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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII.

JULY 1, 1828.

N^o. LXVII.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII.

JULY 1, 1828.

NO. LXVII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

BELMONT-HOUSE, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF JOHN NORMAN, ESQ.

CONSIDERING the delightful situation of the environs of Plymouth and Devonport, and their maritime importance, it is not a matter of surprise that so many elegant mansions have been erected there in addition to other buildings, occasioned by the continual influx of visitors. Belmont-House deservedly claims distinction, not only as one of the most chaste examples of the Grecian style of architecture, but as containing a very valuable collection of pictures and other works of art. It is situated nearly a mile from the town of Devonport; and, from its elevated position, commands one of the most pleasing and extensive prospects imaginable, embracing Plymouth, Mount Edgecumbe, and the Breakwater, with the numerous ships passing and repassing, forming altogether a scene not to be surpassed.

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The principal front, facing the west, is adorned with a lofty portico of four columns, and has a very imposing appearance; but although the interior is fitted up in a very handsome manner, the chief attraction of this edifice consists in the following works of art, which have been collected by the proprietor at a very considerable expense, and which cannot fail to be highly interesting to the connoisseur:

A Landscape, by Gaspar Poussin, with figures; Satyrs and Nymphs, by Nicolas Poussin; a Landscape, Woody Scene, Gaspar Poussin, fine; a Storm at Sea, Vandervelde; Landscape, Artois, with figures; the story of Latona and the Peasants, from Ovid, by Rubens; the Entombment of our Saviour, Sebastian del Piombo; a Sleeping Nymph, from the palace at Florence, Ludovico Caracci; Portrait of the Mar-

quis de Mirabelle, Vandyke; Paulo and Francesca, Giorgione, from the collection of Charles I.; a Dead Christ supported by the Virgin, Guido; Baptism of our Saviour, Leandro Bassano.

Here are also a few specimens by modern artists; among which are some landscapes by Johns and Rogers; and a beautiful drawing of Worthing Sands, by Prout, deserves notice.

A late writer justly observes, that Devonshire is the native county of many eminent painters, and that Plymouth can claim more than an

equal proportion; among whom is James Northcote, R. A. whose works are displayed in most of the collections in this his native county. Mr. Haydon is also a native of Plymouth.

For the encouragement of rising artists, an annual exhibition for the sale of works of art has been established at Plymouth since the year 1815; and it is supported by the nobility and gentry of the county, who have also kindly contributed from their collections some of the finest specimens of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools.

ENDSLEIGH, DEVON,

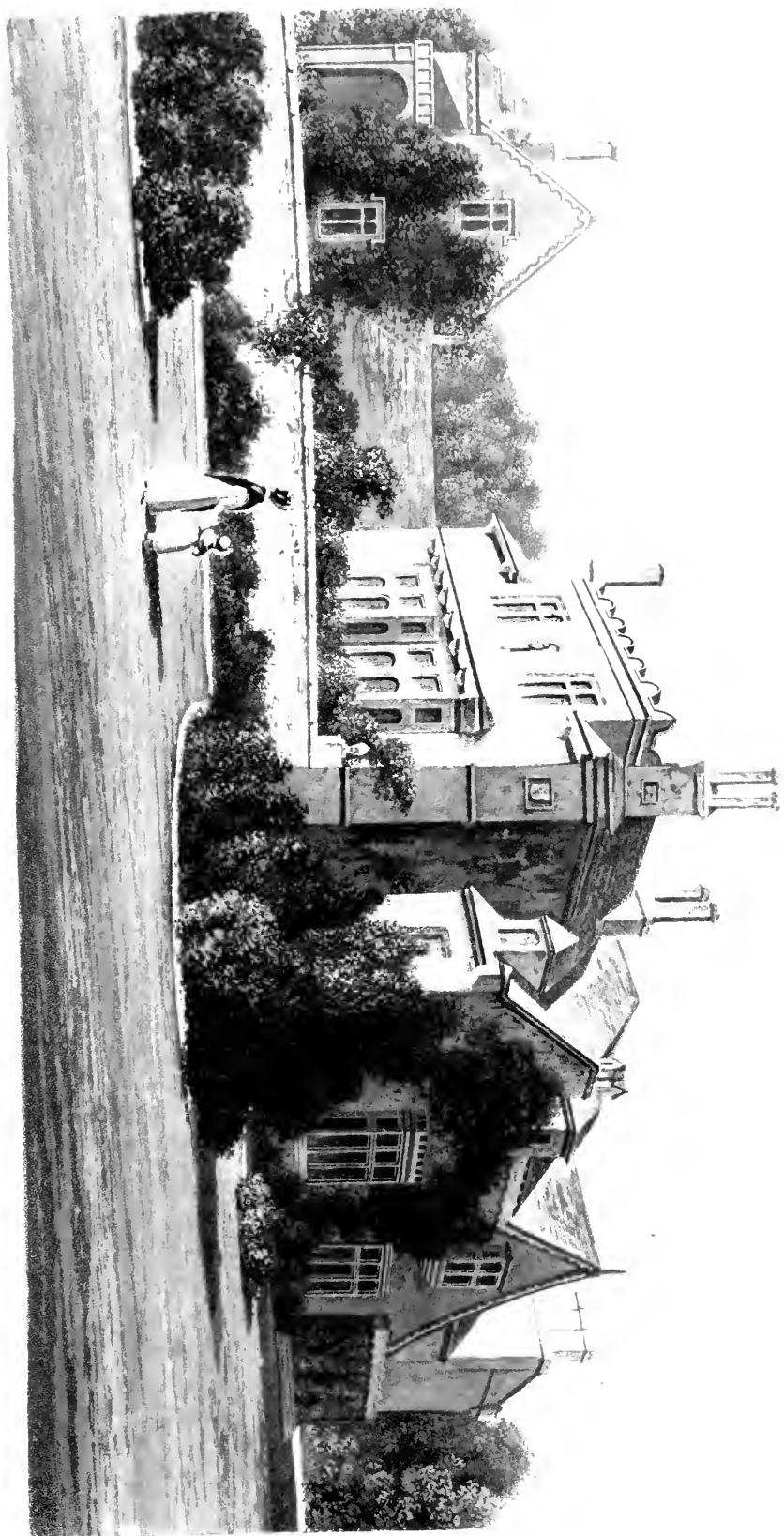
THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

IN a former part of our work we had occasion to notice the talent of that distinguished architect, Mr. Jeffrey Wyattville; and although the annexed subject from his designs possesses strong claims to attention, still we cannot but regret that a more splendid edifice, formed from the best models of the Grecian style of architecture, and one in every respect suited to the dignity of its noble possessor, had not been preferred. The singular local beauties, however, of this part of the county, its sequestered situation, and distance from the bustling scenes of life, no doubt led to the erection of the present edifice as a temporary residence in the summer season. The great interest and property which the Duke of Bedford also possesses in the ancient borough of Tavistock, only about seven miles distant, no doubt also induced his grace to complete the formation of this delightful seat. From the peculiar style of architecture, at least from its simplicity, this seat is termed Endsleigh Cottage; but although

a taste for what is termed the cottage *ornée* has prevailed of late years, yet this place may justly be said to surpass every building of the kind in any part of England; and it reflects great credit on the architect, who, however, was not limited in expense. As this seat forms one of the prominent features in this part of the county, it has become an object of strong attraction, which is no doubt partly owing to the singular manner in which it is built.

Endsleigh is composed of a series of picturesque buildings, surrounding a court-yard, and is formed of grey stone, with gabled roofs, tall chimneys, and transom windows, of the style of architecture prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth. The principal apartments are approached from a curious hall; and there is also an entrance-hall opening to the garden front. They are fitted up in a style corresponding with the character of the building; most of them being wainscoted, and the windows being charged with heraldic blazonry.

The library consists of the best



editions of works in every branch of literature; and although here are not many works of art, yet some fine drawings by Glover ought not to pass unnoticed. A small closet, presenting a reflected view of the most pleasing woods and landscapes, has a very striking effect. The exterior embellishments, consisting of the dairy, and the grotto with its fountain in the centre, are also particularly deserving of notice.

To specify every point of attraction which this charming place presents, would far exceed our limits. In the formation of the several plan-

tations round the house the greatest taste has been displayed; and as the domain is richly wooded, and lies contiguous to the river Tamar, it possesses the most pleasing walks that can well be imagined.

In closing our description of this truly beautiful domain, we cannot but express our regret to learn the continued ill health of the noble owner, and that his grace has not been able to enjoy its retirement more frequently.

For the description to both the views in our present Number we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

WHICH IS THE BEST?

ON an eminence that commands the whole of the surrounding country stands (I had almost said *stares*) a large square brick mansion, in the formal style of the beginning of the last century, bringing to the mind none of those refined associations which the sight of an elegant modern residence creates, nor any of those retrospections of romance and chivalry which a glance at Gothic arches and embattled towers immediately awakens. What a blot on the beautiful landscape are its four everlasting red fronts! facing due north, south, east, and west, they meet the eye in whatever direction one walks, rides, or drives, and are just as annoying as an ugly face in a crowd which catches one's notice from its conspicuous deformity, in spite of every effort to avoid it. Gay and flowering shrubs seem to wither within the precincts of Mount-House; summer and winter it wears the same unvarying aspect; its dark plantations of firs shade it from year to year dressed in the same unchanging

liveries; as for the feathery larch, it refuses to sport its elegant foliage in such dull company: yet here

“The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, tho' branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief.”

Indeed this tree, of which there are several remarkable specimens, is a favourite with the lady of the mansion, quite congenial with the sombre cast of her character. “Come and see my cypresses” is an invitation which she gives only to her most particular friends. She is a widow of large fortune, with a family of two daughters and an only son, strict in her duties, the very pink of charity, a contributor to every subscription from one penny upwards to five hundred pounds, a supporter of popular education, leaving the use of the pen out of the question, which she holds to be a dangerous weapon in the hands of the inferior orders, and a patroness of modest merit, so far as giving money can be called patronage; in short, she is, to speak in fashionable phrase, “a most excellent

woman." "Most potent, *grave*," and excellent! How many are there among her dependents who long to unload themselves of the insufferable burden which her favours have imposed upon them! And among those who have offended her by a dereliction from the exact path which she has pointed out, how few there are who repent them of their evil ways, profanely rejoicing in their ill fortune, "counting it a deliverance!"

I know little of the tenor of Mrs. Mopeton's matrimonial life; but if one may judge by the deep sigh she draws whenever any allusion is made to the memory of her late husband, her widowed situation is a matter of unceasing regret. To be sure there are people so ill-natured as to assert, that he died of a nervous fever, which was brought on by the monotony of Mount-House, and by the melancholy picture of care and sorrow which his good lady constantly presented in her own person (for Mr. Mopeton was of a remarkably lively temperament): but who can believe such scandal of a "most excellent woman?" It is said, too, that Mrs. Mopeton, who was an heiress, and did not change her name on her marriage, was never known to smile, except during the twelve months of courtship that preceded her union with this very poor but well-descended gentleman: during those twelve "little months," that fairy time which changes the most unkindly natures and brightens up the dullest heart, the lady was cheerful, almost gay. In her childhood she was so continually silent and serious, that she was taken for a paragon of wisdom, a little Minerva; because, like Minerva's symbol, the owl, and other dull creatures who have obtained

the fame of superior intelligence, she gave no proofs to the contrary. However, a lover came and sighed, and Miss Mopeton was happy for the first time in her young life.

"So Martha smiled, and still she would have smiled

Had she but tarried,

But Martha played the fool and married:" for courtship is a brief season, and must end either in a *cut* or a wedding; and Mr. d'Arcy at last "wrung from her a slow leave" to name the day for their nuptials. Matrimony brought its cares and its crosses, with that insight into the "flat realities" of life to which we must all, rich and poor, condescend to be introduced at some period of our lives: Mr. Mopeton found the wife quite a different person from the mistress, and after a seven years' sacrifice of health and inclination, made his exit, and left his widow sole possessor and directress of Mount-House and its solemnities. Now to have something to grieve about was exactly what Mrs. Mopeton wanted; and she remains at this time just as inconsolable as she was a month after her husband's decease.

Her children, too, afford her a most delightful source of uneasiness; for they inherit their father's vivacity, and cost their mother all the pain and trouble she can desire to keep their high spirits and pleasure-loving dispositions under due subjection. The poor girls, who are named (misnamed I mean) Patience and Prudence, are weary of their imprisonment, and are already looking out for some gallant deliverer to bear them from the "dreary pile where sadness never dies," and which seems to shut them out from all communion with their species, always excepting a few vexed and vexatious old ladies

"of mamma's way of thinking." Mr. Job Mopeton has long since set at naught his mother's decrees: finding in his boyhood that bird-nesting and angling, and in his youth that hunting and shooting, were forbidden as cruel and inhuman sports, he very naturally took the first opportunity that offered to quit her maternal protection, and is now a dashing *militaire*, continually drawing upon Mrs. Mopeton's purse, and adding another thorn to her thorny pillow.

Indeed the virtues and trials of this unfortunate lady are the universal theme of conversation in the neighbourhood of her residence; every body talks of them, but nobody sympathizes: for who can have any feeling in common with such a being as Mrs. Mopeton? Alas! she stands, like her residence, alone and sad, her company sought for by none but *toadies* and subscription-hunters, who ever and anon report her to be a "most excellent woman."

Quite in an opposite direction to Mount-House, yet not far distant, nestles under a hill and the shelter of a wood, a low-roofed cottage, the picture of humility. What a little Paradise! its verandah front covered with gay flowers, its miniature shrubbery putting forth at this time a profusion of blossoms, while the tiny garden loads the Zephyr with its perfume. In this pleasant retreat lives a lady, who, born to affluence, was married to the man of her choice, and became the mother of a happy family; but adversity, that stern monitor, came and robbed her of her fortune and her husband in one short year. Those who have known how difficult it is to learn economy at the middle period of life, how difficult to "clip habits of their wings," and

to forego the enjoyment of the tastes and luxuries which belong to refined society, who know how galling it is to a high independent spirit to find itself humbled and impoverished, and to bow to "the proud man's contumely"—who know how sad it is for an affectionate heart to feel itself alone in sorrow, can guess at the state of Mrs. Merriworth's mind. She grieved with a woman's tenderness for her departed partner, and struggled with masculine fortitude against the trials which surrounded her.

Storms and sunshine are, however, alike inconstant in this changeful world, and "the silent wing of time has chased away" many of her anxieties and all her gloom; so that a stranger would say, that her life had been an "even tenor" of peace and tranquillity: for although she has her private regrets, though memory clings with fond tenacity to departed days, her countenance is a never-failing antidote to melancholy. Her charity is of the best kind, that "which giveth freely and upbraideth not:" riches are not at her disposal, but a kind compassionate disposition points out to her many ways of affording assistance to the poor and unfortunate; while her cultivated and discriminating taste has brought to light many a "gem" that would otherwise have remained in darkness. She makes no figure in subscription-lists; *them* she transfers to Mrs. Mopeton (who would believe herself far on the "road to destruction" if she sent one of them from her doors); yet she enjoys the good-will of the few she has obliged and the best affections of her family. Her daughters are quite content to remain with her till they can be married without run-

ning away; while her sons, engaged as they are in active life, look back with delight to the days of their childhood, and anticipate with school-boy eagerness every return to their beloved home. "Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," are hers: yet we hear nothing about her being "a most excellent woman!" all the

remark she excites is, an occasional expression of wonder at her unbroken spirits. If, however, her rich neighbour were obliged to change situations with Mrs. Merriworth, we should soon see who was *the* most excellent of the two widowed ladies.

LONGBROOK-LODGE, *May* 1828.

MARGARET DRUMMOND.

By Mrs. BEATRICE GRANT.

THE last week of July 1499 is memorable in the traditions of Scotland, on account of the alarm and dejection arising from fears of a pestilence which desolated the southern provinces of England, and was reported to be spreading in a northerly direction. Continual rain, stagnant in pools and marshes on low grounds, and accompanied by excessive heat during twenty-five days, had enervated the physical powers and depressed the spirits of the hardiest Scots. The religious houses were crowded with penitents; processions of monks, bearing holy relics and saintly images, drew multitudes along the streets and highways; and solemn fasts were held throughout the land. Even the spectre stories of Beaton's Miln, that during several years had been rehearsed and listened to with inexhaustible avidity, were now forgotten in the less unreal horrors of impending contagion. The plague did not extend to Scotland; and the people were again interested by many tales of wonder, which have been orally transmitted, and are yet circulated by their posterity in our day.

In a cottage near Beaton's Miln, and within view of the celebrated Bannockburn, a traitorous priest shed the lifeblood of James III. of Scot-

land; rebel hands laid his corpse in unconsecrated ground, and no distinction marked the grave of royalty, except a hawthorn of uncommon growth, spreading its long branches over the solitary mound. Before the end of autumn another receptacle of mortality was discovered at the king's feet, and a cross erected between the graves. Some boys gathering nuts lost their way, and from a hazel thicket came unwittingly near Beaton's Miln, where the newly placed sods across the king's feet shewed that he did not rest unattended. The priest, suspected of his murder, had no more appeared. It was believed that his own order had executed summary justice upon the regicide; for he belonged to a monastery bountifully patronised by Rogers, the chief musician and favourite of the unfortunate James. Numberless goblin tales were soon afterwards afloat. Men and striplings, collecting their flocks by glimmering moonlight, had seen from a hill above the royal grave a doleful phantom in sacerdotal vestments, haggard, yet in countenance resembling the vanished priest, stalking around the deserted cottage where the king expired. Each narrator magnified the hideous description, terror and dismay spread around, and all the dwell-

lings within a large circuit were abandoned. No traveller would pass near their ruins; the untrodden soil was gradually covered with vegetation; and curious prying glances, ventured from the nearest eminence, discerned that tall, beautiful Scottish thistles inclosed the royal dust; and beyond those national emblems grew weeping birches, entwined by honeysuckles and ever-green hollies and wild roses, trained by supernatural agency. They added, that the other mound produced stinging - nettles, poisonous hemlock, fox-glove, and deadly night-shade. In the course of years trees of various kinds sprung up, and met the eastern forest of ancient oaks. Luxuriant herbage grew at the roots of the young wood; but each species of domestic cattle instinctively shunned the goblin precincts; and the high-antlered lords of the wilderness no more trespassed there, though grain annually ripened and shook a plenteous crop upon fields formerly in tillage, and which the inhabitants of the now mouldering hamlets were then compelled to watch by day and night, to prevent depredations of the deer.

Early in August 1499 the rains had frequent intermission; but dense fogs preceded the rising sun and obscured the evening skies. On a calm moonless night, the dubious ray of a very remote star fell upon a human form slowly emerging from beyond the hawthorn that overshadowed the grave of King James. Sackcloth strewn with ashes covered the head, almost descending below the pilgrim's garb, and with it swept the rank grass. Every movement of the pilgrim betrayed internal agony; his arms crossed on his breast, or raised to heaven in bitter-

ness of soul. At times kneeling on the damp ground, sighs and groans mingled with his prayers; then rising, he proceeded onward with hurried irregular steps, as if he would flee from himself, until, spent by anguish and fatigue, he sauntered along absorbed in meditation, and regardless of the intricacies of a pathless forest. Thick foliage deepened the gloom of a misty atmosphere. The sun dimly rose and journeyed to another horizon, and still lost in thought, the pilgrim received no impression from external objects. At length a loud crash of the tangled brushwood very near aroused his mind, and before he could wipe off the tears that hung on his eyelashes, a blood-hound of remarkable size and beauty crouched at his feet. "Is it indeed thou, my Bon-ami?" said the pilgrim, caressing his unexpected favourite. "I have long since despaired of seeing thee again; but dearly welcome art thou, and most seasonable is thy restoration. Be thou my guide. I have lost myself, and thou wilt not designedly mislead me. Forward! forward!" The dog comprehended this command, went before his master, yet kept near him, and often came back to fawn, whine, and express glad affection by every tone and gesture appropriate to a dumb sagacious animal. In less than two hours he conducted the pilgrim to a roofless tower in the forest. It was one of the very ancient ruins called *Kiers*, in Stirlingshire. Heavy fogs enveloped the sky, and night approached. However, the pilgrim wished to continue his way; but the dog threw himself on the grass before the Kier, and would move no further. After a contest of some minutes, the pilgrim yielded to his ca-

nine guide. "I submit to thy instinct," he said; "for without thy guidance I know not how to proceed." As soon as he entered the gateway of the Kier Bon-ami sprung up, fawned on him joyfully, and led him to a hall of great dimensions. Exhausted by long travel, he leaned against a pillar. The dog invited him to another opening at the bottom of the hall; and as he did not comply, the faithful creature stretched himself beside his master. Deep silence prevailed; but after some time a voice of enrapturing melody drew the pilgrim to the lower door. The dog followed, and taking hold of his cassock, drew him along a passage that seemed to go round all the building, till a light faintly passing over a stair induced him to descend the steps, which terminated in an ante-chamber, from which the light had receded to a large vaulted hall, lighted from the roof by a brazen cresset, with four burners flaming and many more ready to kindle when wanted. This subterranean apartment had the walls lined with cloth of gold, and the furniture displayed corresponding magnificence. The pilgrim recollected immediately that the companions of his convivial hours had often alluded to the Kier of Campsie forest as the scene of priesdy relaxation; but it could not be, that when all Scotland in penitential humiliation deprecated the pestilence, her ghostly fathers were given up to voluptuous ease. He mentally questioned whether all was more than a fairy vision, and whether he ought to present himself to the inmates of the vault in pilgrim guise; or, laying it aside, and assuming a more redoubtable

appearance, might he not ensure for himself a deferential reception?

Bon-ami allowed little time for deliberation. He barked loud and repeatedly. A lady, with a lamp in her hand, came half way to the ante-chamber, calling "Bon-ami!" He bounded to meet her; she lavished upon him epithets of endearment and many caresses, which he acknowledged by all the kindness he could testify.

"So Bon-ami is not lost?" said a harsh feminine voice. "I wish my son may be well, since he comes not also."

"I hope, nay I cannot doubt, all is well with him," replied the younger lady. "My dear uncle had not far to go, and the good fathers at Cambuskenneth are his tried friends."

The pilgrim advanced to hear more distinctly the attractive accents of the last speaker. The old lady caught a glimpse of his figure, and starting from a recumbent posture, threw her arms towards the spot where he stood, while she cried, in tones of horror, "Beware, beware the ford! beware the ford! beware the ford!" Her glaring eyeballs protruded as if they would burst from her quivering head; and, still sawing the air with clenched hands, she repeated thrice three times the inexplicable denunciation, pausing at each third repetition. The young lady helped her to resume her place on the couch, poured a small quantity of sparkling liquor into a horn embossed with gold in curious devices, and supporting the head of her patient, gave her the medicated wine. The pilgrim had involuntarily drawn near to render assistance; but the aged lady, worn out by extreme

agitation, closed her eyes, insensible to all but the impressions on her own spirit; and the younger, by a silent and reserved bow, indicated a feeling of obligation to the stranger, whose aid enabled her to raise upon the couch a tall, heavy, unwieldy sufferer. She made signs to him to be seated on a bench, near a table richly carved, and on which stood a lamp of fine workmanship, a lute, and several manuscripts rolled up. The pilgrim bowed low, and respectfully withdrew to a remote niche in the vault, sat down upon a marble slab, and rested his bewildered head upon his hand. The lady, wrapped in a dark veil, took a cushion, and seated herself quite close to the aged patient, who slept profoundly.

As the night became colder she spread a large embroidered mantle of fine cloth over the sleeper; then looking round for the pilgrim, took the table-lamp, and approaching him, said, "Pilgrim, you will not be surprised that I am anxious to know what may be the purport of those mysterious warnings addressed to thee by my aunt. Evil design can hardly be suspected beneath the garb thou wearest; and I have seen my kinswoman so moved by the forebodings of her own spirit. I shall leave thee to consider how far prudence and duty warrant informing me with what views thou hast penetrated our sequestered and secret refuge, and thou wilt find me disposed to judge thy motives with candour." The pilgrim bent his head in mute accordance to this proposal, and the lady replaced her lamp on the table, and drew near it a long bench covered with cushions and purple cloth, fringed and tasselled with gold.

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Meanwhile the pilgrim disencumbered himself of every sign of humiliation, and exhibited a belted knight in armour of bright orange-coloured padded leather, from the Othman manufactures; an embroidered scarf of purple silk; a short sword, with the most costly ornamented hilt and scabbard; and a half-length cloak, ermined and bound with broad gold lace. Perhaps his youthful heart, touched by vanity, or enkindling with enamoured admiration of his fair hostess, could no longer brook appearing before her in the garments of penance. He accosted her with graceful ease, saying, "Lady, in evidence that deception is not my aim, I have doffed the externals that concealed a kinsman, and I may presume to add, a favoured courtier of King James of Scotland; and be not offended that I observe you are now in a place far unbecoming your apparent rank and worth. No trivial cause could have lodged you here. If you have wrong to redress, or boon to solicit, be pleased to accept my willing services at court. By all the saints I swear, and by the untarnished honour of a true knight, that with such inviolable secrecy as you enjoin, and with zeal and fidelity, I will promote your interests."

"My aunt sleeps," replied the lady; "and without her sanction I may not disclose the affair which brought us from a safe and honourable abode to take a temporary asylum here." The lady then moved to the couch, to see if her aunt still enjoyed comfortable repose. The knight begged permission to carry her lamp; and hardly had he set it down again when, pale and stagger-

ing, he must have fallen on the matted floor if his companion had not helped him to the bench she left to receive him as he came from the further end of the apartment. She now placed herself beside him, supporting his head, and reaching to the medicated wine, held it to his colourless lips. He accepted a little, and gently rejected more. He revived and sat up, apologizing for the trouble he had given. The lady begged he would again have recourse to the cordial, which had proved so efficacious; but he said that a very little wine must render him quite unfit for the presence of a lady, as he had not tasted any sustenance for three days, having lost his way in the forest, and he might have wandered till quite spent if the sagacious animal that now followed his every step had not found him in time of need. "We at once renewed our acquaintance," continued the knight. "He was sold to me by a German. I paid a high price for him, and would gladly have given double the sum to recover him when he disappeared, at the same time that the rogue, his vender, absconded from my service, in consequence of being detected in malepractices at a great fair near Stirling."

"My uncle bought this hound from a German," said the lady; "and he told us the noble creature answered to the name of Bon-ami. I think he should have full liberty to choose whether he will follow you, sir knight, or remain with us. We missed him in the afternoon, and his evasion caused us much uneasiness; for, besides our attachment to him, he was, in absence of my uncle, our sole protector in a strange land."

While this conversation passed the lady set bread, wine, and dried fruits of France upon another table close to the knight, regretting that she had no better entertainment to offer him. He had begged leave to officiate; but she reminded him how he was overcome by inanition, and smiling, said, "that as his leech she commanded him to rest where he sat until he had taken some refreshment." In courtly style the knight again apologized for the trouble he occasioned; and in regard to the quality of her viands, he protested that the royal feasts at Stirling were not half so delectable. His eyes expressed more than the phrases of polite adulation which he employed in speaking to the beautiful foreigner.

The continental accent with which she pronounced the language of Scotland and her tasteful attire assured him, that, if a native of his country, her education had been received in France. A travelling-jacket and skirt of dark green Indian silk, tight to her shape, shewed to advantage the symmetry of her tall elegant form; the long sleeves of her jacket were fixed at the wrists with bracelets of enchased gold, and a broad girdle of the same material clasped her waist; her long jetty tresses were covered only by a deep veil of white silk, which had been thrown back; but before seating herself on the high cushion, near to her aunt, she first enveloped her head and person in a black veil, that almost touched the ground when she rose to question the pilgrim. She had thrown it off to assist him when sinking under a sudden qualm. It would be impossible correctly to describe the charms of her countenance, which, though re-

gular in each feature, owed the highest enchantment to an ever-varying expression of sweetness, intelligence, and vivacity. The most exquisite painter could not do justice to brilliant hazel eyes, reflecting the sentiments of an exalted mind; and if the dimpled roses on her cheeks indicated extreme buoyancy of spirits, her lofty brow and arched sable eyebrows redeemed their character by an aspect highly intellectual, and full of mild dignity and firm resolution.

The manly visage of the knight, brilliant with light-hearted animation, had less of mental grandeur. The roving gaiety scintillating from his unsettled dark blue eyes, the curve of playful humour that shewed his fine teeth, his full eyebrows, and a profusion of dark auburn ringlets, a handsome beard of the same hue, half shading his ruddy cheeks, bespoke the soul of frolic, rather than of deep thought; and his elastic figure and rapid gestures confirmed the opinion formed of him by the shrewd observation of the aged lady, when she awoke refreshed and tranquil.

But many hours glided away ere she ceased to slumber, and the younger fair-one conversed with her knight as though they had been long and intimately acquainted. She related amusing incidents, giving the authority of her uncle, who had travelled throughout the continent of Europe and beyond the Grecian seas. The knight communicated anecdotes of the court of Scotland; and both imagined that the matron had taken a very short sleep, when she called, "Margaret, Margaret Drummond," to bring her a salver of grapes. The knight rose, and said

he would take a few turns in the upper hall; and the lady replied she should soon let him know, if her aunt wished for his return. She gave him a lamp, which he lighted. Bon-ami had watched his motions, and kept as near him as possible ever since they met; he now attended him up the stairs, shewing all the windings of the long passage. The knight saw the dawn of day with amazement, thinking the hours of darkness were not half elapsed. Tedious seemed the time till Margaret recalled him. He hastened to obey the thrice-welcome summons; and the aged lady, holding out her right hand, begged he would excuse the irresistible impulse by which she was governed at their first interview, if so she might name it. "But, sir knight, be it known to you, that by my mother I am of the second-sighted Macfarlanes, and by my grandame I am descended from princely seers of Hungary: but awful is our race; and when the potent inspiration comes over us, we can neither see, hear, nor feel ought but the augury! Too sure thou art the doomed victim of some ford!"

"We mortals are all born to die, my honoured lady," answered the knight in a gay tone; "and, sooth to tell, life never appeared to me so precious as since I left Stirling. I am returning thither with what speed I may, but no ford intervenes—this is jesting; and in sober earnest I beg to know, if a favoured kinsman of King James can be of any use to the ladies who kindly succoured a fainting wanderer."

"Sir knight," responded the aged lady, "the ingenuous character beaming from your noble features entitles you to confidence; and I will

tell you why that half Scottish, half Frenchified damsel and her aunt are in this den of concealment. She is daughter to the valiant Marcus Drummond of Innerpeffray, who, with the grey-haired warrior his father and a stripling son, were all three slain defending the royal Earl of Marr, who lost his life after a miserable confinement with a creature of the base-born Cochrane. I, the sister of Innerpeffray, am the widow of my cousin, Sir Otho Macfarlane of that ilk. With my son, a youth in holy orders, I was under my brother's protection, and dwelt with him at his castle: for Cochrane had coveted and reft the Macfarlane estates; and not content with driving us from our possessions, and forcing my chieftain son to take the cowl for bread, the villain Cochrane, more a king in Scotland than his actionless master, James III. that peasant-blooded stone-mason most villanously plotted to implicate me, the offspring of princes and chiefs, in the slanderous mendacious charge of framing a waxen image, that by magical power should consume the life of our sovereign, as the waxen representative of his face and person melted before a slow fire. Twelve innocent women were burnt alive on this most false and cruel accusation; and I must have shared their terrible doom, if the address and courage of my son had not effected my escape to France; and I would not leave the only daughter and younger son of my nephew a prey to our foe. Their mother had been ailing since the birth of Margaret, then six years old, and dread of falling into the hands of their vile oppressor caused her death two days before her family left their

home. Her eldest son was a favourite page of the royal Duke of Rothsay; the younger, a boy of twelve years, with manly energy and prudence co-operated in all the management by which my son procured a swift-sailing bark, that landed us safely on the shores of Normandy. Marcus carried his little sister on his back when like criminals we stole away by night, and armed with his father's dirk, he had determined to fight his way, if requisite, for the rescue of his sister, who begged to have a little target, which she would employ to shield her champion. We were not three months in France when we received the lamentable tidings that my brother, his son and grandson, died sword in hand, opposing a band of ruffians hired by Cochrane to seize the Earl of Marr. The stripling page of Rothsay, aware of the accursed plot, rushed to the support of his sire and grandsire. Marcus attended Perkin Warbeck into Ireland, was taken prisoner with the reputed heir of the English crown, and has been since detained in the Tower of London. We have come from Paris to petition King James to demand his release from Henry VII."

"King James IV. is far renowned as a magnanimous and generous monarch," said Margaret Drummond, "and I rely upon his goodness to extricate a subject of his realm from foreign durance; nor do I despair that the king will restore to my brother the lands so unjustly taken from my grandfather. I ask nothing for myself. My mother's property in France suffices for me; but I am an humble fervent suitor to our gracious sovereign in behalf of the dear brother who saved me from the op-

pressor while yet too young to appreciate aright his interposition."

"If I live to behold again the ancient towers of Stirling," said the knight, "your most laudable wishes shall be urgently represented to the counsellors of the king; and I dare to answer that the royal influence will give force to my able report of your affairs."

"Hear me a few minutes more, gallant sir," said the Lady Macfarlane. "My niece and I are here in privacy, that the usurpers of our rights may have no intimation of our arrival until measures are settled for their ejection. My son procured

this retreat from the abbot of Cambuskenneth. Some of the brotherhood removed from hence to join in processions, to avert a contagion now prevalent in the neighbouring kingdom. My son left us the day before yesterday to visit the saintly fathers. We expected him last night. I shall be wretched, unknowing why his return is delayed. Let me beseech you, noble stranger, to commission a trusty messenger for the relief of our apprehensions of evil."

The knight engaged to obtain authentic intelligence of father Conrad, and departed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

From "*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*," just published.

PEOPLE have talked a great deal about a decided passion of the emperor's for women: it was not predominant in him. He loved them, but he knew how to respect them; and I have witnessed the delicacy of his intercourse with them, when his long absences placed him in the same predicament with all the officers of his army.

During his residence at Vienna, between the battle of Austerlitz and the signature of the peace (in December 1805), he had occasion to remark a young female who pleased him. As chance would have it, she had herself taken a particular fancy to the emperor, and she accepted the proposal made to her to go one evening to the palace of Schönbrunn. She spoke only German and Italian; but as the emperor himself spoke the latter language, they soon became acquainted. He was astonished to learn from this young woman that she was the daughter of respectable parents, and that in coming to

see him she had been swayed by an admiration which had excited in her heart a sentiment she had never yet known or felt for any person whatever. This, though a rare circumstance, was ascertained to be a fact: the emperor respected the innocence of the young lady, sent her home, caused arrangements to be made for her settlement in life, and gave her a portion.

He delighted in the conversation of an intelligent woman, and preferred it to every kind of amusement. A few days after the adventure just related, the following occurrence took place:

A French agent, who resided at Vienna, had had occasion to distinguish there a certain countess, to whom an English ambassador (Lord Paget) was said to have paid particular attentions. There could scarcely be found a more lovely woman than this countess, who, at the same time, carried the love of her country to en-

thusiasm. The agent took it into his head to prevail upon her to go and see the emperor, by causing it to be insinuated that the proposal was made by the order of that sovereign himself, who, however, had never harboured such a thought.

An officer of the horse-police of the city of Vienna, who was acquainted with this countess, was employed to speak to her. She listened to the proposal, which was made to her one morning, with a view to its being carried into effect in the evening; but she could not decide immediately, and required a day for consideration; adding, that she wished to ascertain whether it really was by the emperor's order that this overture had been made to her.

In the evening, the carriage being in waiting at the appointed place where the officer was to receive the countess, and to consign her to the care of another person, who was to accompany her to Schönbrunn, he called upon her: she told him that she had been unable to make up her mind that day, but she pledged her word that she would do so without fail the following day, desiring him to come in the afternoon to be informed of her determination.

The carriage was bespoken for the same hour the next day. The officer, apprehensive of another whim, called the following day, according to appointment, on the fair lady. He found her fully resolved; she had arranged her affairs, as if preparatory to a long journey; and she said in a decisive manner, addressing him familiarly in the second person, "Thou mayest come and fetch me this evening; I will go and see him; thou mayest rely upon it. Yesterday I had business to settle; now I am ready. If thou art a good Austrian, I will see him. Thou knowest what injury he has done to our country! Well, this evening I will avenge it: come and fetch me without fail."

Such a confidence startled the officer, who would not incur the responsibility; he afterwards went and communicated the matter, and was rewarded. The carriage was not sent to the place of rendezvous; and the countess was spared the opportunity of acquiring a celebrity which would doubtless have blasted her reputation as a lovely woman.

This adventure took place the day preceding that on which the emperor set out from Schönbrunn for Paris.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POPULAR SUPERSTITION OF THE EASTERN PARTS OF EUROPE RESPECTING VAMPYRES.

IN Illyria, Poland, Hungary, and Turkey, a person who should venture openly to deny the existence of vampyres would incur the censure of irreligion and immorality.

It is well known that, according to the notions of the people of the countries just mentioned, a vampyre is a person who, after death, quits

his grave, generally in the night-time, for the purpose of tormenting the living. He frequently sucks their blood, and sometimes throttles them till they are almost strangled. Those who are killed in this manner by a vampyre become vampyres themselves. In vampyres every feeling of affection seems to be utterly

extinguished; for it is remarked that they annoy their friends and relations more than strangers.

Many believe that a person becomes a vampire as a punishment of Heaven; and others, that he is doomed to be so through some untoward accident. The most generally accepted notion, however, is, that schismatics and excommunicated individuals who are buried in sacred ground revenge themselves on the living because they cannot find rest there. The signs of vampyrism are, the conservation of the body after a lapse of time in which other bodies decay, fluidity of the blood, suppleness of the joints, &c. It is also asserted that vampires have their eyes open in their graves, and that their hair and nails continue to grow as during life. If the corpse is dug up, the head cut off, and the body burned, these phantoms cease to appear. The most common remedy against the consequences of the first attack of a vampire consists in rubbing the whole body, and especially the part on which the vampire has fixed, with some of the blood contained in his veins, mixed with a little of the mould of his grave. The wounds which they make have the appearance of a small livid or red spot, similar to that which is left by a leech.

The following stories will furnish a sufficient illustration of this popular superstition:

A heyduck of Madreïga was crushed to death by the fall of a hay-waggon. Thirty days after his decease four individuals died suddenly, and, according to report, in the same manner as persons tormented by vampires are supposed to die. It was recollected that the heyduck, whose name was Arnold Paul, had

often related that in the neighbourhood of Kassova, on the frontiers of Servia, he had been attacked by a Turkish vampire, but had found means to cure himself by swallowing a little of the earth of his grave and rubbing himself with his blood. He, nevertheless, became a vampire himself after death; for his body was found with all the appearances of one. It was red; the veins were quite full of fluid blood, and the nails and beard were grown. The judge of the place, in whose presence the exhumation was performed, and who had considerable experience in regard to vampires, caused, according to custom, a very sharp-pointed stake to be driven through the heart of Arnold Paul; upon which he gave a dreadful shriek, as though he had been alive. His head was then cut off, and the body burned. The corpses of the four other persons were served in the same manner. In spite of all these precautions, about five years afterwards seventeen individuals, of different sexes and ages, died by vampyrism in the same village, within the space of three months—some without any previous illness, others after a languor of two or three days.

To this story, says the narrator of the above, a Frenchman, I will subjoin the narrative of a fact which I witnessed myself, and which I submit to the consideration of the reader. In 1816 I undertook a pedestrian tour through Vorgoraz, during which I once passed the night at the little village of Varboska. My host was a wealthy Morlachian—at least so he was esteemed in his own country—and at the same time a jovial fellow, and fond of his glass. His name was Vuck-Roglonowisch. His

wife was still young and handsome, and he had a daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen. I intended to pass some days at his house, for the purpose of making drawings of the remains of antiquity in the environs; and the hospitable people assigned me a room in their house, without taking any payment for it. Their kindness required of me an unpleasant kind of acknowledgment; for I was forced to remain at table with my friend Roglonowisch as long as he chose to stay there himself. Whoever has eaten or drunk with a Morlachian will be capable of appreciating the disagreeableness of such a necessity. One evening the two females had retired above an hour, and to avoid drinking any more, I was singing my host some songs, when we were suddenly interrupted by a tremendous scream that came from the bed-chamber. In Illyria there is in general but one such room, which serves for all the members of the family. Both of us, seizing our arms, hastened thither, and beheld an alarming spectacle. The mother, pale and with dishevelled hair, was holding her still paler and insensible daughter, extended upon the straw that formed her bed, and crying repeatedly, "A vampyre! a vampyre! My poor girl is dead!" We, however, soon brought poor Khawa—that was the daughter's name—to herself again; and she then told us, that a pale man, dressed in a shroud, had entered at the window, fallen upon her, bitten and almost strangled her: at the screams which she had raised he fled, and she had fainted. In the vampyre she recognised, as she thought, a man of the village named Wircznany, who had been dead a fortnight. There was actually a

small red spot on her neck; but I am not sure that it was not a natural mark, or that she might not have been stung by some insect. On my expressing this conjecture, the father pushed me roughly back; the daughter wept and wrung her hands, crying without ceasing, "Alas! that I must die so young, without being married!" and the mother abused me for an infidel, declaring that she had seen the vampyre with her two eyes, and she was sure that it was Wircznany. I was of course obliged to hold my tongue. All the amulets in the house and in the village were hung about Khawa's neck; and the father swore that next morning he would have the body of Wircznany disinterred and burned in the presence of his relations. We all passed a sleepless night, and nothing could pacify the unhappy family.

By daybreak the whole village was in motion; the men were armed with muskets and hanjars, the women carried red-hot implements, and the children were provided with sticks and stones. In this manner they repaired to the church-yard, with shouts and execrations against the deceased; and it was not without difficulty that I forced my way through the furious crowd, and arrived at the grave. The exhumation took a considerable time, for every one was desirous of lending a hand, and thus they were in the way of each other; nay, even accidents would probably have occurred, had not the elders of the village at length decided that two men only should disinter the corpse. At the moment when the shroud which covered the body was removed, such tremendous cries were set up, that my hair fairly stood on end. They proceeded from

a woman who stood near me, and whose words, "It is a vampire! he has not been consumed by the worms!" were immediately repeated by a hundred voices. A discharge of twenty muskets immediately followed, and shattered the head of the corpse, into which Khawa's father and other relations thereupon plunged their long knives. Women caught upon linen the red fluid which oozed from the mangled body, for the purpose of rubbing the neck of the patient with it. The corpse, having been carefully attached to the trunk of a pine-tree, was then borne by a number of young men to a pile of wood raised opposite to the house of Roglonowisch and burned, while the populace shouted and danced round it. The disagreeable smell which this occasioned soon obliged me to return to my host's. The house was full of people; the men with their pipes in their mouths, the women all talking together and putting a thousand questions to the patient, who, still quite pale, had difficulty to answer any of them. Her neck was covered with the cloths steeped in the red fluid, which formed a violent contrast with the half-bare shoulders of poor Khawa. The crowd, however, soon dispersed, and I was the only stranger left in the house.

Khawa got no better. She was extremely afraid of the approach of night, and repeatedly wished to have some one to sit up by her. As her parents were so fatigued by their daily occupations that they could scarcely stand, I offered my services as her attendant, and they were accepted. I knew that in the estimation of the Morlachians there was nothing indecorous in my offer. Never shall I forget the nights that I watch-

ed beside this unfortunate young creature. Whenever the floor cracked, at the rustling of the wind, at the slightest noise, Khawa trembled. When she dropped asleep, she had frightful dreams, and frequently awoke with a dreadful shriek. Sometimes, when she found her eyes so heavy that she could not keep them open, she would say to me, "Do not go to sleep, I pray thee: take the rosary in one hand, and thy hanjar in the other, and protect me." At other times she would not compose herself to sleep unless I allowed her to grasp my arm with both her hands.

Nothing could divert her mind from the gloomy ideas which haunted her. She was exceedingly afraid of death, and gave herself over in spite of the consolations that we endeavoured to impart. In a few days she had become considerably wasted; her lips were colourless, but her large black eyes appeared more brilliant than ever. It was indeed painful to see her. I would have attempted to make a favourable impression on her imagination by feigning to adopt her ideas: unluckily, however, I had no claim to her confidence, as I had previously laughed at her credulity. Thus the experiment which I made with her, pretending to be a Magian, totally failed; indeed it seemed only to do her harm, for from that time she kept growing worse and worse. The night before her death she said to me, "It is my own fault if I die. Such a one—naming him—would have carried me off*. But I would not consent, and required him first to give me a silver chain; and he went

* For the purpose of marrying her; for in this way a great portion of the matches are made among the Morlachians.

to Marceska to buy one, and in the mean time the vampyre came.—But,” added she, “if I had not been at home, perhaps he would have killed my mother, and so it is better as it is.” Next morning she requested her father to come to her, and made him promise to cut off her head with his own hand, that she might not become a vampyre: for she would not suffer any one else to do it. She then embraced her mother, and begged her to consecrate a rosary at the grave of some saint in the environs of the village, and to bring it to her.

I could not help admiring the delicacy of this peasant-girl; for her only object in this request was to spare her mother the pain of witnessing her last moments. She afterwards received the sacraments very devoutly. In two or three hours her breathing became harder, and her eyes fixed. All at once she caught the arm of her father, and made an effort as if to throw herself on his bosom—she was no more. Her illness had lasted eleven days. A few hours afterwards I left the village.

BRAMBLETYE-HOUSE.

From “*Cameleon Sketches*,” by the Author of “*A Picturesque Tour round Dorking*,” just published.

ON the borders of Ashdown Forest, in the county of Sussex, stands the picturesque ruin of Brambletye-House, a place of some notoriety in the time of the Protector, but not of sufficient importance to obtain mention in history. A novelist of the present day has, however, rescued Brambletye from its “unlettered fame,” by interweaving a few slender scenes of the lives of its possessors with a due preponderance of fiction; and thus diverting some portion of public attention to the opening scenes of his narrative. From him we learn, that Brambletye, or, as it is termed in Doomsday-Book, Brambertie-House, after the Conquest became the property of the Earl of Mortain and Cornwall; and that, towards the close of the seventeenth century, it came into the occupation of the Comptons, the heroes of his novel; and from the arms of that family, impaling those of Spencer, still remaining over the principal entrance, with the date

1631, in a lozenge, it is conjectured that an old moated house, which had hitherto been the residence of the proprietors, was abandoned in the reign of James I. by Sir Henry Compton, who built the extensive and solid baronial mansion commonly known by the name of Brambletye-House. The Comptons, it appears, from their courage and loyalty to the Stuarts, had been heavy sufferers, both in purse and person, during the civil wars. One of them was put to death at the battle of Hopton-Heath, and two others accompanied Charles in his exile. Sir John Compton, a branch of this family, having preserved much of his property from the committee of sequestration, displayed rather more splendour than fell to the lot of most of the cavaliers who took an equally conspicuous part against the parliament armies. Although never capable of any regular defence, yet Brambletye, being hastily fortified, refused the summons of the parlia-

mentary colonel, Okey, by whom it was invested and speedily taken. By some subsequent freak of Fortune, the mansion became deserted; and it now presents an interesting, though not time-worn, ruin.

But my recollection of Brambletye is blended with associations of a more pacific character. On the same estate, though doubtless of more recent date than the mansion, stands a farm-house; and to this property are attached two mills. Thither, when about seven years old, and like another puny plant, I was removed from a London atmosphere. My journey to East Grinstead, the nearest town, in a long-bodied coach; my quarantine in the market-room, while I was handed round to the farmers by my uncle as "his nephew;" my jolting ride to Brambletye, the smothering caresses of my four maiden cousins, and my astonishment at the bright dogs, blazing logs, and chimney machinery, are matters of trivial interest to the general reader. At that time, Count Romford and his stoves were not so well known in the wilds of Sussex, as they now are in the back-settlements of North America; and it was some time before I became reconciled to the comforts of chimney corners for the luxury of polished grates; but this reconciliation was mainly brought about by the crackling faggot, which, with its brilliant flame, lit up every corner of the room, and gleamed along its polished tables and benches.

The family at Brambletye consisted of my uncle, a good specimen of the sturdy yeoman; his wife, a portly dame, on the shady side of fifty-eight; three daughters and a son, then a half-grown youth. Another inmate was a land-surveyor, who was

considered as one of the family; and had he only repaid them with his company, they would have been gainers, for he was the life and soul of all our little festivals. To please my vanity, he drew a plan of an estate, to which he attached my name; but whether the property was like the Atlantis of the ancients, or whether I forfeited my claim by losing the rent-roll, I am unable to determine, but I know I never gained possession. He also made an Hogarthian sketch of "ringing pigs," in which he introduced my urchin face, just peeping above the paling; but he incurred the sore displeasure of the servant-girl, by representing her astride one portion of the pigstye.

Hours and hours have I passed in clambering the tottering staircases of the old mansion. The people in that part called it *Old Place*; and it then contained perfect rooms, whilst the vaults afforded excellent cellarage for home-made wine, potatoes, &c. It originally possessed three towers, with cupola tops and large copper vances, two of which (from a drawing in my possession) were entire in 1780. The principal entrance was by an arched gate, with immense posterns, surmounted with similar cupolas; but the connecting wall between that and the secondary gate was then in ruins. It is, altogether, a rural retreat, being almost embosomed in forest scenery, and, from the lowness of its site, scarcely discernible at a mile distant, but well calculated for the abode of a jocund cavalier—an odd admixture of fox-hunting and politics—just such as the novelist has made him *stand out* on his page, as the painters of that time have done on their canvas. The old "moated" house to which

he has alluded, stood still deeper in the forest-vale. It was furnished with a ponderous draw-bridge and other fortifying resources. I remember, we put into its hall one day during a heavy fall of snow, during a surveying excursion, when my curiosity was soon satisfied on being told it was haunted; an idea somewhat fostered by the licentious character of its former occupants.

As I became familiarized with the country, the attraction of Old Place rather increased than wore off. I delighted to range about its walls with as much triumph as Okey or Lilburne did in the days of its better fortune. I had already learned to venerate the ruin as a wreck of antiquity, and to speculate on its fall with as much interest as antiquarians have the removal of Stonehenge. It still appeared to me a *stupendous* building; and had the rank of its occupant been left to my decision, it certainly could not have been lower than an earl, but not a king; for nothing is so vague as the ideas which children have of palaces, since they collect them from the nursery literature of fairy tales. I was still at a loss for the history of Old Place: the parson came from East Grinstead to fish in the mill-stream, and he set me to dig worms for his line, but in return gave me no information. The outline of the building long remained in my mind's eye, and the winds whistling through its shattered tower and the paneless casement were in my ears; but the earliest striking resemblance which occurred to me was in my first reading the unpretending stanzas—"Mary, the maid of the inn." I thought of the ivy clinging to its tower, the fatal branch, and my early associations of horror,

which the above stanzas were not calculated to allay.

* * * * *

In the autumn of 1827, about a score of years from the preceding date, I was induced to revisit Brambletye; and had I, as the vulgar say, been dropped from the clouds, the town of East Grinstead could not have appeared more strange. If the reader recollects, its situation is one of almost unparalleled beauty, being on the brow of a commanding hill, and belted with some of the finest forest scenery in England. The church is Gothic, built about twenty-five years, at an immense expense; for which fact the parish will vouch. But they have the boast of possessing one of the most beautiful of modern-built churches. All I can say of the town is, that it is dull and uninteresting: notwithstanding, I was once accustomed to think it a London in miniature.

During the interval of my visits the main road, from which a lane branches off to Brambletye, was entirely recut through an immense chalk-hill, so as to save a mile in the distance; an improvement of which the present occupants have reason to be proud. As I drew near the lane, about half a mile from the town, a few faint shadowy traces began to gleam across my recollection; I fancied I knew the forms of a few small cottages on the crest of the hill; but the first glimpse of a windmill, the shafts of which once struck terror into me, first satisfied me of the identity of the neighbourhood; and looking down from the very summit of the hill, I saw the gray cupola of Brambletye in the solitary stillness of desolation and decay. I hurried on with all that blissful ecstasy which

a traveller feels on returning to his long-lost home. My eye lingered till, by the descent of the hill, the tower disappeared in the wood. At length I reached the lane. I clambered over the gate (unluckily fastened), and did not halt till I regained a view of the tower. My approach was indeed a little struggle of human suffering. It seemed to me an optical illusion (as I am aware, a common effect, though not always noticed). It was a *camera*, and not a scene of real life. The towers which I once viewed as stupendous were mere buttresses, the windows and doors tiny, and altogether a piece of mimic grandeur. In like manner the farm-house appeared a small cottage, the barns huts, and the mill-stream a trickling ditch; and the lime-trees in front of the house, which I had considered as forest-like shelter, now appeared stunted in their growth. I made my way to the interior, where the effect was continued: the paved kitchen, the trim parlour, the pantry—all receded; even Gulliver at Lilliput could not have felt more surprise, although he has the aid of wit and philosophy in its delineation.

Having obtained the key of the only entire room, I hastened across the adjoining field, and in a few moments I stood within the principal porch of Brambletye-House. Here—such was the summary of my feelings—within two hundred years the mansion has been erected—by turns the seat of baronial hospitality and civil feud—the best and basest feelings of mankind—the loyalty of cavaliers—the fanatic outrage of Roundheads—and, ultimately, of wanton destruction. This was evident from the mutilated state of some parts,

which probably bore armorial or other symbols of rank and gentility; so scrupulous are levellers in displaying their hatred of legitimacy. The gate through which Colonel Lilburne and his men entered was blocked up with a hurdle, and the court-yard in which he marshalled his forces covered with high flourishing grass; the towers have become mere shells; but the vaults, once stowed with luxuries and weapons, still retained much of their original freshness. What a contrast between these few wrecks of turbulent times and the peaceful scene by which they are now surrounded!—a farm and two water-mills—on one side displaying the stormy conflict of passion and petty desolation—and on the other, the smiling attributes of humble industry. Alas! on a farewell glance I learned, by visitors' names pencilled on the wall (and not unknown to me), that I was not the first to sympathize with the fate of Brambletye*.

Within these few years, through an almost unpardonable disregard for their associations, the lodge and some part of the mansion have been

* Here I learned that Brambletye had been visited by hundreds of tourists during the two preceding summers. The good housewife told me they borrowed her chairs and other accommodations for their gipsy *fêtes*; some of them had not the courtesy to leave the seats in the adjoining field. I was, however, once guilty of a worse offence. When I visited Wotton, for the Promenade round Dorking, I was without a shilling in my pocket, and could not reward my conductress. The reader may recollect I have introduced the girl's answer to one of my questions. Lady Morgan may well say of tourists, "the only return these fellows make is, to put you in their books."

pulled down; the moated house has shared the same fate—for the sake of materials—an expectation in which I rejoice to hear the destroyers have been disappointed, their intrinsic worth not being equal to the labour

of removing them. The work of destruction would, however, have extended to the whole of the ruin had not some guardian hand interfered for its preservation.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from vol. xi. page 336.)

Two years after *Gorboduc* was written, five gentlemen of the Inner Temple wrote a tragedy, called *Tancred and Gismund*, founded on one of Boccaccio's novels*, which was acted before Queen Elizabeth at the Temple in 1563. About the same time (though some writers place it in 1561, and others *circa* 1570,) *Cumbysses* appeared. This tragedy was entitled *A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, conteyning the Life of Cumbysses King of Persia, from the beginning of his kingdom unto his death; his one good deed of execution after the many wicked deeds and tiramious murders committed by and through him; and, last of all, his odious death, by God's justice appointed, doon on such order as followeth.* The story is taken from Herodotus and Justin; and the play has been republished, from an old black-letter copy, by Mr. Hawkin†. The author, Thomas Preston, LL.B. flourished in the earlier part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He was first master of arts and fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and was afterwards created a doctor in civil law and master of Trinity Hall in the same university. In the year 1564, when Queen Eli-

zabeth was entertained at Cambridge, Mr. Preston acted so admirably well in the tragedy of *Dido*, a Latin play, composed by John Ritison*, one of the fellows of King's College; and did moreover so genteelly and gracefully dispute before her Majesty, that, as a testimonial of her approbation, she bestowed a pension of 20*l.* per annum upon him. This circumstance Mr. Stevens supposes Shakspeare ridicules in the following lines†:

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it: sixpence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

On the 6th of September, 1566,

* Or Retwise. The tragedy of *Dido* was written in the reign of Henry VIII. and played before Cardinal Wolsey. A Latin tragedy, called *Hezekiah*, was also played before Queen Elizabeth on this occasion in King's College chapel. That magnificent Gothic building was lighted by the royal guards during the time of exhibition, each of them bearing a staff-torch in his hand.

† *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iv. scene 2.

* Day 4. novel i.

† *Origin of the English Drama.*

when the Oxonians, in their turn, were honoured with a visit from their royal mistress, our author and eight more Cambridge men were incorporated M. A.'s of that University*.

The tragedy of *Cambyzes* is al-
luded to by Shakspeare in the first
part of his *Henry IV.* where Fal-
staff says, "I will do it in King
Cambyzes' vein." The piece abounded
with rant and hyperbole. The
following is a very fair specimen of
the language:

My council grave and sapient,
With lords of legal train,
Attentive ears towards us bend,
And hear what we shall sain.
So you likewise, my valiant knight,
Whose manly acts doth fly,
By burst of fame, the sounding trump
Doth pierce the azure sky.

My sapient words I say perpend,
And so your skil delate.
You knowe that Mors vanquished hath
Cirrus, that king of state;
And I by due inheritance
Possesse that princely crown,
Ruling by sword of mightie force
In place of great renown.

To this I shall add one other
quotation; and I think the reader
will not be desirous of having any
more of *King Cambyzes*.

*Enter the king without a gown, a sword
thrust up into his side, bleeding.*

King. Out, alas! what shall I doo? My
life is finished;
Wounded I am by sudain chaunce; my
blood is minished:
Gog's hart! what meanes might I make my
life to preserve?
Is there nought to be my help? Nor is there
nought to serve?
Out upon the court, and lords that there re-
main!
To help my greef in this my case wil none of
them take pain?

* *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. p.
582.

Who but I in such a wise his death's wound
could have got?
As I on horseback up did leepe, my sword
from scabard shot,
And ran me thus into the side, as you right
weel may see.
A mervel's chaunce, unfortunate, that in this
wise should be.
I feele myself a-dying now; of life bereft
am I;
And death hath caught me with his dart, for
want of blood I spy.
Thus gasping heer on ground I lye, for no-
thing I doo care;
A just reward for my misdeeds my death
dooth plain declare.

One of the characters in this tra-
gedy is the Vice, or Ambidexter.
The stage direction for his first ap-
pearance is, "Enter the Vice, with
an olde capcase on his hed, an olde
frail about his hips for harnes, a
scummer and a potlid by his side,
and a rake on his shoulder."

Contemporary with Udall, Bishop
Still—(if he were indeed the author
of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*)—Lord
Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton,
was Richard Edwards, M. A. a writ-
er of great genius and varied ac-
complishments, of whom I subjoin a
brief account, derived from the most
authentic sources.

Richard Edwards was a Somers-
etshire man, and was born about
the year 1523. He was educated
at Oxford, having been admitted a
scholar of Corpus Christi College
under George Etheredge in 1540,
and was made probationer fellow on
the 11th of August, 1544. He was
elected student of the upper table
of Christ Church, at its foundation
by King Henry VIII. in the begin-
ning of the year 1547, aged twenty-
four; and the same year he took the
degree of master of arts. Part of
his early years were employed in
some department at court, as appears
from one of his poems in the *Para-*

disc of Dainty Devices, a miscellany in which many of his pieces were published. He says,

In youthfull yeares when first my young desires began
To pricke me forth to serve in court, a slender, tall, young man,
My father's blessing then I asked upon my bended knee;
Who blessing me with trembling hand, these woordes 'gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy way, and shield thee from mischaunce,
And make thy just desertes in court thy poore estate to advance, &c.

He again obtained employment at the court of Elizabeth after he left college; and in 1561 he was constituted a gentleman of the royal chapel by her Majesty, and made master of the singing boys there, "being then," says old Anthony Wood, "esteemed not only an excellent musician, but an exact poet, as many of his compositions in music (for he was not only skilled in the practical but theoretical part) and poetry do shew, for which he was highly valued by those that knew him, especially his associates in Lincoln's Inn (of which he was a member, and in some respects an ornament), and much lamented by them, and all ingenious men of his time, when he died*."

He wrote two comedies—*Damon and Pythias*, which was written and played about the year 1561, and printed in 1570†; and *Palamon and Arcite*, which he wrote for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Oxford in the year 1566, and it was

* *Athenæ Oxonienses*, by Bliss, vol. i. p. 354.

† This is the earliest edition known to exist; but in the Stationers' Register there is the receipt for licence of Richard James, in 1566, to print "A booke entitled the tragicall comedie of *Damonde and Pythias*."

then acted before her Majesty in Christ Church Hall. Warton says this comedy never was printed; but Dr. Bliss, in his notes to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, says it was printed in 1585. It is not mentioned by Herbert or Ames; and I have never seen a copy. Besides his regular dramas, he contrived several masques, and composed the poetry for many of the pageants which were performed in the reign of Elizabeth. "In a word," says Warton, "he united all those arts and accomplishments which minister to popular pleasantries: he was the first fiddle, the most fashionable sonneteer, the readiest rhymers, and the most facetious mimic of the court. In consequence of his love and his knowledge of the histrionic art, he taught the choristers over whom he presided to act plays; and they were formed into a company of players, like those of Saint Paul's cathedral, by the queen's licence, and under his superintendence*."

The following is a more pleasing specimen of his poetical abilities than his dramas afford:

In goyng to my naked bedde, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife syng to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed sore, and sang full sore, to bryng the babe to rest,
That would not rest, but cried still in suckyng at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch, and greved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it, vntill on her it smilde:
Then did she saie, Nowe haue I founde the prouerbe true to proue,
That fallying out of faithfull frends is the reuynyn of louef.

* *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 285.

† *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, p. 42.

Puttenham's opinion of Edwards I have quoted in my last article. Francis Meres, in his *Wil's Treasure*, being the second part of *Wil's Commonwealth*, mentions "Maister Edwardes of her Majestie's chapel as one of the best for comedy;" and he seems to have been held in general estimation. Besides his poetical works, there is extant a collection of short comic stories, in prose, "sett forth by Maister Richard Edwardes, mayster of her Maiestie's reuels," and printed in black letter in the year 1570, which deserves mention here, as it contains THE INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in the *Taming of the Shrew*; and it was probably the original of the old comedy of that name, on which Shakespeare's admirable drama is founded.

I shall now say a few words of his two comedies, or "tragicall comedies," as he himself terms them; and first of *Damon and Pythias*.

The characters in this comedy are, Aristippus, a pleasant gentleman; Carisophus, a parasite; Damon and Pythias, two gentlemen of Greece; Stephano, their servant; Wyll, lackey to Aristippus; Jack, lackey to Carisophus; Snap, the porter; Dionysius, the king; Eubulus, the king's counsellor; Gronno, the hangman; Grimme, the collier.

The story on which the plot of this play is grounded, *i. e.* the friendship of Damon and Pythias, is too well known to require any detail; I shall therefore merely give two or three extracts, to shew the improvement which was taking place in comedy, as well as in tragedy. Though only twenty years subsequently to the appearance of Heywood's interludes, a great alteration for the bet-

ter is evident on comparing *Damon and Pythias* with those productions; and it ranks higher as a literary composition than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was produced only a few years previous; and is, besides, free from that indecent and disgusting language which abounds in the latter. There is nothing in *Damon and Pythias* that would offend any ear. The comedy opens with a prologue, in which the author introduces the following caution:

Herein talking of courtly toys, we doe protest this flat;
Wee talke of Dionisius' court, we meane no court but that.
And that we doe so meane, who wisely call-eth to minde
The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it finde.
Loe this I spake for our defence, least of others we should be shent:
But, worthy audience, wee you pray take things as they be ment.

