofland handles her subject:

They live by plunder, and may truly be said "to have their hand against every man:" yet they are hospitable to all who seek their assistance, and scorn nothing so much as the churl who would withhold his best morsel from the stranger; and although they will extort a high price for their services, will perform them, when the bargain is concluded, with a fidelity that includes the risk of life itself.

They carry with them numerous herds, cattle and camels, which, on the slightest alarm, they remove, together with extensive families of women and children, in the most rapid manner imaginable. Their tents are of two kinds: one made of camel's and goat's hair, woven with great dexterity by the women, exceedingly light, yet proof against heavy rain; the other made of the bark of trees, in the way of a portable tent, that can be set upon the back of a camel. Their hearths are in the middle of the tent, round which they sit, every article of their furniture being of the same useful and simple kind as their habitations. In their own dress, the ornaments of their women, and the sumpter of their horses and weapons, they display their wealth, and gold, silver, and precious stones frequently adorn these children of the desert.

The women are extremely industrious, and if they remain long enough in any

place to follow agriculture, it is all effected by them; they grind the corn, make the bread and all the garments of the family, as well as tend the sheep and goats; for when the Arab is not out on his horse engaged in reconnoitring, or attacking, he is indolent and useless. They are, however, fully aware of the value of their wives, and treat them with great personal respect and tenderness, and are so proud of their modesty, that their most binding oath is, "By the honour of their women." Such indeed is the prudence and reserve of the women, and the proper impression made on the men in early life with respect to the sacred nature of marriage, that a divorce is a very rare occurrence; and when it takes place, the husband uses no other punishment than that of sending back his wife to her relations, who never fail to give a speedy death to one who has dishonoured her family by meriting this disgrace.

The women are always kept in a part of the tent divided by a kind of curtain when any strangers are admitted, and when seen, are covered to below the arms with a veil. It is supposed, from the appearance of the men and children, that they are handsome, for these are decidedly so, having in general lofty brows, keen sparkling eyes, high noses, and teeth of dazzling brilliance. On one occasion only does it appear that any of our countrymen were favoured with the sight of an unveiled Arab woman (except such as were old and poor), and then he witnessed a dance in one of their tents, performed in honour of the Sheikh's birthday, by two very handsome young women. They were splendidly arrayed, and danced with slow and graceful movements in the most elegant manner, keeping their eyes fixed on the ground.

They were much fairer than the men, and possessed the general characteristics of Asiatic beauty, but with more quiet

dignity; and when the little exhibition of their skill was over, retired to their own female sanctum, avoiding not only the expression but the gaze of admiration.

The women wear long drawers and shifts over them, made either of linen or coloured gauze, with wide sleeves, not contracted at the wrist. Those of the maidens are richly adorned with needle-work of silk. The outer garment is girt to the body with a girdle of rich embroidery, and over this the female has a mantle, or robe, of a rich azure hue, which envelops her person and hides even her feet. Their heads and hands are covered with a veil; and their necks, breasts, ears, and hands, adorned with beads of amber, rings, and jewels of every description, and sometimes even their ankles are adorned with silver bells, like those on the corals of children. In the tent, when not seen, all this finery is dismissed, and the daughters of a Sheikh, like women of the lowest order, merely wear a cloth, which reaches no lower than the knees, and, wrapping over the breast, leaves the limbs at liberty.

The men who can afford it wear, over their shirt and trowsers, also a kaffan, or jacket, with long narrow sleeves, which is girt with a broad sash, being made without buttons: their scimitar or cutlass, purses, and handkerchiefs are all appended to this sash. They have stocks of red morocco leather, and red caps on their heads, encircled by several rounds of fine white muslin; and over their kaffans a sayd, or surtout, of white woollen cloth, without sleeves, but having a large cap fastened behind, with a handsome tassel, which is intended to be drawn over the turban in case of rain. When on horseback they carry their weapons across the saddle-bow, holding in their hands the zegaz, or short lance, and their command of the handsome animal on which they ride renders their *tout-ensemble* very striking.

Tol. XI. No. LXX.

The diet of these people is very homely, being in general bread made of millet, maize, or rice, formed into cakes, and baked on the hearth, or in a pan. When dipped into honey, or oil and vinegar beaten together, it becomes a luxury. Captain Mangles and Mr. Rae Wilson, who hired Arab guides to Palmyra and Arabia Petrea, say, it is surprising how quick the food of this description was prepared for them in the desert. The Arab pushed on before them, lighted a fire of camel's dung, which ignites in a moment; then kneaded his cake, placed it on a stone, and baked it ready for them to dip into his vessel of honey, the process taking not more than twenty minutes.

Valiant and free, capable of feeling love in all its strength and purity, untamed by the severity of study as it relates to science and literature, the intellectual energies of the Arab are developed in his knowledge of natural philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry. His eloquence is terse, impressive, and pathetic; and his compositions, which relate to his exploits in war and his emotions in love, and are set to simple music, if properly translated, would frequently convey, even to polished nations, the most awakening and affecting feelings which language can communicate, and thus evince the very essence of soul-touching poetry, though in its most simple and artless mode of expression.

Mrs. Primrose. Mrs. Hoffland has a similar work in the press relative to Asia; which I have no doubt will be very interesting.

The Vicar. If done well, it must be, for Asia is a most interesting country; and all that is connected with its history, or the physical and moral changes it has undergone, cannot but be important; and the compressing it into a portable shape will be a useful task.

Reginald. I love to encourage ge-

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nus of my own country: hence I have always paid the just meed of praise to Mr. Nicholson, "the Yorkshire poet," as he has been dubbed since his rencounter with Sir R. Birnie at Bow-street. I have within the last few days had another volume put into my hands, called *Communion with the Dead*, written, as I am informed, by a young man of Bradford. It seems to have been occasioned by the death of a brother and sister; and though an unequal attempt, it contains some beautiful verses, and deserves to be read. The following passage is above mediocrity: it occurs after he has described the "merry hours of life," which were dimmed by the death of his sister, and the distress consequent on that event:

I know there are who think it but a dream
Of wild romance to talk, as I have done,
Of kindred sympathies beyond the stream,
The dark cold stream of Death, whose
waters run
Betwixt Time and Eternity. "Not one,"
So runs their creed, "of all our dearest
friends,
Mother or sister, brother, sire, or son,
May there be recognised. Affection tends
Our travel to the grave--there its brief being
ends!"

Lord, is it true, this harsh unlovely creed?
Tell me, my sister!--but no voice I hear.
Thou art a spirit now, and dost not need
A language fitted for a mortal's ear.
Oh! did we know it true, how we should fear
Death's future visitation! He would seem
The king of terrors then--with such a leer
Of malice in his eye, as poets dream
The Vampire hath; and, in his throat, the
Vampire's scream.

And such an awful vision he would come,
Marring the choicest pleasures of the
heart;
Striking home's pleasant music--oh, how
dumb!
Bidding the sweets of friendship all depart.

Now keen as the forked lightning--then his
dart,
In dark annihilation's poison dipped,
Intolerable anguish to the heart
Would strike. Even as its chains the spirit
slipped,
'Twould grieve to see love's beauteous buds
so rudely nipped.

But, oh, it is not so! Fraternal feelings,
Father's and mother's yearning tenderness,
Love's pure affection, are the first revealings
Of heaven, which is all love, and so all
bliss.

These are most sacred things; and sure it is,
All that remains of Eden on the earth,
All that is heavenly in our sympathies,
Must be transplanted to their place of
birth,
And there expanded forth to their full power
and worth.

The Vicar. A good idea, not badly expressed. It is seldom a young man writes so seriously.

Reginald. No. Youth is much oftener the season for action, rather than for reflection; and deep thought should not be looked for from boyish heads. But it is growing late, and I see you have still a packet of new books untouched.

Vicar. Yes; here are *Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future*, in three volumes; attributed by those who pretend to be in the secret to the energetic and eloquent pen of Croly--Derwent Conway's (Inglis's) *Solitary Walks through Many Lands--Cameleon Sketches*, by the author of "A Promenade round Dorking"--*The Cypress-Wreath*--a new volume of *Poems*, by Mrs. Wilson, and some others; the consideration of which we must defer till our next meeting.

Mr. Montague. And now suppose we say, "Good night!"

REGINALD HULDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, April 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*The Return from America,*" a *Divertimento for the Piano-forte*, composed by Charles della Torre. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

Nine new Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by the same. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

WE have so fully stated our sentiments on the style and merits of Mr. della Torre's compositions, in the last number of the "Repository of Arts," that we feel justified in compressing our opinion of the above two publications into a few lines.

"The Return from America" consists of one movement, an allegro in B b major, $\frac{3}{8}$ time, of six pages. Its character is that of placid gracefulness; the ideas are replete with expressive meaning, and present much variety, among which the more active passages distinguish themselves by a peculiar neatness of musical diction. The conclusion is wound up with some degree of boldness, and with decisive effect.

Difficult as it is in waltzes, polonaises, marches, and other similar pieces of a fixed character, to deviate from the beaten track, Mr. D. T.'s waltzes must be admitted to combine considerable originality with much melodic delicacy of expression, and with many touches of very choice harmonic colouring. We strongly recommend them to the notice of such players as are capable, from inward feeling, of infusing due emphasis and accent into their performance. In this respect, the numerous directions added by the author will be of great assistance; but on this essential point musical notation is so insufficient, that much must

still be left to the musical sense of the player.

A favourite Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by J. N. Hummel of Vienna. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Wesseland Stodart, Frith-street.)

This is probably a reprint of a foreign publication; and we can only say, that the publicity it has thus gained among us is well merited. The rondo (E b major, $\frac{3}{4}$ time) is in Hummel's best style, and altogether a masterly production.

Four grand Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by Fr. Hoffmann. Pr. 2s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

"Grand" is rather a big term for the waltzes in this book, which are unquestionably above the common order, written in very good style, and fit for the ear of the cultivated amateur. But the quantum of originality is not abundant, and there is no feature sufficiently imposing to lay claim to the epithet "grand." There is an imperfection in the rhythm of the second part of waltz No. 1. (p. 1, l. 4,) which would almost warrant the supposition of two bars having been left out accidentally. As it stands, the part, after two successive periods of four bars each, concludes with one of *six* bars.

Three progressive Lessons for the Piano-forte, composed by E. Solis, Nos. 1. 2. 3. (Op. 17. 18. and 19.) Pr. 2s. each.—(Cramer and Co.)

These three books are strictly progressive; and the good, intelligible melody which prevails in all of them, together with the proper style in which they are devised, renders them very fit means of forwarding the studies of pupils that have satis-

factorily gone through the stage of initiatory tuition.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

Mayseder's three grand Duets concertante for the Piano-forte and Flute, arranged by Jean Sedlatzek. No. 1. Op. 30. Pr. 6s.
—(Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

As the title leaves a doubt in what the arrangement of Mr. Sedlatzek consists, we shall merely add, that these duets are published by Messrs. W. and S. in various other ways; viz. for piano-forte and violin, piano-forte and violoncello, two violins, and violin and violoncello. The first of them, now before us, consists of an allegro, an adagio, and rondo, quite a sonata of the good old times. The light, graceful melodic style of Mayseder prevails throughout the execution, as regards the piano-forte, comes within the sphere of moderate players, and the flute-part, which is indispensable, may also be mastered by a performer not arrived at absolute perfection. The combined effect will be found such as to delight the ear of accomplished amateurs.

Brilliant Polonaise for the Piano-forte, on the celebrated German Arietta, "True Love," composed by J. P. Pixis. Edition revised, and Passages for the additional Keys arranged for Piano-fortes up to C, by C. Dumon. Pr. 4s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

The subject upon which this polonaise is founded, is no doubt familiar to most of our readers. In the hands of Mr. Pixis, whom we believe at this moment to be in London, it has become a test to try executive powers of the first order, which are required for a good portion of the

composition, so as to wind satisfactorily through the passages and numerous modulations. The merit of Mr. Dumon's labour is not to be underrated. He has altered the "ultra" passages with good tact and judgment.

Variations on a favourite Vienna Waltz, for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Czerny. Pr. 3s. Op. 12.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

This is the waltz generally known under the title "Le désir," and erroneously ascribed to Beethoven, on the subject of which we felt ourselves called upon to insert, in No. LXI. of "The Repository," Mr. Horetzky's remarks on our observation as to the omission of the trio, which latter he maintained to be of spurious origin. The present publication tends further to corroborate Mr. H.'s statement: it also omits the trio. The variations are far above the common order, and demand a skilled player, and one who is quite at home in the flat keys, in which they afford the most salutary practice. Upon the whole, we must own the German composers of the present day indulge in difficulties of execution which necessarily tend to limit the circulation of their works. Surely they write more for amateurs than professors. *Est modus in rebus.* What should we think of a dancing-master, who, not content with a degree of perfection desirable and sufficient to please in social parties and assemblies, strove to initiate his pupils in the entrechats, pirouettes, &c. expected on the boards of the King's Theatre?

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, on a favourite French Romance, composed by Sixto Perez. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell, Bond-street.)

Not a fantasia, but simply a theme, with six or seven variations, preceded by two pages of introduction. The theme does not exhibit that simplicity, clearness, and regularity of plan so essential to satisfactory amplification. Its second part greatly lacks good keeping. This defect, therefore, is naturally felt in the variations, which, depending in all respects on the composer's own labour, must be admitted to be of classic workmanship, excellent in their kind, but fit only for skilled players.

Mozart's celebrated Quartett in F, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte by S. Webbe. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)

The whole of Mozart's superb violin quartetts are extant in adaptations for four hands. Such music cannot be too widely spread in all manner of ways. Of Mr. Webbe's arrangement of this most beautiful quartett, in F major, we are warranted in speaking in the highest terms. It is probably as perfect as Mozart himself would have wished it to be; and there is one feature of great merit, so rarely met with in piano-forte duets: the melody is generally kept within its *authentic* bounds, without consigning it to the additional keys, the insignificance and frequent discordance of which are enough to spoil every thing. The same judicious management has prevented the bass-part from dwelling amidst the indistinct rumbling of the extreme low keys.

No. 1. *Rondo on the favourite German Melody, "Steh nur auf du junger Schwitzerbu,"* composed for the *Piano-forte* by J. N. Hümmel. Pr. 2s.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

No. 2. *Rondo on the favourite Ger-*

man Melody, "Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart," composed for the *Piano-forte* by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Published by the same.)

What a number of H-mmels these Germans have! and all of them composers! There is *Himmel*, the great author of *Fanchon*; then there is the celebrated J. N. *Hummel* of Vienna, who has so often been the theme of our reports; and here comes a Mr. *Hümmel*—(J. N. more-over.) What a coincidence in every thing but two little dots over the *u*! Who this Mr. J. N. Hümmel is, and whence he comes, we do not know; but that he is an humbler Hummel than the *John Nepomuk Hummel* of Vienna, we can safely aver, from a perusal of the two rondos at our side. Not that we have any particular objection to make against them. On the contrary, these rondos are pleasing, and, upon the whole, very satisfactory in their kind; but the style is of a light calibre, such as may suit young players, whose favour will no doubt be gained by the melodiousness and regularity of the subjects. The Swiss or Tyrolese air of No. 1. is not propounded in its most authentic form, such as we have been used to hear and see it. The subject of No. 2. is little known in this country. It is a very characteristic comic melody, originally set to a German text of broad comic humour, a good translation of which, however hostile to the faculty, might probably prove acceptable to the English vocal amateur. The rondo formed on this air is really attractive.

Twelve Characteristic Tyrolese Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte. Pr. 4s.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

The contents are stated to be founded on Tyrolese and Swiss melodies; and some Vienna Ländlers have probably pleaded close geographical neighbourhood to gain admission. At all events, the tunes are truly national of southern Germany or Switzerland. The selection is good, and the arrangement unexceptionable, and quite within the sphere of juvenile players, who will no doubt be pleased with the contents. If they can procure some German to play them over once, so much the better; for most of these dances have a peculiarity of expression about them, which, let the notes be played ever so correctly, can scarcely be imparted without having heard them properly played. Those who have listened to the merrimakings in the suburbs of Vienna on a Sunday afternoon, will readily concur in what we maintain.

“*La Gaité*,” *Fifth Set of Quadrilles, selected from Herold's Opera, “Marie,”* by L. Zerbini. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Although one or two of the preceding numbers of “*La Gaité*” are probably of more decisive hall-room attraction than this, it nevertheless tends to maintain the superiority which we have ventured to adjudge to this collection over a great portion of similar publications. In the search for variety, apparently so essential in quadrille-purveying, too great a fastidiousness might easily lead to a famine of novelty at Almack's.

The Characteristic National Quadrilles, containing à l'Anglaise, à la Française, à l'Espagnole, à l'Italienne, à l'Allemande, &c. composed for the Piano-forte or Harp by the Author of the Royal

Clarence Quadrilles. Pr. 3s.—(Mori and Lavenu.)

The First Set of the Royal Clarence Quadrilles, &c. composed for the Piano-forte or Harp by the Author of the Characteristic National Quadrilles. Pr. 3s.—(Cramer and Co.)

The above two sets of quadrilles, by an anonymous author, also claim a favourable reception. The ideas are not always original; but the *tout-ensemble* is well managed, and apparently by a hand of some experience in these matters; the style is spirited, and such as will operate sympathetically upon the saltatorian propensities of the fair.

VOCAL MUSIC.

“*I weep, but tears bring no relief*,” a vocal Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)

A peculiarity in this duet, not often met with in such compositions, is, that the second voice has throughout a text entirely different from the first. As this practice might be productive of something like a Dutch medley, we would rather not encourage it. In the present instance, the proceeding admits, if not of a justification, yet a strong ground of excuse; inasmuch as while one of the parties sighs and weeps for the beloved, the other singer acts the part of a comforter simultaneously; the weeping goes on in long notes, $\frac{2}{4}$ time, while the consolation and cheering are properly couched in triplets. All this Mr. B. has contrived with very great judgment and taste; and the duet, thus formed, is at once curious and pleasing. Towards the end, when the comforting

had taken effect, both voices, we opine, might have joined in a few words of the same text.

"*O'er the mountain,*" a Scotch Ballad, composed by G. A. Hodson. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

"*Sing on, thou warbling bird,*" composed by ditto, published by ditto. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Of both these productions we can speak favourably. The first, sung by Miss Paton at Dublin, is a ballad not deviating from the conventional style of Scotch tunes of this class; but the regularity of its construction, the good keeping in the ideas, and the appropriate harmonic support, render the whole very effective.

The bird song, which Miss Feron introduced in the opera of the Cabinet, is of more solid workmanship, and altogether of more importance. The recitative introduction boasts of a fine instrumental decoration; and the aria, in which, however, some Rossinian ideas lurk here and there, is conceived and executed in a tasteful and spirited style. It is a brilliant bravura, quite calculated to draw decided applause.

"*Hark, from yonder ivied tower,*" Glee for three Voices, composed by Isaac Dimsdale. Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

A jovial glee for three friars at the gate of a nunnery, framed upon prior models of this sort; such as, "O lady fair," &c. The melodic subjects are good; the three parts work well together; and the general effect is such as to reflect credit on the author.

A Hymn, translated from the Greek of Synesius by Bishop Heber, and set to Music by the Rev.

W. H. Havergall, A. M. Op. 9. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

In the composition of this fine hymn, the profits of which are appropriated to the Church Missionary Society, Mr. H. has displayed not only a fervid pious feeling, but a degree of science and talent which would do credit to a professional man. The want of room forbids any detail, otherwise we would willingly notice some passages of a superior order, and instances of harmonic interlacement, which we could only expect from writers of tried experience.

Sacred Minstrelsy for Children, by Eliz. Est. Hamond. Pr. 2s.—(Hailes, Piccadilly.)

The good intention of the fair composer, and the tender age for which her labour is meant, place it almost beyond the pale of criticism. The pious text, which occasionally is very homely, has been provided with simple melodies, which, upon the whole, answer satisfactorily the purpose for which they were intended. The melody, however, might have been kept more strictly within the range of infantine voices; and the leaps of distant vocal intervals ought also to have been more generally avoided.

VIOLIN, HARP, GUITAR, AND FLUTE
MUSIC.

Three Duets for two Violins, composed by T. Howell. Book 1. Pr. 4s.—(Metzler and Son, Wardour-street.)

Ditto, ditto. Book 2. Same author. Same price.

The duets in these books consist for the most part of three movements, in which Mr. H. has displayed much variety of melodic invention; and he has availed himself of all

the characteristic peculiarities and excellences of his favourite instrument, so as to infuse into his subjects and passages its true and legitimate style. The duets cannot be termed progressive, nor are they calculated for players of the humbler sort. They are less difficult than most of Viotti's, but perhaps a shade less easy than Pleyel's, chiefly owing to the frequent introduction of double notes, which no doubt greatly strengthen the harmony, but demand a purity of intonation only to be expected from performers of a certain degree of experience. Being on the subject of harmony, we may observe, by the way, that the instances of setting the accompaniment of the second violin *above* the melody assigned to the first are rather frequent in these duets. This should be avoided as much as possible.

"*Plaire sans effort*," No. 1. *petite Esquisse for the Harp, selected from Rossini's Semiramide, composed by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 3s.—(Mori and Lavenue, and S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

Petite Pièce à la Rossini et Weber pour la Harpe, composée par N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

In the first of these two publications, Mr. B. has embodied four or five of the most interesting airs of *La Semiramide*, which he has arranged, with his usual *savoir faire*, very tastefully and effectively, and in such a manner as to be accessible to moderate performers on the harp.

The "petite pièce" is calculated for a still inferior stage of proficiency, and has even occasionally the fingers marked on it. It contains a piece from the *Gran Maestro*, and one from the *Freyschütz*, on which some appropriate amplifications have been

engrafted. All is done in a most satisfactory way; but the term "composed" can scarcely be applied to things of this kind.

"*Le petit Tambour*," with *Variations for the Harp, composed by S. Dussek.* Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

There seems to be no end to the variations on this theme. The above addition to the stock, although unpretending, will be found pleasing, and well suited to performers of moderate attainments, which these variations are calculated to exhibit very advantageously.

A favourite Air, with Variations, composed by C. M. von Weber; arranged for the Flute and Piano-forte by Charles Saust. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

The theme is interesting; and the variations, seven in number, are far above the common order. The flute, of course, acts as principal; and although that instrument, as may be supposed, has been well provided for by Mr. Saust, the amateur will not have to find fault with appalling intricacies. The piano-forte fully takes its share in the performance of these variations, in some of which it even takes the lead; and, generally speaking, the part for that instrument is written in a very superior style, capable of employing the skill of an advanced player.

A new Method of Instruction for the Spanish Guitar; the Lessons original and selected, but principally by Carulli, Giuliani, and Meissonnier. Pr. 4s.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

Much novelty can scarcely be expected from an anonymous elementary work so moderate in price. But

it is fully calculated to guide a student in his early steps, examples being given in every ordinary key of the instrument, besides the usual explanatory matter regarding tuning, scales, &c. With such a work before him, an amateur may in a few weeks become capable of executing an easy accompaniment to an air; and to say the truth, we doubt whether any code of instructions will lead him much farther. If we are not mistaken in our guess, the author of this little treatise is Mr. Eulenstein, the virtuoso on the Jews-harp, whose astonishing performances on that most humble of all instruments are probably not unknown to some of our readers.

Six Waltzes pour la Guitarre, composées par Pierre Gomez. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

These waltzes are lively, well calculated for the instrument, and with a little practice attainable by very moderate players, to whose attention we recommend the publication, as containing very useful pieces for familiarizing them with the capabilities of the instrument.

Philomèle, Recueil d'Airs Italiens, Français, Espagnols et Allemands, arrangés, avec Accompagnemens progressifs de Guitarre, par G. H. Derwort. Nos. 1. to 24. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

For want of room to specify the varied and interesting contents of this large collection of vocal pieces, we content ourselves with stating generally, that it would have been

difficult to make a better choice among the stock of modern airs now in high favour. A material and rather novel feature distinguishes the greater portion of the numbers. This consists in allotting to the same melody two, and often three, accompaniments, so varying in comparative difficulty, that students of every degree of proficiency are here provided for. A few numbers have moreover piano-forte parts; and the accompaniments in some of the advanced numbers of the work are of a description to shew the performer's skill to great advantage, without imposing any deterring difficulties on his execution. In this respect, Mr. Derwort's arrangements deserve to be cited as models for universal imitation. Among the numerous gems in this collection, the truly original melodies of some of the Spanish and Mexican airs merit special attention.

Duo très agréable (!) pour Piano-forte et Guitarre, composé par Léonard de Call. Op. 105. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

The name of De Call is sufficient to check the smile which so singular a title as the above might well excite. We have more than once borne favourable testimony to the pleasing compositions of this master; and the present duet in no respect lessens the opinion we had before entertained. It is conceived in an easy, playful style, very effective, and accessible to moderate players on either instrument.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE fifth Exhibition of the Society of British artists has just opened at their gallery in Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East; and it is our pleasing task to advert to it, as a pregnant proof of the progressive growth of the fine arts in this country. We do not mean to say that adequate patronage has yet been found to reward the arduous efforts of all those who have devoted their powers to the arts as a profession; but exhibitions like this, and some of the others with which the metropolis at this season abounds, establish upon a durable basis their claims for every liberal encouragement which taste and wealth have the power to confer. The rage for groping after old paintings in the cobweb recesses of the Continent has had its half-century, and we now find even those distinguished personages who have had the fortune to possess genuine productions of the old masters (the Duke of Bedford for instance), ready to divest themselves of a share of such acquisitions to make room in their galleries for the productions of modern art. It is time that we should

“Prize not the skill of foreign realms alone,
Nor think it taste to stigmatize *our own*.”

Our graphic Muse has at length, by repeated proofs of the charms of her pencil, asserted her just pretensions:

“She hails with honest pride her country’s claim,
And calls on taste to ratify her fame.”

The present Exhibition consists of eight hundred and seventy pictures, drawings, and engravings, and forty-eight works in sculpture: it is

obvious, from this enumeration, that our limits will only enable us to take a bird’s-eye view of such a collection, and that we must make up our minds to overlook altogether many productions of merit; and what we shall have to regret still more, to incur, though undeservedly, the displeasure of many of our friends for a seeming inattention, which, however, the mechanism of a work of this kind renders unavoidable. Under such circumstances our consolation must be, that the large classes composing the public will, according to their particular predilections and degrees of taste, not overlook what we have omitted; and that our artists generally will derive from this Exhibition that due share of patronage and encouragement to which the justice of their claims so eminently entitles them.

Although the Suffolk-street body of our artists have this year taken their usual range in the various departments of the arts, the chief merit of their collection attaches to the landscapes. The historic Muse still droops her head, and Mr. Haydon’s large picture of *Christ entering Jerusalem* covers a considerable space of one of the walls of the great room, and stands alone in the mart of art unappropriated and unrecompensed,

“While foiled ambition weeps his wasted prime,
And disappointment drags the load of time.”

In still life there are several clever pictures; and in the miscellaneous range of subjects, partly composition and poetical, there are very agree-

able specimens of the skill and versatility of our rising artists.