In the following speech Stephano, the servant to Damon and Pythias, describes their characters:

Oft times I have heard, before I came hither,
That no man can serve two maisters together:
A sentence so true, as most men doo take it,
At any time false that no man can make it.
And yet, by their leave, that first have it spokcu,
How that may prove false even here I will open:
For I, Stephano, loe, so named by my father,
At this time serve two maisters together,
And love them alyke, the one and the other I duly obey, I can doo no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought mee;
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought mee;
To him I stande bonde, yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his owne brother:
A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with vertue, whom vice never defamed:

E

These two, since at schoole they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted;
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,
As though they were brothers by father and mother.

Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced,

Which both are in vertue so narrowly laced,
That all their whole dooings doe fall to this issue—

To have no respect but only to vertue.

All one in effect, all one in their going,
All one in their study, all one in their doing,

These gentlemen both, being of one condition,

Both alike of my service have all the fruition:
Pithias is joyfull if Damon be pleased;
Yf Pithias be served then Damon is eased.

Serve one, serve both, so neare, who would win them?

I think they have but one heart betwene them.

In traveling countries, we three have contrived,

Full many a yeare, and this day arrived
At Siraeusae in Sicillia, that ancient towne,
Where my maisters are lodged; and I up and downe

Go seeking to learne what newes here are walking,

To harke of what thinges the people are talking.

I lyke not this soyle, for as I goe plodding,
I marke there two, there three, their heades always nodding,

In close secret wise, still whispering together.
If I aske any question no man doth answer;
But shaking their heades, they goe their waies speaking,

I marke how with teares their wet eyes are leaking:

Some straungenesse there is that breedeth this musing,

Well, I will to my maisters, and tell of their using.

That we may learne and walk wisely together:

I feere we shall curse the time we came hither.

After Damon has been arrested, and is condemned to death by Dionysius, Pythias laments the fate of his friend, and sings the following song, which is a pleasing lyrical composition:

Awake, yee wofull wights,
That long have wept in woe:
Resigne to mee your plaints and teares,
My haplesse hap to show.
My wo no tongue can tell,
Ne pen can well descric:
O what a death is this to heere!
Damon, my friend, must die.

The loss of worldly wealth
Man's wisdom may restore,
And phisick bath provided too
A salve for everie sore:
But my true friende once lost
No arte can well supplye:
Then what a death is this to heere!
Damon, my friend, must die.

My mouth, refuse the foode,
That should my limmes sustayne;
Let sorrow sink into my brest,
And ransacke every vaine:
You furies, all at once
On me your torments trye:
Why should I live, seeing I heere
Damon, my friend, must die?

Gripe mee, you greedie greefes,
And present pangs of death,
You sisters three, with cruell handes,
With speede come stop my breath:
Shryne mee in clay alive,
Some good man stop mine eye:
O death! come now, seeing I heere
Damon, my friend, must die.

The following speech of Grimme, the collier, is not destitute of humour:

I trowe, though blacke coliers go in thread-bare cotes,
Yet so provide they, that they have the faire white groates.
Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,
Chil not change lives with anie in Dionisius' court;
For though their apparell be never so fine,
Yet sure their credite is far worse than mine:
And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,
I know some stickes full deepe in marchants' bookes,
And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,
As long as insteede of monie they take up hawkes hoodes and belles,
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which coliers do not know,
That a mad name it is called, ich weene, *centum pro cento*.

Some other in courtes make others laugh
merily,
When they waile and lament their owne estate
secretly:
Friendship is deade in courte, hipocrisie
doeth raigne,
Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out
again:
The state is so uncertaine, that I, by my
will,
Will never be courtier, but a colier still.

The comedy concludes with the following song:

The strongest guard that kynges can have,
Are constant friends their state to save:
True friends are constant, both in word and
deede;
True friends are present, and helpe at each
neede;
True friends talk truly, they glose for no
gain;
When treasure consumeth, true friends will
remain.
True friends for their true prince refuse not
their death—
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble
Queen Elizabeth.
Long may she governe in honour and wealth,
Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfite
health;
Which health to prolong, as true friends
require,
God grant she may have her owne heart's
desire;
Which friends will defend with most stedfast
faith—
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble
Queen Elizabeth.

Palamon and Arcyte was acted, as I have already stated, for the first time before Queen Elizabeth in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, in 1566; "with such tragical success," says Holinshed, "as was lamentable. For at that time, by the fall of a wall and a paire of staires, and a great press of the multitude, three men were slain." Her Majesty, however, was so much pleased with the performance and the play, that she sent for the author, and thanked him, giving him a promise of reward for his pains. She then made several remarks upon the characters and in-

cidents. Of Palamon she observed, "I warrant he dallied not in love, when he was in love indeed." She said of Arcyte, "he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face;" and of Trecatio, "God's pity, what a knave it is!" When Pirithous threw St. Edward's rich cloak into the fire, which a stander-by would have prevented with an oath, she said, "Go, fool, he knoweth his part I'll warrant you," &c. In the same play was acted a cry of hounds in the quadrant, upon the train of a fox in the hunting of Theseus, with which the young scholars, who stood in the remoter parts of the stage and in the windows, were so much taken by surprise (supposing it had been real), that they cried out, "There! there! he's caught, he's caught!" all which the queen merrily beholding, said, "O excellent! those boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds." This play was privately rehearsed previous to the queen's visit, before certain courtiers, in the lodgings of Mr. Rog. Marbeck, one of the canons of Christ Church, by the players in their gowns (for they were all scholars that acted, among whom were Miles Windsore and Thomas Twyne, of Christ College, Cambridge. It was so well liked by them, that they said, it far surpassed *Damon and Pythias*, than which, they thought, nothing could be better. Likewise some said, that if the author did proceed to make more plays before his death, he would run mad. But this it seems was the last: for he lived not to finish some others that he had lying by him. According to Hawkins, he died on the last day of October, 1566.

In the year in which Mr. Edwards died, George Gascoigne brought forth *Jocasta*, a translation from Euripides, executed by him and Francis Kinwelmarsh. It was played at Gray's Inn by the gentlemen of that society. The scene lies at Thebes; but it is by no means a faithful transcript of the original, from which it deviates for whole scenes together; and every where abounds with the grossest barbarisms of language. Gascoigne was a native of Walthamstow, in Essex. He studied at both the Universities, and was afterwards entered of Gray's Inn. He was of a very volatile disposition, which caused him to quit the law for the army; in which profession his behaviour was so signally brave as certainly to entitle him to the motto he took of "Tam Marti quam Mercurio." Whilst he followed the pursuit of arms, he was in various cities of Holland; after which he went to France, and in Paris met and fell in love with a Scotch lady, whom he married. He soon after returned to England, and settled at Gray's Inn, where he wrote, or rather translated, *Jocasta*; and also *The Supposes*, another translation, from Ariosto, which was acted at Gray's Inn in 1566. Hawkins has reprinted this comedy in his *Origin of the English Drama*. The prologue is written in prose; which, though never a very prevalent custom, has been followed by some other of our dramatic writers, particularly Cokain, in the prologue to *Trappolin supposed a Prince*; and by Tate, in his epilogue to *Duke and no Duke*. Shakspeare has also given us an example of an epilogue in prose, which is constantly spoken to the play, and seems now to be considered a part

of it; viz. the long speech of Rosalind, at the conclusion of his comedy of *As you Like It*. Gascoigne also wrote *The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle*, a masque, in prose and rhyme; being a dramatic description of the splendid entertainments given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of July, 1575.

During this same visit to Oxford, the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, by Dr. Calfeete, or Calfield, was produced and acted before the queen.

Between this period and the year 1590 a great many historical plays were produced; "some of which," says Malone, in his historical account of the English stage, prefixed to his edition of Shakspeare, "are still extant, though by far the greater part is lost. This, I apprehend," he says, "was the great era of those bloody and bombastic pieces which afforded subsequent writers perpetual topics of ridicule; and during the same period were exhibited many *histories*, or historical dramas, founded on our English chronicles, and representing a series of events simply in the order of time in which they happened." Walpole* supposes the historical drama to have owed its rise to the publication of *The Mirror for Magistrates*; a collection of poetical narratives, in which many distinguished characters of English history are introduced; and of which three editions were printed between 1563 and 1587.

However this may be, it is certainly an erroneous opinion, that Shakspeare was the first who introduced it. We learn from contemporary writers, that historical sub-

* *Royal and Noble Authors.*

jects were dramatised before his time. One of them says, "In plays either those things are fained that never were, as *Cupid and Psyche*, plaied at Paules* ; or if a true historie be taken in hand, it is made like our shavelings, longest at the rising and falling of the sun†." This author was an enemy to plays: another, his antagonist, says, plays "dilucidate and well explain many darke *obscure histories*, imprinting them in men's minds in such indelible characters, that they can hardly be obliterated‡." Heywood also observed, "Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive; taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous *histories*; instructed such as cannot reade in the discovery of our *English Chronicles*; and what man have you now of that weake capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded, even from William the Conqueror, nay from the landing of Brute, until this day, being possess of their true use§."

There is also the following conversation in *Florio's Dialogues*, printed in Italian and English, in 1591:

G. After dinner we will go see a play.

H. The plaies that they play in England are not right comedies.

T. Yet they do nothing else but plaie every daye.

H. Yea; but they are neither right comedies, nor right tragedies.

G. How would you name them then?

H. Representations of *histories*, without any decorum.

* St. Paul's School.

† *Plays confuted in five Actions*, by Stephen Gosson, printed about 1580.

‡ Lodge, whose *Play of Plays and Pastimes* is quoted to the above effect in the *Histrionmastix*.

§ *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

I may here remark, that amongst the entertainments exhibited before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, in July 1575, was (as we find from Laneham's curious account) the old Coventry play called HOCK-TUESDAY. This piece was founded upon the massacre of the Danes, which took place on the 13th of November, 1002; and had been annually acted in the town of Coventry, but was suppressed soon after the Reformation. The play was represented at Kenilworth by Coventry men, in dumb show, although originally it was expressed "in action and in rhymes." But its representation at Kenilworth being determined upon suddenly, without time for any previous preparation, the players having lost the rhymes, from the circumstance of its not having been lately performed, could only resort to pantomimic action. It is a pity the date of this piece cannot be obtained, as it appears to have been strictly an historical play, without any reference to religion; for on its suppression, as mentioned above, by some precise preachers, the people complained of their "sourness," and urged, that their play "was without example of ill manners, papistry, or any superstitions*;" which shews it to have been entirely distinct from a religious mystery. On occasion of its representation at Kenilworth, being reduced to mere dumb show, it consisted of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danes and English, "lance-knights on horseback," armed with spear and shield, and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen; which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down,

* Laneham, p. 33.

overcome, and many led captive by our English women*."

"If this play," says Dr. Percy†, "originally represented 'the outrage and insupportable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, King Ethelred's chieftain in war‡, his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; concluding with the conflicts above-mentioned, and their final suppression, expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner§', one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe."

Her Majesty was much diverted with this play, "whereat she laught well," and rewarded the performers with two bucks and five marks in money; who, "what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified||".

From the period to which we are now arrived (1575), "histories" seem to have been considered distinct from tragedies and comedies: this will appear from various passages. They were not indeed enumerated in the licence granted, in 1574, to James Burbage and others, who were only empowered to "use, exercise, and occupie the arte and facultye of playenge comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-plays, and such other like;" but that they had been classed by themselves previous to Shak-

speare's time is evident, from the commendation given by Polonius to the players, who says, "they are the best in the world, either for tragedie, comedie, *historie*, pastoral," &c. Most of the historical subjects which Shakspeare has so ably illustrated, were dramatised before he wrote; but he cultivated this species of drama with such superior success, and threw upon the simple artificial tissue of the writers who preceded him, "such a blaze of genius, that his histories maintain their ground, in defiance of Aristotle and all the writers of the classic school; and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience*."

In 1575, a tragedy called *Appius and Virginia*, by R. J. (supposed to be Richard Jonnes), was written; and it was printed in 1576 in black letter. This drama was founded on a well-known passage of Roman history, and was not divided into acts. The titlepage set forth, that there-in was "lively expressed a rare example of the vertue of chastity, in Virginia's wishing rather to be slain at her own father's hands, than to be deflowered of the wicked judge Appius." Of Jonnes no particulars are recorded.

The next dramatic poet of whom we find any mention is George Whetstone. He wrote, in 1578, a comedy called *Promos and Cassandra*; "divided into two comicall discourses. In the firste parte is shewne the insufferable abuse of a lewde magistrate; the vertuous behaviours of a chaste lady; the uncontrowled lewdness of a favoured curtisan; and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious parasyte. In the second parte is discovered the perfect mag-

* Laneham, p. 37.

† Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, in the *Ancient Reliques*.

‡ Laneham, p. 32.

§ Ibid. p. 32.

|| Ibid.

* Dr. Percy.

nanimitye of a noble kinge, in checking vice and favouringe vertue. Wherein is showne the reigne and overthrowe of dishonest practices, with the advauncement of upright dealing." This comedy is written in verse, for the most part alternate; and it forms the ground-work of Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*. It was reprinted in 1791, and is very well known; there is therefore no necessity for extracts. Of the author very little is known; but as he was kinsman to Serjeant Fleetwood, recorder of London, it may be presumed he was of a good family. He first tried his fortune at court, where he consumed his patrimony in fruitless expectation of preferment; and when he had thus expended his fortune, he entered the army, and served abroad, but it is not known in what capacity. Such, however, was his gallant behaviour, that his services were rewarded with additional pay. He returned from the wars with honour, but with little profit; and his prospect of advancement was so small, that he determined to convert his sword into a ploughshare, and turn farmer. He was unsuccessful in that undertaking, and compelled to apply to his friends for assistance. This he found to be "a broken reed," and worse than common beggary of charity from strangers. Now craft accosted him in his sleep, and tempted him with the proposals of several professions; but for the knavery or slavery of them, he rejected all; his munificence constrained him to *love* money, and his magnanimity to *hate* all the ways of getting it. At last he resolved to seek his fortune by sea; and accordingly embarked with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the ex-

pedition to Newfoundland, which was rendered unsuccessful by an engagement with the Spanish fleet. From this period Mr. Whetstone seems to have depended entirely on his pen for subsistence. Where or when he died does not appear*.

Several translations of the classic dramatic authors appeared about this time, which doubtless tended much to improve the English drama. The comedies of Terence were translated by Richard Bernard, of whom no particulars have been handed down to us, except that he flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and lived at Epworth, Lincolnshire. Dr. Jasper Heywood also translated three of Seneca's tragedies, viz. *Thyestes*, *Hercules Furens*, and *Troas*. He chose an uncouth sort of verse for these translations, *i.e.* that of fourteen syllables. Yet he has been very correct in the meaning of his author, where he has stuck to the original; and in some alterations, which he has professedly made in the conduct of the pieces, he has shewn great judgment and ingenuity. I also find, by the entries of the Stationers' Company, that, in August 1579, Richard Jones and John Charlewood entered the fourth tragedy of Seneca; and again all the ten, "by different translators," in 1581. A few years afterwards *Andrea*, the first comedy of Terence, was again translated by Maurice Ryffen.

In Meres's *Wit's Treasurie*, 1598, we find Dr. Richard Eedes enumerated amongst the dramatic writers of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He was a native of Bedfordshire, and was educated at Westminster School,

* *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 745.

whence he went to the University of Oxford, where he was elected student of Christ Church, in 1571. He died in 1604, when Dean of Worcester. Wood says of him, that "his younger years were spent in poetical fancies, and composing plays, mostly tragedies; but at riper he became a pious and grave divine, an ornament to his profession, and a grace to the pulpit." None of Dr. Eedes's plays are now existing; but probably they were written during the early part of his sojourn at Oxford, where he was contemporary with William Gager, who was also a student of Christ Church, of which he was admitted in 1574. Where Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Gager was born, or where he died, does not appear; but he rose to high repute in the law, became chancellor of the diocese of Ely, and was living at or near that city in 1610. Wood says, "He was an excellent poet, especially in the Latin tongue, and reputed the best comedian (*i.e.* dramatic writer) of his time." Whether he wrote any other than Latin plays does not appear; but there are three extant in that language of which he was the author; viz. 1. *Meleager*, which was played on one occasion (in 1581) at Christ Church

College, before the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, and other distinguished persons, "giving great delight," as Wood tells us. 2. *The Rivals*. This play was performed at Christ Church Hall, by some of the scholars of that society and of St. John's College, before Albertus de Alasco, a Polish prince palatine, in June 1583. Wood says that the Polish prince, "after he had beheld and heard the play with great delight, gave many thanks, in his own person, to the author." 3. *Ulysses Redux*. This was a tragedy; but when, or on what occasion it was written and performed, is uncertain. It must have been acted, however, between 1574 and 1590, at Christ Church. Besides his plays, Dr. Gager wrote a defence of plays against Dr. John Rainolds: but there is one circumstance in his literary history which will not raise him very highly in the opinion of my fair readers. In 1608, in an act at Oxford, he maintained a thesis, *that it was lawful for husbands to beat their wives*. The ladies, however, were not left without a champion. Mr. Heale, of Exeter College, took up their cause, and replied to Dr. Gager, and with success.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

THE annual meeting of the Society of Arts, for the distribution of the rewards adjudged during the late session, was held on the 2d June, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and as usual drew together a very numerous and respectable assemblage. The prizes were distributed by the Earl of Radnor, Vice-

President of the Society, to the fortunate competitors in the following order:

IN AGRICULTURE.

Lord Newborough, for planting above 3,700,000 forest trees on his estates in Caernarvonshire and Denbighshire—large gold medal.

Joseph Houlton, Esq. Grove-place, Lisson Grove, for introducing the roots of stachys

palustris as an esculent vegetable—silver Ceres medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. George Jackson, Church-street, Spitalfields, for his apparatus for instantaneous light—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Cogan, Rotherhithe-wall, for his method of purifying linseed and rape oils—silver Isis medal and ten pounds.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. L. Hebert, Queen-street, Chelsea, for his prepared plumbago to be used instead of oil for chronometers—gold Isis medal.

Mr. W. Melvine, Ironmonger-lane, Cheap-side, for his detached escapement for chronometers—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Judge, New End, Hampstead, for his self-adjusting pendulum—large silver medal and five pounds.

Mr. R. May, New-Road, Deptford, for his watch-escapement—large silver medal and five pounds.

C. H. Ackerley, lieutenant R. N. Plymouth, for his safety-rods for ships' boats—large silver medal.

J. Higgins, Esq. Oxford-street, for his revolving lights for steam-boats—large silver medal.

H. W. Hood, Esq. commander R. N. for his floating-bridge to communicate between a ship and the shore—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Castell, Dartmouth-street, for his improved cock for bottling wine—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Chapman, Royal-row, Lambeth, for his carriage for Mr. Palmer's railway—silver Isis medal and five pounds.

Mr. Al. Bain, Broad-court, Long-Acre, for his moveable stamps for bookbinders—silver Isis medal and five pounds.

Mr. W. Hilton, Regent-street, Pall-Mall, for his ladder-crane—large silver medal.

Mr. Jas. Dowie and Mr. Al. Black, Edinburgh, for their improved machine for the use of boot and shoe-makers—two silver Isis medals.

Mr. R. Mottershead, for his expanding piston for high-pressure steam-engines—large silver medal and twenty pounds.

Mr. T. E. Bonner, Tabernacle-walk, Finsbury, for his door-lock—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Jos. Clement, Prospect-place, Southwark, for his improved turning lathe—gold Isis medal.

Mr. And. Smith, Palace-street, Pimlico, for his lever-cramp—silver Isis medal.

J. P. Holmes, Esq. Old Fish-street, Doctors Commons, for his obstetrical instruments—large gold medal.

Mr. C. Gibson, Bishopsgate-Within, for his spoon for administering medicine—silver Isis medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.

(Honorary Class).—Copies.

Mr. Al. Beaumont, County Fire-Office, Regent-street, for a copy in pen and ink of figures—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Price, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, for a copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Mr. T. Underwood, Colemore, near Birmingham, for a copy in pencil of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. R. Finlayson, Upper Baker-street, for a copy in water-colours of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Miss F. Burnell, Park-square, Regent's Park, for a copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss M. H. Crutwell, Stafford-place, Pimlico, for a copy in chalk of a head—silver Isis medal.

Miss Wiggins, Piccadilly, for a copy in Indian ink of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss L. Welby, Guildford-street, for a copy in pencil of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss L. Corboux, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, for a copy in chalk of an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Blair, Welbeck-street, for a copy in chalk of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Miss J. W. Leith, Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, for a copy of a portrait in miniature—silver palette.

Miss B. S. Wiggins, Piccadilly, for a copy in water-colours of a landscape—large silver medal.

Miss E. Parker, Great Newport-street, for a copy in water-colours of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss J. W. Hurlstone, Sloane-street, for a copy of flowers in water-colours—large silver medal.

Miss Lester, Elm-street, Gray's Inn-lane, for a copy of flowers in water-colours—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. W. Moore, Argyll-street, for a copy in pencil of an animal—silver Isis medal.

Miss Murray, Euston-square, for a copy in oil of a landscape—large silver medal.

Miss F. A. Dyer, Didmaston, Gloucestershire, for a copy of an historical miniature—silver Isis medal.

Drawings from Busts.

Miss M. A. Williams, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Miss J. Eggbrecht, Frith-street, Soho, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Original.

Miss E. F. Haworth, Barham-Wood, Elstree, Herts, for an original historical miniature—gold Isis medal.

Miss M. Jones, Coleman-street, for an original portrait in miniature—gold Isis medal.

Miss Mintorn, Woodfield Cottage, Bristol, for an original portrait in miniature—large silver medal.

Miss Witts, Brunswick-square, for an etching of an animal—large silver medal.

Mrs. Jos. Stannard, St. Giles's, Norwich, for an original oil-painting of dead game—gold Isis medal.

(Artists).—Copies.

Miss Chapman, Great Russell-street, for a copy in water-colours of figures—large silver medal.

Mr. J. H. P. Stubbs, Allsop's - buildings, New-road, for a copy of figures in pen and ink—silver palette.

Mr. J. Pasmore, Salisbury - court, Fleet-street, for a copy in pencil of a head—silver palette.

Miss F. Riviere, Cirencester-place, Fitzroy-square, for a copy in chalk of figures—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Jas. Walsh, New, Burlington-street, for a copy in water-colours of figures—silver Isis medal.

Miss Eliz. Setchell, King-street, Covent-Garden, for a copy in chalk of a head—silver Isis medal.

Miss L. Lyon, Nassau-street, Cavendish-square, for a copy in miniature of a portrait—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Peake, Clarendon-street, Somers-town, for a copy in pen and ink of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss L. Derby, Osnaburg - street, Portland-place, for a copy in pencil of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Crabb, Point Pleasant, Wandsworth, for a copy in water-colours of a landscape—silver palette.

Mr. C. F. du Pasquier, St. James's Palace, for a copy in pencil of animals—silver Isis medal.

Mr. R. Shaw, Hemming's-row, St. Martin's-lane, for a copy in pencil of animals—silver palette.

Drawings and Paintings from Busts and Statues.

Mr. E. U. Eddis, Barnsbury-street, Islington, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—large silver medal.

Mr. C. G. Hill, Queen - street, Golden-square, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. White, Brownlow-street, Holborn, for a painting from a bust—large silver medal.

Miss C. Derby, Osnaburg - street, Portland-place, for a painting in oil from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. W. Cope, Clarendon-square, Somers-town, for a finished drawing from a statue—large silver medal.

Mr. A. H. Taylor, Lower Stamford-street, Blackfriars, for a finished drawing from a statue—silver palette.

Original.

Mr. Ed. Hassell, Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico, for a painting in oil of the altarpiece of St. Margaret's-church—silver palette.

Mr. A. R. Slous, Bayham-street, Camden-Town, for an original historical composition in water-colours—large silver medal.

Mr. J. W. Solomon, King-street, Covent-Garden, for an original historical composition in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. D. Pasmore, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, for an original group of portraits in miniature—gold Isis medal.

Miss L. J. Green, South Crescent, Bedford-square, for an original portrait in miniature—gold Isis medal.

Miss Alabaster, Piccadilly, for an original portrait in oil—gold Isis medal.

Mr. Jas. Y. Gant, Greek-street, Soho, for an original portrait in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. W. H. Freeman, Stanhope-street, Clare-Market, for an original landscape in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. C. Marshall, Everett-street, Brunswick-square, for an original landscape in oil—gold Isis medal.

Mr. W. R. Patterson, Broadway, Westminster, for an original marine painting in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. A. G. Vickers, Barton-street, Westminster, for an original marine painting in oil—gold Isis medal.

Mr. W. A. Crabb, Point-Pleasant, Wandsworth, for an original oil painting of flowers—large silver medal.

Miss L. A. Shaw, Stonchouse, Plymouth, for an original painting in oil of fruit and flowers—gold Isis medal.

Mr. L. Wells, Stanhope-street, Clare-Market, for an original oil painting of still life—large silver medal.

Mr. E. Lee, Newland-street, Kensington,

for an original historical composition in Indian ink—silver Isis medal.

Models and Carvings.

Mr. J. Mason, Twickenham, for a model of a bust from life—large silver medal.

Mr. H. Hogan, Park-street, Dorset-square, for a copy in plaster of an architectural ornament—large silver medal.

Mr. H. Bailes, Oxford-street, for an original group of figures carved in wood—large silver medal.

Mr. S. Briant, Monmouth-street, for his model of St. Clement's church—silver Isis medal and five pounds.

Architecture.

Mr. R. Stokes, Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, for a drawing in perspective from a Corinthian capital—large silver medal.

Mr. R. Garland, Gray's Inn Terrace, for a drawing in perspective from a Corinthian capital—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. J. Kilpin, Orchard-place, Kingsland-road, for an original design for a Gothic cathedral—large silver medal.

Gem-Engraving.

Mr. C. Durham, Arundel-street, Strand, for an engraving in intaglio of a head—gold Isis medal.

Engraving on Wood.

Mr. M. M. Hart, Gerrard-street, Soho, for engravings on wood—large silver medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

C. T. Tower, Esq. Weald Hall, Essex, for his flock of Cashmeer goats, and for a shawl manufactured from their wool—large gold medal.

Mr. R. Lloyd, Strand, for his sheet cork—silver Isis medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

The Rev. L. Guilding, King's Town, St. Vincent's, for his communication respecting the insects which infest the sugar-cane—gold Ceres medal.

W. Green, Esq. Quebec, for pigments, the produce of Canada—gold Isis medal.

Greg. Blaxland, Esq. Sydney, New South Wales, for wine, the produce of his vineyard in New South Wales—gold Ceres medal.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLI.

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

It was a lovely evening when our Coterie last assembled in the worthy rector's library; the sun was declining, and throwing a mild radiance around, tinting the distant objects with burnished gold; delicious perfumes were wafted from the parterre which skirted the front of the apartment, and was enriched with the richest gifts of Flora. The tables were decked with works, new and old; and baskets of fruit and flowers graced the sideboard: thus we were ready for the discussion of any topic which might arise, when

Miss Primrose began. *Reginald*, I have a charge against you—indeed against all the gentlemen in general, but you in *particular*, as I expect you to be always attentive and gallant, for not having before brought

us acquainted with these two works, *Tales of an Antiquary*, and *Chronicles of London Bridge*, which my kind uncle Horace brought me as a memento of his late visit to town, and which I have perused since our last meeting with very great interest.

Reginald. I confess there is an *appearance* of neglect; but it is more in *appearance* than reality: for although I ordered the first published of these works immediately on seeing it announced, from some accident it came into my hands only a month or two since, and was accompanied with the *Tales*; since which period we have had so many new publications pressing upon our attention, that these have been, with many others of equal merit, I am

sorry to say, passed over by our high literary conclave.

Mr. Montague. What are these *Tales of an Antiquary* about?

Reginald. Why they are, to give you the talented author's own words, neither strict historical truth, nor yet entirely romantic fable; but partake of both, as the ancient spirits of the elements were partly men and partly goblins; or, like the tricky phantom of Avenel, they are

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor hell;
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream.

Sometimes they are pictures of ancient manners and places, and sometimes they are merely the history of what might have been: yet the reader is cautioned against being too incredulous of them, lest he reject the very words of truth and real personages, as the critic questioned the excellence of a living fly which had settled upon the painter's canvas.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is a most impartial description of the subjects of this work, which is inscribed to Sir Walter Scott in a dedication most *naïve* and original.

Mr. Montague. And the character of these tales is—

Reginald. Of every possible variety, from the broad mirth of *Master Robert Shallow, a Legend of Clement's Inn*, which, "not to speak it profanely," is positively Shakspearian; to the deep pathos of *The Foreign Executioner, a Legend of Whitehall*, which attempts a very probable solution of the long-concealed mystery of who was the masqued headsman of the martyred Charles I. There is indeed scarcely any part of London without its appropriate story: thus we have *The Crusade Prophet, a Legend of London Stone*, and *The Talisman of St.*

Barnabas, a Legend of Cheapside—The last Trial by Battle, a Legend of Tothill Fields—The Royal George, a Legend of Fleet-street, in which the far-famed Izaak Walton is the principal character—*Death on Board-Wages, a Legend of Ludgate*; and amongst many others, for which I must refer you to the work itself, *The Cock-lane Ghost, a Legend of Snow-hill*, and *Junius, the veiled Politician, a Legend of Aldersgate*. The poetry, of which there are many very sweet specimens interspersed throughout the volumes, has been so generally eulogized by the Reviews, that I must quote one short song in evidence of their correctness, supposed to be sung by Shakspeare's Ann Page, now Mrs. Fenton, at a merrimaking at Old Windsor.

Oh! swear not by the moon, my love!

For that through heaven will range;

And swear not by this blooming grove,

For that shall winter change;

And swear not by the balmy gale,

With summer that shall die;

And swear not by the clouds that sail

Across yon azure sky:

But swear by love—by love alone

Make all thy vows to me;

For that in heaven shall still be known,

When time no more shall be.

And now am I not fairly entitled to forgiveness for my former neglect?

Miss R. Primrose. Who is the veiled author of these clever volumes?

Horace. Richard Thomson, Esq. who is also the author of *Chronicles of London Bridge*, a work in which the dullest topographical details are enlivened with a wit and novelty, which is, I am very sorry to say, quite unique in productions of this description. Its splendid wood-cuts alone, which extend to nearly sixty, are of themselves an attraction of no

common order; and from the reign of King Olaf down to the year 1825, when the *New London Bridge* was commenced, every circumstance connected with the old one is most accurately and amusingly detailed. During Sir Walter Scott's recent visit to the metropolis, which took place whilst I was there, I had one day the honour of dining with him at a literary party, when the worthy baronet's praises of these *Chronicles*, for every quality which could render them lastingly popular and a textbook for future historians, would have made any author vain of such commendations, and from such an authority.

Reginald. To Constable's *Miscellany* Mr. Thomson has contributed a work of as strong claims to notice as either of the two whose merits we have just been discussing. It is a history of the government, manners, &c. of this country, from the earliest period of authentic history to the Revolution; and I know no publication on those important and interesting subjects which is likely to be so generally useful.

Mr. Montague. That *Miscellany* abounds in productions of genius. Mr. Lockhart has contributed to it a "Life of Burns," which is one of the most pleasing pieces of biography I ever read. It is decidedly a work of genius, and full of delightful criticism, in the true spirit of a man of feeling and a poet, and not in the cant of the profession, upon the beautiful poems of the Ayrshire bard.

Miss Primrose. I must now bring forward my present, which I beg Horace's pardon I forgot to do last month. Reginald, have you seen this beautiful work, now in course of

publication by your friend Ackermann? Horace brought this from London, to grace the table of my *boudoir*; and a splendid ornament it is.

Reginald. *The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain*, drawn and described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No, I have not before seen it, though I have heard that such a work was in contemplation. These are indeed fine specimens of art. They are all coloured drawings, I see, and not engravings; and the accuracy with which those that I am acquainted with are delineated, is so great, that I can rely upon the others as faithful representations of the inhabitants of our rivers. I find that only fifty copies are to be published: I hope I shall not be too late to obtain one of them.

Miss R. Primrose. The work is to be completed in ten numbers, comprising two thousand separate drawings, all delineated, coloured, and described by Mrs. Bowdich. Will you not allow, gentlemen, that this will be a surprising effort of skill and industry, requiring for its completion no small share of perseverance and unabated resolution?

Mr. Montague. It will, indeed; and most heartily do I wish the fair artist may receive that encouragement which can alone cheer her labours, and make them as profitable to her as they are entertaining and useful to the public.

Mr. Apathy. Is this Mrs. Bowdich the widow of the celebrated African traveller?

Reginald. The same; and she appears to have been well formed to share the toils and privations which must mark the life of him who visits that distant country. By the bye, the

mention of Africa reminds me that I have lately been reading a volume of poems by Mr. Pringle, entitled *Ephemerides*, some of which were written in South Africa during the residence of the author in the colony at the Cape. I was delighted with many of these compositions, which breathe a pure, benevolent, and Christian spirit: and they are besides worthy to be termed "poetry;" an epithet ill applied to many of the namby-pamby verses of the present day. But the notes are the most important parts of the book. I regret to say, that they record acts of atrocity and cold-blooded cruelty, frequently perpetrated upon the native tribes, which call for investigation and for punishment. If Mr. Pringle has "set down nought in malice," there certainly is something dreadfully wrong in the state of things at the Cape.

The Vicar. I fear there is; and I do trust the government, now that they cannot plead ignorance on the subject, will direct investigation to be made, and punish those to whose neglect or connivance we are indebted for the stigma which the occurrences mentioned by Mr. Pringle must, if they are true, fix upon the British name.

Mr. Montague. I hope they will turn out to be either exaggerated statements or isolated occurrences, and by no means part of a system.

Reginald. Under our *present* colonial secretary, I doubt not but a better mode of administering the government of our distant possessions will be adopted: in the mean time I will read you three of Mr. Pringle's sonnets, descriptive of "The Hottentot," "The Bushman," and "The Caffre."

THE HOTTENTOT.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,
Tending another's flocks upon the fields,
His father's once, where now the white man
builds

His home, and issues forth his proud commands :

His dark eye flashes not; his listless hands
Support the Boor's huge firelock—but the
shields

And quivers of his race are gone; he yields,
Submissively, his freedom and his lands.

Has he no courage? Once he had—but, lo!
The felon's chain hath worn him to the bone.
No enterprise? Alas! the brand—the blow—
Have humbled him to dust—his hope is
gone!

"He's a base-hearted hound, not worth his
food,"

His master cries—"he has no gratitude!"

THE BUSHMAN.

The Bushman sleeps within his black-brow'd
den,

In the lone wilderness: around him lie
His wife and little ones unfearingly—
For they are far away from "Christian men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the
glen;

He fears no foe but famine, and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumberingly,
Then rise to search for roots—and dance
again.

But he shall dance no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be
friends

With the proud Christian race—"for they
are fiends!"

THE CAFFRE.

Lo! where he crouches by the kloof's dark
side,

Eying the farmer's lowing herds afar,
Impatient watching, 'till the evening star
Lead forth the twilight dim, that he may
glide

Like panther to the prey. With freeborn
pride

He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the
scar

Of recent wound—but burnishes for war
His assagai and targe of buffalo hide.

He is a robber?—True; it is a strife
Between the black-skinned bandit and the
white.

A savage?—Yes; though loth to aim at life,
Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.

A heathen?—Teach him, then, thy better
 creed,
 Christian, if thou deserv'st that name indeed.

Reginald. Fresh poets are springing up around us every day. Here is a little volume of two hundred pages from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Hoyle, of Overton, near Marlborough, called *Three Days at Killarney*; the principal piece in it being descriptive of a visit made to that enchanting spot by the author. It is not, however, merely as a descriptive poem that this production of the Muse is entitled to praise; there is a vein of glowing and intense feeling—of beautiful and chastened thinking which pervades it, that is delightful. For instance, in this address to Iris fallen:

Hail! Iris fallen, hail! enchanted ground,
 In all the excess of loveliness arrayed,
 Amid the majesty of nature round;
 Here open lawn, there close-retiring shade,
 Inextricable maze of copse and glade,
 The tufted eminence, the flowery dell;
 The music by the murmuring waters made,
 The rock—the grotto—vain attempt to tell
 The numberless delights that in this Eden
 dwell.

Time was, the pomp conventual here arose
 Of transept, clerestory, nave and quire,
 That from the world gave refuge and repose
 To youthful acolyte and hoary sire,
 The lordly abbot and cord-girded friar,
 Who once confession heard, awarded doom,
 Or of devotion fanned the living fire.
 They were, but are not; in sepulchral
 gloom
 They sleep, and memory's self lies buried
 in their tomb.

Wise for a moment was the Persian king,
 Once weeping in ambition's mad career;
 For awful truth can to the proudest bring
 At times conviction, sudden and severe.
 Even now her monitory voice is here,
 While to the distant sound of mirth and play
 I listen with a melancholy ear.
 A little while, and all the young and gay
 Shall sleep with the departed, mute and cold
 as they.

There are many kindred passages

in the poem, which is divided into three cantos; one being appropriated to the objects of a day's visit.

Miss Primrose. Does this poem constitute the contents of the volume?

Reginald. No. It contains two others — *Cambuscan*, modernized from Chaucer; and *Elias Hydrochous*, a sacred drama; neither of which, however, is equal to *Three Days at Killarney*, of which I am deeply enamoured.

Mr. Montague. You have been praising poems by a clergyman: I have to praise sermons by a poet. Our friend Colburn has just published a small volume, entitled *Religious Discourses* by a layman. The layman is Sir Walter Scott; and the discourses, which are two in number, are as creditable to the religious feeling and principles of the worthy baronet, as they are to the soundness of his judgment. They contain no glaring metaphors, no redundancy of ornament, no poetic and flowery descriptions—but, in a plain and simple style, they propound the great truths of religion, and calmly enforce the doctrine, that

Wealth, power, ambition, every hope and
 joy,
 Are but a dream, a toy of painted air,
 The full-blown bubble of a playful boy;
 And if thou canst, philosophy, declare
 What more than this thy schemes and
 systems are.

But yet in Gilead may be found a stem,
 That drops a balm for ever rich and rare;
 There is a peerless pearl, there is a gem,
 That through eternity outshines the diadem.

Mr. Apathy. Here is an amusing volume, and one rather interesting to musical people: it is *A Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany*, by a musical professor, who appears to have “been roaming” amongst the creators of sweet

sounds with a disposition to please and be pleased, and a talent at *naïve* and unadorned description, which is very amusing. There is no deep criticism; little, perhaps, that is absolutely new in the volume: but old things are said in a way which renders them infinitely agreeable; and there is much information connected with the delightful science of music scattered through the pages, besides here and there a tasty sprinkling of anecdote, by way of variety. As for instance, he tells us—

The Bavarian women are celebrated for their innate goodness and kindness of heart; and there is a saying with respect to them, which has grown in some parts of the country almost proverbial, “*Sie werden nichts abschlagen*,”—they will refuse nothing. Whether such an observation may be borne out, in fact, in its widest application, I presume not to say; but their friendly natures are sufficiently evident. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening, and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found the head rather inconvenient. A Bavarian lady, who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him, and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he slept so well, he replied, “I have never seen her before, but we do these things for one another in Bavaria.”

Mr. Montague. Free and easy.
Reginald. And to repose on the

shoulder of a fine woman—O how delightful!

Mr. Apathy. The author tells us, that though Mozart seems to be forgotten, the fame of Handel is rising on a solid basis in Germany; and that he “is considered a model of the ecclesiastical style, even by Catholics, for whom Haydn and Mozart (who, by the bye, is so completely neglected by the inhabitants of Vienna, that they cannot tell where he is buried,) have done so much. He says,

Catholic music flourished in Munich, because the abominations of the Scarlet Lady are increasing in that city; and there is perhaps no place in which the Pope, were he to leave Rome, might so onerdomiciliate.

He differs from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who detested the Catholic religion, because it has made some few young women shut themselves up in cloisters, who might have been just as unhappy, or less conscientious, under another form or creed. In Munich, he adds, it diffuses universal cheerfulness, and especially among the girls, who flutter about on a saint's-day with a gaiety in their faces which nothing but the light-heartedness of an innocent mind can give.

The Vicar. Though the Roman Catholic religion diffuses a great gloom over the fanatics who pass their lives in abbeys and nunneries; yet, as it does not observe the Sabbath with that solemnity common in Protestant countries, but encourages frolic and fun, and playing and dancing, concerts and theatrical amusements on that day—and saints'-days are mostly a sort of carnival—the author's observation as to the gaiety of Munich may be right: but Lady M. W. Montague was certainly right in condemning the monastic system,

which was, and is, undoubtedly the fruitful parent of many crimes, of which hypocrisy is not the least.

Mr. Apathy. Probably not; and I dare say our author's opinions are more orthodox in music than in religion. Though, after all, I have no right to set him down as a Catholic for the few observations which appear in his book. It must be delightful, from what he says, to hear an opera at a German theatre; for instance, at Berlin, where he paid about thirteen pence English to go into the pit. He heard the overture to *Euryanthe* played better than he ever remembered to have heard it, even by our Philharmonic Society. This orchestra numbers seven *contra-bassi* for its foundation, and has a corresponding proportion of other instruments. At Berlin, too, he heard Mademoiselle Sontag, of whom, though he speaks highly, yet not *so* highly as the generality of her critics have done.

Mrs. Primrose. Speaking of Sontag, pray what is this tale called *The Prima Donna* about—of which, I am told, she is the heroine?

Reginald. Oh, a vile compound of bad English, mawkish sentiment, and improbable and uninteresting incidents. I do not know a more trumpery catchpenny. There are several tales in the volume, but the author has put the title *Prima Donna* to the whole of them, as thinking it will be, in the present state of things, "catching."

Mr. Apathy. How critics differ! I have seen the same volume praised for its wit—its interest—its style. In short, one would have thought it was the very *beau idéal* of a literary composition.

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Mrs. Primrose. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

Mr. Montague. As we cannot pretend to give judgment, let us call another cause. Some years back Mr. Edwin Atherstone published a poem of great power, vigour, and originality, called *The Last Days of Herculaneum*. I have, within these few days, received another poem from his pen, entitled *The Fall of Ninereh*; in which he attempts to scale the highest region of the Parnassian mount, the seat of the Epic Muse. He is not altogether successful: the poem opens badly, and occasionally a want of spirit, as well as of interest, is perceptible. It abounds, however, with beauties, which more than balance the faults, and place it even in a higher rank than his former poem. I will read you a splendid passage. A Hebrew prophet has forewarned Sardanapalus of the ruin which hangs over his head; and though the fiery prince commands him to be silent, and the gentle Azubah entreats him not to incense the king, the man of God is not to be deterred from his duty. To Azubah he says,

----- Woman!
Get back, and touch me not! I know thee
now,

The harlot that Rabsaris once called child:
Ay, let it sink thee! but no words are mine
To sooth the guilty in their angry mood;
I stand to tell the will of heaven revealed.

Then addressing the king, he proceeds:

Sardanapalus! thee I bid beware—
The banquet first, the water, and the fire,
Do threaten thee! thy kingdom to the Mede
Hath been appointed!—but to God turn
thou,
To Israel's God, repenting—and thy guilt
Confess, and purify from sin the land—
Then may'st thou 'scape and live!

As from a blow,
Beneath the prophet's eye Azubah shrank,
And trembled as he spake. Her burning face

She covered with her hands and sobbed
aloud,
And sank upon the floor.

From out of his den
As glares a hungry lion, hearing nigh
The growl of tiger o'er his bloody meal—
Lo! on the Hebrew silently awhile
With look terrific glar'd th' astonished
king,
His breast with fury inexpressible
Boiling, and heaving like an earthquake's
throes.

Suddenly then he started from his trance—
Upon the priest, swift as an arrow, sprang—
Seized—dashed him headlong.

On the marble floor
The body fell—rebounded—fell again,
And quivered—and lay still.

The after-torments of the king are
also well described:

Within his splendid chamber, by all flowers
Of fragrance rare and exquisite perfumed—
Beneath a silken canopy, gold-dropt,
Reposed the guilty king. One crystal lamp,
With oil sweet-scented fed, its soft pure ray
With the full moonlight mingled.

As he slept,
Again the murderous deed he acted o'er—
The pale stern seer again cried out—
“Beware!”

Again with boundless rage his bosom
heav'd;
He rushed again to dash him headlong
down:

But then he griped some hideous nameless
thing,
That with him fell, and crushed him to the
earth,

And held him there, all shattered, yet alive.
Such was his agony. Above the couch
Azubah leaned, and gazing on his face,
Guessed what stirred him thus: for down his
brow

The big drops ran; his teeth were set; his
hands
Fast clenched; his every limb convulsed
and stiff.

“Unhappy king!” said she, “by night and
day

The prey of passions strong and terrible;
Fierce in thy love, and fatal in thy rage:
Yet with a heart by nature noblest framed—
But, oh! perverted! lost! awake! awake!”
Speaking, she stirred him; but the dream
was strong,

And held him like a spell. He woke at
length,
Started with trembling limbs, and griped
her close—
Glaring upon her with distorted face,
As on some monster. But, with soothing
voice,
“’Tis I,” she said, “Azubah.”—

At the sound
His hands relaxed their gripe—his face grew
calm—
One deep long sigh he breathed, and laid him
down;
Nor spake, but on her pale face gazed long,
Pressing her hand—for her of all he loved
With passion least debased.

The Vicar. Very good. I must
read “The Fall of Nineveh.”

Reginald. You have all, I pre-
sume, read the second series of *The
Chronicles of the Canongate*. If
you have not, send for it directly,
and lose no time in perusing a work
which has all the spirit and origina-
lity of the first which appeared from
the pen of the author. I have been
accused by some of my friends of a
prejudice in favour of Sir Walter
Scott; and I have heard his works
decried by those for whose judgment,
generally, I entertain the highest re-
spect; but the more I read of them
the more I feel convinced that I am
not wrong in ascribing to him a place
second only, and scarcely second,
even to the “sweet swan of Avon,”
amongst the writers of imagination,
who have, from the earliest period,
flourished in our country. I have
been reading simultaneously, if I
may be allowed the expression, *The
Fair Maid of Perth*, (the second
series of *The Chronicles of the
Canongate*), and *The Croppy*, a
tale by Mr. Banim, author of “*Tales
of the O'Hara Family*,” and the dif-
ference between the two is so obvi-
ous, that it must strike the most
careless reader. *The Croppy* is a

tale not devoid of interest; it has some well-drawn characters, particularly Bill Nale and Nanny the knitter; and some of the incidents are well told. But it wants those vivid powers of description, that pathos which irresistibly appeals to the heart, and causes the tear to flow for sympathy at others' woes—that exquisite humour, which can excite as irresistibly the risible propensities of our nature, and “set the table in a roar” with the sallies of wit, its quaint sayings, and admirable *bon-mots* and repartees. Then where are the equals to be found to those admirable sketches of female character which we have in the Waverley novels? Compare the Fair Maid of Perth with Eliza Hartley in *The Croppy*, and, high as the latter stands above the namby-pamby creations of many of our modern novelists, there will be found a great falling off when placed in the balance with the charming Catharine Glover.

The Vicar. There is much truth in what you observe, Reginald, and though I do not worship at the shrine of the author of Waverley with all that fervour which marks your attachment to his fame, your affection for his person, I must acknowledge that his works are entitled to the highest place in their class.

Mr. Montague. Sir Walter possesses the faculty of adapting most exquisitely the traditions of his country to his purpose. For instance, in *The Fair Maid of Perth* (the scene of which is laid *temp.* Robert III.) Catharine Glover, by the wiles of John de Ramorny, is conveyed to the castle of Falkland, where the Duke of Rothsay, eldest son to the king, is confined at the instance of

his treacherous uncle, the Duke of Albany. His dungeon is discovered by a companion of Catharine's, and they manage to convey him succour through a chink in the wall; but it comes too late, and the victim of unhallowed ambition dies. This forms a most beautiful incident in the novel. I will read you from this clever little volume, Chambers's *Picture of Scotland*, the tradition on which it is founded:

Besides the death of King James V. Falkland has been the scene of only two historical incidents of note. Robert, Duke of Rothsay, brother to James I. was starved to death, by his uncle Albany, in a dungeon of the original castle of Falkland, which is supposed to have constituted the north side of the courtyard. This unhappy prince was obnoxious to the ambitious views of his cruel kinsman. There is a tradition in Falkland, that he was for a long time supported by two women, the wives of tradesmen in the town, one of whom purveyed bread to him through a chink in the wall of his dungeon, while the other conveyed the milk of her breast to his mouth by means of an oaten reed. Being at length discovered, his supplies were cut off, and he perished of hunger.

Reginald. Sir Walter has indeed moulded that tradition to his purpose with a master's hand.

Mr. Montague. The combat of the clans, in which Henry Smith, the hero of the novel, takes so conspicuous a part, is also founded on a local tradition preserved by the author of the *Picture of Scotland*:

The Inches (of Perth) are pieces of ground above all praise. The South Inch is delightfully variegated with trees; but the other is more bare, and every way less attractive. A singular combat took place on the North Inch in the reign of Robert III. under the

following romantic circumstances : There was a dreadful feud between the McKays and the McIntoshes, which both parties at last agreed to decide by a personal combat of thirty picked men, in the presence of the king, at this public place. When the combat was about to commence, it was discovered that one of the McIntoshes had absconded from fear ; but the dilemma thus occasioned was obviated by a saddler of Perth, by name Harry Wynde, who offered to take the place of the missing man for half a French gold dollar ; terms to which the McIntoshes were obliged to accede, because no individual of the opposite party would retire in order to bring the parties upon an equality. The combat was commenced and carried on with fearful fury on both sides, until twenty - nine of the McKays were slain. The remaining single combatant then, wisely judging that he could not resist the impetuosity of Harry Wynde and the ten McIntoshes who were left alive, jumped into the river Tay, swam to the other side, and escaped.

Mr. Apathy. I am more calculat- ed to do justice to Sir Walter Scott than my friend Reginald, because my opinion is formed after I had imbibed a contrary one, and is the conviction forced upon me by comparison. I admit then, that the author of *Waverley* is the first writer in the department of imaginative literature, not merely that England possesses, but that is to be found in the world. There are numberless blemishes, many faults, in his multifarious productions ; but his beauties, his admirable powers of description, his fine perception of character, are unequalled : in all he certainly soars far above the author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, Horace Smith, or any other writer who has been put in competition with him.

Reginald. And how superior in right feeling too are the works of Sir Walter to those of Mr. Banim ! In one we have all the high-minded sentiments of a man who feels that he is part and parcel of his country ; and that his country's fame is so intimately connected with his own, that, to calumniate the former, is to point the tongue of the slanderer and arm it with arguments against his own honour. Mr. Banim, on the contrary, is of the *liberal* school ; and, like all of that school, he hesitates not to wound the fair form of his country's honour ; but he also imputes motives to those who differ from him, which are opposite to every feeling of their hearts, as is the orient to the occident. Thus, towards the conclusion of *The Crockery*, he says,

Blood continued to be shed some time after the total discomfiture of the peasant force ; but at last its flow was allowed to cease. And in the pause of terror, and with a face of conciliation, and a promise of advantages which have not yet been conceded, the legislative union—that measure for which disaffection had been permitted to break out into actual disloyalty, nay, had often been goaded to the field—the legislative union between England and Ireland was accomplished.

I must say, that I never met in the most virulent political libels with a passage more atrocious, or more false ; and I know not with what feelings others may be inspired, but I confess, no admiration of Mr. Banim's genius, no respect for his talents, can make me conceal the contempt with which I regard the writer, who, in a work of fiction, can thus transform into monsters the leading men of his country ; and

represent the governors of the kingdom, those who ought to be the people's protectors, as goading them on to rebellion, to bloodshed, to death! for the purpose of carrying a political object.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,"

than deem that my greatest enemy could be such a wretch.

Mr. Apathy. Come, come, Reginald, you are getting too warm: Mr. Banim, putting his works out of the question, is a gentleman and a man of honour; you should not censure so severely an expression slipping from his pen in the hurry of writing, and which does not, probably, convey the real sentiments of his heart.

Reginald. It is because it is not an expression slipping from him in the hurry of writing, but because it appears in a coolly elaborate production, that Mr. Banim deserves the more censure; and I have great pain in feeling as I do on this point with respect to the author of *The Cripple*, when I also feel that his works are evidently the production of a man of genius, a scholar, and a gentleman: from such a man I look for other language and other sentiments, than those which I should expect to find in the political libellers of the day. I am sure the gentlemanly feelings of Mr. Colburn will be wounded by this passage. But let us leave this subject, and turn to a more pleasing one. Here is a volume of exquisite poetry, Mrs. Hemans' *Records of Woman*. Most of the beautiful gems now collected have appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals; but they richly merited the compliment that has been paid them of being placed in a more permanent

form. What can be more beautiful than the following:

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean
smiles—
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand
isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery
foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from
home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green
arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught
thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright
spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle
thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies
old,
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may
wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams
of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?—
One thing is like thee to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues
heaven!

Mr. Montague. Mrs. Hemans is, if I may so apply the words, a delicious poet. Here too is another volume, the production of a lady, young and talented; and an admirer of Campbell, to whom, with much good feeling, she dedicates her volume. Miss Rennie does him only justice when she says, that his "virtues add grace to his genius;" and that his "kindness encourages and supports the young and inexperienced." Here, Miss Primrose, take this small tribute of friendship, and read the first poem that presents itself when you open the book. I only premise, that Miss Rennie has faults, but they are the faults of youth, and will be easily corrected; for she has genius and right feeling, and therefore will be sure to amend the errors of which she is now guilty, as she "progresses," to use a Yankee expression.

Miss Primrose. Thanks, my dear sir, a thousand thanks. I will read you (*opening the book*)

WEeping TEARS FOR THEE.

Oh! drearily and heavily
The night-hours wear away;
Light comes with the radiant morn,
But joy comes not with day;
For still through shade and sunlight,
Whatsoever the season be,
The only joy my spirit knows,
Is weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love,
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the quiet glen,
Where we so oft have met;
I think upon the jasmine-bower;
Oh! live the blossoms yet?
I think when last we saw the moon
Light up the dark blue sea;
And then more fast and gushing are
The tears I weep for thee!
The tears I weep for thee, my love,
The tears I weep for thee!

I think upon the mountain where
We watch'd the sun's last ray;

We little deem'd our cherish'd hopes
-Like it would soon decay;
I think upon the grove where sung
The sweet birds strains of glee:
Their mirth would seem a mockery now
While weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love,
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the lighted hall—
'Twas like some fairy dream—
When first 'midst splendour blazing round,
I mark'd thine eye's bright beam;
It flash'd in pride on others,
But in softness turn'd to me:
I thought not then of all the tears
That I should weep for thee!
That I should weep for thee, my love,
That I should weep for thee!

I think upon the starry even,
When, pale and broken-hearted,
We gaz'd upon each other's face,
Then breath'd farewell—and parted!
By all these thoughts I swear, 'till time
Shall set my spirit free,
My soul shall taste no other joy
But weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love,
Weeping tears for thee!

Basil. Very good; but give me something more animated, more inspiring. Now I have read Miss Rennie's poems, though I am not often guilty of the sin of reading poetry. And I was induced to do so from the opening piece, "My Country, right or wrong;" the concluding lines of which are admirable:

Land of my fondest, deepest love, farewell!
Be this my motto, wheresoe'er I dwell,
My matin lay, my latest vesper song—
England! my glorious country, right or wrong!

That's poetry after my own heart; and I learned a song out of the volume.

Miss R. Primrose. Cousin Basil learn a song! Prodigious! as Domini Sampson would say.

Basil. Yes, cousin Basil certainly did learn a song, and this is it:

SONG—ENGLAND AND VICTORY.

The war-horse is bounding,
The trumpet is sounding,

The banner of England is floating on high;
 Rush to the battle-field,
 Swear by the arms you wield,
 Only in death to yield—
 England and victory!

With courage unfailing,
 And hearts never quailing,
 Nobly we'll conquer, or bravely we'll die.
 All to your weapons stand,
 Fight for your fathers' land,
 Perish with sword in hand—
 England and victory!

Horace. And a capital song it is. You shall set it to music, and sing it, Reginald.

Mr. Montague. Here is a work entitled *A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, preceding the Capitulation, and during the Occupancy of the City by the Allied Armies, in the year 1814.*—Also, *Anecdotes of Buonaparte's Journey to Elba.* This narrative is contained in extracts from the Journal of a *Détenu*, who, in his search for "information on every subject of art, science, literature, and the political state of nations, visited France, &c. during the short peace of 1802-3. He was returning to England, and had reached Calais, when the peevish *arrêté* of Buonaparte (22d of May, 1803,) was forwarded to that port, commanding the arrest of all Englishmen. Instead therefore of revisiting his native home, and imparting to his friends the result of his inquiries, observations, and researches, he was detained as a prisoner; but, as a particular favour, from intimacy with some of the *savans* of Paris, he was allowed to return to that city, in place of being sent to Valenciennes, where many other English *détenus* were confined." Here he remained till the entrance of the allies, in March 1814, released him from his captivity, and

restored him to the blessings of liberty.

Reginald. Did not this Journal appear some time back in the *London Magazine*?

Mr. Montague. Yes, it did; and it then struck me as being a most valuable historical document, *if authentic.* It is now given to the world, not under the sanction of the writer's name indeed, but under that of Mr. Britton, who is the editor of the volume, and through whom, or through the medium of any respectable literary journal, the author pledges himself to substantiate every statement, should any of them be disputed. As far as those which involve the conduct of the French themselves are concerned, I think their authenticity may be considered as established: for it was translated from the *London Magazine* "into French, and appeared at Paris, during seven successive months, in the *Revue Britannique* for 1826, without a single contradiction of any of the numerous anecdotes." On the contrary, several journals, of opposite parties, "also cited it, and pronounced it to be a valuable addition to the history of a period in which no one was allowed to publish such accounts in Paris; and few indeed in that city ventured even to commit to paper the occurrences they witnessed." Its authenticity established, therefore, I do think it one of the most valuable *memoires pour servir à l'histoire* we possess, for the period of which it treats.

Reginald. With respect to the authenticity of this volume, I should be sorry to doubt any thing that had Mr. Britton's authority. But I recollect that Sir Niel Campbell, before he died, positively contradicted

the statements made professedly upon his authority. Now I have looked through the volume, and find no mention made of this disclaimer; on the contrary, Sir Niel's name is used in the same way in which it was in *The London Magazine*, without any reference to this disclaimer: this is not ingenuous, to say the least of it.

Mr. Montague. Why it might have been as well to have alluded to it: but I cannot think this single circumstance can impugn the authenticity of the other portions of the work.

Reginald. Perhaps not. But to leave the *Détenu*—here's a most interesting volume, from the pen of my friend Mr. Shoberl: it is entitled the *Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World*. He modestly says in the titlepage, "edited by Frederic Shoberl;" but he certainly has a right to the title of author; and it is a work of great labour and research. It is prefaced with a general account of the "Diffusion of Christianity to the present time;" and then adverts to the present state of our faith in every country in the globe where the Missionary standard has been planted. I would recommend to you, as particularly interesting portions of this volume, the "Review of the first Diffusion and subsequent Suppression of Christianity in Asia;" the "Rise and Decline of Christianity in Africa;" and the "Introduction of Christianity in America;" which is prefaced by some highly appropriate remarks, that I should like to read to you if time permitted. Here, however, is a short passage from the preliminary chapter, with which the ladies in particular will have reason to be pleased:

One of the first and most important effects of Christianity is to elevate and ennoble the female character, and to place woman in that station which she ought to hold in society. She, who was destined to be the partner of man, the depository of his thoughts, his solace in affliction, his counsellor in adversity and prosperity; to sooth him by the exercise of the kindest affections at home for the crosses and vexations which he has to encounter abroad—she is reduced by the savage to the level of the slave, or even of the brutes which he has domesticated for his service. Throughout the whole Eastern world, by the more polished professors of the doctrines of Muhamed, of Buddha, and of Fohi, constituting a very great majority of the human race, woman is regarded as of inferior nature to the other sex, by which she is held in profound subjection, and treated as a being formed solely to minister to the passions, pleasures, and caprices of her lord. The religion of Christ calls her from this degraded state to the equal participation in the privileges and enjoyments of man; it raises and refines his own character in the same proportion as it inspires him with consideration for hers; for where the character of woman is most respectable and respected, there we invariably find most public virtue and private happiness.

The Vicar. Those sentiments, Reginald, are equally just and well expressed.

Reginald. The concise accounts of the state of the inhabitants of the different countries are remarkably lively and instructive. Take this as a specimen:

In Upper as well as in Lower Guinea the aboriginal inhabitants are heathen. They adore, it is true, or at least have a notion of an invisible God, but pray with stupid superstition to works of nature or images made with their own hands, because the antiquity of the practice or the priests have instilled into them a pro-

found reverence for this fetish worship. They have in general but one and the same name for heaven and the Supreme Being, and almost every nation has its peculiar hierarchy of gods or fetishes. The latter are honoured for their supposed magical, healing, or protecting properties, without being regarded as actual deities, especially if they have been made by human hands. Many believe the immortality of the soul. The Mandingo Negroes pray for deceased friends. The Onninas, in the midst of the battle, sing hymns to God. The Temboos pray in the morning: "God help us! we know not whether we shall be alive to-morrow; we are in thy hand!" Oldendorp, the missionary, heard a Watje Negress in the Caribbee Islands pronounce this prayer: "O God, I know thee not, but thou knowest me. I have need of thy help."

Almost all the Negro nations of Africa have priests and priestesses, who present the prayers and offerings of the people to the gods, and return answers in their name. Owing to the ignorance of the laity, the priesthood is of course a thriving profession. It is the priests who intimate to princes as well as to subjects what kind of offerings, whether cows, sheep, silks, young females, or spirituous liquors, will be the most acceptable gifts to the wolf, the sacred serpent, or the black he-goat. The people are misused by the kings as well as by the priests. The Negro kings, mostly despotic sovereigns, are cruel that they may appear powerful; their harems are not rarely filled with thousands of women, who in some places form an armed body-guard for their masters; and their entertainments are often marked by the massacre of prisoners of war or their own subjects. On occasion of the death of the king of Akim, three hundred and thirty-six of the women of his harem had their arms, legs, and ribs broken, and were then buried alive. By way of displaying the horrible magnificence of princes,

it is sometimes the practice to conduct ambassadors who are presented to them through whole files of men's and horses' heads, which have been recently cut off.

Many Europeans beheld, it is true, with horror this ferocious disposition of the nations of Africa, but they took little pains to correct it. They rather sought to turn the military barbarity of the Negro chiefs to profitable account. The slave-traders, it is well known, surpassed the Negro princes in obdurate inhumanity. How many millions of wretched Blacks have been in the course of centuries carried across the sea from Guinea by Europeans! frequently more than a hundred thousand in one year, scarcely half of whom ever saw the shores of the New World, numbers of them perishing during the voyage of grief, of cruel treatment, or in mutinies, or wilfully putting an end to their lives in a variety of ways. When once, so Oldendorp relates, many Negroes on board a ship had resolved to starve themselves to death, the captain could not devise any expedient to deter them from their desperate purpose, but to cut one of them in little pieces, and threaten the rest with a similar fate unless they took their food as usual. This treatment seemed to them much worse than any thing they had yet anticipated from futurity, and they submitted to their melancholy lot.

The Vicar. If the main subject of the volume is as ably treated, I have no doubt that it will supply a desideratum in our religious history.