The members of the Royal Academy seem to reserve themselves for their own Exhibition at Somerset-House. In the suite of rooms in Suffolk-street, we observed only the names of Mr. Northcote, Mr. E. H. Bailey, and Mr. Landseer the Associate. The first-named venerable artist exhibits an equestrian portrait of his Most Gracious Majesty, and a representation of the Princess Bridget Plantagenet contemplating a picture of the death of her brothers, King Edward V. and the Duke of York. We shall take a cursory glance at the general contents of the Exhibition.

Aeneas and Achates landing on the Coast of Africa, near to Carthage, are directed by Venus, who appears to them in the Character of a Spartan Huntress.—W. Linton.

“The southern queen, the city of the sea,
 Ere Venice was a name! the lofty heart
 That battled for the empire of the world,
 And all but won, yet perished in the strife!
 Now, in her young proud beauty—
 Beneath her palms, and 'mid her climbing
 towers,
 Darts, like a sunny flash, the antelope;
 And bound the wild deer, where the severing
 boughs
 Let forth a goddess.”

The subject, as the name imports, is from the first book of the *Aeneid*; but the lines above quoted in illustration are part of those attributed to Mr. T. K. Hervey, and they have been justly quoted as an appropriate tribute from the sister Muse. Considerable powers are displayed by Mr. Linton in the composition and finishing of this picture; all the parts of which it is composed are elaborately wrought, but still within the keeping of a just feeling of nature.

The colouring is, in a great degree, splendid; the sunny effect being admirable, and the objects depicted with considerable skill and force. It is altogether a fine poetical composition, and in a tone which shews that the artist felt as he ought the breathing spirit of the original. Among other works of great merit by Mr. Linton in this Exhibition are, the view of an ancient Roman bridge in the town of Lyme Regis, and a coast scene, *Pilots going out*. The last is a very clever picture.

The Mouth of the Tees.—C. Stanfield.

This eminent artist has four pictures in the present Exhibition; of these, that which we have already named and *Peter-Boats* are the most striking. An air of nature pervades the works of Mr. Stanfield, and a boldness and spirit of execution, together with elaborate finishing, particularly in his drawings in water-colours, which cannot be too highly commended. In the point of view which the artist has taken for the first picture, we are not quite sure of the correctness of his perspective—is not the Yorkshire coast too high?

The Army of Reserve.—R. B. Davis.

This little picture is full of humour; it represents a set of boys in a riding-school preparing for, or imitating, military equestrian exercises. The grouping is capital; and the gay and sportive expression of the boys is highly characteristic. Mr. Davis has also *Studies of the Giraffe*, in his Majesty's menagerie at Windsor, which give a very correct picture of the movements of that interesting animal.

Meditation.—G. Lance.

“With solemn air he takes his station;
Mischief alone his meditation.”

These lines from Gay illustrate a picture representing a monkey surveying a store of birds and vegetables, to determine upon a spoliatory selection. All the little details of still life are painted with great care and effect. Mr. Lance has also a *Fruit* piece, which is beautifully executed; and *Peeping Tom*, in which the cat and jackdaw meet so awkwardly, is a fine example of the spirit of humour which this artist can infuse into his subjects.

Fruit and Dead Birds.—S. Platt.

A very pleasing and agreeable picture. The same merit attaches to a scene on Stanstead Marsh by Mr. H. Platt.

Rebels defeated.—T. Webster.

A humorous little picture, full of appropriate character. It is a companion for his former picture of *Rebels shooting a Prisoner*, of which there is a fine engraving by Romney in the print-room.

Dead Game.—B. Blake,

is an admirable picture; there is no part of it to which the artist has not given the truth of nature.

Tower of the Church of St. Rombold, Mechlin.—D. Roberts.

This artist has some excellent architectural pictures in this Exhibition. The street in the above-named picture is remarkably well given; and the *Abbeville* picture is likewise a faithful delineation of the local scenery of that old town. The management of the colouring, so as to relieve and enliven the parts of cumbersome and uncouth angular edifices, which if simply given, without this care, would be unpicturesque, reflects

great credit upon Mr. Roberts, who has not also been indifferent to the sprightly effect that is derivable from a proper use of the tints to be caught from the costume of the inhabitants, which he has distributed in a forcible and agreeable manner.

Cattle and Fishermen—River Scene.

—J. Dearman.

This and another picture (No. 202), by the same artist, are creditable specimens of Mr. Dearman's style, which is an attempt at the golden tone of Cuyp.

Rat-Catching.—E. Landseer,

A. R. A.

We have avowed more than once that we have no great taste for subjects of this nature: nevertheless we admit, if they must be painted, it is as well to have the description perfect; and in this picture we have the story faithfully told. The dogs are capitally painted; the figure of the boy is excellent; and the whole business of the rat-catching is managed with skill and address.

Guy Faux.—W. Gill.

This little picture is full of humour. The juvenile group is characteristic; and the boy endeavouring to *blow in* the extinguished match is excellent. The little group in the picture of the *Dancing-Dog* has similar traits of humour and clever painting.

Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples—the Sea-Breeze setting in.—J.

Cartwright,

is a clever picture by the marine-painter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. No great interest can attach to a view which has been painted and talked of by every body; but the scenery has been faithfully portrayed by Mr. Cartwright,

and the curl of the sea very naturally represented.

Peacock and Wild Fowl.—

G. Stevens.

This artist has shewn much skill in the drawing and colouring of these subjects, as will be seen upon examination of this and other similar works in the present collection.

Dry Reading.—J. Knight.

A very clever picture, with some tints of light and shade which remind us of Wilkie.

Blood-Terrier, with her Puppies.—

S. Taylor.

This artist paints naturally, and to a freedom of execution unites very careful finishing.

Dangerous Curiosity.—H. Pidding.

There is a good deal of merit in the composition and execution of this picture: it represents the circumstance of a monkey, who has taken up a fowling-piece by the muzzle, and is looking down into the barrel, while the gun is sliding, so that the lock touches the edge of the table, and the next moment will bestow upon pug the reward of his curiosity. The monkey is very expressively painted, and the objects of still life which lie about and express the sportsman's pursuit are equally well given.

The Vale of Avoca, or the Meeting of the Waters.—J. Glover.

This artist has contributed no less than fifteen pictures to this Exhibition, by far the largest of which is the Vale of Avoca, an extensive and beautiful tract in the county of Wicklow (Ireland), which was some years ago celebrated in a beautiful song by our greatest lyric poet, Mr. Moore, some of whose lines are inscribed in the catalogue. Mr. Glover's merits

as a landscape-painter are too well known to require our praise: they are fully exemplified in this large picture. The distances are managed with considerable skill, and the variety of the scenery, so far as hill and dale permitted, is well portrayed; a task of some difficulty, when it is considered how few tangible objects the artist had to display in the expanse of his prospect.

St. Paul's from the Thames.—R.

Pickersgill.

An accurate and well-painted view of the heart of London. The Thames part of the scenery is very well executed, and the enlivening effect of the morning sun is beautiful.

The Enthusiast.—Theodore Lane.

A votary of Isaac Walton, though rather of too rubicund a complexion for the sober and patient toil of angling while laid up with the gout, has contrived a substitute for his favourite amusement, by having a fishing-rod and tub to cast his line in, brought to his chamber. The subject is rather extravagant: still it possesses humour, and has some good touches of colouring.

The Little Cottager.—C. W. Pegler.

A very pleasing and well-finished picture.

Landscape, Composition, Moonlight.

—T. C. Hoffland.

From this favourite artist's studies we have half a dozen very pleasing landscapes, remarkable for the spirit as well as softness of their finishing. There is a mellowed tone in this moonlight composition which breathes repose, and the reflection in the water is extremely beautiful.

A Ferry-Boat on the Maase.—

J. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson has favoured us with

some good representations of Dutch coast scenery. The ferry-boat is executed in a spirited manner: the artist touches off character forcibly, but does not appear to attend as closely as he might to the finishing of his pictures.

A Sportsman.—A. Fraser, is very good in point of colour, and the general arrangement of the objects: it has, however, some errors of perspective.

A Crib-Biter.—G. H. Laporte.

This artist exhibits in this and other pictures some good specimens of animal-painting.

The Warming-Pan, a Mistake.—W. Kidd.

This picture humorously describes the old story of the traveller and the wooden leg, who was awoken by the chambermaid mistaking his timber supporter for the handle of the warming-pan. The expression of the figures is very good, and the colouring agreeable.

Peacock and Wild Fowl.—G. Stevens.

There is a good deal of nature in this picture. The tone of colouring is good, and all the details of still life are well arranged. This artist's *English Characters* are likewise very cleverly sketched.

Dimé Santa Maria.—J. Holmes.

The board of a poor Italian boy has been upset, and the busts of heroes and kings, and casts from the *chef-d'œuvres* of Pericles, are scattered upon the pavement. These, like the originals, are overthrown and mutilated; while the poor Italian, like the connoisseur in the Acropolis, bewails in anguish the fate of the perishable materials of art. The

expression of the boy is simple and full of character; while that of the gaping folks about conveys a good idea of the sensations which would be expressed by a group so placed. The water-colour drawing, *the Gleaner*, is also very good.

A Landscape and Waterfall.—P. Nasmyth.

A well-painted landscape—the water transparent and natural.

Old Houses at Antwerp.—C. Tomkins.

A good view of the uncouth buildings of an old town.

Trout, Pike, Carp, &c.—J. M. Child.

Naturally finished, and the colouring, in some parts, very effective.

A Page in the Dress of Charles the First's Time.—R. Edmonstone.

A pleasing representation of the half Spanish costume of the time. The air of the page lively and characteristic.

Broadstairs.—W. Wilson.

This artist has been very successful in painting small landscapes. The present picture is an example of his cleverness in this branch of art.

Courtship.—H. Hawkins.

A *tête-à-tête* between a peasant-girl and a boy, in which the fair-one's eyes speak her feelings. The tender moment is very happily caught by the artist.

Scene on the Dorsetshire Coast, Lyme Regis in the Distance.—R. H. Noble.

A remarkably well executed landscape; the agreeable prospect of the town, abruptly disclosed from the adjoining slope of the hill, is very correctly given.

The Money-Digger making his Will.

—A. Hemming.

This picture, which is an illustration of the story in Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, is well painted. The money-digger is a capital figure.

Hudibras.—R. T. Lonsdale.

The artist has selected for his subject the passage in the poem where Hudibras disarms and overthrows Sidrophel and puts Whackum to flight, and has infused into it the spirit and humour of the original.

A Maniac visited by his Children.

—J. P. Davis.

The subject is from the lines in Lord Byron's "Childe Harold"—
"Love watching Madness with unalterable
mien."

This picture has been praised for its resemblance to the tone of some of the old masters. To embody a just representation of the poet's pathetic sentiment in this passage would require very great powers. We do not deny the merit of the picture, but the poetry breathes more inspiration.

King Charles II. and Nell Gwynne.

—J. Cawse.

A garden scene, as described in Evelyn's Diary, displaying the gallantry of a gay court. The colouring in the brighter tones is very effective.

Affection and Fidelity.—T. H. Gregg.

An agreeable little picture of a child fondling a favourite dog, who appears conscious of the infantine attachment.

Portrait of A. Cunningham, Esq.—J. Moore.

A good likeness; but there is rather too sombre an expression given to a favourite bard.

Cattle.—J. Seeley.

A pleasing specimen of this artist's powers. The cattle are well drawn and painted.

Sea-Piece.—W. Davison.

The effect is very well brought out in this picture.

The Drowsy Messenger.—R. Farrier.

This small picture is very natural and pleasing. So is the *Loiterer*, by the same artist. They are both very creditable to his taste and skill.

The Lady of the Haram.—H. S. Smith.

An agreeable display of bright tints of colouring. The parrot is very well painted.

The Town-Hall, Fore-street, Exeter.

W. H. Harriott, H.

In addition to some pleasing views of foreign scenery, Mr. Harriott has furnished this Exhibition with the above water-colour drawing, which is full of merit. If this building had a tutelary genius, how much it would owe to the honorary artist, for giving picturesque beauty to the cumbrous old edifice which blocks up the foot-path in Exeter.

If our space permitted, there are many other works in this Exhibition, to the merits of which we should gladly advert, but we must break off.

Lonsdale's *Portraits of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Brougham* are capital. Mr. Boxall's *Portrait of a Lady* is likewise well painted.

Among the engravings, Hufham's *Barber - Politician*, after Sharpe, Engleheart's *Duncan Gray* (Wilkie), and several of Romney's, are excellent. Indeed, the general character of this branch of the Exhibition is highly favourable to the talents of our engravers.

Among the ladies who have gra-

ced this Exhibition with their works, Mrs. Pearson has been very successful. Her portraits are always natural and well painted; but the playful child, portrayed in the catalogue under the expressive words, *Let me sketch Mamma*, possesses a simple and captivating interest. Miss H. Gouldsmith has some agreeable landscapes in her usual pleasing and agreeable style. The miniatures are in general beautifully executed; particularly those by Mrs. Robertson, Miss Kendrick, and the Misses Ross. There are also some very pleasing works in their several departments of art, by Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Checkley, the Misses Adams, Miss Beaumont, Miss Bradford, Misses Corboux, the Misses Drummond, Miss Dagley, Miss Dujardin, Miss Farrier, Miss Gale, Miss Hague, Miss Hay, Miss James, Miss Jaques, the Misses Jones, Miss Kearsley, Miss Salmon, Miss Scott, Miss Sealey, Miss Simpson, Miss Sutherland, Miss Taylor, Miss Vassar, Miss Wright, Miss Wroughton, &c. &c.

The sculptural part, though not crowded, is advantageously filled this year. Mr. Bailey, of the Royal Academy, has a beautiful group, representing *Poetry* and *Painting*. Mr. Heffernan has a *Susanna*, which has a fleshy softness and delicacy. Mr. Kendrick's *Eve's Dream* is good, and so is his statue of the lamented Baron C. M. von Weber, as well as his *Prometheus chained*. Mr. Tate's busts of *Scott* and *Byron* are well finished; Mr. Moore's compositions are clever; Mr. Temoth and Mr. M'Dowell have good busts in the sculpture-room. Mr. C. Smith's posthumous bust of *Voltaire* is very well executed. Indeed nearly all the works in the sculptural department are well worth particular attention, as shewing the proficiency of our artists in this elevated walk of their profession.

We hope the sale at this Exhibition will correspond with the merits of the exhibitors.

DAVID WILKIE, ESQ. R. A.

Our countryman Wilkie is at present in Madrid, where, we are happy to find, he has met with a most kind and honourable reception; a circumstance which we gladly attribute to the prevalence of a better feeling among the inhabitants of that country, than the jealous and arbitrary conduct of their government would allow us to expect. Wilkie expresses great delight with the unbounded fund of amusement at the disposal of the artist in Madrid and its neighbourhood. Much he did expect, but it has far surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Remote

from their usual haunts, Spain has comparatively been little ransacked by the votaries of the fine arts; although the immense wealth showered upon that country subsequent to the period of Ferdinand and Isabella must have rendered it at least able to afford the most ample patronage to the arts; and it appears that patronage has not been altogether withheld. The ravages of the French in the Peninsula of course comprehended the fine arts; but it is gratifying to learn, that the nobles and monks contrived to secrete some of the finest works of the old masters.

The baggage-waggon of a field-army is an unsafe mode of conveyance for pictures; and we fear that many of the Italian works fared not better in the pacific arrangements of the Louvre. We are glad at all events that the Escorial still retains its pictures. Eustace, in his classic tour, has well

described the injury, in point of effect alone, inflicted upon the works of the old masters by their mere removal from the place and light for which they were originally painted. Mr. Wilkie, we regret to add, still continues in delicate health.

THE DIORAMA.

AT the close of the last month two new views were exhibited at the Diorama, painted by Monsieur Bouton and Monsieur Daguerre. That by the former represents the *Cloister of St. Wandrille, Normandy*; the latter has painted the *Village of Unterseen*.

We are always pleased at these Exhibitions, because they tend to add the advantage of popularity to the charms of art, and thereby enable meritorious artists to live upon something more substantial than the mere praise of their own labours. The public have had sufficient experience of these dioramic exhibitions, to feel that the delusion of light and shade, which it is their chief object to develop, is better adapted to cloistered and architectural subjects than to landscape representation, where the eye in vain seeks that chastened and tinted expanse of atmospheric hues, to which its everyday experience familiarizes the spectator who indulges in the contemplation of natural scenery. We turn, therefore, to the cloistered Norman ruin as the more attractive of the two parts of the present Exhibition. It represents a half-unroofed edifice, which appears every where falling into decay; and the spectator's glance is not confined, as heretofore in these pictures, to one aisle, but he

has two extending their flickering shadows before him on the right and the left; fragments of different kinds are scattered along the pavement, which form pleasing accessories to produce pictorial effect. A very beautiful piece of decayed architecture is seen through the arches of the cloister in the small quadrangle, the decay of which is exemplified by the grass that covers the ground, once sacred to the imposing performance of gorgeous religious ceremonies.

The village scene is, in the street which first meets the eye, perfectly natural. We belong as it were to the spot; we feel as if we could move onwards with the throng; we are beings of the place and of the people. The architecture, the pavement, the flights of steps, the roofs, the doors and windows, the felled trees, all combine to preserve the delusion which it is the artist's study to impose. When the general effect is so well obtained, we shall not cavil at some crude and unfinished parts, as well as one or two unnecessary attempts to increase the appearances of nature by mechanical agency. These views are perhaps, on the whole, the best we have yet had from our Parisian friends, and we cordially congratulate them upon the success of their work.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of apple-green *gros de Naples*, closed in front and fastened by gold buckles, with angular straps corded at the edge, of the same material as the pelisse. The body is made close to the shape, almost as high as the throat, and quite plain; *gigot* sleeves, with corded indented triangular cuffs, pointing upwards. The skirt is full at the back and sides, and a small space left plain in front. The border is of chenille *en trellis*, the corners confined by circlets of apple-green satin; broad corded band above, fastened in front by a gold buckle. *Collerette* of French cambric, composed of two rows of pendant straps, embroidered in satin stitch. Large circular hat, of white *gros de Naples*, edged with rose-colour satin, placed rather forward, and displaying a row of curls behind: a plume of rose-colour quadrille feathers adorns the right side, which fall in opposite directions, the end of one extending over the front and left side of the brim, the other drooping backwards; round the corner is a broad rose-colour satin ribbon folded diagonally, and terminating in a long bow beneath the feathers: withinside the brim are two bows, from which long lawn strings proceed, ornamented with bows and ends at the extremities. Red cornelian ear-rings and brooch; gold bracelets, with red cornelian clasps; short kid gloves of primrose-colour; black satin Parisian shoes and sandals.

EVENING COSTUME.

Dress of cherry-colour crape ari-

ophane, worn over a white satin slip. The body is of cherry-colour satin, made to the form and rather tight, pointed in front, and edged with cord: it is trimmed with longitudinal folds of crape ariophane, ornamented with three cruciform bows of cherry-colour satin ribbon; the back is trimmed in the same manner, and is rather low. Melon sleeves of white crape ariophane, set in a rose-colour satin band, with a projecting pointed leaf rising from the centre. The skirt is made without gores, and is full in all round at the waist, and trimmed with a rose-colour satin rouleau, and ornamented by two rows of very full crape, regulated into puffs by rose-colour satin ribbon and a branch of scarlet Fuchsia: the upper row commences half way up the skirt, and turns off in a circular direction towards the back, leaving an open space in front; the opposite side is formed to correspond: the row beneath partakes of the same tasteful direction, nearly touching at its commencement the row above, and reaching to the satin rouleau below. Two bows of rose-colour satin ribbon, with ends of different lengths, are attached to the point of the stomacher or front. The hair is dressed high, and ornamented with a tiara gold and pearl comb on the right side, with long flat bows of hair at the summit, and large bows of blue and rose-colour ariophane crape arranged to give height; the hair is parted on the right temple, and in four large curls on the left. Gold





ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets. Gauze scarf of various colours; white kid gloves, with rose-colour embroidered backs; white satin shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 18.

THE annual promenade of Longchamps has this year been unusually brilliant. A number of new fancy silks, poplin gauzes, and coloured muslins have been exhibited there for the first time; and are since generally seen in the promenades. The silks are all of a very slight description. Some are spotted, others striped or plaided in new patterns. The greatest part are in very bad taste, from the number of glaring and badly contrasted colours which mingle in the patterns. One of those which is most in favour is a silk the ground of which is bird of paradise colour, thickly strewed with small bouquets of flowers, intermixed with narrow stripes of bright green. Poplin gauzes somewhat similar in pattern, but without stripes, have also been seen upon ladies distinguished for their taste in dress. Some of the muslins are of chintz patterns, others shaded in stripes, and some have a running pattern of foliage in various shades of green. These last are particularly elegant.

Some very elegant women appeared at Longchamps in dress *redingotes*. One of the most elegant that we observed, was composed of pale lavender *gros d'Été*: the *corsage* was disposed on the back and bosom in deep plaits in the form of a fan; these plaits were fastened on each shoulder by small flat buttons of gold filigree-work. Collar *à la pelerine*, trimmed with broad white blond lace. Sleeve *à la Marie*, the upper part less full than last month; the fulness of the lower part confined by three bands, which form lozenges in the middle of the arm; in the centre of each lozenge is placed a button to correspond with those on the shoulders. A very rich embroidery in white chenille goes down the

front and round the bottom of the dress; it is intermixed with buttons to correspond with those on the shoulders and sleeve. This is the most novel trimming we have seen for some time, and produces a very rich and elegant effect.

There were very few velvet mantles, but a great many mantillas of velvet; they are larger than any we have yet seen, and all very much trimmed. Some are cut round in tabs, which are edged with a full quilling of black blond net; others, cut in scollops or points, are edged with broad black blond lace. This kind of trimming is peculiar to black velvet mantillas; but coloured ones are cut round in slight waves, and trimmed with broad silk fringe, to correspond. A few are cut round in a wreath of oak-leaves, and finished by a braiding at the edge.

China crape scarfs and shawls, a variety of fancy scarfs, and even some black lace mantillas, have appeared at Longchamps, and have since been seen, but not generally, in the promenades.

Upon no occasion have we seen so many different coloured bonnets, but white was predominant; after it, different shades of grey and yellow were most in favour. *Gros de Naples* and crape are the most fashionable materials; fancy silks are not much in request, and velvet is now exploded.

Bonnets are of a smaller size, and closer than they have lately been worn. A good many are trimmed with rouleaus of the same materials, which are arranged in a bias direction by *agraffes* of plaided or shaded ribbon: branches of lilac, either white or shaded, are mixed with these rouleaus. Some *chapeaux* have on the top of the crown a large pointed piece cut bias: it is arranged in the style

of a drapery, and one end falls over the brim in front; the other rests upon the back part of the crown: this drapery is edged with five or six cords of satin.

Capotes are much in favour; they are worn very large, and are generally trimmed with flowers: bouquets of carnations, mingled with mignonette, or else branches of acacia or lilac, are usually employed to ornament them; some are trimmed with a wreath of foliage only.

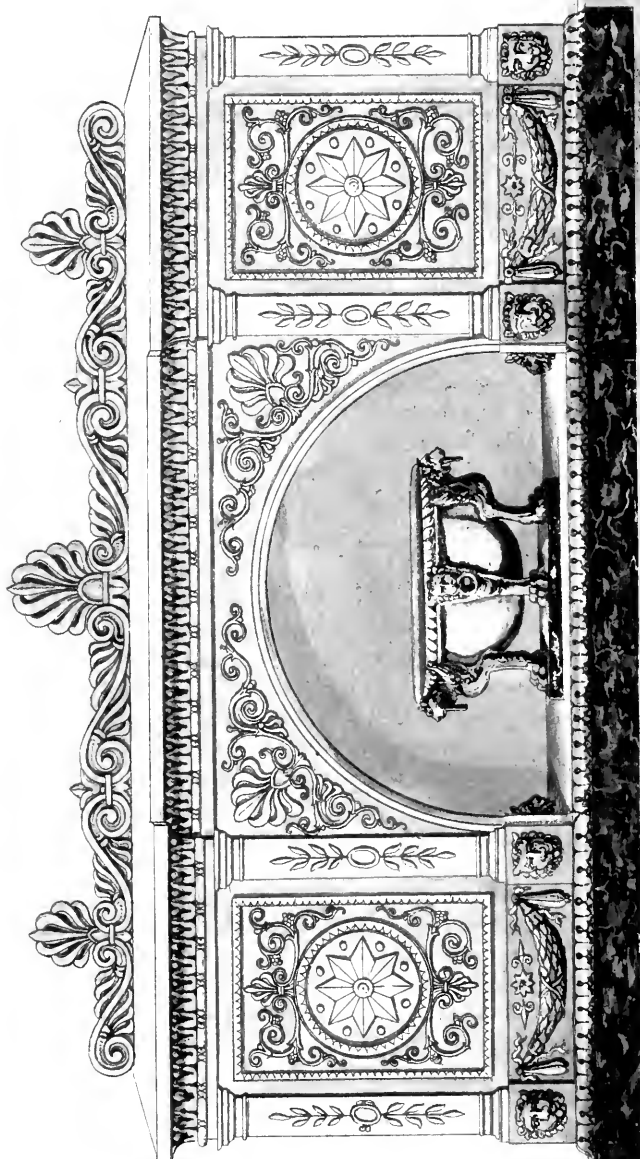
The breakfast dress which we are going to describe, is much in favour with some of our most distinguished *élégantes*: it is composed of cambric; the *corsage* is made up to the throat, but without a collar; the back is full, and the skirt is set on with a fulness nearly equal all round; each side of the bust is disposed in plaits like a man's shirt. A row of cambric points goes round the bust; they are trimmed with a very narrow frill, plaited as small as possible. Long full sleeves, confined from the elbow to the wrist by a band twisted round it in a zig-zag direction. This band is also edged with a narrow frill, and the bottom of the sleeve is finished by one something broader. The trimming of the skirt consists of three rows of points, which are laid on as *volans*, but with very little fulness, and they are edged with a narrow trimming small-plaited.

Muslin begins to be seen in dinner dress, particularly those new patterns of which we have already spoken; slight silks are still more in favour. The principal change in dinner dress is, that long sleeves are more prevalent, and that the bodies of dresses are made higher behind than they have been for some time back.

Fancy *corsages* are very prevalent in full dress. Some are *à l'Espagnole*: they are composed of coloured satin, and slashed with blond net. Others are formed of chains composed of ribbon, and having between each chain a *chef-d'or*. These *corsages* are cut much lower in the bust than those of dinner-

gowns; the sleeves are very short, and are frequently composed of falls of blond, to correspond with the trimming of the petticoat. Many of these *corsages* have a point at the bottom of the waist in front, and this point is ornamented either with a bow or a tassel.