Reginald. And that I assure you it is: but to proceed. Miss Mitford, one of our fair authors of whom her sex has just reason to be proud, has published a third volume of *Our Village*. The style of this lady is well known; she describes every-day occurrences with a freshness and charm peculiarly her own. The present volume is fully equal, if not superior,

to any portion of the series; and I am sure the ladies will be delighted with it. I will read you a short extract:

Lizzy! Alas! alas! you ask for Lizzy! Do you remember how surely at the closed gate of the flower-court, or through the open door of her father's neat dwelling, we used to see the smiling rosy face, so full of life and glee; the square sturdy form, strong and active as a boy; the clear bright eyes and red lips and shining curly hair, giving such an assurance of health and strength? And do you not recollect how the bounding foot, and the gay young voice, and the merry musical laugh, seemed to fill the house and the court with her own quick and joyous spirit, as she darted about in her innocent play or her small housewifery, so lively and so vigorous, so lovely and so beloved? Do you not remember, too, how, when we stopped to speak to her at that ever-open door, the whole ample kitchen was strewn with her little property, so that you used to liken it to a great baby-house? Here her kitten, there her doll; on one chair an old copy-book, on another a new sash; her work and needle-book and scissors and thimble put neatly away on her own little table; her straw hat, ornamented with a tuft of feathery grasses or a garland of woodbine, hanging carelessly against the wall; and pots of flowers of all sorts, of the garden and the field, from the earliest bud to the latest blossom, ranged in the window, on the dresser, on the mantel-shelf, wherever a jug could find room. Every thing spoke of Lizzy, her mother's comfort, her father's delight, the charm and life of the house; and every body loved to hear and see so fair a specimen of healthful and happy childhood. It did one's heart good to pass that open door. But the door is closed now, always closed; and the father, a tall and comely man, of middle age, is become all at once old and bent and broken; and the smiling, placid mother looks as if

she would never smile again. Nothing has been displaced in that sad and silent dwelling. The straw hat, with its faded garland, still hangs against the wall; the work is folded on the little table, with the small thimble upon it, as if just laid down; jars of withered flowers crowd the mantel and the window—but the light hath departed; the living flower is gone; poor Lizzy is dead! Are you not sorry for poor, poor Lizzy?

But this is too mournful a subject: we must talk now of the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon—yes, it still flows; ay, and still overflows, according to its naughty custom. Only last winter it filled our meadows like a lake, rushed over our mill-dams like a cataract, and played such pranks with the old arch at York-pool, that people were fain to boat it betwixt here and Aberleigh; and the bridge having been denounced as dangerous in summer, and impassable in winter, is like to cause a dispute between those two grand abstractions, the parish and the county, each of which wishes to turn the cost of rebuilding on the other. By their own account they are two of the poorest personages in his Majesty's dominions, full of debt and difficulty, and exceedingly likely to go to law on the case, by way of mending their condition. The pretty, naughty river! There it flows bright and clear, as when we walked by its banks to the old house at Aberleigh, looking as innocent and unconscious as if its victim, the bridge, had not been indicted—no—that's not the word!—presented at the quarter-sessions; as if a worshipful committee were not sitting to inquire into its malversations, and an ancient and well-reputed parish and a respectable midland county going together by the ears in consequence of its delinquency.

Reginald. Miss Mitford has, I understand, another tragedy in preparation for the next season, which I doubt not will be as successful as her *Julian* and *Foscari*. By the bye,

talking of plays, here is a very respectable translation of Molière's laughable comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, by Mr. Henry Brandreth, who is well known in the literary world as the author of several volumes of poems, containing many very sweet pieces. To those who are unable to understand the origi-

nal, this edition will be very acceptable, as it conveys a faithful idea of Molière's peculiar style and genius. But it is time to part; and now farewell till next month, for to-morrow I am off for Scarborough.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, June 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Les Élégantes*," ou Contre-Danses variées, suivies d'une Valse pour le Piano-forte, composées par Henry Herz. Op. 35. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

THESE "Contre-danses" are quadrilles, and the very same quadrilles, moreover, which form the sixth *cahier* of Messrs. Wessel and Stodart's collection, "La Gaité," noticed in the last Number of our Miscellany. But there is a great difference between both publications. In "La Gaité," Mr. Herz's quadrilles appear as it were in *naturalibus*, straight forward quadrilles of the usual extent of five or six lines: whereas, under the present appropriate title of "Les Élégantes," the selfsame tunes present themselves under more extended and complicated forms, imparted to them by variations and ornamental amplifications of various kinds. This has been accomplished with infinite good taste, and in a style absolutely classic and masterly. "Les Élégantes," thus arrayed in ornamental holiday suits, are not only fit to be introduced in the very best society of accomplished performers, but are in fact little calculated for any other; for there is much in almost all of them which we would wish to be

intrusted to none but players of very good taste and undoubted proficiency. In such hands they will form a delightful treat, not only in a mere musical point of view, but also as dance-music; for, notwithstanding the variations and additions which the tunes have undergone, rhythm and proper keeping have been so invariably preserved, that "Les Élégantes" may be danced from beginning to end. The march of intellect seems to have spread itself even in the domain of music. Not content to move our feet to a simple tune, we vary and embellish the subjects, so that the ears may come in simultaneously for a share of the pleasure enjoyed by the toes. *Douze Valses brillantes pour le Piano-forte, composées par Henri Herz.* Op. 26. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

In nearly all these waltzes Mr. H. has adopted the peculiar and well-known style of the Vienna Ländler; some of them, indeed, appear to us to be such close imitations of established-favourites of this class, that several of the waltzes in this book might almost be considered as variations on the same subject. But even in these cases Mr. H. has shewn what a high degree of interest a lux-

uriant fancy, combined with skill and refined taste, is capable of infusing into ideas which are not absolutely novel. The treatment, therefore, must be considered as the great feature of attraction in the present publication; and, in this respect, these waltzes are eminently deserving the favour of every accomplished player. Accomplished he certainly ought to be, if he is to go satisfactorily through the whole twelve pieces in the collection; and in particular he ought to possess great dexterity in making leaps to the right and left with quickness and precision, such as are prescribed in Nos. 5. 9. &c. where, otherwise, he will encounter more than one *saltum mortale*.

Upon the whole, these waltzes are of excellent workmanship, and may, notwithstanding their generic appellation, justly be classed among compositions of the higher order.

"*La Villanella*," *Danza compestre, for the Piano-forte, composed by Carlo della Torre.* Pr. 1s. 6d. —(W. George, St. Bride's, Fleet-street.)

"*La Villanella*" is a short dance-tune, full of sparkling life, elegant in point of musical diction, and easy as to execution, with the exception, perhaps, of a few bars in C♯ minor, which require a little familiarity with the sharps of that tonic. In this trifle, as in previous publications of Mr. della Torre's, expression comes in for much of the effect, and is therefore strictly to be attended to. As this is a dance, we cannot find fault with its brevity; but we should have been all the better pleased if there had been a page or two more.

ADAPTATIONS, VARIATIONS, &c.

Select Subjects from Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons," newly adapt-

ed as Divertimentos for the Piano-forte by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s. —(Cramer and Co.)

The pieces in this number are exclusively from "The Creation;" viz. "The heavens are telling"—"On thee each living soul awaits"—and "Of stars the fairest pledge." Mr. Cramer seems almost to have felt the impropriety of turning compositions like these into absolute divertimentos; for his amplifications and digressions are not so extensive as we feared, from the title, to find them. We are therefore satisfied. The substance of the score is very fairly adhered to, and exhibited under a piano-forte harmonization, which few besides Mr. C. could have devised with equal richness and comparative grandeur, and yet with no considerable demand for practical skill on the instrument.

The favourite Pas des six Françaises, in the Ballet of "Le Temple de la Concorde," composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by N. Bochsa. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

This music gained much applause, in consequence of its being danced a season or two ago at the King's Theatre by six French ladies, who served as an intermediate relief between the exhibitions of the first-rates and the *figurantes*; and thus were known by the culinary term of *entremets*. The precision and simultaneousness of their evolutions were highly interesting. Mr. Bochsa's two movements for this object are extremely pretty, especially the first andante: the succeeding allegro is somewhat more common in tenor, and much in the ordinary French style. The publication will serve as

an agreeable lesson, as it is very lively, rhythmical, and easy.

Select Airs from Paer's celebrated Opera, "I Fuorusciti," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

This is the thirteenth of Mr. Purkis's operatic divertimentos, the predecessors to which have, at various times for several years past, received very favourable testimonies at our hands. Four or five of the airs of "I Fuorusciti" (The Freebooters) are here embodied with good musical tact and taste, and well supported by an effective flute-accompaniment, which, although it be from its nature highly desirable, is not absolutely indispensable. There are no intricacies whatever in the piano-forte part; on the contrary, it lies well under the fingers.

Paer's celebrated Overture to "Griseida," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Boieldieu's Overture to "The Caliph of Bagdad," arranged as above, by the same. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Although the first of the above pieces is not one of Paer's best overtures, being rather in the ordinary style of Italian compositions of this class, the ideas are sufficiently interesting and in good keeping to blend into a very satisfactory whole, and to afford much gratification in the quartett condensation of the score here presented, the adaptation of which has been effected in the most easy manner.

Of the overture to "The Caliph of Bagdad" we surely need not say one word in comment. It has long been a favourite standing dish all over Europe, and in France in particular; and in its present form it is likely to afford a quarter of an hour's good entertainment at a *soirée* of amateurs of very limited advancement.

Six Airs from Boieldieu's Opera "La Dame Blanche," arranged in a familiar Style for the Piano-forte by G. F. Harris. Nos. 5. and 6. Pr. 1s. each.—(Hodsoll.)

The first four numbers of this adaptation will be found noticed in No. 57. of our Miscellany; and of the two concluding portions we can only say, that we see nothing which could warrant us in withholding our approbation. The arrangement is easy and proper; and as there is much pleasant melody in the French style, young pupils will derive adequate amusement from the performance.

Petits Rondos for the Piano-forte, composed and arranged by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. 5. and 6. Pr. 1s. each.—(Hodsoll.)

No. 5. is quite within the sphere of mere beginners, and No. 6. just a shade in advance. As these trifles possess a good stock of melody, and are otherwise satisfactorily treated, they appear to us very proper for juveniles. In No. 6. l. 4, b. 6, an awkward harmony has crept in, from oversight, no doubt.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Sunday Evening Amusement, consisting of sacred Harmony for one, two, and three Voices, adapted to the Use of private Families. The Words from the "Beauties of sacred Poetry." The Music selected, arranged, and composed

by J. C. Clifton. Book 1. Pr. 6s.
—(S. Chappell.)

In preparing this publication, Mr. Clifton's object appears to have been to provide a collection of hymns of a general nature and interest, not confined to local purposes; a manual of sacred song for private use, and especially calculated for those serious families whose conscience feels a reluctance to listen to a musical sound on Sunday evenings, unless it be of a pious nature. As the title of the work is tolerably explicit, and our space scanty, we shall only state, that Mr. C.'s aim appears to us to have been fairly accomplished. Of the twelve tunes eight are gleaned from promiscuous authors, Händel, Haydn, Madan, Carey, &c. These are more or less familiar to the musical public, but they are good and well arranged and harmonized; and Mr. C. has added four of his own, of which the first, p. 6, has our entire approbation. It is a composition of much feeling and fervour; one passage (p. 7, l. 1,) presents a close imitation from Mozart's "Soave sia il vento." The fourth hymn by Mr. C. also deserves special notice. The melody proceeds in well-connected tasteful strains and with due rhythmical keeping.

"*In tal momento*," *Duet in the Opera of "La Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa," arranged and partly composed by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 2s.
—(S. Chappell.)

Arranged and partly composed? How dubious a parentage! The fact is, this is a well-known duet of thirds and sixths throughout, the author of which we cannot at this moment call to our recollection; nor can we pretend to say positively whether or not Mr. B. has furnished a bar or

two of his own invention, although we entertain great doubts about the matter. The piece, when sung by Pasta and Curioni in the above opera of Mayer, received considerable applause. It is neat and melodious; but the continual *harmonies* of thirds and sixths are of too dulcet a nature not to excite satiety at last to a musical connoisseur, who looks for a little more seasoning.

Sacred Sonnet, "Thou didst, mighty God, exist," adapted and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

In our rough notes fair praise is accorded to Mr. Klose for the chaste and pathetic melody of this *sacred sonnet*. We had then overlooked the damping words, "adapted and arranged." Well! they are sincere at least; and as it matters little to the public whence the music comes, so it be good, it ought to feel obliged to Mr. K. for having been the means of conveying the treat.

"*'Tis best to part*," *a Ballad, composed by P. Vereni.* Pr. 1s. 6d.
—(Boosey and Co.)

A very pleasing song, in good style and rhythmical keeping, with one or two neat and apposite touches of select harmonic colouring, such as in l. 3, p. 2. All is perfectly easy for both singer and player.

"*I'd be a nightingale*," *Ballad, written by Richard Ryan, composed by E. Solis.* Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

"Would be's" are just now the order of the day in the music-shops. One would-be-poet would be a *butterfly*; another would be a *lady-bird*; a third has even expressed a wish to be a *caterpillar*: so that

we should by no means be surprised at witnessing further entomological longings of the crawling and hopping tribe. Mr. Richard Ryan, being for "*paulo majora canamus*," takes a loftier flight, a flight among feathered songsters. Like Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, he "would be a nightingale when the moon's splendour," &c. Then would he whisper his tales of love tender." The wish being essentially musical, presented to Mr. Solis fair scope for its being musically expressed. Accordingly we have in the very symphony a nightingalism or so; and another, strongly reminding us of Haydn's Mermaid, is subsequently introduced (p. 2, l. 2), and one or two further appropriate imitations occur afterwards. The melody of Mr. Solis is pleasing and in good keeping. Some musical accentuations are doubtful; but with the awkward accentuations, metrical licences, and long lines of the poem, it would perhaps have been difficult to do better. The very common modulation to the relative minor, p. 2, l. 4, is nowadays obsolete. In bb. 12 and 14 of the fifth page the E♭ harmony under the A♭ progress of the vocal part is objectionable.

Song to the Lady-Bird, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte by Robert Guylott. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

The melody of this Lady-Bird song is agreeable, properly connected and varied, and the accompaniment sufficiently effective. The leap of the voice, p. 2, b. 8, from F up to its seventh E♯, is objectionable, melodically, as well as in point of treatment, and not likely, moreover, to be correctly intonated by most singers.

"Thou cheerful bee," Glee for four Voices, composed by T. F. Walmsley. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

We could have wished for somewhat more of distinctness of plan and keeping in this composition of Mr. W's.; and in one or two instances our ear has met with doubtful progressions; but on the whole we are warranted in stating, that the fine text written by Professor Smyth of Cambridge has been set by Mr. W. in a manner which bespeaks the care he has bestowed on his subject, and the harmonic science he possesses. The latter merit is particularly observable in the concertante and canonical parts, which do the composer great credit.

"From Greenland's icy mountains," Hymn, composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

The beautiful text of this hymn is from the pious and able pen of the lamented Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. It dwells on the extension of Christianity in the East; and Miss Fleet, with laudably pious zeal, has set and published the music for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Such aim would blunt the critic's weapon, if even there were cause to unsheathe it. But this is not here the case. The strains are simple and pathetic, and the accompaniment is very apt and efficient. Query, "we lavish kindness"—should it not be "*with lavish*," &c.? "*Oh! murmur not, love*," Song, composed by George Warne. Pr. 2s.—(G. Warne, St. Paul's Churchyard.)

There is feeling and tasteful musical diction in Mr. W.'s melody, which tells the text with great fidelity. The conclusion, "All forsook

me, all but you," is particularly well expressed. The symphony is good, and the harmony of the accompaniment very correct. If the latter had been a little more varied in "battery," instead of being propounded in mere crotchets following the voice, the effect would have been beneficial.

HARP AND GUITAR MUSIC.

"*Soirées Dramatiques*," select *Airs from the latest 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. Books 4. and 5. Pr. 4s. each.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

No. 4. contains several airs from "Il Crociato in Egitto;" viz. Madame Caradori's aria "I Doni d'Elmireno"—the chorus "Urridi vezzosi"—the march, which reminds us of the famous trumpeting of the brothers Gambati—the quartett, "Ah questo e l'ultimo"—"Giovinetto Cavalier"—and, lastly, the very favourite chorus in E♭, in which Mayerbeer has not been scrupulous about originality. No. 5. is devoted to Paesiello's "Nina o la pazza per amore," of which opera there is "Dormi, o cara"—"Cantiam' Nina"—"Il mio ben"—"Se il cor gli affetti suoi"—and "Lontano da te Lindoro"—all pieces universally known, once all the rage in the musical world, but undeservedly placed in the shade by the introduction of a more sparkling and flourishing style.

The arrangement in these two books is by Mr. Bochsa, who writes such things effectively and satisfactorily in as little time as others would take to copy them merely. All is well done; and in the pieces from Nina

Mr. B. has with great judgment given occasional helps where the plainness of Paesiello's sweet melodies might perhaps have struck the spoiled ears of musical epicures of the present day.

Fantasia for the Harp, with Variations on "Cease your funning," composed by W. L. Viner, of Bath. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

A good introduction analogous to the subject, followed by the air and four variations. The latter are in the usual manner of this kind of writing: a variation in semiquavers, another in tripleted semiquavers, a third in demi-semiquavers, and the last a march in very good style, to which the coda is appended. Every thing is in good taste and workmanlike; and, although the variations are brilliant, executive facility has been laudably attended to.

Second Set of Six Spanish Airs, arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

These airs present, more or less, unequivocal tokens of nationality. Some of them are pretty generally known—the Guaracha among the rest. No. 6. "Ay san Anton," which we do not recollect to have heard, is very pleasing, and the latter portion has considerable originality. The accompaniments are often very effective, without presenting much difficulty of execution.

"*Euphonic*," *Recueil d'Airs Italiens, Français et Anglais, avec Accompagnement de Guitarre, composés par W. H. Hagart.* Nos. 1. to 3. Pr. 1s. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

Two Italian texts and one English, to which Mr. H. has assigned melodies of great simplicity, but de-





PARTY BALL DRESS

cidedly tasteful, regular, and well planned. The accompaniments are equally simple and easy, so that the whole is eminently suited to the humbler attainments of an incipient player or vocalist.

Six favourite German Melodies, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by C. Eulenstein. Book I. Pr. 3s.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

This selection is remarkable for its good taste and variety. The air from Weber's "Preciosa," and the celebrated song, "Das deutsche Vaterland," have the German texts in addition to the English translations, which latter adapt themselves kindly to the melodies. The last air, "Faint heart never won one fair lady," the words from Mr. Bowring's romances of Spain, is exceedingly lively and quite original. The accompaniments are easy throughout.

"*Apollon à la Toilette des Dames*,"
Melodies faciles et agréables

pour la Guitarre, principalement par A. Diabelli. Nos. 1. — 6. Pr. 2s. each.—(Ewer and Johanning.)

The present work is a reprint, with some trifling alterations of a publication of Diabelli's at Vienna, whose extraordinary talent for arranging and adapting has become almost proverbial in Germany. There are, however, many subjects in this collection which have been expressly composed for the instrument by the first masters, such as a waltz by Giuliani and one by Horetzky. A considerable number of the airs are taken from German ballets, and in these the difference between an orchestral score and that of a solitary guitar is sensibly felt. Upon the whole, the work has considerable merit, and cannot fail to prove interesting to fair amateurs, who may safely admit the Delian god to their toilette without fear of getting into trouble or difficulties.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of *giraffe*-colour baptiste, with small lilac sprigs; the *corsage à l'Espagnol*, rather high and straight across the bust, edged with a narrow cording of lilac *gros de Naples*, and a rouleau of the same down the front and on each side, in the form of a stomacher: it is divided into straps, edged with lilac round the waist, which is of a moderate length. Sontag sleeves, extremely full as far as the elbow, and divided by three lilac *gros de Naples* bands; the rest

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of the sleeve is shaped to the arm, and the wrist ornamented with vandykes. The skirt is gathered full as far as the stomacher, and has a flounce half a yard deep, arranged in large flutes, headed by a *giraffe*-colour band edged with lilac, with semicircular ornaments above, and a waving band, which entwines each division of the flounce; and beneath are two rows of lilac satin, with orange-colour satin of the same width, cut bias, and placed transversely over the lilac. *Giraffe* head-

dress; at the top in front are two high bows of hair sustained by pins, and bows of satin and gauze ribbon, interspersed with large curls. Necklace and bracelets of rows of small coral twisted; lilac gloves; black shoes and sandals.

FANCY BALL DRESS.

Slavonian dress of Tyrian blue gauze, with a broad band of gold tissue on each side of the front, which is a little open, and round the skirt, which is very short; it meets at the waist, and is fastened with a large clasp in the form of a star, composed of rubies in the centre, surrounded by emeralds: the bodice is made close to the shape, and laced in front with rose-colour silk cord, and a trimming of Grecian lace adorns the top of the bust above the gold tissue band. The sleeves are triangular, of white ariophane crape, set in very full on the shoulder, and terminating in a point below the elbow, forming a shell-like receptacle for the arm, open in front, where a rose-colour satin bow is placed, with long ends

pendant, finished with gold ornaments. The skirt is slashed on each side of the front from the waist to the border, and bound with narrow gold-colour satin and laced with rose-colour silk, and displaying the white satin slip beneath, which is made with a deep and very full border of Tyrian blue gauze, reaching within three inches of the gold tissue border of the dress: it is ornamented with perpendicular rose-colour satin rouleaus a quarter of a yard apart. The head-dress consists of a fancy turban, having on one side a row of lunulatum-leaves of Tyrian blue satin, edged with gold, and strung on a gold cord; a plume of white ostrich feathers, with a cluster of golden pheasants' feathers, in the centre, on the right side. White cornelian earrings. Necklace of large white cornelian beads, one row close to the throat, a second reaching to the waist. Armlets and bracelets of chain embossed gold, with white cornelian cameo clasps. White kid gloves, embroidered; gold tissue shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 18.

THERE is little alteration in promenade costume this month. *Rédingotes* have rather declined in favour. An attempt has been made to bring clear muslin ones, embroidered in coloured woads, into fashion; but it has not been very successful. These *rédingotes* are embroidered down the front and round the bottom in a wreath of wild roses, or else of myrtle or laurel-leaves. It is possible that as the season advances these dresses may become more general; but as yet we have only seen them adopted by a few *merveilleuses*.

The brims of bonnets have within the

last month increased in size. The materials, with the exception of Leghorn, remain the same, with the addition of one or two kinds of fancy silks. The trimmings of many hats consist entirely of ornaments of the material of the *chapeau*, which are edged with blond lace. These hats have a very light and elegant appearance. In some instances a curtain veil of blond lace, deeper in front than behind, falls from the edge of the brim; but this fashion is not very general.

Bonnets of rice-straw are now frequently trimmed with gauze ribbons only. These ribbons, which are of uncommon

width, are arranged in *coques* on the crown, so as to add considerably to its height. Instead of the band which used to pass across the inside of the brim, three bows are placed in a bias direction from the right temple to the left side of the brim.

Capotes, composed of the finest and clearest cambric, are worn by many of our fair fashionables in the early part of the morning. They are made very large, and finished by three rosettes of the same material, placed at regular distances and in a bias direction in front of the crown, and a *ruche* at the edge of the brim.

A new style of *pelerine* has lately made its appearance; it is composed of a very broad gauze ribbon, arranged behind in the form of a handkerchief, cut round to the shape of the neck, and trimmed with a deep blond lace. Lace and fancy scarfs, and a great variety of worked and lace *pelerines*, are also in favour.

Morning dresses of the robe kind, composed of jaconot muslin, are coming into fashion. They are open before and somewhat shorter than the petticoat, and are trimmed either with *volans* or tucks. The body is made a three-quarter height, with a falling *pelerine*. The sleeve, which is very wide, is finished at the wrist by three bands, between each of which the fulness is arranged *en bouffant*.

Dinner gowns begin to be made tight to the shape; but when that is the case the bust is very much ornamented. Sometimes the *corsage* is draped in full folds across the breast, which has a very graceful effect on the shape. In other instances the dress is ornamented longitudinally with folds, rouleaus, or embroidery. Gowns are cut square round the bosom, and of a moderate height. In some instances, a narrow lace tucker, standing up round the bust, partially shades it. Since the skirts of dresses have been plaited on all round, they are but slightly gored, and many are made without

gores. They continue to be made very wide.

Trimnings are now excessively voluminous, and are worn much higher than they have been for several years. Many muslin dresses are finished by two, or sometimes three, richly worked flounces at bottom: above these flounces is a very deep and rich embroidery, and that is surmounted by flounces to correspond with those at the bottom. If the dress is coloured, the trimming frequently consists of pyramids, composed of narrow flounces of the same material, or of very deep *bouillonné*, intersected with straps, which forms the fulness into puffs of various shapes. Many dresses composed of those slight silks which we have described in a former Number, are trimmed with two broad bias bands, placed at some distance from each other, and cut in scollops: the scollops are bordered by a narrow but very full *ruche* of the same material.

The materials for full dress remain the same as last month, but there is some difference in the form. Gowns are now made shorter and more trimmed. Some have the *corsage* made *en corset*; that is, laced up behind, and cut round the waist in tabs. Others have a fall of blond lace arranged *en pèlerine* round the bust. Short sleeves are almost universal; they are made excessively full on the shoulder. A few *élégantes* wear long lace or *tulle* sleeves, but short ones are upon the whole much more in favour.

The hair continues to be ornamented in the same style as last month, and is dressed in a lighter and more becoming manner than it has been for some time. Toques, *bérets*, and dress hats are all in favour, but not so much so as *coiffures en cheveux*.

Fashionable colours are, azure, citron, straw-colour, wild rose-colour, peach-blossom, various shades of green, and lavender.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

FIRE-PLACE.

It is well known that fire-places were not in use among the Egyptians or the Greeks, and were very little used by the Romans, the heat of their climate not requiring fires; but in Europe, and towards the poles, it is one of the most requisite appendages to the interior arrangements of a room. Fire-places have varied with the fashion of the times; for towards the beginning of the 17th century they were made of very large dimensions, compared with our present size; and they were enriched to some height with sculptures, representing allegorical subjects, or ornaments. Towards the latter part of the 17th century looking-glasses came much into use; they were ultimately placed above the fire-place, for which reason a new character of decoration was adopted, as they were made low enough to allow persons to see themselves reflected therein.

In this country we introduce fire-places in almost every room; great attention has therefore been paid to their improvement, both in regard to the mode of their construction as well as decoration. The jambs and mantel-piece are generally made of various kinds of marble, ornamented more or less according to the decoration of the room for which they are intended.

One of the greatest comforts to be obtained, and at the same time one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome, consists in the erection of fire-places in such

a manner as to be free from smoke. A great variety of plans have for many years been tried, though without success; and it is only very lately that this great nuisance has been overpowered by the very ingenious discovery of Mr. Hiort, of his Majesty's Office of Works, who, by a long and able experience, has at last invented a method for getting rid of this very great inconvenience, which not only affects the health of individuals, but likewise injures every article of furniture.

This discovery forms an epoch in architecture, as by its adoption the architect is not compelled to raise his shafts higher than he wishes; and it obviates the necessity of spoiling the appearance of the roof by a number of shafts, rising one above another, as in the water-front of Somerset-House.

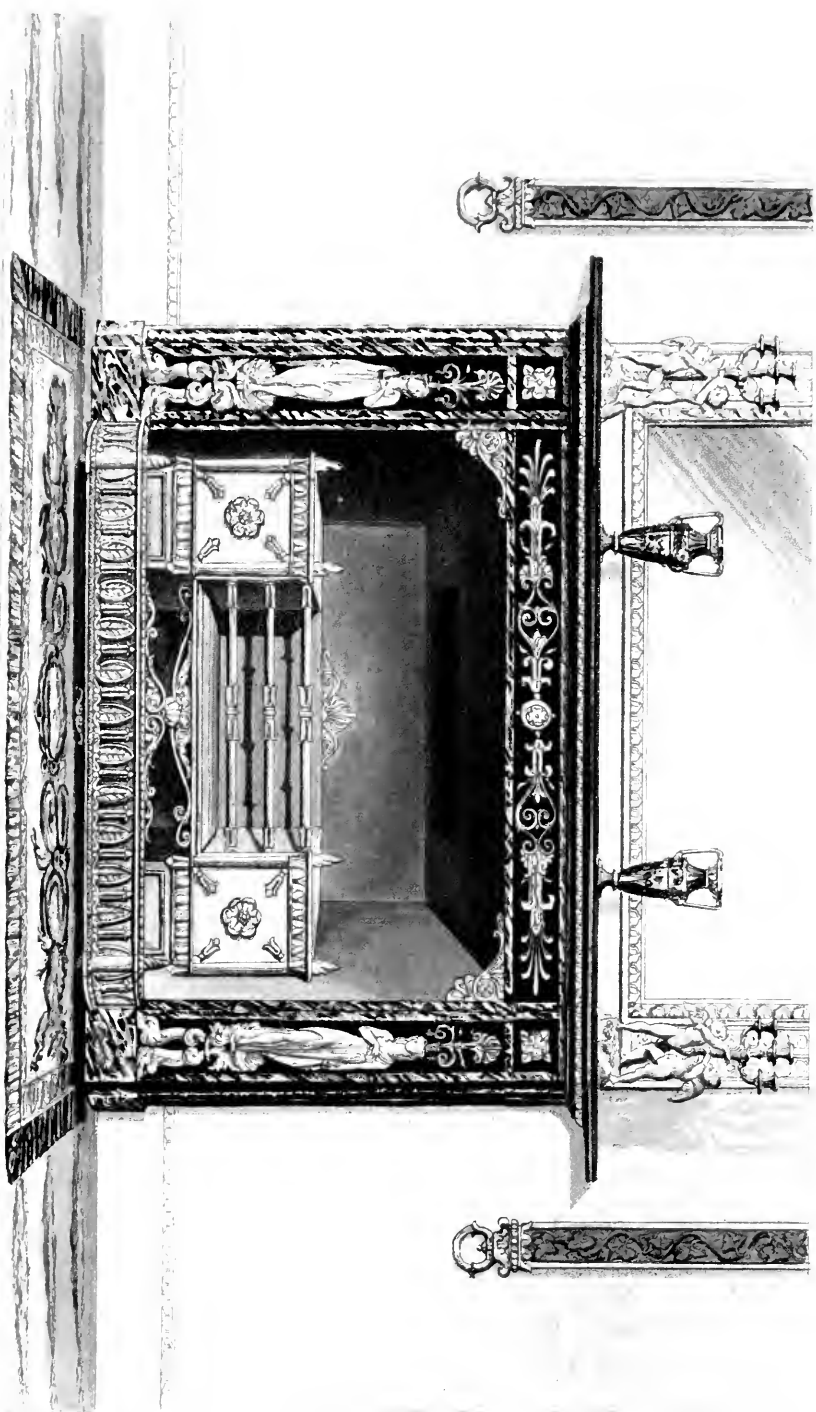
The fire-place represented in the plate is calculated for a drawing-room of a moderate size, and rather plain in its decorations. The jambs and mantel-piece are of black marble, with figures and ornaments relieved in or-moulu. The slab is also of the same materials, projecting about six inches, in order to leave room for placing vases, clocks, &c. Above it is a looking-glass corresponding in width to the opening of the chimney. The stove is made of polished steel, relieved by Grecian ornaments in or-moulu; and the fender is entirely of that metal, in order to harmonize with the richness of the figures placed on the jambs.

 INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Planché, the author of "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," has in the press, his *Descent of the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827*; with recollections, historical and legendary, of the towns, castles, monasteries, &c. on the banks of that river, in one volume 8vo. Forty views on the

Danube, in illustration of this volume, will also speedily appear, lithographed by L. Haghe, from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Planché.

Mr. Britton announces that the letter-press to the *Architectural Antiquities of Normandy* will be ready for delivery, gratis, to the subscribers on the 1st of



July; that some of the copper-plates of Robson's Cities will be destroyed after 250 large and 800 small paper are worked; and that the letter-press and last number of Peterborough Cathedral will be ready with the Normandy.

The first numbers of *Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities* will be published on the 1st of next month, with twelve engravings, by J. Le Keux.

A *Memoir of General Miller*, one of our countrymen in the Peruvian service, is nearly ready for publication.

A first series of dramas, comprising

Jagellon, a tragic romance, and *The Siege of the Scots, or Appleby in 1173*, an historical play, by H. W. Montagu, is in the press.

Mr. Curtis lately delivered, at the Royal Institution, a Lecture on the Physiology of the Ear in Man or Animals, which he illustrated by costly models, in gold and silver, and also by drawings. The lecturer exhibited many novel and ingenious contrivances for assisting hearing, amongst them some artificial ears and improved hearing-trumpets. The newly invented auriscope excited much attention.

Poetry.

THE COURT OF LOVE, Or Beauty versus Sense.

'Twas of old, when the complaisant gods
Were on visiting terms with our race,
When familiar *how dos?* and gay nods
They exchanged with mankind with due
grace;

When the peacocks and doves stood in wait-
ing
Till Juno or Venus set out
For, wherever earth's sons were debating
Of things they knew little about;

When they often directed their flight
To the groves in fair Grecia's lands;
And sometimes in proud Rome would alight
To issue their godships' commands;

When in love if a maiden were cross'd,
Or the lord of creation's proud breast
Were with wrath or with jealousy toss'd,
They each look'd to Olympus for rest;

When Jove condescended to quell
Disputes which the law settles now;
When Hymen bound surely the spell
Called by moderns the marriage vow;

Within view of Athenæ's proud tow'rs
Lived a youth, in those ages so blest,
Who with two charming nymphs pass'd his
hours;

But he could not tell which he lov'd best:

For Ida was beauteous beyond
All the dreams that wild fancy ere knows;
While the charms of Serena were found
Where the mind's rarer amaranth blows.

"Should he marry the beauty? Alas!
It was said that all beauty must fade!
Should he marry the sensible lass?

Whyshe looked something like an old maid!"

Perplex'd and bewilder'd and smitten,
He made to Love's mother his pray'r:
On a rose-leaf the *billet* was written,
Which Zephyr consented to bear.

He begg'd her to come and decide
His choice when she drove to that part;
For the mis'ry he could not abide
Of two arrows stuck in his heart!

Venus no sooner read the request
Than she hastily fix'd to leave home:
The Graces obeyed her behest,
And the Muses were order'd to come.

And it being a journey of state,
The Pleasures attended of course;
While the Loves at the heavenly gate
Had muster'd a numerous force.

It was one of those soft summer hours
Of which Englishmen only can dream,
That the goddess arrived at the bow'rs
Which shaded Ilissus' bright stream.

In unclouded meridian splendour
Apollo shone out on the scene;
And the south wind, deliciously tender,
Breath'd low through the groves waving
green.

On a bank 'neath the delicate shade
Of a myrtle her vot'ry she found,
Where the waters sweet melody made,
And the rose shed her perfume around.

At her beautiful presence he rose,
And knelt her commands to receive.
"Your grief," she said, "Myrsus, compose,
I come all your doubts to relieve!

"At this hour, on this spot, I've directed
A grand special court shall take place;
And the Muses and Graces selected
To consider minutely your case;

" Whilst I shall impartially hear,
And finally settle your fate :
Therefore bid the fair rivals appear :
Let's to business before it be late !"
Soon, by Counsellor Reason escorted,
Serena approached with calm mien ;
And by Barrister Passion supported,
Fair Ida advancing was seen.
The *jury* (to use modern phrases,
Though here, perhaps, rather *outré*),
Had sev'rally taken their places
On the turf strew'd with blossoms so gay.
Bright Venus her beauty reclin'd
On a bed of " Arcadian sweets ;"
The jasmine and clematis 'twin'd,
To guard her from noon's burning heats.
When sounds such as seldom are heard
Here on earth, echoed through the deep
grove ;
'Twas more sweet than the breeze or the
bird—
'Twas the voice of all-powerful Love.
For Cupid had chas'd the gay bevy
Full speed down Olympus' high steep,
Resolv'd that there should be no levee
Were he not permitted to peep.
A look of entreaty he cast
At his mother, she could not deny ;
" And who's the appellant ?" he asked :
" Come, we'll now hear the *where* and the
why."
Then Passion was bidden to plead
The cause of his client, the beauty,
Which, with ardour he said, " was indeed
A pleasure as well as a duty."
He praised the bright eye of the maid,
Her lip and her cheek and her hair,
" Whilst her form's perfect *contour*," he said,
" With the Graces might almost compare.
" And what though her bloom must decay,
So it is with all nature," he cried :
" Can man, changing creature of clay,
Aspire to an unfading bride ?
" The spring's and the summer's best flower
Must alike pass away from our view ;
Then give us to spend our short hour
With the lovely, the young, and the true."
'Twas but briefly he spoke—but so sweet
The cadences fell from his tongue,
That a murmur, with praises replete,
Ran through the celestial throng.

Then Reason with caution began—
Passion's arguments put to the test—
" If short were the pleasures of man,
The *longest* amongst them was best :
" The court needed not to be told,
That the *mind* left us only with breath ;
And philosophers now were so bold,
As to hint that it liv'd *after* death*.
" More happy sure then is the fate
Of him, who with wit and good-humour
Can *mentally* live, than *his* state
Who is scar'd by a wrinkle or tumour !"
He concluded his speech—ev'ry Muse
Declar'd it was pointed and clever ;
Whilst blushes fair Ida suffuse,
Who gives her cause over for ever.
Her cheek was celestially red,
While to hide her confusion she strove :
" And must it be thus ?" Passion said,
Shall beauty plead vainly to love ?
" No, never !" cried Cupid, " no, no !"
And his words had such wonderful force,
That the conclave just made a faint show
Of consid'ring their verdict of course.
There were some of the Muses, 'tis true,
Who favour'd Serena's pretension ;
But being in number so few,
They forbore their opinion to mention.
Therefore Venus immediately stood,
And pronounced her imperial decree—
" That Ida, the beauteous, the good,
The choice of young Myrsus should be."
As soon as his mother had utter'd
A sentence so truly approv'd,
Wicked Cupid his golden wings flutter'd
In triumph, and then the court moved.
In a show'r of all-varying light,
Which Iris had flung from her urn,
They fled like a dream of the night,
Or a thought that may never return.
Whilst Reason, with uplifted eyes,
Stood and gaz'd till they ceas'd to appear ;
" Be not griev'd, my Serena," he cries,
For Justice you know was not here."
D. E.
LONGBROOK-LODGE, June 1828.

* Alluding to Socrates and Plato, who
taught the immortality of the soul in the
groves of Athens.



MUSLIN PATTERNS

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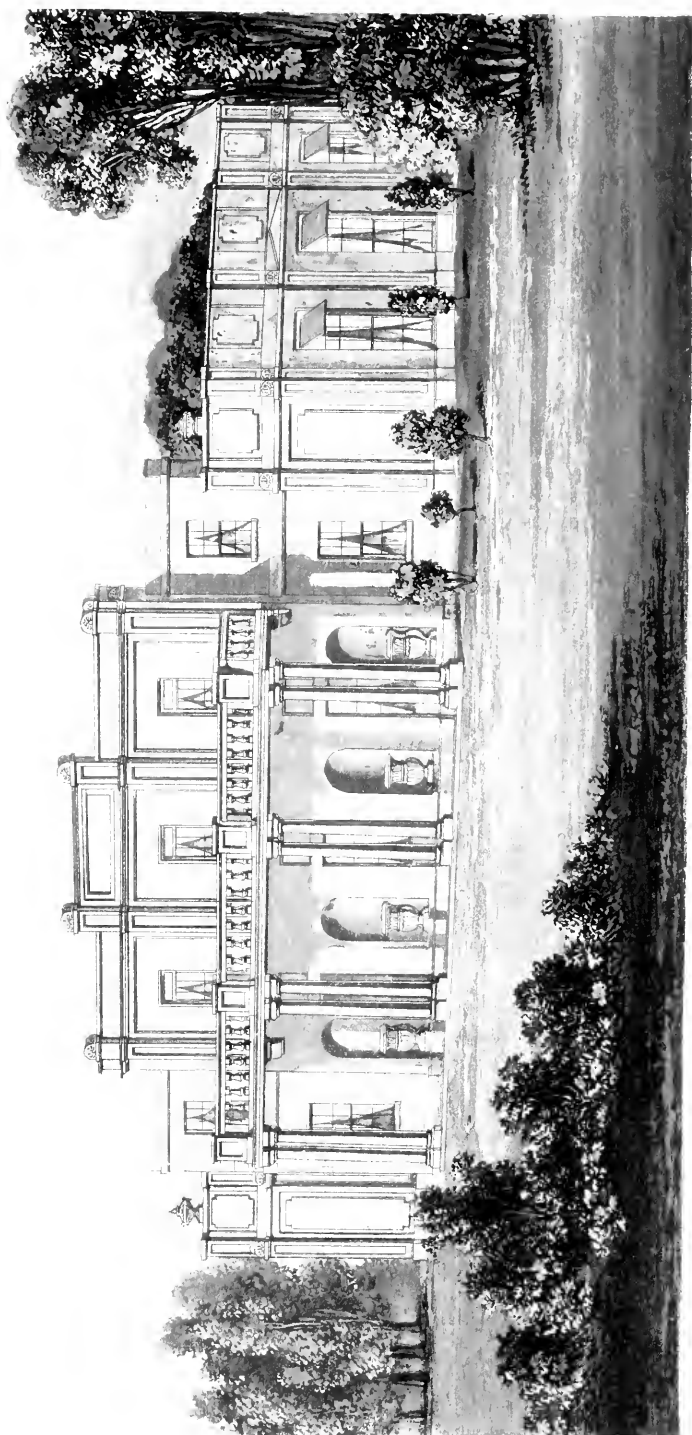
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N^o. LXVIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

HAREFIELD, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF — GATTEY, ESQ.

HAREFIELD, in the village of Lympstone, in the hundred of East Budleigh and deanery of Aylesbeare, is about eight miles from Exeter, on the river Exe. The village in itself is beautiful and romantic, nestling by the side of the river, and commanding beautiful views of sea and land. Harefield is situated on a rising ground at the back of the village, which is thus made to form a very beautiful fore-ground to a magnificent view, which, for extent and variety, is seldom surpassed. The river Exe, in the middle distance, is seen to the greatest possible advantage from Exeter to its entrance into the sea at Exmouth, winding through a luxuriant country; its banks embellished with villages and gentlemen's seats, with innumerable vessels continually plying on its surface; the whole backed by a mass of fine hills and woods from

Mamhead to the more distant tower of Sir Lawrence Palk's. The view down the river, embracing the sea, is beautiful in the extreme, comprehending the extremity of the village of Lympstone, which, on this side, forms a fore-ground to the fine middle distance of Exmouth, rising over the beacon-hill with its elegant new Gothic church-tower, the bight with its shipping, the river's mouth with its bar and breakers, the opposite mass of rocks at Mount Pleasant, its cottages and villas stretching away to the headlands of Dawlish rocks, Teignmouth, and Berry Head, with a great extent of the English Channel, forming a whole most beautiful even in Devon. But the house of Harefield commands some attention as a light, elegant, modern villa, well suited to its situation, as shewn in our annexed engraving. It possesses no positive style, though

in part partaking of the happy mixture introduced by that eminent artist, Mr. Soane. In spite of its many parts, it possesses a classical feeling, and is at once a pleasing specimen of the powers of Mr. Burges, the architect, and of the good taste of the proprietor who made choice of the situation and built it. The hall of entrance communicates with the dining-room, which is spacious and lofty, and with the elegant drawing-room, library, and sitting-room in front, which commands the many

beautiful views above-mentioned. Here are many good paintings, which devolved to Mr. Gattey with a portion of his property from the late Judge Heath. The out-offices and gardens are well arranged, and the grounds remain in their natural state, with the exception of the removal of a few hedge-rows, having all the appearance of the cultivation of a century, though but of modern arrangement, so carefully has advantage been taken of their natural beauties.

LIFTON, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF W. A. H. ARUNDELL, ESQ.

THIS capital mansion is entirely the creation of the spirited proprietor. Built under his own immediate inspection, it is varied in its parts, and forms a most pleasing whole, as seen from every part of the grounds. It is in what is usually termed the Elizabethan style. Great care seems to have been taken to divest the exterior of all useless ornament, too frequently observable in that style of building. This mansion depends solely on its outline, which is unusually good, and its diversity of parts, which are aptly united. Our view represents the lawn-front. The entrance-front and garden-front are equally pleasing, and, though perfectly distinct, still consistency as to style has been carefully observed. The interior possesses a very spacious drawing-room, dining-room, and library, fitted up in the most costly manner: the suite of rooms, as connected with each other on the ground-floor, including sitting-rooms and a billiard-room, form a perfect lounge for the man of taste; for here every article of virtu seems to have

been collected. The grounds possess great capabilities, and at present bear evident proof of what a twenty years' growth of the extensive plantations will produce. This mansion commands a fine view of Launceston, with its venerable castle towering above the town. The ground in this direction is delightfully broken, declining to the river Tamar, which winds in front of the house, where it unites with the Lyd in the most pleasing manner, forming the opening to a large valley, between which and Launceston a most extensive view of some of the bold hills in Cornwall is obtained. To the left, over against the house, and sweeping up from the Lyd, is a fine bold hill, partly covered with wood, which has lately become the property of Mr. Arundell: this, with the plantations in progress, will materially enhance the value of the whole. The stables are kept on a fine scale as to studs, and are very commodious: they are at a little distance from the house, and carefully planted out. The gardens are in the same direc-



tion, on the slope of the hill, and open to the south. The lodge on the great western road is a most pleasing little structure, and in perfect keeping with the mansion; a point not observed in all cases.

The manor of Lifton, which had been part of the royal demesne, was given by King John, in 1199, to Agatha, who had been nurse to the king's brother. After the death of Agatha and her husband, William de Gatteson, it was granted to Queen Isabel. We afterwards find the estate vested in the Chanceaux family, who surrendered it to the crown in the reign of Edward I. That monarch gave it to his son, Thomas de Woodstock, from whom it descended through the Hollands to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland; and having been purchased by John Harris, serjeant-at-law in the reign of Elizabeth, continued in his descendants until the death of Christopher Harris, Esq. in 1775. By his bequest it passed to the Arundells of Kynegie in Cornwall, and is now the property of W. A. H. Arundell, Esq. of Kynegie and Lifton.

The manor of Bradstone, in the hundred of Lifton and deanery of Tavistock, which formerly belonged to Earl Harold, and afterwards to the Norman kings, was bought of the Cloberry family in 1750 by Mr. Arundell's ancestors, and is now his property.

Broadwood Wiger manor, in the hundred of Lifton and deanery of Tavistock, belongs likewise to Mr.

Arundell. This manor at an early period belonged to the ancient family of Wiger; after them to the priory of Frithetstock. After the dissolution it was granted to Richard Plantagenet, a natural son of King Edward IV.

The manor of Cheriton-Fitzpaine, after having passed in the reign of Henry III. to the family of Stanton, and subsequently to the Fitzpaines, Austills, Kellies, and Harrises of Hayne and Hayes, became, and is now, the property of W. A. H. Arundell, Esq.

The manor of Stone, in the parish of Lifton, also belongs to Mr. Arundell; and the barton of Gatherleigh, by exchange with the Harrises of Hayne.

The manor of Stowford, in the hundred of Lifton, with the manor of Milford, had been long in the family of Harris until of late years, when it was exchanged by William Arundell Harris, Esq. of Lifton, for some estates in Lifton with the Harrises of Hayne. In the parish church of Stowford are several monuments to the Harris family: to Christopher Harris, who died in 1718, has his effigy in marble, habited as a Roman emperor; William Harris, Esq. of Kynegie, 1661; Christopher Harris, Esq. his son and heir, and heir-at-law of Sir Arthur Harris, Bart. 1687; William Harris, son and heir of Christopher, 1700; John Harris, Esq. Master of the Household to George II. and III. ob. 1767.

FAIR READER!

THE means which an author takes to excite or recall the attention of his readers are various; and all have such a turn of flattery and compliment, as, if they were not the most difficult people in the world to please,

would be sure to secure their favour. They are equivalent to the "you see"—"you know"—"you understand"—of conversation, those little parenthetical appeals to notice, which, if the listener be not deaf or stupid, or in love, which is worse than both, seldom pass unheeded, unless indeed the narrator be a most notorious *bore*. The case, however, is different when a man puts his thoughts or his tale into print: that which with the aid of a pleasing voice and a good accent passed current as very agreeable *talk*, makes a sorry figure when fixed by the printer in those formidable characters which can never be erased but by entire destruction. Nothing indeed is more general than to hear nonsensical conversation; but to find a man who will sit down and read a silly book without abusing it is a rarity in these days of intelligence: for empty words well spoken are tolerated just on the same principle as that by which we patronise poetry, which we should reject with scorn if it were not—(to reverse the order of the poet's thought)—"married to immortal" melody.

Yes, many and ingenious are the compliments which we of the pen find it convenient to throw in at well-chosen distances. Your writers in the higher walks of literature endeavour to tickle the scientific, the philosophic, the studious, with such hits as, "the learned reader is aware"—"the intelligent reader will remember"—and they will sometimes finish the corollary of their arguments with an occasional flourish in this style—"the inference must hence be apparent to every well-informed mind;" whilst those who are canvassing a disputed point, your pamphleteers

for instance, make incessant appeals to the candour of their readers. Now your story-teller, he who is guilty of romancing, having no facts to state, no reasons to deduce, and being obliged to build his airy castle with his own hands, unassisted and unsupported, finds himself in so desperate a condition, that he thinks it necessary to flatter the good-humour of his reader, in order to lead him on through three small octavos with as little *ennui* as possible: for woe to his book if the peruser, especially if he be a man of fashion, should faint by the way, shut it in a pet, and cry, "Don't buy it!" This class of persons are as froward and tetchy as spoiled children. The old novelists endeavoured to smooth their asperities with the somewhat formal address of "courteous reader;" but this is quite obsolete, as it deserves to be, on account of the sly ridicule it conveys, since all the world knows that courtesy is exercised no where so sparingly as towards those poor unpitied varlets called authors. "Gentle reader" remains in use: I wonder at it, since, in this age of universal knowledge and new universities, each person erects himself into a critic, and condemns perhaps in no very *gentle* terms in five minutes what it took the unfortunate scribbler as many months to write. There is, however, as in all our troubles, one little corner of consolation into which we may retreat from the wrath of reviewers, the sneers of criticism, and the listlessness of folly, and that is with the *fair* reader.

Fair reader! the epithet breathes of beauty and intelligence; and there are few women who will not be induced to proceed in a work of even moderate pretensions where such an

appeal is to be found; for *brunette* or *blonde*, old or young, a woman is still fair *par excellence*; and jealous as women are of the power and sway of the other sex, they are pleased to claim the privileges and proud to enjoy the immunities of their own.

Fair reader!—one loves to fancy bright eyes glancing over our pages; one delights to listen, even though it may be but in imagination, to commendations coming from “lips of roseate hue;” nay, one could forgive and promise better things if, infected with a dash of the *blue* fever, very prevalent just now, the fair reader should mercilessly condemn what we are writing as “vapid nonsense, al-

most unreadable.” However, we will be brief, for the town is gay, time precious, and if you had patience to peruse, we should have none to write a long story, now that Sontag and regattas and *fête-champêtres* divide your attention, and when no doubt you are meeting with so many real adventures of your own, that you begin to think, with Lord Byron, that

“———Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction.”

Under such circumstances all we could tell you would be “stale, flat, and unprofitable:” therefore, fair reader, till next month, adieu!

LONGBROOK-LODGE.

PALAUER BETWEEN GENERAL SAN MARTIN AND THE PEHUENCHE INDIANS ON THE BORDERS OF CHILE.

From “*Memoirs of General MILLER**,” nearly ready for publication.

GENERAL SAN MARTIN [in the service of the republic of Buenos Ayres] having been appointed governor of the province of Cuyo, laboured incessantly to raise an army there, being determined upon making the attempt to liberate Chile. When every preparation to march was nearly completed, the patriot general caused a conference to be held with the Indians of Pehuenche, for the ostensible object of soliciting leave to march unmolested through

their territories for the purpose of attacking the Spaniards. On the day before that fixed upon for the interview he caused to be sent to the fort of San Carlos, on the river Diamante, one hundred and twenty goat-skins of *aguardiente*, or grape-brandy, three hundred skins of wine, a great number of bridles, spurs, all the old embroidered or laced dresses that could with great diligence be collected in the province, hats, handkerchiefs of an ordinary kind, glass

* This work was announced in the Literary Intelligence in our last number, but want of room then prevented us from adding, that the spirited author, a native of Wingham, in Kent, after the conclusion of hostilities in Europe, entered, while yet very young, into the service of the republic of Buenos Ayres, and crossed the Andes with General San Martin at the commencement of the revolution in Chile and Peru, where he took a distinguished part in all the great actions fought, as well as in the general affairs of their struggle for independence. He served as an officer of marines with Lord Cochrane, and finally as a general, invested with a high command; so that he enjoyed opportunities of seeing much; and his work is thus rendered doubly interesting as a narrative of public events and private adventures. The annexed specimen, with which we have been favoured, will enable the reader to judge of the entertainment which may be expected from it.—EDITOR.

beads, dried fruits, &c. for presents—an indispensable preliminary to success in any Indian negotiation.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the — of September, 1816, the caciques approached the esplanade in front of the fort with all the pomp of savage life, each at the head of his warriors; their wives and children bringing up the rear. Polygamy being practised, the wives were very numerous. The men wore their hair unconfined and long; their bodies, naked from the waist upward, were painted with different colours. Their horses were also stained precisely in the same manner as when they go to war. In fact, it was the fighting costume of man and horse. Each cacique was preceded by a small party of patriot cavalry, sent by the general for the purpose of keeping up an irregular fire of blank cartridges from their pistols as the tribe advanced. This mode of ushering the Indians to the presence of Christians is a compliment with which they never dispense. As the tribes arrived on the esplanade, the women and children filed off, and took their station on one side, without dismounting from their horses. When all the tribes had arrived, the warriors of one tribe commenced a sham fight, during which they kept the horses at full speed, or made them turn on their hind legs, curvet and caper and prance about in a most extraordinary manner. During the exhibition a gun was fired every six minutes from the fort. The Indians answered the salute by slapping their mouths and making the most frightful noises in token of satisfaction. This sort of tournament lasted for about a quarter of an hour for one tribe, which retired toward the spot

occupied by the women, and remained on horseback, spectators of the performance of the other tribes, which exhibited in turn. These martial exercises lasted till noon; and General San Martin's escort of a troop of cavalry and two hundred militia remained formed on the parade during the whole time.

The prelude to business being over, the palaver commenced in the *place-d'armes*, where the governor of the fort had provided a table covered with the cloth of the chapel pulpit and benches for the caciques and war-captains, who were the only persons admitted to conference with the general. The Indians outside remained formed and mounted, keeping themselves on the alert until the result should be made known.

On arriving at the *place-d'armes*, the chiefs took their seats according to seniority, the caciques first and then the war-captains. General San Martin, the governor of the fort, and the interpreter placed themselves on a bench at the head of the table. The general, as a matter of courtesy, proposed a friendly glass previous to proceeding to business; but all declined, assigning as a reason, that, if they drank, their heads could not be firm to give proper consideration to the matter they had assembled to discuss. The interpreter, Father Julian, a Franciscan friar, an Araucanian by birth, and brought up by a creole family from the age of ten, then commenced an harangue. He reminded them of the good understanding which had subsisted between the Pehuenche Indians and the general in chief, who relied with confidence upon a continuation of the harmony so happily established, and who had convened them in solemn

palaver, to compliment them with drink-offerings and gifts, and to request that the patriot army might be permitted to pass through the Pehuenche territory, in order to attack the Spaniards, who were strangers in the land, and whose views and intentions were to dispossess them of their pastures, rob them of their cattle, and carry off their wives and children.

A dead silence followed: those painted savages, wrapped up in profound meditation for a quarter of an hour, presented a picture truly striking. At length the senior cacique, named Ninconyancu, broke silence. He was nearly eighty years of age; his hair was snow-white, and his appearance venerable in the extreme. Directing his discourse to his brother chiefs, he calmly asked if they were of opinion that the proposals made by the Christians ought or ought not to be accepted. The debate which followed was carried on in a manner exceedingly interesting. Each chief in his proper turn declared his sentiments with the utmost tranquillity, and without the slightest interruption or sign of impatience from the rest. Having agreed upon the answer proper to be given, Ninconyancu addressed himself to the general, and informed him that the Pehuenches, with the exception of three caciques, whom the rest knew how to restrain, accepted his proposals. All then rose from their seats, except the three caciques who did not concur in opinion with the majority, and in testimony of their sincerity embraced the general. Without losing a moment of time, the cacique Mellyegan stepped out, and communicated to the Indians on the esplanade, that the proposals of the

Christians were such as could be accepted. They instantly unsaddled, and delivered their horses to the militia to turn them out to feed. They next proceeded to deposit their lances, hatchets, and knives (the arms of the Pehuenches) in a barrack-room, not to be returned till after the conclusion of the revels which invariably follow a palaver.

The voluntary surrender of their arms into the hands of their natural enemies is an extraordinary trait in the Indian character. The motive is to avoid bloodshed among themselves during the dreadful intoxication which forms an essential part of the ceremony of every palaver. The blind confidence with which they disarm themselves shews the elevated notions they entertain of the sacred rites of hospitality, and a consciousness of the necessity of rendering themselves comparatively harmless during the maddening influence of excessive drinking. The solicitude of the women to remove weapons at such times is highly interesting.

Having lodged their arms in the fort, they proceeded to the corral or cattle-pen, where some mares had been shut up for slaughter. They trip up the animal by means of the *lasso*; tie its feet together, as butchers in England do those of sheep; and then open a vein in the neck, whence they sometimes suck the blood, in which operation the women and children take the precedence. The carcase is cut up and roasted, which is done very quickly. The skins are carefully preserved and formed into reservoirs in the following manner: An excavation, two feet deep and four or five in circumference, is made in the ground; the

fresh skin is then placed with the hair undermost in the concavity and fastened round the brim by wooden pegs. Into this skin-lined cistern wine and brandy are indiscriminately poured. Sixteen or eighteen men squat themselves round these wells, the number of which are of course in proportion to the number of people. The women did not commence their carousings, which were held apart, until sunset, when they seated themselves around similar reservoirs filled with the same mixture. From motives of delicacy, which cannot but be admired, four or five females of each tribe abstained from drink altogether, in order to take care of their companions when reason had taken its flight.

The scene which next presented itself was singularly novel. Two thousand persons (reckoning women and children, and servants or attendants,) were seated in circles upon the esplanade. One of the first subjects of conversation was their own feats or the deeds of their ancestors. Some were affected to weeping in relating family history. As soon as the liquor exercised its influence, all talked together, and shouted and yelled with deafening din. Quarrels ensued as a matter of course, and many fought, when, in the absence of weapons, they bit and kicked each other, and tore out hair by handfuls. The uproar among the men, the vociferation, the laughing, and the shrieks of the women, and the squalling of infant children, formed altogether a combination of discords that must be left for the imagination to conceive. Small parties of the patriot militia placed on duty for that purpose were kept in full employ separating combatants. Towards mid-

night the revels subsided into the silence of the grave. Men and women were stretched upon the ground as if in a lethargy or in the arms of death, except a very few, who still retained the power to crawl or roll a few paces; but the greater part were perfectly motionless. The horrid carousal was kept up in the same style for three successive days, that is, until the last drop of liquor was exhausted. In consequence of the precautions of General San Martin, the casualties were unusually few. Only two men and one woman were killed in the course of the *entertainment*; a very trifling loss of life, when it is considered that for such occasions it is the custom to treasure up the memory of old quarrels and endeavour to take ample vengeance. In negotiations with Indians it is impossible to avoid contributing to excesses, because a stinted supply of liquor is construed into an insult never to be forgiven.

A day was set apart for the exchange of gifts. Each cacique presented the general with a *poncho*, the manufacture of his wives. The poncho is an upper garment in universal use among the men of all ranks throughout South America. It is an oblong piece of woollen or cotton; a sort of scarf, with a slit in the centre, through which the head passes, and the drapery falls from the shoulders behind and before near to the ancle, and on each side to the elbow, leaving the arms at perfect liberty. A short poncho, which reaches below the waist, is equally common, and is usually worn in doors. Some of the ponchos accepted by the general were not destitute of merit, particularly in the liveliness of the pattern and the permanence of the

colours. What the Indians appeared to prize most highly of the gifts they received were the hats and the embroidered or laced dresses, which were put on and worn the instant these articles came into their possession.

The distribution was made on the

fourth day, and rendered it the most fatiguing of the whole period. Those who know the unscrupulous and harassing importunity of the Indian character can alone form an idea of the manner in which the general was besieged, without the respite of a moment.

MARGARET DRUMMOND.

By Mrs. BEATRICE GRANT.

(Concluded from p 13.)

ON the sixth morning after his departure the knight again appeared at the Kier; a pilgrim's cassock and cap disguised his splendid apparel. Margaret Drummond elaborately tried to explain away the joyful emotion which his sudden return created: she ascribed her agitation to the prospect of good accounts from her uncle; but in this attempt frequent inconsistencies covered her face and delicately fair neck and bust with crimson blushes. The knight gave free indulgence to his ecstatic delight in her presence, which heightened her embarrassment; and she found that illimitable sensibility, though excited by the softest, purest passion, is akin to pain. Lady Macfarlane, engrossed by hearing that her son remained at Cambuskenneth, because he had wrenched his ankle, left the young people to entertain each other, till the knight asked her opinion of a proposal which King James commanded him to submit to her. A special messenger had been dispatched, claiming from Henry of England the person of Marcus Drummond, a native subject of Scotland, confined in the Tower of London; and parchments were in preparation, restoring the

Innerpeffray and Macfarlane estates, which, when ready, would authorize the ejection of the intruders. Till they should be ready, the king recommended privacy to the ladies; and sympathizing in the anxiety which Father Conrad's disaster must give them, he offered the castle of Alwyn for their residence. It was so near Cambuskenneth as to admit of removing the patient to be under the care of his mother. "And now, ladies, I have to entreat your good leave for myself and Bon-ami to watch in the hall to-night, that when the moon rises I may transport your property out of sight of this place, since the abbot of Cambuskenneth prohibits any approach of the litter-bearers and carriers."

"Our property here is more in value than bulk," said Lady Macfarlane; "the heavy luggage has been deposited at Cambuskenneth."

Before daybreak the ladies and their effects were resting in a verdant hollow, a quarter of a mile from the Kier, which trees, the growth of ages, screened from view. The knight, with his visor closed, saw the baggage fixed on pack-saddles, and handed the ladies to their litter, which he accompanied to Alwyn

castle. On horseback he explored the road with Bon-ami, and the second night he hailed their safe arrival at the king's hunting-quarters. He dismissed the litter-bearers and carriers with a liberal donation from the ladies, and hurriedly partaking of refreshments from the ample stores of the castle, he left the Lady Macfarlane and Margaret Drummond to repose after their long journey. He often visited them. With early morn he came to the castle-gates, and staid till night.

Father Conrad had been conveyed to Alwyn, and though slowly recovering the use of his limb, his health had not suffered. He endeavoured to learn the title of their knightly friend; and as he seemed to understand no hint of inquiry, Father Conrad begged to know by what name he and the ladies should designate their benefactor. He said his familiars called him "light-hearted Jamie Stuart;" and on occasions of state he was accosted as Duke of Albany, Earl of Mar, and Duke of Rothsay, since, being heir-apparent to the crown, those dignities centred in his person; but to the Lady Macfarlane, the Lady Margaret Drummond, and Father Conrad, he wished to be simply James Stuart. Soon after he delivered parchments, signed and sealed, restoring to the rightful proprietors the estates of Macfarlane and Innerpeffray. The Lady Macfarlane and her son were loud and profuse in thanks to the knight. Margaret, in a few emphatic sentences, spoke her gratitude to the king and to his kinsman; but unutterable feelings, in a half-averted glance, assured James Stuart that his services were not underrated by the sister of Marcus Drummond. He

had not explicitly declared to her his love: yet both seemed conscious that they were more to each other than to all the world besides; and from this period the knight availed himself of every opportunity to plead for a return to his unbounded affection. Margaret reminded him that the heir-apparent to the throne could form no engagement without obtaining the king's approbation. With that sanction he was furnished, and immediately put into her hand a paper with King James's sign manual, allowing James Stuart to espouse Margaret Drummond at any convenient time, taking due precautions to make their union secret. Margaret objected to mystery, but required a week for deliberation.

During that space the knight visited her repeatedly; he became daily more essential to her happiness, though, with the increasing hold on her affections, he could not banish from her mind a strong repugnance to a private marriage. Still he implored her to take pity on his peculiar situation, and a time should come when, in the face of the world, he would proudly avow her right to share and adorn all his honours. Her aunt approved, and her uncle promised to officiate in giving the sacred ordinance implying a nuptial benediction. Margaret could not be reconciled to become a matron, and yet to appear as a girl. The week she had asked to fix her fate verged to a close. The knight came to the portal of Alwyn castle by the dawn. Margaret expected his impatient attendance, and waited in the hall to receive him, with all the lamp-cressets burning. He claimed her as his bride; but she recoiled from his arms, and in low accents said, "My

religious principles and every feminine delicacy revolt against mystery." The knight with flashing eyes protested that her fastidious scruples were cruel as unreasonable; and assuming more keen expostulation, he enumerated all the important sanctions to their concealed union, which he had secured from the king and from her nearest relations.

"But," said Margaret, "you have assigned no satisfactory reasons for the concealment required from me; and if there are sufficient reasons, I claim a right to know them; and since the king permits my alliance, why must I enter into it as if committing a guilty deed?" She was interrupted by the abbot of Cambuskenneth, who came to ask for Father Conrad; and he accosted the knight as King James.

For a moment Margaret Drummond stood petrified with conflicting emotions of surprise and anguish. The king could not disclaim the dignity applied to him by the abbot; but it was evident he felt himself in a disagreeable predicament. Margaret had dropped her white veil as soon as the abbot appeared, and presently retired to her own bower. The mystery was now elucidated: but how? An impassable gulf of horrors separated her for ever from James Stuart. Prostrate before an image of the Virgin, she prayed for grace to perform her arduous duties to king and country. A message from James Stuart, requesting her return to the hall, broke in upon her devotions. She took off the white veil, and shrouded her face and person in the black drapery she had worn when she first questioned the pilgrim in the vault of the Kier. Thus enveloped, and bearing an

ebony crucifix in her right hand, she obeyed the call of her sovereign.

The alteration in her exterior sent, as he said, "an ice-bolt to his heart. He had wished to deceive her only for their mutual happiness, and he could prove that he had not been remiss in efforts to create her publicly the jewel most precious in his diadem." He took from his pouch a parcel of documents, consisting of his earnest representations to his parliament, setting forth the transcendent excellences of Margaret Drummond, her high descent, and her French property nearly equivalent to the crown lands of Scotland. This preamble introduced King James's declared intention of forthwith espousing the Lady Margaret Drummond, a French countess, and by her Scottish sovereign created a baroness. The barons assembled in parliament replied by the most pointed and determined resolutions against any alliance for their sovereign except with the Princess Margaret, daughter to Henry VII. of England.

Margaret Drummond falling on her knees before the cross, which she held up in her hand, pronounced an irrevocable vow of the strictest celibacy. James, struck with awe by the solemnity and pathos of her self-devoting language, could not interrupt her. His amazement soon gave place to a vehement gust of wrath, that deprived him of utterance. When he regained the faculty of speech, he thundered out—"Hard-hearted Margaret Drummond! you have excruciated the soul, you have done barbarous wrong to the fondest of lovers." Margaret rose from the attitude of devotion with all the mock majesty of blame-

less virtue, saying, "Margaret of Innerpeffray has humbly endeavoured to fulfill her duty to her king and country; and before she withdraws for ever from the royal presence, she reverentially craves a boon from her sovereign lord, King James."

The generous nature of King James overcame the pang of disappointment to his dearest wishes, and his sense of justice told him, that he had been the injurer. His anger softened to esteem and admiration, and he replied:

"By the most holy cross of St. Andrew, and by all the blessed angels and saints, James Stuart swears that the boon desired by Margaret Drummond shall be granted in the fullest extent. To her James hath unjustly imputed having committed wrong. The charge was dictated by frantic passion. Margaret hath not done but suffered wrong, and so far as possible the wrong shall be atoned. To thee, fair excellence, James Stuart sues for pardon."

"Since my sovereign deigns to regret that perplexing cares have recently disturbed my peace, I forgive the cause, as I hope to be forgiven by the supreme judge of the earth. King James of Scotland hath also vouchsafed to pledge his royal word, and confirmed by the most sacred oath a boon granted to Margaret Drummond; and this is the prayer of her petition, that the king and father of Scotland will avert a contest with the turbulent barons of his realm, and take the only effectual measure to cement a lasting peace with England. The dearest blood of Scotland hath been often spilled in civil strife, and in repelling the arms of her powerful neighbour; but the union of her king, James IV.

with Margaret, the daughter of King Henry VII. of England, will pour a healing balsam upon her former wounds, and prevent future hostilities with her rival neighbour."

Margaret, kneeling before the king, continued:

"This propitious alliance is the boon which her sovereign hath most solemnly engaged to grant to Margaret Drummond."

James gazed at her in wild agitation, and writhing under extreme agony of soul, he extended his hands to raise her. She stood erect without his help, and was retiring, when he spoke in accents of despair that pierced her inmost feelings.

"Margaret Drummond, hear James Stuart, if you would not drive the most faithful of lovers to distraction!"

Margaret returned from the door, which she had nearly gained. With his head bent under a load of grief and his arms folded, he said:

"The oath of James Stuart is past, but no time specified for its fulfilment. Ominous was the introduction to Margaret Drummond. From the grave of a murdered father the penitent wandered to the Kier of the forest, and there forgot all but the enchantment of disastrous love. May saints and angels infuse peace into thy bosom!"

Having thus spoken, the king rushed out, and took horse for Stirling. Margaret remained like a statue, lifeless, incapable of motion, and unconscious of her existence. The Lady Macfarlane, anxious to know how the affair should terminate, found her niece in a state that prepared her for some dire intelligence. Margaret collected her thoughts to satisfy the inquiries of

her aunt, who harshly blamed her excess of refinement. Father Conrad was vexed that his relative had refused beyond recall the queenly rights, which, though unavowed in public, must have ensured preferences and influence for all in whom she was interested. But another ambitious project consoled the priest, and he saw that it must be his best policy to mollify the haughty resentment of his mother.

As soon as his strained limb would allow him to attend the court, he obtained a private audience of the king, and representing the injured health and increasing melancholy of the Lady Margaret Drummond, he begged permission to remove with her to the Continent. It was his intention to seek for her a release from her rash vow, which might be dispensed by the abbot of Cambuskenneth previous to their departure; and for himself, duty called him to resign the clerical cowl for the sword of a chieftain. He had been no more than a secular priest, and the ghostly fathers would make no difficulty in divesting him of privileges inconsistent with the part he ought to act as a chief, if the king would be pleased to signify his approbation.

James readily gave him a mandate of jurisdiction as chief of the clan Macfarlane, with full liberty to resume all temporalities; and then, as if he had paved the way to a concern of deeper interest, the royal lover eagerly demanded if Margaret desired to be absolved from her vow. Conrad replied that he had talked to her on the subject, and she desired one month to consider of it. So far he spoke truly; but he did not tell how she shuddered and changed colour

at the sacrilegious suggestion. She indeed asked a month to ponder upon it, and in that time she hoped her brother's protection would deliver her from the persecuting remonstrances of Lady Macfarlane. Marcus Drummond came, and proved to be all his sister hoped in worth and fraternal affection. Finding her unchangeably resolved upon dedicating her life to religion, and having discovered that Lady Macfarlane projected a marriage for her with Conrad, the chieftain, whose profligate misconduct he held in abhorrence, Marcus sought north and south for a convent in some remote unobtrusive situation.'

While he was engaged in this inquiry, the king sent the abbot of Cambuskenneth to combat Margaret's scruples, and to annul her rash vow. If she consented to have it absolved, he had authority from James to promise that he would free himself from his unadvised oath, and immediately meet her at Cambuskenneth, to receive together the sacrament of marriage from the abbot. The church dignitary urged every inducement to bend her to the royal will: however, she resisted those temptations, and by irrefragable arguments convinced the abbot, that, as a minister of Christianity and a patriot, he should exhort the king to keep his oath inviolate. A sanguinary strife with the barons of his parliament and a war with England could be avoided only by sharing his throne with the daughter of Henry VII.

The abbot, who came to entice Margaret from the direct path of her duty, left her enlightened and steadied in the performance of his own, Marcus Drummond asked his sister

to arrange his domestic matters at Innerpeffray. The Lady Macfarlane was busied in the same way for her son at Macfarlane castle. Margaret rested two days in the mansion of her fathers, and thence was conducted by her brother, through unfrequented roads, to a secluded, small, but select sisterhood of pious nuns among the Cockraw hills, in Roxburghshire. In the congenial society of ladies well born and educated in all the elegant attainments of the period, the serenity of heartfelt religion and pure practical virtues richly compensated for the sacrifices she made to patriotism.

The best benefactress of her country, her services were unknown; but she had not acted for ostentatious fame; Margaret Drummond was a patriot from conscientious self-devotion, and she had her reward in the approbation of her own heart and the hope of an eternity of bliss. Her brother came twice a year to pay her a pension from her estates in France, which she made over to him. The first time he came, he told her that King James had emissaries in search of her through Scotland, England, and France. Conrad Macfarlane was of the number; and Marcus explained to her that he was not her uncle, but a cousin once removed. The Lady Macfarlane had passed him in France as uncle to the heiress of the Mont d'Argent estates, to secure for him the management of that valuable signiory.

The second year, when Marcus Drummond imparted his news, Margaret perceived that she had secured individual tranquillity by refusing to become the unacknowledged wife

of her sovereign. The gaieties of a court and the blandishments of less rigid beauties had banished her from his recollection, unless some of her relations asked a favour, which he seemed pleased to bestow, in evidence of his unabated esteem. He still respected her character; but he would have ceased to love her, and perhaps she would have been considered as a clog upon his pleasures. She was happier as a professed nun, than to have been the unavowed, neglected spouse of a king: yet she still entertained for him affection, exalted by piety to a sentiment unalloyed by earthly passion. The third year Margaret heard from her brother that King James had fulfilled his vow. The princess of England was queen of Scotland. "May the truest felicity be their portion in this world and in the world of spirits!" said the devout nun; "may they live long to ensure peace and prosperity to Scotland!"

Tears of loyal and patriotic sorrow overflowed her cheeks, when, in the course of eight years, she had information that war with England was apprehended; and that Conrad Macfarlane, who had acquired great influence with King James, had brought from France a letter for his sovereign, and a sum of money from the queen of Louis XII.

Before the completion of twelve months more, the alarm spread by a declaration of war between England and Scotland penetrated even to sequestered glens among the Cockraw hills. Marcus Drummond sent a trusty servant with his sister's pension and a letter, telling her that his experience in military evolutions had obtained for him the command of a division of the army, and till peace

was restored, he must be at his post.

King James led his troops into Northumberland, and took the castle of Ford. The Lady Ford and her daughter were made prisoners; and fatal was the hour that subjected a too susceptible king to the infatuating beauty of the young lady. She wiled from him all his plans for the campaign, and her mother transmitted every particular to the Earl of Surrey. It was not until he was called upon to take the command at Flodden-Field, that Lady Macfarlane's portentous warning recurred to his memory too late—to "beware the Ford!" A presentiment of evil hung upon his spirit: yet he manfully exerted all the martial capacity and valour of a king and general. Two divisions of his army were routed. The third was under his own command; and being his last stake for victory, he drew up the men in a circle, so that at all points they fronted the enemy; and James fought in the middle of this ring, enacting the part of a soldier and a commander. He flew from place to place where succour appeared most needful, till, pierced by an arrow, he fell and expired. His men fought round his body, and darkness alone separated the combatants.

Before the ensuing day broke from clouds of deep night, several priests came to the field of battle to give extreme unction to the dying. They had been preceded by a tall female, attired and veiled in sables. She had gone over a great part of the ensanguined heath, attended by two venerable priests, who stooped to examine many a stiffened corpse:

one of these aged fathers of the church said aloud, "This must be the sacred person of King James; an iron-spiked chain encircles the waist." The female kneeled in prayer for the departed soul of her sovereign. Some English marauders heard the exclamation, which announced that his body had been discovered beneath heaps of slain. They ran to secure the ransom which his people would readily pay for the remains of their king. The female clung to the body as with the grasp of death. The venerable attendants called to their brethren; they endeavoured to retain the corpse—a violent struggle ensued—a blow intended for a male adversary fell upon the head of the nun. "Englishman, I thank thee," said she: "thou hast liberated Margaret Drummond from mortal ties, and she expires at the feet of James of Scotland. Jesu Maria, pardon and bless the hand that, free from malice, gave the accidental stroke!" These were the last words of Margaret Drummond.

Her brother was severely wounded; but he recovered, and became the ancestors of the Drummonds of Perth. In a history of the Drummonds, the beauty of Margaret of Innerpeffray, and King James IV. having proposed to his parliament to make her his queen, have a permanent record. Tradition has supplied the rest of her character; and the most authentic histories relate the facts we have given concerning the death of James III. the penitence of James IV. and his valorous though unfortunate combat on Flodden-Field.

"YOURS FAITHFULLY."

THIS is a very common mode of subscription, so common that, like "your most obedient servant," it means just nothing at all. It is used alike by the faithless lover and the faithless friend; and I was lately not a little amused to see it attached to a note from my lawyer, inclosed in a very long bill, of so great a length indeed, that I question whether a long life will enable me to pay it. Struck with the discrepancy between the act and expressed intentions of my kind friend, I began to muse on the general inconsistency which prevails as regards men's professions and their deeds; it is so glaring as to render it almost safe to lay it down as a rule, that a man's feelings are directly the reverse of what he declares them to be. The physician enters your room with a "very sorry to see you so ill;" while he is in fact very happy to have an opportunity of exercising his skill both on your purse and constitution. Congratulations on events of doubtful promise are generally more numerous and hearty, than on more auspicious occasions; because of all the people who "wish you joy" three-fourths at least care nothing about the matter; and the other fourth may be divided into sincere friends and determined enemies, the latter of whom have their own private reasons for wishing you *evil*. Visits of condolence are in reality mere visits of curiosity, just a "pry" peep to see how adversity or affliction is borne. We are indeed, as Rochefoucault has before declared, a set of very selfish beings; and if it were not for the rules of courtesy and the "laws of polished society," the earthly would so far prevail over the celestial por-

tion of our nature, as to degrade us to the level of the "beasts that perish."

But this truth obtains no belief in the early period of life; there is an immortality that "stirs within us," and that rises against any idea of an end or termination either to our joys or sorrows. In youth, "yours ever," and "yours ever faithfully," flow from our pens with all the ardour and recklessness of young love and warm friendship; we fancy our attachments are to outlive time, and make vows of everlasting affection and inviolable constancy, which are so often only written and spoken to be "exhaled" and forgotten. It remains for those advanced in years to see the uncertainty of a fulfilment of such promises, while every fresh discovery of falsehood will shew a wise man the value of a proved friend, and will make him doubly prize the blessings of unchanged affection.

Welcome then those little agreeable deceptions by which society is held together, and by which we are made to believe ourselves surrounded by at least as many friends again as we possess: adversity, when it comes, will try them, rid us of the false many, and attach more closely the true and chosen few, who will remain ours under all circumstances through the present existence, and are such as we may hope to meet happily in that which is to come. Being once in possession of such treasures, we should be cautious of damping by coldness, or losing by neglect, the love of those who have shewn through life, that in subscribing themselves "yours faithfully," they meant something more than my lawyer.

THE EVIL EYE.

IN Dalmatia, and indeed throughout all the East, it is universally believed, that there are persons who possess the power of setting a spell upon others by their looks. According to this popular superstition, the influence which the evil eye is capable of exercising is very great. The individual on whom it operates swoons, falls sick, and dies in a few days of a rapid decline. The traveller, to whom we were indebted for the illustrations of the notions entertained by the inhabitants of the same countries respecting vampires, inserted in our last number, informs us that he witnessed in Dalmatia two instances of victims to the evil eye, or rather to the deep-rooted superstition which upholds the belief in it.

In the vale of Knin a young female was accosted by a peasant who inquired the way: no sooner did she fix her eyes upon him than she gave a loud shriek, and sank insensible to the ground. The stranger betook himself to flight. I happened [to use the words of the traveller] to be near the spot, and at first conceived that he had murdered the girl: I therefore ran up as fast as I could with my guide. She, however, soon came to herself, and told us that the man who had accosted her had an evil eye, and had cast a spell upon her. She begged us to accompany her to a priest, who made her kiss various relics, and hung round her neck a paper, inscribed with some strange words, and enveloped in silk. The girl got better, and in two days she was quite recovered.

On another occasion, in the vil-
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lage of Poghoschiaray, I saw a young man of twenty-five suddenly turn pale and fall to the ground, out of fear of a very aged heyduck who looked at him. I was told that he was under the influence of the evil eye; but that the heyduck was not at all to blame for this, as he had naturally an evil eye, and was himself extremely mortified at his possessing this dangerous power. I wished to make an experiment of its influence on my own person. I therefore accosted the heyduck, and begged him to look at me awhile; but he refused, and seemed so disconcerted at my request, that I found myself necessitated to desist. The appearance of this man was terrific, and his eyes were very large and prominent. He generally cast them down; but when without thinking he fixed them upon any one, it was impossible for him—I was told—to divert them till his victim had fallen. Old women told me of persons who had two apples to each eye, and these are considered as the most pernicious.

Various means are employed for counteracting the effects of the evil eye; but scarcely any of these can afford protection against them. For this purpose some wear about them the horns of animals, and others corals, which they hold towards every person whom they suspect of having an evil eye. Sometimes the discharge of a pistol in the air destroys the fatal charm; but the Morlachians are said to employ a still more certain method, and to point the pistol at the person of the supposed enchanter.

Another very general notion
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throughout all the East is, that a spell may be laid by praising any person or thing. It is not every one who possesses this dangerous quality, nor is it always voluntarily exercised. It is scarcely possible that any one can have travelled in Dalmatia or Bosnia without having found himself in a similar predicament with myself. In a village, namely, I saw a pretty little child playing before a house in the grass. I caressed it and praised it to the mother, who was close by. She seemed, however, to be but little flattered by commendations, and earnestly solicited me to spit upon the child's forehead. I

knew not at the time that this is the way to counteract a spell that has been imposed, and therefore, surprised at such a desire, stedfastly refused to comply. The mother thereupon called her husband to enforce compliance with a loaded pistol, when my guide, a young heyduck, said to me, "I have always found you kind and obliging; why then will you not dissolve the charm which I am sure you have laid unintentionally upon the child?" This remonstrance opened my eyes; I now perceived the cause of the mother's importunity, and immediately fulfilled her desire.

THE SHEPHERD OF EICHENBERG.

THERE is an ancient princely family in Germany, but the nature of the following story forbids the mention of its real name. We shall call its original place of residence Eichenberg, and suppose the family in question to have been named after it.

Eichenberg was situated in a delightful country, to which Nature had been profuse of her riches and her charms. From a considerable eminence, on which the castle was seated, the eye overlooked on three sides a vast plain, which was spread out like a map at its feet. Pretty villages, cultivated fields, oak-woods a thousand years old, rivers winding along in tranquil beauty, luxuriant meadows enamelled with flowers, herds of well-fed cattle—such were the scenes that here presented themselves. On one side only the prospect was bounded by a range of hills, which exhibited the most diversified groups of rocks and wood-crowned knolls in romantic confusion; among which the massive ruins

of remote antiquity arrested the eye of the spectator, especially in the evening, when the sun was sinking to rest behind them, and the lofty peaks threw their giant shadows over the plain.

Prince Sigismund's hair had grown gray with honour. Genuine, though perhaps not the most enlightened, piety warmed his bosom: the welfare of his subjects was his chief concern, which cost him many a sleepless night, especially when the incursions of enemies destroyed in a few hours the results of the industry of years. They all loved and honoured him as their father. He had reigned forty years, and during that long period he was not conscious of a single action that would have been unworthy of a genuine father of his people. In his own household he had always maintained strict order and discipline. Temperance reigned at his entertainments, for he would no more suffer excesses at his own board than join in them at the tables

of others. All about him were obliged to preserve an unimpeachable character; for every offence against good morals he severely punished, not only in his own household, but in any of his subjects, as soon as it came to his knowledge; and such was his constant vigilance, that very little escaped him. His word was always sacred; nothing could induce him to break it, or to shrink in the least from its fulfilment, even when the performance of a promise hastily given put him perhaps to the greatest inconvenience. Rigid as he was in this respect towards himself, so strict was he also towards others. Nothing was more odious to him than breach of trust: this he could scarcely pardon when committed against himself, but when it compromised the public welfare never. In such cases Sigismund punished severely and without respect of persons.

No man, however, is free from defects, and Sigismund had his, and particularly one, which is liable to prove pernicious to a prince. He was apt to bestow his confidence too readily; but as evil is sometimes destined to produce good, so this fault only served to strengthen the virtue which has just been mentioned: for the greater the favour he had bestowed on any individual, the more painful it was to him to find himself deceived, and the more rigorous was the chastisement which he awarded to the culprit.

But notwithstanding all his merits as a sovereign, notwithstanding his piety and all the virtues which adorned his private life, his gray head was bowed down with sorrow, and his soul was overwhelmed with the blackest melancholy. The pleasure which he had once felt in conferring

benefits on his subjects, the enjoyments of social intercourse, and the charms of music, in which he had formerly delighted, in short, all the joys of life had lost their relish. Absorbed in reverie, he would sit alone in his solitary apartments, when not roused by unavoidable business, with his eyes fixed on the floor. At such times no one durst approach him, nor could the representations of his best friends infuse comfort into his wounded spirit. In vain his confessor had recourse to the consolations of religion, which had till then always had due weight with him; and rarely did the soothing tear mitigate the anguish of his agonized bosom. But it was not long that the venerable prince could bear up under this overwhelming burden, which even the vigour of youth would have been unequal to support. He sank beneath it, and his spirit passed to a better world, to receive the crown which he had deserved, and to recover that peace which could no longer be his portion in this.

Several years before Sigismund became the victim of this affliction, a lad named Ludewig was one day sitting on a flowery hill, counting aloud his sheep, which were grazing around him, and calling his favourites by the names which he had given to them. The sheep belonged to his father, who was a farmer in easy circumstances.

All at once he heard a voice near him say, "The wolf runs away with counted sheep." He turned round and saw behind him a smart-looking huntsman: how or whence he had come thither he knew not. Ludewig sprang up, bade him kindly welcome, and laughed, justly as he thought, at the saying which the stranger had

repeated; for he had often before counted his sheep, and the wolf had never taken any of them.

"Look yonder!" rejoined the huntsman, running down the hill. Sure enough there was a prodigious wolf which had darted from the adjacent wood, seized one of the sheep, and was bounding away with his victim. Ludewig, though not a little terrified, pursued the marauder. With the aid of the well-armed huntsman he hoped to vanquish the rapacious beast without difficulty, or at least to force him to surrender his prey. Both ran after him as fast as they could: the wolf reached the wood; still they continued the pursuit, till at length, in the thickest part of it, they lost all traces of him, and were obliged to desist.

Ludewig set out on his return, sorrowful and alone; for in the heat of the pursuit he had lost sight of the huntsman also, and he called him, but to no purpose. Having lost his way in the wood, it was a considerable time before he arrived at the spot where he had left his flock, which, to his amazement and vexation, was no where to be seen. He climbed a tree and explored the country on all sides, but no sheep could he discover: he sent out his dogs in quest of them, but the animals returned whining and howling. A chill of horror came over him. "The wolf runs away with counted sheep," seemed to resound in his ears, and the figure of the huntsman haunted his imagination like a spectre. He roved half-distracted all over the country, with which he was besides unacquainted, for it was the first time that he had taken his flock to that spot—till at length he unconsciously came back, exhausted and

breathless, to the hill where the huntsman had found him. The ground about it was stained with blood: to a certainty a whole troop of ravenous wolves must have been there, and torn in pieces and devoured the woolly favourites committed to his care. The shock was too violent; unable to support himself, he sank to the ground.

Ludewig had been piously brought up by his father, who had been excited and guided by the example and principles of the excellent prince. His heart was innocent and pure, and full of filial affection for his parent. But at the same time he feared him: for his father was strict, nay, even more than severe with his children when they had done amiss. Both these feelings had aggravated the horror which seized the soul of the youth, who was as yet a stranger to misfortune. He pictured to himself the vexation of his father at so considerable a loss, and his anger with him, to whose negligence he would not fail to attribute the misfortune. Conscience, too, rebuked him for having quitted his flock, though with a good intention, and thus afforded an opportunity for its destruction. How was he to convince his enraged father of his innocence? how justify himself in his own eyes?

When, after a considerable time he had come to himself, and all these ideas arose distinctly in his mind, in all the anguish of despair he strove to devise some means of soothing the father whom he at once loved and feared, but to no purpose; no where could he find consolation, no where could he perceive a solitary ray of hope. At length the thought darted athwart his mind, to go be-

yond the hills into distant countries, and there pass his wretched days in concealment, till death should take pity on him and put an end to his misery.

He was slowly rising to bid adieu to his native land, and to cast a last look in the direction in which his father's house lay, when he perceived something glistening in the grass on the spot where the huntsman had stood. It was a small silver box of an oblong square form. He picked it up, and examined it on all sides, curious to know what it might contain: but it was firmly closed, and so artfully was it constructed, that he could not discover the way to open it. He was tempted to use force; but was deterred from that mode of proceeding by the reflection, that the huntsman, who would no doubt miss and come back to demand his box, might probably put a bad construction on his conduct; when, lo! as he was turning it about in his hands, all at once the lid flew open!

The box was empty; but on the inner surface of the lid there was a charming portrait of a most lovely female. The sight of this picture produced an extraordinary effect on Ludewig. He surveyed it with such delight, and was so absorbed in the contemplation of the miniature, that he entirely forgot his misfortune and his intention of bidding adieu to his home and country.

Ludewig had, as we have already intimated, been brought up in the strict observance of every moral and religious duty: he possessed at the same time a noble and energetic mind, warm feelings, and an ardent imagination. He had not the least notion of what was passing within him, and still less did it occur to him

to reflect upon the subject; but he resigned himself involuntarily to the almighty influence of his new sensations.

With his eyes stedfastly fixed on the portrait, he sank upon the flowery carpet beneath his feet, and at length, as if waking from a dream, perceived to his astonishment that it was growing dusk. This consideration threw him back into the real world, which had become for him a world of sorrow. Depositing his jewel in his bosom, he sprang up to commence his journey.

His mind recalled to his purpose, Ludewig felt his blood grow chill and his knees tremble. What was he to do? Should he go, or should he stay? O wondrous power of hope! how is man fascinated by thy charms! How exceedingly difficult it is for him to renounce thee! Even in the deepest gloom he fancies that he perceives a ray of thine, though it is but the glare of a delusive meteor! Ludewig staid. Might not the morning of the coming day bring him better luck? Might not his lost sheep perhaps come back, or the huntsman at least bear witness to his innocence and make his peace with his beloved father?

The more closely he scrutinized these soothing ideas, however, the more unsubstantial they appeared, till at length they dissolved into absolute nothingness. Despair again occupied their place. But now he was compelled to stay: it was dark, and scarcely could the mountains be crossed in the daytime without danger; besides, fear of the spirits which were said at night to haunt such situations would alone have been sufficient to prevent him from stirring. At length, completely exhausted, Ludewig fell asleep.

He dreamt, and what? My fair readers I dare say will easily guess. The lovely figure, whose features in the silver box had enchanted his soul, appeared to him in his dream. She walked before him on the same flowery pasture where he had last seen his unfortunate sheep, the remembrance of which, however, was wholly obliterated. Around her beamed an ethereal radiance, like a halo of a better world: all Nature did homage; every breeze was hushed, and every flower raised its head to pay her the tribute of its odours. Ludewig's soul was filled with ecstasy at the sight.

Morning came; the glorious vision vanished; and the real world lay before him, cheerless and dreary as on the preceding day. The new sun brought with it no new hope. It seemed, indeed, extraordinary that the celestial figure should appear to him in his dream on the very spot where the calamity had befallen him. Might not this be an intimation that his sorrow was to be turned into joy? But to no purpose did he tax his penetration to discover one firm support to which he might cling. At length, dejected and desponding, he mechanically bent his steps towards the mountains.

Ignorant of the way, for he had never before quitted his peaceful valley, he wandered among the mountains, and at length found himself in a trackless country, where he had sometimes to descend through deep ravines, and at others to climb precipitous rocks. Day began to de-

cline, when a dark tempest gathered and rapidly overspread the firmament. The lightning flashed, the crash of the thunder was augmented and repeated by the echoes of the mountains, and the rain fell in torrents. Ludewig luckily discovered a cavern, where he sought shelter from the storm. Fatigued, he there seated himself, and took such refreshment as he had still left.

Meanwhile the storm did not pass off: it seemed to be fixed immovably over the mountains. It was dark before it subsided; but then it was impossible for Ludewig to proceed, and he was obliged to make up his mind to remain in the cavern.

Towards midnight the atmosphere had become perfectly serene; the stars shone forth bright and clear; the winds were hushed, and not the slightest sound was to be heard. This deathlike stillness which pervaded all nature increased the terror with which the young traveller anticipated the approach of the midnight hour, which seemed doubly fearful in this absolute solitude, where no human being breathed near him, and which was the undisputed domain of the mountain spirits. He threw himself upon his stony couch, in hopes that sleep would come to his aid; but in vain did he call upon it. The dreaded hour at length arrived; Ludewig lay motionless; he durst scarcely breathe, and his heart beat so audibly that he was sure this alone would be sufficient to betray his presence.

(*To be continued.*)

AGNES BERNAUER.

From PLANCHE'S "*Descent of the Danube*," just published.

IN a small chapel in the churchyard of St. Peter's (at Straubing, in Bavaria,) is a red marble tablet, on which reclines the effigy of a female, surrounded by the following inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCXXXVI.

XII die Octobris, obiit Agnes Bernauerin. Requiescat in pace."

The fate of this unfortunate lady has furnished the subject for a tragedy to the Count of Törting-Seefeld, and one more deeply affecting is scarcely to be found in the page of history. Albert, the only son of Duke Ernst of Bavaria, was one of the most accomplished and valiant princes of the age he lived in. His father and family had selected for his bride the young Countess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. The contract was signed, and the marriage on the point of taking place, when the lady suddenly eloped with a more favoured lover, John Count of Werdenberg. The tidings were brought to Albert at Augsburg, where he was attending a grand tournament given in honour of the approaching nuptials; but they fell unheeded on his ear, as his heart, which had not been consulted in the choice of his bride, had just yielded itself, "rescue or no rescue," to the bright eyes of a young maiden whom he had distinguished from the crowd of beauties that graced the lists. Virtuous as she was lovely, Agnes Bernauer had obtained among the citizens of Augsburg the appellation of "the Angel;" but she was the daughter of a bather, an employment considered at that period in Germany as particularly dishonourable. Regardless of consequences, however, he divulged his passion, and their marriage was shortly afterwards celebrated in Albert's castle at Vohberg.

Their happiness was doomed to be of short duration. Duke Ernst became possessed of their secret, and the anger of the whole house of Munich burst upon the heads of the devoted couple. Albert was com-

manded to sign a divorce from Agnes, and prepare immediately to marry Ann, daughter of Duke Erich of Brunswick. The indignant prince refused to obey; and being afterwards denied admission to a tournament at Regensburg, on the plea of his having contracted a dishonourable alliance, he rode boldly into the lists upon the Heide Platz, before the whole company declared Agnes Bernauer his lawful wife and duchess, and conducted her to his palace at Straubing, attended as became her rank.

Every species of malice and misrepresentation was now set at work to ruin the unfortunate Agnes. Albert's uncle, Duke Wilhelm, who was the only one of the family inclined to protect her, had a sickly child, and she was accused of having administered poison to it. But the duke detected the falsehood, and became more firmly her friend.

Death too soon deprived her of this noble protector, and the fate of the poor duchess was immediately sealed. Taking advantage of Albert's absence from Straubing, the authorities of the place arrested her upon some frivolous pretext, and the honest indignation with which she asserted her innocence was tortured into treason by her malignant judges. She was condemned to die; and on Wednesday, October 12th, 1436, was thrown over the bridge into the Danube, amidst the lamentations of the populace. Having succeeded in freeing one foot from the bonds which surrounded her, the poor victim, shrieking for help and mercy, endeavoured to reach the bank by swimming, and had nearly effected a landing, when a barbarian in office, with a hooked

pole, caught her by her long fair hair, and dragging her back into the stream, kept her under water till the tragedy was completed.

The fury and despair of Albert on receiving these horrid tidings were boundless. He flew to his father's bitterest enemy, Louis the Bearded, at Ingolstadt, and returned at the head of a hostile army to his native land, breathing vengeance against the murderers of his beloved wife. The old duke, sorely pressed by the

arms of his injured son, and tormented by the stings of conscience, implored the mediation of the Emperor Sigismund, who succeeded after some time in pacifying Albert and reconciling him to his father; who, as a proof of his repentance, instituted a perpetual mass for the soul of the martyred Agnes Bernauer.

Albert afterwards married Ann of Brunswick, by whom he had ten children.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 32.)

BEFORE I proceed to the examination of the plays of the period to which we are now arrived, I may remark, that, in the infancy of the drama, many plays appear to have been written which are no longer extant; and if we are to believe the writers who were opposed to the stage, the majority of them must have been of such a nature as to leave us no cause of regret at their loss. In the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, issued in 1579, plays are expressly mentioned, with pamphlets and ballads, as requiring many of them to be suppressed; and Stubbes*, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, published at London in 1585, thus rails against the drama:

Then, saying that playes were first invented by the devill, practised by the heathen gentiles, and dedicate to their false idols, gods, and goddesses; as the

* Stubbes was a Puritan, and had his right hand cut off, for writing a satirical work on Queen Elizabeth's intended marriage with the Duke of Anjou.

house, stage, and apparell, to Venus; the music, to Apollo; the pennyng, to Minerva and the Muses; the action and pronounciation, to Mercurie and the rest: it is more than manifest that they are no fitt exercises for Christian men to followe. But if there were no evill in them save this, namely, that the argumentes of tragedys are anger, wraethe, impunitie, crueltie, injurie, inceste, murther, and such like; the persons or actors are gods, goddesses, furies, fiends, haggas, kynges, queenes, or potentates. Of commedies, the matter and grounde is, love, cozenage, flatterie, adulterie; the persons or agents, queenes, bawdes, scullions, knaves, curtezans, letcherous olde men, amorous young men, with such like, of infinite varietie. If, I saye, there were nothing els but this, it were sufficient to withdraw a good Christian from the usyng of them: for so often as they goe to those houses where players frequent, they go to Venus' palace and Sattan's senagogue, to worshippe devilles and betraye Christ Jesus. And whereas, you saie there are goode examples to be learned on them: truely so there are; if you will learne to play the hypocrite, to cogge, to lie, and falsifie;

if you will learne to jest, laugh, and fleere, to grinne, to nodd, and mowe; if you will learne to play the dice, to sweare, teare, and blasphemie both heaven and earth; if you will learne to become uncleane; if you will learne to murther, slaie, kill, picke, steale, robbe, and rove; if you will learne to rebell against princes, to commit treasons, to consume treasures, to practise idlenesse, to sing and talk of love; if you will learne to deride, scoffe, mocke, and floute, to flatter and smooth; if you will learne to play the rake, the glutton, drunkard, or incestious person; if you will learne to become proude, hautie, and arrogant; and, finally, if you will learne to contemne God and all his lawes, to care neither for heaven nor hell, and to committ all kinde of sinne and mischiefe, you nede goe to no other scoole, for all these good examples maie you see painted before your eyes in interludes and plaies.

This invective appears to me to be the furious raving of a determined partizan: yet it is not improbable that many of the early plays, judging from one or two still in existence, may have deserved this severe censure. But we must not suffer our minds to be prejudiced by it against the dramatic literature of this period, which "only wants exploring to fill the inquiring mind with wonder and delight, and to convince us that we have been wrong in lavishing all our praise on 'new-born gauds, though they are made and moulded of things past,' and in 'giving to dust that is a little gilded more laud than gilt o'er dusted.'" In short, the discovery of such an unsuspected mine of wealth will be found amply to repay the labour of the search; and it will be hard if, in most cases, curiosity does not end in

admiration, and modesty teach us wisdom*."

I now come to a dramatic writer of rare worth, whose works have hitherto been too little known; which reproach will be taken away by their publication in a collected form, aided with all the interest that the abilities and genius of a most intelligent editor can impart to them—I mean George Peele. This poet was a native of Devonshire; and being sent from thence to Broadgate-Hall, he became, about the year 1573, a student of Christ Church, Oxford. Here he went through all the several forms of logic and philosophy; and having taken the necessary steps, was admitted to the degree of M. A. in 1579. He then removed to London, and became the city poet, and had the ordering of the pageants, several of which entertainments written by him are still extant. In London Peele was the companion of Greene, Nash, and Marlowe; and this *coterie* of wits seem to have led a gay and merry life, not too much tinctured with morality, as appears from the traditional stories told of Greene, and a small volume, entitled *The merrie conceited Jestes of George Peele, Gent. sometime Student in Oxford; wherein is shewed the Course of his Life how he lived*†, &c. These jests are, in fact, sharpening tricks, and prove that Peele thought nothing of bilking his host and shirking a tavern-bill. Greene and Nash seem to have been congenial souls, seeking to strew the path of life with flowers, and caring

* Hazlitt on the *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, p. 39. Second edition. 1821.

† 4to. 1627.

for nothing but "to have a spell in their purses to conjure up a good cup of wine with at all times." That their lives were not, however, uniformly of the happiest hue may be gathered from the following passage in Nash's *Pierse Pennilesse his Supplication to the Divell*:

Having spent many years in studying how to live, and liv'de a long time without money, having tired my youth with follie, and surfetted my mind with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to repentance, and addreste my endeavors to prosperitie, but all in vaine: I sate up late and rose early; contended with colde, and conversed with scarcitie: for all my labours turned to losse; my vulgar Muse was despised and neglected; my paines not regarded or slightly rewarded; and I myselfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie.

Peele was patronised, about the year 1593, by the Earl of Northumberland, to whom he dedicated his poem on *The Honour of the Garter*. He died before 1598, having written the following plays: *The Arraymment of Paris*, *Edward the First*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, and *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiven, the Faire Greek*.

Inferior to Marlowe, Peele rose superior to Greene in the dramatic art. There are in his dramas, as a judicious critic justly observes, "a voluptuousness of imagery, a pomp and stateliness of style, with a richness and amenity of versification, which distinguishes them from those of every other author*." They were all of great rarity; but as they are now reprinted, they will become more familiar to the reading public, who,

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iii. p. 100.

if they find in them many inequalities, some puerilities, and much of the turgid and bombastic species of composition, will yet be rewarded by many beauties, not thinly nor scantily scattered, but thickly strewed throughout almost every page of his works.

Peele was the latest writer of Mysteries or Plays on religious subjects professedly for the stage: his *David and Bethsabe* (extracts from which have been already given) was produced about 1590. I may here, with a view to make the former account of Mysteries and Moralities more complete, add the following notices of pieces of this description which were licensed in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1561, "A newe enterlude of the ij Synnes of Kynge Daude" was licensed to Thomas Hackett; in the same year, the play of Queen Esther to — Pickeringe: in 1565, "A playe of the story of Kyng Darius, from Esdras," to T. Colwell; in the same year, "A pleasaunte recytall worthy of the readinge, contaynyng the Effecte of iij worthy Sques of Darius, the King of Persia," to — Griffiths: in 1566, "An enterlude of the Repentance of Mary Magdalen," to John Charlewood; "A ballet, intituled the History of Judith and Holyfernes:" in 1568, "A newe, merry, and wittie comedie or enterlude, newlie imprinted, treating the History of Jacob and Esau;" and "The playe of Susannah," to Colwell.

Peele's earliest play was *The Arraymment of Paris*, a pastoral, founded on the mythological story of the contest between Juno, Venus, and Minerva for the golden apple; and the award of it by Paris to the

queen of beauty and of love. This comedy, written in a variety of measures, is not divided into acts, and was first performed in 1584. A few selections will serve to illustrate our author's style.

DESCRIPTION OF A SYLVAN SCENE.

Not Iris in her pride and braverie
Adornes her arche with such varietie;
Nor doth the milke-white way in frostie night
Appeare so faire and beautiful in sight,
As done these fieldes and groves and sweeter
bowres,
Bestrew'd and deckt with partie-collour'd
flowres.

Alonge the bublinge brookes and silver
glyde,

That at the bottome doth in sylence slyde,
The waterie flowres and lillies on the bankes,
Like blazing comets, burgen all in rankes:
Under the hawthorne and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primerose and the purple hyacinthe,
The dayntie violet and the bolsome minthe,
The double daisie and the conslip, queene
Of sommer flowres, do overpeere the greene;
And round about the valley as ye passe,
Ye may ne see, for peeping flowres, the
grasse.

That well the mighty Juno and the reste
May boldly thinke to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills, when, to approve this thing,
The queene of flowres prepares a second
spring.

Flora thus describes the manner
in which she intends to image forth
the three goddesses in flowers of va-
ried hue:

First stately Juno, with her porte and grace,
Her robes, her lawnes, her crownet, and her
mace,
Would make thee, Muse, this picture to be-
holde,

Of yellow oxlips bright as burnisht golde.
Pallas in flowres, of hue and collours red,
Her plumes, her helme, her lance, her Gor-
gon's head,
Her trayingl tresses, that hange flaringe
rounde

Of Julie flowres so graffed in the ground,
That trust me, sirs, who did the cunning
see,

Would at a blush suppose it to be shee.
Faire Venus, of sweete violetts in blue,
With other flow'rs infixt for chaunge of hue,

Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and
her ringes,

Her daintie fan, and twenty other thinges;
Her lustie mantle waving in the winde,

And every parte in collour and in kinde;

And for her wreath of roses she nil dare

With Flora's cunning counterfet compare.

So with what living wight shall chaunce to
see

These goddesses, eche placed in her de-
gree,

Portray'd by Flora's workmanship alone,

Must say that arte and nature met in one.

When Paris has agreed to award
the prize, the rival deities thus set
forth their pretensions:

Juno. Nay, shepherd, looke upon my
stately grace,

Because the pompe that 'longs to Junoe's
mace

Thou mayst not see; and thinke queene Ju-
noe's name,

To whom old shepherds title workes of fame,
Is mightye, and may easily suffice,

At Phœbus' hands, to gaine a golden prize.

And for thy meede, sythe I am queene of
riches,

Shepherd, I will reward thee with greate
monarchies,

Empires and kingdomes, heapes of massye
golde,

Scepters and diadems, curious to beholde,
Rich robes of sumptuous workmanshipe and

cost,
And thousand thinges whereof I make no
boast.

The moulde whereon thou treadest shall be
of Tagus' sandes;

And Zanthus shall runne liquid golde for
thee to wash thy handes;

And if thou like to tende thy flocke, and not
from them to flie,

Their fleeces shall be curled gold to please
their master's eye.

And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this
one fruit to me,

And, shepherd, lo! this tree of golde I will
bestow on thee*.

The ground whereon it growes, the grasse,
the roote of golde,

The body and the barke of golde, all glist-
ninge to beholde

* *Stage direction.*—"Hereuppon did rise
a tree of golde, laden with diadems and
crownes of golde."

The leaves of burnisht golde, the fruites that
thereon growe
Are diadems set with pearle in golde in gorge-
ous glistringe showe.

And if this tree of golde in lieu may not
suffice,

Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno
beares the prize.

Pall. Me list not tempt thee with decoy-
inge wealthe,

Which is embas'd by want of lustie healthe:
But if thou have a mind to fly above,
Yecrown'd with fame neare to the seate of
Jove;

If thou aspire to wysdome's worthines,
Whereof thou mayst not see the brightnes;
If thou desire honour of chivalrie,
To be renown'd for happy victorie,
To fight it out, and in the champain field
To shrowd thee under Pallas' warlike shielde,
To prounce on barbed steedes, this honour,
loe!

Myselſe for guerdon shall on thee bestowe.
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see
What famous knightes dame Pallas' war-
riors bee,

Beholde in Pallas' honour here they come,
Marching alonge with sound of thund'ring
drom.

Ven. Come, shepherde, come; sweete shep-
herde, looke on me;

These bene too hot alarams these for thee:
But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,
Cupide, my boy, shall halt to play withall;
That whensoe're this apple he shall see,
The god of love himself shall think on thee,
And bid thee looke and chuse, and he will
wounde

Whereso thy fancye's object shall be founde;
And lightlie, when he shootes, he doth not
misse;

And I will give thee many a lovelie kisse,
And come and play with thee on Ida here,
&c. &c.

The extracts I have already made
have been in rhyme. One short
selection, in blank verse, from Paris's
defence of his judgment, when Juno
and Minerva appealed against his
decision to Jove and the Olympian
senate, will illustrate his skill in that
species of composition:

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadfull
Jove,

And you, thrice reverende powers, whom
love nor hate

May wrest awry, if this to me a man,
This fortune fatall bee, that I must pleade
For safe excusall of my giltless thought;
The honor more makes my mishap the lesse,
That I, a man, must pleade before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the worlde's amisse,
For her, whose beautie how it hath entre't,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith not that nor this may doe me
boote,

And for myself myself must speaker bee,
A mortal man amidst this heavenley pre-
sence,

Let me not shape a long defence to them,
That bene beholders of my giltless thoughtes.
Then for the deede, that I may not denie,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence,
I did upon commande: if then I er'de,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.
And if in verdict of their formes divine,
My dazzled eye did swarve or surfeit more
On Venus' face than anie face of theirs,
It was no partiall fault, but fault of his
Belike whose eyesight not so perfect was
As might decerne the brightness of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men
(Ye gods) to parle with your amorous
thoughtes,

There bene that sit upon that sacred seate,
That would with Paris erre in Venus' praise:
But let me cease to speak of errour here;
Sithe what my hande, the organ of my hearte,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is 'ray'd with process to main-
taine.

This falls sweetly on the ear; and
the following is not less worthy of
praise:

I might offende, sithe I was pardoned,
And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beautie, and with chival-
rie;

And so prefer'd beautie before them all;
The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealthe:
A shelle of salte will serve a shepherde
swaine;

A slender banquet in a homely skrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For armes, they dread no foes that sit so
lowe;

A thorne can keep the wind from off my
backe;

A sheep-coat thatch'd 's a shepherd's pal-
lace high.

These extracts will be a suffi-

ciently favourable specimen of the *Arrayment of Paris*.

Though written several years later, his *Chronicle of Edward the First* is by no means equal to the *Arrayment of Paris*. The language is far from poetical; the incidents are wild and improbable; and the whole drama is a crude and tedious composition. Nevertheless, there are a few bursts of comic humour, which are of a redeeming nature, as witness the following, in which Friar David figures as Friar Tuck; and Llewillen and his followers are the parties who are alluded to as Robin Hood and his companions:

Farmer. 'Tis an old saide saying; I remember I redde it in *Catoe's Pueriles*, that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*. A man's purse pennilesse may sing before a thiefe: true, as I have not one pennie, which makes me so pearly passe through these thicketts; but indeed I receive a hundred marks, and al the care is how I shall passe againe; well, I am resolved either to ride twentie miles about, or else to be so well accompanied, that I will not care for these rufflers.

Frier. Did ever man play with such uncircumcised handes? six ace to eleven and lose the chance.

Farmer. Good speed, good fellow, why chafest thou so fast? ther's nobody will win thy money from thee.

Frier. Sounds, you offer me injury, sir, to speake on my caste.

Farmer. The frier undoubtedly is lunaticke: I pray thee, good fellow, leave chaffing, and get some warme drinke to comfort thy braines.

Frier. Alasse, sir, I am not lunaticke; 'tis not so well, for I have lost my money, which is far worse: I have lost five gold nobles to St. Francis, and if I knew where to meete with his receaver I would paye him presently.

Farmer. Would'st thou speak with St. Francis' receaver?

Frier. O Lord, ay, sir, full gladlie.

Farmer. Why, man, I am St. Francis' receaver, if you would have anie thing with him.

Frier. Are you St. Francis' receaver? are you St. Francis' receaver? And how does all?

Farmer. I am his receaver, and am now going to him, abides St. Thomas a Waterings, to breakfast this morning to a calfe's head and bacon.

Frier. Sir, I beseech you carry him these five nobles, and tell him I deale honestlie with him as if he were here present.

Farmer. I will of my word and honestie, frier; and so farewell!"

* * * * *

They part, and after a time the fictitious frier, with some of his boon companions, again encounters the poor farmer.

Farmer. Alas, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, doe not venture through this mountaine; here's such a coile with Robin Hood and his rabbell, that everie crosse in my purse trembles for fear.

Longsh. Honest man, as I saide to thee before, conduct us through this wood, and if thou beest rob'de or have anie violence offered thee, as I am a gentleman, I will repaire it againe.

David. How much monie hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faithe, sir, a hundred markes; I received it even now at Brecknocke. But out, alas! we are undone: yonder is Robin Hood, and all the strong thieves in the mountain; I have no hope left but your honour's assurance.

Longsh. Feare not, I will be my word's maister.

Frier. Good maister, and if you love the frier, give ayme awhile I you desire; and as you like of my device, so love him that holds the dice.

Farmer. What, frier, art thou still labouring so hard? will you have anie thing more to St. Francis?

Frier. Good Lord, are you here, sweet

St. Francis' receaver? how doth his holiness, and all his good familie?

Farmer. In health faith, frier: hast thou any nobles for him?

Frier. You know the dice are not partiall, an St. Francis were ten, sir, they will favour him no more than they would the devil if he played at dice: in verie truth, my friend, they have favoured the frier, and I have won a hundred marks of St. Francis. Come sir, I praye, sirra, draw it over; I knowe, sirra, he is a good man, and never deceaves none.

Farmer. Draw it over, what meanest thou by that?

Frier. Why *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paye me my winnings.

Farmer. What asse is this, should I pay thee thy winnings?

Frier. Why art thou not, sirra, St. Francis' receaver?

Farmer. Indeeде I doe receive for St. Francis.

Frier. Then I'll make you paye for St. Francis, that's flat.—(*Bustling on both sides*).

Farmer. Helpe! helpe! I am rob'de, I am rob'de.

Longsh. Villain, you wrong the man: hands off!

Frier. Masters, I beseech you leave this brawling, and give me leave to speak. So it is, I went to dice with St. Francis and lost five nobles; by good fortune his cashier came by, received it of me in readie cash: I being very desirous to trie my fortune further, playde still; and as the dice, not being bound 'prentice to him, or anie man, favored me, I drew a hand and won a hundred markes: now I refer it to your judgments whether the frier is to seek his winnings.

Longsh. Marrie, frier, the farmer must and shall paye thee honestlie ere he passe.

Farmer. Shall I, sir? why, will you be content to paye half as you promist me?

Longsh. Ay, farmer, if you had beene rob'de of it; but if you be a gamester I'll take no charge of you.

These are two very humorous scenes; and there are several more of equal merit. But it is time that I dismiss Peele, which I shall do with the observation, that the character of George Pieboard, in the comedy of *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling-street*, is undoubtedly intended for Peele, who was indeed much such a wild and graceless gallant as is there represented.

I have already alluded to Greene as the companion of Peele. This dramatic author was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1578. He afterwards removed to Clare Hall, and took his degree as Master of Arts in 1583. His character is represented to us as that of a complete libertine; and though he made large sums by his works, he lavished them away in riotous living, and died poor in 1592; not, however, before he repented of his former course of life, and took steps towards a reformation of his conduct. He wrote the following plays, none of which were printed till after his death:

1. *The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.*

2. *The History of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Pieres of France.*

3. *The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon.*

4. *The Scottishe Story of James the Fourthe, slaine at Flodden; with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oberon, King of the Fairies.*

5. *The Historie of Job.*

In conjunction with Dr. Lodge he wrote a comedy, entitled

A Looking-Glass for London and England.

Winstanley, very erroneously, attributes several other plays to him and the doctor, without any foundation; and asserts that he wrote a

comedy called *Fair Emmeline*, an assertion which is also erroneous.

I shall give a few extracts from this author's works, as specimens of his genius.

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay consists, in fact, of two plots: one founded on the love of Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I. for Margaret of Fresingfield, the daughter of one of his father's keepers, who loves and is beloved by Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to whom she is united, after having been near taking the veil; and the other celebrates the magical skill of the two friars, and particularly the formation of the brazen head by Friar Bacon, and the overthrow of all his hopes, and the loss of his seven years' labours, by the neglect of his servant Miles to awaken him when the head speaks. From two or three extracts I shall make, it will be seen that this play is not destitute of poetical merit.

PRINCE EDWARD'S DESCRIPTION OF MARGARET.

I tell thee, Lacie, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden haire.
Her bashful white, mixt with the morning's
red,

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes;
Her front is beautie's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of pretious margarites,
Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll clewes.
Tush, Lacie, she is beautie's overmatch,
If thou survaist her curious imagerie.

The prince thus woos the peerless damsel:

I tell thee, Peggie, I will have thy love;
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigats, bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Libanon,
Hem'd and incast with burnisht ivory,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To daunce lavoltas in the purple streames.

Sirens, with harpes and silver psalteries,
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigate's stern,
And entertaine fair Margaret with their laies;
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee,

Brittaine shall bend unto her prince's love,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Friar Bacon sets his servant Miles to watch the brazen head.

Miles, thou knowest that I have dived into hell,

And sought the darkest palaces of fiendes,
That with my magic spells great Telephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave contentment,
When Bacon red upon his magick booke.
With seven yeares' tossing nigromanticke
charmes,

Poring upon darke Hecat's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brasse,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncooth aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasse.
Bongay and I have watcht these threescore
dayes,

And now our vital spirits crave some rest;
If Argus liv'd and had his hundred eyes,
He could not overwatch Phobeter's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's
weale—

The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this brazen head:
Therefore I charge thee, by the immortall
God

That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning
star

Sends out his glorious glisten on the north,
The head will speake; then, Miles, upon thy
life

Wake me, for then by magicke art I'll worke
To end my seven years' task with excellence:
If but a winke but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame.

Margaret thus bids adieu to the world, when about to retire to a nunnery:

Now farewell, world, the engin of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father—welcome
Christ!

Adew to daintie robes; this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God,
Than all the shew of rich abilliments.
Love, O love, and with foud love farewell!

Sweet Lacie, whom I loved once so deare,
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Least I offend to thinke on Lacie's love:
But even to that as to the rest, farewell!

The play of *A Looking-Glass for London* is vastly inferior to that which I have been quoting from. It is an extravagant composition, in which the abominations of Nineveh are made applicable to the metropolis of England. One extract from this composition will suffice: it is an appeal from a mother (Lamia) to her sovereign (Rasni), when disowned by her son, who has been elevated to a place of dignity.

O politicke in sinne and wickednesse,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince;
O Rasni! this same wombe brought him forth;

This is his father, worne with care and age;
This is his brother, poore unhappy lad;
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him:—
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge.

Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardnesse!
And to ourselves we oft in silence sayde,
This youth when we are old may succour us.
But now preferred and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroyed by cursed usurie,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

With a quotation from his *Orlando Furioso* I shall conclude this article. It is the speech in which Orlando sets forth his pretensions to the hand of Angelica.

Lords of the southe, and princes of esteeme,
Viceroyes unto the state of Africa,
I am no kinge, yet I am princely borne,
Descended from the royal house of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnamed Orlando, the countie palatine.
Swift fame that sounded to our western seas
The matchless beautie of Angelica,
Fairer than was the nymphe of Mercurie,
Who when bright Phœbus mounteth up his coach,

And tracks Aurora in her silver steps,
Doth sprinkle from the folding of her lap
White lilies, roses, and sweet violetttes.
Yet thus believe me, princes of the southe,
Although my countrie's love, dearer than pearle

Or mines of gold, might well have kept me backe;

The seas by Neptune hoysed to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flawes might well have kept me backe;

The savage Mores and Anthropophagei,
Whose lauds I past, might well have kept me backe;

The doubt of entertainment in the court
When I arriv'd, might well have kept me backe;

But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,

Could by despairing keepe Orlando backe.
I list not boaste in notes of chivalrie
(An humour never fitting with my minde),
But come thereof, the proudest champion
That hath suspicion in the palatine,
And with my trustie sworde Durandell
Single P'le register upon his helm,
What I dare doe for faire Angelica.
But leaving these, such glories as they bee,
I love, my lord!

Angelica herselfe shall speake for me.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLII.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. Miss, and Miss R. PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, Mr. APATHY, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Miss Primrose. WELL, Reginald, how did you leave Scarborough?

Reginald. Pretty much as I found it, fair lady. Full of company and bustle. I never saw it better attended, nor making a more gay appearance. The streets, the public pro-

menades, and the public rooms, presented an absolute blaze of beauty and fashion; and as the weather was most delightful, I enjoyed my trip amazingly. But what have you had new during my absence?

Mr. Apathy. Why a second part

of *Italy* has made its appearance, by Mr. Rogers, who, if not a first-rate poet, for he is deficient in the higher qualities of the bard who can rouse the soul to fury, animate it with sentiments of the most noble and exalted nature, and excite to active exertion all the noble qualities of the human mind; yet whose productions are so mellifluent, so harmonious, so redolent of tender and pathetic feeling, and so fully fraught with all that can charm those who are alive to the touch of kindly affection, that he must be considered as at the head of the second class of the Muses' votaries, a post of honour which I hope he will long live to maintain.

Reginald. Mr. Rogers writes like a gentleman; and when he is deficient in force, he makes it up in sweetness. His *Pleasures of Memory* contain some most delightful passages, and several of his minor poems are far above minor poems in general in point of merit: you may class them with Southey's. He is very imaginative in his writings, and his descriptive passages teem with beauties.

Mr. Montague. His first part of *Italy* was much and deservedly admired. The episode of *Ginevra* has been quoted and re-quoted, and is still read with delight.

Mr. Apathy. Italy is the land of poetry and romance; and the bard who is not inspired by the associations which her name must call up in his imagination, will never be capable of writing a line of genuine verse. That reproach will not attach to Mr. Rogers, who has produced a poem of great merit. As a specimen, take the following description of Rome:

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We look, and where the river rolls
Southward its shining labyrinth, in her
strength,
A city, girt with battlements and towers,
On seven small hills is rising. Round about,
At rural work the citizens are seen,
None unemployed; the noblest of them all
Binding their sheaves, or on the threshing-
floors,
As though they had not conquered. Every
where
Some trace of valour or heroic virtue!
Here is the sacred field of the Horatii.
There are the Quintian meadows. Here the
hills,
How holy! where a generous people, twice,
Twice going forth, in terrible anger sate
Armed; and, their wrongs redressed, at once
gave way,
Helmet and shield, and sword and spear
throw down,
And every hand uplifted, every heart
Poured out in thanks to heaven.

Once again

We look, and, lo! the sea is white with sails
Innumerable, wafting to the shore
Treasures untold; the vale, the promontories,
A dream of glory; temples, palaces,
Called up as by enchantment*; aqueducts
Among the groves and glades rolling along
Rivers, on many an arch, high overhead;
And in the centre, like a burning sun,
The imperial city! They have now subdued
All nations. But where they who led them
forth,
Who, when at length released by victory
(Buckler and spear hung up—but not to
rust),
Held poverty no evil, no reproach,
Living on little with a cheerful mind,
The Decii, the Fabricii? Where the spade
And reaping-hook, among their household
things
Duly transmitted? In the hands of men
Dragged into slavery, with how many more
Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
To combat with each other, and required
To fall with grace, with dignity—to sink
While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
Faint, and yet fainter, on their falling ear,
As models for the sculptor.

Mrs. Primrose. I must think this second part of *Italy* not equal to the first; and Mr. Rogers appears to me to have been unfortunate in pla-

* Mons Sacer.

cing the weaker portions of his poem in the front ground: thus *The Pilgrim* and *The Interview* contain some of the worst lines in the book.

Reginald. It is rather singular, that the veteran Sotheby should have been writing on Italy at the same time as Rogers: one might suppose the two bards had taken the subject for a theme, as we do at school, with a view to see who could best expatiate on the wonders of that interesting part of Europe. Were I called upon, however, to award the prize, I should be rather puzzled on which brow to place the crown of bays. Mr. Sotheby's genius, however, is altogether different from Mr. Rogers's: it takes higher, more discursive flights, and charms by appealing to the fancy rather than the heart. Mr. Apathy has read a passage from Mr. Rogers's description of Rome: I will give you a short extract from Mr. Sotheby's poem on the same subject.

Th' enormous Coliseum's bulk behold,
Like some lone promontory's storm-rent
brow,
That spreads its shadow o'er the deep below,
And back repels the waves in tempest roll'd;
A lonely island, in the sea of time,
On whose deep-rooted base
Ages on ages in their ceaseless race
Strike, and break off, and pass in idle foam,
Forgotten: thus amid the wrecks of Rome
The Coliseum lifts its brow sublime;
And looking down on all that moves below,
O'er all the restless range,
Where war and violence have work'd their
change,
Tow'rs motionless, and wide around it throws
The shadow of its strength—its own sublime
repose.
Amid the deep arcades and winding cells
Eternal silence dwells,
Save when tempestuous whirlwinds, as they
sweep
Through chasms yawning wide, huge frag-
ments throw
From the rock's crest, as from a mountain
brow;

Or, mingling with the murmur of the air,
O'er altars where of yore a shaft of fire
Rose from the martyr's pyre,
The solitary pilgrim breathes a prayer,
Or grey-stol'd brethren at the stated time
In slow procession float, and chant the deep
ton'd rhyme.

Not deeper felt that silence, that suspense
Of being, that lay here on all around,
When agony of pleasure chain'd each sense,
In willing horror bound;
While swarm o'er swarm the gather'd nation
hung;
And where round circles widening circles
spread,
And arch outsoaring arch
Bath'd in the sunbeams its ambitious head,
Watch'd, as the dying gladiator leant
On his sustaining arm, and o'er the wound,
Whence the large life-drops struggled, coolly
bent,
And calmly look'd on earth,
As one who gradual sinks in still repose,
His eye in death to close
On the familiar spot that view'd his blissful
birth.

Unlike the actor on a theatre,
Who feigns the wound unfelt, that Roman
died:
He too an actor; and when death drew nigh,
By Rome's tremendous silence glorified,
Firmly sustain'd his part.
No sound, no gesture, e'er to ear or eye
Betray'd the sufferance of the pang severe,
The hand that grasp'd his heart,
Save the low pant that mark'd his lessening
breath,
And one last deep-drawn groan—the agony
of death.
Shout then, and bursting rapture, and the
roar
Of myriads—then commingling-life-streams
ran,
And Rome, inebriate, drank the blood of man,
And swell'd the human hecatomb with gore
Of birds and beasts, and monsters of the
main;
While death pil'd up the pyre—the slayers
on the slain.