Coiffures en cheveux are much more in favour in full dress than any thing else; they are worn higher than last month, and arranged in such a manner as to display as much as possible the luxuriance of the tresses. The back hair is generally disposed in either two or three bows, which, supported by long pins concealed in the hair, form a superstructure that reminds us of the days of our grandmothers. These bows are frequently bordered with pearls or beads; and gold, diamond, or pearl pins are intermixed with the bows. Sometimes two birds of paradise are arranged in the centre bow: the one is placed nearly perpendicular; the other droops very much over the left shoulder. When this is the case, a bandeau, composed of either pearls or coloured gems, goes round the crown of the head, at the base of the bows. If the *coiffure* is ornamented with ostrich feathers, they are so placed that one half stand up at the back of the head, and the rest droop towards the left shoulder. If the head-dress is composed of flowers, they are always placed on the top of the head, among the bows, except a single one, which is inserted in the curls of the front hair. One of the newest *coiffures* is composed of a gold tiara, ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and topazes: this is placed nearly on the crown of the head, and a wreath of gold foliage is arranged as a bandeau on the forehead, brought up behind, and twisted among the bows. The front hair continues to be dressed in large curls, and very full on the temples. Fashionable colours are, different shades of blue, primrose, pea-green and grass-green, bird of paradise, various shades of rose-colour, lilac, and grey.



A SIDEBOARD

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A SIDE-BOARD.

NATURE in all its laws requires action and reaction : therefore men, in common with all other animals, cannot live without a constant supply of food. It is not only necessary, but also our greatest pleasure arises from gratifying those inclinations. It is not to be wondered at that we spend a great portion of our time, not only in supporting nature, but likewise in indulging our appetite, and insensibly carrying the luxury of the table to the highest degree of refinement and elegance.

Individuals, as well as nations, are endeavouring to surpass each other in the sumptuousness of their feasts, and every thing connected with them. The buffet or side-board, which takes its lead-

ing share, by its presenting to the eye the combined display of the produce of nature and of art, and in all the variety and richness of their forms, concurs in producing a most pleasing effect.

The present design forms a parallelogram, divided into three parts, the centre of which is a semicircular arch, resting on a socle, which forms the base of the four pilasters placed on both sides. The ornaments are of a Grecian character, composed chiefly of the honeysuckle, lions' heads, &c. ; and carved of the same wood.

In the middle of the semicircular arch is placed a circular wine-cooler, resting on four chimeras ; a light grey marble slab is placed on the top.

 INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE first number of *The Picturesque Tour of the River Thames*, with coloured engravings, after designs by W. Westall, Esq. recently announced by Mr. Ackermann, will appear on the 1st of May. It will contain four plates, and be followed by the other numbers in regular monthly succession, till the completion of the work.

The new portion of *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, about to appear, is entitled *St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair Maid of Perth* ; which single story extends through the three volumes. The time is the reign of Robert III. of Scotland ; and among the characters are the Duke of Albany, the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay, the renowned Black Douglas, and many other remarkable personages of that time. The hero is Henry Wynd, the celebrated fighting man in the "Tales of a Grandfather ;" and a very interesting love-tale is interwoven throughout the whole narrative.

Miss Landou is preparing for press a

new volume of *Poems*, the two principal pieces in which are *The Venetian Bracelet* and *The Lost Pleiad*

A translation of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is preparing by the translator of Mr. Jony's "Sylla."

Mr. F. Shoberl has nearly ready for publication a duodecimo volume, which, it is presumed, will have peculiar interest for all the promoters of Christianity, and its attendant blessings of civilization and knowledge among the nations of the earth, entitled *The Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World*.

A translation of the *Memoirs of General Savary, Duke of Rovigo, and Minister of Police under Napoleon*, written by himself, is in preparation. The first volume, containing two parts, will appear in a few days. From the situations which the author held under the imperial government, there can be no doubt that, if he will but speak out, he may

clear up many of those secrets of the prison-house of his master which have most strongly excited curiosity and speculation.

In the press, to be published in monthly parts, in demy and royal 8vo. *The Holy Bible*: comprising the authorized English version, with the marginal readings; the various renderings of the most approved translators; critical and explanatory notes, and devotional reflections; also, specimens and refutations of the most specious of the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Antinomian annotations; and comparative views of every important scriptural and erroneous doctrine—to be completed in three volumes.

Shortly will be published, *Moral and Sacred Poetry*, selected from the works of the most admired authors, ancient and modern, by Thomas Wilcox and Thomas Horton.

The Prima Donna, a tale of to-day, is just ready for publication.

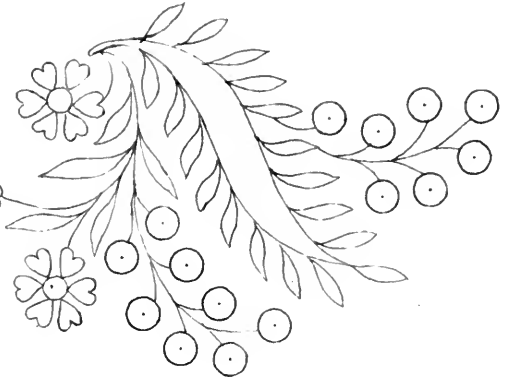
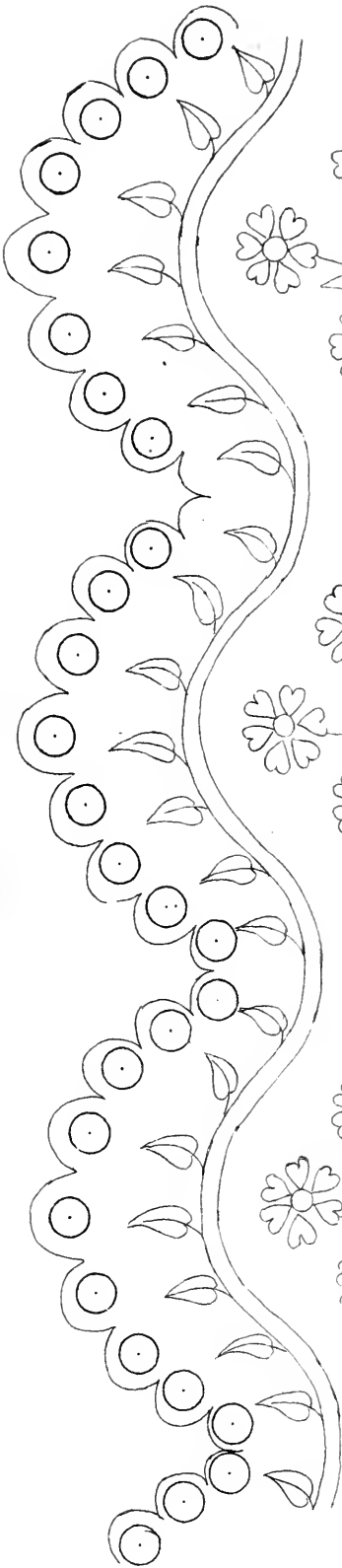
Mr. Frost, who has delivered two courses of lectures in the theatre of the Royal Institution, has announced his intention of commencing, in the beginning of May, a course of *Lectures on Botany*, at the Argyll rooms, in order to afford ladies an opportunity of attaining a knowledge of that useful science.

The destructive effect of the sun upon outside Venetian blinds has long been a subject of complaint; and we hear, with pleasure, that a remedy for this evil has been discovered by Mr. Joseph Stubbs of the Quadrant, whose beautiful views of Roslin Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral, &c. in the style of the Diorama, have,

more than once, procured him the honourable mention of the press. His invention, which he has aptly termed *the Tape and Line Preserver*, consists in two narrow slips of wood, made of sufficient size to cover the connecting tapes of the blind, and protect them from the burning influence of the sun. The construction is of the utmost simplicity, yet keeps in constant repair; the preserver being formed much upon the principle of a parallel ruler, and sliding into the frame of the blind when not in use. From an inspection of the model, which is on view, its appearance is light and ornamental; and we understand that the application is unattended by expense.

The Exhibition of the Painters in Water-Colours opened at too late a period of the month to admit of any notice in the present number of the *Repository*; but it shall receive due attention in our next.

An Exhibition is on the eve of opening, consisting of the portraits of the most illustrious characters in English history, collected from the galleries of the nobility, principally descendants of the eminent persons whose portraits form the subjects of the collection. The catalogue extends to a series of nearly two hundred portraits of the highest historical interest, and coming from sources of authenticity, it seems likely to prove a gratifying accession to our annual exhibitions of art at the present season. In our next we shall devote an article to a review of its contents.



MUSLIN PATTERNS.

DESIGNED BY MRS. J. W. B. WILSON, NEW YORK, 1888.

THE
Repository
OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XI.

JUNE 1, 1828.

No. LXVI.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review.

Such Authors and Publishers as wish their Works to receive an early notice in the Literary Coterie, shall have their wishes complied with, on sending a copy, addressed to Reginald Hildebrand, to the care of Mr. Ackermann.

Masquerade at Berlin is not suited to our pages.

Which is the best? shall have a place in our next.

The space occupied by Reviews of the Exhibitions has for some months past occasioned the exclusion of various poetical contributions, and among others The Court of Love, or Beauty versus Sense, which we shall take the earliest opportunity of introducing.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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PLATE I
SEAT OF GEORGIA COLLEGE

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OF

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Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XI.

JUNE 1, 1828.

N^o. LXVI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

TOR ABBEY, DEVON, THE SEAT OF GEORGE CARY, ESQ.

ALTHOUGH this county possesses many elegant mansions, the situation of Tor Abbey, being on the southern coast, and contiguous to one of the most delightful watering-places in England, may justly claim distinction. The circumstance also of its having in former ages been the abode of a monastic fraternity of the Præmonstratensian order, whose house was liberally endowed by King John, and subsisted until the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. together with the subsequent dilapidations and havoc which this place experienced, cannot fail to excite the interest and regret of every visiter.

Although this seat still retains its ancient name, it has very little of the monastic character; for of the "three ancient gateways" mentioned by Leland, only one is in existence. Such, however, has been the mania for modern improvement, that few places

in this county have remained in their pristine state. Tor Abbey is, nevertheless, a very delightful and comfortable residence, with numerous and elegant apartments, richly embellished with works of art: yet it is much to be regretted that the original character of the place has not been preserved. Of the existing remains of the conventual church, part of a fallen tower, with a fine semicircular arch (of Norman architecture), some foliated capitals, and a stone coffin, are highly deserving of notice. From the great interest which these relics have excited, the following lines have been engraved on a tablet:

Here meek Religion's ancient temple rose;
How great, how fallen, the mournful ruin
shews.

Of sacrilege behold what heaps appear!
Nor blush to drop the tributary tear.
Here stood the font; here, on high columns
rais'd,

The dome extended. Here the altar blazed.

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The shattered aisles with clustered ivy hung,
 The yawning arch in rude confusion sprung,
 Sad striking remnants of a former age,
 To pity now might melt the spoiler's rage.
 Lo! sunk to rest, the wearied votary sleeps,
 While o'er his urn the gloomy cypress weeps.
 Here intent pause, here draw the pensive
 sigh;

Here musing learn to live, here learn to die.

Although this mansion is but a plain structure, composed chiefly of the remains of the ancient buildings, yet its internal arrangements are extremely commodious; and the chapel, with its splendid altar-piece, and the following works of art, are particularly deserving of attention:

In the entrance hall, the Family of Charles I. by old Stone; portraits of the Czar Peter, Charles XII. King of Sweden, and Earl St. Vincent; Cleopatra, by Titian; the Gamesters, by Michael Angelo da Caravaggio.

In the breakfast-room, the Holy Family, by Raphael, said to be superior to that in Earl Grosvenor's collection; the Judgment of Midas, by Paul Panini; Amphitrite and Actæon, by Albano; a Holy Family, by Correggio; St. Cecilia, by Dominichino; Sybilla Persica, by Guercino, a copy from the collection at Rome.

In the dining-room, the Descent of Eurydice; the Dead Body of Icarus discovered on the Seashore by Albanian Peasants; the Distressed Family, from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*; Lavinia, and Night Scene, a Child going to Bed, by Thompson, R. A.; Landscape and Figures, by A. W. Calcott, R. A.; Children playing with a Kitten, and Children in a Storm, by Howard, R. A.; a fine portrait of Mrs. Cary, by Opie; G. Cary, Esq. by M. A. Shee.

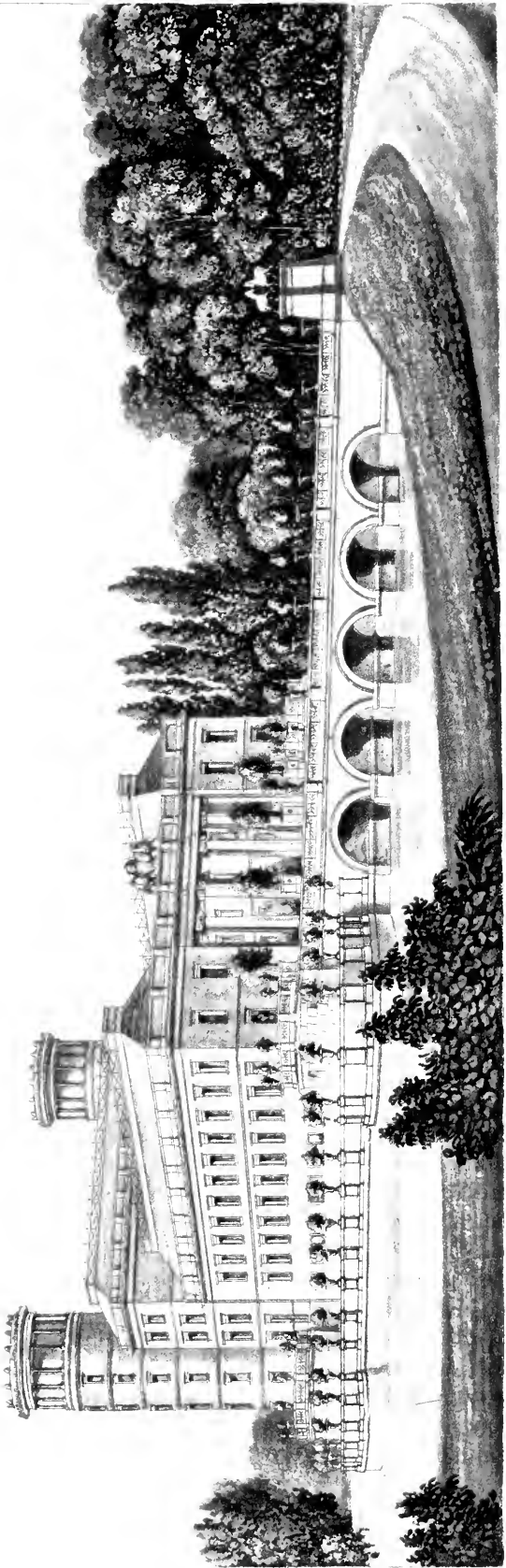
Drawing-room: Aurora, by Phillips, R. A.; Hebe, Sir W. Beechy, R. A.

The numerous attractions and many delightful excursions in the immediate neighbourhood of this place cannot fail to be universally appreciated. For an artist, here are some of the most pleasing studies imaginable, embracing extensive marine prospects, bold rocky eminences, woody plantations, picturesque cottages, with many a rural village and their little churches, rising with imposing solemnity amidst the surrounding scenery. The salubrity also of the climate of the southern coast of Devon is universally admitted, and has led to the erection of many elegant and most desirable residences, which are, in the summer season, visited by the opulent part of the community, chiefly for the benefit of their health and the advantages of sea-bathing.

Since the dissolution of monasteries, Tor Abbey has been possessed by the families of the Bruers, the Mohuns, and the Ridgways; but has belonged to the Carys more than a century, having been purchased by an ancestor of the present possessor, who succeeded to the estate about thirty years since. Much credit is due to this gentleman for the encouragement he has given to British artists.

The geologist will derive a great treat from visiting Kent's Hole, in an extensive cavern in this neighbourhood, with three entrances, and in which, during the last two years, many curious organic remains of hyenas and other wild animals have been found.

For the above particulars we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale, the author of *Excursions through Devonshire*.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
ARCHITECTURE BY H. H. WOODRUFF

MUSKAU, IN SILESIA,

THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE PICHLER OF MUSKAU.

THOUGH this department of the *Repository* has hitherto been confined to English country-seats, we trust that it will not be deemed any infringement of our plan to introduce occasionally, for the sake of variety, specimens of the same class of edifices on the Continent. For the first of these foreign buildings which we purpose to illustrate, we select the mansion of Muskau, in the kingdom of Prussia; because in its style and environs it approaches nearer to the English taste than any other.

This extensive structure, having an irregular front of three hundred and fifty feet, was built about two centuries since by an Italian architect, after the destruction of the former mansion by fire; and it owes its present, but yet unfinished, form to M. Schinkel, the able architect in chief to the King of Prussia, who, some years since, made a professional tour in England, and studied our ancient and modern architecture with great attention. Besides many treasures of art, this mansion contains a splendid library, particularly rich in early printed books and manuscripts, among the latter of which Froissart's Chronicle, in two folio volumes, embellished with nearly three thousand miniatures, belongs to the most magnificent works of the kind that are left us from that period.

In the park, which embraces some thousand acres, is laid out after English models, and might sustain a comparison with them, is situated one of the most efficacious watering-places in Prussia, provided with every requisite for the convenience and

comfort of visitors; and to which is annexed an institution for the supply of Struve's artificial mineral waters. The official analysis of the waters of Muskau by that eminent chemist, Dr. and Professor Hermbstädt, has proved theoretically that they belong to those of their kind which abound most in medicinal properties, and experience has since invariably demonstrated that the practical results correspond with that theory. In all cases of weakness and debility, indigestion, complaints incident to females, hysteria, spasms, vertigo, tic douloureux, palsy, and all kinds of nervous disorders, the use of the baths of Muskau, continued for some weeks, has produced the most satisfactory effects.

We consider therefore that we are rendering a service to the British public by directing attention to these waters, which have not been discovered more than five or six years, but have already produced such important results. They are only twenty German miles from Berlin and twelve from Dresden, and from all that we have heard respecting them, they seem to be entitled to warm recommendation, as they have been found to rival the most frequented baths of Prussia.

The country is at once pleasing and romantic, and its solitude is not without a peculiar charm. The baths are situated in a smiling valley, and are wholly encompassed, to the distance of several English miles, with evergreen forests, extending further than the eye can reach, in which this spot is embosomed like a beautiful island in the midst of the ocean.

Hills and valleys diversify the scene, and often form wildernesses, where, as in America, new generations of plants are seen springing from the trunks of gigantic trees which have been overthrown. Colossal oaks, pines, and Scotch firs, on the summits of which the eagle perches, and in the hollow stems of which wild bees build their cells, fill these woods, which are the abodes of great numbers of red-deer, fallow-deer, roebucks, and wild boars. Through the most interesting parts of the country are carried good roads, resembling the private drives in Windsor Park, which are open to all the visitors of the baths. Here sometimes the forest glades, at others the distant mountains of Silesia, or the broad river which flows through that province, afford magnificent points of view; and in some places the way winds round the Oster-hü-

gel, which are still in good preservation, and were dedicated to the pagan gods Leutiber and Svantevit, whose worship flourished here a thousand years ago. Ancient urns, gold idols, vessels for sacrifice, and other remains of remote antiquity are frequently dug up near these places, or found in the adjacent morasses in the woods by the inhabitants of the country, who have retained to this day the ancient language of the Wendes or Vandals, as also many habits and customs of remote antiquity unknown in other countries.

We have been promised a curious tradition of this but little frequented part, which we hope to be enabled to introduce into one of our early numbers, and which we are assured will be found equally characteristic and amusing.

LETTERS FROM AN ARTIST IN ITALY.

LETTER VII.

March 24, 1828.

VESUVIUS, which has been as still as a mouse for the last six years, is now in a state of eruption. I have passed one night on the top of the cone, looking down into the crater, and a glorious sight it is. The new mouths are formed at the bottom of the old crater, so that there is an immense basin for the lava to boil and bubble in, without any present fear of its boiling over. The centre mouth sends up from time to time, with explosions more terrible than thunder, fiery stones and ashes, which fall around and drop down again into the crater, spangling its surface with gems of brilliant light: from the other mouth issues lava, which, running

round and round, forms a lake of liquid fire, sending up columns of black, dense smoke, which hang in the air, and cover with a gloomy and mysterious veil the workings of the cauldron below.

The sight is too beautiful to be terrific; but you are sometimes called back to a sense of danger by a fiery stone falling near and rolling down the outside of the mountain, or by the ashy mound on which you stand being shaken to its base by the tremendous thunderings from beneath. At moments, too, when the dreadful artillery has ceased, and there is a pause of solemn stillness, some immense mass of rock loosens from the summit, and rolls down into the cra-

ter, with a rumbling indefinable noise, which whispers in your ear that the part on which your feet are placed may share the same fate. So great is the splendour of the fire that the light of the moon is only "darkness visible" by its side; her mild and tranquil beam forming the most affecting contrast to the hurly-burly of the mountain.

In the daytime, when the mountain is pouring forth smoke and ashes, the mass rises dark and thick, of a hot ash-colour. Near the mountain you see the ashes fall in perpendicular lines. These are the heaviest and most solid. The lighter shower is blown by the wind diagonally. As the column rises, it loses its colour and density, and becomes toward the top white with the sun's rays.

This is as it appeared from my bed-room window at two o'clock on Saturday, the 22d. There was a considerable fall of ashes in a village near the mountain; but the people got a Madonna out and carried her about, and the blessed lady put a stop to the eruption with two or three shakes of her wig.

—

Good-Friday, April 4th.

It was my intention to have given you this letter as the earliest news of the mountain in activity, but I was prevented from finishing it, and till now have not been able to resume it. By this time, I suppose, the London papers (the great vehicles of news for all the world) are full of it. Of the eruption we must now speak in the past tense. The night and day of which I gave you an account shewed its highest states of action. The Madonna's wig settled the business. The crater is filled with a mass of misty smoke, but no

fire is visible. We have had all the beauty of the sight, unmixed with any feeling of pain. No one has suffered the slightest injury in person or property: indeed, it has rather been hailed as a joyful event.

Earthquakes had already begun to spread desolation around. One beautiful and favourite village in the Island of Ischia had been destroyed, and the rumbling noises beneath our feet indicated that vent must be found somewhere for the gathering mischief. Science and prophecy are now speculating on what has passed. Some are of opinion, that the spirit we have had is only the forerunner of an eruption that may be as destructive in its effects as any of ancient or modern times. Those who have property in the neighbourhood are removing their most valuable articles to Naples. Naples is secure in the omnipotent blood of Saint Gennaro. For my part, I cannot but be pleased at having seen one of the most splendid exhibitions of Nature's wondrous workings. The impression which it has made on my imagination will never be effaced. I am endeavouring to put it into picture, and hope to send you some little examples; but it is a most difficult thing to represent.

A most ridiculous bustle has been created by this event among the English lion-hunters. Some had gone off to Rome to be present at the shows of the Passion-week. You know that the Pope thinks it necessary for the spiritual benefit of the holy city to illuminate St. Peter's, and to let off squibs and crackers at the castle of St. Angelo. The news of the eruption reached Rome, and all who could procure horses came back again to Naples. The road

was lined with carriages day and night—all coming to *do* the mountain—but, alas! the mountain was *done* before they came, and they had only the fatigue, and perhaps a fever, for their pains. Some, who lingered longer here, have been lucky enough

to *do* the mountain and the Pope too. These are so elevated with their good fortune, that England will hardly hold them when they get back. I must say, John Bull is a funny fellow out of his own country, however estimable he may be in it.

THE ADIGE: A NIGHT OF IMMINENT PERIL.

From "*Solitary Walks through Many Lands*, by DERWENT CONWAY, Author of '*Tales of the Ardennes*,' &c.)

I AM about to claim credit for being a traveller of extraordinary veracity; a merit which I am sure will readily be conceded to me by every reader who has got thus far into the first volume, without having read of one "hair-breadth 'scape," or one peril by flood or fire. The journals of most travellers are prettily sprinkled in this way; and I cannot help thinking mine a case of extreme hardship to have travelled, and alone too, through so many countries without having been once exposed to danger, or having even once seen death staring me in the face—to have traversed Hungary, and Norway, and Bohemia, and the deserted coasts of the Mediterranean, without having been once attacked by banditti or by bears; without once having been shipwrecked on a sunken rock, or taken by pirates and sold into slavery; without, in short, having encountered a single one of the thousand perils which I read of with so much interest in the journal of every tourist who ventures off the high-road. The chances of travel having been so niggardly to me, I take some credit to myself for not having fancied or dreamed of those perils which destiny has kept at a distance from me; and for having detailed only mere matter of

fact, when, by a slight indulgence of the imagination, I might so easily have diversified my narrative with the most imposing adventures. Now, however, Fortune is beginning to treat me kindly; and in this chapter I am about to speak of a night of imminent peril, without forfeiting my character for veracity.

Those of my readers who have walked on the banks of the Adige, below Rovigo, will know, that about a league and a half from that town there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home, have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel: the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness, and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one

side, a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon its edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished. I found the depth no where exceeded two feet; and the island, when I reached it, as agreeable as I had fancied it to be; and having culled a large bouquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it.

I had lain, I think, about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place, a busy actor in scenes far removed by both, when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder, a good deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm, and, great God! what a sight met my eye! At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me, with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder. Not a moment was to be lost; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible, for we cannot run through water with the swiftness with which

we pass over dry ground. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless; it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations; and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated, would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm; it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over; but a moment's reflection, one glance around me, shewed that I had but small cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent that no human strength could withstand rolled impetuously on; and, although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened, yet a second might carry it away; and the flood was still rising—almost every moment I could perceive the distance betwixt me and the water diminish; and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope, the most languid, however, that ever was called by the name: it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore before nightfall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily sub-

side. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited. The high-road did not lie along the river-side, and the shore for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and, besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me. No boat could reach the island; and if a rope or cord could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated; and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it: it was at all events impossible that this could happen before night-fall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation evening passed away; no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by darker and more impetuous—every few moments reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores, on both sides, were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down over a waste of waters. Night at length closed in—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosening from its roots, and sloped more over the water. Sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered, and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips, and tying

them together, bound myself round the middle to a pretty thick branch, which supported my back: this I thought might prevent me from falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times, I thought the torrent was flowing backward. Now and then I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times I imagined something rose out of the water beneath and attempted to drag me down. Often I felt convinced I heard screams mingle with the rushing torrent; and once all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry; once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away. It was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could; and thus I passed the night, under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters began to subside. The noise I thought was less. I fancied I saw the shrubs appear above water on the island, and

trees upon shore assume their usual appearance; and with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken. The flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sunrise, the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal reprieved from the scaffold shake off his bonds with more joy than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep on the island; I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down, exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment. Soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours and by the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour; for I had not of course remembered to wind up my watch

the evening before. Judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon, I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then no where deeper than four feet, and with a little struggling and buffeting succeeded in gaining the bank, which I once thought I never should have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since. Never do I smell this flower as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience, in part, the sensations I felt when I lifted my head and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me; and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say that when I look upon them I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

THE TWO GARLANDS: AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

“ Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.”

ARMSTRONG.