All, all are swept away,
Who made the world a gazing theatre,
Th' arena, thundering to their war career.
But thou, enduring monument!
Though thy Cyclopean stones in Rome's dark
hour
Built up her fort and tow'r,
And palaces, whose gloomy grandeur vast
O'er her proud temples darkness cast;

Though all-destructive Time
Has bow'd thy crest sublime,
And storms that crush'd the rocks thy glory
rent;

Though the unsparing earthquake, in its ire
That shook the pillars of the globe below,
Has rock'd thee to and fro,
Shattering thy mountain base:
Yet thou, amid the wrecks of human pride,
Hast heaven and earth defied—
The flame-wing'd bolt, and war's insatiate
sword;

And view'd around thee perish, race on race,
The Goth, the Hun, the Norman, horde on
horde,

Vanish without a trace;

All, all who envied Rome in flame,

The echo of her name;

While ages roll'd on ages, circling by,

Grav'd on thy forehead, 'Rome's eternity.'

Mr. Apathy. An untravelled man like myself listens with delight to the accounts he reads of the wonders of the "eternal city," and anxiously longs to behold them in person. I have been often on the point of visiting Italy, famed Italy: but man is the mere creature of circumstances; and events, over which I have had no controul, have prevented me from realizing my ardent wish. Now too many winters have passed over my head to allow me to think of travelling; therefore I must be content to admire by report and wonder at a distance.

Reginald. Rome has many associations connected with it which must inspire every man of feeling with a wish to see its proud remains: but I think a personal inspection scarcely supports the enthusiasm with which we are induced to contemplate in idea the monuments of nature and of art that adorn the "eternal city." At all events, familiarity with them takes off that vivid interest and intense curiosity with which they are at first regarded; just the same as, after a short residence in its vicinity, we come to regard the monarch of

mountains, Mont Blanc, as but little superior to the comparatively mere hillocks we see in our own country.

Mr. Montague. That, however, arises in a great measure from its being surrounded by other mountains, each of which would make our highest hills appear only like mole-hills. Its height is not to be truly discerned under such circumstances. Talking of Mont Blanc reminds me of Mr. Auldjo's narrative of his journey to the top of that "vast eminence." Have any of you read it?

Reginald. Yes, I have; and I have conversed with a gentleman who was in that quarter soon after Mr. Auldjo left. He informs me, that Mr. A. performed the journey in less time than was required by any preceding traveller to achieve the perilous task. He frequently tired the guides, for he walked so fast, and required so little rest, that it was with difficulty they could keep up with him. On one occasion, however, our adventurer, as we learn from his narrative, was near perishing from the inclemency of the weather; whilst the guides, owing to their habits being better adapted to the climate, escaped with less peril, though they were dreadfully alarmed at one period, and almost abandoned hope. They had missed their route, and a storm came on, in which the large and sharp hailstones were driven with force against their faces by the wind, and they were exposed to all the fury of the elements, standing on a narrow ledge, overhanging an abyss. They at length succeeded in finding a recess, where they had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. Mr. Auldjo says he was wet through, and suffered

excruciating torture from the cold and the position he was obliged to remain in.

Miss Primrose. I think I will never try to ascend Mont Blanc.

Reginald. I should presume not: it is not work for ladies. At length the point they were in search of was discovered; but Mr. Auldjo had to be lowered from an eminence down to the exploring guides. He says:

I had now nearly lost all feeling from the effects of the cold; and being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge beneath the wall. At the very moment that I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and shewed all the horrors of my situation, while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and sat down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, although conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed.

All suffered dreadfully from the cold; but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever be deeply grateful, they still attended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved; they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes I was in a state to proceed; we divided equally the last half bottle of brandy, and then moved down the neck of ice. A guide gave me his thick cloak, which, though wet, kept me warm. I walked between two

batons held horizontally by two guides, one before and the other behind me, and which I could grasp without taking my hands from under the cloak.

Miss R. Primrose. A most providential deliverance from a very perilous situation, which makes the flesh almost creep on the bones to think of it.

Reginald. Aye, and which requires fortitude indeed to endure. But, Basil, my friend, what tack are you upon? You appear to be overhauling a tight-built volume with great eagerness.

Basil. It is Captain Franklin's *Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1825, 1826, and 1827*, and I find it a most interesting book, full of scientific and other details, and exhibiting many instances of successful hardihood and intrepid daring. You know the result of Captain Franklin's efforts, for they formed the subjects of discussion, I recollect, on a former occasion. They were not successful; but yet geographical science and natural history will receive many valuable additions from his labours; and in a moral point of view they are inestimable. They shew what may be achieved by a judicious commander, with attached men; and the contempt of danger, the patient endurance, the fortitude and perseverance displayed by the sharers in this expedition, have not been surpassed by any of their fellow-adventurers in the path of discovery.

Miss Primrose. Captain Franklin was some time with the Esquimaux again—what does he say of them, cousin?

Basil. Why, his first interview was nearly coming to an unlucky conclusion: however, afterwards they

became good friends ; and he speaks of them in very favourable terms.

Miss Primrose. What was the nature of the occurrence to which you allude ?

Basil. Why, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back having endeavoured to open a communication with some Esquimaux, discovered on the shore of the Mackenzie, in long 136° 19' west, lat. 68° 53' N.—I don't forget my nautical habits, you see—I must give you the latitude and longitude—a number of them came off in boats, and surrounded the *Reliance* and *Lion* cutters, in which our countrymen were. For some time they traded amicably ; but after a while they turned pirates : they fairly dragged the two boats to the shore, and plundered them of nearly every article they contained. Captain Franklin and his men behaved with great coolness ; they did not fire, notwithstanding the provocation received ; and at length succeeded in getting the boats off again, without a man's being killed or wounded. The captain says :

In the whole of this unequal contest, the self-possession of our men was not more conspicuous than the coolness with which the Esquimaux received the heavy blows dealt to them with the butts of the muskets.

Miss Primrose. The desire of appropriation is not confined to civilized nations, it appears.

Reginald. No ; nor was it ever. The savages whom Captain Cook encountered, though possessing many kindly affections, were, nevertheless, guilty of " picking and stealing " to a considerable degree. They must have had the bump of appropriateness largely developed.

Basil. Captain Franklin afterwards

received many marks of attention from his barbarian friends. They were fond of presents ; heads, pins, needles, and ornamental articles, being most in request with the women, and iron goods with the men. He says, describing those who visited him on one occasion :

The Esquimaux revisited us in the morning with their women and children ; the party consisted of forty-eight persons. They seated themselves, as before, in a semicircle, the men being in front and the women behind. It was amusing to see the purposes to which they applied the different articles given to them : some of the men danced about with a large cod-fish hook dangling from the nose, others stuck an awl through the same part ; and the women immediately decorated their dresses with the earrings, thimbles, or whatever trinkets they received. Every man had pieces of bone or shells thrust through the septum of his nose ; and holes were pierced on each side of the under lip, in which were placed circular pieces of ivory, with a large blue bead in the centre, similar to those represented in the drawings of the natives on the north-west coast of America, in Kotzebue's Voyage. These ornaments were so much valued, that they declined selling them ; and when not rich enough to procure beads or ivory, stones and pieces of bone were substituted. These perforations are made at the age of puberty ; and one of the party, who appeared to be about fourteen years old, was pointed out with delight by his parents, as having to undergo the operation in the following year. He was a good-looking boy, and we could not fancy his countenance would be much improved by the insertion of the bones or stones, which have the effect of depressing the under lip and keeping the mouth open.

Their dress consisted of a jacket of rein-deer skin, with a skirt behind and

before, and a small hood; breeches of the same material, and boots of seal-skin. Their weapons for the chase were bows and arrows, very neatly made; the latter being headed with bone or iron; and for fishing, spears tipped with bone. They also catch fish with lines. All were armed with knives, which they either keep in their hand or thrust up the sleeve of their shirt. They had received from the Loucheux Indians some account of the destructive effects of guns. The dress of the women differed from that of the men only in their wearing wide trowsers and in the size of their hoods, which do not fit close to the head, but are made large, for the purpose of receiving their children. These are ornamented with stripes of different coloured skins, and round the top is fastened a band of wolf's hair, made to stand erect. Their own black hair is very tastefully turned up from behind to the top of the head, and tied by strings of white and blue beads, or cords of white deer-skin. It is divided in front, so as to form on each side a thick tail, to which are appended strings of beads, that reach to the waist. The women were from four feet and a half to four and three quarters high, and generally fat. Some of the younger females and the children were pretty. The lady, whose portrait adorns this work, was mightily pleased at being selected by Lieutenant Back for his sketch, and testified her joy by smiles and many jumps. The men, when sitting for their portraits, were more sedate, though not less pleased, than the females; some of them remarked that they were not handsome enough to be taken to our country.

Mrs. Primrose. "With all their faults," these Esquimaux appear to be an interesting people.

Reginald. O very: but Dr. Richardson, in his journey to the eastward, encountered tribes of Indians equally interesting. Of these the Dog-rib Indians seem to entertain

some curious notions. The first man, they say, was named Chapewee; and he, finding the world well stocked with fruit, created children, to whom he gave two kinds, black and white; and they were forbidden to eat of the former. However, they disobeyed his commands, and he told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death; penalties, they say, which have attached to his descendants to the present day.

The Vicar. This is manifestly a tradition derived from the scriptural account of the fall of man: but who can tell how it reached these wild Indians,

Whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind?

Reginald. They have another tradition, evidently derived from the deluge.

The same, or another Chapewee (for there is some uncertainty on this head), lived with his family on a strait between two seas. Having here constructed a weir to catch fish, such a quantity were taken that the strait was choked up, and the water rose and overflowed the earth. Chapewee embarked with his family in a canoe, taking with them all manner of birds and beasts. The waters covered the earth for many days; but at length Chapewee said, "We cannot live always thus, we must find land again;" and he accordingly sent a beaver to search for it. The beaver was drowned, and his carcass was seen floating on the water, on which Chapewee dispatched a musk-rat on the same errand. The second messenger was long absent, and when he did return was near dying with fatigue; but he had a little earth in his paws. The sight of the earth rejoiced Chapewee; but his first care was about the safety of his diligent servant, the rat, which he rubbed gently

with his hands, and cherished in his bosom, until it revived. He next took up the earth, and moulding it with his fingers, placed it on the water, where it increased by degrees until it formed an island in the ocean.

This island extended in size, till it became the American continent. And now listen to another curious tradition:

For a long time Chapewee's descendants were united as one family; but at length some young men being accidentally killed in a game, a quarrel ensued, and a general dispersion of mankind took place. One Indian fixed his residence on the borders of the lake, taking with him a dog big with young. The pups in due time were littered, and the Indian, when he went out to fish, carefully tied them up to prevent their straying. Several times, as he approached his tent, he heard a noise of children talking and playing; but on entering it, he only perceived the pups tied up as usual. His curiosity being excited by the noises he had heard, he determined to watch; and one day pretending to go out to fish, according to custom, he concealed himself in a convenient place. In a short time he again heard voices, and rushing suddenly into the tent, beheld some beautiful children sporting and laughing, with the dog-skins lying by their side. He threw the skins into the fire, and the children, retaining their proper forms, grew up, and were the ancestors of the Dog-rib nation.

Mr. Montague. The Irish have traditions similar to this: they believe that seals sometimes disport on the beach, and, leaving their skins on the shore, become beautiful women. If the skins can be seized, the fair creatures are made captive, and must bend to the will of their captors.

Mr. Apathy. Thus the popular superstitions of Europe and Asia are to be found among the Indians of

North-West America; and probably some of our nursery tales also exist amongst them.

Reginald. Not unlikely. But, my dear sir, how have you passed the time since we last met?

The Vicar. I have been reading, with much interest, my old friend D'Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*; the first portion of which, in two volumes, ending with the dissolution of the third parliament, has just appeared. These commentaries abound in curious and original matter: original inasmuch as it is now, for the first time, brought to bear upon the subjects of Charles's life, sufferings, and death. Manuscript memoirs, letters, family papers, state archives, have been ransacked with laudable industry by the author, and every page of the work gives proofs of his profound research. He says:

It is my intention to pursue the system of investigation commenced in these volumes throughout the whole of the life and reign of Charles I.; and it is my fervent hope that this intention will be fulfilled. Great subjects are before me, and long meditated! But there are many causes which make this result uncertain; nor do I offer the present volumes as an imperfect work, since a continuation is uncertain, and since they complete an important period in the life of this monarch.

I hope, however, most earnestly, that the original intention of the author may be completed: for I am of opinion that the work will prove a most important, interesting, and valuable addition to our historical literature.

Reginald. Any work which serves to set the character of Charles I. in a true light must be both interesting and valuable. I should perhaps say

—the character of the times of Charles I.; for on the personal character of the sovereign there can be no doubt. He was a man infinitely more sinned against than sinning; one who, had it been his fortune to have lived in these days, would have had his name handed down to posterity as a patriot king.

The Vicar. Our author enters fully into the character of Charles I. both public and private: probably in some points I should differ from him; but in the following summary view of his struggles and his fate, all must agree that he has not overcharged the picture:

Authorized by the doctrines of the age, by his consequent education, and by the natural gravity and elevation of his own mind, to ascend the throne as the anointed of his Creator, it was the doom of Charles I. to witness the divine authority of his crown trampled upon, the might of his magnificent hierarchy overwhelmed, the civil institutions of his realm swept away, all that he deemed sacred profaned, all that he held received denied, all that he considered established subverted; and in their stead new doctrines and new practices introduced, much of which was monstrous, and all extraordinary.

In this unparalleled state of affairs—for we must never forget that, in our Revolution, history afforded no parallel to instruct and to warn—instead of disappearing from the stage, like an insignificant actor, overwhelmed by the unexpected importance of his part, we find, on the contrary, the English monarch the most eminent, the most energetic, and the most interesting personage, during the long, the fearful, and the dubious struggle. When the struggle was over, the king came forward, and closed his career by a most memorable death—dying with the same decision with which he had lived; and while he was

covered with execration and obloquy as the TYRANT by one party, who feared that if he were not a tyrant, they might perhaps be considered as traitors; he was hailed by the greater portion of the nation with prayers and tears as the MARTYR. * * * * *

The characteristic of the mind of Charles I. was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain it, and fortitude to suffer for it: this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. * * * In speculating upon the life of Charles I. through all the stages of his varied existence from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune beneath the humblest of his people, the king himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach or to sympathize, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable fate.

Reginald. His was indeed a noble mind; and its firmness and decision were early shewn. When he determined to go to Spain, to see and woo his bride himself, a determination so unusual in a prince, he displayed the same strength of mind which afterwards led him to defy the malice of his enemies on the scaffold.

The Vicar. D'Israeli has given a most interesting account of the secret history of the Spanish and French matches, from sources hitherto overlooked; and his account of the reception of the young prince and Buckingham in Spain is admirable.

To prevent observation, the marquis and the prince arrived at Madrid alone, on a Friday night, alighting at the house of Lord Bristol, “never merrier in their lives.” Tom Smith (the marquis) enter-

ed with his portmanteau under his arm; but Jack kept in the dark on the opposite side of the street with the postillion. Tom opened with a story about some messenger of the earl's, who, he said, had been robbed.

While he was speaking, Buckingham was recognised; and they flew to conduct the prince to his chamber. On this occasion we have a letter from Lord Bristol, which he calls "a distracted dispatch," so full "of admiration, of joy," and had he written his thoughts, he might have added, "of despair."

On Saturday morning, after Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter had come, a message was sent to Gondomar, who learning Buckingham's arrival, apprehended that the prince was not far off. An interview of Buckingham with Olivarez followed. The lord admiral was introduced by a secret passage to the king's private room; and in this audience the feelings of the youthful monarch of Spain are described by Bristol. "I never saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the king was, for he secretly understood of the prince's being here." The Conde Olivarez hastens to cast himself on his knees. In his rapture he exclaims, that "the infanta ought to be thrown into his arms; she should be his mistress, if she could not be his wife!" And turning to Buckingham, he said, "Now our masters may divide the world!" The prince intimating his desire to see the infanta, a royal party was made to meet in their coaches on the Prado.

Thrice they passed; the infanta wore a blue ribbon about her arm to distinguish her; and all the world witnessed, if we may trust Howel, the deep blush mantling her face as Charles gazed on her. The young Spanish monarch, impatient to embrace his chivalric guest, offered to wait on the prince, who, in return, proposed going to the palace; but

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in the struggle of courtesy it was fixed that they should meet at night on the Prado. Charles found the king waiting, with his cloak muffling his face, and with a sword and buckler. He hastened to the prince, who met him half way, and embracing, the Spanish monarch and the English prince entered the royal coach together, with Bristol for their interpreter.

All honours were decreed, all rejoicings were commanded. It was ordered in council, that Prince Charles should enter the palace accompanied by those ceremonials of state which were observed at the coronation of the Spanish monarchs; and that the prince should take precedence of the king, attended by a numerous guard of honour. The king sent the prince a golden or gilt key, which opened the royal privy apartments, that he might have free access at all hours; and the queen sent her presents to the English prince, with the taste of a female, elegant as well as rich. They consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered night-gown was folded in it: two trunks, bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the coverings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing-desk, every drawer of which was full of rarities and curiosities. And that every public appearance might respond to the joyous occasion, the sumptuary laws against excess in apparel were suspended, and the people were invited to ruin their families in emulative costliness.

The rapture was universal. At Charles's public entrance into Madrid, hangings of arras and pictures adorned the houses; scaffolds were raised in the streets; knots of people were all day shouting; orations and poems were recited in every corner—processions were

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passing—trains of magnificent equipages were moving, and gorgeous liveries flamed in the sun. The royalty of Spain was abroad, and the glory of the court and kingdom adorned a day such as Madrid had never seen.

Reginald. All these rejoicings—all these omens of future good, came to nothing; and Charles at last married a French princess; an alliance which brought with it little of happiness either to prince or people.

The Vicar. Chiefly owing to the plottings and cabals of the Popish party, and the jealousies of a faction who masked their political machinations under the guise of a regard for the Protestant religion. One of not the least interesting chapters in the first volume is devoted to a consideration “of the critical and variable situation of the English sovereigns with regard to their Roman Catholic subjects;” and very ably has the author handled this difficult topic.

Reginald. I think Mr. D'Israeli, whilst he does full justice to Buckingham, is much too severe on the character of Archbishop Laud, who has always appeared to me to be an honest man; with strong prejudices perhaps, but meaning well, and whose errors, had they been a hundred times more numerous, would all have been atoned for by his judicial murder. I go with the author, however, in most of his observations and opinions—my feelings are in unison with his with regard to the character of the pseudo-patriots, who overthrew the church, murdered the king, and almost ruined the country; and his view of the character of Dr. Dorislaus, and the influence it had upon the troubles of England, with

which the present volumes conclude, is a masterly sketch.

The Vicar. What—you have read D'Israeli, then? Well, your time could scarcely have been better employed; there are few books that will better repay the trouble of perusing, or afford more materials for thought.

Reginald. You have still a number of volumes accumulated on your table, which we shall have little time to advert to. I think the bookselling trade must now be flourishing again; and that it could never be said, with more truth, “of making many books there is no end.” This is a neat little volume outside—what are its contents? Oh, *Tales and Sketches* by Jacob Ruddiman. I saw it at Scarborough; the author gives himself out for a Scottish dominie, who, for fifty years, has resided in a lonely part of North Britain. I have met with many volumes of much less merit than this: its greatest blemish is, that the writer is continually attempting to be witty at the old simple religion of his countrymen.

Miss Primrose. I have been delighted with these *Minor Poems*, by Joseph Snow, secretary to the Literary Fund. It contains some charming sketches, with some fine bursts of feeling in them. *Rosanne* is a delightful piece: here, however, is a shorter, which I will read to you:

A FAREWELL.

O 'tis the penalty we pay, in this frail world
of ours,
To find that hues which soonest fade are
born of sweetest flowers;
The brightest clouds an ardent eye with rapture
gazes on
Are only seen in evening skies—we look,
and they are gone—

Farewell!

Thou bright and lovely one! we met, and
 thou wilt disappear,
 Like summer flow'r and evening cloud, and
 leave me wond'ring here :

Yet to have known or seen thee *once* is never
 to forget,

While Memory triumphs over space — we
 hold thy image yet —

Farewell!

Peace to thy path, where'er it be, may all
 good angels keep,

And may His hand be over thee who rules
 the stormy deep!

Forget not, in thy sunny climes, those Eng-
 lish hearts that beat

With no less warmth for thee, though doom-
 ed no more on earth to meet.

Farewell!

Farewell! I know where'er thou art, that
 thou must ever be

That idol of another's love which thou hast
 been to me ;

I know thy image may be lodged in some
 far worthier shrine ;

But I too know another's love can never
 equal mine.

Farewell!

Mr. Apathy. Here is an interest-
 ing book—*Notions of the Ameri-
 cans, picked up by a Travelling
 Bachelor.*

Reginald. Yes, interesting, if you
 deem a frequent departure from truth,
 a frequent violation of historical
 veracity, and, on all occasions, the
 exalting and dignifying and praising
 American institutions, merely be-
 cause they are not English, be inter-
 esting, then you may apply the title
 to Mr. Cooper's book. Mr. Cooper
 is a highly gifted novelist; in describ-
 ing nautical scenes he is unequalled;
 but his present work, in my opinion,
 is a decided failure.

Mr. Montague. I think so too:
 for although there are some good de-
 scriptive passages in it, and many
 parts which may be read with plea-
 sure, I conceive they will be attended
 with little profit; for you must read

even those with doubt upon your
 mind as to their correctness.

The Vicar. Have you read the
Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo?

Mr. Montague. Yes. And whilst
 they contain little that is positively
 new, and we find M. Savary, on all
 occasions, the apologist of Buona-
 parte, I assure you, that they give
 me a worse opinion of that extraor-
 dinary man than I ever entertained
 before. They place him in a meaner
 light than that in which we have
 been accustomed to contemplate him;
 and I confess, even acquitting Napo-
 leon of the murder of Wright and
 Pichegru, from which M. Savary la-
 bours hard to exculpate him, he
 leaves so many stains upon his cha-
 racter, that the involuntary impres-
 sion remaining on my mind is, that if
 Napoleon appears in such a disre-
 putable light when his character is
 drawn by an avowed apologist—one
 who can see no flaw, not the slightest
 speck in the god of his idolatry—he
 must indeed have deserved much
 of what his enemies have said of him.

Reginald. I have only read the
 first volume, which ends with the
 murder of the Duc d'Enghien. In
 the succeeding portions of his work
 M. Savary will have an opportunity,
 if he pleases, of making many im-
 portant developments.

Mr. Apathy. In a different class
 of memoirs, we have *Seven Years of
 the King's Theatre*, by Mr. Ebers,
 who was, for that period, the mana-
 ger of that unfortunate concern. It
 has always struck me as singularly
 remarkable, that this theatre, in
 which more money is taken than per-
 haps in all the London theatres put
 together, should be in continual em-
 barrassments, and involve every per-

son connected with it in ruin. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Waters, and poor Ebers, are melancholy instances.

Reginald. There wants no ghost from the grave to explain the reason, when you reflect upon the immense sums which are paid to the performers. In the season of 1823, Madame Camporese had 1920*l.* and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, 1400*l.* In the ballet department, Coulon had 1350*l.* and Anatole 825*l.* The performers in the opera and the ballet received 16,320*l.* Then consider the other attendant expenses, and recollect that the theatre is open only twice a week, and wonder at the result, if you can.

The Ficar. What is the character of Mr. Ebers' book?

Reginald. It is a very amusing *mélange* of anecdote and criticism, written in a gentlemanly style, and avoiding most of those scandalous topics which are so inviting and would have made his book so popular amongst a certain class of readers. He speaks in high terms of many of the *artistes* of the Opera-House; for instance, Ronzi de Begnis:

Ronzi de Begnis: who does not know her as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and

expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one; but when in action it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, penciled when she sang with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel, it was rich and full; ineffectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly she must be seen.

Mr. Montague. Miss Joanna Bailie has been writing again: her present production is a drama, called *The Bride*; and she says, that her drama of *The Martyr* having been translated into the Cingalese language, "as a work which might have some good effects upon a people of strong passions, emerging from a state of comparative barbarism," it was suggested to her, that "she might write something of the kind more peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of the Island of Ceylon." The drama of *The Bride* has been the fruit of this suggestion; in which she has painted the strong emotions excited by love, jealousy, and wounded honour, in the bosoms of two Cingalese chiefs; and in a Cingalese lady, the wife of one and the sister of the other. There is great vigour in the writing, though Miss Baillie has passed the age at which that quality seems to be ex-

pected; and it will not detract from, if it does not increase, her former fame.

Reginald. Aha, doctor! I see you have here my friend Planché's new work, which I have not yet received.

The Vicar. Yes; and I can tell you, that in *The Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna*, he appears in his new character of tourist to not less advantage than he has already done as a poet and dramatist, notwithstanding his modest introduction of himself in the preface, where he says:

The Danube, whose waves have witnessed the march of Attila, of Charlemagne, of Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon; whose shores have echoed the blast of the Roman trumpet, the hymn of the Pilgrim of the Cross, and the wild halloo of the sons of Islam; whose name is equally dear to history and fable; to him who in fancy sees the lion-hearted Richard of England languishing for his native land, or follows the beautiful widow of Siegfried to "the rich King Etzel's court"—that such a theme was worthy of being treated by the first writers in our language was an awful consideration for one of the humblest; that it had not been touched upon by any was the only encouragement. "You have often scribbled successfully for the stage," said my friend—; "why should you fear to write for the passage-boat?" The joke was a vile one, but the argument was conclusive. Gentle reader, this is my first appearance in the character of a tourist. I have taken the part at a short notice, no one else having appeared to

sustain it, and respectfully solicit the usual indulgence.

Mr. Montague. The tour was of course an aquatic one?

The Vicar. Yes, performed last autumn, not in an ordinary passage-boat, but in a vessel hired for the purpose; and a most spirited and lively description Mr. Planché has given of his excursion, mingled with anecdotes, and with the traditions and legends attached to many of the objects that meet the eye of the traveller on the banks of the noble river, to which his work will henceforth be a most interesting, and indeed the only guide*.

Reginald. It is time to say "Good night!" but before we part, let me recommend to you Crawford's account of the *Embassy to Siam*—a very valuable book, in which, by the bye, the author has been indebted in no trifling degree to Mr. Finlayson's work on the same subject, published as long ago as 1825. The *Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia*, by an officer of the Colombian navy, is also a work which may be read with pleasure and profit. It contains some agreeable descriptive passages, interspersed with historical memoranda and personal adventures.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, July 1828.

* An extract from this amusing work has been given in a preceding page of this number of the *Repository*.

A DEVICE FOR TAMING A SHREW.

From "*The Foreign Quarterly Review*," No. IV. just published*.

THE *Conde Lucanor* has long ranked amongst the most esteemed productions of its time. It was com-

posed by the Infant Don Juan Manuel as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Almost unique

* This extract forms part of an article entitled "*The Spanish Novelists*," which

in its kind, it remains as a precious monument—at once the most singular, rare, and valuable record of the times. Its style is extremely easy, simple, and full of *naïveté*, replete with observations and subjects calculated at once to enliven and instruct the mind. Even the quaintness of its idioms and expressions forms not the least of its attractions, set off by the spirit and originality of the remarks. At the same time, the merits of the *Conde Lucanor* have perhaps been somewhat overrated. As a work of that period, it is certainly entitled to great praise; but that it boasts in itself an extraordinary talent and positive superiority of character, we feel inclined to dispute. The *Conde Lucanor* is a collection of short apologues, intended to illustrate some moral or political propositions; but neither the incidents of these little tales, nor the manner in which they are presented, offer any thing very striking. Many of them are common-place, and certainly inferior to the fables of Æsop, Phædrus, and Pilpay. A few of the stories, however, possess considerable interest, combined with no small talent and ingenuity. One of these, *The Dean of Santiago*, has lately appeared in a contemporary periodical; and we shall here present another to the notice of our readers. It may justly, we believe, be considered the best in the whole series, and besides its own merit, possesses that of some striking resemblances to Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." The following will be found a pretty close translation, with some attempt at preserving the quaintness and simplicity of manner of the original:

we presume to be from the elegant pen of our ingenious and worthy friend, the Rev. J. Blanco White.

THE CONDE LUCANOR.

Chapter Forty-Fifth.

Concerning what happened to a certain young man upon the day of his marriage.

One day the Conde Lucanor, speaking with his counsellor, Patronio, said: "Patronio, I have a servant who informs me that he has it in his power to marry a very wealthy woman, but who is higher in station than himself. It would, he says, be a very advantageous match for him, only for one difficulty which stands in the way, and it is this: He has it on good authority that this woman is one of the most violent and wilful creatures in the world; and now I ask for your counsel, whether I ought to direct him to marry this woman, knowing what her character is, or advise him to give up the match?"—"My Lord Conde Lucanor," said Patronio, "if your man hath any resemblance to the son of a certain good man who was a Moor, I advise him to marry at all venture; but if he be not like him, I think he had better desist." And the conde then inquired how that affair had been.

THE HISTORY.

Patronio said, that in a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power. Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he too had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man,

her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of a union with such an infuriate shrew.

Now that good youth one day came to his father and said: "Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive to be becoming and honourable. It will therefore be incumbent upon me to lead a more indolent life, or quit the country: so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance, by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things." And the father replied, that it would please him well if the son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father, that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that, as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage; and so far insisted, that, however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent. In consequence he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now, when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best

friend, he said to him: "Good God! my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death—nay, I may say worse than death; for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter. And you must not think that I say thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to any body's son who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her." To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus; and entreated that, as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper, and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day they should either find the young man dead, or in some very bad plight indeed.

So it came to pass that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table; and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff.

dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply, "Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;" and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands; and because he was not obeyed, he said: "How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fare as I did the mastiff;" and when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out; shewing even more rage than against the poor mastiff. Then, in a great passion, he returned to the table, and casting his eyes on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length, he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. "How now, Mr. Horse," cried the husband,

"do you imagine because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you? No! I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world which I will spare, if I be not obeyed." But the horse stood where he was, and his master, approaching with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword. And when the wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive: for, all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that though he had a thousand horses, or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look around him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said, in a great passion, "Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands!" and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him, "Oh, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them." Afterwards he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and this in such a tone that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the

floor: so that in this was the understanding between them settled during that night; and she never spoke, but only did every thing which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, her husband said: "The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping; get up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat."

When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead, or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tip-toe towards them, and whispered: "False friends as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word? Be silent! as you value your lives, and mine also!" And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learned all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. And from that day forth, so excellently was his

wife governed and well conducted in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days after the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse; but his wife only said to him: "By my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are now too well acquainted with each other."

And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if that servant of yours wish to marry such a woman, and hath as great a heart as this youth, in God's name, advise him to take her, for he will surely know how to manage in his house. But should he be of another kidney, and not so well know what is most befitting him, then let him take his chance. And I further advise you, that with whatever manner of men you have to do, you always give them well to understand on what footing they are to stand. And the conde held this for a good example, and made it as it is, and it was esteemed good. Also, because Don Juan found it a good example, he ordered it to be written in this book, and made these verses, which say as follows:

If at first you don't shew yourself just what
you are,
When you afterwards wish it, you'll find it a
bar.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Variations quasi Fantaisie pour le Piano-forte sur le Trio favori de Mazaniello, "Notre Dame du Mont Carmel," de Carafa, com-
Vol. XII. No. LXVIII.

posées par Henri Herz. Op. 43.
Pr. 5s.—(Goulding and Co.)

WHATEVER be our estimation of variations, we must take care not to

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say a word which could be construed as implying a slight upon this work of Mr. Herz's. Its merit, beauty, and geniality, as far as variations can go, are so striking, so unique, that it need not fear competition with the best modern compositions of this class, provided it meets with players capable of executing it properly. These, indeed, ought absolutely to be of a stage of advancement very nearly approaching perfection in the art; unless the book be used rather for the purpose of study, than with a view to executive display; and a more apt and profitable vehicle for private practice, than these variations, we can scarcely point out; more particularly as Mr. Herz has not only added very numerous directions in regard to expression, but has also been very particular in marking the peculiar mode of fingering which he conceived most eligible for producing the expressions and effects he had in view. In this respect, the fingering pointed out frequently differs from what even an experienced player would perhaps adopt, in the first instance, at any rate; and in some few cases, we cannot help observing, the digital directions appear to us so novel, that we much doubt their being strictly adhered to. In most instances, however, we have found, upon careful reflection, that the peculiarity of fingering rests upon solid grounds, as being conducive to particular views of expression, accent, &c. which are so essential in the performance of modern music.

After these general remarks, it will not, from the limits to which we are confined, be expected that we should enter upon a detail of the many striking features of beauty and

originality to be met with in the twenty pages to which these variations, with their introduction and finale, extend; nor would we wish to make selections where excellence is universal. At the same time, we cannot refrain from noticing the charming variation in F minor, as well as the masterly fugue p. 15, and the fine but difficult finale which concludes the whole.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte, introducing two Airs from H. R. Bishop's Opera of "The Rencontre," composed by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Three movements: An introductory allegro $\frac{4}{4}$, an andante $\frac{3}{4}$ upon the air, "Oh! seize we the moments," and a rondo $\frac{4}{4}$ upon another air, "Lords of the creation," all in D major. The melodies of these two pieces, attractive in themselves, have received considerable embellishment, amplification, &c. in the treatment of Mr. Rawlings, which is throughout of a select and tasteful description. Active and spirited as many of the passages are, they accord so well with a reasonable degree of digital practice, that players of moderate skill may display their attainments to advantage in this divertimento.

C. M. von Weber's admired "Cradle Song," arranged, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, by A. C. Whitcombe, Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

Weber's beautiful "Wiegen-lied" is, like most of his vocal compositions, the offspring of deep and intense musical feeling. In hearing the works of this master, as well as those of Beethoven, one experiences stronger and different emotions from

those which the generality of musical compositions produce. The song in question, from its simplicity and regularity, is well suited for variations; and those of Mr. W. four or five in number, have given us much satisfaction. The style and treatment are extremely select. The third variation, in particular, is of a stamp that if it had met us with the name of one of the higher luminaries in composition, we should have found no reason to doubt such parentage. The finale and its winding up are very satisfactory, except the *Ab* in bar 4, p. 5, the combination of which with *C* and *E* in the treble is too much for our ears.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte on an original Air, composed by Frederick Le Mare. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(F. T. Latour, New Bond-street.)

Properly speaking, this "fantasia" is a theme with four or five variations, preceded by an introduction. The latter is written in a style somewhat stiff and obsolete. The subject for the variations, from Mr. L. M.'s own pen, is plain, and not remarkable for novelty of ideas; nor do the variations present many features of striking interest. Various instances of objectionable harmonic combination warrant a belief, that Mr. L. M.'s experience in musical writing is of a limited nature.

Haydn's celebrated Symphonies, continued from those performed at Salomon's Concerts, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. 18. and 19.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Weber's celebrated Overture in E flat arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute,

Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Upon these adaptations by Mr. Rimbault we can only comment in terms precisely similar to those we have made use of on numberless prior occasions, furnished to us by this gentleman's unabated assiduity. We might add, perhaps, that the accompaniments, especially that of the violin, are upon the whole more full and effective than we have before found them to be, so as even to afford occasional respite to the piano-forte, if it chooses to avail itself of it. In the publication of Symphonies of Haydn, who has written so vast a store, it would really be desirable if the numbers of the "opera" were always indicated. Of the above two, that numbered 18 is the symphony in *C* major, inscribed "Jupiter;" and No. 19 sets out with an allegro $\frac{4}{4}$ in *B* major. The overture of Weber in *E* flat is full of spirit and solidity; and as it is arranged in a familiar manner, the adaptation particularly claims the notice of the amateur.

Original Thema, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Salaman. Op. 1. Pr. 3s.—(J. B. Cramer and Co.)

This is the first attempt in instrumental composition of a young gentleman of much promise, a pupil of Mr. Neate's, and as such, we feel upon the whole warranted in mentioning it favourably; for it presents many indications of good musical taste; and the few imperfections that have met our eye are not of a serious nature. The two fifths, *F* *C* and *A* *E*, bar 10, p. 1, are not very offensive, but they had better been avoided. In b. 1 of the bass of the first variation, from a

fear probably of getting into a scrape with the accidental sharps, Master S. has substituted a rest at the third quaver; but the remedy by amputation has proved worse than the complaint, which was perfectly curable without loss of limb. In the second variation there occur some awkward passages for the fingers. Master S. no doubt, manages these well enough; but as an author's wish naturally must be to write for as extensive a class as possible, executive convenience ought never to be lost sight of. In this variation, too, there are passages of diverging motion, which must be disposed of in a very rapid manner to lull the ear into an acquiescence in some harmonic misfits. In the third crotchet of the last bar but one of var. 3, an alteration in either the bass or the treble is requisite; for the F harmony in the latter certainly discords with the C, 7^b, harmony in the former.

There are some few other inaccuracies of this kind which we pass over, our object in adverting to the above being that of drawing the young author's attention to the necessity of a careful revision of works which are intended for the public eye. Having thus discharged one part of our duty, we feel pleasure in noticing the well-connected fluency of the passages in the first variation. The third variation presents ample evidence of tasteful musical tact; the same observation applies to variation 5; and the manner in which the whole is wound up is very satisfactory and creditable.

Duet for two Performers on one Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. and Miss Solis, by E. Solis. Op. 21. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

However unusual it may be for a professor to dedicate his labour to his better half and offspring, there is something pleasing in the idea. It betokens a regard for what ought to be dear to us, and a state of domestic comfort so particularly welcome in a calling with which much absence from home is inseparable; not to advert to the circumstance of such a dedication affording positive information on a point which is often much insisted on by candidates for musical instruction. After this our criticism on the dedication, we have to add, in a few words, that the duet itself consists of an allegro in D major, the subject of which is in the polacca style, not absolutely novel, but regular and pleasing. The digressions and modulations are neither numerous nor intricate; the subject is reintroduced in the key of C, and the piece is wound up in a forcible manner. The score, as a duet, is full and effective; and, as neither "primo" nor "secondo" is provided with any difficulties, the piece is well suited to very moderate abilities.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"Gay, gay is the heart that with liberty glowing," the Tyrolese Song of Freedom, arranged (from an original Tyrolese Melody) and partly composed by C. T. Sykes. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

"Leonora," Serenade, composed by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Upon the first of these labours of Mr. Sykes's—a thing partly arranged and partly composed—little comment in the way of criticism is called for. The melody, which is well known and deservedly a favourite, has been fitted to an English text, of a satisfactory nature, with judg-

ment and with considerable success, so as to produce a very pleasing song of easy vocal and instrumental execution. The accompaniment is simple, but perfectly correct and effective.

The poetry of the serenade, "Leonora," demands favourable mention. It is neat, smooth, and metrical. We doubt the eligibility of the $\frac{6}{8}$ measure selected for it by Mr. Sykes. Without entering into detail, we will only refer to the eleventh bar of the vocal part, the dragging of which in every stanza at the words of "yonder lone isle," or "pleasure invites," or "captivity's pains," will probably strike the composer himself. Triple measure would have been more analogous to the poetical metre. But here our objections end; and indeed they apply in but few instances, for in the greater portion of the song the $\frac{6}{8}$ time goes fairly enough with the text; and as to the music in general, it has our entire approbation. There is taste, good musical sense, a proper connection between the successive phrases and periods, and good rhythm throughout. In short, "Leonora" is a very pleasing and meritorious composition, and its instrumental introduction, rather in the Spanish style, is neat and suitable.

"*Quis est rex gloriosus*," Canon, four in two, composed by J. M. Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 1s.—(Cramer and Co.)

In this canon, bass, tenor, counter-tenor, and treble successively commence in the order here stated, the bass and countertenor exhibiting the same melody in unison, and the tenor and treble, in their turn, falling in with another subject also in unison. The difficulties to be encountered, and which have been successfully

surmounted in this undertaking, are obvious. Artifices of this kind were looked upon as the very essence of musical science one or two centuries ago; but a better taste, finding the result little worth the pains required, has now nearly exploded the canon-manufactory. The practice is at most confined to purposes of instruction in harmony, in which respect canonic exercises have their use to a certain extent. In the present composition the most strict attention has not been paid to quantity, as regards the Latin text; but in a composition of this kind much latitude and license have at all times been connived at.

FLUTE, VIOLIN, AND GUITAR.

Three brilliant Sonatinas, composed for the Flute by L. Drouet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte by J. Mollwo. Pr. 6s.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)

In these sonatinas the piano-forte merely performs the office of accompaniment, the flute carrying the melody throughout. As the name of Mr. Drouet might create an impression that particular skill is required for the flute-part, we think it right to state that it presents no difficulties, at least no passages at which a moderate proficient on the instrument need feel alarm. There is much tasteful melody and musical diction in these sonatinas, which consist of three or four short movements each. The piano-forte part is very simple and easy, but highly effective in the way of harmonic support.

Practical Elementary Exercises for the Violin, composed by T. Howell. Pr. 6s.—(Mori and Lavenu, New Bond-street.)

These exercises are intended for

the very first stage of instruction, and more particularly for a proper management of the bow; ample and judicious directions in the latter respect being prefixed to each lesson, indicating at the same time the means of producing a good tone, and of giving to the notes their due accent, expression, &c. With regard to the varied length of the notes, and to the observance of time in general, the mode in which the lessons are printed can scarcely fail to produce the desired effect; the duration of time being represented by extent of space on the paper, as well as by figures for counting the spaces composing each bar. In this way, it is true, much paper has been filled; but the object of thus clearly tracing to the eye what the ear has to learn could not well be otherwise accomplished. For self-instruction this method must be highly advantageous; and even where a master attends, it will assist and accelerate the pupil's progress.

"L'Amusement de Famille," nouvelle Réunion de Quadrilles, composées pour le Piano-forte, avec Accompagnement pour la Guitare, par Louis Marin. Pr. 4s.

— (Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

A very pleasing and effective set of quadrilles, of good melody and rhythm, and supported by a full and correct harmony. The piano-forte part alone may be used; but the accompaniment of the guitar is set so strong in chords, that its aid, although not demanding an expert performer, produces a powerful and striking effect.

Overture to Spontini's Opera "La Vestale," arranged for the Piano-forte and Guitar by G. H. Derwort. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

This adaptation demands favourable mention, as it produces all the effect that can reasonably be expected from such an extract of the score, without entailing any difficulties upon either of the performers; and it is remarkable how full a harmony can be produced by uniting the guitar to the piano-forte, provided the adaptation proceed from a pen so competent in this particular as that of Mr. Derwort. The piano-forte part may be executed satisfactorily without the junction of the guitar.

FASHIONS.

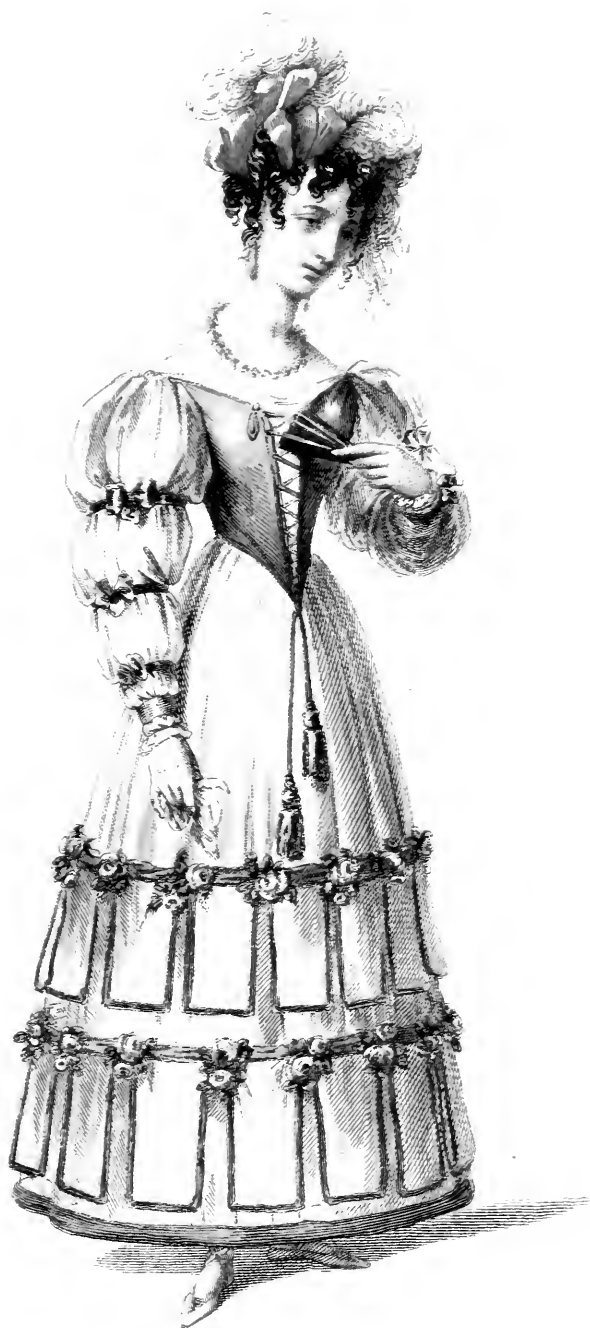
LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

GROS DE NAPLES high dress of Pomona green, ornamented with three deep flounces of the same, each having at the top a border of the York and Lancaster rose arranged alternately. The body is made plain, and the waist long: the sleeves are very full, and confined twice above the elbow with rose-colour satin

bands, fastened with square gold buckles; beneath the elbow it is made to fit the arm, and is laced above half way, and has a rose-colour cord and tassels pendant: corded rose-colour satin belt, pointed in front, with small bows behind: *ruche* of tulle, and pelerine of the same, scalloped at the back, and reaching to the belt in front. Leghorn hat, circular and





large, trimmed with rose-colour satin ribbon and artificial flowers; tied under the right ear in a large bow, and long full ends of rose-colour *crêpe lisse*. Primrose-colour gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A French white gauze dress over an azure satin slip, with short full stiffened sleeves: the body of the dress is of azure satin, close to the shape, and slopes from the shoulders, where it is very narrow; it laces in front, is open at the top, and gradually closes as a stomacher, and has a cord and tassels attached to the point in front: the tucker is formed of longitudinal folds of white gauze. Long full sleeves, with three azure-corded azure satin bands, each orna-

mented with a bow in front. The skirt is trimmed above half way by two rows of oblong ornaments, bound by azure satin, and headed by bouquets of roses, placed at each division and united by azure satin: the skirt is terminated with a rouleau of the same. The hair is in ringlets, and ornamented with ostrich feathers; one, tipped with azure, is placed behind several bows of geranium-colour satin ribbon on the right side; another, a *solitaire*, falls low on the left. Gold ear-rings *à la Flamande*, ornamented with pearl; fancy gold necklace, with pendant pearls, and broad gold bracelets, with white cameo clasps. White kid gloves, with elastic bands at the wrist. White satin shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 16.

PROMENADE dress, always light at this season of the year, is now more than commonly so, owing to the suffocating heat of the weather. Scarfs and shawls, even lace ones, are at this moment rarely used. They are superseded by pelerines or *fichus* of lace or embroidered muslin, made in various forms, but always cut round the throat so as to leave it bare. Some of the *fichus* are made in the spencer style, with epaulettes; and one of the most novel form shews the shape to uncommon advantage: the back draws in, with a little fulness at the bottom; the fronts cross in full folds upon the bosom, and are united in the centre of the back, where they fasten with a rosette of ribbon, to correspond with the *ceinture*.

Another sort of pelerine, composed of lace, has the back and each of the fronts cut in the form of a shell; it is edged, in the boa style, with a rouleau of satin covered with lace, on which is a serpentine quilling of tulle.

The brims of bonnets are shallower behind, and the tops of the crowns less sloping, than last month. Gauze ribbons, beautifully painted in bouquets of flowers, are much used to trim *chapeaux*. We have just seen one in rice-straw, which had the front of the crown trimmed in arcades of ribbon of this sort, with a sprig of the double-blossomed peach placed in the centre of each arcade. A rouleau of broad gauze ribbon passes across the inside of the brim, and terminates at each end in a full bow. Rice-straw is more than ever in favour. Watered *gros de Naples* and crape are also much in request.

The new materials in half-dress are, printed *pamyriennes*, *toile de laine*, and ginghams. As we have already described the *pamyriennes*, we need only say that the new ones are beautifully printed in various patterns of flowers and foliage. The *toile de laine* is an exceedingly light and thin stuff, but not transparent: it is composed entirely of wool.

The gingham is plain, and of the very finest kind: they are made in different colours, but rose-colour is most in favour.

We have little alteration to notice in the form of gowns. The skirt is still worn set on in equal fullness all round the waist; but fashion has not presented any set form for the *corsage*. Some ladies wear it full; others have the lower part made without fullness, and the upper part *drapé* across the bosom. Gowns in half-dress are now cut a three-quarter height round the bust.

Dresses of *toile de laine* and of *pamyrienne* are trimmed with the same material. A very broad bias band, upon which is a flounce or a *ruche* arranged in arcades, is a favourite style of trimming. Three deep tucks, placed at some distance from each other, and each headed by a narrow *ruche*, is also fashionable. Gingham is, generally speaking, trimmed with embroidery, which, being always in white cotton and very highly raised, has a very striking effect. Sometimes it is done in the shawl style; at others it consists of bouquets of flowers, above and beneath which are wreaths of foliage. These gowns also are made occasionally with embroidered flounces, one of which is excessively deep, the other not so wide by about a third.

White crape dresses, fancifully trimmed with painted gauze ribbons, are coming much into favour in evening dress. A brace composed of ribbons is put on over the *corsage*; from this brace depend four ribbons, one at each side, the others from the point at the bottom of the waist before and behind. These ribbons meet a trimming of white crape, which is arranged in pyramids of *bouffants*. There are four pyramids; each ribbon passes through the upper *bouffant* of a pyramid, to which it is attached by a large bow.

Another more simple, but extremely elegant, evening dress, which has been recently made for a young bride of high fashion, is a gown of white tulle over white *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is cut low and square; it is made full, but con-

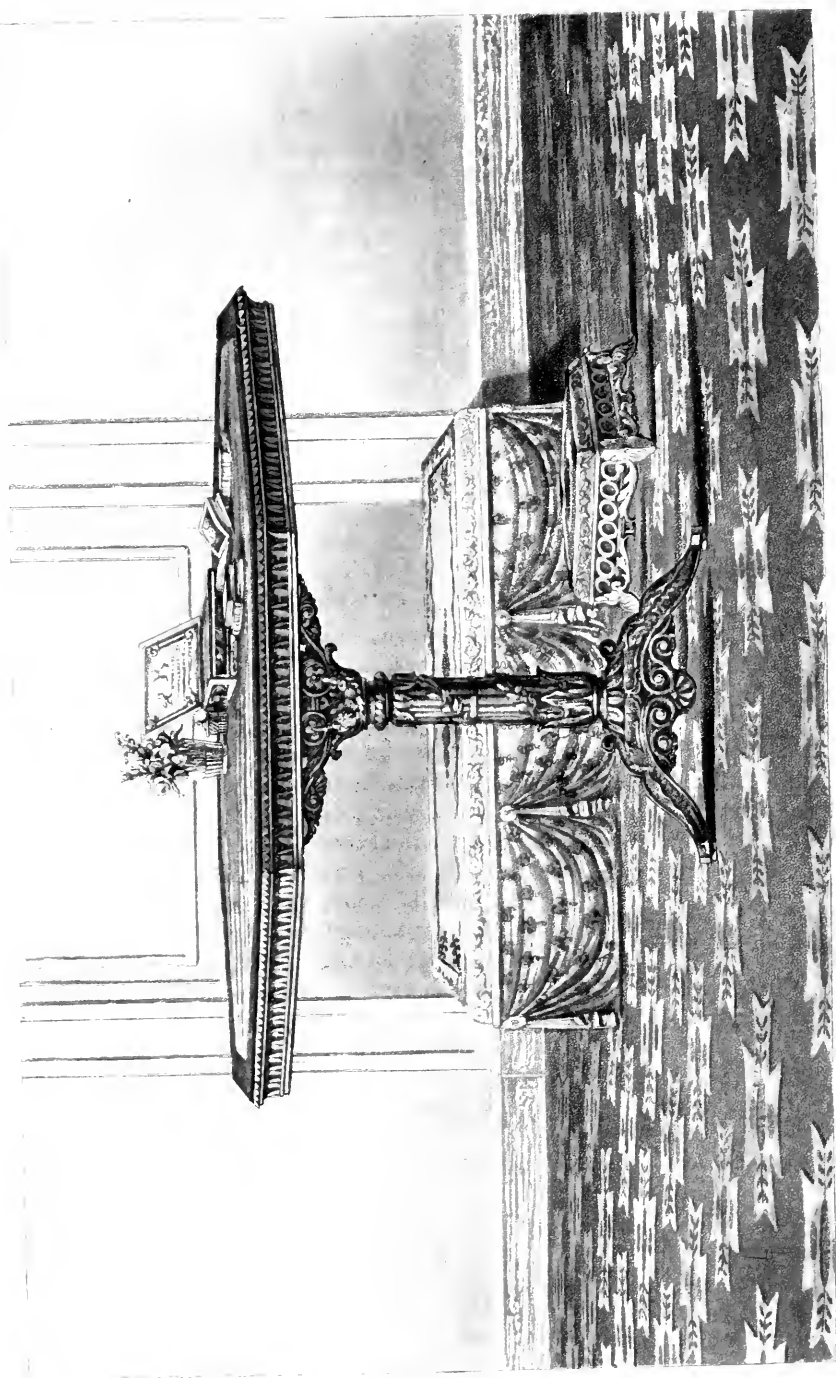
fined to the under-dress by a string of pearls. The sleeves, which are excessively short and full, are finished at the bottom in a similar manner. At the bottom of the skirt is a *bouillonné* of tulle formed into lozenges by satin rouleaus, each lozenge being finished at the points by a bow of pointed gauze ribbons.

The large *boucles* in which the hair has been for so long a time arranged are going rapidly out of favour: it is now disposed in light full tufts of curls upon the temples. This fashion would be becoming were not the tufts too large. The hind hair is less formally arranged than it has been for some time past; the bows of hair are placed with apparent negligence rather on one side.

Coiffures en cheveux are exceedingly general; and we have noticed lately some *belles* of distinction who had no other ornament in their beautiful tresses than the splendid comb which confined them. This, however, is not usually the case. Flowers are in favour; they are intermingled sometimes with knots of gauze ribbon, sometimes with diamond or pearl ornaments. Feathers are also in favour, but less so than flowers. A new kind of head-dress, called *à la Peruvienne*, is, however, composed of them: it is a crown formed by a circle of gold, in which are inserted short white Marabout feathers.

Bêrets are a good deal worn both in full and half dress: in the latter, they are made in various kinds of fancy silk or gauze; in the former, of crape, *gros de Naples*, or tulle, spotted with gold or silver. In full dress they are always adorned with feathers. Some dress hats of white *crêpe lisse* are made with a kind of double brim across the front; and in the space are placed three short but very full white feathers, and on the upper brim a long flat ostrich feather, put near the left ear, falls over to the right side. Fashionable colours are, light slate-colour, peach-blossom, citron-colour, different shades of grey, green, and rose-colour.





FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM-TABLE.

THE annexed plate represents a drawing-room-table, decorated in the Grecian style. The form of its base is triangular, from which rises a perpendicular pillar, supporting the framing of the table. The stand and mouldings of the rim are intended to be carved in mahogany; but the top may be veneered with some fancy wood, with an inlaid border.

There are several distinct sorts of tables, each of which has its own particular character. The dining-table (which may be either circular or parallelogram) should have great strength, and ought to be so constructed as to lengthen or decrease at

pleasure, so that the size of the table may be suited to the number of persons placed at it. This, as well as most tables, is now supported by a pillar in the centre, which is a great modern improvement, as it prevents the confinement of the legs arising from the old-fashioned method of support.

There are likewise sofa, occasional library, and pier tables, each of which must partake of the character of the apartment in which it is placed: but as these have already been severally described, it would be superfluous to dilate further upon them.

CREASE'S WASHABLE PAPER-HANGINGS.

THERE are perhaps few of the readers of the *Repository* but are aware of the nature of the improvement introduced a few years since by Messrs. Crease, of Great Newport-street, into the manufacture of paper-hangings. Having lately had an opportunity to ascertain from experience the peculiar advantages of this article, which has been used for papering the whole of the publisher's new premises at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings, Strand, we are desirous of directing public attention, as far as our influence extends, to its claims to preference. These are founded on its superior cleanliness and economy. In regard to the first point, this paper may be made to retain its original freshness and beauty

by the simple operation of washing the surface with soap and water; and the apartment is consequently rendered much more pure, cheerful, and wholesome. In point of economy, the advantage of the washable paper arises from its durability, which obviates the necessity of frequent re-papering. For public rooms, exposed to accidents from mixed company, the saving of expense in the adoption of this paper will be found considerable; for bed-rooms, it accomplishes an important desideratum, as it affords no harbour whatever for vermin, with which the ordinary papers are so frequently infested; and its eligibility for halls and staircases must be self-evident.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, CHARING-CROSS.

UNDER this denomination the extensive gallery which runs from one extremity of the King's Mews to the other, has been very neatly fitted up for the exhibition of specimens of every kind of

useful and improved articles for domestic comfort or foreign commerce, models of engines and machinery, and articles of curious workmanship or highly wrought manufacture, which are here arranged

with labels descriptive of the peculiar qualities that obtained for them admission into this Repository.

Agreeably to the plan of this institution, the specimens admissible are divided into three classes: 1. Entirely new and ingenious constructions of any sort, where a new principle is discovered, or one before known, but never practically adopted, is brought into operation. 2. New adaptation of some known principle, but in a manner essentially different from all that has been done before in that line of manufacture or mechanical workmanship. 3. Every sort of improvement upon a discovery already made, by which the preparation of any article is facilitated or its utility increased. In this class may be exhibited also such objects as are highly finished, or distinguish themselves by exquisite taste; likewise every

kind of elaborate ornamental workmanship, such as would not find a place in an exhibition of arts.

There can be no doubt that such a Repository, under judicious management, may be made to contribute essentially, not only to private interest but to general benefit, by giving publicity to those inventions and improvements of poor but ingenious men, which would otherwise be lost to themselves and to the community. This collection already comprehends many beautifully executed works in chasing, cutlery, &c.; silks of remarkable patterns; models of engines and machinery; manufactured articles but little known; and, in short, a multitude of curiosities that strongly interest the visiter, and can scarcely fail to induce practical results favourable to British arts and British commerce.

FINE ARTS.

SCULPTURES BY MR. T. CAMPBELL.

THE number of the *Literary Gazette* for July 19 gives the following extract of a letter from an artist at Rome:

Among the many works of painters, as well as sculptors, which I have seen in Rome, is a colossal horse, now completed by a British artist, Mr. Thomas Campbell, which is part of a group for a monument about to be erected at Edinburgh in memory of that distinguished soldier, the late Lord Hopetown. In this work, the artist has deviated from the ordinary path of other sculptors, who, in monuments of this kind, have always kept in view the celebrated Marcus Aurelius or other equestrian statues. The novelty of this design consists in representing the warrior on foot, leaning on his horse, as if reposing from the toils of battle. The relaxed attitude of the horse is in excellent harmony with the figure; the action is noble and natural; and the forms are treated in a very mas-

terly manner, particularly the head, which being inclined downward, gives a line of the greatest beauty, although difficult to execute. The artist has received great applause, not from the lovers of the fine arts alone, but also from the most distinguished artists of Rome.—I have seen another of his productions, a statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese, a sister of Napoleon's, which is as perfect in the style as in the beauty of the design. The princess is seated, looking at a medallion of the emperor which she holds in her hand. The figure is admirably expressed, and displays the utmost softness and grace. As a specimen of sculpture, it is, in my opinion, in no respect inferior to the statue of Madame Letizia, the mother of Napoleon, by Canova, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire; and to which, as I understand, this is to form a companion.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE pictures sold at the British Institution during the last season amounted, on the 22d of March, to seventy-six subjects, at the price of about 2,500*l.* Since

that date, thirty-two have been added to the number, making a total of one hundred and eight pictures, and exceeding a fifth part of the Exhibition.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

DR. GRANVILLE is preparing for publication, in two volumes 8vo. illustrated by numerous wood-cuts, *St. Petersburg at the Close of 1827*, comprehending a Journal of Travels to and from that capital, through Flanders, along the banks of the Rhine, through Prussia, Russia, Poland, Saxony, Bavaria, and France.

Lieutenant Brand, R. N. has in the press *A Journal of a Voyage to Peru, a Passage across the Cordilleras of the Andes in the Winter of 1827, performed on Foot in the Snow, and a Journey across the Pampas*, in an 8vo. volume, with plates.

Speedily will be published *Practical Instructions for the Formation and Culture of the Tree-Rose*, illustrated with 26 plates.

The Lectures of the late highly gifted Mrs. Gent on the *Physiology of the External Senses* will speedily be published, under the superintendence of Mr. Partington of the London Institution, who is engaged in arranging them for the press.

Mr. J. L. Stevens, of Plymouth, has lately obtained patents for a new method of propelling steam-vessels, canal-boats, and any other craft, which consists in the agency of a series of paddles attached to a triple crank, four of which are always immersed. The advantages obtained by Mr. Stevens's paddles over the common wheel are stated to be these: That as they work in a vertical position, they cause a saving of the power now consumed by the descending and ascending paddles, and produce an increased application of power in the ratio of 15

to 24. They occasion the avoidance of unpleasant vibration, and consequent wear and tear in the vessel and engines; and also of the run of back-water, which is so dangerous to wherries, and has hitherto prevented the introduction of steam-vessels on canals; and they afford the capability of increased velocity commensurate with the power applied. The inventor asserts, that the application of his method to vessels already fitted with steam-engines will increase their velocity more than one-third; while, for new vessels, engines of about 40-horse power will be equal to the work now performed by those of 60, thereby causing less draught of water and greater dispatch, and affording more stowage for goods, better accommodation for passengers, and an immense saving of fuel. He calculates that a steamer of 100-horse power consumes about 16 bushels of coal per hour, which for 12 hours, at 1*s.* 3*d.* per bushel, will cost 12*l.*; taking her average speed at eight miles per hour, and his paddles to increase it only a fourth, she would perform the same distance in nine hours at a cost of 9*l.* and thus save 3*l.* Supposing the average of her work to be but 48 hours per week, she would save in that time 12*l.* or 624*l.* per annum upon fuel alone.

The Society of Arts has recently awarded a premium of fifteen guineas for a simple method of cleansing silk, wool-len and cotton goods, without injury to the texture and colour. This process, the invention of Mrs. Morris, is calculated to be of such general utility, that

it cannot be made too public. It consists in rubbing raw potatoes, previously well washed, on a grater over a vessel of clean water, to a fine pulp. The liquid matter is then passed through a coarse sieve into another tub of clean water; the mixture is suffered to stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated; the mucilaginous liquor is then poured from the *fecula*, and preserved for use. The article to be cleansed should be laid upon a linen cloth on a table, and sponged repeatedly with the potatoe-liquor, till the dirt is perfectly separated. The article is then to be washed several times in clear water to remove the loose dirt, and may afterwards be smoothed and dried. The coarse pulp, which does not pass through the sieve, is alleged to be of great use in cleansing worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, and other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor of the potatoes will clean silk, cotton, or woollen goods of any kind, without damaging the texture of the article or spoiling the colour. It is further applicable to the removal of dirt from oil-paintings or soiled furniture; and dirty painted wainscots may be cleansed by wetting a sponge in the liquor, dipping it in a little fine sand, and rubbing the wainscot with it.