HASSAN AL HADDAN, the only son of a wealthy merchant of Damascus, found himself, at the decease of his father, about to mingle in the busy scenes of commercial enterprise, and take an active part in that performance of which he was before simply the spectator. Undetermined in his views, and disordered by the tumult of his ideas, he sauntered through the princely gardens of his

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palace, and at length gained the fragrant recesses of their groves, where, lulled by the soft tinkling of waters and the sweet melody of birds, he soon sank into a calm and refreshing slumber. Sleep wove a dream in her fairy habitation, and he fancied that he saw before him a youth of enchanting beauty and immortal mould. The apparition was clothed in flowing garments of

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white, and surrounded by a dazzling effulgence; a profusion of glittering ringlets wanted upon his shoulders, and a diadem of gems was bound about his brow; while his dove-like eyes shone with an intenser brilliancy, and a smile of captivating sweetness hovered upon his lips. In either hand he held a wreath of flowers, each comprising the floral productions of every clime and season, but differing materially in appearance. That in his right contained those blossoms which Nature has enamelled with her rarest hues; the choicest verdure, the purest white, the most delicate carnation, and the tenderest of azures, constituted the dyes of this thornless and unsullied chaplet. The mixture was glowing and fascinating; but the eye became exhausted by the flutter of the tints, and vainly sought the relief of shade in the midst of an overpowering light.

An immediate reverse was presented by the garland which the Genius carried in his left: in this the *chiaro-scuro* seemed to have been studied with an artist's feeling; here were bold oppositions; there deep blendings of red and black and vivid olive, with rich blue and green and crimson, in the course of which the mellow gradations of fairer colours stole gratefully upon the vision, and caught a double lustre from the force of contrast. This wreath was silvered with the dew, but, unlike the former, bore suffering in its centre; for briars were strewn amidst its leaves, and encompassed the fresh buds of which it was composed. Bound with ivy, it had all the brightness of the other, but was balanced by a due proportion of shade, and

a sprig of cypress was occasionally entwined with its gayer tendrils.

The angelic bearer of these mystic emblems, gazing upon Hassan, in a tone of entrancing harmony addressed him:

"Hassan," said he, "behold before thee the minister appointed by the Omnipotent to offer to thee that state of existence which, in thy opinion, shall prove the most desirable. Turn thine eyes upon these chaplets; they are the garlands of life: the one represents a period of prosperity and enjoyment uninterrupted by the cares, the sorrows, and the vexations of the world: upon these flowers the dews of evening never fell, the night breezes never sighed; a perpetual summer has matured them, and the genial influence of an unsetting sun has expanded their silken petals. Their bloom has never been tarnished by mist or vapour, and their pensile stems bear with them no thorn to wound the temple which they bind, or to lessen the gratification yielded by their aromatic odour.

"The other portrays the revolution of a life chequered with all the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the pains and perils of existence. These buds have been alike open to the sunshine and the cloud; they have glowed in the warm beams of the meridian, and have shrunk at the cold torpor of the north; they have been cheered by the balmy breath of the zephyr, and chilled by the bitter blast of the storm; tears have lain heavy within their bells, and thorns have issued from their stalks: but the Summer has smiled upon them in her beauty, and bright and stainless are many of their blo-

soms. Hassan, it remains but for thee to choose — either of these chaplets awaits thy acceptance, and a corresponding destiny will be thine."

The Genius stretched forth his hands as he concluded; while Hassan, transported with admiration, and seduced by the bewildering traits of the thornless garland, inclined his head before the speaker, and, with inexpressible rapture, felt the pressure of the happy wreath upon his brow. He looked for a moment at the fair shadow as it vanished from his sight; but the smile had faded from its lip, and an air of sadness, if not of sorrow, sat upon its features. Hassan had scarcely time to note the change before the figure died away, as the fleeting tints of the Iris and the thin air alone occupied the space which it had filled. In the excess of his emotion he awoke; and great indeed was his surprise, when he found the very chaplet of his dream woven around his temples. Mute with astonishment, he quitted the grove, and for many days was lost in the confusion of his thoughts; but from this state he was roused by the numerous affairs that thronged upon his attention.

Business became the object of his pursuit; his agents traded to all parts; his seamen crowded into every port; success crowned his wildest speculations, and more than expectation was realized. The treasures of the globe paid tribute to his fortune, and his magazines were laden with the fine linen and tapestries of the Indies, the rare silks and embroideries of Persia, and the odorous drugs of Arabia; while his coffers trembled beneath the ingots

of the South, and glittered with the precious gems of Golconda. His gardens were unrivalled in magnificence, and the splendour of his palaces was equalled by that only of the great Alraschid's. The brightest beauties of the East bloomed within the painted bowers of his zenana; and every captivation that could steep the senses in delight, or bind the heart of man in the witching bonds of pleasure, was in his grasp. Amidst reveling and banquets, the breathing of music and the floating of perfumes, the blazing of a thousand lustres and the sparkling of tiaras; with the surpassing radiance of woman's eye, the rare magic of her smile, and the waving of her tresses, Hassan passed the airy circle of his hours. His good genius appeared never to desert him: his caravans travelled to other countries, and returned teeming with their wealth; his vessels sailed to remote nations, and were wafted back with their choicest stores. All his undertakings were distinguished by the most flattering terminations; and while the crowd by which he was surrounded rose and fell with the revolution of affairs, he stood unmoved by either time or chance: the very elements themselves seemed to homage his superior fate: no blight destroyed the spicy produce of his fields; no fire consumed the riches of his warehouse; no storm assailed his ships, nor buried their priceless burdens in the coral caves of the ocean. His apparent felicity was the theme of every tongue, and "As fortunate as Hassan of Damascus," became a proverb in the mouths of men.

But, alas! unvaried prosperity palled upon its possessor: at the

changeless certainty of success all the charms of hope and fear, of doubt and anticipation, withered in his bosom. The pleasures of life were lost upon him, because he never knew its pains; ease was no indulgence, for to toil he was a stranger; and luxury itself failed in its incitements, since with the reverse he was unacquainted. An alien to the inquietudes that invest the fulfilment of desire with a double value, and foreign to those afflictions which, by contrast, yield a tenfold sweetness to the presence of temporal happiness, he sank into lassitude and dejection; and when all envied the golden aspect of his horoscope, he sickened at its brightness in the gorgeous chambers of his harem, and resigned himself to the weariness of a spirit that had no sorrow to quicken the sense of its enjoyments. How could he relish the invigorating balm of delight who had not drunk at the dark and bitter stream of adversity? And might that being judge of the refulgence of the sun upon whose head a cloud had never lowered?

Pleasure had proved a phantom; expectation was exhausted, novelty destroyed; and as a lake whose still waters repose in an unbroken tranquillity, so the mind of Hassan lay without stimulus or power. The bloom of health faded from his cheek, and the smile waned upon his lip; while his brow was overcast with discontent, and his dark eyes looked with indifference upon the splendour that reigned in his abode. The alluring festival, the dance, the melody, and the song that had once enchained him, now ceased to captivate; the forbidden wines of the Levant, and the most exquisite viands

of the East, but cloyed upon his palate. Even the thrilling glance of beauty played upon his heart like a sunbeam sporting upon the marble which it could not warm. Fore-stalled in every wish, surfeited with enjoyment, and haunted by the demon of prosperity, he longed to become, as other men, subject to the vicissitudes of life; to be, like them, the sport of time and circumstances; to tremble with apprehension, and to exult in the issue of success. But a brilliant circle was drawn between Hassan and his fellow-creatures; to him it was as the glittering coil of the basilisk, which shines but to betray; and gladly would he have given up the constant summer of his path to see the silver lines of his destiny saddened with the deeper shadows of visitation, and be enabled to feel its truth as he exclaimed, "Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

An incident which happened at this period urged his dissatisfaction to the climax. It was this: One evening, wandering in the outskirts of the city, he was attracted by sounds of distress issuing from a lonely habitation, whose humble character bore testimony to the poverty of its owners. Ever alive to the impulses of humanity, and hoping for some adventure to rouse his feelings, Hassan, guided by the glimmering of a lamp that stole through the half-open door of the cottage, proceeded up a narrow garden bordered by cypress-trees, and silently displacing the branches of a jessamine which clustered round the window, beheld a scene that wakened all the generous sympathies of his nature.

Over the cradle of an infant, whose pallid face wore the hues of want and sickness, leaned a youthful

female, who vainly endeavoured by the magic of her voice to still the little partner of her cares. Passionate grief was in her aspect: yet the fire that dwelt in her dazzling eyes appeared to derive an added brilliancy from the tears through which it shone. Sorrow had paled the rose upon her cheek, and partially stolen the rich ruby from her lip; but, in return, it had imbued her features with an air of intellectual sadness, which the chastening hand of affliction and of suffering perhaps only can impart. In her countenance the spirit seemed to triumph over the corporeal substance, and the touching sweetness of her expression, the noble turn of her profile, the softened grandeur of her head, and the graceful elegance of her slender yet fully developed figure, bore evidence of one whose sphere had been far distant from that in which she was now seen. Every thing in the apartment told of better days; and while Hassan, remarking this, gazed with increased interest upon the unconscious mourner, a door at the opposite end of the room was thrown open, and a young man entered, at whose appearance the female sprang up, and, with an exclamation of joy, sank into his extended arms. The mien of the youth was no less exalted than that of his companion; and as he bent over her with trembling tenderness, and wooed her by the fondest terms of endearment, his dark eyes beamed like diamonds beneath the long fringes that half-concealed them. The raven tresses of his beloved burden streamed upon his shoulder; he twined them round his fingers, and, pressing his lips upon her brow, gently drew her to his bosom; while his glance, mingling

with hers, wandered to the pillow of their babe. In doing this, the glare of the lamp fell reflected upon his face, and Hassan started with surprise as he recognised the lineaments of a young merchant, whose absence from the bazaar had been generally imputed to repeated and unexpected losses. While debating how to introduce himself to their notice, the youthful pair moved to the couch of their little treasure, where, alternately folding it in their embraces, they imprinted kisses upon its cheek, and bewailed the heavy ills which had already clouded its career. Mental anguish was deeply written upon their brows: still there was shining through its traces a something of joy and intensity, which seemed to say, that although frowned upon by Fortune and forsaken by the crowd, they were yet rich within themselves, and blest in each other's love. It spoke the hallowed luxury of two hearts, which, though lacerated, bleeding, and broken upon the rugged altar of adversity, could still cherish the pure fervour of affection, and find in that a refreshing balm for their bruises, a sweet solace for their sufferings, and a dear reward for their endurance, which neither the world could take away, nor the cold pity of the multitude bestow.

Hassan was penetrated to the soul, and a sudden movement discovered him to the inmates of the hut; the next instant placed him upon their hearth; and a short time not merely informed him of their misfortunes, but made him their benefactor. Envy, and almost wondering at the transports occasioned by a transition to which he was doomed to be a stranger, his feelings were inter-

raptured by Hamet. "Ah! sir," said he, "you who never felt the iron pressure of affliction, *cannot know* the rapture of a release. Alas! you are unacquainted with the real value of happiness." He would have said more, but, pierced with regrets, Hassan rushed from the dwelling, and sought that abode upon whose glittering pinnacles the golden sun of prosperity had never failed to gleam.

Having illumined the future prospects of the merchant, and placed him once more in the genial soil of affluence, Hassan was relapsing into his former indifference and gloom, when a secret influence impelled him one evening to the spot where the now detested garland of enjoyment had been bestowed. Throwing himself upon the enamelled turf, he wildly invoked the Genius to appear, and receive back the fatal present which had poisoned his repose. In the midst of his adjuration, a profound sleep enchained his senses: he dreamed, and imagined that a strain of music softly stole upon his ears, while the breezes, as they floated by, were laden with a thousand odours. The cadence died away, and, emerging from a silver cloud, the Genius of his destiny again stood unveiled. In his left hand he bore the darker wreath of flowers; and as his eye fell upon Al Haddan, he thus addressed him:

"Hassan, behold I am once more before thee: careful of thy welfare, studious of thy interests, and attentive to thy petitions, I have descended from the bright regions of Paradise, to restore thy peace, by entailing upon thee the liability to pain, and recalling the pernicious

gift which was granted but for thy instruction. Thou hast found by experience, that the very being of happiness must depend upon a knowledge of its reverse. Thou hast learned that the mind of man wearies of perpetual successes, in like manner as it recoils from the chilling region of unmelting adversity; and thou hast been taught, that, as light and shadow are beautiful by opposition, so joy and sorrow yield importance to each other, and together weave the magic charms of existence. *Pain* chastens the heedless impetuosity of *Pleasure*, and prevents her palling in possession; while the latter soothes away the remembrance of her rival, and pours oil into the wounds that she has made. Admirable in their union, they are when separated like evil spirits, which enter the bosom but to blight it to the core. Farewell, Hassan! receive the garland which binds thee to the destiny of thy species; and remember, that, in aspiring to a *perfect felicity upon earth*, man loses sight of his mortality, and proves forgetful of that Providence which has ordained the *inseparable conjunction* of *pain* and *pleasure* for the production of *terrestrial happiness*."

At these words, the vision faded into air; and Hassan, when he awoke, beheld the chaplet of success lying withered at his side. The spell was for ever broken: he returned to his habitation; saw without concern the failure of some of his speculations, the disappointment of many of his hopes; and in becoming, like other men, incident to the inquietudes of life, he acquired a TRUE RELISH FOR ITS ENJOYMENTS.

E. S. C***Y.

APHORISMS.

To oppose opinions universally received is to incur the imputation of vanity, ignorance, and want of taste.

Culture of the understanding is one of the best methods of subduing the heart to softness, and redeeming it from that savage state in which it too often comes from the hands of nature.

To be affected in any way, is at all times to be very disagreeable; but affectation of learning, in a woman with little merit, draws upon itself the contempt and hatred of both sexes.

She who is judiciously conversant with books will find her countenance improving as her mind is informed, and her look ennobled as her heart is elevated.

The motive of praise, though by no means the best, is a generous and powerful motive of commendable conduct.

The oak and the elephant are long before they attain perfection, but are still longer before they decay; while the butterfly and floweret perish as they arise, almost within the diurnal revolution of the sun.

DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

THE Memoirs of the Count de Brienne, who was for some time secretary of state to Louis XIV. lately published at Paris, furnish, in the account of the death of Cardinal Mazarin, an extraordinary instance of the unwillingness that is often felt by the great, to part from that which it has been the ambition of their lives to acquire.

The negociations which led to the peace of the Pyrenees, says the count, exhausted the cardinal to such a degree, as to bring upon him a disease, of which, if I recollect rightly, he died the same year. The complaint first attacked him at Siburrou, where he lived; while the king, with the queen, resided at St. Jean de Luz. One day, the queen-mother visited him in my presence. She inquired how he did. "Very ill," answered he, throwing aside the bedclothes, and stretching his leg out, and saying to the queen, who was as much surprised as the other spectators, "See, ma-

dam, what has come to my legs, while I have been giving peace to France." His leg was actually in a deplorable state; the queen could not repress a loud shriek, or help shedding tears—it was as if Lazarus had risen from the grave. I often thought of this circumstance with astonishment, and asked myself, "Is it possible that a cardinal can so far forget himself in the presence of a female, of a queen, and surrounded too by all the ladies of her court?" Either pain made him scarcely know what he was doing, or he imagined that a man who had just secured the peace of Europe at the peril of his life might do what he pleased.

In the celebrated council composed of twelve physicians, Guenaud had declared that he could not recover. As none of his colleagues would communicate this melancholy intelligence to the cardinal, Guenaud did it in the following words: "It would be wrong to flatter your eminence in your present state. Our

resources may prolong your life a little; but they cannot remove the cause of the evil. You must die of this disease, but perhaps not immediately. Prepare yourself then for the melancholy event. I have deemed it my duty to express myself quite frankly to your eminence: if my colleagues pronounce a different opinion, they deceive your eminence. What I tell you is the truth." The cardinal was deeply affected at this declaration, and merely said, "How long have I yet to live?"—"Two months at most."—"That is enough. Farewell! Come often to see me. I am obliged to you as a friend. Use the short time that is allowed me to advance yourself, as on my part I shall profit by your salutary advice. Once more, farewell! and let me know how I can serve you." He then shut himself up in his cabinet, and began to think seriously of death.

One day I was waiting in the little gallery, where was a piece of tapestry, representing Scipio, after the picture of Julio Romano. I heard the cardinal coming, and concealed myself behind the tapestry. I heard him say, "And all this I must leave!" At every step he stood still, for he was extremely weak, looked at some object or other, and then ejaculated again from the bottom of his heart, "All this I must leave!" turned about, and proceeded, "And this too! What trouble it has cost me to acquire these things! how can I part from them without pain! where I am going to, I shall never see them again." These words moved me more perhaps than they did himself, for I am not certain whether he was perfectly conscious of his situation at the time—at any rate this is not the tone of a penitent sinner. I

heaved involuntarily a loud sigh; he heard it, and cried, "Who is there?" I answered, that it was I, and that I was waiting till I could speak to his eminence. He would not suffer me to talk of business, but said, "I have now something else to think of;" and reverting to his former idea, "Look, my friend, at this beautiful Correggio, and this Venus by Titian, and this incomparable Deluge by Annibal Caracci, for I know you are fond of pictures and a connoisseur in such works. Ah! my dear friend, I must leave them all! Farewell, my dear pictures, which have afforded me so much pleasure, and cost me so much!"—I said, "But you are not so ill as you imagine, if you can still take delight in your pictures. Take courage: no body now wishes for your death; on the contrary, every one is praying for your recovery."—"Is it true, that my death is no longer wished for? Ah! you don't know all; there is one that wishes for it."—"That cannot be: take no chimeras into your head."—"I know better: but let us say no more about that. I must die; better I were gone to-day than to-morrow. He wishes for my death, I know he does." I was aware that he meant the king, whose talents, which he well knew how to appreciate, excited his jealousy. How insignificant is man when God abandons him to himself, and condemns him to bear the whole burden of his wretchedness!

The cardinal was very ill. One day I entered his apartments at the Louvre on tiptoe, because Bernouin, his valet, told me that he was asleep by the fire in his easy chair. I found him in extraordinary agitation: sometimes his body fell forward, sometimes backward, his head nearly

touching his knees, and then sinking upon the back of the chair. At others he threw himself incessantly from right to left: so that in these few minutes the pendulum of his clock did not vibrate quicker than his body. It was as though he were possessed by an evil spirit; and what was extraordinary, he muttered something that I could not understand, for his words were not articulated. I was afraid lest he should fall into the fire, and called Bernouin, who shook him violently. "What is the matter, Bernouin?" cried he, awaking; "what is the matter? *Guenaud has said it.*"—"The devil fetch *Guenaud* and his sayings!" replied the valet; "do you mean to talk of nothing else?"—"Yes, Bernouin, yes; *Guenaud has said it.*" What I could not make out while he was asleep, I now heard quite distinctly. But the horror expressed in his eyes struck me more than the words. "My dear friend," said he to me, "I am dying."—"So I perceive," replied I: "but believe me, you are killing yourself. Torment yourself not with those frightful words, which put your servants out of patience, and do your eminence more harm than your disease itself."—"Very true, my dear M. de Brienne; but *Guenaud has said it, and Guenaud understands his business.*"

In spite of all this, about four or five days before his death, the cardinal caused himself to be shaved, and his mustaches curled with the iron; his lips and cheeks were rouged, and he was so nicely painted with white lead, that probably he had never in all his life looked so white and so red. He then got into his sedan-chair, which was open before,

and was carried in this pretty attire about his garden, that, as he said, he might leave the field with honour. Never did any thing surprise me more than this sudden and complete metamorphosis: but he was near his end; and I am convinced that this effort accelerated it by several days. Great as this folly may have been before God, it was still greater before men; for it only served to degrade the dying statesman still more in their opinion; and it afforded the courtiers, unmerciful as they always are, occasion to say, "*Fourbe il a vécu, fourbe il a voulu mourir.*"

Lastly, I have still to mention, that play was going forward before his bed till the papal nuncio, on being informed that he had received the viaticum, gave him absolution, on which the cards disappeared. The commander de Souvré played for him; I was present: Souvré won a considerable sum, and immediately told his eminence of it, thinking that it would give him pleasure. "Commander," replied the cardinal very sensibly, "I am losing much more in bed than I am winning or can win at the table where you are playing for me."—"Nay, nay," said the commander: "ought we not to quit the field with honour?"—"Yes," answered he; "but you, my friends, will sweep every thing away, and I must pay the expenses of the funeral." This he said with great energy and presence of mind. I could not help wondering that a man, who was so excessively afraid of death, because his heart was attached solely to the earth, should have spoken so rationally, and conducted himself so ill.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY.

SEE her as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in her temper, and if, after a day's or week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with dry monosyllables. If she force back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence, till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never agree with her in opinion, or consult her in any of your affairs, for that would give her an idea of consequence. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy, but that all her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure not to *appear* gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good-humouredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of), never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears, "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!"—"How happy friend Smith is with his wife!"—"Any man would be happy with *such* a wife." In company never seem to know that you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you have married a woman of principle, and will follow these directions, you may be certain of an *obedient* and a *heart-broken wife*.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 279.)

THE tragedy of *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, as it was originally called, must not be passed over without distinguished notice. It is "perhaps the first specimen in our language of an heroic tale, written in blank verse, divided into acts and scenes, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular tragedy*;" and its authors were Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, one of the coadjutors of Sternhold and Hopkins in their version of the book of Psalms. The first of these, Thomas Sackville, was the son of Richard Sackville, Esq. who was privy counsellor to King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was born at Buckhurst, one of the seats of his family, in the parish of Witham, Sussex, from which he afterwards took his title. In his childhood he discovered a vigorous understanding, and was placed originally for his education at Hart Hall, late Hertford College, Oxford: though he afterwards appears to have removed to Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. Before he travelled, which was then a necessary part of the education of young gentlemen of

* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 355.

fortune, he became a student of the Inner Temple; and here he wrote the Induction to the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, and the story of the Duke of Buckingham, inserted in that collection. With the assistance of Mr. Norton, he also wrote *Gorboduc*, which was first played in the hall of that society by his fellow students, during the Christmas of 1560; and on the 18th of January, 1561, it was performed at Whitehall before Queen Elizabeth, by the same performers. After this he visited France and Italy; and on his return, his acquirements recommending him to the notice of the queen, he was soon advanced to high employments. In 1566 his father died, and left him a noble patrimony, the greatest part of which he spent in a very short time, having indulged in a style of magnificent living more befitting a prince than a private gentleman. We are told, however, that he afterwards became a better economist. In 1567 he was created Baron Buckhurst. In 1571 he was sent out ambassador to Charles IX. King of France; and whilst residing at Paris, he found time to prefix a Latin epistle to Clerke's Latin translation of Castilio's *Courtier*, which is not an unworthy recommendation of a treatise remarkable for its polite Latinity. In 1587 we find Lord Buckhurst ambassador to the States of the United Provinces. In 1588 he was created a Knight of the Garter. In 1591 he was chosen chancellor of the University of Oxford, a dignity which the queen solicited for him of the university, in opposition to the Earl of Essex. He displayed great address and profound policy in negotiating a peace with Spain; and in 1598 was rewarded for his ser-

vices by being made lord high treasurer of England. On the death of Elizabeth, her successor, James I. continued Lord Buckhurst in that important office; and so well pleased was the sovereign with his administration of the finances, that in 1603 he created him Earl of Dorset. The earl died suddenly at the council-board in 1608, leaving behind him a character of high renown, and a fame untarnished and unclouded.

Thomas Norton, Lord Buckhurst's assistant in the composition of *Gorboduc*, was, according to Strype, the son of a clergyman, a Puritan, a man of parts and learning, well known to Secretary Cecil and Archbishop Parker. He was of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, a barrister, and a bold and busy Calvinist about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was patronised by the Protector Somerset, at whose desire he translated an epistle, addressed by Peter Martyr to Somerset, into English, in 1550. Under the same patronage he probably translated also Calvin's Institutes.

Gorboduc was never intended for the press; but, in the year 1565, both the authors being absent from town, Buckhurst on the Continent, and Norton in a distant part of England, a very incorrect copy of it was printed by William Griffith, at the sign of the Falcon, in Fleetstreet. It was again printed in 1569. In 1571 a correct edition appeared, printed, under the inspection of the poets, by John Day, in Aldersgate, in 4to. black letter. The title was, "*The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex*, set forth without addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the queene's

majestie about nine years back, viz. the xvij day of Januarie, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." In 1590 another edition was printed, with the title altered to *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*. In 1596 Mr. Spence printed an edition of this tragedy, from the edition of 1569; and in 1774 it was published by Dodsley in his *Collection of Old Plays*.

Of this tragedy Sir Philip Sydney said, "It is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it does most delightfully reach, and so obtains the very end of poesy. Yet in truth it is defective in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain an exact model for all tragedy." It is fully deserving this praise of Sir Philip's; being characterized by "a propriety in the sentiments, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and an easy flow in the numbers;" though the plot is uninteresting, and the characters not sufficiently discriminated. Of Norton's reputed assistance, though it can scarcely be supposed that he would uniformly have been asserted to have been the joint author of this tragedy with Lord Buckhurst, if there had not been some foundation for the assertion; yet I cannot bring myself to believe the statement in the titlepage of the edition of 1565, that the three first acts were entirely written by him. On the contrary, I am of opinion, that his share in the composition was very trivial; an opinion strengthened by comparing the Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and Sackville's other poem in that work, with *Gorboduc*: every scene of the latter, as Warton justly observes, "is marked with his characteristic manner,

which consists in a perspicuity of style and a command of numbers superior to the run of his times. Thomas Norton's poetry is of a very different and a subordinate cast; and if we may judge from his share in our metrical psalmody, he seems to have been much more properly qualified to shine in the miserable mediocrity of Sternhold's stanza, and to write spiritual rhymes for the solace of his illuminated brethren, than to reach the bold and impassioned elevations of tragedy*."

Gorboduc contains the following characters: Gorboduc, King of Great Britain; Videna, queen and wife to Gorboduc; Ferrex, eldest son to King Gorboduc; Porrex, youngest son to King Gorboduc; Clotyn, Duke of Cornwall; Fergus, Duke of Albany; Mandred, Duke of Leagre; Civenard, Duke of Cumberland; Eubulus, secretary to King Gorboduc; Arostus, a counsellor of King Gorboduc; Dordan, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest son, Ferrex; Philander, a counsellor assigned by the king to his younger son, Porrex (both being of the old king's council before); Hermon, a parasite, remaining with Ferrex; Tyndar, a parasite, remaining with Porrex; Nuntius, a messenger of the eldest brother's death; Nuntius, a messenger of Duke Fergus' rising in arms; Marcella, a lady of the queen's privy-chamber; Chorus, four ancient and sage men of Britain. The following is the "Argument" of this play, each act of which is opened with a dumb show, or pantomime, in which the principal subject of the act is allegorically set forth, and closed with a chorus:

Gorboduc, King of Brytaine, devided his

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 371.

realme in his lifetime to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to devisiō and dissention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearely loved the elder, for revenge killed the yonger. The people, moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the crowne became uncertaine, they fell to civil warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the lande for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The play opens with a scene between Videna and Ferrex, in which the former laments the determination of Gorboduc to dismember his kingdom, contrary to what she deems the rights of her son. This determination she announces in the following speech, which is not unpoetically expressed:

Knowing well (my soune) the tender love
That I have ever borne and beare to thee,
He, greer'd therat, is not content alone
To spoyl me of thy sight, my cheefest joye;
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage,
Causelesse, unkindely, and in wrongfull
wise,
Against all law and right he will bereave;
Halfe of his kingdome he will give away.

The scene is followed by one between Gorboduc, Arostus, Philander, and Eubulus. The king communicates his intention to divide his realm between his sons, which is approved by Arostus and Philander. Eubulus dissents: he says,

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes
Makes me (O king) the bolder to presume
To speak what I conceive within my breast,
Although the same do not agree at all
With that which other heere my lords have
said,
Nor which yourselfe have seemed best to like.
Pardon I crave, and that my wordes be
deemde
To flow from hartly zeale unto your grace,
And to the safetie of your common weale.
To parte your realme unto my lords, your
sonnes,
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,

But worst of all for this our native land:
For with one land one single rule is best;
Devided reignes doo make devided hartes;
But peace preserves the countrye and the
prince.

Such is in man the greedy minde to raigne,
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
That faith and justice and all kindly love
Doo yeelde unto desire of soveraigntie,
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
To winne the thing that either would attaine.
Your grace remembreth how in passed yecres
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this
lande,

Posseste the same, and rudle it well in one:
He, thinking that the compasse did suffice
For his three sonnes three kingdomes eke
to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine.
But how much British blood hath since been
spilt

To joyne againe the sundred unities!
What princes slaine before their timely hour!
What waste of townes and people in the land!
What treasons heapt on murders and on
spoyles!

Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely
ceaste,
Ruthefull remembrance is yet hid in minde:
The gods forbid the like to chaunce againe,
And you (O king) give not the cause thereof!

Eubulus adds much more to the same purport; and indeed it is the great fault, not only of this scene, but of the whole play, that the speeches are too long: they may do to read, but would not *now* be endured in the representation.

I have mentioned that each act is introduced by a dumb show. The following is

The Order and Signification of the Show before the second Acte.

First, the musike of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king, accompanied with a number of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up a cuppe unto him of wine in a glasse, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lustie young gentleman, and presentes the king with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the king accepted, and drinking the same,

immediately felle downe dead upon the stage, and so was carryed thence away by his lords and gentlemen; and then the musike ceased. Heereby was signified, that as a glass by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clear, and may easily be seene through, ne howeth by any arte: so a faithfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeeldeth to anie indiscrete affection, but giveth aye wholesome counsell, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with poyson betokeneth flatterie, which under faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly poyson, which destroyeth the prince that receyveth it; as befell on the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellours, credited these young parasites, and brought unto themselves death and destruction thereby.

The second act opens with a very spirited scene between Ferrex, Hermon, and Dordan, in which Hermon labours to excite a spirit of jealousy in the mind of the prince against his brother, and to spirit him on to some act of violence. Dordan, on the other hand, strives to counteract the insidious advice of Hermon, but with little effect.

Hermon. If nature and the gods had pinched so
 Their flowing bountie and their noble gifts
 Of princely qualities from you, my lord,
 And powrde them all at once in wastfull wise
 Upon your father's yonger sonne alone,
 Perhaps there be that in your prejudice
 Would say that birth should yeeld to woorthines:
 But sith in each good gift and princely acte,
 Ye are his match, and in the cheefe of all,
 In mildness and in sober governaunce,
 Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you
 Suffising skill and hopefull towardnes,
 To weld the whole and match your elder's praise,
 I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe;
 Ne would I wish you yeelde to such a losse,
 Least your milde sufferance of so great a wrong
 Be deemed cowardice and simple dread,
 Which shall give courage to the fiery head
 Of your yong brother to invade the whole.
 Whiles yet therfore sticks in the people's minde

The loathed wrong of your disheritaunce,
 And ere your brother have by settled power,
 By guilefull cloake of an alluring shoue,
 Got him some force and favor in this realme;
 And while the noble queene, your mother,
 lives,

To worcke and practise all for your availe,
 Attempt redresse by arms, and wreak yourself

Upon his life that gaineth by your losse,
 Who now, to shame of you, and greefe of us,
 In your owne kingdome triumphes over you.
 Shew now your courage meet for kingly estate,

That they which have avowd to spend their goods,

Their landes, their lives, and honors in your cause,

May be the bolder to maintain your parte,
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you
 Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull hartes.

Dordan. O heaven, was there ever heard or knowne

So wicked counsell to a noble prince?

Let me (my lord) disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischeefe it contains:

Your father's death, your brother's, and your owne;

Your present murder, and eternall shame.
 Heare me (O king), and suffer not to sinke
 So high a treason in your princely brest.

Ferrex. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischeefe in my hart!

Although my brother hath bereft my realme,
 And beare perhaps to mee an hatefull minde,
 Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?

Or shall I so destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say.

Cease you to speake so any more to me;
 Ne you, my friend, with aunswere once re-
 peate

So foule a tale, in silence let it dye.

What lord or subject shall have hope at all
 That under me they safelye shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,

With whom, neither one onely brother deere,
 Ne father deerer, could enjoy their lives?

But sith I feare my yonger brother's rage,
 And sith perhaps some other man may give
 Some like advice to move his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsell may per-
 chance

Take greater force with him than this with me,
 I will in secret so prepare myselfe,
 As if his malice or his lust to raigne
 Break fourth with armes, or sodeine violence,

I may withstand his rage and keepe mine
owne.

The preparations of Ferrex are communicated to Porrex, who sees in them a desire to wage war against him as a mortal foe. Philander advises, that he should send to his brother to inquire the cause of his armament; or else to apply to his father, who should appease their inflamed minds, and rid him of fear. Porrex, kindling at the last suggestion, replies:

Porrex. Rid me of feare? I feare him not
at all,

Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
If daunger were for one to tarrie there,
Thinke ye it safety to returne againe?
In mischiefes, such as Ferrex now intends,
The woonted courteous lawes to messengers
Are not observde, which in just warre they
use,

Shall I so hazard anie one of mine?
Shall I betray my trustie friend to him
That hath disclosde his treason unto me?
(Let him intreat that feares; I feare him
not:)

Or shall I to the king my father sende;
Yea and sende now while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I give leysure by my fond delays
To Ferrex to oppresse me at unware?
I will not; but I will invade his realme,
And seek the traitour prince within his court:
Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthie
price

Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, intreat, and send, and pray,
And holde my yeelden throte to traitour's
knife,

While I with valiant mind and conquering
force

Might rid myself of foes, and winne a realme?
Yea, rather when I have the wretche's head,
Then to the king my father will I send.
The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.

This speech is well conceived.

In the third act, Gorboduc is made acquainted with the armaments set on foot by his sons, and with the threats they utter against each other. He exclaims:

Are they in armes? would he not send for
me?

Is this the honour of a father's name?
In vain we travaile to assuage their mindes,
As if their hartes, whom neither brothers
love,

Nor father's awe, nor kingdome's care can
move,

Our counsellis could withdraw from raging
heate.

Jove, slay them both, and end the cursed
line!

For though perhaps feare of such mighty
force,

As I, my lordes, joynde with your noble
aides,

May yet raise, shall expresse their present
heate,

The secret grudge and malice will remaine;
The fier not queencht, but kept in close
restrainte,

Fed still within, breaks forth with double
flame:

Their death and mine must pease the angry
gods.

Nuntius arrives, and delivers, like
"the man who drew Priam's curtains
in the dead of night," his tale of
woe.

Porrex, your younger sonne,
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule;
And with his owne most bloody hand he hath
His brother slaine, and dooth possesse his
realme.

Gorboduc. O heavens, send down the flame
of your revenge!

Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakeful fier
The traitour sonne, and then the wretched
sire!

But let us goe, that yet perhaps I may
Dye with revenge, and peaze the hatefull
gods.

The fourth act opens with a passionate lamentation by Videna for the death of her favourite son. An interview between the king, his surviving son, and his counsellors follows. Gorboduc upbraids Porrex with his brother's death, and calls upon him for his defence. He replies:

Neither, O king, I can or will deny,
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft;
Which fact how much my doleful hart dooth
vaile,

Oh! would it mought as full appeare to sight
As inward greefe would poure it forth to it:
So yet perhaps, if ever ruthfull hart
Melting in teares within a manly breast,
Through deepe repentance of his bloody
fact;

If ever greefe, if ever wofull man
Might move regreite with sorrow of his
faulte,

I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
Knowne to your grace, as I do feele the
same,

Would force even wrath herselfe to pitie me.

Gorboduc. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest
A woful hart; Ferrex now lies in grave,
Slaine by thy hand.

Porrex, in extenuation, urges the
preparations made by his brother
against him, and his secret practices
against his life.

When thus I sawe the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kinde and troth thus rent in
twaine,

His hart on mischeefe set, and in his brest
Black treason hid; then, then did I despaire;
That ever time could winne him freend to me;
Then saw I how he smilde, with slaying knife
Wrapt under cloake; then saw I deepe
deceite

Lurke in his face, and death preparede for me.
Even nature moved me then to holde my life
More deere to me then his, and bade this hand
(Since by his life my death must needes
ensue,

And by his death my life mote be preserved,)
To shed his blood, and seeke my safetie so;
And wisdomme willed me without protract
In speedy wise to put the same in use.

Gorboduc banishes the prince
from his presence; and he has
scarcely departed, before Marcella
enters and relates his murder.

Marcella. Oh! where is ruthe? or where is
pittie now?

Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they cxilde out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? is all the worlde
Drowned in blood and suncke in crueltie?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas!) within the mother's brest,
To her own childe, to her owne flesh and
blood;

If ruthe be banisht thence, if pittie there
May have no place, if there no gentle hart
Doo live and dwell, where should we seeke
it then?

Gorboduc. Madam (alas!) what means
your wofull tale?

Marcella. O silly woman I, why to this
howre

Have kinde and fortune thus deferd my
breathe,

That I should live to see this doleful daye?
Will ever wight beleeve that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mother's breast,
With her owne hand to slaye her onely soune?
But out (alas!) these eyes beheld the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact!
Porrex, alas! is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand, a wofull thing to tell,
While slumbring on his careful bed he restes,
His hart stabbe in with knife, is rest of life.

Gorboduc. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword
of ours,

And pierce this hart with speede! O hatefull
light!

O loathsome life! O sweete and welcome
death!

Deere Eubulus, woorke this we thee beseeeche.

Eubulus. Patient, your grace, perhaps he
liveth yet,

With wound receive, but not of certaine
death.

Gorboduc. O let us then repaire unto the
place,

And see if that Porrex live, or thus be slaine.

Marcella. Alas! he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twinke a senceless stock I saw.

Arostus. O damned deede!

Marcella. But hear his ruthfull end.

The noble prince, pierst with the sodaine
wounds,

Out of his wretched slumber hastilie starts,
Whose strength now failing streight, he
overthrew,

When, in the fall, his eyes ev'n now unclosde,
Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for
helpe:

We then, alas! the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crie to her for aide,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal
wound,

Pitieng, alas! (for nought els could we doo)
His ruffull ende, ranne to the woful bed,
Despoyled streight his brest, and all we
might

Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hande,
The sodaine streams of blood that flushed
fast

Out of the gaping wound. O what a looke,
O what a ruthfull stedfast eye, methought,

He fixt upon my face, which to my death
Will never parte from me; wherewith a
braide,
A deepe sat sigh he gave, and therewithall
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his
sight,
And streight pale death pressing within his
face,
The flying ghost his mortal corps forsooke.

This is a well-written scene, and
would have great effect in the hands
of judicious actors.

The fifth act opens with a dialogue
between Clotyn, Mandred, Civenard,
Fergus, and Eubulus.

Clotyn. Did ever age bring forth such ty-
rant hartes ?

The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
The mother she hath dyde her cruel hands
In blood of her own sonne; and now at last
The people, loe, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both lawe and loyall hart,
Even they have slayne their sovereign lord
and queene.

Mandred. Shall this their traiterous crime
unpunisht rest ?

Even yet they cease not, carried out with
rage,

In their rebellious routes, to threaten still
A new bloodshedde unto the prince's kinne,
To slay them all, and to uproote the race
Both of the king and queene, so are they
mooved

With Porrex' death; wherein they falsely
charge

The guiltesse king without desart at all;
And traiterously have muredred him therefore,
And eke the queene.

Civenard. Shall subjects dare with force
To work revenge upon their prince's fact ?
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
The deed was foule, the queene to slaye her
sonne,

Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
Arise against his lord, and slaye his king ?
O wretched state, where those rebellious
hartes

Are not rent out even from their living
breastes,

And with the body throwne unto the fowles
As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest!

Fergus. There can no punishment be
thought too great

For this so greivous crime: let speede there-
fore

Be used therein, for it behoveth so.

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The nobles now set about devis-
ing schemes to advance their own
greatness; and in the following so-
liloquy the Duke of Albany develops
his secret thoughts:

Fergus. If ever time to gaine a kingdome
heere

Were offred man, now it is offred me:
The realme is rest both of their king and
queene;

The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead;
No issue now remaines; the heire unknowne;
The people are in armes and mutinies;
The nobles they are busied how to ceese
These great rebellious tumultes and up-
roares;

And Britaine land, now deserte, left alone
Amid these hroyles, uncertaine where to
rest,

Offers herselfe unto that noble hart
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I, that am the Duke of Albanye,
Descended from that line of noble blood
Which hath so long flourisht in woorthy
fame

Of valiant hartes, such as in noble breastes
Of right should rest above the baser sorte,
Refuse to adventure life to winne a crowne ?
Whom shall I finde enemies that will with-
stand

My fact heerin, if I attempt by armes
To seeke the same now in these times of
broyle ?

These dukes' power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in armes.
But if perhaps my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in power above the best
Of all these lords now left on Britaine land ?
And though they should match me with power
of men,

Yet doubtfull is the chauce of batailles
joynde.

If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the scepter then of Great Britaine;
If slaine amid the plaine this bodie be,
Mine enemies yet shall not denie me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge
To hazard life for conquest of a crowne.

The tragedy concludes with the
setting out of the English lords to
meet the Duke of Albany, and to dis-
pute with him his pretensions to the
crown; Arostus and Eubulus ex-
horting them, in two long speeches,

Y Y

when they have put down this strife, to turn their attention to the divided state of the people, and to call on parliament to settle the succession to the crown; a glaring anachronism, by the bye, as parliaments were unknown in those days.

From the extracts which we have given, it will be seen that *Gorboduc* is a play of no ordinary pretensions. It is deficient, as before observed,

in discrimination of character; it is deficient, also, in what is the very essence of a drama—action. But it has great merit in the closet; and it contains many passages which are not excelled in the productions of more modern times. We can feel little wonder therefore that it excited great admiration in the contemporaries of the noble author.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XL.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, Miss R. PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, HORACE PRIMROSE, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Reginald. A goodly greeting to ye all! What! Horace and Basil, returned from London? And pray where is our good friend the Counsellor, that he is not at his post? Are the attractions of the Temple sufficiently strong to counterbalance those of the rectory, and to make him resign the society of his friends here for the noisy computations of his companions in town?

Basil. Faith, poor fellow, he is confined with the gout; and would almost give his ears, could he be among us now, hale and hearty as I am. But he has sent you a couple of volumes of tales, which he says afforded him several pleasant hours, even charming away the pain of his gout: you may be sure, therefore, that there is matter most marvelously attractive in their pages.

Miss Primrose. "Proceed," as the man says in the play; and tell me what this wonderful book which can cure the gout is called.

Basil. The work is entitled *The Night-Watch, or Tales of the Sea*; and under the idea of tales narrated

by the surgeon, captain, mate, and other officers of a vessel, as she is wafted over the mighty deep, the author has drawn some powerful sketches of nautical life.

Reginald. Of nautical life I grant ye, Basil; but the writer knows little of our habits ashore. His language and his ideas are equally at fault when describing the character of a landsman, or an adventure on *terra firma*.

Basil. Pshaw! what does a seaman want to know of your land jargon? He describes scenes at sea in a style which may emulate Cooper's; and that is the highest praise I can give him. For instance, the following account of frolics in the cockpit. Faith, it makes me remember the days when, "with jacket and trowsers blue," I first started into life as a gay young middy.

It was not till the sunset gun was fired, the ensign wafted past the windows as it descended the staff, and the rattle of drums and fifes resounded from the fore-castle, that the party broke up; when the first lieutenant sent for Mr. Peters,

the caterer of the starboard-berth, and desired him to order a hammock to be slung, and introduce the youngster to the mess.

Peters made his appearance in a somewhat threadbare blue coat, edged with a binding that had once been white; but its hue was now become variegated, from the service it had seen in the holds. He was a soured fellow, whose friends had no interest; but, notwithstanding, he had a slight notion of the *sal sapit omnia* system; and had heard that when people in office "spoke foreign," or in parables, "*Donnez-moi le sel, et je vous passerai le poivre,*" was almost reduced to a proverb among them: yet he still hoped promotion might come in battle, though he had been thirteen years a midshipman, and had passed his qualifying examination for lieutenant more than half that time.

Morland followed this hero of the orlop, and dread of the safeguard and mizen-top-men, to the dark but merry regions of the cock-pit.

As they descended from deck to deck, he was not less astonished at the immense size of the ship, and the long tiers of cannon levelled along each side, than at the multitude of sailors and marines scattered among these tremendous batteries.

On entering the cockpit, their ears were assailed by a confusion of noises; but, descending from the day, they could see but little by the dull gleam of the sentinel's lamp.

Before they reached the door of the mess-place, Peters tumbled over a trunk, which had evidently been placed in his way for the purpose, as a loud laugh accompanied his fall. He swore at considerable length at certain personages with short and long names; some of whom, though decked with honourable titles in the Court Calendar, received appellations of the most questionable purport, as he vowed vengeance on the clews of their hammocks, if not up by seven bells in the morning.

This was succeeded by another laugh, and "Bravo, Peter!" (for they sent the *s* to prison), accompanied by a hat thrown with *malice prepense*, which struck him on the head, as he opened the berth-door over which he presided.

Two lights burned dimly in the heated atmosphere of a close cabin, shewing as motley a scene as could well be imagined in so small a space.

At the sides of the cabin were dirks and swords, on the handles of which hung a few stray cocked hats. Two open buffets, filled with glasses and broken crockery, faced the door, the caterer's seat being in the centre, over which was suspended the rules of the mess. Quad and Quammino, two black servants, occupied a narrow place, next the ship's side, called the wing, the secret lodgings of dishcloths and dirty tablecloths, where the rushing of waves against the ship's side could be distinctly heard; indicating the head to be on a level with the surface of the sea.

The company assembled in this submarine abode consisted of twelve young gentlemen, as they are denominated, though more than one of them approached the age of thirty. They all ranked in the class of petty officers, and the assistant-surgeon among the rest.

One midshipman was playing the violin, or the violent, as his messmates called it; another the flute; two were occupied at the chess-board; one working a tide out of John Hamilton Moore; and another drawing a pipe and glass of grog in the hands of the rudely engraved personage who is found on the frontispiece of that old navigation-book. Three youngsters, weary with their last watch, were endeavouring to sleep, with their heads on the table; while a fourth tickled their ears with a quill, or burnt them with lighted paper; and the twelfth was a midshipman of the watch, with his hat on, and a cup in his hand, asking Quad for wine; but he departed on the ap-

pearance of Peters, who cursed him for a young skulker, and bid him scud on deck.

"Saunders," said Peters, as he addressed himself to the discordant catgut-scraper, "here's another of your countrymen caught in the burgoo-tub, and brought from the land o'cakes, with a smack-load of doctors' mates; or, as Diachylon will have it, surgeon-assistants."

"I am not a Scotchman," said Morland. No one, however, paid the least attention to him; and Saunders struck up, in a broad accent, accompanied by his screeching instrument,

"On guttling the English their praises
bestow,
And boast of their courage to roast beef
they owe;
Of brose let a Scotchman the excellence
shew—
Oh, the kail brose of Old Scotland! and, oh,
the old Scottish kail brose!"

"Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh!" cried Paddy:

"This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."

"O you sentimental bogtrotter!" says one, raising his head from the table; while the unmoved and unmoving flute-player continued to kiss "dearest Ellen." He was a Welshman.

"It is three bells," cried Peters, whose insubordination of stomach was evinced by his hallooing to Quammino to lay the cloth. "Clear the deck, youngsters," said he. This was signal enough; and a piece of biscuit, shot with considerable precision, levelled sundry knights and bishops, while both the disconsolate players insisted on the best of the game.

The tablecloth was quickly thrown over; and an immediate drumming commenced on the plates, which put Quammino in bodily fear, till he produced the beef.

Little notice was taken of Morland, save that he was informed he was a

young bear, that all his sorrows were to come; and he was helped first for the first time.

The evening passed away amidst noise and jokes; and after supper, when the party were tired of singing, "Here's a health to jolly Bacchus," "Fire in the cockpit," "Needles and pins," to which many improvisadores added chorusses, they had recourse to the game of able wackets.

It is commenced by playing cards, which cards are named the good books; the table, board of green cloth; the hand, the flipper; the light, the glim, &c.; and whoever misnames any of these is detected by the word "watch." The delinquent's flipper is then demanded; his crime is repeated by each person, who strikes him a severe blow, with a twisted and knotted handkerchief, on the hand: swearing is also watched; and as these blows are not easily borne without irritation, the good books are scarcely required more than to commence the game.

When Morland retired to his hammock, he found his sheets reefed, *i. e.* made up into a round, to him inextricable, ball.

In the middle of the night, however, when sleep had reconciled him to his blankets and the strangeness of his hammock, he came suddenly to the deck, bed and bedding; and, awakened by the clatter of shot about him, on examination, found two twenty-four pounders in his bed, the foot of which was now on the deck, and the clothes scattered about the cockpit. The sentinel assisted to hang up his hammock, instructed him to let the reef out of his sheets, and promising to protect him from farther molestation during the watch, he slept soundly till the morning; when Peters was loud in his calls to the lazy mids to rouse out, and the dozy muzzy who had the middle watch, and was the perpetrator of the nocturnal mischief on Morland's hammock, was actually cut

down in a similar manner by Peters, justified by virtue of his office.

Reginald. Capital! Quite a graphic description, painted from the life, and evidently by one who himself has sailed over the wild world of waters in those floating castles, which are the proudest proof of man's mastery over the elements, the most stupendous monuments of human genius.

Miss Primrose. And the most beautiful of the works of art: to me there is no sight so enchanting as the calm blue sea covered with ships, spreading their sails to the wind, and moving over the face of the great deep in all the consciousness of power. Oh, I could gaze upon such a scene till mine eyeballs cracked again!

Basil. Faith, coz, you should have been a sailor's wife.

Miss Primrose. No, cousin, no: for I can never forget, when the face of the sea is unruffled and clear as the glass which reflects my features on its polished face, that storms and hurricanes have the power to agitate and convulse the beauteous scene; and that many "a tall ship," with all her crew, has been swallowed up in its merciless jaws. No, Basil, no; I should be miserable as a sailor's wife.

Basil. I believe you are right, coz; and I think sailors ought never to marry. But come, have any of you a work of fiction to set against my *Tales of the Sea*?

Reginald. Here is a production, which is, in every respect, a novelty in literature: a novel, illustrative of Spanish manners in the heroic ages of Spain, and very well written in English by a Spaniard, Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio.

Rosina Primrose. Indeed! What is it called?

Reginald. *Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras.* The scene is laid in the vicinity of Grenada, and in the city itself; that enchanting spot, which, according to the description of the Moorish geographers, contained all that is beautiful in nature, all that is captivating in romance; and the era of the story is that period when the Moors were making their last struggles to maintain a footing in Spain, and when the armies of Isabel, led on by brave and valiant chieftains, caused the splendid crescent of Mahomet to veil its glories before the humble cross. One of the principal leaders of the Christian army was Don Gomez Arias, whom the author thus describes:

Don Lope Gomez Arias was a man whose will had seldom been checked, and he placed the most unbounded confidence in the magnitude of his resources, physical and intellectual. Nature had indeed been lavish in conferring on this individual her choicest favours. To the most undaunted courage and quickness of resolve, he united the greatest powers of mind and brilliancy of talent; but he was unfortunately divested of those genuine feelings of the heart which alone can render these qualities desirable.

His courage, talents, and abilities had rendered him an object of dread, not only to the enemies of his country, but to the rivals of his love or ambition. By the men he was generally disliked, feared, or envied. Unfortunately, the softer sex entertained for him far different sentiments. Alas! they could not discover the void within his heart through the dazzling splendour of his outward form and habitual allurements of manner. Many had already been the victims of his seducing arts: were they to blame? perhaps they were only to be pitied.

He possessed every resource that professed libertines employ, to enveigle the affections of the innocent maiden, or attract the admiration of the more experienced woman: besides, his courage and resolution—qualities so much more prized by females, as they seldom fall to their share—Gomez Arias was engaging in his deportment, and without any alloy of servility in his address: indeed he seemed rather to command attention than to court it; and the general expression of his features was that of pride, tempered with the polish of gentlemanly bearing.

In his personal appearance he was remarkably handsome, being of tall and majestic stature, to which his finely turned limbs were in strict proportion. There was an intelligence in the piercing glance of his dark eye, and a smile of mixed gaiety and satire sat habitually upon his lip. To his other attractions he added a set of regular, though somewhat large, features, which were shaded by a profusion of black glossy curls, and the superb mustachios and *pera** that clothed his upper lip and chin.

Miss Primrose. Is Gomez the hero of the tale? If so, surely the writer might have selected a more amiable character.

Reginald. Gomez is the hero; and he is a cold-blooded, ruthless villain, though a brave one. To this character the author has drawn a fine contrast in Theodora Monteblanco, who loves him with all the fondness and fervour of woman, and whom he heartlessly betrays. Bermudo, a renegade, and a foe to Gomez, is also a finely drawn character: he is a noble, though not an original conception of the author's; and after a variety of most interesting adventures, he succeeds in obtaining Gomez's condemnation to death, as a

* The military term is *imperial*. It is a small tuft of hair.

traitor to his queen. Gomez is led to the scaffold; and the executioner is about to perform his horrid office, when the injured Theodora arrives, the bearer of his pardon. Together they repair to their sovereign, and are about to receive a confirmation of Gomez's pardon from her lips, when a ruffian buries a dagger in the breast of Gomez.

The assassin was one of the Franciscans who had accompanied Gomez Arias to the scaffold. He still held in his sinewy hand the ensanguined poniard, and with the savage laugh of a fiend exulted over his deed.

"Now God be thanked!" exclaimed the leach who had examined the wound of Gomez Arias, "if my skill fail me not, the knight may yet live."

"Never!" cried the friar in a voice that chilled the reviving hopes of every one; "never! your skill is vain—the dagger is poisoned."

A shudder of horror ran through the court.

"Man of darkness!" exclaimed Count de Tendilla, "fiend under the holy garb of religion, what could prompt thee to such a crime? But a short time since I saw thee attend thy victim to administer to him hope and consolation!"

"Yes," replied the friar grimly, "yes, I did accompany him to the stage of his despair and my glory; yes, I was beside my victim, like the vulture watching for the moment to lacerate his heart. But I went not to whisper hope into his dying ear, or to bid him rely on the mercies of heaven; no, it was to speak the words of horror; to bid him despair, and point the way to that hell whither soon I was to follow him. My soul was drunk with joy; my heart was wild with happiness: gladly would I purchase with a whole existence of misery and crime those few rapturous moments when I could watch the dreadful workings of his mind as the last peal of my ominous voice rang in his

ear, ere his soul took its flight from this world."