The American Philosophical Society has just received from Mr. Poinsett, minister of the United States to the repub-

lic of Mexico, a present of great interest to the history of the ancient inhabitants of the western hemisphere. It has been generally believed and asserted by the Abbé Clavigero, Humboldt, and all writers on the subject, that the fine collection of Mexican monuments, which the colonial government formerly took from the unfortunate Chevalier Boturini, was shipped for Spain in a vessel of that country, but which was said to have been taken by an English cruiser, and that the whole collection was in consequence either lost or destroyed. This statement is quite erroneous. Through the negligence of the officers who were appointed to forward these articles to Europe, they remained at Vera Cruz, where they have been lately discovered, and they are now deposited in the national museum of Mexico, where artists of talent are engaged in making them known to the world by means of lithography, and by making models in wax of the statues and other objects in relief. The Society mentioned above has received the first two numbers of a series of lithographic prints, accompanied by the requisite explanations. Each number consists of four prints and two pages of explanatory letter-press: the whole is well executed, and affords a favourable specimen of Mexican printing. The designs represent partly buildings and partly historical pictures.

Poetry.

On being asked to write a Poem for the Commencement of a Lady's Album.

By Mrs. HENRY ROLLS.

Who seeks to find the blushing rose,
With all her blooming fragrant train,
Mid chilling Zembla's trackless snows,
Where Winter holds his ceaseless reign?

Who seeks the nightingale's sweet song
When the fierce tempest raging flies,
Or hopes the midnight sky along
To track the rainbow's varying dyes?

Who seeks the clustering grape to find
Mid Scotia's lakes and mountains blue,
Or hopes the myrtle's wreath to bind
'Mongst heather-bells impearl'd with dew?

Then why from woman's feeble hand
Attempt the poet's song to gain?
No; seek from Cam's* pure classic strand
A genuine, rich, poetic strain.

* The lady had a brother distinguished for his attainments at the University of Cambridge, and residing there.

FIRST LOVE.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering owes the greenest spot
On memory's waste. *Moore.*

Yes, brighter smiles may meet our eyes
In life's maturer hours,
And buds which boast more radiant dyes—
But are they sweeter flowers?
Oh! no: the love we early nurst
Is sweetest, for it was the first.

The young lip trembled as it met
Affection's gentle kiss:
Where is the soul which can forget
A period such as this?
Oh! there's no second flame can prove
So hallow'd as the heart's *first love!*

Yes, fame may charm our venal ear,
Or riches win the heart;
Ambition gain the proudest share,
Or beauty claim her part;
And that pure altar where we first
Have knelt by selfishness be nurst:

Yet e'en in glory's after-prime,
One lingering look is cast;
One fond regret for former time
Dawns o'er the years now past;
Nor can futurity e'er claim
So bright, so exquisite a flame;

So holy: no, the love that first
The youthful bosom feels,
So tenderly, so purely nurst,
Which hallow'd silence seals:
Yes, *we may love*; but can we ever
Feel love like this? Oh! never, never!

The heart's first warm affections given,
Without an earthly taint,
To one we deem a star of heaven,
And worship as a saint:
No, after-life can never prove
So innocent, so pure a love.

To youthful passion all looks bright,
Without distrust or fear;
Each vision glows with lustrous light,
To hope, to mem'ry dear:
Nor can they think one cloud will rise
To shade or dim such sunny skies.

D. L. J.

ON A FIGURE OF CUPID WITHOUT WINGS.

Ha! Cupid, and without thy wings!
Those golden, flutt'ring, airy things;
The symbols of thy heavenly birth,
Which tell thou art not *all* of earth!
Oh! find them quick! it may not be,
For as the winds shouldst thou be free:
No longer there be idle lying,
Since love, like time, must still be flying.

PITY.

By J. M. LACEY.

Soft as the brightest beam of heav'n,
When winter's snows the earth invest,
Is Pity, when its pow'r is giv'n
To sooth the sigh of sorrow's breast.

'Tis Pity melts the throbbing heart
"When bleeding Nature droops to die;"
When friend from friend is doom'd to part,
'Tis Pity's tear that gems the eye.

When orphan innocence is seen
Unhous'd amid the awful storm,
Pity, with kindred soul serene,
Protects the trembling infant's form.

Oh! then, be Pity ever mine,
The gentlest feeling God has giv'n
To prompt to deeds almost divine,
And make on earth a little heav'n!

MY GRAVE.

I would seek for my grave
A lone spot where the wave
Murmur'd by as though mourning my doom;
Where the myrtle should grow,
And the willow-tree throw
Its green branches and shade o'er my tomb;
Where the moss-rose might shed
Its perfume on my bed,
When the breeze of the morning stole by,
And the slanting sunbeam
On the bright verdure gleam,
Ere it sank in the tears of the sky.

No *remembering* line
Should disfigure the shrine,
Nor burthen the light earth above me;
Not a stone should be prest
On the place of my rest,
To libel the dear ones that love me:
But oft over my bier
Might the sorrowing tear
Of the friends of my bosom be shed;
And as glisten'd the eye,
Might the heart heave a sigh
To lament and to honour the dead.

E. S. C***V.

April 10, 1828.

WORDS ARE BUT WIND.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the
floods;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
And turtles cannot sing, and yet they
love.
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue
to speak;
They hear and see and sigh, and then they
break. *NEMO.*

THE DOVE.

From an interesting volume of "Poems by Mrs G. G. RICHARDSON, Dumfries," just published.

That young white spirit, who so lately fled
To happier realms—whose memory hovers
here,

And ever will—my lonely musings fed,
When, unforeseen! the church-yard path
was near.

I followed—passion led—for there she lay,
The all that could be mortal of my child!
Turf and fresh flow'rs her covering—need I
say

My steps grew feebler—thought, more
sadly wild?

Yet 'twas a scene which Nature's lovers
might

Desire to die in—blessed spirits choose
To seek again in, and prepare for flight
Their earthly garment, 'mid earth's hea-
venliest hues.

Pure as my darling's life, a stream flow'd by,
Of sunny current and melodious sound;
And birds as joyous, of like melody,
Were playing with Spring's tresses all
around.

And lambs, with looks like hers, were stop-
ping me
To wring my heart—and then, away,
away!

O'er the green glebe, where she was wont to
be—

The happy living things at distance play—

What are they all to me, these pageantries
Of hill and dale, wild rock and sunny
stream?

Music to deafness! Sorrow only sees
They all must perish, like the happy's
dream.

Was it not strange? a Dove, a white-winged
Dove,
Sole traveller of its kind, here passed me
by,

Turn'd and cooed round me, with soft notes
like love

Chiding despair, and then alighted nigh:

I moved—it 'compared in equal race—
Now at my feet, and now on transient
wing;

With outstretch'd hand I try to seize, or
chase

The strange companion, inly wondering

Whence, and why came it. How it thrill'd
my breast

With most unsteady thoughts—yet sweet
they were—

To see this emblem of my lost-one rest
Upon her grave at length, and wait me
there!

And as I stoop'd to clasp the gentle bird,
Who seem'd my own, by some mysterious
tie,

Just once again her cooing notes I heard,
And then she shot into the distant sky.

I state but simple facts—yet who will blame
If fancy linger o'er them?—Might it be
That happy souls, permitted, ever came
To sooth the mourner—hers was there
with me!

TRANSLATION OF LINES

*Addressed to the late Margravine of ANSPACH
on Occasion of her Marriage.*

On wedded hearts that love has bound
The hand of time shall lightly press;
Satiety can ne'er be found
Where mind has lent its aid to bless.

The rose that blooms at morning bright,
At eve exhales a sweeter sigh;
The sun that breathes in floods of light,
More warmly gilds the western sky.

IMPROMPTU ON THE REFUSAL OF A
LEARNED WIFE.

You wish to me a maiden fair and young,
Who speaks French, Spanish, and the Ger-
man tongue.

I thank you, Philip, I will have none such;
One tongue's enough, nay for a maid too
much.

You say, "you love the learned!"—as my
life

The learned scholar—not the learned wife.
Nemo.

LINES

*Written under a winged Pig with the Title of
PIGASUS attached, found in a Lady's Al-
bum.*

On a fleet-winged courser the poets of old
Took the air of the mountain of song we are
told;

But such ancient follies we leave far behind
In this era so famed for the grand "march
of mind;"

Flying pigs are the go now, complete—tail
and snout;

While the asses who ride them cry "horses
are out."



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THE THIRD SERIES.

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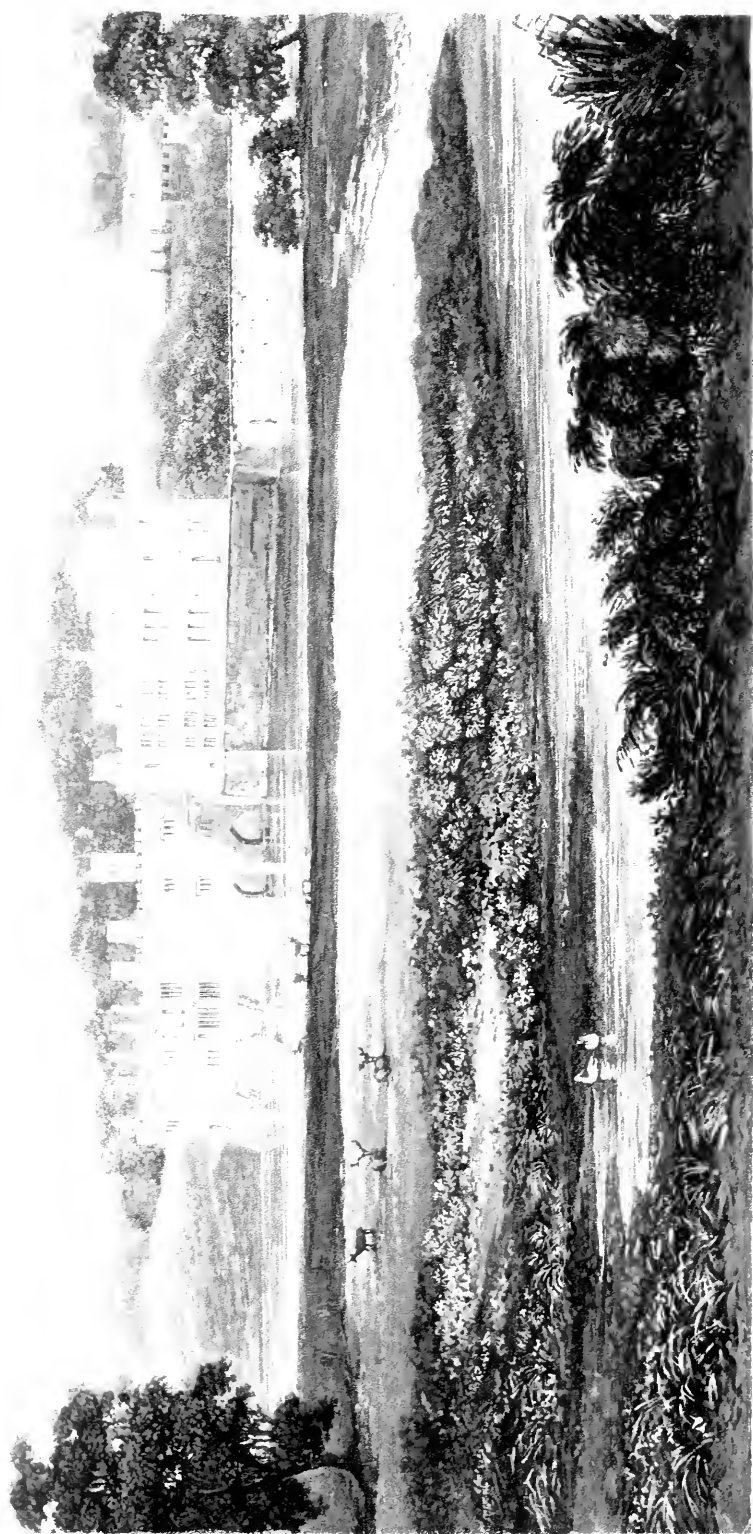
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N^o. LXIX.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

LEEDS CASTLE, KENT,

THE RESIDENCE OF FIENNES WYKEHAM MARTIN, ESQ.

THIS fine old baronial fortress, situated five miles east of Maidstone, is the residence and property of Fiennes Wykeham Martin, Esq. successor to the late General Martin; by whom it has been put into a state of thorough repair, and beautified by an entire new front on the south, ramparts, with octangular towers at the angles, and corresponding towers over the central grand entrance on the same aspect, the whole surmounted by embattlements characteristic of its origin.

This place is known to be of high antiquity, a fortress having been erected here, two hundred and fifty years prior to the Norman conquest, by a chieftain of King Ethelbert II. At a later period it was honoured by the occasional residence of Richard II. and Henry IV. It has been the abode of archbishops and of bishops,

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and the prison as well as the palace of royalty; the Princess Joan of Navarre having been confined here during the reign of Henry V.

Leeds Castle was held by the crown till the reign of Edward VI. and ultimately became the property of the Fairfax and Martin families.

In consequence of the recent improvements which it has received, it may now be justly ranked among the most interesting mansions in the kingdom. The interior is furnished with elegance and taste, and contains some of the best portraits of Lely's time, with many other valuable paintings, comprising landscapes, marine, historical, and battle pieces. The park is extensive and very beautiful, from its undulating surface, its ornamental pieces of water, and its stately timber; and embellished with its castellated mansion, it affords a va-

riety of luxuriant scenery, rarely to be met with. In fine, the beneficial effects of real improvement which have been in steady operation here for several years past, under the directions and liberal plans of the present proprietor, are every where apparent.

LANTARNAM ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF SIR HENRY PROTHEROE,

is situated about four miles on the right of the high-road leading from Newport to Pontypool, in an extensive park, swelling into gentle undulations of rich pasture, and interspersed with thick plantations and dark avenues. The present mansion, which is supposed to have been erected in the time of Elizabeth on the site of an ancient Cistercian abbey, is a large structure, of a rather gloomy appearance, with the principal front facing the west. It is built of stone from the ruins of the abbey. The entrance-hall, with its two large windows, has, on entering it, a very striking effect. It is embellished with a number of fine portraits of eminent characters, and two by Sir Peter Lely of Sir Edward Morgan and his lady. There are also some good landscapes, and some fine specimens of animals by Snyders, highly deserving of notice. Much praise is due to the present possessor of Lantarnam for the improvements which have taken place; but the removal a few years since of a very beautiful gateway, which stood in front of the mansion, and in the porch of which were the arms of the Morgan family, with the date 1588, is to be regretted.

Of the monastic remains of Lantarnam there is little to be seen, except some stone walls at the back of

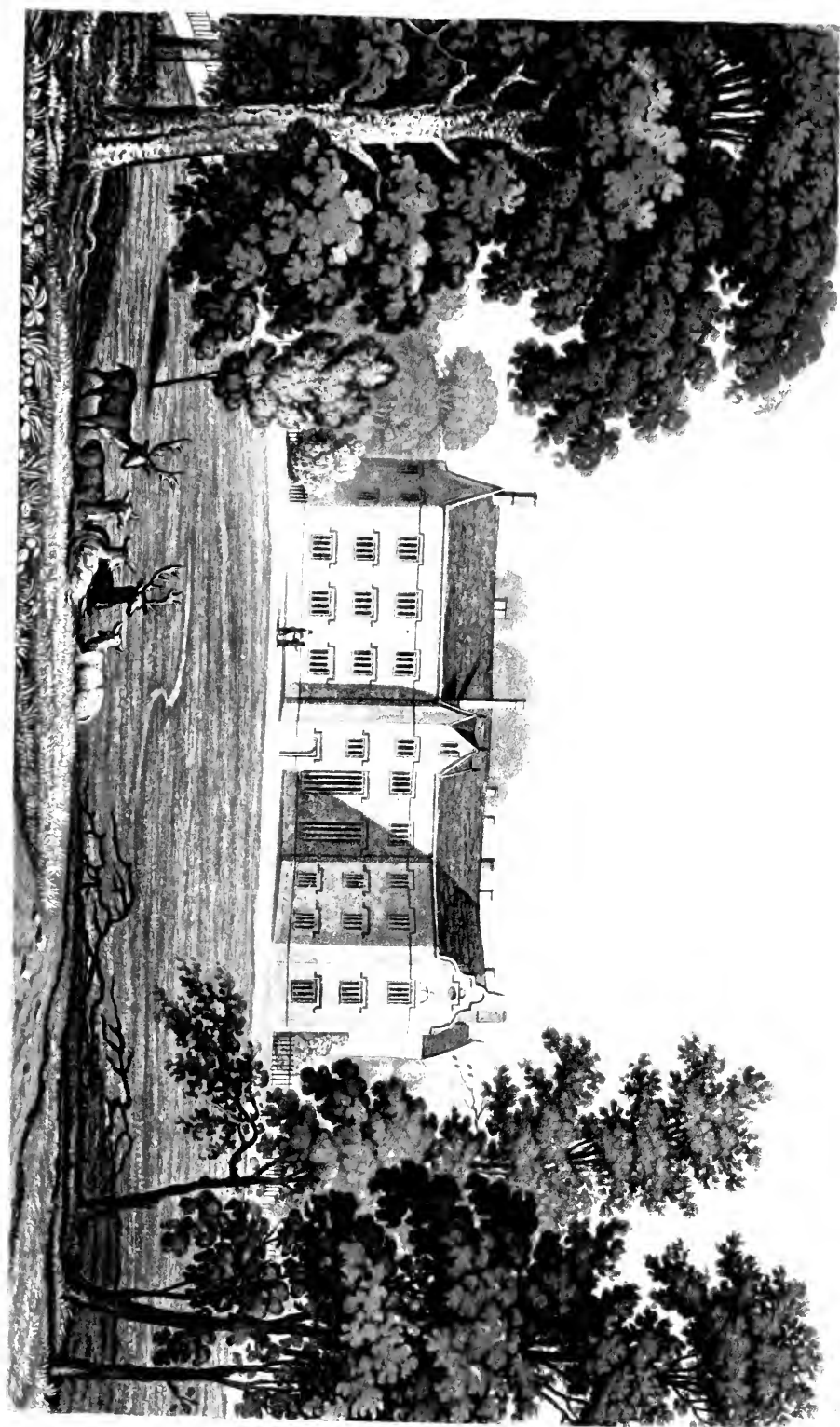
the house; but a few years ago the effigy of a female in the attitude of prayer was found in digging near the house, and is still preserved in the hall.

Lantarnam Abbey became in the reign of Elizabeth the property of the Morgans, who also possessed an ancient seat, about two miles from it, called Pentre-bach, and which is now fast mouldering to decay. On the failure of the male line, the property was bequeathed to two daughters, and now belongs to their descendants, Edmund Blewitt, Esq. and Charles Fettipace of Swinebrook, in Oxfordshire; but is leased out to the present occupier.

The church is a small fabric, adjoining the park, at the entrance of the village, on the north side of which is a cemetery belonging to the Morgan family.

The vale in which Lantarnam is situated is watered by the rapid torrent which descends from the hills of Pontypool, called Avon Llwyd, or the Grey River. The scenery in the neighbourhood is remarkably beautiful, and to a landscape-painter presents many fine studies for the pencil.

For the above particulars, as also the loan of the drawing from which our view was engraved, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.



PENZANCE AND MOUNT'S BAY.

By R. EDMONDS, *jun. Esq.*“And those who paint them truest, praise them most.”—*Addison.*

ALTHOUGH Penzance and Mount's Bay have recently become very eminent as a resort for invalids, and present so fine a field for the exercise of the pen of an imaginative writer, they have never hitherto been made the subject of a full description. To supply this omission shall be the humble endeavour of the writer of the present paper.

Penzance is situated on the inmost shores of Mount's Bay, the most southern part of England. The town is built on a gentle rocky eminence, projecting with a mild declivity some little distance into the sea. The aspect of Penzance is towards the south, and distant hills rise on its northern, eastern, and western sides, to shelter it from the bleak and tempestuous winds which prevail from those quarters. It is supplied with the purest water by several perennial springs; and many chalybeate fountains of great medicinal virtue are to be met with in the environs. These, and the other advantages of its situation, combine to render Penzance and its vicinity, in the opinion of an eminent physician (Dr. Paris), who resided there six years, not only the mildest and most salubrious spot in England, but the most genial of all places in Europe to the restoration of impaired health. As a proof of its very superior mildness, I need only state, that corn is reaped, and vegetables of all kinds are gathered, in this neighbourhood several weeks earlier than in any other part of the kingdom.

About three miles eastward of Penzance, at the extremity of a

beautiful semicircular beach and green, is seen St. Michael's Mount, with a harbour for ships at its base, and a castle, a chapel, and a tower on its summit. This celebrated Mount, which is encircled with the waves five hours out of the twelve, resembles at high water “a gem set in the silver sea,” and though less than a mile in circumference, “has occasioned more ink-shed than any continent on the globe*.” Southward of the Mount the cliffs extend twenty miles, until they terminate in the Lizard Point. About a mile west of Penzance, over another fine beach and green, lies Newlyn, a populous fishing-town, at the foot of Paul Hill. Paul Hill stretches several miles to the south of Newlyn, but seems from Penzance to terminate in the ancient fishing-town of Mousehole. The highway from Newlyn to Mousehole is along the edge of a precipitous cliff.

Those who delight to contemplate sublime and terrific scenery may en-

* See Dr. Paris's “Guide to Mount's Bay,” wherein the view from the tower on the Mount is thus finely described: “The prospect hence is of the grandest description, and is perhaps as striking as any that can occur ‘to mortal eye:’ the immense extent of sea raises the most sublime emotions; the waves of the British, Irish, and Atlantic seas all roll within the compass of the sight; whilst the eye is relieved from the uniform though imposing grandeur of so boundless an horizon, by wandering, on the north and west, over a landscape which Claude himself might have transfused on his canvas.”

joy it in perfection, by conveying themselves, nine miles west of Penzance, to the cliffs on which the famous Logan Rock is poised. Thence, if they do not find themselves chained to the spot by the magic grandeur of the scene, they should proceed along the line of cliffs in a north-westerly direction, until having passed over Tol Pedn Penwith, the Land's-End, and Cape Cornwall, they have reached Botallack mine. The scenery which they will witness in this excursion is sublime beyond description; every thing which meets the eye is lonely and wild and fearful, and it requires not a little fortitude to overcome the terror which the *genius loci* creates even in the boldest and least superstitious bosoms. Arrived at Botallack mine, they will behold a stupendous steam-engine at the foot of a gigantic and almost perpendicular cliff, down which it had been lowered for the purpose of exhausting the water from subterranean excavations beneath the bed of the Atlantic! Here a stranger may acquire some idea of the dangers to which the Cornish miner exposes himself. Here also those who possess courage sufficient to descend into dark subterraneous caverns, have an opportunity of doing so, and of listening to the mighty ocean's billows roaring over their heads, while they themselves are walking on dry ground some fathoms beneath them!

Within the distance of three or four miles round Penzance, the country is adorned with all the charms which green hills, winding valleys, trees, streams, and rocks can supply to diversify and embellish a rural scene. Gentlemen's seats, with the grounds tastefully laid out in lawns,

plantations, and gardens, through which meandering streamlets are led, meet the delighted eye of the stranger wherever he bends his feet. Ivy-covered rocks, piled precipitously upon one another, like those near Gulval church, or rather like those more lovely ones which overhang the enchanting valley of Toltarne, invite his approach, and afford him from their heights very magnificent views. Sometimes he finds himself straying through gloomy avenues of aged trees, such as those which lead to Castle Horneck, amidst the noise of waterfalls; at others, he is wandering in silence amid still gloomier shades in paths, like Love-lane, overhung with hedgewood and plum-trees.

One peculiarity which cannot fail to strike a stranger who rambles round Penzance is, that although the fine views and walks are almost innumerable, there is scarcely one of them which is not open to the public: footpaths, intersected by stiles level with the ground, traverse the richly cultivated fields in every direction; and private carriage-roads, leading up lawns or through plantations to gentlemen's seats, are left open to all who are inclined to walk there. Amongst this last class of beautiful walks, I would name those which lead to Rosehill, Castle Horneck, Trereife, Trenear, and Lariggan. The most lovely little spot about Penzance to which the public have not access, is Mr. Samuel John's sequestered fairy dwelling in "the Orchard." One of the finest views near the town is that which is to be seen from the ancient circular encampment on the summit of the hill behind Castle Horneck; the west end of Penzance composes a small portion of this superb landscape; the

eastern part of Penzance, with its harbour, is best viewed from another ancient encampment, which crowns the hill immediately above the eastern entrance of the town.

The most extensive view of Mount's Bay is to be had from Castle-an-Dinas, which is the only ancient intrenchment near Penzance whereon any thing in the shape of a castle at present stands. Castle-an-Dinas is four miles north-east of Penzance, and is situated on the hill which divides the southern bay of the Mount from the northern bay of St. Ives. From this intrenchment these bays are seen to approach each other within the distance of five or six miles; and the warm cloudless air, flowing from the southern bay and mingling with the cold air of the northern, is frequently observed condensed in the form of a fog in the midst of the northern valley. Within five miles from Penzance no less than seven high conical eminences have their summits crowned with those ancient circular intrenchments. To the eye of an observer who looks abroad for those elevations, the lovely neighbourhood of Penzance, with the heaving bosom of its much-admired bay lying before it, seems, while reposing within the shelter of the encircling hills, like "Beauty slumbering in a giant's arms."

But to convey any distinct idea of the appearance of the delightful town and neighbourhood which I am endeavouring to shadow forth, is beyond the efforts of my feeble pen; I must therefore refer you, courteous reader, to those faithful drawings of the most beautiful views in Mount's Bay which have been made by a native and self-taught artist (Mr. J. Tonkin), who has attained consider-

able skill as a portrait and landscape-painter.

The low ledge of rocks, called the Battery Rocks, which terminates the elevation on which Penzance is built, is as secure, commodious, and pleasant a place for the purposes of bathing, as well for those who swim as for those who do not, as any spot in England; and during the bathing season it is much frequented by gentlemen. The ladies possess an equally safe and pleasant place for bathing on the Newlyn Beach. There is never any dangerous current in the bay, and the sea is seldom, if ever, too rough for bathing.

Penzance has a large and excellent pier, with a handsome lighthouse at the extremity, and a dry dock for repairing ships. It is a place of considerable trade. It possesses very elegant shops, in which commodities of every description are retailed as cheaply as in London. It boasts of a superb "Royal Cornwall Geological Museum," a public library, and reading-room, besides many circulating libraries and book-clubs; two numerous attended news-rooms (the gentlemen's and the commercial), eight places of divine worship, a dispensary, a warm and cold bathing-house, an endowed classical school, a theatre, an assembly-room, besides many other public buildings and institutions. No town in England enjoys a market in which provisions of every variety (particularly fish and poultry) can be procured in better condition or more cheaply than in Penzance. Innumerable vehicles of all shapes and sizes, *couverts* and *ouverts*, from the post-chaise to the donkey-car, are let to hire by the day or by the hour, and are seen plying incessantly to and fro in the

public roads. The mayor and justice of this town hold sessions every quarter for the trial of minor offences; and a hundred court of record for the recovery of debts of any amount is held every third Friday.

Penzance contains above six thousand inhabitants, of whom the first society are as polished and as elegant in their manners as the society of any town whatever. The numerous strangers who resort thither, whether they be ladies or gentlemen, and whether of a religious, of a literary, or of a gay turn of mind, are sure of meeting with associates whose tastes and pursuits are congenial with their own. Penzance is the birth-place of several literary and scientific characters of the present day. The venerable president of the Royal Society and his distinguished predecessor are both natives of the neighbourhood of Penzance; and it sheds no little glory upon this vicinity that it should have sent forth successively two individuals of such distinction to fill "the throne of intellectual eminence*." The inhabitants generally are opulent and well informed; the population and wealth

* The writer might, with perfect propriety, have mentioned, among the natives of Penzance, the name of his brother, T. R. Edmunds, A.B. the author of a very interesting work on *Moral and Political Economy*, which has been eulogized in the highest terms by several respectable reviewers.—EDITOR.

of the town are rapidly increasing; new and splendid buildings are continually rising; and every inhabitant, from the greatest to the least, seems to be stimulated by an ardent thirst for the improvement of himself and of all around him. The knowledge of the French language is here so general, that there is scarcely a counting-house or respectable shop in the town in which a Frenchman would not find one or more of the inmates capable of conversing with him in his own vernacular tongue. Here the poor are never neglected; the ladies are continually seeking them out and administering to their comforts; not a hovel in the precincts of the town can be found so mean but that the fairest inhabitants would willingly enter it, if they knew that it was the abode of sickness, want, or misery, and that their presence or assistance could alleviate the sufferings of its afflicted tenant.

But I have exceeded the limits within which I intended to confine myself, and shall therefore, in conclusion, recommend all those who find a pleasure in sublime and beautiful scenery, who wish to live in health to a good old age, blest with the most agreeable society, and in the enjoyment of every comfort which nature and art can yield, to fix their unchanging abode in that salubrious and delightful neighbourhood which I have in the preceding lines most faithfully described.

ON THE SERPENT OF PARADISE.

NATURAL history presents perhaps more subjects of general interest than any other science, inasmuch as it makes us acquainted with such

various species of animals and vegetables, and with the external properties of the inanimate bodies which surround us upon the earth. It is

immediately beneficial, since it shows us what can subserve to the many wants of man, and what may be injurious to us; and at the same time it affords to the mind many enjoyments of a higher kind. It conducts the antiquary more especially through the darkness of bygone ages; and the divine who has to expound the Scripturesought therefore to be more intimately acquainted with it, since those documents also are derived from countries, the nature of which is foreign to us Europeans. A knowledge of nature, which leads every man whose moral sense is not extinct to the belief in an almighty and all-wise Creator, is not only the source of all natural religion, but a great portion of the circumstances, and more especially the images that occur in the sacred writings, cannot be explained but by natural history. This alone can bring those images nearer to our scrutinizing understanding, and thereby contribute to keep the authenticity of these most ancient documents of the human race free from doubts, which their literal expression tends to excite in all who are not accustomed to the mode of thinking and poetical language of the East. This science indeed shews of itself that man, compared with earlier and extinct creations of organic beings on the earth, is a modern race, of which no vestige is to be found among the innumerable relics of those living beings which inhabited this earth before him. Natural history too affords hints respecting the original abode of man, and the descent of all mankind from a first family. The design of the following essay is to shew, by means of this science, that the sacred traditions in which the early

history of our race is enveloped, may be expounded and perfectly reconciled with that rational order which we admire throughout all nature.

The dragons of antiquity furnish a striking example of this kind when considered in connection with the serpent in the Mosaic history of Eve and the fall of man. I mean not those fabulous animals which a poetical imagination has fantastically compounded of the real serpent, the four-footed crocodile cased in armour, the inguana lizard, which is provided with a comb or crest, and a small delicate flying lizard, to which last Linneus gave in derision the name of a dragon—animals of gigantic dimensions, vomiting forth flames and poison, having wings and legs, a tail terminating in a deadly sting, and a blood-red comb—animals which have not existed in any age or in any country.

The real dragons of the ancient Greeks and Romans are simply serpents, which, though destitute of poison, are most formidable from their immense size and strength, which enable them to coil round and break the bones even of the largest animals. Their various species yet inhabit the moist regions of the tropics in the old and new world. As there are animals on both great continents which have a general resemblance, but on closer observation appear to be of a different species, or at least a different variety, so the monstrous serpents of the old world differ in many respects from those of the new. Those of the ancient continent the naturalists of the present day comprehend under the general denomination of *Python*; to those of the equatorial regions of

America they have arbitrarily given the appellation of *Boa*.

The Python serpents of the ancient world are mostly inhabitants of forests, of immense size, covered with proportionally small scales, and provided with simple horny plates, running obliquely across the belly, but divided into pairs at the tail. Without any distinct members, like all other serpents, they have, nevertheless, under the beginning of the tail a couple of small horny spurs, which they can draw up into their bodies. Their lower jaw is so constructed that the throat can expand to a greater width than the thickest part of the reptile. Naturally indolent, they merely lie in wait for animals that chance to pass by, on which, with a frightful hissing, they dart with the fore part of their bodies. The upper jaw has four rows, and the lower two, of sharp barbed teeth, with which they seize their living prey, coil their prodigious length around the unfortunate animal, break all its bones, then stretch it out at full length, and slowly swallow it whole, always beginning with the head. Their largest species have been known to conquer Asiatic tigers and even buffaloes; and in others have been found entire men, whom they had thus dispatched and swallowed.

Most of these gigantic serpents are beautifully spotted like the cruel panther, but in general the ground colour of the former is darker than that of the latter. The dragons of the ancients are accordingly described by Aëtius, the physician, in the fourth book of his *Tetrabiblion*, as being either of a brown or a fawn colour, or ash-gray: but Pindar expressly asserts, that the dragon which

killed Jason was variously coloured upon the back.

As there were lions in Europe, particularly in Thessaly, between the rivers Achelous and Nessus, down to the time of Aristotle, so these gigantic serpents were formerly spread farther than at present, into temperate regions, and even into the islands of the Grecian sea. In the most ancient times they were indigenous in Palestine, Greece, and even in Italy. Jeremiah complains in his 51st chapter, that Nebuchadnezzar had swallowed Israel like a dragon; the traditions of Greece are full of dragons; and according to Pliny, a serpent, which he calls *Boa*, was killed, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, at Rome itself, in the belly of which was found an entire child.

But some of the dragons of the ancients could not have belonged to these gigantic species of serpents—the fawn-coloured dragons of Æsculapius in the Peloponnese, mentioned by Pausanias, for example. Aëtius, too, speaks of dragons only five cubits, or seven feet and a half long; and Avicenna, in the fourth of his books *On Medicine*, states, that in Hither Asia the dragons attained the length of but four cubits. All the larger and thicker sort of serpents were classed by the ancients among the dragons; for with them the word dragon is synonymous with large serpent. Pindar, in the fourth of his *Pythian Odes*, in which he treats of the golden fleece of Colchis, employs indiscriminately the terms dragon and serpent. Thus, too, Pausanias, in the eighth book of his *Description of Greece*, inquires to what species the serpent could have belonged which, creeping before An-

tinöe, led her to the spot on which the city of Mantinea was to be built; and he conceives that it may be proved from a passage in Homer that this serpent was of the class of dragons. It was even a Grecian proverb, that no serpent could become a dragon till it had swallowed another serpent. But a circumstance that is absolutely decisive on this point is, the very statue of Laocoon which once decorated the palace of Titus, in which Pliny particularly admires the skill of the sculptor in the execution of the coils of the two "dragons" that have involved the unhappy father and his sons, and which has escaped all the vicissitudes of ages since the downfall of the Roman empire. And these same dragons of Laocoon, which Virgil, in the second book of the *Æneid*, has poetically furnished with blood-red manes, are simply large serpents, without wings, legs, or claws, without comb, and without any mortal sting at the extremity of the tail. Strabo, moreover, in the sixteenth book of his work, expressly remarks, that it is fabulous that the Indian and Libyan dragons have wings; and Pliny asserts, in the eleventh book of his *Natural History*, that no person had ever yet seen a dragon with a crest. According to Bochart, the Jews also employed one and the same word, which, in a narrower signification, means a dragon, to denote a serpent in general. Thus the serpent of Eve, in the Mosaic paradise, is called, in the Revelations, the great dragon which seduces the whole world.

The sultry regions of Africa and India are, according to the writers of antiquity, the native countries of the
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largest dragons, as those regions are still the native countries of the gigantic snakes of the ancient continent. We are upon the whole better acquainted with the animals of the new world, which is more visited by scientific Europeans, than with those of the ancient continent, exclusively of Europe; and for this reason most of the large serpents of India and Africa are still but imperfectly known by us. It is also more than probable, that in the old world again all the species of the large serpents of India differ from those of the hot regions of Africa, of which we yet possess scarcely a superficial knowledge. According to ancient and modern writers, the Indian species must comprehend one of the most formidable, which is distinguished by very large fiery-looking eyes, and by a disproportionately large head. The story of *Ælian*, however, that in India, a dragon which was accounted sacred, 105 feet long, with eyes as large as a Macedonian shield, set up a tremendous hissing at the approach of Alexander's army, is manifestly one of the exaggerations of the ancients. Marco Polo, nevertheless, describes a serpent in the upper part of the peninsula of India beyond the Ganges, which was capable of swallowing tigers, had glaring eyes of the size of a loaf, which at his time sold for four Venetian *danari*; was ten paces long, ten spans thick, and left a track upon the ground like that of a heavy log of wood. According to the other particulars which he gives, this monster must belong to the family of *Seps* or *Chalcis* of modern naturalists.

Another remarkable species is the

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marsh serpent of the East Indies, which, notwithstanding the magnitude of its body, has a very small head, furnished with jaws capable of astonishing distension, and proportionably small eyes. Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, describes this species of dragon as dwelling in the morasses of India; as being sluggish and slow, of blackish colour on the back, having small scales, scarcely raising its head from the ground, but attaining the length of thirty cubits, or forty-five feet. The same writer, however, remarks, that in the mountains of India there are still larger dragons, which hold their heads up high, having scales that glisten like silver, and eyes that glow like fire. Modern observers confirm this difference between the swamp and mountain serpents of India. Baron von Wurmb, in the third volume of *Lichtenberg's Magazine of Natural History and Philosophy*, expressly states that the great serpent of the swampy rice-grounds of Java does not attain the size to which the monstrous serpent of the woody mountains of the same island grows, and which reaches the length of thirty feet. Percival says, in his *Description of the Island of Ceylon*, that the great rock snake there attains the length of thirty feet; that it chiefly haunts the rocky banks of the rivers; and that it is of a gray colour, variegated with broad white stripes. A mountain snake of Malabar, but of a dark brown colour, is described by Fra Paolino in his *Tour in the East Indies*, published at the conclusion of the last century, as being from thirty to forty Roman feet in length, and as thick as an ox; and he says that it is sometimes car-

ried down by the water in inundations from the Ghauts to the lower countries. Haafner, a Dutch traveller (whose *Pedestrian Tour in Ceylon* was published in 1810), was in imminent danger of his life in 1783 in the mountains of Bocaul from a reptile of this species: he estimated it as being seventy feet long, and twice as thick as a man's body; but it is not improbable that his fears may have added somewhat to its dimensions. It pursued him with wild glaring eyes, till, breathless, he scrambled up a steep rock, and thus saved himself from the monster.

It is of consequence to remark that the serpents of this last-mentioned species frequently ascend lofty trees, from which they suddenly dart with a tremendous rattle on their prey as it passes unsuspectingly along. Haafner's attention was first directed to the snake which pursued him, by a noise like that of a smith's bellows in a lofty umbrageous tree, as he was penetrating into a thick wood. De la Bissachère says, in his *Description of Tunkin and Cochinchina*, published in 1811, that in those countries there are serpents as thick as a man's thigh, which lurk in lofty trees and dart down from them. Captain Forrest, who, in the years 1774 to 1776, explored the eastern Archipelago of India, from Borneo to New Guinea, asserts that in the Islands of Mindanao, Salayer, and Salan, there are monstrous snakes, which ascend trees, and thence throw themselves on travellers passing securely underneath, and that they are strong enough to seize a large goat and carry it off from the ground. The ancient writers were aware of the climbing propensity of the Indian dragon. Pli-

ny mentions it; and Ælian expressly states, in the sixth of his books concerning the Nature of Animals, that these dragons crept up trees, winding the hinder half of the body round the branches, and letting the forepart hang down like a rope; and, according to report, attacking even elephants as they passed.

Natural history also shews us the fabulous dragons of rocks and caverns as a monstrous species of serpent, haunting the banks of mountain streams in hot countries; or, according to the account of Diodorus Siculus, confirmed by the moderns, dwelling in the ravines of their long valleys, not readily quitting the retreat which it has once chosen, but climbing large trees, and thence threatening destruction to every living thing that approaches.

In such mountain streams, near which these dragons reside, is yet found gold dust in the large islands of Farther India; also in Sumatra, Borneo, Timor, and others. Here then we have a perfectly natural explanation of the widely diffused stories of cruel dragons, which are re-

presented as guardians sometimes of sacred springs, as at Thebes in Greece, at others of exquisite fruits, or of gold and treasures.

In those parts of the Asiatic Archipelago which occupies the whole space between the Indian peninsula, New Holland, and New Guinea, this dragon is the last enemy of all living animals towards the east. The extensive islands near the continent of Eastern India harbour, besides it, not only elephants and rhinoceroses, and savage mischievous buffaloes, but also the most cruel tigers and crocodiles; but further eastward, Borneo, Celebes, and Gilolo, have neither tiger, elephant, nor rhinoceros; and the wild buffalo is not found in the islands situated further northward. In Borneo and Mindanao there are but very small alligators, instead of the great Indian crocodile. On the other hand, the formidable serpent alone is met with further eastward from the continent of India, till at length it ceases to be found in the delicious islands of the South Sea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SHEPHERD OF EICHENBERG.

(Continued from page 84.)

A FAINT sound presently struck upon Ludewig's ear. He listened, in spite of himself, with the most intense attention, and could distinctly hear footsteps approaching the cavern. He heard something enter, and clap itself down close beside him; he heard it only, for he kept his eyes convulsively closed, that he might at least avoid the sight of the dreaded goblin, and the perception of the fate which awaited him. His

anxiety was strained to the highest pitch.

In this state of horror not many moments elapsed before something touched Ludewig's face: he gave a piercing shriek. The goblin sprang up, raised Ludewig from the ground, and dragged the unresisting victim out of the cavern, to look at him by the starlight. His eyes appeared to the affrighted youth like balls of fire.

"Aha!" said he, "base thief, have I caught thee at last? Thou shalt swing ere long, I warrant. Where is my silver box?"

It was no other than the huntsman whom he had seen the preceding day at the flowery hill, and who had there dropped the box with the portrait.

Ludewig recovered himself on perceiving that it was a being of flesh and blood with whom he had to deal. He hoped that he should easily succeed in proving his innocence, which indeed was sufficiently obvious. The huntsman, however, would not listen to any apology. He insisted that the youth had meant to rob him of the portrait, which he declared to be his most valuable treasure; and that his running away was the strongest proof of his knavish intention. Being well armed, he had Ludewig, who was absolutely defenceless, completely in his power, and began to bind his hands, threatening at the same time to deliver him up immediately to justice, and have him thrown into prison.

The poor lad trembled at the thought; for though he had no doubt that his innocence would be made manifest, still the charge would leave an indelible stigma upon his character, and deprive him of his father's affection for ever. He repeatedly protested his innocence, imploring the huntsman's compassion in the most moving manner, and promising to do and to suffer any thing for him, if he would but let him go.

"Well," said the latter at length, with a grin of triumph, "I will propose one condition: if thou acceptest it thou mayest go about thy business; but if thou hesitatest, or mak-

est the slightest objection, our bargain is at an end, and thou must e'en swing for it."

"Speak then; ask what thou wilt. I am prepared for the worst."

"Well, listen. I cannot bear the priests nor their doings. Promise that thou wilt renounce their influence for ever; that thou wilt never more receive a sacrament, or hear mass or sermon."

A chill crept through the veins of the unfortunate Ludewig. He began to have an inkling in whose power he was, though the idea did not yet clearly present itself to his mind: but the disgrace of imprisonment and trial was pictured in hideous colours to his imagination; and, pale and trembling, he involuntarily stammered forth, "I promise."

"Then art thou free," said the exulting huntsman, releasing him: "but beware of breaking thy promise. The first violation of it in the most trivial point shall cost thee thy life. I shall always have accurate information of thy motions: hope not to elude me. But where is my box?"

Ludewig was doubly sensible how dear the portrait was to him now that he was required to give it up; but still he durst not express his secret wishes respecting it. Having once more pressed it to his heart, he slowly drew the box from his bosom. The huntsman, who easily guessed what was passing in his mind, helped him out of the dilemma.

"Hark ye, my lad," said he in a kind tone, "I perceive that thou hast not a mind to part with the trinket. Hast thou seen what is inside?"

Ludewig durst not deny the truth: he admitted that he had.

"Well then, thou mayest keep it.

I have made a vow to give it away as soon as any other eye but my own should see what is within—but only on one condition.”

“And what is that?” hastily inquired Ludewig, who was ready to subscribe to any terms.

“Thou must not let any one see the portrait—not any one; and thou must kiss it at least once every day. If thou neglectest this but once, or shewest the portrait to any person whatsoever, ’tis all over with thee.”

The youth joyfully assented, and wondered within himself that the owner of the box should impose that as a condition which he should not have failed to do of himself. The huntsman having repeated his warning, suddenly retired, and soon disappeared amid the darkness.

When our hero was once more alone, various were the sensations that thronged upon his soul; but first and foremost were the pangs occasioned by the reproaches of awaking conscience: for, on a review of all the circumstances of the case, he was forced to admit that he had entered into a compact with the foul fiend. Already had he grasped the box, already had he raised his arm to hurl the gift of hell from him down the deepest precipice; but the thoughts of being brought to the bar as a criminal, and of the beloved figure eyeing him with a look of sadness and solicitation, presented themselves to his mind. His arm sank; the portrait was replaced in his bosom, and pressed not less closely than involuntarily to his heart. He then threw himself upon his hard couch, on which he tossed in an agitation which forbade repose. At length he began to excuse the first step

which he had taken on the road to perdition, alleging that he could not have acted otherwise, and even to justify his conduct to himself by all those specious arguments with which passion so often deludes even superior intellect. These served to pacify his mind a little: the midnight hour, too, was past; his fears had subsided; and at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun, already high above the loftiest peaks of the mountains, was darting his bright beams into the sequestered cavern. His first thought was of his portrait. With inward satisfaction he considered it as his property; and quickly opening the box, kissed the picture, without once reflecting that he had promised to do so.

He quitted the cavern. The country wore an altered appearance. With peculiar pleasure, he observed a beaten path leading the way he wished to go across the mountains, and of which he had seen no traces the preceding day; and he pursued this route without delay.

He travelled onward and onward, suffering severely from the heat of the sun, and still more from thirst. He looked round, but not a drop of water could he discover to refresh his parched lips. The cravings of hunger soon associated themselves with those of thirst; for he had not tasted a morsel since he finished the last remnant of his provisions the day before. Nearly exhausted, he at last reached the outlet from the mountains, and perceived at a little distance in the plain a few huts, which appeared to be the dwellings of herdsmen. He exerted all his strength to reach these habitations, in confident expectation that he should there meet with refreshment.

On his arrival, however, he was rudely repulsed with threats by the inmates. They would not bestow on the fainting traveller so much as a draught of water, for they had to fetch it themselves with great toil from a considerable distance; and he had no money wherewith to pay them for it. He sank to the ground, and abandoned himself to his fate.

Rest somewhat recruited his strength, and with the latter he regained his spirits. He laid hold of his box for the purpose of feasting his eyes at least on the portrait. In opening it, his finger accidentally slipped against the bottom, which flew open, shewing that it was a false one, and to his astonishment he found the space between that and the real bottom full of gold coins. He now saw himself relieved at once from all his wants, for he made sure that the shining metal would soften the hard hearts of the cottagers. No sooner did he produce a piece of money than they actually crowded round him, all declaring that they meant no harm in what they had before said, and professing their readiness to serve him. Ludewig entered the nearest cottage and took refreshments, which were now furnished in abundance. At parting he was solicited in the most courteous manner to call again soon, for he paid with the liberality of those whose riches lightly acquired are lightly spent.

Departing thence, he pursued his way into the country, directing his course from his home, that he might secure himself from the inquiries which he apprehended. But now that the cravings of appetite were appeased, other voices besides his own, which he had previously drowned, again rang in his ears; and among

the rest, the voice of conscience, which reproved him for having made use of money which at that moment appeared to him as the gift of hell. But—so said a third voice, the voice of the seducer in his bosom—he had never once thought of that. How indeed could he have done otherwise? for necessity has no law. He resolved, nevertheless, on no account whatever to have recourse again to the hidden store.

He travelled on from place to place, hoping somewhere or other to find employment, by which he might earn an honest livelihood. His applications, however, were invariably unsuccessful. Owing to his total inexperience, his manner was awkward, and gave him in the eyes of most people the appearance of a vagrant; while he could not conceal his guilty conscience, which accompanied him wherever he went. He was ashamed to beg; and when he at length conquered his reluctance so far as to solicit charity, he was every where rudely repulsed. Thus then he was soon reduced to the same necessity as before. Hunger is painful. What was to be done? He opened his hoard, and took out another piece of coin; and though he had one excuse less—for he was now well aware of the character of the donor—still he found it an easier task to silence the reproaches of conscience than on the former occasion.

Let every one beware of the first step to evil! the second is always much more easily taken. When the bulwark of vice, the holy horror of sin, is once overthrown, the broad road that leadeth to destruction lies open before us.

Ludewig had still less scruple about spending the third piece of

gold, less still about the fourth, and when he had come to the sixth, it seemed quite a regular thing to draw from that source. Thus did he wander about the country, till he became accustomed to this unprofitable way of life; so that at last he took no further trouble to seek employment.

Meanwhile it became more and more easy to him to fulfil his promise. At first when he saw a church or chapel, he felt himself powerfully attracted to the sacred edifice, and he was obliged to retire with speed in order to save his life. By and by he learned to pass them with perfect indifference. The other promise he had performed from the beginning with cheerfulness, and he felt more and more pleasure in so doing. Each morning on awaking his beloved portrait was his first thought; he contemplated it for hours together, and kissed it with fervent transport. And as he thus lay on the soft turf, and pressed the picture to his lips and to his bosom, he fancied that he was embracing a being of flesh and blood. The spark of desire became an ardent flame, and rendered him most unhappy; for no where could he discover in the real world an object which came up even in a remote degree with that pictured in his imagination; and to reality was his longing thenceforward directed.

Weeks and months elapsed, and Ludewig found to his consternation that he was reduced to his last piece of money. As if suddenly roused from an agreeable dream, he smote his brow, and threw himself down on the slope of a hill, where he just then happened to be. "What is to be done now?" cried he, gazing on his beloved portrait, as if asking advice of it. At this moment he per-

ceived, what had hitherto escaped him, that underneath the portrait, close to the margin of the lid on which it was painted, there were some very small characters, which at first sight had a peculiar appearance. On a nearer inspection, he recognised them to be letters. He could read and write a little. Out of curiosity he tried to put these letters together: they would not make a word which had any signification, but produced a strange sound, which he uttered aloud, and repeated several times.

All at once the huntsman stood before him, as if he had dropped from the clouds. His look was terrific, and his eyes rolled frightfully in his head. "What wouldst thou?" cried he in a voice of thunder—"why hast thou called me?"

Ludewig stood aghast. He had great difficulty to stammer forth that he had done it unwittingly.

"I will not be made a fool of!" rejoined the other, with a more angry and menacing look than before. "Say, what dost thou desire?"

An idea darted across Ludewig's mind, and he gave utterance to it without further consideration. "Convey me back to my home," said he, "and reconcile me with my father."

It was no part of the fiend's plan to fulfil the second of these desires, for he was apprehensive lest the good old man should reclaim his lost son to the path of virtue. With his usual artifice, therefore, he promised to comply with the first point, which would serve to bring him nearer to his object, and passed over the second in silence.

"Listen to me," said he after a brief pause. "Thy country is at war. Prince Sigismond has been unawares

attacked by a hostile neighbour. His horsemen and his foot soldiers, wholly unprepared for this invasion, have been beaten out of the field, and most of them slain or taken prisoners. The few who were able to escape have fled to Eichenberg, where they and their prince purpose to defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, and either to conquer or to perish with glory under the ruins of the castle. The furious foe has already invested it, and there is no doubt that the handful of heroes who are in it will succumb to superior numbers. The prince whom thou reverest and thy father also will then be involved in the general ruin; for the country will be one wide waste, the enemy wherever they come making it a scene of bloodshed and conflagration. Wilt thou assist thy straitened countrymen?"

"Will I!—how can I?"

"I will furnish thee with a horse and arms and military accoutrements, and with brave soldiers, and will teach thee to use the sword and the lance. Thou canst then speed away to Eichenberg, fall upon the rear of the enemy, relieve thy prince, the

castle, and thy country. Thou mayst easily guess what further. Thou wilt then?"

Ludewig signified his cheerful assent.

"But for this service I shall in due time expect a return from thee."

With these words the huntsman hurried away; and before Ludewig had time to recollect himself, and to picture in imagination the honour he should acquire and the gratification he should experience, he had returned, bringing the armour which he put on the youth, the sword and lance with which he equipped him, and the horse which he desired him to mount.

Ludewig felt as if completely metamorphosed. His bosom swelled with martial ardour; he seemed to have entered upon a new existence, and to be perfectly familiar with chivalrous occupations. Mounting his spirited charger, and waving his bright sword in the air, he put himself at the head of his men at arms, and away they galloped towards Eichenberg.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SISTER.

A YOUNG merchant, settled in one of the principal commercial towns of England, had the good fortune, by industry, judicious speculations, and love of order, to acquire in a few years considerable property. Finding himself thus enabled to support a wife without anxiety, he began to look round among the families of his acquaintance for a partner. As his own circumstances were so propitious that he had no occasion to pay regard to wealth, there was nothing to

prevent our merchant from following the impulse of his heart. He resolved therefore not to suffer himself to be dazzled by any specious advantages, but to choose such a person as he should be convinced from close observation to be suited to his character and condition.

When in his solitary hours he reviewed the fair damsels of the town in which he resided, his thoughts always dwelt in preference on the family of Mr. Merivale, a respectable

solicitor. It consisted, besides the parents, of a son, a captain in the army, and two daughters, aged seventeen and nineteen, the elder named Matilda, and the younger Louisa. The merchant, whom we shall call Carrington, had several times employed the solicitor in his professional capacity to recover debts owing to him, and had thus by degrees become acquainted with the family.

On these occasions he had remarked with great pleasure the excellent moral qualities and the warm mutual affection which distinguished its members. The mother, a truly worthy woman, conducted the domestic concerns with such skill and experience, that her husband, who was occupied the whole day with his own business, could not have committed them to abler hands, and with such temper as to secure the love of the very servants. The daughters, endowed with many advantages of mind and person, and each the image of the mother, were brought up by her to the management of the household affairs, and instructed in every thing that could qualify them to become good wives and mothers.

Carrington had long made up his mind to choose out of this excellent family the future partner of his life : but to which of the daughters was he to give the preference? Both had strong attractions for him, and each possessed the qualities which he should wish for in a wife.

Undecided on this point, he resolved upon a still closer investigation of their sentiments and dispositions. An instance in his own family had taught him the necessity of caution in such a choice. An uncle of his had married a woman to all

appearance of the most amiable disposition and the sweetest temper, who afterwards turned out to be a perfect fury, undermined his happiness, and, as he was passionately attached to her, brought him very soon to the grave.

Carrington now began to make calls at the solicitor's when he had no business to transact. As a man of an agreeable person, good education, unimpeachable character, and handsome property, he had so far won the esteem of the Merivales as to be always sure of a welcome reception. The mother, for in some things women have much keener penetration than men, soon discovered the drift of Mr. Carrington's visit, which, considering his prosperous circumstances, could not be otherwise than gratifying to her. Sincerely as she would have rejoiced in a match between one of her daughters and the merchant, still she was too good a mother not to perceive that in a case like this where the happiness of her children was at stake, precipitation might prove mischievous, and therefore resolved for the present to avoid any thing that could tend to encourage an attachment in either.

From this period Carrington became a regular visiter, especially in the evenings; he frequently accepted invitations to Merivale's table, and thus contracted a closer intimacy with the family. As he particularly sought the society and converse of Matilda and Louisa, the girls soon began to have a suspicion that one or the other of them might be the object of the frequent visits of Mr. Carrington. Such a notion would in general have the effect of

producing taunts and jealousy and disharmony between two persons of their sex; but such was the mutual affection of these sisters, that neither of them would have grudged the other the good fortune of winning the heart of so excellent a man.

At every fresh visit Carrington discovered in both these young ladies new qualities to love and to admire; and in consequence he daily became more and more puzzled which to prefer. At one time the lively Matilda, and at another the gentle and reserved Louisa, had stronger attractions for him; at length he determined to take a decisive step, and to solicit the hand of Matilda, who, from her maturer age and cheerful disposition, seemed peculiarly suited to be his companion for life.

Carrington, on the other hand, had made a deep impression on both sisters, who, when alone together, would often talk for hours of their visiter, and his estimable qualities. "I am only curious to know what will be the end of it," jocosely observed Louisa one day to Matilda: "a wedding there must be, that's certain. How happy should I be, sister, if he were to choose you!"

Matilda answered this effusion of sisterly kindness with a kiss, and the assurance that she should rejoice as sincerely if he were to give the preference to Louisa. "In that case, sister," resumed the latter, "when God shall be pleased to take from us our dear, good parents, I would come to you, and I dare say you and Mr. Carrington would not refuse a corner in your house to your best friend."

In this manner a year and a half slipped away, and Carrington now

paid his addresses exclusively to the elder sister. Nor did he sue in vain: his love was returned with equal warmth, and Matilda acknowledged that if he could obtain the consent of her parents she was willing to be his; the lover therefore only waited for a favourable opportunity for preferring his suit to Mr. and Mrs. Merivale. Louisa, as soon as she perceived the preference which Carrington gave to her sister, gradually withdrew herself more and more from him, that she might be no obstruction to his views, and at the same time she became more reserved than ever.

Her sister and her parents could not fail to remark this change. "What ails you, my dear Louisa?" said her mother to her one morning. "You have been for some time so silent, and seem to take so little interest in any thing that is going forward! Your cheek too begins to lose its blooming colour. Are you ill?"

"No, indeed, my dear mother," replied Louisa, "I am not ill. Nothing ails me; but I must candidly confess that I am not in such good spirits as I used to be, though I really know not why. You have yourself told us, that people sometimes have moments when they cease to take pleasure in any thing, and feel an unaccountable disrelish of life and all its concerns; and I really believe that such an unhappy moment has come upon me. Make yourself easy, however; your love, and that of my good father and sister, will soon dispel these gloomy clouds, and I shall again be as cheerful as ever, depend upon it."

This cheerfulness, however, was not to be recovered so easily as poor

Louisa had imagined. It was only when she was with Matilda, or talking of her approaching union with Carrington, or indulging in dreams of her future conjugal happiness, that Louisa was herself again. She always took part in such conversations with the liveliest satisfaction; she extolled Carrington's virtues, and painted the lot which awaited her sister when she should be united to him in such delightful colours, and with such intense feelings, that Matilda would often throw her arms about her neck, and exclaim with deep emotion, "Ah, my dear Louisa, would to heaven that you could share this happiness with me!"

Carrington himself had long perceived this change in Louisa's manner. "What ails your sister?" he would often say with sincere concern to Matilda; "why is she so altered? Let me know the cause of her grief, and if I can contribute to her comfort, no sacrifice on my part will be too severe. I declare to you, my dear Matilda, that I am as warmly attached to Louisa as to yourself, and that nothing would gratify me more than to see her united to a man who would make her happy."

To these inquiries Matilda could only reply, that she had often questioned Louisa on the subject, but could obtain no other answer from her than that she did not herself know the cause of her depression of spirits. As her friends therefore had no reason to expect any further information respecting the gloom which oppressed her mind, they conceived that it must originate in bodily indisposition, and consulted the physician who attended the family, and who at once attributed

Louisa's state to the sedentary life which she led.

Various medicines were prescribed: Louisa took them cheerfully: but still the complaint was not removed. The physician then advised a visit to Cheltenham, hoping that its waters would do much, and change of scene and amusement still more, towards effecting a cure. To this plan Louisa willingly assented, and she eagerly anticipated the delights of a residence at that fashionable place. "There can be no doubt," said she to her anxious parents, "that I shall come back well and hearty." The only thing she requested was, that her mother might accompany her, and not Matilda, as was originally proposed; at the same time playfully remarking, that Carrington would not like to spare his friend and companion for so long a time.

Mrs. Merivale accordingly attended her daughter to Cheltenham, and the first days of her residence there seemed fully to confirm the opinion of the physician. Louisa, who had never before been far from her native town, was exceedingly delighted with Cheltenham, and she gratefully assured her mother, that she really felt herself better and more cheerful there than at home.

The poor girl was, nevertheless, mistaken; for at the end of a week, when the objects around her had lost the charm of novelty, her former lowness of spirits returned, in spite of all her mother's efforts to cheer her mind by daily diversion, and her strict attention to the regimen prescribed by the physician. With painful apprehension, she perceived that the melancholy which preyed

on the spirits of the lovely sufferer increased every day. As therefore neither remedies nor amusements seemed to produce any beneficial effect, she resolved to return home with her daughter.

It was with the greatest reluctance that Louisa submitted to this determination of her mother's, as if she had unconsciously felt that home was the last place where she might expect relief for her secret sufferings. After an absence of six weeks, she again reached the paternal abode. Her father, her sister, and Carrington perceived, to their sorrow, that Louisa's health and strength had greatly declined since her departure. They now made it a point of conscience to try all possible means to discover the cause of her melancholy, and to save her. To all their inquiries she invariably replied, that she was content and happy when she saw others so, and that her complaint would go away of itself, as it had come.

Matilda was at one time inclined to suspect that a secret passion for Carrington might be the cause of Louisa's despondency; but the calmness, nay indeed coldness, which pervaded Louisa's intercourse with him, convinced her that this conjecture must be erroneous: for it was not possible that a female so strongly attached to a person of the other sex should rather avoid than seek his society, and at the same time so effectively second his suit for another woman. The afflicted family looked around through the whole circle of their acquaintance to discover whether there might not be among them one to whom Louisa had shewn more partiality than to the rest, and who might perhaps have succeeded in making an impression upon her;

but all their investigations were to no purpose. They were consequently obliged to leave to time the solution of this mystery.

Just at this period, Captain Merivale, who had been for some time with his regiment in Ireland, arrived unexpectedly at the house of his parents; and his presence brought with it a certain degree of cheerfulness into the family, which had previously been so deeply afflicted by the state of Louisa. George Merivale was an excellent young man, who, notwithstanding his profession, which is so apt to harden the heart and to encourage vicious propensities, had warm feelings, a sincere affection for his parents and sisters, and a truly noble disposition. He too was exceedingly surprised and shocked to find his sister so much altered, and strove to the utmost of his power to cheer her spirits and to dispel her melancholy. Many little excursions and parties of pleasure were planned: on these occasions Louisa always made one, and she took the utmost pains to appear cheerful, and thereby to sooth the apprehensions of the family.

Carrington resolved to avail himself of a little entertainment given in honour of Captain Merivale's return, to solicit Matilda's hand of her parents. Well aware of the mutual attachment which had long subsisted between him and their daughter, they assented without hesitation, and it was agreed that the nuptials should be solemnized before the brother's departure, in about six weeks.

To none did the tidings of the betrothal of Matilda give greater delight than to Louisa. She threw herself into her sister's arms, shedding tears of joy; and such were the

zeal and assiduity with which she exerted herself to forward the preparations for the wedding, that if Matilda ever could have conceived a suspicion of a secret passion in Louisa's bosom for Carrington, she must now have been thoroughly convinced of the fallacy of the notion. It was impossible for any female to act thus who was on the point of losing that which of all things in the world she most desired to possess.

As the time for her sister's marriage approached, new life seemed transferred into the languishing frame of Louisa; but, a few days previous to that fixed for the ceremony, her former melancholy returned, and was accompanied with frequent absence of mind and a manifest uneasiness, by which her remaining strength was so much reduced that she was obliged to keep her bed. She seemed, however, to rally a little, rose from bed on the morning of the wedding-day, helped to dress her sister, and meant to attend her to church, but her anxious parents, by the advice of their physician, prevented the execution of this design. At the moment when the party were setting out for the church, she fell upon the neck of her sister, kissed and embraced her in the most violent agitation, and convulsively grasped Carrington's hand, with the words, "Make Matilda happy!"

After the departure of the nuptial train for the church, Louisa followed them with her eyes as long as they continued in sight, and then retired to her room and shut herself in. A female servant, who was much attached to her, remarking this, went softly after her, under the notion that she might perhaps need some assistance. She observed through the keyhole that Louisa

knelt before a chair, where for a considerable time silent tears coursed down her cheeks, and on rising, she ejaculated aloud, "O Father of the unhappy, enable me to support this severe trial!"