"Peace, wretch!" exclaimed the queen: "leave thy blasphemy; tremble for the punishment which awaits thy crime!"

"I tremble at nought!" sternly replied the assassin. No canting friar am I; no preaching monk; but a man deeply wronged, and now amply revenged. Look on me!" he continued in a wild tone, throwing off his disguise: "I am Bermudo the renegade!"

Every one shrunk back with instinctive horror at the well-known name; but the consternation increased, when in the person of the apostate was recognised the Moor who had played so principal a part in the condemnation of Gomez Arias.

"Look on me!" proceeded the renegade; "look on me, Gomez Arias! behold the man by you condemned to misery and shame! I am Bermudo the outcast; the maddened lover of the unfortunate Anselma. Call back, Don Lope, the powers of thy fleeting soul, and fix its fading recollection on thy crimes and my misfortunes: remember Anselma—remember her frightful fate—your wrongs to me—the despair to which I was driven. But for thee, proud man, I might have been a hero; and for thee I am a traitor and a renegade. But, oh! now thou art laid low—no, not even princely fortune and favour could save thee from the hand of a desperate man. Die then, die in despair: it is in the hour of rapturous happiness that the blow is struck; and think with agony that it is struck by Bermudo. Anselma, thou art revenged!"

A wild and savage laugh closed this apostrophe, and the renegade stood calmly gazing on his victim with an expression of ferocious joy; his dark features seemed to brighten in the glare of infernal revenge, and his strong frame shook with the rapture of the fiend that inspired him.

Gomez dies, and Theodora soon follows him to "another and a better world," breathing her last in the same bower where she had first received his vows.

Mr. Montague. From your account, and the extracts you have read, I should imagine Don Gomez to be a very well-written and interesting novel.

Reginald. It certainly is; but yet not, in either point of view, so much so as *Salathiel*, a recent production of the Rev. George Croly's.

The Vicar. To that work the epithet *splendid* may with justice be applied. It is written in a style fraught with every ornament that our language is capable of imparting to a prose composition; it abounds in beautiful imagery; it is richly clothed in that peculiar diction which, in a meaner writer, would have degenerated into bombast; but which, in Mr. Croly, invests his subjects with a solemn grandeur, a magnificent interest, that enchants and ensnares the senses, and enslaves the mind of the reader into complete subjection to the magic power of the author.

Mrs. Primrose. You speak so highly of *Salathiel*, that I am anxious to peruse it. I was not aware you had received a copy.

The Vicar. Nor have I: but it was put into my hands last week at Sir George Fletcher's, when a rainy day confined us to the house. I confess—perhaps some of my reverend brethren will tell me I might have been much better employed—that I could not throw the work aside till I got to the colophon at the end of the third volume.

Miss Primrose. Then it must have had an attraction indeed. Pray

who is Salathiel, and what is the work about?

Reginald. You are aware of the legend of *The Wandering Jew*—that wretched man who is supposed to have been condemned, for being more forward than the rest of the crowd of unbelieving Jews in insulting our Saviour at his crucifixion, to walk the earth till the second advent of our Lord, subject to all the diseases and all the evils which affect the human frame; exposed to the pelting of the pitiless element—to the perils of sword and of fire—of imprisonment and of strife—of pain and of sickness; but not liable to death: bearing about with him a charmed life, he is doomed to experience all the miseries, and none of the blessings, of mortality; those awful words still ringing in his ears, “Tarry thou till I come.”

Miss R. Primrose. And is Salathiel that fearful ill-fated being?

Reginald. He is. A Jewish priest, high in the sacred office, and possessing much of the confidence of his countrymen, he was one of the most impetuous in demanding the crucifixion of our Saviour; one of the most loud and daring in uttering the impious imprecation, “His blood be on our head and our children’s!” He even threatened Pilate with the fate awaiting an enemy of Cæsar’s, if he did not lead to death one who claimed Cæsar’s kingdom. Pilate complied with the wishes of Salathiel and his associates: but as the “Lamb was led to the sacrifice,” Salathiel heard an awful voice, which penetrated the inmost recesses of his heart, exclaiming, “Tarry thou till I come.” Then his misery commences; then he begins to feel the enormity of his conduct; and his

subsequent adventures are supposed to be narrated by himself: they comprise the events between the death of our Lord and the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, when the story closes.

Mrs. Primrose. You have interested my curiosity strongly. I must read *Salathiel*.

Reginald. I have brought it for the purpose of leaving it with you for perusal; and I am sure you will be gratified. As a specimen, I will read you an extract. Salathiel describes his feelings when the terrible words fell upon his ears:

I felt my fate at once. I sprang away through the shouting hosts as if the avenging angel waved his sword over my head. Wild songs, furious execrations, the rude uproar of myriads stirred to the heights of popular passion, filled the air: still, through all I heard the pursuing sentence, “Tarry thou till I come,” and felt it to be the sentence of incurable agony! I was never to know the shelter of the grave!

Immortality on earth! the perpetual compulsion of existence in a world made for change; to feel the weariness of thousands of years bowing down my wretched head; alienated from all the hopes, enjoyments, and pursuits of man, to bear the heaviness of that existence, which palls even with all the stimulants of the most vivid career of man; life passionless, exhausted, melancholy, old; I would have rather been blown about on the storms of every region of the universe. I was to be a wild beast, and a wild beast condemned to pace the same eternal cage; a criminal bound to the floor of his dungeon for ever.

Immortality on earth! I was now in the vigour of life: but must it always be so? Must not pain, feebleness, the loss of mind, the sad decay of all the resources of the human being, be the natural result

of time? Might I not sink into the perpetual sick-bed, hopeless decrepitude, pain without cure or relaxation, the extremities of famine, of disease, of madness? yet this was to be borne for ages of ages!

Immortality on earth! separation from all that cheers and ennobles life; I was to survive my country; to see the soil dear to my heart violated by the feet of barbarians yet unborn. Her sacred monuments, her trophies, her tombs, a scoff and a spoil; without a resting spot to the sole of my feet, I was to witness the slave, the man of blood, the savage of the desert, the furious infidel, rioting in my inheritance, digging up the bones of my fathers, trampling on the holy ruins of Jerusalem!

I was to feel the still keener misery of surviving all that I loved; wife, child, friend, even to the last being with whom my heart could imagine a human bond, all that bore a drop of my blood in their veins were to perish in my sight, and I was to stand on the verge of the perpetual grave, without the power to seek its refuge. If new affections could ever wind their way into my closed up and frozen bosom, it would be only to fill it with new sorrows; for those I loved must still be torn from me. In the world I must remain, and remain alone!

Immortality on earth! The grave that closes on the sinner closes on his sin. His weight of offence is fixed. No new guilt can gather on him there. But I was to know no limit to the weight that was already crushing me. The guilt of life, the surges of an unfathomable ocean of crime were to roll in eternal progress over my head. If the judgment of the great day was terrible to him who had passed but through the common measure of existence, what must be its terrors to the wretch who was to appear loaded with the accumulated guilt of a thousand lives!

Miss Primrose. The idea of such
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a being so sinning, and so suffering, has something in it indescribably awful.

The Vicar. It has indeed; and well has Mr. Croly sustained the interest of Salathiel. With a pen of fire he narrates the occurrences which preceded and attended the siege of Jerusalem, and the destruction of the temple, intermingling his tale with some finely drawn characters; and the adventures of Salathiel are invested with an indescribable charm, which seems to bind you to his fortunes. Mr. Croly has not carried his tale beyond the period of the capture of the Holy City; though he intimates that more may follow. I wish he may keep the promise to our hope which he thus holds out to our ear, and give us a continuation of the story of the Wandering Jew.

Mr. Montague. Salathiel is the poetry of prose, if I may be allowed the expression; and I should now like to draw you down from the altitudes to which Mr. Croly's composition is calculated to have exalted you, to a plain commonplace production of a young lady, not yet seventeen years of age, by name Mary-Ann Browne, whose volume, entitled *Ada, and other Poems*, I have now much pleasure in laying at the feet of my fair hostess.

Reginald. You are a libeller, in terming Miss Browne's poems commonplace: the ladies shall judge whether that epithet is merited, when I tell them the lines I am now about to repeat from memory are not the best in the volume.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!

Z z

Say, what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colour'd dreams of thought;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? A ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream,
A smiling flower, that will not die;
"A beauty—and a mystery!"
Its storms as light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair!

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,
Beguiling it, like summer birds
That stay while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown;
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion, that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;
A woe, that works with silent power,
As canker-worms destroy a flower;
A viper, that shews not it wakes
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist, that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart? A thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought;
A bark, that still would blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

Miss Primrose. That is as little like commonplace poetry as any I ever heard or read. What did you mean by the epithet, Mr. Montague?

Mr. Montague. Why, to tell you the truth, I was afraid you were all so much enamoured of Mr. Croly's

splendid work, that you could find no admiration to throw away upon one of such humble pretensions as Miss Browne's. But, as I was aware Reginald had read it, I knew, by abusing it, I should call him out in its defence, and thus ensure that attention to its merits which my bare word might not have obtained.

Miss Primrose. O you politic rogue! Well, you have excited my attention; and I shall read Miss Browne's poems with interest.

Mr. Montague. And they deserve it. I do not mean to say they are faultless; but I do say, for so young a writer, they possess higher claims than any I ever read, and are, I trust, harbingers of something still better.

Reginald. Here is a pleasing volume of poems I wish to recommend to your attention — *The Cypress Wreath*, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson; a lady from whose productions we have all derived pleasure; productions which an anonymous scribbler in a periodical of respectable character lately pronounced to be of an *immoral tendency*; but which are as little deserving of such an epithet as any with which I am acquainted. Mrs. Wilson alludes to this charge in her preface, and says, "I shall content myself with the protestation (which those who best know me will readily believe), that after having carefully looked over the whole of the pieces I have ever written, I am ready boldly and fearlessly to affirm, so far as regards the momentous points of MORALITY and RELIGION, I have never given to the world a single line which,

'Dying, I could wish to blot.'"

Mrs. Primrose. I believe it. I know Mrs. Wilson, who is a most

exemplary woman. Many of her poems have been written under the presence of deep affliction; and they are imbued with a spirit of resignation and of piety which is very far remote from the feeling attributed to her by the critic. Witness the stanzas *To my Boy in Heaven*, written on the night following his death, which I would read were it not already so late.

The Vicar. Those verses I have read, and can attest that they are written in the true spirit of a Christian; and I am sure Mrs. Wilson is incapable of writing any thing having a contrary tendency.

Reginald. The writer who made the charge, reckless of the wound inflicted on the feelings and reputation of an amiable woman, could not have read the works which he stigmatized.

Mr. Montague. A fashion very common with reviewers—to judge first, and read afterwards; like hanging a man, and then trying him. But if you have done with *The Cypress Wreath*, here is another little volume worthy your notice, entitled *Cameleon Sketches*, by the author of *A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking*, who seems, to judge from his own account of himself, to be a young man who has forsaken the pursuits of trade for those of literature.

Reginald. Why *Cameleon Sketches*?

Mr. Montague. “As the most appropriate,” says the author, “to denote the shades and reflections which they contain.” There are several sketches and narratives in the volume. *Childhood* contains reminiscences of boyish days. *B. L. or London at Midnight*, is an account

of a stroll through some portions of the metropolis at that hour, “the very witching time of night,” when “graves give up their dead,” and the theatres and other places of amusement in the great capital their inmates. *Village Character* is a tale of rustic life; of a melancholy complexion, but well told. *Debtor and Creditor*, *A Day at St. Cloud*, *The Pleasures of Melancholy*, and *Love of the Country*, complete the volume. Now I cannot make any of these intelligible to you but by reading an extract, and time will not permit that at present. Upon the whole the contents of this volume are pleasing, and afford a promise of better things.

Mrs. Primrose. You have a huge pile of books by you yet, Reginald.

Reginald. Aye, our good friends, the booksellers, now supply us faster than we can possibly read them. Here are three volumes of *Tales and Legends*, by the Misses Costello, the authoresses of *The Odd Volume*, which are various in their style, and attractive in their pretensions. Here's *Solitary Walks through many Lands*, by my friend Inglis, whose *nom de guerre*, *Derwent Conway*, will no longer preserve his incognito. This is really a delightful volume. There is a freshness in some of the tales which is quite reviving, as Mr. Jeffreys would say; where all is so attractive, it would be difficult to point out any particular portion as surpassing the rest in interest; but I cannot help remarking, that in “*The Praise of Tea*,” styled by the author “an epic poem,” he seems to have combined much of the peculiar spirit of Byron with much more care-

ful and polished versification than that of the noble bard*. Here are the reminiscences of *Mansie Wauch*, one of the most laughable pieces of auto-biography ever penned: it was in part written originally for Blackwood's Magazine, and is worthy of Galt himself. Here's Alaric Watts's *Poetical Album*, redolent of sweets, like a *parterre* of choice flowers; *The Roué*, a tale of great power, but of which it may be said, with truth, that its tendency is not good; the first volume of the Rev. Edward Nares's *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Cecil Lord Burghley*, which is one of the most important historical works of the day. It embraces a discussion of all the historical, religious, and political questions connected with the times of that great man, and should be found in every library. Here is too another noble author: Lord Morpeth, the eldest son of Lord Carlisle, has written a tragedy, called *The Last of the*

* A specimen of the contents of this interesting work will be found in another part of this Number of the *Repository*.
—EDITOR.

Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople, which, though deficient in the high and lofty bearing which ought to characterize dramatic poetry, is, nevertheless, a most respectable production. Here is the *History of George Godfrey*, a novel in the Smollett style, and very well written too, I assure you; *Marly, or a Planter's Life in Jamaica*, which I can recommend, as containing a very just picture of the state of things in that island; then Dr. Drake's *Mornings in Spring* and his *Memoirs of Shakspeare* must claim your attention as very clever productions from the pen of that accomplished scholar and critic. Mr. Wilson's *Travels in Russia* and Mark Beaufoy's *Picture of Mexico* I can recommend as interesting books of travels. *The Kuzzilbash* is a novel in the style of *Anastasius* and *Hajji Baba*; inferior to the first, but perhaps rising above the last in some of the requisites for this species of writing. But you are getting weary, and I am getting tired; and so wishing you all a good night and *bon repos*, I shall say, adieu!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, May 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Second Set, Ten favourite German Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte by Bruno Held. Pr. 3s.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

MR. HELD'S waltzes take the lead in our critique of this month, because—and sorry we are it should be so—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Schlesinger's variations, noticed below, they present the only piece for the piano-forte in our collection

which can throughout claim the distinction of absolute originality. They are but a parcel of waltzes, and, probably, a reprint; but let them have their due—let them act as a spur to other writers to tax their imagination with a little more than mere arrangements, themes with variations, &c. These waltzes evince, that in every department of the art, however low in the scale of comparative rank, originality will assert para-

mount importance. They are written in a very select style, full of the best ideas suitable for this *genre*, and singularly distinguished by the constant diversity of melodic thought. All is free from executive intricacy, so that the book, like the first set, of which we have spoken some months ago, may be used with great advantage in the way of lessons.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

Andante con Variazioni for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to J. B. Cramer, by his Friend, D. Schlesinger. Op. 8. Pr. 3s.—(Cramer and Co.)

The andante, as well as the variations, seems to be of Mr. Schlesinger's own invention; the former, at least, is unknown to us. When we observe such ample evidence of inventive powers and genuine originality of conception as the present production affords, our antipathy to variations, arising from satiety, creates a certain degree of regret at seeing such gifts wasted upon variation-making. The intellect and feeling devoted to this publication would have created an original composition of the higher order infinitely more interesting to the amateur, and likely to add more permanent laurels to the author's reputation. The beautiful andante theme fully bears out this assertion. At the same time, we beg not to be understood as underrating the work before us. In the department of variations it stands in the foremost rank, and may challenge competition with the best compositions of the kind. It must infallibly assert this superiority with even anti-variationists; and to the other party we can safely prognosticate that it will and ought to prove an inesti-

mable jewel. But one thing is needful, great skill and great taste.

"*Jeu d'Esprit*," a *Duet for the Piano-forte, composed by Augustus Voigt. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)*

Some fifteen months ago (No. LI.) we submitted a lucubration of Mr. Voigt's *L'Union agréable*, framed upon the same principle as this, and indeed made up of partly the same materials. The plan of the "*Jeu d'Esprit*" (*Angl.* a bit of wit) is this: While one performer plays one melody, the other executes another, which, being based on the same fundamental harmony, turn out to be a tolerable fit enough. In this way two couple of pieces have here been squeezed into very fair, and certainly very clever, union. "Oh dolce Con-cento" is associated with the Austrian ballad, "A Schüssel und a Raindl;" and—what Mr. V. had done before in his *Union agréable*—"Robin Adair" is left to find his way as well as he can in the "Groves of Blarney." There is of course a certain proportion of digressive, as well as introductory and farewell matter, all which is in character and satisfactory.

Concetti of this description, if they do not come often, can hardly be denied a critical passport, provided they are, as in the present case, contrived with the requisite judgment and *savoir faire*. They are curious, and may tend to excite the attention of pupils, awaken scientific observation, and enlarge their harmonic knowledge.

The favourite Airs in Mayer's Opera of "La Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa," arranged for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by J. F. Burrowes.

Book I. Pr. 5s.—(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

In these times of arrangements, political as well as musical, we long wondered at the delay "La Rosa bianca" encountered in falling into the hands of our indefatigable adapters. Many of the airs are very pretty; and although the opera is not conspicuous for a great quantum of originality, the absence of the latter quality is in a great degree compensated by a vein of good melody, and by great propriety of harmony. These merits will be recognised in the four or five airs comprised in Mr. Burrowes' first book before us. The subsequent *cahiers* we have not yet seen. The publication cannot fail to gain favour with the amateur, and even with pupils of very moderate attainments, as the arrangement is effective and full, and yet contrived in a familiar style of execution. The first air, "Mi vedrai nel ciglio ancor," requires a little care and taste to infuse into it the necessary metre and expression. The next, "Cara Memoria," is an interpolation of the managers of the King's Theatre, in which Madame Pasta gained so much applause.

La Biondina in Gondoleta, arranged, with Variations, for the Piano-forte, by T. Valentine. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

This air is so beautifully melodious and symmetrical, that it has invited many writers of the day to select it for variations. To fail entirely with such a subject, would at once betray a total absence of musical taste and common knowledge of the art. Mr. V.'s variations claim to be numbered among the more successful attempts. They are not written in a profound style, but they are pleasing, graceful,

and easy of execution. The second variation merits particular notice, on account of the chaste flow of its smooth melodic diction, and the neatness of its harmonic support.

Charles Angelus de Winkhler's Introduction and brilliant Polonaise on the March from the Opera "Das Rosenhütchen," for the Piano-forte. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Independently of the merits of this fine, but by no means easy polonaise, it presents an additional feature of interest in the circumstance of its having been performed, with all its difficulty, by young Schulz, at the age of eleven, when commanded to display his extraordinary skill before his present Majesty. The improvement which this young artist has since gained leaves no doubt of his soon attaining the very first rank among piano-forte players. From what we have already observed, our readers will infer that this composition requires a performer of considerable advancement; but it will fully repay his efforts by the classic style and the originality of many of its ideas.

"La Gaité," Sixth Set of new and fashionable Quadrilles, composed by Henry Herz. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Among the renewed monthly visits of a successive number of "La Gaité," none has had a better welcome than the above. When quadrilles are made in this way, instead of being concocted from operas *coûte qu'il coûte*, it is a pleasing duty of the critic, although it be but dance-music, to encourage so laudable a departure from the abominable plagiarism now in vogue. Mozart, Beethoven, and others, have not dis-

dained to devote their talents to this department; and success has amply rewarded their condescension. The same must, in justice, be said of Mr. Herz's quadrilles before us. They are real genuine quadrilles; with a considerable dash of Rossinisms, it is true, but such as must delight the ear, exhilarate the animal spirits, and act, we are sure, the part of a galvanic battery upon every fair tendon Achillis.

Joseph Haydn's celebrated "Ox-Minuet," arranged for the Piano-forte; with the Anecdote of its Origin. Pr. for one performer, 1s.; two performers, 3s.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

The origin of the composition bearing this uncouth title bespeaks the universal musical propensities of the gay and joyous inhabitants of the Austrian capital. A butcher of Vienna, desirous of celebrating the nuptials of his only daughter with extraordinary festivity, waited upon Haydn, to solicit the aid of his genius in writing a musical composition for that express purpose. It was to be a minuet. The good-humoured Haydn smiled at the request, consented, and on the following day gladdened the paternal heart by handing him the promised score; which, as may be supposed, was danced over and over again by all parties at the wedding. A day or two afterwards, a serenade was heard under Haydn's window: to his surprise he beheld a procession, not of marrowbones and cleavers, but of a dozen instrumentalists, intoning the selfsame minuet, followed by the musical knight of the chopper, the bride and bridegroom, and a numerous relationship of drovers, carcase-butchers, and other members of the

craft, leading by silken ribbons a superb Hungary ox, with gilded horns and other fanciful embellishments. The ox was presented by the grateful parent to Haydn, as a *quid pro quo* for the minuet; and however strange and embarrassing the gift appeared to the meek and gentle author of the "Creation," no refusal would be listened to. The ox was his.

This is the substance of the story, which is told more at large in the present publication, and illustrated, moreover, by a lithographic drawing of the whole scene—a *unique* performance, calculated, like a bad pun, to draw a good laugh. But as our critical functions are not of the pictorial kind, we shall only add, that the music of the "Ox-Minuet" well deserves the attention of the amateur. It is written *con amore*, and excellent in its kind; and both the editions of Messrs E. and J. whether for two or four hands, claim the praise of a most satisfactory and effective arrangement.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"*I'm a gay and gentle sprite;*"
Song, composed by Gesualdo Lanza. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell, Bond-st.)

Three stanzas written "by a lady," the whole set to music. The first strain, in G major, without presenting much novelty, is lightsome and neat. The second stanza, setting out in the relative minor key, is equally pleasing and appropriate; and the repetitions at "Guess who shakes the boughs," have a somewhat original effect. The third stanza leads off in the key of C, from which a rather striking modulation, happily suited to the words, is the means of conducting us back to the primary tonic G. Taking all in all,

and making allowance for a style not the latest in musical fashion, there is much point and terseness in the melody; and the successive ideas are in the best possible keeping, character, and connection.

"*See yonder rose how fair it blows,*" a Duet, the Music by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

Soprano and tenor, we suppose; for the second dwells a good deal in the lower part of the treble scale, scarcely suitable to a common soprano voice. The duet is pleasing upon the whole. It modulates from the tonic, A, rather soon; *i. e.* before the motivo is well impressed. In the transition from E major to C major at "fragrant perfume gives," besides the awkward accentuation of "pērfūme," the harmonic support might have been devised under a more mellowed form. The third bar of p. 3 is objectionable, the harmonic descent in the second voice clashing with the harmonic ascent given to the treble of the piano-forte part.

"*The Echoes,*" a Canzonet, written to an Air by C. M. von Weber; the Words by William Ball. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

In many of poor Weber's compositions, there breathes a spirit of sympathy and deep sensibility, which requires a kindred organization to be felt and appreciated. This is the case with the present song; a very beautiful one for those that have an ear, or rather a heart, to understand the musical meaning of the melody in its essential combination with the charming accompaniment, which in fact is an integral portion of the composition, not mere harmonic propping. There are some metrical imperfections in the English text,

but of too slight a nature to prevent us from being satisfied with Mr. Ball's labour.

"*Oh! come, dear Louisa,*" a Ballad, composed by Charles Salaman. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

As the name of the composer is new to us, we feel pleasure in giving it a favourable introduction. Absolute originality would probably be sought for in vain in this composition, as in most other songs now brought forth; but there is good musical feeling throughout, tasteful unaffected diction, remarkably good keeping and symmetry, and a very satisfactory harmonic support. The song is good from beginning to end. The last crotchet, in the third bar of the symphony, is macadamized into a figure of embellishment of no less than *twelve* notes; against which we have no other objection than what arises from our apprehension of many a player's either sticking fast among these twelves, or taking an *ad libitum* time to get through them.

"*The Grecian Lover,*" a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Guitar, composed by Raphael Dressler. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

Often as Mr. D.'s flute has engaged our pen, this is the first time his lyric Muse greets our ear; and the specimen is a successful one. The melody is of a soft character, the ideas flow naturally out of each other, and there is good rhythmical keeping every where. On the word "met," p. 3, it would have been better not to have protracted the cæsure; not only is its pronunciation unfavourable to two long notes, but one note would have rendered the termination analogous to the anterior

treatment of "forget." The accompaniment is full and efficient; but instead of its consisting throughout of chords broken into sixes, a little variety of harmonic treatment would have been advantageous. In the second stanza, Mr. D.'s fondness for embellishment has tempted him to assign to the voice some neat ornaments rather of the flute character.

"*Not a drum was heard,*" the celebrated Poem written on the Death of General Sir John Moore, composed by Robert Evans. Pr. 2s.—(R. Evans, Strand.)

"*Buy a broom,*" Ballad, sung by Miss Graddon, and composed expressly for her by Robert Evans. Pr. 2s.—(R. Evans, Strand.)

Mr. E.'s music to the well-known text on the Death of Sir John Moore sets out in a largo $\frac{4}{4}$ in F minor, and concludes with an arioso $\frac{4}{4}$ F major, partaking of the character of a march. The composition is respectable, and displays throughout a considerable degree of attention to the import of the poet's ideas.

"Buy a broom" owes its text to the pen of Sir Lumley Skeffington, which Mr. Evans has set in a very neat and attractive style, although the $\frac{4}{4}$ measure, selected by the composer, does not appear to us the most suitable for the metre of the poetry; indeed it has led to several awkward accentuations. The burden, "Buy a broom," is a good melodic imitation of a late addition to the London Cries, in which Mr. E. has displayed both humour and ingenuity.

"*Beauty outwitted,*" Ballad, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 2s.—(J. de Pinna, St. Michael's, Cornhill.)

The music of this ballad proceeds with proper *naïveté* and playfulness, so as to adapt itself satisfactorily to the meaning of the words. The melody, without displaying much novelty of thought, is agreeable, the rhythm perfectly regular, and the accompaniment proper. One or two instances of imperfect accentuation have met our eye, which, however, are not entirely to be laid at the composer's door; such as, "Beauty would try love's pinions on || poor friendship's shoulders too," where the strong musical cæsure upon "on," not only arrests the sentence, but even renders the sense equivocal, for a while at least. Into this awkwardness the composer has been led by the poet, but a little contrivance might have mended the matter. At "Beauty, I'm revenged, he cries," the line is divided into two distinct phrases; thus, "Beauty I'm || revenged he cries."

HARP, FLUTE, VIOLONCELLO, VIOLIN,
AND GUITAR.

An Introduction and the admired Waltz in the Ballet of "Justine," composed and arranged for the Harp by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

"*Ah se puoi così lasciarmi,*" Rossini's favourite Duet in "Pietro l'Eremita," arranged for the Harp by Henry Horn. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

In the first of these publications Mr. Bochsa has transferred to the harp the andante and waltz, the performance of which, by Monsieur Coulon and Mademoiselle Brocard, met with much applause in the ballet of *Justine*, brought out last season. The music is very pretty, and the adaptation will be acceptable to

those performers that have attained a moderate degree of execution on the instrument.

Mr. Horn's lesson is merely an arrangement of the allegro moderato and the subsequent march in Rossini's "Mosè," which have caused so much sensation wherever the opera has been performed. The arrangement is very satisfactory, and by no means difficult.

Keller's Introduction and Variations to the celebrated Russian Melody, "Schöne Minka," for the Flute, and a Piano-forte Accompaniment, with Embellishments, by Jean Sedlatzek of Vienna. Pr. 4s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

These variations are well calculated to exhibit the skill of an experienced performer on the flute, and to such a one alone they are suited. The piano-forte goes through mere matter of accompaniments, *tutti*, &c.; but its support is very efficient, and the composition, in all respects, is of good workmanship.

Divertissement sur des Airs favoris pour la Violoncelle avec Basse, composé par W. H. Hagart. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Fantasia on two Themes from "Der Freyschütz," for the Violoncello and Piano-forte, composed by the same. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Each of Mr. Hagart's two books of divertimentos contains three favourite airs from Rossini, Mozart, &c. for a violoncello as principal, aided by another. The part for the latter is easy enough, as may be supposed, but the principal part has many passages which require considerable advancement. Not only is the arrangement of the airs satis-

factory, and calculated to bring the powers of this fine but neglected instrument—among amateurs at least—into effective play, but the various digressive portions are devised with much good taste.

The two airs from the "Freyschütz" in the other publication are Miss Paton's fine aria in four sharps, and a sort of Monferina, which we are not sure whether it can be said to be the property of poor Weber. Here, too, the violoncello will find ample occupation, although it is occasionally relieved by the piano-forte, the accompaniment of which deserves much commendation from its fulness and efficiency; at the same time it presents nothing bordering upon intricacy.

Three Duets for the Violin and Spanish Guitar, composed by T. Howell. Books I. and II. Pr. 4s. each.—(Metzler and Son, Wardour-street.)

The combination of a violin and guitar produces a singularly happy effect. The melody of the violin derives excellent support from the richness and variety of chords which the guitar is capable of yielding; and the very vibration of the sounds of the latter fills up the singleness of the violin-tones, especially in the longer notes. As far as we can recollect, Mr. Howell is the first English author who has brought these two instruments into contact, although on the Continent much has been written for them conjointly, especially by De Call. The present essay is a very successful one in every respect, and does Mr. Howell great credit. Each book has three duets, each duet consisting of three movements, agreeably to the practice of better times, now almost gone by. In the several pieces every

kind of style is resorted to, and in none can we discover any failure. But this is only negative praise; Mr. H.'s labour claims more. There is an ample store of good sound melody all through, the general character of which frequently reminded us of Haydn's manner, especially in the minuets; and, so far as the violin is concerned, the execution will be found perfectly convenient. Mr. H. knows his instrument too well not to consult its capabilities. But the gui-

tar-part is what caused us some surprise of the agreeable kind. We had no idea that Mr. H. was master of all the things which he has assigned to this instrument, no idea that he had it in his power to call it into such effective action. The part is replete with the most adequate harmonic support, duly varied, and occasionally rendered particularly interesting by certain responsive touches judiciously introduced.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE sixtieth Exhibition of the Royal Academy has just opened at Somerset - House. The following motto for this year's catalogue is from Pliny, whose mine of maxims, applicable to the arts, were they not inexhaustible, would have been long since worn away by the frequent use which has been made of them by the classical portion of this corporation:

"Neque enim cuiquam tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor, etiam commendatorque, contingat."

The Latin quotations having had more than their half-century, we see no reason why in future the Academy should not borrow their illustrations from our native tongue, which abounds with appropriate allusions: for instance, what passage in Pliny can excel Thomson's fine tribute to the arts:

"Fair Queen of Arts! from heaven itself who came,

When Eden flourished in unspotted fame;
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use
combin'd."

The present Exhibition consists of twelve hundred and fourteen works, of which eighty-one are in the sculptural department. Of course every range of art has been tried; and though we cannot say of the great mass as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, that all that was touched was adorned, yet we can point with pride to this collection as a pregnant proof of the triumph of British art — a triumph, be it remembered, achieved by the force of our native genius, stimulated but little (if we except portrait-painting) by adequate public patronage. The progress within the last fifty years has been amazing in this country; even poor Barry's morbid and distempered mortification would be banished, were he to have lived to see this consummation of his ardent and patriotic hopes. We have in this year's Exhibition works in every department of the arts that do honour, not only to the artists themselves, but also to the age in which they live. Of course, the demands of the public in a great degree govern the branch of the arts which is,

most studied; it necessarily happens that we are more prone to administer to our vanity than to our taste; and hence springs that desire for portrait-painting which has of late had so extensive a sway in this country. The consequence of the perfection it has acquired from constant and extensive employment has been, that our principal portraits have, in many instances, become historical pictures; and in several others, which are merely intended to convey representations of domestic life, accessories have been introduced from landscape-scenery, ornamental furniture, or architectural embellishments, that have stamped such works with a general interest as specimens of art, and embodied in them many of the higher excellencies which were long denied to what was termed a subordinate pursuit.

At the head of the portrait-painters of this country, indeed we might say of this or of any other age, stands Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy. No man has infused a more elevated character into his likenesses, or more grace and real elegance into the attitudes of his figures. As historical portraits, those of his Majesty, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, and Mr. Canning, in former Exhibitions, together with Earl Grey's and Lord Eldon's in the present, cannot be surpassed; and if we turn to the expression of qualities which adorn private life, and to the display (if such a word be permitted) of the native and unaffected graces of female beauty, heightened and rendered still more captivating in the playful performance of maternal solicitude, who has gone so far as the president, in his pictures of dis-

tinguished ladies and their children, in exciting our admiration and elevating our moral sensibilities? Can any thing be more beautiful than the portraits of Countess Gower and her infant daughter, than that of Mrs. Peel's daughter, and Lady Agar Ellis and her son? The tenderness and captivating endearments of childhood were never more truly or tastefully portrayed. There is great dignity and richness of colouring in that of the Marchioness of Londonderry and her son; and the Titianesque tone of colouring in Lady Lyndhurst's portrait is equal to any thing which has been painted in the brightest days of Venetian art; the ease of the attitude, the rich hues of the velvet vying with, if not heightening, the similar tone of the hair and complexion, are perfect in their kind.

Sir W. Beechey, Mr. Shee, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pickersgill, and indeed several other academicians, have been this year very successful in their portraits. Some of the students have, as usual, displayed great proficiency in this branch of art. Indeed, with such eminent examples before them, patient industry and application must be crowned with success.

Cupid and Nymph.—W. Hilton,
R. A.

The subject is taken from Shakespeare's sonnet, in which the Nymph is described as stealing the dart while the love-god sleeps, and is a very beautiful display of colouring. Some objections have been taken to parts of the drawing; but the poetical character of the picture cannot be denied: it almost imparts the soft incense of love. Another artist, however, this year bears away the palm of poetical painting in the following

elaborate and beautifully wrought picture:

A Composition, taken from Passages of the Eleventh Book of Milton's Paradise Lost.—W. Etty, R. A.

The poet's splendid and indeed too highly coloured description of the feast and music at the lighting up of Hymen's torch, between "the grave men" and the "bevy of fair women richly gay," in our immortal bard's poem, is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Etty in this picture. It breathes the very air of poetry. The varied and contrasted grouping, the living and fascinating attitudes, particularly of the females, the bustling, yet elegant and captivating air of the figures, present a *coup-d'œil*, than which nothing of the kind in modern art is more richly harmonious. In the historic splendour of nuptial rites, there never was a finer display than this: it of course belongs to poetry, not to real life: thin as we are in the habit of clothing, we have not yet fallen upon the primitive costume of Milton's nymphs and "grave men." We do not wonder that their gravity was soon dissipated in such gay company as that to which the artist has introduced them. The back-ground of this picture is in perfect keeping with the subject; there is the

"Spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue,"

together with the coming on of evening, and the twinkling of its serene sparkling star. We have heard that, at the private view, the Marquis of Stafford purchased this picture for 500 guineas. Such an artist deserves such a patron.

In the range of poetical works which dazzle the eye in this Exhibition, the next to which we shall turn

are those of Mr. Turner: they are magnificent displays of gorgeous colouring. This eminent artist's pencil is capable of depicting the noon-day blaze of a burning sun with more power than any other artist of his time. His principal picture this year is thus described in the catalogue:

Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Mr. Turner has four pictures in this year's Exhibition: the other three are, *East Cowes Castle, the Seat of J. Nash, Esq.*—*the Regatta beating to Windward*, the same view—*the Regatta starting from their Moorings*—and *Boceacio relating the Tale of the Birdcage*. Where an artist has gained so much deserved celebrity in his profession as the academic professor of perspective, the repetition of his merits becomes a trite topic of allusion. We are told in some of the Eastern legends of some of those spirits of the sun, who, like Sir Isaac Newton's comets, take their meteor flight from that magnificent luminary to our planetary system, bearing with them his golden hues and saffron dye, to nourish and illumine our denser and more opaque orbs. Mr. Turner's pencil, like these "fire-sprites," is imbued with the power of not only passing unconsumed through these burning rays, but of bearing upon its point the brilliant particles of heat of which they are composed, and of combining and re-organizing them upon his canvas. The richness of colouring in this picture of *Dido* is very magnificent; the brilliant and glowing verdure on the left is in the highest degree fine: but whence comes the

ruffling of the water? with such a serene and calm atmosphere, there ought not to be a ripple, even if a tide flowed into the ports of Carthage. The reflected light on the edifices upon the right bank is of an unpleasant buff-colour: perhaps Dido liked it; now we don't, and are glad it is only used as what the painters call *priming* in this country. The conception of this picture is, however, grand; its execution full of powers of the highest order; and the subject is one we must admit which gave the artist a great latitude in the management of details. The *Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Birdcage* is a brilliant piece of colouring; it reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds's description of a piece of flower-painting which he saw in one of his Flemish tours. Mr. Turner, though he has soared so high in poetry, has not cast aside his power of real nature, as the Regatta pictures demonstrate. The views are extremely fine: carrying such a spread of canvas in the Channel in the like breeze would upset some of these yachts; but the canvas being Mr. Turner's, they are safe; and perhaps the width of the sheet was necessary for pictorial effect.

May Morning.—T. Stothard, R.A.

This venerable artist has painted this picture from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, and has evinced, that

“Age cannot steal, nor custom wear
His infinite variety.”

The colouring and grouping are good, and the subject handled in a truly poetical spirit.

Richard I. called Cœur de Lion, at the Battle of Ascalon, in the Act of unhorsing Saladin.—A. Cooper, R. A.

The artist intends his picture to illustrate Rapin's historical description of Richard's astonishing prowess in the field with Saladin. There are parts of Mr. Cooper's work which cannot be surpassed. We allude to the drawing of his horses, their animation, evolutions, and contortions. Single figures of the riders are also well drawn; but as a body, the combatants want heroic energy: strip them of the arms they wield, and they might as well be said to be talking as fighting, for any thing which the gesture and expression of features convey. There are too faults of costume—but these may be forgiven, when the materials for public information are so obscure and conflicting upon such matters. An artist is bound, however, to study the collections of armour which we undoubtedly have of these times, ill arranged as they are, and misnamed in many particulars. Wilkie, in a picture which we deplore his health has not yet permitted him to finish, as a record of his Majesty's gracious visit to Scotland, paused for some months to satisfy himself upon the real form of a Highland claymore. He had examined those in the Tower, and referred to the antiquarian eye of Sir Walter Scott, before he ventured to sketch the form of the hilt. An artist who paints either for or from history is bound to be accurate. Perhaps we are sharply hypercritical. There are, we know, great names (we believe the greatest) who have erred in this particular: still we contend it is an error. When Mr. Cooper condescends to paint common life, he is very successful. Nothing can be better than the draught horses—they are perfect nature. We do not mean to deny

this able artist the power of historical painting; he can, we know, execute; and if he gives himself time, and prepares by the necessary study of the subject, he is competent to the task of composition.

Among the other academicians who have contributed to this year's Exhibition, Mr. T. Daniell has painted some very interesting Eastern views, and Mr. W. Daniell some very agreeable landscapes.

Doubtful Weather.—W. Collins,
R. A.

This artist has, as usual, some very interesting landscapes—that of *Doubtful Weather*, which represents a fisherman on the look-out, is a very fine picture. The misty appearance of the clouds, which shed their flickering shadows on the hill, is admirably depicted. The *Taking out a Thorn* is a sweet composition. The scenes at Folkstone and in the Isle of Wight are likewise perfect nature.

Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in Sight of Rome and St. Peter's—Evening.
C. Eastlake, A.

Here is the rich glow of an Italian evening, and the corresponding colours of the native complexion and costume. The artist permits his imagination to inhale the essence from the full cup of the rich colouring of the old masters; but it will overflow, if he do not take care, and settle into the dregs (however rich the *residuum* may be) of mere copying. The pictures of an artist of Mr. Eastlake's study and powers should not always look alike.

Dove Dale, Derbyshire.—T. C. Hoffland.

In the usual style of this clever artist—careful penciling, a true eye

for natural scenery, and correct taste in the selection of his points of view. *The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia.*—G. S. Newton.

Every body knows that this subject is taken from the 22d chapter of Goldsmith's novel. The pathetic expression of the principal figure, the agonized submission of the suppliant, and the accessories to the grouping, are very appropriately conceived. The story is well told, and the drawing and colouring of the figures are in many respects praiseworthy.

Interior of an English Cottage.—
W. Mulready, R. A.

A curious and in many respects an interesting picture, for the manner in which he has given a sunset, and the effect of fire-light within the cottage. But the deep streak of red is, after all, too thickly glaring for that picturesque effect in so limited a scene. In this little picture there is a greater display of the science of art than so unimportant a subject required.

A Bull of the Alderney Breed.—
James Ward, R. A.

Mr. Ward has this year furnished several pictures to the Exhibition, which do him infinite credit. They are of course in that class of animal paintings in which he excels: the horses are perfect nature—not the mere dry outline, but the animated, stirring, and active being, that we might employ, to our great advantage, in our daily intercourse with the world. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the drawing and the execution of these pictures—they are of various sizes, one or two nearly as large as life.

The Grand Canal, with the Church

of *La Virgine del Salute, Venice.*

—R. P. Bonnington.

A very well executed picture, without what may be called shadow. It reminds us of Canaletti's views; and that is saying enough for Mr. Bonnington. His coast scene, though in a different tone of colouring, is an equally happy effort.

An Attempt to illustrate the Opening of the Sixth Seal.—F. Danby, A.

This is a very extraordinary picture; it is, as the name denotes, an able attempt to illustrate those sublime passages from the 6th chapter of the Revelations, which describe the earthquake, the falling of the stars from heaven, and the hiding of men in the dens and rocks from the wrath of God. There is certainly great sublimity of effect produced by the manner in which Mr. Danby handles the subject. The reflection of the glare of supernatural light upon the fore-ground is very awful: but in other parts there is somewhat of extravagance in the way in which he flings his lights around his objects; though perhaps such a subject appeals so powerfully to the vivid imagination of an artist of Mr. Danby's fancy, that there is no resisting the impulse of his talents for painting such gleams of supernatural colouring. It is on the whole a very extraordinary picture.

A Landscape.—J. Constable, A.

A fine clear-toned landscape, the distance very agreeable, and the water good.

The Little Gleaner. — Sir W.

Beechey, R. A.

The colouring and expression are very good in this picture.

The Album.—H. P. Briggs, A.

The figure of a lady leaning upon her album. The expression is very

natural, and the picture (perhaps we ought to say the portrait) well painted.

Strasburg.—G. Jones, R. A.

The view through the bridge is extremely well painted, and the general effect of the water and old houses accurate and well introduced. Mr. Jones has this year made a good historical attempt in his picture of *Esther approaching Ahasuerus*. The drawing is excellent, and the deep and massive tones of colouring are very appropriate.

The enamels and miniatures are, as usual, beautiful. Of the former Mr. Bone is the finest contributor.

The architectural drawings are generally good: upon beholding them we are inclined to wonder how much better our houses look on paper, than when the plans are transferred to the worshipful company of stone-masons.

The sculpture is this year likewise good. Mr. Westmacott's statue in marble of the *Right Hon. Warren Hastings*, part of a monument to be erected in Calcutta, is a plain and dignified statue. The folds of the drapery are suitably arranged for the character and attitude. This sculptor's group, in marble, of a *Nymph and Zephyr*, from the gallery of Earl Grosvenor, is very beautiful. There is a softness and delicacy in the child's figure which is most interesting. Mr. Bai-ly's busts are well executed; and he has a fine monument in marble (*relievo*). Mr. Carline has a very well finished figure of the *Hon. Thomas Kenyon's Son*. Mr. Heffernan has a capital bust, and a good design of *Cupid and Psyche*. Mr. Chantrey's bust of *Sir Wm. Curtis* is admirable. Mr. Behnes has also

some good busts, the *Marchioness of Cleveland's* in particular. Indeed, the general character of the works in the model-room is most favourable to our sculptors; and the students, whose works we regret we have not room to notice in detail, have been this year very successful.

We regret that we have not at this moment further space to devote to this Exhibition, for it abounds with excellent works. The ladies have been more than usually successful. The fair contributors are, Misses Arnald, Beaumont, Burbank, Chalon, Daniell, Dearman, Drummonds, Farrier, Gandy, Gardie, Heaphy, Jacques, Jones, Kearsley, Kendrick, Larkin,

Mackreth, Maskall, Mee, Mulready, Newell, Patten, Reynolds, J. Ross, Sharpe, Simpson, Thicke, Tompkins, Mrs. Turnbull, Twigg, Waller; and Mistresses Carpenter, Cole, Dighton, Green, Havell, Johnstone, Pearson, Pope, and Madame Camolera. Among the honorary members were Misses Ainslee, Andree, Field, Parkinson, Mrs. Browning, &c.

The chief honorary contributors this year were Sir Wm. Elford, Bart. Sir James Stuart, Bart. Captain Johnson, R. N. Rev. T. J. Judkin, Messrs. Allen, Bartlett, Bayley, Bodington, Boyce, Bromet, Cole, Cunliffe, Foster, Wright, &c. &c.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE twenty-fourth Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours has just taken place, at the Gallery, Pall-Mall East.

We cannot praise too highly a branch of art so peculiarly our own; one which has within the last twenty-five years advanced so progressively to a state of perfection, far exceeding the early anticipation of its most admiring votaries, and rivalling the firmness and boldness of oil-painting. The principal members of this society have manifested their usual industry, and have likewise gone beyond their best exertions in former years. Each successive Exhibition adds a new beauty to their works; and we are more than ever struck with the capabilities of this delightful art.

The largest contributor this year appears to be Mr. G. F. Robson, whose delineations of mountain scene-

ry cannot be surpassed. The sweeping and foaming mist of the mountains, the richness of the patches of wild verdure, the general effect of the landscape view, and the aerial tints, and the natural colouring, seldom impaired by hardness, shew him to be a master in this branch of the arts. Mr. Fielding also works hard in his profession: among other drawings, he has some sea-pieces, which are exquisite. He catches with a true eye the effect of the atmosphere in marine-painting; his colouring of water is always transparent, and finely and distinctly marked. To speak of Mr. Prout's architectural drawings would be a task of super-erogation, they speak so plainly for themselves to the commonest spectator whose eye is caught with architectural beauties. His execution has almost the firmness and strength of oil-painting. Mr. Barrett's pictures

we are always disposed to praise, because he is a man of powerful fancy, and endowed with a fine poetical feeling; but he must take care and not pass the boundary which divides monotony of colouring from mannerism. Mr. Harding has not been very active this year, though he has not ceased to be very excellent. He treats his subjects in a masterly manner, and with considerable powers of colouring. Mr. Hills' cattle-drawings are perfect specimens of nature, and they are always introduced amid appropriate and well-selected scenery. In architectural scenery Mr. Wild excels. Mr. Nash and other artists have been this year equally successful. Mr. Stephanoff always sparkles in brilliant colouring. Mr. Cristall has some good pictures in his peculiar style, which are well worth attention. Mr. Dewint and the other landscape-painters sustain in this Exhibition their well-earned reputation.

We shall glance at a few of the works in the order in which they appear in the catalogue, professing only to give a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition; for really works of this kind, some of them perfect gems in their line, must be seen and examined with attention to form a just estimate of their extraordinary merit.

Hay-Field.—D. Cox.

This artist has a number of pleasing landscapes; that before us has an agreeable effect of mist from moist clouds; the figures are well given, and the colouring is judicious.

Smugglers sinking their Cargo at the Approach of a Revenue-Cutter.—S. Austin.

This artist has several good marine pieces, which are creditable

specimens of rising talent. *The Stratford-upon-Avon* is capital. *Snowden from the Nautilic Pools.*

G. F. Robson.

A very large drawing, and a fine example of this artist's powers. The mountain-scenery is here very grand; and the breaking of the mist as natural as can well be imagined. There are several of Mr. Robson's smaller drawings, some of them with a rainbow effect, which are likewise beautiful.

Ben Lomond from the upper Part of Loch Lomond.—Copley Fielding.

This picture and *the distant View of Portsmouth from Spithead* are good examples of the range of Mr. Fielding's powers. The beautiful effect of light through the trees in the former, and the golden glow of the mountains on the left, are finely depicted. The stormy atmosphere at Spithead, and the clearness in the distance at Portsmouth, are managed with the most picturesque effect. Mr. Fielding's pictures, which are this year very numerous, cannot be praised too highly.

Campanile, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Prison, &c. at Venice.

—S. Prout.

This is a splendid picture; it has a force and body of colouring which bring out the fine architecture of the marble palaces of fallen Venice. We could dwell for ever upon the merits of works of this description; and this Exhibition abounds with pictures in a similar style from the pencil of this artist.

Evening.—G. Barrett.

“ Now all the land another prospect bore;
Another port appeared, another shore;
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.”

Mr. Barrett has several landscape compositions, which have a good deal of merit: the sunny effect in the distance is fine; and there is a calmness and contemplative tone in the taste of the artist which irresistibly interest the mind in his success. His works want, however, the fresh hues of nature, that greenness and animated nature which we meet within our walks. He has a fine imagination, and no ordinary powers of execution; and if he would turn the leaves of shrubs, instead of books, in his rural peregrinations, he would paint better, without at the same time injuriously depressing the play of his fancy. He could still

“Look through nature up to nature’s God.”
Midsummer-Night’s Dream.—J. Cristall.

A large picture, and a clever effort, considering the different class of subjects to which this artist generally devotes himself. We like him better, however, in the delineation of simpler subjects. We would prefer his pastoral to his poetical studies.

Sketch from Nature.—W. Hunt.

Mr. Hunt has some remarkably pleasing sketches of groups of children and single figures. The old man who sailed with Captain Cook is admirably characteristic.

St. Bernard’s Well, Edinburgh.—H. Gastineau.

A subject often painted; but the repetition ceases to tire in Mr. Gastineau’s hands. He has other pictures well entitled to praise, particularly his northern and coast scenery. *A Composition of the natural Scenery of the West Indies, in which the Silk, Cotton, and Mountain Cabbage-Trees are introduced.*—S. Jackson.

Not glowing enough for a tropical sky, but not without some merit, partly arising from the novelty of the objects, and partly from the manner of handling them.

Interior of Durham Abbey, with a Monkish Procession at a High Festival.—F. Nash.

The procession was certainly required to fill up the long aisle, and give relief to the gloomy and ponderous grandeur of the Saxon architecture. The perspective is fine, and the drawing, independent of its fidelity, marked by skill and freedom. *Cheapside* is good, and the lord-mayor’s state-coach quite in keeping.

Asses.—R. Hills.

Capital. All his cattle pieces are good; nothing can be finer than the red deer introduced into Mr. Robson’s romantic and beautifully painted view in Glen Coe. We wish the scene did not suggest other recollections than those which such artists combine to portray.

Modern Greece.—J. D. Harding.

“Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
 Was freedom’s home, or glory’s grave!
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee?”

From this, and similar passages in the writings of Lord Byron, Mr. Harding has, with a kindred spirit, composed his picture. The composition is fine; the colouring in parts too glaring; the architectural fragments well introduced. The work is, however, on the whole a good one, and deserves that praise which we cheerfully give.

An Italian Ciociaca Spinning, with her Infant in the Cummella.—P. Williams.

If sparkling colouring and tender

and lively expression can impart interest, we have it in this and other pleasing little pictures by Mr. Williams in this collection.

Interior of Westminster Abbey.—F. Mackenzie.

A very good architectural drawing. *View on the Brathy, near Amble-side.*—P. Dewint.

A capital drawing. This artist increases his reputation in each successive Exhibition.

Music-Room of the Royal Palace, Brighton.—A. Pugin.

A very fine drawing of one of the most tasteful and elegantly fitted up chambers in the kingdom.

The Proposal.—J. Stephanoff.

This and *the Bride* are Mr. Stephanoff's contributions of this year to the collection; they are full of appropriate expression and sparkling tints of colour. We wish for more of this artist's pictures when we see these gems beaming in our eyes.

Mr. Richter has several drawings from scenes in Shakspeare, which are well conceived, and have a good

deal of comic character. That from *The Comedy of Errors* is perhaps the best.

There are several other pleasing drawings, which we regret we have not room to notice more particularly; among them are some by Mr. Nesfield, Mr. Whichelo, Mr. Finch, Mr. Wright, Mr. Varley, Mr. Havell, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Scott, Mr. Evans, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Essex, Mr. Pyne, &c. &c.

Among the ladies whose drawings adorn this collection we were particularly struck with some pleasing and agreeable drawings by Mrs. T. H. Fielding, Miss Scott, Miss Byrne, Miss Barrett, &c.

We revert to the expression of the opinion with which we set out, that this Exhibition does great honour to the taste and skill of our painters in water-colours. This society deserves well of the public, from the efficient and successful manner in which they have cultivated this department of art.

BRITISH PORTRAITS.

MESSRS. HARDING and Co. of Pall-mall East, have just completed an admirable collection of copies of the most eminent portraits of characters who have figured in our history, from the originals which are scattered up and down, in family mansions, throughout the United Kingdom. There are one hundred and eighty of these portraits, beginning, we believe, with the very origin of that department of art in Great Britain, in the time of Henry VIII. at least when it assumed any thing like a regular character, under the firm and fertile pencil of Holbein;

and descending through the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I. Charles I. and II. James II. William and Anne. We have, as might be expected in a collection comprehending the works of the better part of two centuries, the portraits of the illustrious statesmen and warriors of those times, of

“ Proud names, who once the reins of empires held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.”