In about a quarter of an hour she again left her room, and seemed to be more composed than before. Every moment, however, she ran to the window, anxiously looking to see whether the party were yet coming back from the church. When she at last perceived them turning the corner of the street, she could no longer contain herself, but hurried to the door, that she might be the first to pay her congratulations to the young couple. She conducted Matilda and Carrington to the drawing-room, and made them accept some little presents to commemorate the event of the day.

The hilarity of the Merivales on this occasion was not a little damped by the thought, that they should so soon have to part from two of the dearest members of the family. The captain's leave of absence was nearly expired, and Matilda was to quit them immediately for her husband's house.

The painful moment of separation at length arrived. Now that the family was diminished in number, Louisa seemed to make every possible effort to supply to her parents the place of those objects of their love from whom they were parted. She attended, as far as her bodily weakness permitted, to the management of the household concerns, that she might take the trouble off the hands of her beloved mother; and paid frequent visits to her sister, who, with her husband, did not fail to spend several evenings weekly at the house of her parents.

The matrimonial felicity enjoyed by Matilda seemed to operate as a soothing balsam on the mind of Louisa, and almost every time they met her first question was, "Are you happy with your husband, my dear Matilda? Is he as fond of you as he used to be?" and the affirmative assurance of her sister was sufficient to elevate her spirits for the whole day. In spite, however, of all her efforts to appear cheerful, her family perceived with pain that her strength was gradually decreasing; and as all the endeavours of the physician to preserve this lovely plant from premature decay proved unavailing, he at length frankly acknowledged to her parents that their daughter was in a slow decline, against which all the resources of his art were ineffectual.

Matilda became pregnant. Louisa was overjoyed at the prospect of being soon made an aunt; she talked incessantly of the way in which the expected infant ought to be brought up, that it might be like its father and mother, and fell assiduously to work to make various articles of apparel for the child, in order to surprise her beloved sister and her husband with them. Before Matilda's confinement, however, Louisa's debility had increased to such a degree, that she was obliged to pass the greater part of the day in bed; and as the time approached, she bitterly lamented that her own illness would not permit her to render assistance to her dear sister and to keep house for Carrington till her recovery.

Matilda was delivered of a fine boy; and Louisa was not to be pacified till, at her earnest solicitation, the child was brought to her, and

she had pressed it with transport to her heart. At her desire he was christened Louis, and she would scarcely suffer a day to pass without seeing the infant.

The dear girl's strength kept meanwhile gradually declining, and it was easy to foresee that the vital flame would soon die away like an expiring taper. The dreaded moment was actually not far distant. One evening, after having been as she conceived considerably better during the day, she suddenly found herself so weak, that it was thought right to send for the physician. The latter apprised her parents of her imminent danger. Louisa, apprehending that her dissolution was at hand, desired that a clergyman might be fetched, and with him she prepared, like a true Christian, for the awful change. Presently, raising herself all at once in bed, she begged her parents for Heaven's sake to send for little Louis.

No sooner was the child brought to her from her sister's, than with evident joy and emotion she took it in her arms, pressed it to her bosom, and uttered in a low tone some unintelligible words. The infant, as if conscious of soothing by its presence the last moments of its expiring aunt, remained perfectly quiet, and went to sleep. In a short time Louisa clasped it convulsively in her arms; a tremor several times thrilled her whole body, and her spirit fled to the mansions of everlasting peace. Her agonized parents, who stood beside her bed, finding that life was extinct, would have removed the infant from the corpse, but Louisa held it so fast with her emaciated hands, that this could not be accomplished without difficulty, and mean-

while the child awoke and cried. A sweet smile appeared on the countenance of the deceased; a token of the joy and serenity with which she had expired. On loosing a silk ribbon which was tied round her waist, her mother found underneath it a letter to this effect:

MY DEARLY BELOVED PARENTS,

I feel that I must soon leave you, and this grieves my heart. But that, in my passage to eternity, I may appear justified in your eyes, I will disclose to you the cause of my protracted sufferings, which, had you been less tender towards me, should have been buried with me in the grave. I loved Mr. Carrington more than I can express, but without betraying my passion to him. As soon as I perceived that he preferred Matilda, and that she was as strongly attached to him, I determined to make a sacrifice for the sake of my beloved sister, and to conquer my passion, should it even cost me

my life. I am happy, very happy, now that I know both of them to be so. The struggle between duty and love is indeed bringing me to a premature grave; but I shall survive in my sister, and we shall all joyfully meet again. Drop a tear of pity for your daughter: in heaven I will not fail to pray for your felicity.

LOUISA.

The dreaded mystery was now solved. It were vain to attempt to describe the feelings of Louisa's parents and of Matilda and her husband at this discovery, which, though they had long been so near it, now burst upon them quite unexpectedly.

Thus did this excellent girl pine away in the flower of her age in secret conflict with herself, and cheerfully sacrifice her own happiness, under the conviction that she was founding and assuring the happiness of a beloved sister.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDEN OF BREMHILL PARSONAGE,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

(From BOWLES's *History of Bremhill*, just published.)

THE garden contains upwards of two acres, with a gravel-walk under the windows. A Gothic porch has been added, the bow-windows being surmounted with the same kind of parapet as the house, somewhat more ornamental. It lies to the morning sun: the road to the house, on the north, enters through a large arch. The garden is on a slope, commanding views of the surrounding country, with the tower of Calne in front, the woods of Bowood [the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne] on the right, and the mansion and woods of Walter Heneage, Esq. towards the south. The view to the south-east

is terminated by the last chalky cliffs of the Marlborough downs, extending to within a few miles of Swindon. In the garden, a winding path from the gravel-walk in front of the house leads to a small piece of water, originally a square pond.

This walk, as it approaches the water, leads into a darker shade, and descending some steps placed to give a picturesque appearance to the bank, you enter a kind of cave, with a dripping rill, which falls into the water below, whose bank is broken by thorns and hazels and poplars, among darker shrubs. Here an urn appears, with the following inscription:

M. S. Henrici Bowles, qui ad Calpen, febre ibi exiliâli grassante, publicè missus, ipse miserrime periit, 1804. Fratri posuit.*

Passing round the water, you come to an arched walk of hazels, which leads to the green in front of the house, where, dipping a small slope, the path passes near an old and wild elm. As this seat looks on the magnificent line of Bowood park and plantations, the obvious thought could not be well avoided:

When in thy sight another's vast domain
Spreads its dark sweep of woods, dost thou
complain?

Nay, rather thank the God who placed thy
state

Above the lowly, but beneath the great;
And still his name with gratitude revere,
Who bless'd the sabbath of thy leisure here.

The walk leads round a plantation of shrubs to the bottom of the lawn, whence is seen a fountain between a laurel arch; and through a dark passage a gray sundial appears among beds of flowers opposite to the fountain.

The sundial, a small, antique, twisted column, gray with age, was probably the dial of the abbot of Malmesbury, and counted his hours when at the adjoining lodge; for it was taken from the garden of the farm-house, which had originally been the summer retirement of the mitred lord. It has the appearance of being monastic, but a more ornate capital has been added, the plate on which bears the date of 1688. I must again venture to give the appropriate inscription:

* "Placed by his brother to the memory of Henry Bowles, who, being sent on a public mission to Gibraltar while a destructive fever raged there, was carried off by it in 1804."

To count the brief and unreturning hours,
This sundial was placed among the flowers,
Which came forth in their beauty, smiled,
and died,

Blooming and withering round its ancient
side.

Mortal, thy day is passing—see that flow'r,
And think upon the shadow and the hour!

The whole of the small green slope is here dotted with beds of flowers: a step into some rock-work leads to a kind of hermit's oratory, with crucifix and stained glass, built to receive the shattered fragments, as their last asylum, of the pillars of Stanly abbey.

The dripping water passes through the rock-work into a large shell, the gift of a valued friend, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory;" and I add with less hesitation the inscription, because it was furnished by the author of "The Pains of Memory," a poem in its kind of the most exquisite harmony and fancy, though the author has long left the bowers of the Muses and the harp of music for the severe professional duties of the bar. I have some pride in mentioning the name of Peregrine Bingham, being a near relation, as well as rising in character and fame at the bar. The verses will speak for themselves, and are not unworthy his Muse whose poem suggested the comparisons. The inscription is placed over the large Indian shell:

Snatch'd from an Indian ocean's roar,
I drink the whelming tide no more,
But in this rock, remote and still,
Now serve to pour the murmuring rill.
Listen! Do thoughts awake which long have
slept—

Oh! like his song who placed me here,
The sweetest song to Memory dear,
When life's tumultuous storms are past,
May we to such sweet music close at last
The eyelids that have wept!

Leaving the small oratory, a terrace of flowers leads to a Gothic

stone seat at the end; and returning to the flower-garden, we wind up a narrow path from the more verdant scene to a small dark path with fantastic roots shooting from the bank, where a graven stone appears, on which an hour-glass is carved.

A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair. If I cannot welcome some illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, that in this chair have sat some public characters distinguished by far more noble qualities than the "nobly pensive St. John." I might add, that this seat has received, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy—poets as well as philosophers—Madame de Staël, Dugdale Stewart, and Christopher North, Esq.

Two lines on a small board on this root-house point the application:

Dost thou lament the dead and mourn the
loss
Of many friends, O think upon the cross.

Over an old tombstone, through an arch, at a distance in light beyond, there is a vista to a stone cross, which in the seventeenth century would have been idolatry.

To detail more of the garden would appear ostentatious, and I fear I may be thought egotistical in detailing so much. I shall, however, take the reader, before we part, through an arch, to an old yew, which has seen the persecution of the loyal English clergy and witnessed their return, and many changes of ecclesiastical

and national fortune. Under the branches of that solitary but mute historian of the pensive plain let us now rest: it stands at the very extreme northern edge of that garden which we have just perambulated. It fronts the tower and the church-yard, and looks on to an old sundial once a cross. The cross was found broken at its foot, probably by the country iconoclasts of the day. I have brought the interesting fragment again into light, and placed it conspicuously opposite to an old Scotch fir in the church-yard, which I think it not unlikely was planted by Townson on his restoration. The accumulation of the soil of centuries had covered an ascent of four steps at the bottom of this record of silent hours. These steps have been worn in places from the act of frequent prostration or kneeling by the forefathers of the hamlet, perhaps before the church existed. From a seat near this old yew-tree, you see the church-yard and battlements of the church on one side; and on the other, you look over a great extent of country. On a still summer's evening, the distant sound of the hurrying coaches on the great London road is heard as they pass to and from the metropolis. On this spot, this last admonitory inscription fronts you:

There lie the village dead, and there too I,
When yonder dial points the hour, shall lie.
Look round--the distant prospect is display'd
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light
and shade.

Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode!

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 94.)

A HISTORY of the English Drama would be most incomplete without some mention of the famous John Lyly, or Lilly, another dramatist of the Elizabethan age, and a contemporary of those poets whose works have formed the subjects of my last two articles.

John Lilly was born in the weald of Kent. Honest Antony Wood says, "He became a student in Magdalen College in the beginning of 1569, aged 16, or thereabouts, and was afterwards one of the demies or clerks of that house." If, therefore, our biographer be correct in his age at the time of entering college, he was born in or about 1553. He studied hard at college, and obtained the degree of B.A. and M.A. the first in 1573, and the latter two years afterwards. Taking disgust, whether well or ill founded there is no means of knowing, at some of the proceedings of the college, he removed to Cambridge, and thence to court, where as a wit and a poet his reputation was second to none. His wit and poetry, however, though they procured him fame, did not bring him fortune; for he was, if not absolutely in penurious circumstances, certainly by no means affluent. He had, or thought he had, reason to expect that the office of Master of the Revels would be bestowed on him; he certainly was particularly noticed by the queen, who, however, was not famous for rewarding her favourites, lest she should make them independent of her favours. Poor Lilly danced at-

tendance several years upon the court and courtiers, but his expectations of promotion were disappointed; and he died in poverty—at what precise period is not known; but Wood says, he was alive in 1597.

Lilly was "a very assiduous student, and warmly addicted more especially to poetry, in which he made so great a proficiency, that he has bequeathed to the world no less than nine dramatic pieces." His earliest work was an attempt to reform the English language, for which purpose he wrote a book, entitled "Euphuës: The Anatomy of Wit, verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember; wherein are contained the Delights that Wit followeth in his Youth, by the Pleasantnesse of Love, and the Happinesse he reapeth in Age, by the Perfectnesse of Wisdome." This was quickly followed by "Euphuës and his England, containing his Voyage and Adventures, mixt with sundrie prettie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court, and the Manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtful to be regarded; wherein there is small offence by Lightnesse given to the Wise, and least Occasion of Loosenesse proffered to the Wanton." These books soon obtained a most extensive popularity; euphuisme, if we may believe Mr. Blount, becoming the universal language of the court and fashionable world. In 1632, that gentleman published six of Lilly's plays, in a

small duodecimo volume: in the title-page he styles our author "the only rare poet of the time; the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and unparalleled John Lilly." In his epistle dedicatory he says, that "he sate at Apollo's table; that Apollo gave him a wreath of his own bayes without snatching; and that the lyre he played on had no borrowed strings." And in his preface he thus mentions the work, the title-page of which we have quoted: "Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them: Euphues and his England," says he, "began first that language; all our ladies were his scholars; and that beauty at court which could not parley euphuisme, that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English which he had formed his own work to be the standard of, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." But, alas! for the stability of all literary renown! The euphuisme of John Lilly, which became thus popular with the beauties and fashionables of the court of Elizabeth, is now sunk into obscurity; and the only knowledge which the present generation possesses of it (if we except, indeed, a few explorers of the mysteries of black-letter, like myself), is derived from the admirable use which Sir Walter Scott has made of the materials there furnished him, in the character of his Pierce Shafton, in *The Monastery*.

After quoting the eulogy of Lilly's editor, it will, perhaps, only be fair, before this part of my subject is closed, to give Michael Drayton's opinion of his character:

The noble Sidney with this last arose,
That hero for numbers and for prose,
That thoroughly pared our language, as to
show

The plenteous English hand-in-hand might
go

With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lyly's writing then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similes,
As the English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing that they do hear and see:
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like mere lunatics.

But now to advert to Lilly's dramatic character.

He left behind him nine plays:

1. Alexander and Campaspe—tragic-comedy.
2. Sapho and Phao—comedy.
3. Endymion—comedy.
4. Galathea—comedy.
5. Midas—comedy.
6. Mother Bombie—comedy
7. Woman in the Moon—comedy.
8. Maid her Metamorphosis — comedy.
9. Love his Metamorphosis—pastoral drama.

Another piece, *A Warning for fair Women*, has been attributed to him by Winstanley and Wood, but erroneously, that having been written by an anonymous author.

Lilly's dramas, though abounding with strange metaphors and false conceits, are nevertheless worth reading, and will well repay the trouble. Their style is very different from that of his *Euphues*, many passages being written in a sweetly flowing and simple language, as remote as possible from the affectation of euphuisme. In others again, he deviates from the main purpose of the dramatist, which is

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;

To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they
behold;—

and he amuses himself, whatever may be the effect upon his readers, with "subtle reasoning and scholastic sophistry. He analyzes and classifies the qualities of love like those of a mineral, and describes the emotions of the heart as a botanist would the component parts of an herb or flower." Many of his scenes are "illustrations of natural history, mineralogy, or botany; animals and their various dispositions; gems and minerals, and their several virtues; flowers, plants, and trees, and their different qualities, unceasingly rise up before us with all that truth has discovered, or superstition or tradition delivered concerning them." He delights in contrast and antithesis; is a great punster, and never averse to displaying his learning. Such is, or rather was, John Lilly, or, as his editor, Blount, styles him, "the only rare poet of the time, the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and unparalleled John Lilly."

Most of his plays are founded on classical subjects. The earliest and one of the best is *Alexander and Campaspe*, which is taken from a passage in the Natural History of Pliny. It was published in 1584, probably soon after it was written. The story is founded on the loves of Alexander and Apelles for a Theban captive, the fair Campaspe; and a few of the opening speeches will at once shew Lilly's method of illustration:

Clytus. Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories, courage or courtesy; in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above cus-

tom. Thebes is rased, the people not racked; towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Par. Clytus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is: therefore seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light; so of a sire, in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular? It is for turquois to stain each other, not for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison.

Clytus. You mistake me, Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unless haply you conjecture (which none of judgment will conceive), that because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree, or, coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

Par. Ay! but, Clytus, I perceive you are born in the east, and never laugh but at the sunrising; which argueth though a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Cly. We will make no controversy of that which there ought to be no question: only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander.

The following will exemplify his method of playing upon words:

Manes (servant to Diogenes); *Granchus* (servant to Plato); *Psyllus* (servant to Apelles.)

Manes. I serve instead of a master a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board.

Psyl. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. A crumb for thy supper, a hand for thy cup, and thy cloaths for thy sheets. For *Natura paucis contenta*.

Gra. Manes, it is a pity so proper a

man should be cast away upon a philosopher; but that Diogenes, that dog, should have Manes, that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature and spiteth art; the one having found thee so dissolute, absolute, I would say, in body; the other so single, singular in mind.

Manes. Are you merry? It is a sign by the trip of your tongue and the toys of your head that you have done that to-day which I have not done these three days.

Psy. What's that?

Manes. Dined.

Gra. I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer.

Manes. I would it were so; but he keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gra. What then, lukewarm? What made Manes run from his master the last day?

Psy. Manes had reason; for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name! how so, sir boy?

Psy. You know that it is called *Mons*, *à movendo*, because it stands still.

Manes. Good.

Psy. And thou art named *Manes*, *à manendo*, because thou run'st away.

Manes. Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

Psy. To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

Manes. I will prove that my body was immortal, because it was in a prison.

Gra. As how?

Manes. Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal?

Gra. Yes.

Manes. And the body is the prison of the soul.

Gra. True.

Manes. Why then, thus make my body immortal, I put it in prison.

Gra. Oh, bad!

Psy. Excellent ill!

Manes. You may see how dull a fast-ing wit is; therefore, *Psyllus*, let us go to supper with *Granichus*: *Plato* is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me

him that reads in the morning in the school and at noon in the kitchen.

I can afford no more room for selections from this drama, except for the following song of *Apelles*, which is a delightful lyric, and, as *Hazlitt* observes, "would not disgrace the mouth of the prince of painters:"

Cupid and my *Campaspe* play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
His mother's dove and team of sparrows:
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the chrystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my *Campaspe* win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Sapho and Phao, the story of which was taken from one of *Ovid's* Epistles, was first presented before Queen Elizabeth on a Shrove-Tuesday, and afterwards performed at the Black Friars Theatre. This piece was at first attributed to Mr. Richard Edwards; but the error was rectified by Mr. Blount, who collected and published in one volume six plays of Lilly's. From this comedy I shall quote two extracts: the first is the Sybil's advice to *Phao*, who, having once loved *Sapho*, suddenly conceives great disgust for her.

Sybil. Take heed you doe not as I did. Make not too much of fading beautie, which is faire in the cradle and foule in the grave, resembling *Polyon*, whose leaves are white in the morning and blue before night; or *Anyta*, which, being a sweet flowre at the rising of the sun, becometh a weede, if it be not pluckt before the setting. Faire faces have no frutes, if they have no witnesses. When you shall behold over this tender flesh a tough skinne, your eyes, which were wont to glance at others' faces, will

be sunk so hollow, that you can scarce look out of your owne head; and when all your teeth shall wagge as fast as your tongue, then will you repent the time which you cannot recall, and bee forced to beare what most you blame. Lose not the pleasant time of your youth, than the which there is nothing swifter, nothing sweeter. Beautie is a slipperie good, which decreaseth whilst it is encreasing, resembling the medlar, which, in the moment of his full ripenesse, is knowne to be in a rottenesse. Whilst you look in the glasse, it waxeth old with time; if on the sun, parchte with heate; if on the winde, blasted with colde. A greate care to keepe it, a short pause to enjoy it, a sodaine time to lose it. Bee not coy when you are courted; Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them. Be affable and courteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roses that lose their colors keepe their savoures, and pluckt from the stalke, are put to the stil. Cotonea, because it bloweth when the sun riseth, is sweetest when it is oldest; and children which in their tender yeares sow curtesie, shall in their declining yeares reap pitie. Bee not proud of beautie's painting, whose colours consume themselves, because they are beautie's painting.

This is very pretty, and not the less so because it is quaint. The song of Sappho is equal to the foregoing one of Apelles:

O cruell Love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blinde the day.
Never may sleepe with velvet hand
Charme thine eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jaylours shall be hopes and feares;
Thy prison-mates, groanes, sighes, and teares;
Thy play, to weare out weary times,
Phantasticke passions, vowes, and rimes;
Thy bread bee frownes, thy drinke bee gall,
Such as when you Phaon call;
The bed thou lyst on bee despaire;
Thy sleepe, foud dreames; thy dreames,
long care.

Hope (like thy foole) at thy bed's head
Mock thee, till madnesse strike thee dead,
As, Phaon, thou dost mee with thy proud
eyes:
In thee poore Sappho lives, for thee shee
dies.

Endymion, the next of Lilly's plays in the order of publication, was first performed before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich by the children of the chapel and of St. Paul's. The story is taken from Lucian's Dialogue between Venus and the Moon, and is well known to classical readers. There is some very pleasant writing in this comedy; for instance, the following scene, in which Cynthia and Eumenides are present at Endymion's waking from his long sleep:

Cynthia. Well, let us to Endymion. I will not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life (though to restore thy youth it be impossible), I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall have ever hope for hereafter.—(*She kisses him.*)

Eumenides. Madam, he beginneth to stir.

Cynthia. Soft, Eumenides; stand still.

Eumenides. Ah! I see his eyes almost open.

Cynthia. I command thee once again stir not: I will stand behind him.

Pameliion. What do I see? Endymion almost awake!

Eumenides. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb? or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah! my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy sake hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

Endymion. Endymion! I call to mind such a name.

Eumenides. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememberest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

Cynthia. Endymion! speak, sweet Endymion! knowest thou not Cynthia?

Endymion. O heavens! whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia!

Cynthia. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

Endymion. Endymion! what do I hear? What! a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, and decayed limbs, and all in one night?

Eumenides. One night! thou hast slept here forty years, by what enchantress as yet is not known; and behold the twig to which thou laidest thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

Endymion. Thy name I do remember by the sound, but thy favour I do not yet call to mind: only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, death, and destiny, are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence.

Cynthia. You shall have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace.

Endymion. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in justs, tournaments, and arms, to exercise my youth? am I that Endymion?

Eumenides. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides. Wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance?

Endymion. Ah! sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion: but that this should be my body, I doubt; for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hair, and my strong body to a dying weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it?

Cynthia. Well, Endymion, arise! awhile sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay thee, and tell what thou hast seen in thy sleep all this while. What dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes: for it is impossible but in so long time thou shouldst see strange things.

Galathea has also a classical origin. The story turns on a lustral sacrifice of a virgin as a peace-offering to Neptune, to atone for the sacrilege of the inhabitants in rasing his temple. The characters of *Galathea* and *Phyllida* are borrowed from *Iphis* and *Ianthe*, in the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. They being reputed the fairest and chastest virgins in the country, are selected for the sacrifice; and they disguise themselves as shepherds to avoid their fate. *Hebe* is then substituted in their place; but the monarch of the ocean will not take her for his victim. The following passionate speech is a soliloquy of *Hebe's* when bound for the sacrifice; as a burst of passion and feeling, it is almost unique in *Lilly's* writings:

Hæbe. Miserable and accursed Hæbe, that, being neither faire nor fortunate, thou shouldst bee thought most happy and beautiful! Curse thy birth, thy life, thy death, being born to live in danger, and having liv'd to die by deceite. Art thou the sacrifice to appease Neptune and satisfie the custome, the bloody custome, ordained for the safety of thy country? Ay, Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will have it so, whose forces command our weak natures; nay, the gods will have it so, whose powers dally with our purposes. The Ægyptians never cut their dates from the tree, because they are so fresh and green. It is thought wickednesse to pull roses from the stalkes in the garden of Palestine, for that they have so lively a red; and whoso cutteth the incense-tree in Arabia before it fall, committeth sacriledge.

Shall it only bee lawful amongst us, in the prime of youth and pride of beautie, to destroy both youth and beautie; and what was honoured in fruites and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But, alas! destiny alloweth no dispute. Die, Hæbe, die! wofull Hæbe, and onely accursed Hæbe! Farewell the sweet delightes of life, and welcome now the bitter pangs of death! Farewell, you chast virgins, whose thoughts are divine, whose faces faire, whose fortunes are agreeable to your affections; enjoy and long enjoy the pleasure of your curled locks, the amiableness of your wished looks, the sweetness of your tuned voices, the content of your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward shows—onely Hæbe biddeth farewell to all the joys that she conceived and you hope for, that shee possessed and you shall. Farewell the pompe of princes' courts, whose roofes are embosst with gold, and whose pavements are decked with faire ladies, where the dayes are spent in sweete delightes, the nights in pleasant dreames, where chastitie honoureth affections and commandeth, yieldeth to desire and conquereth.

Farewell to the soveraigne of all vertue and goddess of all virgines, Diana, whose perfections are impossible to be numbered, and therefore infinite; never to be matched, and therefore immortall. Farewell, sweete parents—yet to be mine unfortunate parents. How blessed had you beene in barrennesse! how happy had I beene if I had not beene! Farewell, life! vaine life, wretched life, whose sorrowes are long, whose end doubtfull, whose miseries certaine, whose hopes innumerable, whose feares intolerable. Come, death! and welcome, death! whom nature cannot resist, because necessitie ruleth, nor defer, because destiny hasteth. Come, Agar, thou unsatiable monster of maidens' blood and devourer of beauties' bowels, glut thyselfe till thou surfet, and let my life end thine. Teare these tender joynts with thy greedy

jawes, these yellow locks with thy blacke teete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abatest thou thy wonted swiftnesse? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come, Agar, thou horrible monster! and farewell, world, thou viler monster!

The following song, sung by one of the nymphs of Diana, is very beautiful:

O yes! O yes! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betraid
To frownes of spite, to eyes of scorne,
And would in madness now see torne
The boy in pieces, let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.
O yes! O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh has cost?
Is any cozened of a teare,
Which (as a pearle) disdaind does weare?
Here stands the thiefe; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doome.
Is any one undone by fire,
And turned to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weepe,
Being cheated of her golden sleepe,
Stolne by sicke thoughts? The pirate's
found,
And in her teares hee shal be drown'd.
Reade his inditement; let him heare
What hee's to trust to: boy, give eare.

This piece was first played before Queen Elizabeth one New-Year's night, at Greenwich.

I hope my readers will not be tired of honest Lilly, nor think I take up too much room with extracts from his plays, which I should not do if they were less rare. His next comedy is *Midas*, which was played before Queen Elizabeth on the evening of Twelfth-day by the children of Paul's. The story is told by Apuleius in his *Golden Ass*; and will also be found in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. It contains a pleasing picture of Grecian manners (somewhat, however, interwoven with English fashions), and is distinguished, for the most part, by a simple elegance, which is quite en-

chanting. I extract the following as affording an example of that play upon words, that verbal trifling, for which Shakspeare was so famous; whilst the last speech of Licio enumerates the appurtenances requisite to the head-dress of a female of that day:

Licio. Thou servest Mellacrites, and I his daughter: which is the better man?

Petulus. The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine.

Li. That is when those two genders are at jarre; but when they belong both to one thing, then.

Pet. What then?

Li. Then they agree like the fiddle and the stick.

Pet. *Pulchrè sanè.* God's blessing on thy blue nose; but, Licio, my mistress is a proper woman.

* * * * *

Li. Are you so peart?

Pet. Ay, and so expert, that I can as well tell the thoughts of a woman's heart by her eyes as the change of the weather by an almanacke.

Li. Sir boy, you must not be saucie.

Pet. No, but faithful and serviceable.

Li. Locke up your lips, or I will lop them off. But, sirrah, for thy better instructions, I will unfold every wrinkle of my mistress' disposition.

Pet. I pray thee doe.

Li. But for this time I will only handle the head and purtenance.

Pet. Nothing else?

Li. Why, will not that bee a long houre's worke to describe that is almost a whole daye's worke to dresse?

Pet. Proceed.

Li. First, she hath a head as round as a tennis-ball. Then hath she an hawke's eye.

Pet. O that I were a partridge head.

Li. To what end?

Pet. That shee might tire with her eyes on my countenance.

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Li. Wouldst thou be hanged?

Pet. Scilicet.

Li. Well, shee hath the tongue of a parrot.

Pet. That's a leaden dagger in a velvet sleath, to have a black tongue in a faire mouth.

Li. Tush, it is not for the blacknesse, but for the babling; for every houre she will cry, Walke, knave, walke.

Pet. Then will I mutter, A rope for a parrot, a rope.

Li. So maist thou be hanged, not by thy lippes, but by thy neck.

Li. She hath the ears of a want.

Pet. Doth she want ears?

Li. I say the ears of a want, a mole; thou dost want wit to understand mee. Shee will heare though shee bee never so low on the ground.

Pet. Why then if one aske her a question, it is likely that she will hearken to it.

Li. Hearken thou after that, she hath, the nose of a sow.

Pet. Then belike there she weares her wedding-ring.

Li. No, she can smell a knave a mile off.

Pet. Let us go farther, Licio, she hath us both in the wind.

Li. She hath a beetle brow.

Pet. What, is she beetle-browed?

Li. Thou hast a beetle head. I say, the brow of a beetle, a little flie, a little flie whose brow is as blacke as velvet.

Pet. What lippes hath she?

Li. Tush, the lippes are no part of the head, only made for a double leafe-dore for the mouth.

Pet. What is then the chin?

Li. That is only the threshold to the dore.

Pet. I perceive you are driven to the wall that stands behind the dore, for this is ridiculous: but now you can say no more of the head, begin with the purtenances, for that was your promise.

Li. The purtenances! it is impossible to reckon them up, much less to tell the

Y

nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knot-strings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, eare-rings, borders, crippins, shadowes, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them : these be but a few notes.

Pet. Notes, quoth you ! I note one thing.

Li. What is that ?

Pet. That if every part require so much as the head, it will make the richest husband in the world ake at the heart.

Mother Bombie comes next, which, like all the preceding, was acted before Queen Elizabeth. Unlike those, however, it is a regular comedy ; its subject is not derived from a classical origin ; and is more dramatic than his other pieces, the interest arising from the mistakes into which the characters fall, by one being taken for another, as in the *Comedy of Errors*. One dialogue, “ in the comic vein,” from this piece must close my extracts :

Sergeant. I arrest you.

Dromio. Mee, sir ! why then didst not bring a stool with thee, that I might sit down ?

Hackneyman. He arrests you at my suite for a horse.

Risio. The more asse he : if he had arrested a mare instead of a horse, it had been a slight oversight ; but to arrest a man that hath no likeness of a horse flat lunasie or alecie.

Hack. Tush, I hired him a horse.

Dromio. I sweare then he was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two days hee was never baited.

Halfpenny. Why, was it a beare thou ridest on ?

Hack. I mean he never gave him baite.

Licio. Why, he took him for no fish.

Hack. I mistake none of you when I take you for fools : I say thou never gavest my horse meate.

Dro. Yes, in four and fortie houres I am sure hee had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

Serg. Nothing else ? thou shouldst have given him provender.

Ris. Why he never askt any.

Hack. Why, dost thou thinke a horse can speake ?

Dro. No, for I spurr'd him till my heeles ak't, and he said never a word.

Hack. Well, thou shalt pay sweetly for spoyling him ; it was as lustie a nag as any in Rochester, and one that would stand upon no ground.

Dro. Then hee is as good as ever hee was ; I'le warrant hee'le doe nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I restored him so gently, that he neither would cry wyhie, nor wag the taile.

Hack. But why didst thou boare him through the ears ?

Lic. It may be he was set on the pilorie, because he had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would never tire ; it may be he would be so weary hee would goe no further or so.

Dro. Yes ; he was a notable horse for service, he would tire and retire.

Hack. Do you think I'll be jested out of my horse ? Sergeant, wreake thine office on him.

Ris. Nay, let him be bailde.

Hack. So he shall when I make him a bargain.

Dro. It was a very good horse, I must confesse ; and now hearken of his qualities, and have patience to hear them, since I must pay for him. He would stumble three houres in one mile ; I had thought I had rode upon addices between this and Canterbury ; if one gave him wa-

ter, why he would lie downe and bathe himselfe like a hawke ; if one ranne him, he would simper and mump, as though he had gone a wooing to a small mare at Rochester ; he trotted before and ambled behind, and was so obedient, that he would do dutie every minute on his knees, as though every stone had been his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Dro. A little rheume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horse have wee here ! I cannot stay, thou must with me to prison.

Lic. If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our foure bonds for the payment : thou knowest we are towne-borne children, and will not shrinke the city for a pelting jade.

Half. I'll enter into a statute marchant to see it answered. But if thou wilt have bonds, thou shalt have a bushell full.

Hack. Alas, poor ant, thou bound in a statute marchant ! a browne thread will binde thee fast enough ; but if you will be content all foure joyntly to enter into a bond, I will withdraw the action.

Dro. Yes, I'll warrant they will. How say you ?

Half. I yield.

Ris. And I.

Lic. And I.

Hack. Well, call the scrivener.

Serg. Here's one hard by, I'll call him.

Ris. A scrivener's shop hangs to a sergeant's mace like a burre to a freeze coat.

Scriv. What's the matter ?

Hack. You must take note of a bond.

Dro. Nay, a pint of courtesie puls on a pot of wine ; in this taverne wee'll dispatch.

Hack. Agreed.

Ris. Now if our wits be not in the wine, our knaverie shall be at the full : we will ride them worse than Dromio rid his horse ; for if the wine master their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies.

Of the three other plays of Lilly's, *The Woman in the Moon*, *The Maid her Metamorphoses*, and *Love his Metamorphoses*, I can only say, that they were frequently acted ; and the second was the only one of his plays in which he attempted to refine the English language, and of which the greater part is in verse.

I must now take my leave of John Lilly ; and I do so with the wish that his works may soon find an editor worthy of them : for though they would be *caviare* to the million, they would afford a rich treat to those who can appreciate talent, and who love and respect genius, under whatever shape it may be found.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLIII.

Present, the VICAR, BASIL FIREDRAKE, HORACE PRIMROSE, Mr. APATHY, Mr. MONTAGUE, COUNSELLOR EITHERSIDE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. WHAT, my old friend Eitherside ! Why I thought you had forsworn our society for ever. Has the gout made such ravages upon your constitution, that you dare not indulge in a little harmless relaxation of any kind ? Are you obliged to

abandon literature, as well as wine ; and to give up the pleasure of discussing the merits of a new publication, as well as the delight of discussing a fresh bottle ? Or are your affections grown cold towards your old friend and associate, " your co-

mate and brother in exile," as you used to call me at school, when we were under sentence of disgrace for some of your mad tricks, in which, whether deservedly or not, I was always reckoned a partaker, and punished accordingly?

Counsellor Eitherside. Why, the gout does plague me a little now and then, and gives me some most confounded twitches, I must confess; but I still find myself capable of criticising either a book or a bottle. And my regard for you, my old friend, is as warm as ever. But I have been making a few excursions with some chance companions picked up in town; and since we met, I have tasted the pure breezes of the Cumberland lakes, contemplated some of the most picturesque scenery in Wales, dined upon most delicious Manks mutton in the Isle of Man, and played high pranks at Counsellor Fairfax's chambers in our northern metropolis. And now, having still a hankering after old associations, I am come to Yorkshire, to attend the courts during the assizes, and crack a few jokes, as well as a few bottles, with my old friends.

The Vicar. Well, and you have found some changes amongst them?

The Counsellor. A few; but what, man, we all change—change is the order of the day: so no wonder that such versatile beings as lawyers should partake of the universal passion, or feeling, or transmutation, or whatever else you call it. I spent, however, some most delightful hours amongst them; and the remembrance of "the days that were, and were most dear to me," came so forcibly over my mind, as almost to make me say in the language of

Goethe; or, perhaps, I should say of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, for I cannot read the original,

Oh! give me back the days of feeling,
When I was an expectant too;
When through the wilds of fancy stealing,
The strain of song was ever new:—
When morning mists the scene surrounded,
And buds foretold the promised rose;
When bee-like, o'er the flower I bounded,
And pluck'd, and rifled, as I chose!
Enough, yet little, formed my treasure—
The hope of truth, illusion's pleasure.

Give me the active spring of gladness,
Of pleasure stretched almost to pain;
My hate, my love, in all their madness—
Oh, give me back my youth again!

The Vicar. I think, however, you would scarcely wish for "youth again" either. Though falling into the "sere, the yellow leaf," yet you are approaching the termination of a life that at the best is full of trials, and drawing fast to that "better world" where all troubles will cease. But you will say sermons are out of place here: so let us see what budget of novelties our friends have collected for us.

Reginald. But first say, where are my friends, Miss Primrose and Rosina?

The Vicar. Oh, they are off for Scarborough with their mamma: but I am afraid the wet season has prevented them from reaping much benefit from their excursion. But what have you new for us?

Reginald. Here are two more volumes of the *Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo*, which brings the narrative down to the divorce of Josephine, that heartless act of his imperial master.

Horace. For which he received a retributive punishment, being himself hurled from that station to which she had mainly contributed to raise

him; and from which he removed her to gratify his own ambition, and, as he fondly hoped, to fix him and his dynasty for ever on the throne of France.

Basil. So let all such fellows as would ill treat and degrade a woman be punished! It is only a pity that this Savary, who started into life as a furious partizan of the revolution, and who subsequently became as zealous an advocate of tyranny, has not been keelhauled before this; I wish I had him aboard my old ship, it would do me good to see him flogged at the gangway.

Reginald. He is the most impudent advocate of that system of *espionage* which Bonaparte instituted, that I ever met with; and he relates the principles on which he carried on his atrocious system of police with the most imperturbable *sang-froid*. He says:

After I had made a division of the societies of Paris, I considered of the means of extending a watchful superintendence over the several classes of artisans inhabiting the suburbs: this was rather the duty of the prefect of police; but I felt desirous to possess the means of finding out a clue to any public disturbances, in the event of my not being satisfied with the reports I should receive from the prefecture: it was nothing more than a measure of precaution. I had already discovered, that the most powerful instrument of my administration was, to bring every element of hatred and rivalry into contact, at the same time that it became its duty to prevent the evil effect of those passions. There certainly is danger in proceeding by such a method; and nothing short of the greatest personal probity can afford any self-protection against the abuse of it, or against being deceived by information originating in animosity, or some

secret vice. I seldom resorted to this course except with a view of acquiring a knowledge of events anterior to my charge, which was indispensable towards making me acquainted with the different characters with whom I was in daily intercourse.

I required some weapon against the shafts of ridicule, the most powerful enemy which a placeman in France can have to contend with. I determined, therefore, to make myself a party of dependents; and as all my colleagues had ten years the start of me in their respective places, during which they had greatly strengthened their own parties, it behoved me to reach the goal at the same time, by striking out as many paths as would bring me up with them in the race.

I took care to reward those whose exertions were productive of advantage without their having raised any murmur against them, and altered the station of every one against whom complaints had been made: but I never forsook a man of bold and unflinching character, who was unsparing of his person when it was a question of acquiring information. When I found an agent placed at a station where his talents were confined within too narrow bounds, I had him removed to a wider field of action. My arrangements were now sufficiently extensive, though they served me rather as resources in case of need, than as positive means of information; and I resolved to establish certain regulations respecting the police of servants, a class of people in Paris who of themselves form an army. [When this regulation was effected], in the very first month it was the means of placing at the disposal of the administration from nine hundred to a thousand individuals, as far as I can recollect, who were all either deserters from the army, or runaways from prisons or the galleys, as well as fugitives from their native country in consequence of legal prosecutions. They became spies upon each

other; a course which worked well for a short time!

Mr. Montague. How would such a system do for England, friend Apathy?

Mr. Apathy. For England! Heaven forbid that

“her purple vales;”

Where white-robed innocence and peace prevails;

That her “rich bowers, where a Chatham paid

The soul’s high homage to a Newton’s shade;”
That virtue’s sure retreat, the homely hearth,
Th’ abode of wisdom, piety, and worth,

should ever be polluted by the establishment of a system which would convert every man in the kingdom into a spy upon his neighbour! Heaven forbid that I should ever live to see the day when

“the British peasant’s lowly home

Is not as sacred as the lordly dome!”

Reginald. I hope we shall none of us live to witness that day; but that ourselves and our children’s children may constantly

“See o’er the land one face of beauty shine,
And, Freedom, hail the bright creation thine!”

But we are wandering from the Duke de Rovigo. These volumes of his Memoirs contain details of the transactions in Spain, of the Austrian war in 1807, and of the annexation of Holland to France. The most interesting part of the book to me, however, is that in which the divorce of Josephine and the marriage of Bonaparte with the Empress Maria Louisa are narrated. Of Josephine, after her divorce, he says:

The formalities of the divorce having been gone through, the empress took leave of the emperor, and retired to her apartment, which was on the ground-floor. In consequence of arrangements agreed upon beforehand, she took her departure the next morning for Malmaison, where she fixed her residence.

The emperor likewise departed the same day for Trianon, feeling an aversion to remain alone in that immense palace of the Tuileries, which constantly brought the Empress Josephine to his mind. She descended from the highest rank in the state with great resignation, saying, that she was amply repaid for the loss of honours by the consolation of having obeyed the emperor’s will. In quitting the court, she drew the hearts of all its votaries after her. She was endeared to all by a kindness of disposition without a parallel. Her condescension to every one was as great when she became empress as previously to her elevation: she was profuse of her bounties, and bestowed them with such good grace, that the partakers of them would have deemed it an act of incivility to refuse her: no applicant ever left her presence with empty hands. She never did the smallest injury to any one in the days of her power; her very enemies found in her a protectress: not a day in her life but she asked a favour for some person, oftentimes wholly unknown to her, but whom she found to be deserving of her protection. She placed many families in a state of comparative independence; and was surrounded of late years by a swarm of children, whose mothers had been married and settled in life through her bounty. Malevolence made it a reproach to her that her expenses bordered on prodigality. Ought this to be laid to her charge? The same scrutinizing spirit did not descend to inquire into what she laid out in the education of children belonging to indigent parents; no notice has been taken of what she distributed in charities in private families. Regardless of self, her whole time was engaged in attending to the wants of others. Every one regretted her for the emperor’s own sake; for it was well known that she never spoke to him otherwise than in favourable terms of all those who were about his person. She was even of service to M. Fouché, who had, in some

measure, attempted to become the instrument of bringing about her divorce a twelvemonth sooner than it took place.

During her stay at Malmaison, the high-road from Paris to that place presented, even in bad weather, the appearance of a procession. Each one deemed it his bounden duty to present himself there at least once a week.

The Vicar. I do not believe that character of Josephine is overstrained; and she was happier, depend upon it, in her retirement, than her imperial lord in all the splendour of his elevated situation.

Reginald. Well, so much for Savary: the next volume will probably contain more amusing matter; and we may expect the development of many state secrets, if the writer is only honest enough to develop their secret springs accurately.

Mr. Montague. Here is a very pleasant volume, after the manner of old Isaac Walton: it is called *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, and is written by no less a man than Sir Humphrey Davy, the late President of the Royal Society. Like Walton's book, it is written in the conversational style. The scene of the dialogues and of the sport is varied; now in the neighbourhood of the great metropolis, "the wen," as Cobbett calls it; then amidst the wild glens and valleys of the Scottish Highlands; and again in Austria. Here the talk is of angling and of the nature of fishes, the migration of birds, the various phenomena which occur in nature, the transformations of insects, the colour of water; in fact, almost every subject in natural philosophy any way connected with angling is introduced and discussed: thus a fund of information on a hundred topics is collected, and the

general reader, as well as the angler, is instructed and amused.

Mr. Apathy. I have read *Salmonia*, and Sir Humphrey's observations really are delicious, and quite in the Walton style. For instance, the following on the swallow:

I delight in this living landscape! The swallow is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing, as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season: he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature: winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy and for the palms of Africa: he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemerae are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment, when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and, with the stork and the ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed seasons, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity.

Mr. Montague. And then his explanation of many old sayings and vulgar proverbs; his happy adaptation of plain and familiar language to philosophical subjects; his pleasant trifling, and yet profound illustrations, are all in a vein of colloquial gaiety and single-heartedness, that charm and delight the oftener they are read.

Counsellor Eitherside. Sir Hum-

phrey knows very little about angling either, at least as far as the north-country fishing is concerned, though he may understand the sport very well for a Londoner. Many of the dialogues, too, are of that species which men uncourteously denominate twaddle; and even in his philosophical illustrations he has fallen into more than one mistake.

Reginald. I consider as the best passage in the book the lines in praise of Walton, and in defence of angling from the sneers of Swift* and Lord Byron†. They are written by a "noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms:"

Albeit, gentle angler, I

Delight not in thy trade:

Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,

So much of mind,

Of such good kind,

That none need be afraid,

Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee I'm lured to bear

With things that seem'd most vile before;

For thou didst on poor subjects rear

Matter the wisest sage might hear:

And with a grace

That doth efface

More labour'd works, thy simple lore

Can teach us, that thy skilful *lines*

More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,

Rise quickly at thy master hand,

And ready to be caught by thee

Are lured to virtue willingly.

Content and peace,

With health and ease,

* "Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string; a worm at one end, and a fool at the other."—SWIFT.

† And angling too, that solitary vice,

Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:

The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet

Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.—BYRON.

Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,

And of sweet fancies dream;

Waiting till some inspired song,

Within my memory cherish'd long,

Comes fairer forth,

With more of worth;

Because that time upon its stream

Feathers and chaff will bear away,

But give to gems a brighter ray.

Mr. Montague. Well, you shall none of you argue me out of my admiration of *Salmonia*. I *feel* that I like it; and *feeling* with me is always of greater authority than *argument*.

Counsellor Eitherside. I have no wish, my friend, to disturb your enjoyment; but I will only tell you, that you will find more information regarding angling, and also upon the habits and manners of fishes, from a little volume, called *The North-Country Angler*, than from a thousand volumes like *Salmonia*.

Mr. Apathy. I dislike fishing: it is at once sedentary and cruel. I cannot read Walton with pleasure, quaint and humorous, quietly humorous, as he is. I never threw a line in my life, nor do I ever intend it. So let us pass to something else. Horace, you have a splendid book of pictures there.

Horace. It is *Portugal Illustrated*, by the Rev. W. Kinsey, B. D. Fellow of Trinity, &c. in which, with all due deference to the reverend gentleman, the great merit lies in the engravings, which are splendid, as you may judge when I tell you they are from the burins of Skelton, Cooke, Pugin. The literary department is not, however, undeserving of praise, though it is certainly not equal, in point of excellence, to the graphic. Our author visited Portugal in 1827;

and he gives a pleasing description of the manners and customs of the people, as well as a succinct, though necessarily brief, history of the country. Of the Portuguese in general, but more especially of those in Lisbon, he gives a light and pleasant sketch. He says, how the ladies pass their time within doors, except when they are listlessly gazing from the well-cushioned balcony, it is difficult to conceive, as the cultivation of their minds forms a very small part of their occupation. They are beautiful, but

with all their beauty they still want the dignity and the force of character that mark a highly educated and intellectual female in England. They may have vivacity of eye, but certainly not the spiritual elevation, the mental energy, and the chaste gaiety, which distinguish the higher class of females in our own country. In all respects, as to themselves, their personal obligations, feelings, and attractions, they are, as upon first sight one has found them, in very rude terms, mere women.

Reginald. If you mean that as a term of reproach, Mr. Kinsey, you are, reverently be it spoken, a *mere* coxcomb. To be a *mere* woman is to be what nature, or rather nature's God, intended the sex to be. It is to be good-humoured, generous, cheerful, tender, affectionate; a helpmate to man, in every sense in which that word can be used. But go on: what does Mr. Kinsey say of the men?

Horace. He is very little more complimentary to them than he is to the ladies: of the Lisbonians he says:

The fact is, that if the English gentle-
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man who once received from a stranger in London a gold snuff-box, in acknowledgment of his greater nasal pretensions, which he was to transfer to the honour of any proboscis more red, ugly, and extensive than his own, that he might casually chance to meet, had come off straightway to Lisbon, the said box he must in justice have resigned upon the first step of the abominable packet-stairs! Nature seems to have done her worst here for the men in the better classes in life; and to talk of the "human face divine" in Lisbon would be a libel upon the dispensations of Providence. The Jews and the Indians must surely have intermixed with the Portuguese gentry in marriages, and thus have transfused into Lusitanian physiognomy the strength of their own peculiar features, which are thus seen in unpleasing conjunction. The Moors appear to have left in Portugal but few memorials or traces of their own characteristic brilliancy of visage to relieve the ugliness, which seems to be, in an eminent degree, the unrivalled property of the modern male inhabitants of Olyssipolis, or the public Portuguese face, it is to be presumed, would have been more agreeable.

Now, of all animals in creation, the Lisbon dandy, or fashionable Lusitanian swell, is by far the lowest in the scale of mere existence. I have been haunted in my dreams by visions of ugliness since the first time I beheld a small, squat, puffy figure—what was it? could it be of a man?—incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discolouration by careful involution above the hocks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long-pointed boots, up his broad blue-striped pantaloons, *à la Cossaque*, to the thrice-folded piece of white linen on which he

is seated in *cool* repose; thence by his cable-chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher, to the figured waist-coat of early British manufacture and the sack-shaped coat, up to the narrow-brim sugar-loaf hat on his head—where can be found his equal? Nor does he want a nose, as big as the gnomon of a dial-plate; and two flanks of impenetrably deep black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features.

Reginald. Why, he is much worse than his brother dandy of the English metropolis.

Horace. O infinitely! Mr. Kinsey gives many such amusing sketches.

Reginald. Here is a volume illustrating another country, and one of as much interest as the ancient Lusitania: it is Brand's *Journal of a Voyage to Peru; a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes in the Winter of 1827, performed on foot in the Snow; and a Journey across the Pampas*, in which, although there is not much that is new, the route of Lieut. Brand being nearly the same as was pursued by Captain Head, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Miers, and Captain Hall, yet what is old is brought back to the recollection in an agreeable manner, and what is really new is very well described; that is, allowing we can trust to the *accuracy* of the descriptions. I don't say this, as doubting the gallant author's veracity, but merely as hinting, that, like the Hon. Frederick de Roos, when travelling through the United States, he was so rapid in his movements, that to have acquired a complete idea of either things or persons, he must have conceived them by intuition. He says:

He has taken his readers four sea-voyages, two journeys across the continent of South America, one through the Banda Oriental, remained several weeks at Lima, then in Chili, one at Mendoza, eight at Buenos Ayres, one at Monte Video, and one at Rio de Janeiro; travelled upwards of twenty thousand miles by sea and land, and brought them back to England within twelve months from the time of starting.

Now I do hold, that the man who was thus rapidly galloping through a country, whatever may be the case with respect to those cities in which he was stationary for a brief space, is totally incompetent to the task of giving an account that may be depended upon of either the country or its inhabitants.

The Vicar. The rage for book-making is not more conspicuous in any department than in that of voyages and travels. If a gentleman goes across the Channel, and remains abroad a week either on business or pleasure; if another is sent out by a mining company to examine a particular station; if chance, or curiosity, or necessity, or any other cause, takes an individual abroad, when he returns he writes a book; and the consequence is, that not one in five hundred of these "*travellers*" possessing the means of making correct observations, or of acquiring information that may be depended upon, the most contradictory statements are put forth; and the reader, bewildered by the mass of inconsistencies and incongruities which is daily presented to him, concludes that *all* alike have taken the traveller's license; and he throws away the book in disgust, threatening never again to read a volume of voyages or travels, let it come in ever so fascinating a shape.

Reginald. True; and Lieutenant Brand seems to think that the representations of some of his predecessors are of an apocryphal nature; for he goes out of his way to abuse and correct "certain travellers," when he had much better been attempting to verify his own statements. However, I have had a few hours amusement from his book, and therefore I will not quarrel with him; though he must excuse me for saying, that if he can rival Captain Head in galloping across the Pampas, he is completely distanced in the literary race. Captain Head's *Rough Notes* are worth a thousand such books as Lieutenant Brand's *Journal*. His personal adventures are the best portions of the work; one of them I will read you, and then close the volume. It is his account of crossing a torrent in the Andes:

The velocity with which the water comes down, when the snow melts in the mountains, is beyond all conception. I was here informed that the first troop of mules crossed the Cordillera on the 15th of December. I entered it on the 18th. In order to cross the rivers, we were obliged to have lassoes made fast round our bodies, for fear of the mules losing their footing from the rolling stones: a man first crossed over with one lasso, when, on arriving at the opposite shore, he held it fast while all the others crossed with two: in this manner we all succeeded in getting over. Shortly afterwards we arrived at the Rio de los Orcones, which was terrible indeed; for being two o'clock in the day, it was very high, and at its greatest velocity. The noise of the stones rolling at the bottom was certainly appalling, and much resembled underground thunder. I went first with the old courier, and it required our utmost exertions to keep the mules' heads up to face the torrent, which flew past us

over our knees at the rate of ten knots per hour. I could plainly feel the mule trembling and slipping beneath me, yet straining with all his might to keep upon his legs. On the opposite shore we held the lassoes while the others crossed. Just as the boy got out of the rapid, his mule stumbled and fell; but we caught them with the lassoes before they got into the stream again. I now looked anxiously for my black mule with a cargo. He brought it over admirably, and was sent across again for the other one, with which he struggled through, but buffeted the waves with a little more difficulty. As the merchandise was coming over, one mule was swept off its legs; the torrent first whirled him round and round, then head over heels he went, dashing against the rocks, while the peons were following him down the river, throwing their lassoes at him: strange to say, he disengaged himself from his cargo, which proved his destruction, for that appeared a greater consideration to the peons than the poor animal; it being saved, and the mule lost. To get this cargo over now required another mule to cross the river again. Although I strongly protested against it, the poor black one was sent. I saw he was very weak, for he was nearly lost in going over light: however, the load was put on, and the lassoes made fast to him, when, by dint of hallooing, beating, and throwing stones, he made the attempt; but, just as he got in the middle of the rapid, he was whirled round like a top off his legs, and away he went, dragging the lassoes out of the men's hands: others were thrown at him, but to no purpose; his head went under water, and dashing from one rock to another, life appeared to be extinct in an instant. Poor animal! I could not but feel for him; for it was owing to his good qualities that he lost his life.

Horace. He being the best and steadiest mule in the lot, was sent

on this service of danger, as the bravest men are always dispatched upon the forlorn hope.

Mr. Montague. (To the Vicar.) You were mentioning bookmaking a short time back. In this volume, *Parriana*, by Mr. E. H. Barker, you will see that art and science illustrated to perfection. We have more than once reprobated the mean and paltry system which is pursued by some venal scribblers, for the purpose of acquiring either pelf or notoriety, of carefully hoarding up every stray expression, of committing to memory, or to paper, every trivial action of any man who is exalted (no matter from what cause) above the common run of mortals, with whom they may chance to come in contact, that they may make a book about the "lion," and retail all his "sayings and doings" to the world. The characters, literary or moral, of many men have been ruined by this sordid proceeding; and none has suffered more than that of Dr. Parr. During his life, and at his death, he had acquired a reputation for great talents, which he never did any thing to deserve by the bye, but still he had it. Scarcely, however, had the grave closed upon his remains, when out came paper after paper in the monthly and weekly journals of the time, professing to record his memorable conversations, his remarkable acts. From that period the character of Dr. Parr has been falling in the estimation of the public; and to sink it still lower, Mr. Barker has published a volume of the most superlative twaddle I ever read; consisting principally of communications from the late doctor's acquaintances, some of whom, Mr. George Dyer for instance, honestly

confess that they knew little of the man they were writing about.

Mr. Apathy. Is there nothing new in the department of imaginative literature?

Reginald. Now that question is indicative of the march of intellect. Formerly it would have been, have you any new novels or romances? However, I will take it as it is meant, and reply, that I have received nothing in that way lately from town, except a sketch in two volumes, entitled *Marcella, or the Missionary abroad and at home*; a religious tale, calculated to do very little good, and only worth mentioning as an example of how very serious some writers can be about trifles, and what nonsense they will think it worth taking the trouble of committing to paper.

Mr. Montague. But what is here? *Guesses at Truth*, by Two Brothers. What is this about?

The Vicar. It is a very clever work; the result of a mind (or of minds) of no common order. It may be termed (as I have seen it called) "a diary of thoughts;" and some of them are gems of the purest water, calculated to set the reader thinking also. Read them, Montague; you will derive advantage from them; and to give you a specimen, listen to the following on new and old churches:

The worst thing of all is a new church. I love to say my prayers in a place where my fathers and forefathers have prayed. It may be idleness and vanity to think so, but somehow God seems to be nearer in a building where he has long been more immediately present. There is an odour of sanctity breathing about an old church; the worn stones are hallowed by the feet which have trod and the knees which have knelt on them: so much in it has

been changed by time, that it is become more like a house not made with hands : nobody now living can make any thing like it ; its architect is forgotten ; it is the work, not of man, but of an age. A new church, on the contrary, was built by such a man, fitted up by such another : every thing about it is so neat and so modern ; it is almost as smart as a theatre : there was no such thing five years ago ; and what has been so short-lived can never seem to have any permanent reason for its existence, or indeed to have any thing permanent about it ; and instead of the odour of sanctity, one finds only the smell of paint. It has no atmosphere of prayer ; it is not a treasure-house of the dead. My feelings on this subject I should have conceived would have been almost universal, had not an American gentleman once expressed to me his surprise that we let our churches in England, especially the cathedrals, grow so old and so dirty. He had seen the minsters of York and Lincoln, and assured me, that if they stood in America, the outside of them would be whitewashed every ten years ; such being the American way of shewing their reverence for the house of God. How far his statement is correct I know not. A nation of yesterday may perhaps be destitute of sympathy with the day before ; but we in England, I trust, should as soon think of white-washing Helvellyn.

Reginald. Excellent ! admirable ! I can sympathize with the writer in all his sentiments ; for dearly do I love to join in the sacred ordinances of our church in the venerable Gothic edifices which the piety of our ancestors erected. They seem to me to have a peculiar fitness for religious worship ; and I never feel *at home*, if I may use the expression, in one of the modern buildings, which are so designed and decorated, that it is difficult to tell whether you are in a conventicle or a church.

The Vicar. True ; and I am glad to find that, under the auspices of the excellent Society for the Building and Enlarging of Churches and Chapels, and the Commissioners for Building New Churches, the taste for our Gothic architecture is reviving ; and I hope we shall see no more churches built in the Grecian, or in any other style, except *that* which in this country has for so many centuries been dedicated to the services of religion.

Mr. Montague. Whilst speaking of architecture, let me recommend to your notice *Letters of an Architect*, by Joseph Wood. They give you an account, a most interesting and popular, as well as scientific, one, of most of the celebrated edifices in Italy and elsewhere, and are well worth the attention of any admirer of that most noble and useful art.

Reginald. Captain Beauclerk's *Journey to Morocco* afforded me more pleasure than I can anticipate from the *Letters of an Architect* ; inasmuch as he journeyed over a country, and amongst a people, of which less is known than of the places and inhabitants in our own quarter of the globe. In 1826 the Sultan of Morocco made application to the lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar, Lieutenant-General Don, for medical assistance. In consequence, our author, with Mr. Murray and Dr. Brown, were sent to his highness. They left Gibraltar on the 18th of June, and having landed at Tarifa, proceeded by Tangier, Arzela, Laraish, Mendia, Sallee, and Rabat, to Morocco. Here they remained till October, when they returned to Mogadore, and thence back again to Gibraltar. Captain Beauclerk has described this route

and his adventures in the capital in an agreeable, soldier-like manner: I shall, however, only read one passage; it is descriptive of the Sultan's troops:

The Sultan's standing army, independent of the *Adouais* (his body-guard of about seven hundred men), does not, we are informed, exceed five or six thousand men. Of these the principal part are black troops, and generally employed in the southern districts of the kingdom, where the increased heat of the sun overcomes the white men. This army, for want of better occupation, and for the purpose of being kept together, is continually employed against some of the southern black tribes, lying towards Tombuctoo, who knowing little of warfare, are easily hunted down by their rapacious neighbours, who deprive them of the rich gold ornaments which decorate their ears and noses; and, while the young men are sent as slaves to Morocco and other parts of the kingdom, the girls, from ten to twenty years of age, feel no great reluctance in exchanging their liberty for the softer and more indolent life they afterwards lead in the harems of the white Moors.

Of the prowess of his highness's army, I fear little can be said, as may be inferred from the following account given by two Spanish renegades who came to solicit the doctor's medical aid. One of these was a tall fellow, his highness's chief engineer, over whom the united powers of awe and fear exercised so absolute a controul, that he was in a continual shiver. The other was a sturdy-looking fellow enough, whose looks belied his heart. He had obtained, as he told us, the exalted post of chief bombardier, and had been sent with his companions to the black army, beyond the Alps, with a *park* of artillery under his command, consisting of two field-pieces, which had been presented to the Sultan by the English. They said that they

had set out in full confidence of bringing into subordination, by means of these two powerful engines of war, a rebellious tract of mountainous country, which owned no Sultan, and set at defiance his Majesty's laws. But sad, indeed, had been the reverse of their hopes and fortunes; for, as they were one night quietly sleeping in their tents, they were suddenly disturbed by the impertinent and ill-timed intrusion of twenty-eight ill-shaven, ugly-looking *sans-culotte* fellows, who, rushing into their tents, took the most unwarrantable liberties with the lives of his highness's subjects. In fact, the alarm spreading over the encampment, the whole army, amounting to five thousand men, became panic-struck, and with all expedition took the shortest road home, leaving forty-eight dead upon the field, and the greater part of their baggage and tents.

Horace. Admirable! what a set of gallant fellows! Why, with an army of such men an ambitious prince might conquer the world!

Reginald. Yes; but such men are not always to be found: it is not common with the military profession to deem discretion the better part of valour; they are usually—English soldiers at least are—more apt to err from over-eagerness to beat the enemy, than by shewing an aptitude at running away, like the troops of the Sultan of Morocco.

Mr. Apathy. There has been a great dearth of poetry lately; I have only seen one volume published since we last met—*Lyric Offerings*, by S. Laman Blanchard: it is a thin volume of ninety-six pages, containing a number of lyric pieces, written in the style of Keats and Shelley, with much of their extravagance and only a portion of their genius. This is one of the best pieces in the book:

PLEASURES OF PROMISE.

Things may be well to seem that are not well
to be:

And thus hath fancy's dream been realized
to me.

We deem the distant tide a blue and solid
ground;

We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are
only found.

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that
faded be?

Oh! who may think to sail from peril and
from snare,

When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in
the air?

Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and
happy tune,

Or hang December's cell with figures caught
from June.

And even unto me there cometh, less forlorn,
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the
morn.

When summer shadows break, and gentle
winds rejoice,

On mountain or on lake ascends a constant
voice.

With a hope and with a pride its music woke
of old,

And every pulse replied in tales as fondly
told.

Though illusion aids no more the poetry of
youth,

Its fabled sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive
truth:—

That tears the sight obscure, that sounds the
ear betray,

That nothing can allure the heart to go
astray.

Reginald. A friend of mine slipped these verses into my hand the other day: Mr. Blanchard's lyrics reminded me of them; not because they resemble them in thought or expression, but because Mr. Blanchard's are irregular, and so are

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum

Portare ventis.—Hor. Car. lib. i. 26.

'Tis dead of night; the loud winds wildly
blow,

And sighing trees and lonely walls would
bring

Blue devils on the roaring tempest's wing;
But, imps unholy, I would have you know,

That if ye dare intrude, I've got a charm
To guard me from your hellish harm,
And from contentment's cheerful dome
To drive you back chastis'd to your own
Stygian home.