Among those executed during the reign of Henry VIII. are some by Cornelius Ketel, who is said to have followed the whimsical conceit of Hugo da Carpi, and painted with the points of his fingers and toes, instead of brushes and pencils. Be that as it may, he imitated nature and the objects before him with truth and vigour; of which there is a proof in this collection in the portrait of Lord Chancellor Sir Christopher Hatton, and the other of Clinton Lord Lincoln, the Lord High Admiral.

The pictures of Holbein present the very best examples of that elaborate artist: the well-known portrait of Cardinal Wolsey, from the hall of Christ-Church College, Oxford, Sir John More, father of the chancellor, and Sir Thomas More, are among them. There are also three of the queens of Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Catherine Parr; all of which, and particularly the last, are excellent pictures.

We have also Frederic Zuccaro's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth, from the Marquis of Salisbury's original at Hatfield-House, which is considered the best likeness of that illustrious princess, as well as the most curious painting of the artist: it is well known by the numerous engravings distributed all over England and the Continent. This collection is likewise rich in Vandyke's time, and has copies of some of his most famous portraits: among them, are those of Charles I.

and his queen, the Countess of Derby, Lord Strafford, Lord Goring, the Countesses of Carlisle, Leicester, Bedford, and Devonshire.

There are several by Robert Walker, Oliver Cromwell's favourite painter, who appears to have studied Vandyke with advantage: for instance, his portrait of the Earl of Essex, which is full of merit. We have also several copies of Sir Peter Lely's portraits of the characters who figured in Charles II.'s court, which exhibit the various peculiarities (by some called merits, by others faults,) of that state-painter. There are, besides, some copies from Titian. On the whole, we cannot praise too highly the merits of this historical gallery, which brings before us, in so interesting and attractive a shape, the characters of those to whose names history attaches fame and renown. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter addressed to the proprietors of the collection, pays a just and eloquent tribute to the value of their speculation; which is, we understand, to have engravings made from the works, in illustration of British history. Too many thanks cannot be given to the noblemen and gentry who have permitted these copies to be made from their favourite family pictures; nor ought we to be unmindful of the artists who have executed the copies. The principal are by Messrs. Hilton, Jackson, and Derby; and they are faithfully and vigorously finished.

MR. MARTIN'S FALL OF NINEVEH.

MR. MARTIN is now exhibiting at the Western Exchange, Bond-street, a most interesting historical picture

descriptive of *the Fall of Nineveh*. The history of this event is almost lost in remote antiquity: it is full, however,

of terrible and legendary horror; and affords therefore to an artist of Mr. Martin's peculiar powers, a full scope for the exercise of his luxuriant and exotic imagination.

The moment which the artist represents is that in which, after his battles and protracted siege, Sardanapalus finds, from the swelling of the river, that the gods are against him, and that he must yield to a fated destiny. Still, though overpowered with effeminacy and luxury, he is determined not to surrender to an enemy, but to sacrifice himself and his magnificent city—to perish, in fact, amid horrors of his own seeking and infliction. Himself, his family, and treasures are prepared to blaze for his funeral pile. In the fore-ground, Sardanapalus, surrounded by his females, who evince mixed feelings of devotion, attachment, and despair, form a most interesting and heart-stirring group. Every variety of human character that is likely to be elicited or developed in such a scene of dismay and destruction, is here portrayed. The centre represents the enemy pouring into the city through the gaps made by the overflowing of the river in the walls; and

in the back-ground we have the magnificent masses of ancient architecture which are supposed to have adorned the Assyrian court. Twilight covers the view, except where the blaze of the conflagration illumines surrounding objects. The reflection on the fore-ground is produced by a flash of lightning, which adds to the consuming terrors of the scene.

In every thing which belongs to grandeur of effect produced by glowing invention, massive and magnificent objects, and extent of space, this picture is a splendid specimen of Mr. Martin's powers of description. There are, however, inaccuracies in the minor details, in the drawing and the colouring of the figures. Our astonishment, however, in beholding such a picture, is not that there are defects in the form and distribution of the composition in some of its parts, but that the artist has succeeded in producing, on the whole, so sublime a display of composition and colouring, so appropriate an illustration of one of the most wonderful events which traditional history records.

M. LE THIÈRE'S DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

MONSIEUR LE THIÈRE, a French artist of eminence, who some years ago attracted deserved attention in this metropolis by an historical picture of *the Judgment of Brutus*, is now exhibiting, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, an equally large work, descriptive of *the Death of Virginia*. It is creditable to the taste and conception of the artist, that he has selected two of the most

memorable events of Roman history for the display of his powers; and that he has handled them with both a spirit and force well calculated for so patriotic an illustration. In the present picture the story is told with great attention to the historical relation. The figure of Virginius is admirably impressive; and we cannot deny the same praise to those of Virginia and Appius. The great merit, however, of this picture, consists in the composition and arrangement of

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the grouping, and the very admirable manner in which the colouring is distributed. In this respect Mons. le Thiere deserves to be studied by some of our own historical painters.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

PALE lavender-colour *gros de Naples* high dress; the waist long and pointed in front. The body is cut bias, and sits very close to the shape; a little fulness at the upper part is confined by gold filigree buttons. The sleeves are made plain and large as far as the elbow, but afterwards scarcely exceed the size of the arm. The skirt is set on with nearly an equal fulness all round, and is ornamented with a waving satin piping of the same colour, elevated on the left side, sustaining bells in pairs, about half a quarter of a yard apart. The hat is large and circular, placed rather low on the right side, with a slight declination in front: it is of the same material and colour as the dress, lined with pale pink satin, and ornamented with two large bows of broad gauze and ribbon of various colours, on the top of the crown; the strings proceed from them, and are fastened under the lavender-colour trimming that adorns the crown on each side. Double *collerette* of French cambric, the upper divided into five beautifully worked vandykes; the other square, and worked in small scollops and bouquets, and fastened by a gold filigree buckle in front. Gold earrings and jointed onyx bracelets; yellow gloves; black satin shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Ariophane crape dress, over a bird of paradise yellow satin slip. The *corsage* is made full and square across the bust, and is ornamented with three longitudinal pipings of yellow satin. The sleeves are short and full, with epaulettes of yellow satin *en coquille*. The skirt is full in all round the waist, and terminated with a yellow satin rouleau, and is trimmed half way up with ornaments of a semi-lunar shape, tapering to a point in the curve below, but open at the top, and containing a bouquet of flowers. Gold tissue belt, decorated with a row of buttons arranged perpendicularly from the upper to the lower point. The hair is parted on the right temple, dressed *en grand boucle*, and confined by a pearl bandeau; on the crown of the head are three large bows of hair, bordered by rows of pearls, and supported by long pins, concealed withinside the bows. Gold tiara, and a plume of white ostrich feathers placed at the back of the head; two stand upright, and two long ones drop towards the left shoulder. Parisian gauze scarf; diamond earrings and necklace; mosaic bracelets; white kid gloves, stamped at the top; white satin shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 18.

WHITE dresses begin to be more seen than any others in our promenades, during the last few days. Coloured muslins, however, are still in favour, though not so much so as white. The most novel coloured muslins are printed in different patterns, upon a white ground, and have a very broad border of a colour some shades deeper than the dress: as for example, if the pattern is azure, the border is dark blue; if the pattern is bird of paradise colour, the border is citron. Those dresses are very plainly made, and a good many of them are worn without any other envelope than a pelerine of the same material.

Cambric and jaconot *rédiingotes* are much in favour in plain walking dress. The *corsage* affords nothing of novelty. The sleeves are extremely long and full; they are divided by bands, so as to form a regular row of puffs of different sizes, from the shoulder nearly to the wrist, where they are confined by plain broad bands. There is a good deal of variety in the trimmings of these dresses: some are ornamented down the front in the pyramid style with a rich embroidery, which resembles point lace; the bottom of the skirt is also embroidered to correspond. Others are cut round the bottom in scollops, which are edged with narrow Mechlin lace; and a good many are trimmed both up the fronts and round the bottom with *coques* or lozenge puffs of clear muslin let in. These dresses are worn in general with pelerines *des trois points*. The point behind reaches only to the bottom of the waist, but those in front fall a good deal below the *ceinture*. The trimming of the pelerine corresponds with that of the dress.

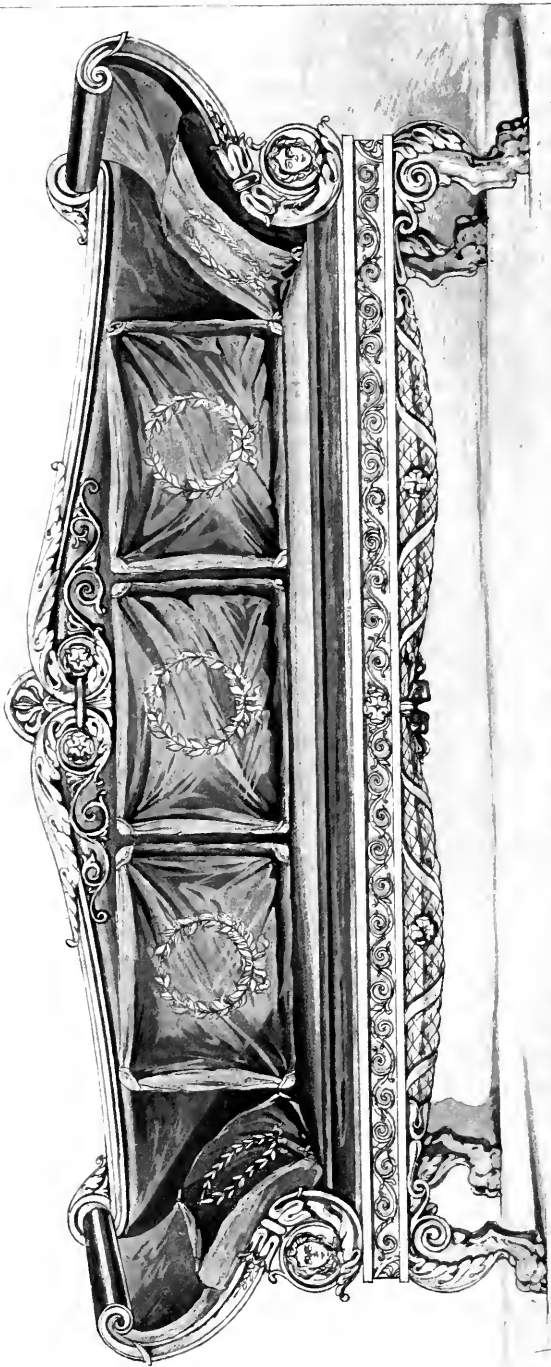
Gauze and lace scarfs are now much in favour; the latter particularly so. Pelerines composed of three falls of lace are also in great request: these last articles being made in general of the finest

and most expensive lace, are particularly in favour with those *élégantes* who affect a simple style of dress, and at the same time pride themselves on the costliness of their toilette.

Bonnets of rice-straw, of crape, and of fancy gauze begin now to be very general. The first are usually trimmed with branches of elder-blossoms, intermixed with gauze ribbons; a twisted rouleau of ribbon crosses the crown, and one to correspond is placed on one side of the inside of the brim. Crape bonnets are mostly trimmed with bouquets of field-flowers, sometimes intermixed with blond draperies, but oftener with *nœuds* of crape. Fancy gauze bonnets are trimmed with the same material, disposed in a variety of forms, and always intermixed either with down feathers or flowers. When the *chapeau* is trimmed with flowers, a small bouquet, or a single flower, is usually placed inside the brim, near the right temple.

Capotes are as much in favour as last month. They begin now to be made in organdy and in crape. Those in organdy have seldom any other trimming than a rosette of the same material, placed a little on one side of the crown, and a full ruche of tulle at the edge of the brim. Those composed of crape are generally trimmed with flowers.

The coloured muslins mentioned in our last Number continue in favour for half-dress; but white is upon the whole more general. The prettiest half-dress gown that we have lately seen is the *robe à la Ninon*. The *corsage*, which is made quite the natural length of the waist, is ornamented in the stomacher style on each side of the bosom by a zig-zag of letting-in lace; the piece of muslin placed between these bands is set in full, and drawn horizontally with coloured ribbon in five places; a bow is placed in the centre of each. The *corsage* is made *à la vierge*, and finished



A. SOFA.

with a fall of lace round the top. Long full sleeve, the fulness arranged in three falls by bands of lace; the last band is placed just below the elbow. The fulness of the lower part of the sleeve is confined to the arm at the wrist by three points of lace, which are let in. The trimming of the skirt consists of a deep and richly worked flounce, surmounted by *bouillonné* of clear muslin, intermixed with bows of ribbon.

The skirt is set on with equal fulness all round the waists of a great many dresses; but several ladies still adopt the *blouse* style; that is, they throw the fulness before and behind, leaving the sides without any. Gowns are for the most part very little gored, and the point in front is now nearly universal.

The materials for full dress are very rich, but less showy than they have been for some time. Lace, both white and black, is much in favour. *Tulle*, *gros de Naples*, and white poplin gauzes are also in request; as is crape, both white and coloured, richly embroidered in floize silk. These last dresses are generally finished round the bottom with a broad rouleau of satin to correspond. The upper part of the rouleau is pointed, and from each point issues a branch of

lilac, honeysuckle, or sweet-briar, which ascends in a bias direction rather above the knee. The *corsage* is ornamented with five satin folds, each of which forms the letter V: in the centre of each of these is a bow of ribbon. Short full sleeves, the fulness arranged in a large puff by bands of satin, which forms a V in front of the arm. A satin band, finished by a quilling of blond net, confines the sleeve to the arm; a quilling of blond net also goes round the bosom.

The hair begins to be less loaded with ornaments in full dress. Several *élégantes* have appeared in *coiffures* of blond lace, mixed with two bows of hair, and in some instances with flowers.

Dress hats of the Spanish shape, and of rather a large size, are coming much into favour. They are composed of a new kind of crape, more transparent than that generally in use, and are ornamented with ostrich or down feathers, but more commonly the former. A star, composed of jewels, pearls, or exquisitely wrought gold, serves to fasten the plume of feathers, which is always placed to one side.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A S O F A.

NATURE having collected all her treasures in the Eastern part of the world, it is from the East we obtain both the ideas and the articles for our furniture, as well as for the dazzling and precious ornaments of our persons. In every clime riches and luxury produce habits of indolence and indulgence; and these, being fostered by the excessive heat of the Eastern climate, have obtained for us that elegant and luxurious piece of furniture called a sofa, which was doubtless invented by the natives of the East, on account of its allowing a reclined po-

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sition, which of all others affords the most relief to the body, when overcome by lassitude or fatigue. For this reason, as well as for its elegant form, the sofa has been adopted among all civilized nations; so that from the palace to the cottage *ornée*, it is now required in every room, and may therefore rank among the leading articles of our modern furniture.

The annexed plate represents a sofa, suited by the richness of its parts for a drawing-room; and it will be perceived that undulating lines have been prefer-

red in its design to straight ones, both as being more pleasing to the eye, and as contributing more to the ease of the person sitting or reclining thereon.

The design here given is calculated for four persons to sit with ease. The

colour of the drapery must depend on the fittings up of the room; but in all cases the lions' paws, which form the support, as also the ornaments carved in wood, must be gilt.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the month of June will be published, in an imperial 4to. volume, with numerous engravings, *Budhism Illustrated*, from original manuscripts of its doctrine, metaphysics, and philosophy; accompanied by forty-three engravings, lithographed from the Cingalese originals, demonstrative of their scheme of the universe and the personal attributes of Budha: also, notices of the planetary or Bali incantations and the demon-worship still existing in that island, by Edward Upham, member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. This work is intended to comprise the whole scope of the faith and doctrine of this celebrated Asiatic teacher; a scheme which operates as a system of morals upon more than one hundred millions of the human race. The details will be given with scrupulous fidelity, chiefly, if not entirely, from original manuscripts collected in the Island of Ceylon, under the superintendence of Sir Alexander Johnston, Vice-President of the Asiatic Society. The information to be derived from these sources is of a genuine and authentic character; and it is the endeavour of the author to supply the mass of important coincidences which connect it with the Jewish, the Egyptian, the Grecian, and Arabian traditions, rites, and literature. It will also contain a full detail of the Buddhist system of doctrine concerning the universe, the sky, the heavens and earth, the gods, and planetary influences; the whole being intended as an indispensable preliminary to the three great historical works of Ceylon, *The Maha-ransi*, *The Raja-ratnacari*, and *The Raja-zalic*,

which will be printed forthwith. These important manuscripts, the depository of the Budha faith and history from the first epochs of history to about the year 1200 of the Christian era, will supply Europe with a mass of information of the most striking interest, as well upon the subject of the Buddhist faith, as upon the chronology of events connected with the Hindoo histories.

The second number of the *Picturesque Tour of the Thames*, to be completed in six numbers, each containing four views of the most remarkable objects and scenery along that river from Oxford to its mouth, and forming a companion to the Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges, already published by Mr. Ackermann, is ready for delivery.

The same publisher is preparing a small work, which must be of considerable interest to all proprietors and admirers of the noblest of our domesticated animals; containing *Directions for the Moral Treatment of the Horse, so as to dispense with the use of Force in the Operation of Shoeing*, and to obviate the dangerous accidents which frequently happen as well to the animal itself as to those whose business it is to perform that operation. This method, which will be illustrated by six lithographic engravings, is the result of the observations and experience of Captain Balassa, of the Austrian service; and the imperial government has expressed its conviction of the utility and importance of his mode of treatment, by the promotion of the author, and the grant of a pension for life, in consideration of his making it public.

Mr. Ackermann has just ready a highly

finished lithographic drawing, 8½ inches by 10½, by James D. Harding, from a beautiful picture by H. P. Briggs, Esq A. R. A. of *Portia and Bassanio*, from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice."

In a few days will be published *Much Ado about Nothing*, twenty-one humorous engravings, in Cruikshank's style, illustrative of Old Sayings.

Dr. M'Cormac, a physician of Belfast, announces for immediate publication, *An Essay on the Causes and Cure of Stammering and the Impediments of Speech*. Dr. M'Cormac has, it seems, the merit of discovering for himself the system so mysteriously concealed by those who have practised it for some time past in London, Paris, and America; and which was lately purchased, as an invaluable secret, for a large sum, by the King of the Netherlands. His book will contain a full detail of this important discovery,

which is, we are assured, extremely simple, and will put it in the power of the most confirmed stutterer to effect his own cure in a few days, and often in a few hours.

On the 1st of June will be published, *Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim*, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg.

Mr. G. A. Williams, of Cheltenham, announces for publication early in July, the first number of a new quarterly magazine, to be entitled *The Cheltenham Album*.

Mr. W. B. Cooke has just completed an elegant work, which will appear on the 1st of June, entitled *A Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabras, and Tripods, from the Museum of the Louvre at Paris*, engraved in a delicate and beautiful manner by Henry Moses; with descriptive letter-press.

Poetry.

TO MAY.

O MAY! thou art a winning month for
sweet and early flow'rs;
For soften'd gales and sunny skies, and
leafy-shaded bow'rs:
Yet ever to mine ear there seems a blight
within thy bloom—
A canker and a chilling air that whisper of
the tomb.
I trace a sadness in thy step—a sorrow in thy
smile;
And e'er thou art to me as one that flatters
to beguile.
I cannot love thee, gentle month, although
thy vernal face
Is deck'd by Nature's lavish hand with ev'ry
living grace:
In vain for me thine odours breathe—thy
tender blossoms wave;
I may but turn from them to weep, and
think me of the grave.
Oh, no! I cannot love thee, May, although
thy brow is twin'd
With blushing wreaths that incense shed up-
on the balmy wind:
I must not love thy fairy spells, all beau-
teous though they be;
For, ah! to others bright and dear, they
may not gladden me.

Go, joyous month, and smile on those who
happily may dream
Of pleasure in thy fragrant path, of promise
in thy beam;
I cannot bear thy flow'ring buds, thy wildly
rich perfume—
Alas! to me they only bring memorials of
the tomb!

E. S. C***Y.

A REFLECTION,

Written in 1783 by the late Mrs. JANE REEVE,
of Ipswich

Whilst others, lur'd by joys of sense,
Parade and splendour prize,
Be mine to learn a lesson thence,
To mark them, and be wise:

To look on titles, wealth, and power,
As gifts dispensed by heaven;
As blessings, wisely understood;
As curses, often given.

For not the titled equipage,
Nor arms of ancient date,
Can add one virtue to the soul,
Nor change the power of fate:

Can yield one pure domestic joy,
Or heartfelt bliss in part,
Unless the force of virtue's power
Be seated in the heart.

Not all the vain displays of wealth
Can gild one conscious hour,
Can shield us from the dart of death,
Nor save us from its power.

Be mine to search for joys secure,
More solid, though less fair;
The joy to raise a drooping heart,
And save it from despair.

To seek and find domestic peace
By curbing passions' sway,
To give the sympathetic tear
Where misery leads the way.

To cherish and improve each thought
That leads to love and peace;
To conquer every rising wish
Which threatens others' ease.

Let me inspect and mend a heart
For social duties given;

Return to fellow-creatures part
The bounty lent by heaven.

Here let ambition take its flight,
With fullest vigour bent;

The titles *I* of heaven now ask
Are—virtue, love, content.

RESIGNATION AND HOPE.

Old Winter has reach'd us with snows fast
descending;

He sheds the thick gloom of his darkness
around;

The streams are all frozen, and icicles pend-
ing;

We brush with quick footsteps the snow-
covered ground.

Yet spring shall arrive, and a warmer emo-
tion

Shall welcome its coming all verdant and
gay;

The blade re-appearing shall wave like the
ocean,

And bend its ripe sheaf to the sun's burn-
ing ray.

And when, like sad Winter, with rudeness as-
sailing,

Dejection and sorrow advance on the
mind,

All mental exertion, all energies failing,

We leave the glad paths of contentment
behind;

Like Nature's arrangements, all bright and
reviving,

Fair hope may awaken some dormant de-
light;

May indulge the fond fancy of pleasures ar-
riving,

To chase as the morning the gloom of the
night.

When darkness and sorrows and sadness
await us,

And tinge every prospect with desolate
hue,

No morning arising with beams to elate us,
But twilight eclipsing each beautiful view;

To cherish with fondness the gloomy sensa-
tion

But fetters the anguish, but fixes the pain;
While resting securely in calm resignation,
We banish its terrors, and limit its reign.

Yes, sorrows below may arise to oppress us;
A blight may endanger the gardens of
spring:

Yet, rightly encountered, each trial would
bless us,

And thankful contentment and gratitude
bring.

Resignation and hope, in strict unity blend-
ing,

May strengthen the mind in the deepest
distress:

Hope glances beyond disappointment at-
tending,

And full resignation would render them
less.

IPSWICH.

J. C.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

What is a friend? A being who,
Through all the changes time may bring,
E'en though our joys may be but few,
Will still around us fondly cling:

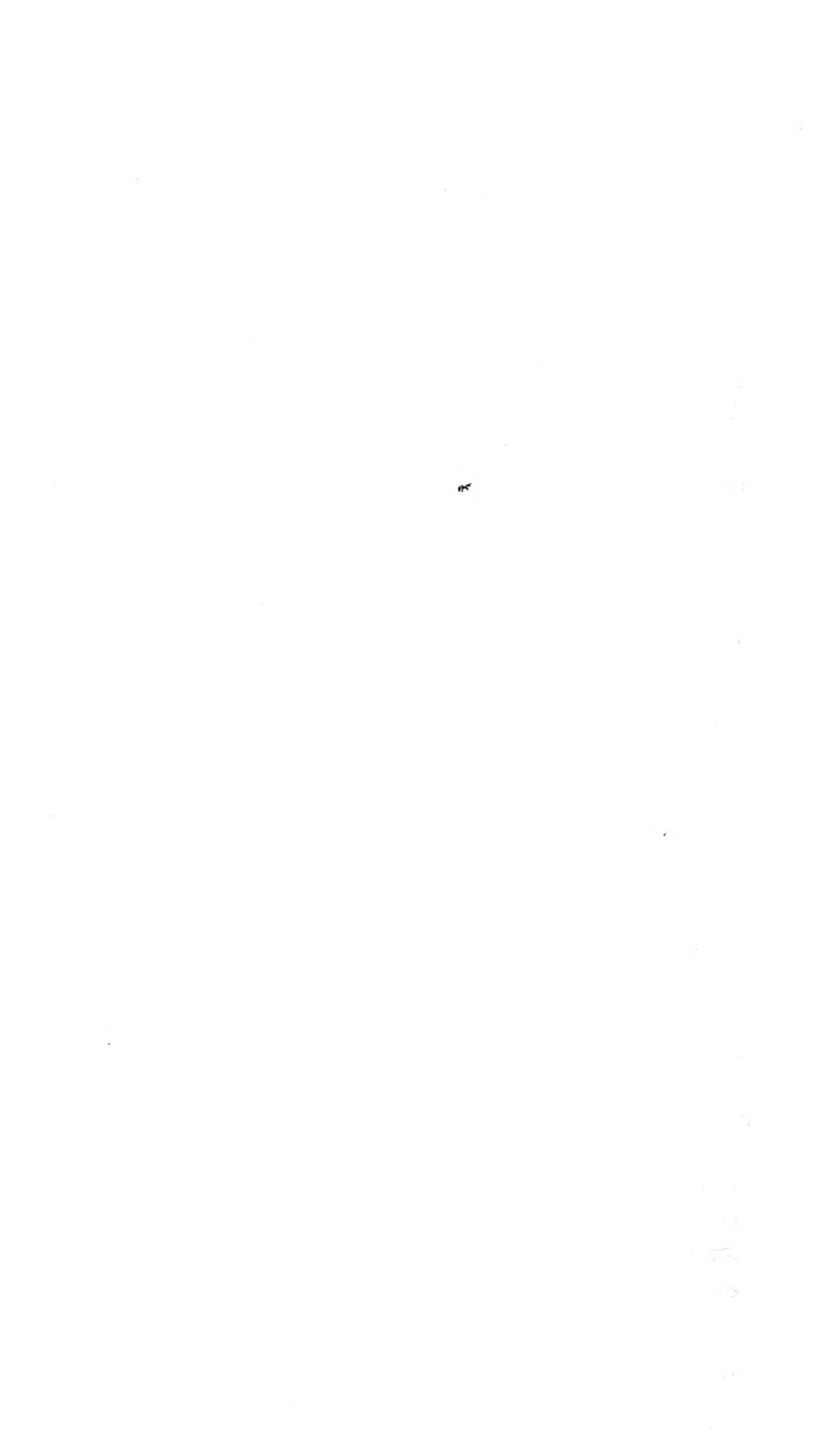
Who in youth's bright and brilliant morn
A dearer charm to pleasure lends;
Whose smile can sweeten and adorn
Each gift that heaven so kindly sends:

Whose approbation onward cheers
Our souls in manhood's busy strife;
Through scenes of toil and woe and tears,
Gilding the darkest shades of life:

Who shares our joy, if Fortune smiles,
And shrinks not should she darkly low'r,
But, with a hallow'd balm, beguiles
The anguish of each trying hour:

And, if we win a wreath from Fame,
Whose heart with joy and pride will thrill;
And e'en through guilt and sin and shame,
Will shield, excuse, and love us still:

And when by death we're call'd away
From all our joys and sorrows here,
Will often to our mem'ry pay
The tribute of a burning tear.



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