Go to some lucubrating lover's cell,

And hold your vigils in his addle pate;

For there congenial horrors love to dwell,

Despair, and rage, and jealousy, and hate:

Go to some philosophic owl

That wakes o'er wisdom's bootless toil;

In mazes flit around his sputtering oil,

And fill with moody thoughts his moping
soul:

Or some craz'd poet, piping fancied woe:

Go hunt the ideots; go, hobgoblins, go:

But wait and through the casement take a
peep,

For from your haggard eyes 'twill draw
a tear

(If goblins weep) to see how snug I'm
here,

Warming my feet before I go to sleep!

E'en at this hour what crowds in Fashion's
hall

With sports impertinent invert the day;

In dazzling theatre, or shining ball,

Whirl life's gay vehicle in thoughtlessness
away!

Lo, where across the giddy sight

In bright procession pass,

Lord, lady, baronet, and knight,

Philosopher and ass!

And gallantry's ten thousand arts arise,

Winks, pinches, coughs, nods, elbowings,
and sighs:

And now the buckram puppy debonair

(Oh! what a mockery of man is there!)

Struts, grins, and scrapes in beauty's leering
eyes,

Although his fluttering breast and lighter soul
Ne'er felt th' ennobling spur of love's
controul;

And shining belles float winningly around,

Piquing themselves on trophies to be
won—

Squire, doctor, officer, or parson bound

In shackles vile—all conquer'd and
undone!

And are the lovely creatures really pleas'd

To tease men so, themselves to be so teas'd?

Oh, yes it pleases! Reason, get thee home,

Or they will kick thee out, ill-fated gnome.

Vain sports, I hate you; but dare scarce
condemn,

For ye enchant heads wiser far than mine;

—But other joys I feel excelling them,

Which gild my lot, though they more
dimly shine.

What midnight thoughts hast thou of good
or bad

Thy gloom to darken, or thy dullness
cheer?

The cordial friends thy earlier vigils had—

Where are they now?—nor friend nor foe
is here,

Where in these lifeless solitudes

No social pleasures beam, and scarce a grief
intrudes.

Yet can I husband up each treasure

Retirement brings the thoughtful mind,
And taste of many a purer pleasure

Than pride in gayer scenes may find.

What though no melody transports the ear,

No form of beauty ravishes the sight—

The cricket's minstrelsy 'tis mine to hear,

And female pleasures live in past delight:

For scenes enjoyed in fairer hour,

In beauty's bright and blissful reign,

Oft come with their enchanting pow'r

To cheer my heart again.

But yet it booteth not to dwell

O'er things perchance we lov'd too well ;

On forms we never more may see—

On fairy hopes that should not be:

Then, "gentle Peace," remain with me.

My fire, my flute, my well-belov'd arm-chair,

My friendly books, and nonsense-scribbling
quill,

With you for weapons I defy each ill,
And dare encounter all the host of care.

Mr. Montague. It is getting near
"the witching time of night;" there-
fore it is time to separate: but before

we do so, let me recommend to you two publications which have recently appeared, and which are calculated to be of great utility. The first is a *Chart of all the Battles fought in the Peninsula*, printed on a sheet of imperial size card-paper: the second is a *Chart of the Kings of England since the Conquest*, in which the periods of their ancestors and deaths are given in verse, and in a form well calculated for a child to commit to memory. They have been compiled by a very worthy man, the Rev. John Davies, who was twenty-seven years an army-chaplain; and I hope these clever little epitomes will have a rapid sale.

Horace. I will buy them, for the sake of the cloth.

Basil. And I, because I love a soldier, and delight in encouraging any thing belonging to the army.

Reginald. And I, because I like the man; and so good night!

All. Good night!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, August 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand Concerto for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra, composed, and dedicated to his Imperial Majesty of Austria, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 100. Pr. 8s.; Accompaniments, 7s.—(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

THERE is probably not one professional performer who can play this concerto satisfactorily without a good deal of study; and the skilled professional friend, of whose kind assistance on arduous occasions like these we frequently avail ourselves, laboured and struggled so hard to

impart to us a practical impression of its constituent parts, that feelings of humanity impelled us to stop the distressing rehearsal, and to be contented with an exemplification of detached portions, such as the *tutti*s, subjects, cantabile periods, &c. The composition being thus impracticable at sight, we must rather give our opinion from sight than by the ear.

So far as difficulties enter into a consideration of the value of a concerto, and in concertos they go for something, this hundredth labour of Mr. P. is probably unequalled, and

perhaps the "ne plus ultra" among the "ne plus ultras" hitherto on record. In point of profound and even abstruse harmonic combinations, likewise, it stands in the foremost rank. As regards song and melodic originality, the work is not so deficient as to justify the coarse pun on the author's name, doggerelled by some envious Viennese. The season of melodic sunshine in instrumental compositions is gone by; we are on the verge of winter, we fear, when any transient solar glimpse must be taken as a welcome phenomenon. Two or three of these gladdening glimpses occur in the allegro; and in the adagio, at the beginning at least, there is a fair appearance of broad sunshine—rather a Pesaro sky; but the most cheering aspect is to be enjoyed in the motivo of the rondo, which is tripping, vivifying, and truly original.

Of the passage-work, of the surprising manner in which the finger-apparatus of the human species has been brought into action to accomplish flights and combinations which not long ago would have been pronounced beyond the reach of possibility, but which the actual performance of the concerto by Mr. P. in this country proved to be not only perfectly practicable, but, as regards the author himself, with seeming facility—of all these concerto-evolutions it is unnecessary to make special mention. They are excellent, and indeed wonderful, in their way; and to very accomplished players they present a field for ulterior cultivation, not to be exhausted in the space of even some weeks.

Twelve favourite Waltzes à la Sontag for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle
Vol. XII. No. LXIX.

Sontag, by her Friend, J. N. Hummel. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

No one can object to Mr. Hummel's *dedicating* these dances to his accomplished and interesting countrywoman; but why they should be termed waltzes *à la Sontag*, we have in vain taxed our ingenuity to guess. We can account for an imaginative or speculating French milliner dubbing a bonnet, a stomacher, a new flounce, or even a particular colour, by a name which just happens to be *envogue*; but with Mr. Hummel surely such expedients must be deemed unnecessary and *infra dig*. As, however, the name of the child has nothing to do with its dispositions and merits, we have only to say, that there is enough in several of these waltzes to shew them to be the production of their celebrated author. Nos. 1, 5, 10, 12, and two or three more, distinguish themselves favourably; while some others appear to us much too *recherchés* and studied, for the ball-room at all events. Upon the whole, there is great sameness in most of them; a circumstance partly to be ascribed to the singular and unquestionably disadvantageous fact of their being (with the exception of one additional flat in No. 10,) *all* in the same key. Eleven waltzes in E♭ major! But, besides this, several are so similar in harmony, that they might be taken for mere variations on the same subject, and, with a very trifling qualification, be played to the same bass. Indeed Mr. H. himself seems to have had in view a certain degree of resemblance or connection; for in a note he states, "These waltzes being a complete set, may be played through as a connected piece."

My Aunt's favourite Waltz, com-

A A

posed for the Piano-forte by F. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 1s. — (Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

Like ourselves, few of our readers, probably, have the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the aunt of Mr. Kalkbrenner. Nevertheless, their esteem for the talented and dutiful nephew cannot but render it gratifying to them to be informed of the additional evidence afforded by this waltz as to the native musicality of *tutta la famiglia*, including even the female branches. We perfectly sympathize in the taste of the old lady; and we should be extremely sorry for the musical reputation of the readers of our critiques, if, on trial, this waltz did not become as great a favourite with them as it has proved to be with the worthy aunt of Mr. Kalkbrenner.

Grand March for the Piano-forte, composed by T. Howell. Pr. 2s. — (T. Howell, Bristol.)

Of the five pages before us, the first exhibits the entire march, which is creditable to Mr. H. The melody, though plain, is satisfactory, rhythmic, and regular. The bass is somewhat antiquated in style; and this is also the case in the closing formulas of both parts (bars 16 and 32). Modern taste demands more stir and vivacity in the accompaniments. Pp. 2 and 3 are probably intended as variations; but we can scarcely accept them as such, the melody being, with a trifling exception, quite the same, and the bass merely a little more macadamized. In pp. 3 and 4 we meet with a legitimate and good variation of the subject, cast into $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

ADAPTATIONS, VARIATIONS, &c.

Gems à la Sontag, a Dramatic Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which

are introduced the most admired Airs sung by Mademoiselle Sontag, to whom it is inscribed by her Friend, J. Moscheles. Pr. 4s. — (Mori and Lavenu, New Bond-street.)

If Mr. Hummel condescends to make waltzes *à la Sontag*, why should not Mr. Moscheles write "*Gems à la Sontag*," in which, as he expressly states, "the embellishments have been added at the suggestion and under the immediate superintendence of Mademoiselle S.!" If such is the tide of fashion, that by swimming with the stream Mr. M. with infinitely less trouble and cogitation, can make a better thing of it than by taxing his own inventive powers, we can hardly blame him for venturing on a plunge with the rest. The Sontaggianized airs in this book are, 1. "Una voce poco fà" (*Barbiere*); 2. "Ah chi sperar potea," and 3. "Cielo in quale estasi" (*Donna del Lago*); 4. "Assisa a piè d'un salice" (*Otello*); 5. "Or sai chi l'onore" (*Don Giovanni*); and, 6. Rode's Air with the Variations: the original keys in some having been exchanged for others more convenient.

All these, it is true, have been printed over and over again in a variety of ways, but not in Miss Sontag's way; that is, with the embellishments of Miss Sontag re-embellished by Mr. Moscheles. And this is precisely the case here. Every body had thought hitherto that the authentic embellishments of Rossini, in "Una voce" for instance, left no possible room or scope for further ornament. By no means! Miss Sontag has found means to embellish Rossini; and Miss Sontag, for her pains, has been embellished by Mr. Moscheles. What an accumulation

of beautifying! The thing is absolutely "better than new:" for where the lady was remiss, Mr. M. has made up for it. In "Or sai chi l'onore," for instance, as in the whole of Donna Anna, Mademoiselle Sontag disdained to profane by ornament the authentic score of her countryman; but Mr. M. being in a gemmy mood, has bespangled and bepearled the piece—under her immediate superintendence of course—in all directions. Even Rode's variations have not quite escaped the beautifying hand of Mr. M. These, however, exhibit fully the extent and character of Mademoiselle Sontag's execution of them; and to those that have not had the good fortune of hearing this lady sing the variations in question, the present copy will serve as a pretty correct exemplification of the wonderful skill displayed on the occasion. It is, in a manner, an historical record.

This article having already outgrown its allotted space, we can only add generally, that the taste and elegance of the treatment of the several pieces in this book render it a very desirable acquisition for players of a certain degree of advancement, whose taste and expression it cannot fail to improve very greatly. And it is further to be remarked, that however ornamental the work may be, the judgment and experience of Mr. M. have so devised the structure, as to be by no means intricate. There are no passages which a little practice will not completely put under the mastery of a moderately skilled player.

The favourite Airs in Rossini's Opera of "Mosè in Egitto" (including new Airs introduced by the Author in its Representation at

Paris), arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by J. F. Burrowes. Book I. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)

The first piece in this book, no doubt, is one of those superadded by Rossini at Paris. Its title is French (*La douce Aurore*), and we had not heard it before; the loss indeed would not have been severe if we never had heard it. It abounds in reminiscences and the well-known mannerisms. The next piece is the magnificent duet, "Ah se puoi così lasciarmi," with its three movements entire; and the book concludes with the fine canon, as it is generally mis-called, "Mi manca la voce," the literal application of which words by one prima donna to her rival at a rehearsal of the King's Theatre produced a bit of a tangible fracas between the contending parties. The arrangement is very effective, and fit for very moderate players.

Marcia Eroica, from Rossini's Opera "Otello;" arranged for the Piano-forte by Augustus Meves. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

The adaptation of this spirited and well-known march is every way commendable. Mr. Meves has introduced suitable and tasteful amplifications in the way of variation, which contribute much to brilliancy of effect, without subjecting the performer to unprofitable intricacies. The whole evinces good sense and judgment.

Second Set: Three of the popular Tyrolese Melodies, sung by the Rainer Family, arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

The first set of Mr. Kiallmark's Ty-

rolese Melodies was noticed some time ago in our review. He now presents us with three further airs, well known every where, especially the second, "Wann ich morgen's früh aufsteh," which is completely naturalized here. The Rainers, however, have given new life to these melodies for a while, and Mr. K. by sundry agreeable and easy variations, and other interpolations, cadenzas, &c. has imparted to them a fresh degree of interest, for some further time to come at least. We observe a series of good modulations in the concluding portion in A b, which is altogether in proper style. The last D in the bass of bar 8, p. 11, we presume to be an error of the printer: it should have been G.

"*Les Fleurs de l'Opera*," a *Collection of Airs, Cavatinas, &c. selected from the most approved Italian Operas, and now first arranged for the Flute and Piano-Forte*. Books 1, 2, and 3. Pr. 2s. each.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

In these operatic adaptations the flute cannot be dispensed with, as it carries the melody alternately with the piano-forte, and often asserts its rank in independent passages. The part destined for it, nevertheless, lies within the sphere of quite a moderate performer, and the piano-forte is easier still. The airs selected are good, and not too hackneyed; viz. No. 1. "Giusto Dio che umile adoro," *Rossini*;—No. 2. "Del Genitor rammento," *Mercadante*;—and No. 3. "Perche turbar la Calma," *Rossini*. The air of *Mercadante*, although *Rossinian* all over, is really very attractive and effective. The arrangement of the whole demands unqualified approbation.

Musard's Fourth Set of Quadrilles (New Series), entitled "*Queen Elizabeth's Court*." Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

When the Marchioness of Londonderry, for certain reasons, conceived the singular idea of having a court of her own, by convening "in maskerade" all the leading characters of the court of Elizabeth, including her maiden Majesty herself, it was natural that Monsieur Musard's abilities should be put in requisition to furnish something quite original and analogous in the way of quadrilles, in spite of the anachronism of intruding a modern French dance, scarcely known to the graver part of the *present* generation, upon such personages as Lord Burleigh, Leicester, &c. Quadrilles they *were* to be, and Monsieur Musard, having taxed his ingenuity and *savoir faire*, brought forth the present *cahier*, which is somewhat curious. There is occasionally an attempt at antiquity, and an endeavour to be original; and, we must add, there is tasteful melody and diction here and there, and even a goodly touch of harmonic skill: but, withal, the effect, so far at least as we may judge from the piano-forte extract, does not appear to us to recompense the labour which has been bestowed by the composer, and which he has even entailed upon the player. For, owing to the many sharps in the keys and to others accidentally added, these quadrilles are not so plain as they look; in the case of ordinary performers at least they require a little previous practice.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Songs and Duets from WEIGL's Lyric Opera, "*The Swiss Family*;" the Words freely translated by

F. Wehnert, Esq.—(Ewer and Johanning, Titchborne-street.)—viz.

1. "Sit thee down, dear Emmeline," Duet. Pr. 2s.
2. "Whoever has heard me complaining," Air. Pr. 2s.
3. "From Switzerland's far distant plains," Air. Pr. 1s. 6d.
4. "Long a mutual passion feeling," Duet. Pr. 3s. 6d.
5. "Peace doth not smile," Duet. Pr. 2s.
6. "Nay, blame me not," Air. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although Weigl's "Schweitzer Familie" has for many years been a favourite musical drama in Germany, it has but recently come before the English public—first through the infantine company at the Surrey Theatre; and immediately afterwards, but partially only, at some of the concerts and benefits at the King's Theatre, three of the parts being assigned to Mademoiselle Sontag, Madame Schütz, and Mr. Schütz respectively, who sang them in German with success.

The music has its peculiar features and merits. It presents many traits of original conception, and a vein of sympathy and sombre feeling, a sort of musical sentimentalism not unfrequently met with in German compositions, but which should be sparingly indulged in, or be relieved by the intervention of more spirited pieces, not to produce languor. At Naples or Florence such music, with all its merit, would set the audiences a-nodding; while, north of the Alps, its pensiveness may draw tears of sympathy.

The six pieces before us appear to be mere reprints of earlier German adaptations, with an English free translation fitted to them. This apology for liberties taken with the original will, on comparison, be ad-

mitted to be far too modest on the part of the translator. The freedom in rendering "Setz dich, liebe Emmeline, nah, recht nah zu mir," into "Sit thee down, dear Emmeline, here near to me, quite near," is not very remarkable. And this is the general character of the translations, most faithful and homely; excepting No. 6, the text of which has so little to do with the original, that we suspect it to be the production of another pen, and of a prior occasion, just thrown in to make up the number. Considering, however, the spur of the occasion, which probably led to this publication, we must not be severe on the translation. It sings the music fairly enough, and that may content all reasonable persons. The duet, No. 4, deserves the special attention of the vocal amateur unacquainted with Weigl's Muse. It is a fine composition. Nos. 1 and 2 are also good specimens. In these latter two and in No. 5 Mademoiselle Sontag took a part.

"Come, touch the harp," a *Canzonet*, composed by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

The ideas embodied in the melody are not absolutely new—among others, a reminiscence from "The Maid of Lodi" occurs towards the conclusion; but the song is chaste and feeling, and properly constructed and satisfactorily aided by an harpeggio accompaniment, in which, however, an objectionable octavism (last bar of p. 2,) has escaped Mr. B.'s attention. The key of A \flat adds much to the pathetic effect of the composition.

"There sat upon the linden tree," the *Song of a German Minnesinger or Troubadour*, composed by W. Ball. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

The Song of Chatelar to Mary Queen of Scots, translated from the Original, "Triste Amour," and composed by W. Ball. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

The melody of the first of these two songs is perhaps a shade too pensive and drooping; but it is written with feeling and good taste, and the plan and rhythm are satisfactory.

In the song of Chatelar Mr. Ball appears to us to have misconceived the measure of his melody, which is really in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and not $\frac{2}{4}$, as written. This circumstance seems to have been one of the causes of the want of rhythm which presents itself in the introduction, as well as in some portions of the sequel. The consequent want of keeping neutralizes considerably the effect of the thoughts, some of which are interesting in themselves and laudably analogous to the text. The title is adorned with a neat lithographic representation of a tête-à-tête between Chatelar and Queen Mary, whose features accord with the authentic likenesses extant.

"Love, art thou sleeping?" a Serenade, sung by Mr. Braham, composed by G. A. Hodson. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

"I will follow thee," an Answer to "Follow, follow o'er the mountains," sung by Madame Vestris, composed by G. A. Hodson. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

We feel warranted in pointedly recommending these two productions of Mr. Hodson's. There is good melody, good musical sense, a proper degree of connection, plan, and keeping in both.

The serenade, rather in the Spanish style, proceeds with freshness and spirit, sweetly and playfully, well

aided by a simple but neat accompaniment. The vocal execution is perfectly easy, unless it be for some little cadences and other ornaments, which, if need be, may be simplified, or even omitted.

The text of "I will follow thee" is composed out and out (C major). The author, therefore, had scope for greater variety of ideas, and he has availed himself of the opportunity. But he has not, as is often the case, heaped one incongruous thought upon another: there are seasonable repetitions, and all is well balanced. There is no sawny, drowsy work; the song goes on in a lively vein, dwells for a short time in A minor, resumes the key, and entering upon a select coda, somewhat in the manner of "I've been roaming," concludes with much spirit.

"Now at moonlight's fairy hour," a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by John Lodge, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

"And will thy spirit view," ditto, composed by ditto, published by ditto. Pr. 2s.

We have devoted to these two compositions more than our usual portion of time, in order to judge of them correctly, and to try whether the little effect which they produced at the first aspect might not be favourably augmented by a more careful examination. There are, in both, thoughts which in themselves appear attractive enough, but they do not blend into a connected whole of proper plan and keeping. In the first song, in particular, much is attempted without a compensating result. In the second, which is less elaborate, the case is the same. The





EVENING FULL DRESS.

ideas succeed each other without being in sufficiently obvious melodic correspondence and affinity. The conclusion is good.

"An Address to Echo," the Words by E. V. Rippingille, Esq. composed by T. Howell. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(T. Howell, Bristol.)

The principal interest of this publication is derived from its text, which makes the echo return answers similar *in sound* to the terminating syllables of the questions, but very different in meaning. The "equivoque" is at times a little broad, we must own. A few lines will convey an idea of the thing:

She may not love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain
then?

Come plain then!

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her.

Sell her!

et cetera, et cetera, and worse than that. So let it suffice for a taste. Mr. Howell's music is appropriate, and indeed too good for so broad a text. There is considerable humour and variety in the different strains assigned to the successive portions of the poetry, and the harmony is managed with propriety; but there might as well have been a separate vocal stave, so as to obtain greater support from the accompaniment, which is very plain.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

JACONOT muslin dress, made as high as the throat, where it is finished with a narrow band, confining the fulness of the body; a small circular cape, drawn with blue satin ribbon, and trimmed with work half a quarter deep, commences in front of the shoulder and extends across the back: the sleeves are *à la Gabrielle*, being full above the elbow, and below confined by three drawings to the shape of the arm. The skirt is set on with equal fullness all round, and has a flounce half a yard deep, headed by a trimming composed of a rouleau adorned with demi-whorls, made of book muslin, gathered very full, and edged with blue braiding; a second whorl trimming divides the flounce half way: blue satin cestus, pointed in front. Provincial French cap of tulle made of one piece, and drawn full round

the head: it is greatly elevated, and falls back from the summit in two divisions like lappets, the ends trimmed with blond lace, and reaching as low as the shoulder: bows of blue satin ribbon are tastefully dispersed; and the border, being very full, forms a rosette in front, and bows of blue satin ribbon intermingle with the curls of hair round the face. Earrings and necklace of rock coral; broad Grecian scroll bracelets of gold. Rose-colour gloves; blue corded silk shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Rose-colour *gros de Naples* dress; the waist long, and pointed in the front and back, and trimmed with a narrow *ruche* of tulle round the top of the bust: the sleeves are *à la Marie Stuart*; the upper part being very full, and twice divided by a rose-colour satin band round the

arm, and terminated at the wrist by a deep cuff, with vandykes pointing towards the elbow. The skirt is made without gores, very full and plaited in all round the waist, and is ornamented with a *ruche* of tulle and a very deep flounce of Chatillon sprigged blond lace, placed about half-way of the skirt, and falls within a finger's length of the wadded hem, which touches the ground. The hair is parted in front, and dressed in light and becoming curls on the side and behind. Spanish hat of

rose-colour satin, the brim a little turned up on the sides, and a slight declination in front; the crown is low, and adorned with a profusion of white ostrich feathers, fastened by a pink topaz star. Gold necklace and ear-rings; the latter in the form of a leaf and bunch of grapes; vinegarrette suspended from a Chinese chain; broad chain bracelet, with circular emerald snaps. Embroidered gauze scarf; white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 15.

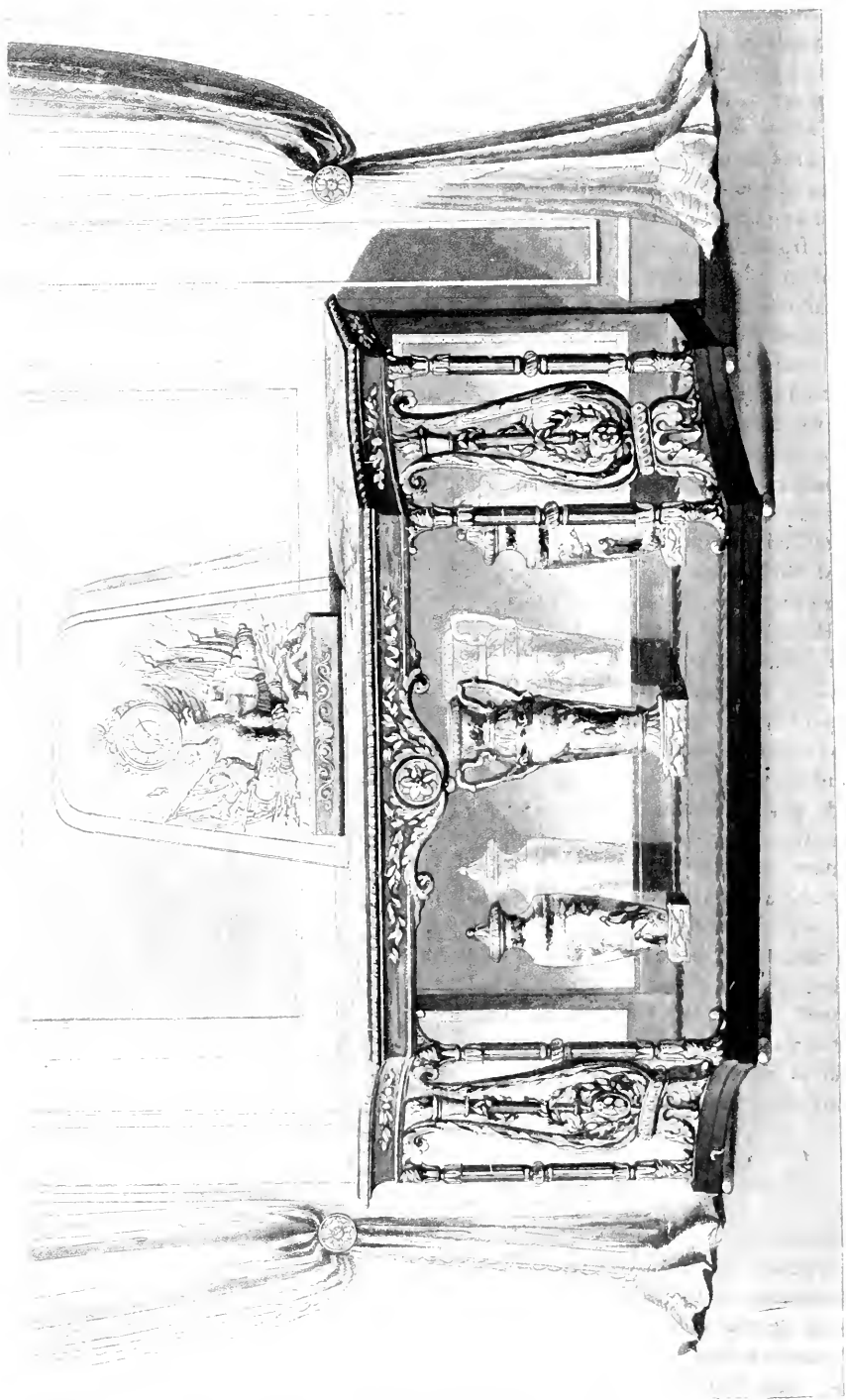
PROMENADE dress remains nearly as it was last month, except that the throat is generally covered either by a *ruche* attached to the pelerine, or else by a small muslin scarf, embroidered in a lace pattern, which is carelessly tied round the neck. These scarfs are called *cravats*. Plain ginghams are still in great request: they are now always worn with a large round pelerine of the same material, trimmed with a double row of tulle set on very full: a *ruche* of tulle supplies the place of a collar. Pelerines of this form are worn also with cambric muslin gowns.

Capotes are more in favour than *cha-peaux* in walking dress: a great number are composed of cambric, and trimmed with the same material; but the most fashionable are of *gros de Naples* or crape: *nauds* of the same material ornament the crown, mixed with large bows of coloured ribbon, which give considerable height to the head-dress. A very full *ruche* ornaments the edge of the brim.

Redingotes of clear muslin lined with coloured sarsnet are much in favour, both for the morning exhibitions and for social parties. The dress is richly embroidered round the bottom and up the

front: the last is either in the style of a pyramid, or else in separate bouquets of different sizes, the largest being placed at the bottom and the smallest at the top. The skirts of these dresses are wide, and set on with considerable fullness all round the waist. The body is made *en chemisette*, but it is little seen, as a pelerine *à deux pointes* is always an appendage to the dress: it is richly embroidered, and is finished round the throat by a *ruche* composed of intermingled tulle and ribbon, to correspond with the lining of the dress. Long sleeves, made very wide, are confined in the middle of the arm above the elbow by a band, and terminated by a very deep cuff, which is embroidered to correspond with the dress. The epaulettes are either in the form of three points or of three leaves: they are similarly embroidered. The most fashionable colours for the linings of these dresses are rose-colour, azure blue, canary, and lilac.

Printed muslins and striped muslins are very much in favour both for dinner and evening dress: there is nothing new in the former, but the latter are very novel and pretty: they are of two kinds, those that have a coloured stripe, and those that are in white, with small bouquets of flowers, either printed or em-



broidered on one of the stripes: in either case the stripes are broad, and there is always one thick and the other clear muslin.

The *corsages* of these dresses are usually made a very decorous height: some are *drapé*; others have a little fulness at the bottom of the waist; and some are made to sit quite close to the shape: these last, from the length of the waist and the point in front, have a very formal appearance. The most novel trimming consists of a very broad flounce, which is cut in deep scallops; they are edged with a light narrow *ruche*: a larger *ruche* serves as a heading to the trimming.

The balls of St. Cloud are at present quite the rage; but the dresses for these rural *fêtes*, as they are called, are certainly not much in character. The dress is of striped or plain muslin, trimmed round the bottom with one or two flounces, which are arranged in the drapery style, with knots of ribbon or small bouquets of flowers. The *corsage* is of coloured satin, pointed before and behind, cut very low round the bust, and generally finished either with a quilling of blond net, or else with a broad blond lace: short full sleeves. A straw hat is *de rigueur*; but instead of a trimming of flowers or ribbons, it is adorned with superb plumes of ostrich feathers. The *ceinture* must be of painted or embroidered ribbon (the latter is considered most elegant), in a running pattern of flowers, to correspond with those worn in a large bouquet near the left breast.

We must not forget to observe, that the dress is worn sufficiently short to display not only the pretty sandaled foot, but also the large coloured clock, now indispensable to the stocking of a tonish *dansuse*.

Embroidered crape dresses are coming much into favour in grand costume. We have just seen one in white crape, finished round the bottom by a broad rouleau of rose-coloured satin, above which is an embroidery of festoons of roses; the *corsage* cut low, finished by a tucker *d'enfant*, and a half-blown rose embroidered on each breast; short full sleeve, divided in the middle by a band of pink satin, and terminated by a deep blond lace, which reminds us of the old-fashioned ruffle.

Among the new articles in jewellery are necklaces, &c. &c. composed of gems of three or four different colours. Some are set in the lozenge form, others in an oval shape. Many *élégantes* have their necklace composed of one kind of gems only, and wear suspended from it a cross, in which are four different coloured stones. The drops of the ear-rings correspond. Gold ornaments are still very much in favour, particularly those richly wrought in filigree work. The drops of ear-rings are always very long; the most fashionable are in the shape of a pear.

The fan of an *élégante* is now composed of feathers, on which are painted different designs. Some exhibit bouquets of flowers; others Chinese patterns.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PIER-TABLE.

THE position and use of a pier-table are obvious from its appellation; namely, to stand against the piers or portions of wall between windows.

The forms and decorations of pier-
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tables may be infinitely varied. Some are covered with slabs of porphyry or verd-antique marble; some with curiously inlaid woods; others, denominated buhl, are entirely decorated with tor-

toiseshell and brass: but their forms are equally varied with their ornament. Some are canted at the ends of the front, as in the present design; others are parallelograms, supported by griffins, chimeras, terms, or lyres, as in the annexed plate; others again rest on brackets, springing from the wall, in order not to encroach on the space of the floor. These differences, however, are mostly to be regulated by localities, and must therefore be determined by the science and judgment of the architect.

The present design, which embraces nearly the whole space between the windows, may be executed either in mahogany or rose-wood, enriched with gilding or or-molu. At the back is a looking-glass, in order both to lighten the design and to give an appearance of distance, where it would otherwise appear heavy.

The vases and clock are only accessories, and not intended to form any part of the principal design.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has just ready for publication, a tract of peculiar interest to all proprietors of horses—*The Art of Shoeing without the Application of Force*; being a Description of a Method of Treatment by which the most intractable Horses may be induced to submit quietly to the operation of Shoeing. It is illustrated by six lithographic prints. The author is Captain Balassa of the Imperial Austrian service; and the official examination to which his method has been subjected by the Austrian government, and the rewards bestowed by it upon the author, afford the best guarantee of the value of the system, which he has made public by its express command. The English translation has had the benefit of the revision of Joseph Goodwin, Esq. late veterinary surgeon to his Majesty, whose skill and experience in all matters connected with the subject of his profession are well known from his useful publications and inventions.

Shortly will be published, in one volume post 8vo. *Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Esq.*; consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and miscellaneous pieces, in prose and verse, never before published.

An historical romance, chiefly illustrative of the public events and domestic manners of the 15th century, entitled *The Last of the Plantagenets*, is in the press.

Early in October will appear, *The Musical Souvenir for 1829*. This work, in which the first talent is combined, will afford, in the most neat and finished style, a pocket volume of new, vocal, and instrumental music, with a beautiful vignette-title and frontispiece.

Another series of *Tales of a Grandfather* is in preparation; and their indefatigable author is also engaged on a continuation of the *Chronicles of the Canonsgate*.

A new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, the copyrights of which were purchased at the sale of the late Mr. Constable's property for above 8000*l.* is about to be produced, with illustrations, engraved from pictures by Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, and other distinguished artists.

In the press, *The Last Autumn at a Favourite Residence*, with other poems, by a lady.

Mr. John Walsh of Cork has announced an *Essay on a New System of Astronomy*, in which he advances the hypothesis, that the sun revolves round some remote centre in about twenty-six thousand years; and consequently that the stars have direct and retrograde motions similar to those of the planets—an hypothesis which would destroy the modern theory of gravity.

A Series of Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and

Churches in England, drawn on stone the size of the originals, is in preparation.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication *A Numismatic Chart*, comprising a series of three hundred and fifty Grecian Coins of Kings, arranged in chronological order from their earliest period to the beginning of the 4th century, executed in outline on stone: the gold and bronze coins will be coloured.

The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian history through the medium of coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian kings, the various kingdoms of Asia Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press.

Poetry.

MELVILLE ISLAND*.

OFFSPRING of war, behold yon little isle,
Whose brow is crown'd by many a mould-
ring pile;

Where groups of buildings, sinking to decay,

Throw their dark shadows o'er the narrow bay,

Which, with a mirror's smoothness, brightly shines,

While the last ray of summer's sun reclines
Upon its placid breast; where the blue sky
And rocks and hills and trees reflected lie.

As round the winding-path we onward stroll
Beyond the isle the Arm's clear waters roll,
Along whose eastern margin spots of green
And rural cottages fill up the scene:

No sound disturbs the cave where Echo sleeps,

Unless some fish through the calm surface leaps;

Perchance a gull, while high in air he soars,
His wild and startling note of discord pours;
Or the scar'd partridge, as he upward springs,
Breaks on the stillness with his noisy wings.

The guard-house there, with fissures well supplied,

To point the ready gun on every side;
Where walk'd the wakeful sentry day and night,

Lest some might strive to make a desperate flight;

Where once the cup, the laugh, the jest went round,

Is still and drear, unconscious of a sound.

* At this island, situated off the coast of Nova Scotia, the dépôt for French and American prisoners taken during the late war was fixed. The characters introduced are taken from life.

And the small spots which used to glow
with flowers,

The soldier's pastime in his leisure hours,
Redeem'd from rocks, with cultivation smil'd,
And look'd the lovelier bosom'd in the wild;
With stubble, briars, and brambles over-
grown,

Nature may now reclaim them as her own.

We cross the bridge, where erst the cannon stood,

To guard the narrow passage o'er the flood;
Here Time, as with light wing he onward flew,

Has left his footprint upon all we view.

How chang'd and alter'd every thing appears!

How all unlike the scenes of former years!

Each door, which once was watch'd with jealous care,

Unhinged, admits the balmy evening air;
The spacious prison, which appeared alive
Some twelve years since, a perfect human hive,
Crowded and busy, where the eye might see

All, save the *calm contentment* of the bee;
Now with its dreariness the heart appals,
So still and lifeless are its silent walls:
Each narrow window and each iron bar
Speak to the soul of all the ills of war.

The charging note may elevate the soul;
The heart beat high while round the thunders roll;

The shout of triumph, and the hard-won field,

A glorious rapture to the warrior yield.

This is war's brightest side, and still will charm

The youthful heart, while youthful hearts are warm.

But the last groan of him who fights and falls,

And on his God to feed his orphan calls;

The widow's anguish, and the mother's sigh,
The shrieking maniac's wild and bitter cry,
And the lone prison, on the mind will urge
The truth—that war, in detail, is a scourge.

While o'er the spirit memory's spell is
cast,

We leave the present to recall the past:
To the mind's eye how vividly appear
The busy crowds who used to mingle here;
Doom'd to one common fate to be confined,
And teach their manly souls to be resigned!
Although a prison, yet the little isle
Was not a common gaol for culprits vile:
No felon's foot its genial soil impress'd;
No frightful dream here broke the murderer's
rest;

Their only crime, who round its confines
moved,

Was noble daring in the cause they lov'd.

Here the gray vet'ran, mark'd by many a
scar,

Deplored the sad vicissitudes of war;
He loved the cannon's glorious voice to hear;
The cry of "Board!" was music to his ear.
If o'er his soul a ray of rapture beam'd,
'Twas when his cutlas o'er his foeman
gleam'd.

Shipwreck'd he oft had been, but yet the sea
He fear'd not—on its bosom he was free.
Unbending, and impatient of restraint,
How shall the Muse his manly anguish paint?
When no spectator of his grief was near,
Down his brown cheek oft roll'd the scalding
tear;

And his dark eye, which up to heaven was
turn'd,

Display'd the spirit which within him burn'd:
But, if some straggler should by chance in-
trude

Upon his restless, joyless solitude,
He quickly dash'd the tear-drop from his
eye:

None saw him weep, none ever heard him
sigh.

In the calm hours which Nature claims for
sleep,

E'en then in dreams his soul was on the
deep:

The deck resounding to his measured tread;
His country's banner floating o'er his head;
His good ship scudding under easy sail,
While all around the laugh and jest pre-
vail.

Or, if the god of dreams should strew a
train

Of darker, bolder shadows o'er his brain,
His brow is knit; his nervous powerful hand
In fancied triumph grasps his well-tried
brand;

While, lock'd with his, o'ertaken in the
chase,

Some frigate lies in deadly close embrace;
Guns roar, swords clash, the dying and the
dead,

Mangled and bleeding, o'er the deck are
spread;

While the fierce shout and faint and feeble
wail,

Together mingled, float upon the gale.

With nimble foot athwart the yard he runs,
Descends, and drives the foemen from their
guns;

Midst blood and death their flag he down-
ward tears,

And in its place his own lov'd banner rears:
His shout of victory through the prison
rings;

His startled comrades round his hammock
brings;

While drops of sweat his manly temples
lave,

His broad chest heaving, like the troubled
wave:

He starts! he wakes! "O God, and can it
be?

Am I a captive? Am I not at sea?"

Here the fond father, from his home exil'd,
In fancy fondled o'er his darling child,
Folded the little prattler in his arms,
And saw, as fathers do, unnumbered charms,
And made confinement's tedious torments
less,

Tasting the bliss of sweet forgetfulness.

Behold yon youth, whose brilliant speak-
ing eye

Is mildly, calmly fix'd on vacancy:

In vain day's loveliest beams around him
play;

In vain the linnet pours his sweetest lay;

In vain his cheerful comrades, wandering
near,

With mirth and gladness strive his soul to
cheer—

He sees them not, nor hears their noisy
jests.

Fix'd as the rock on which his elbow rests,

And while his head reclines upon his hand,

The boy is thinking of his own bright land;

In fancy wandering round that happy home

He loved so much ere honour bade him roam;

Where, while his eye with youthful ardour
glowed,

A father's hand a father's sword bestowed;

And, as he gave it to the stripling, said,

"Behold, my boy, no spot is on the blade!

Take it, and use it for thy country's weal:

This arm, though feeble now, has prov'd the
steel;

And when in peace you bring it here again,
See that the blade wears no unworthy stain."

And well the youth obeyed the warrior's
words:

Where flashed Britannia's best and brightest
swords

There his was waved; and when Old Eng-
land's sons

Drove Gallia's seamen from their silenced
guns;

When British tars, whom valour could not
check,

Forced every foeman to the quarter-deck;
E'en when his chief, to stay the deadly strife

And save a useless waste of human life,
Resigned his ship and sabre to the foes,

The buy's red arm was dealing desperate
blows;

His bright eye flashing with unearthly fire,
He thought of home, and of his gray-haired

sire;
And when commanded to give up his brand,

He grasp'd it closer in his bloody hand;
Glanc'd on it once, nor stay'd to look again,

But flung it wildly to the wat'ry main;
And proudly utter'd—"Only to the wave

Will I resign the sword a father gave."

A prisoner now, while, with fix'd vacant
gaze,

He ponders o'er the themes of other days—
Perhaps the blessing which his mother gave

Ere he embarked upon the mountain wave
Is faintly—fondly—breathed into his ear,

And dims his hazel eye with many a tear;
While thought on thought, at memory's

bidding springs,
Around his neck an only sister clings.

Those who have felt alone can truly trace
A parting sister's lingering, fond embrace;

While all the joys that guileless childhood
knew

By memory's magic start upon the view;
And the faint, feverish, tremulous "Good

bye!"

The heaving bosom, and the broken sigh,
The streaming tear, the blanch'd and blood-

less cheek,
Plainer than words a sister's love bespeak;

While hurried prayers to God's high throne
ascend,

And call on Him to guide, protect, defend;
As round each neck their youthful arms

are cast,
And each fond look is destin'd for the last.

'Twas thus they parted, and when far from
France,

Toss'd on the wave, that sister's parting
glance

Was with him still—and on the *little isle*
Would oft from all around his thoughts

beguile.

At length the bland and halcyon smile of
peace

Shone forth, and caused the trump of war to
cease.

As Spring's mild ray, while Earth's glad breast
it warms,

Expels stern Winter, with his robe of storms;
What heartfelt rapture did that beauteous

smile
Shed o'er each bosom upon Melville Isle!

"'Tis peace! 'Tis peace!" around the island
rings,

And blissful visions to each fancy brings:
The thoughts of home, of friends, of children

roll
A tide of heavenly rapture o'er the soul;

Each trod the earth with firmer, manlier
tread;

No narrow bound before his footsteps spread.
Each gave the little isle a blythe good bye,

Joy in his heart and freedom in his eye;
And when to home and friends restored again,

Forgot captivity and all its pain.
How pure the bliss—how balmy the repose,

Which, after all his toils and all his woes,
The weary wanderer, doomed no more to

roam,
Tastes in the hallowed precincts of his home!

If of the joys the righteous share in heaven,
One foretaste sweet to earthly man is given—

'Tis when his cot, his ark of hopes and fears,
After long absence, to his view appears;

'Tis when that form, the dearest and the
best,

Springs to his arms, and swoons upon his
breast;

When woman's lip—warm, passionate, and
pure—

Is glued to his—as if its balm could cure
His wounded soul—if wound should there

remain—
And charm it back to joy and peace again.

TRANSLATION OF LINES,

*Written in German, at the Age of Sixteen, by
her late Majesty Queen CHARLOTTE,*

By Mrs. COCKLE.

Blossoms of May! the north wind breaks
Your breathing wreaths—his churlish wing

O'er your young heads he rudely shakes,
Sweet children of the balmy spring.

Blossoms, ye sigh!—when first ye woke,
The genial sun, with fostering gleam,

Around your bursting foliage broke,
And o'er you play'd with mildest beam.

Blossoms, ye droop!—not softest breath
Of gentle gales, or sunny ray,

Can guard your infant charms from death—
In life's first morn they fade away.

Blossoms, ye fall !—'tis Heaven's decree—
 Oh ! thus too fade youth's opening flowers;
 Shrinking they bend, and fall as ye,
 Midst Beauty's gay and blushing hours.
 Oh ! peace to you—and peace to those
 Who, trembling midst life's chastening
 way,
 Fall ere their timid buds uncloze
 With promise of a lengthened May!
 And to those grateful wanderers peace,
 Destin'd a happier lot to prove,
 Whilst hopes, and fears, and days, increase
 The ripen'd fruits of joy and love!

FOR THE AIR OF THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

By Mrs. HENRY ROLLS.

Oh ! where, and, oh ! where, bonny flower,
 wert thou born ?
 On Ben-Lomond's lofty side, when the first
 breath of morn
 Flung showers of dewy pearls from the o'er-
 shading thorn.
 Oh ! where, and, oh ! where, didst thou find
 thy bonny hue ?
 'Tis the bright tint of truth ; for I spring
 among the true,
 'Mid Scotia's azure lakes and her craggy
 mountains blue.
 Oh ! where, and, oh ! where, bonny flower,
 dost thou dwell ?
 I was cull'd by the fairest maid of fountain
 and fell,
 When the sun shed his first beam down yon-
 der lonely dell.
 Oh ! where, and, oh ! where, dost thou hope
 at last to rest ?
 My throne and my grave be her pure spot-
 less breast,
 Where love and peace retire like the doves
 to their nest.

ADDRESS TO ENGLAND BY AN EXILE.

From the French of the Marquis de FLEURY.
 Although to thee, O generous land !
 To thy protecting, liberal hand
 I owe my halcyon days ;
 Although from shame and anguish spared,
 Thy countless blessings I have shared,
 From thee my memory strays :

It strays to native dale and hill,
 Whilst *thou* art but a stranger still.

But when within thy sheltering breast,
 Cherish'd and sooth'd to peaceful rest,
 My exiled king I see,
 My grateful thoughts no longer roam,
 But fancy pictures then my home,
 My native land in thee !
 Then, England, then, I thee adore,
 And thou a stranger art no more.

L. J.

TO ADA, ON THE HUES OF THE ROSE AND LILY.

I'll tell you how the rose did first grow red,
 And whence the lily whiteness borrowed :
 You blush'd, and then the rose with red was
 dight ;
 The lily kiss'd your hand, and so came
 white.
 Before that time each rose had but a stain ;
 The lily nought but paleness did contain :
 You have the native colour, those the dye—
 They flourish only in your livery !

EDMOND.

ENIGMA.

Though present in heaven, I'm always on
 earth,
 I'm in life and in death, but was never in
 birth ;
 To the lord and the knight in no bondage
 I'm bound,
 And yet 'tis most true that with either I'm
 found.
 I know not the king, though I visit the
 queen,
 And never at courts or at balls am I seen.
 With the children of poverty oft I am
 found,
 And yet in good cheer I am sure to abound :
 I'm with friend and with foe ; I'm in love
 and in hate,
 And those who deride me shall find I'm in
 fate.
 Though I'm used with contempt, yet I'm
 blazon'd in fame :
 Now tell me, dear ladies, I pray you, my
 name.

D. L. J.

MUSLIM PATTERN.

DESIGNED BY THE ARTIST, AND ENGRAVED BY J. H. B. 1891.



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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 acknowledge the receipt of a packet from our lively contributor who dates from Longbrook-Lodge. Attempts at Gaiety and Frank Ready shall have an early insertion.

The papers entitled My Grandmothers—Credit—and Time-killing, with which we have been favoured by our old and humorous correspondent B. shall be introduced in successive numbers of the Repository.

We have been obliged to postpone till our next publication the notices of several new books prepared for insertion in the present number.

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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VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

THE HOLME, REGENT'S PARK,

THE SEAT OF J. BURTON, ESQ.

THIS beautiful and classical villa, on the south border of the lake in the Regent's Park, was erected, in 1821, by the eminent architect whose residence it is. The north front, which faces the lake and leads to the pleasure-grounds, is ornamented by a handsome circular projecting centre, decorated with columns of the Ionic order, supporting an entablature surmounted by a dome. The west end is finished by a conservatory. The south and entrance front, inclosed by plantations and shrubberies, is decorated by an angular portico of the Ionic order, supporting a pediment. The entrance-hall, which is handsome, is judiciously planned by opening to a lobby that conducts uniformly right

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and left to the whole range of apartments on the principal floor, which consists of a withdrawing, billiard, and dining-rooms, library and study. Elegance in design and furniture, devoid of ostentation and symbolic of its respectable proprietor, characterizes the whole. A collection of very beautiful specimens of sculpture, architectural models, drawings, and designs, constitute the principal ornaments of the above-mentioned apartments. A handsome suite of six principal bed-rooms, with suitable attics, and a range of domestic offices in the basement of the structure, complete its whole, and render it one of the most agreeable and commodious villas in its delightful vicinity.

C c

THE SEAT OF G. R. GREENOUGH, ESQ. REGENT'S PARK.

THIS very elegant villa, erected in 1823, by J. Burton, Esq. architect, for Mr. Greenough, is situated on the northern bank of the canal, at the north-eastern extremity of the Regent's Park, and is built of brick cased with cement. The west end is ornamented by an elegant portico of the Ionic order, the south by a circular colonnade of the Doric order, inclosing the projecting part of the principal drawing-room, of the same form, having a flight of steps leading to a terrace-formed flower-garden and beautiful shrubberies, with which the whole is surrounded in the best taste. The grounds are decorated with appropriate ornaments, contain a green-house and conservatory, and have a grotto, forming a subterranean communication with the stables and offices at the east end.

The interior is beautifully chaste and classical, harmonious in character with the exterior, consisting of a handsome entrance-hall, of small dimensions, leading to a circular saloon, ten feet in diameter, ornamented with eight beautiful marble columns, highly polished and enriched

with Corinthian capitals, in imitation of alabaster, supporting a dome partly of stained glass; a spacious dining-room, 36 feet by 20; a museum or library, 38 feet by 16, containing a valuable collection of the best works ancient and modern; a study or small library, 16 feet by 10, containing another collection of the same class as the last-mentioned apartment, together with specimens of Egyptian antiquities of the most interesting kind. A handsome suite of three apartments extend the whole length of the building on the south aspect: these are denominated the music, drawing, and billiard-room; the drawing-room being in the centre and the largest, from having a circular front formed by the external colonnade already noticed. This range of apartments is truly beautiful and elegantly neat, without gaudiness. The walls of the music and billiard-room are decorated with panels, painted in relief with mythological subjects well executed; the whole reflecting the greatest credit on the taste and judgment of its highly respected proprietor.

THE SHEPHERD OF EICHENBERG.

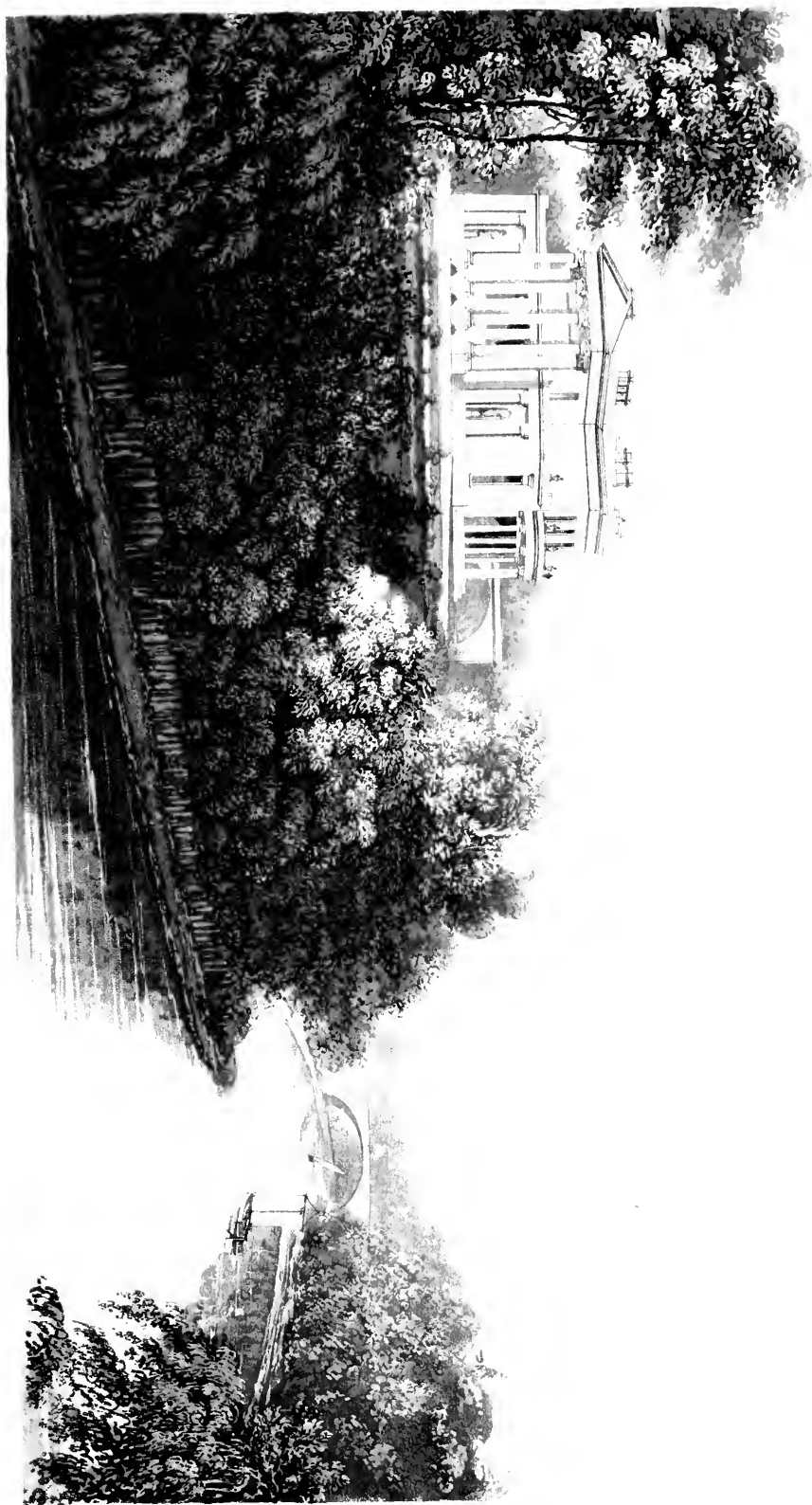
(Concluded from page 140.)

LUDEWIG soon discovered at a distance the pinnacles of the castle, and an immense column of smoke which ascended into the air close to it. The enemy had penetrated to its walls, and set on fire the houses that were situated outside them. In the castle, where all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had sought refuge, provisions began to fail; and

the courage of the besieged decreased in the same proportion: for courage, whatever may be said to the contrary, is always in secret alliance with the stomach. It was high time that succour should arrive—the next day all would have been lost.

Ludewig, with his troop, fell furiously on the rear of the enemy. Taken wholly unawares, they stood

THE HOUSE OF THE CHURCH OF THE
SACRAMENT



for a while panic-struck, and suffered themselves to be cut in pieces; and when they recovered their self-possession, and attempted to rally and make resistance, it was too late. The assailants broke their ranks. Ludewig was at their head: his foes fell beneath his sword like grass before the scythe, while every stroke aimed at him recoiled from his unprotected body as from a cuirass of tempered steel. At length, but few of the enemy being left, they sought safety in the most precipitate flight. Their lord and leader, a potent neighbouring count, had fallen in the conflict.

The rejoicing in the castle at this unexpected deliverance is not to be described. The drawbridges were let down, and all the inmates poured forth to see and salute the unknown conquerors. Prince Sigismund himself came out with his whole retinue. It occurred to Ludewig, when he beheld him, that the prince would inquire who he was, whence he came, and by what means he had achieved his victory; and being wholly unprepared to answer these questions, he was extremely embarrassed. In order to gain time to make up a story, he shunned the prince; and as though he had hasty arrangements to make, he rode to and fro through the ranks of his soldiers. He bethought him that these suspicious fellows might blab the truth, and he wished to keep that a profound secret from every soul at Eichenberg. He therefore ordered them to return home forthwith. They were gone in a trice; a prodigious cloud of dust arose behind them; the tramp of their horses soon ceased to be heard; they disappeared, and Lu-

dewig, who was now alone, rode to meet the prince. With a throbbing heart, he prepared to relate his tale to the venerated and venerable sovereign. One transgression is sure to beget another; and he who has been guilty of a misdeed has recourse to falsehood to conceal it.

The account which he gave of himself was as follows: Owing to the loss of the sheep, he had run away from his father, had entered in a foreign country into the military service of a certain duke, whom he was not at liberty to name, and had fortunately had several successive opportunities of distinguishing himself. The duke, who had taken a personal liking to him, had created him a knight; and on receiving intelligence of the calamity which menaced Eichenberg and its revered prince, he had, at his urgent solicitation, intrusted him with a body of brave troops, wherewith to hasten to the relief of his beloved country. He was inexpressibly happy that his enterprise had been so successful: his men he had been obliged to send back immediately, because the duke himself needed their services.

Prince Sigismund was exceedingly astonished to see the young shepherd, whom he well knew, so soon transformed into a valiant knight and skilful soldier; and the first thing he did was, to assure him of his favour, and to urge him to solicit a recompence for his recent achievement, which he could not sufficiently reward, as he owed every thing to his opportune assistance. He gave him his princely word to grant whatever he should desire.

Ludewig intimated that the duke had, though very reluctantly, given him permission to enter into the ser-

vice of the prince, in case the latter should wish him to do so. That part of the business was soon settled, and Ludewig reserved the liberty of asking a favour for a future occasion. He was indeed puzzled what to ask for; and he rejoiced in the sequel that he had not preferred a precipitate request, of which he would soon have repented.

The prince invited him to go back with him into the castle, and to refresh himself after the fatigues of the day; adding, that he would send for his father, who had indeed been exceedingly grieved and afflicted at his elopement, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation between them, which, under such circumstances, would not be a difficult task. Ludewig cheerfully complied, and they entered the castle.

The tidings of the unknown knight ran like wild-fire, and when it was ascertained who he was the astonishment of all was unbounded. The people thronged in crowds, and gazed at him open-mouthed as he rode by the side of the prince into the castle. On alighting from their horses, the prince took him by the hand and conducted him up the noble staircase. They entered the hall of the knights, where the whole court of the prince by degrees assembled. Ludewig's father, for whom a special messenger had been dispatched, also arrived. Dazzled by the extraordinary splendour of the court by which he saw his son surrounded, and softened by the intercession of the prince, the old man had granted Ludewig his pardon before he solicited it. At any rate, he did not hazard a single word of reproof; nor did he even venture to inquire what had befallen him. He stood

lost in admiration, and could not dissemble the pride which he felt in contemplating such a son. All the grief that he had caused him was more than amply compensated.

The females too came to congratulate the victor, and at their head Kunigunda, the only child of the prince. Her mother had long been dead. Ludewig cast his eyes upon her. Eternal powers! the very original of his portrait! He stood speechless and motionless, with his eyes fixed on the fascinating figure.

Kunigunda, when she beheld him whom she had been anxious to see, turned pale, and sank trembling into the arms of her women. Brought up in the observance of the strictest decorum, her heart, her imagination, nay her very dreams, were pure. Her father had once taken her with him on a visit to a knight who had been his juvenile friend. While the men circulated the glass, she often took a solitary stroll in the garden or through the apartments of the castle. On one of these occasions, she found herself in a room in which were hung a great number of beautiful pictures. One of these particularly engaged her attention: it represented a knight in the bloom of youth and in the fulness of manly beauty. His eyes seemed to express the exultation of victory. This portrait attracted her with irresistible force; she stood still, and was completely absorbed in the contemplation of it. Her heart was perfectly free, and it had room for the unwonted charms of this figure, which made a profound impression. After her return home it haunted her incessantly, and her imagination invested it with fascinations that exalted it into an ideal, which took

complete possession of her innocent soul. With joy and amazement she perceived this ideal realized in Ludewig; and it was this sight that overpowered her to such a degree, that she swooned in the arms of her women.

No sooner had Ludewig recovered himself than he turned to the prince. "Your highness," said he, "has promised to grant me one favour. I solicit the hand of Kunigunda."

The courtiers stood aghast at the hardihood of this demand. Sigismund too was disconcerted, for he was not prepared for such an application. But he had given his princely promise unconditionally; he could do no other than perform it. He paused a little, it is true, before he replied.

"The word of a prince!" said Ludewig.

"It shall be kept, depend upon it!—Kunigunda!"

When Kunigunda, who had overheard what passed, obeyed the call of her father, she concealed her face on the bosom of her female attendant. It was with difficulty that she could be induced to raise her head. But, accustomed to instant obedience to the orders of her rigid father, which on the present occasion were not disagreeable in substance though rather unpleasant in form, she slowly and modestly lifted up her eyes, and with a blush of virgin modesty extended her hand to the youthful suitor. Her father himself could only place her willingness to the account of surprise; for he had expected some opposition, or at least an application for delay.

It was agreed that the nuptials

should be solemnized in a few weeks, and the day for the ceremony was fixed. Thus was Ludewig, the betrothed of the princess, exalted in a short time from the shepherd's cot to the highest rank in the state. Rapidly flew the hours which he now passed in Kunigunda's society, and every day developed new charms of mind and heart in the princess. The time for the nuptials arrived. Ludewig was beside himself with transport: his only thought was Kunigunda, and so completely was he absorbed by her, that on this day he forgot his vow. A grand entertainment concluded the festivities. The wine-cup circulated freely, but passed unheeded by Ludewig, who was lost in the contemplation of the lovely bride, now for ever his, as she sat opposite to him among her women. The entertainment lasted till midnight. The castle clock began to strike. Ludewig heard the solemn tone, which sounded to him like the knell of death. His blood curdled as he bethought him of his oath. He drew forth the box which he carried constantly about him. In his hurry and anxiety he had some difficulty to open it; and just at the last stroke of twelve he imprinted upon the portrait the promised kiss. A moment later and his life had been forfeited.

No sooner had Ludewig recovered himself, than he firmly resolved never again to be so careless, or to risk plunging himself by negligence into inevitable perdition. He laid it down as an inviolable rule, to make the fulfilment of his vow henceforward his first business every morning. He rejoiced, however, that, in his consternation, he had still retained sufficient presence of mind

not to betray his secret to any mortal eye.

But the eye of love is more acute than he was aware of. Kunigunda observed what had escaped all the rest of the company, and inferred from Ludewig's extreme confusion, that there was something of importance behind. Womanish curiosity was excited, nor could she help harbouring a feeling of jealousy, much as she strove to suppress it. For the kiss!—that had not escaped her;—it was more than suspicious!

When the entertainment was over, and she had retired with Ludewig to the nuptial chamber, she could no longer conquer those unpleasant feelings, and mildly and modestly inquired the reason of his extraordinary behaviour. Ludewig sought to evade the question, and this made her still more inquisitive and absolutely jealous. At length he was obliged to confess that he had a secret, which, however, he durst not communicate to any creature whatsoever. At the same time he protested most solemnly that his secret related to herself, and had no sort of connection with any other human being.

But all that he could say was to no purpose. Torturing jealousy had taken possession of Kunigunda's bosom. She insisted on a complete disclosure. It is not unlikely too that female pride was hurt at the idea that her charms should be incapable, and that too at such a moment, of producing compliance. Be this as it may, when the unfortunate Ludewig stedfastly refused to betray his secret—and how could he do otherwise?—her anger was excited to such a degree, that she declared it was evident from his conduct that

she should merely bear the name of his wife; and she was therefore determined to live apart from him. She accordingly prepared for carrying the separation into immediate effect.

Ludewig, in his despair, threw himself on his knees before her; but she would not listen to him. At this moment a knocking, at first gentle, and gradually becoming more and more vehement, was heard at the door. Kunigunda was so much alarmed that she trembled. Ludewig stepped to the door. He opened it, and—the huntsman stood before him.

"Thou seest," said he, "that thou hast attained the height of thy wishes. She is jealous—shew her the portrait."

Beside himself with joy, he flew back to Kunigunda. He had soon invented a tale to account for his possession of the portrait, and his vow never to shew it to any individual: "but," continued he, "rather would I violate my oath than renounce my adored Kunigunda. Look! 'tis your own likeness. Long has this portrait presented to me an image of that fascinating loveliness which I have found in you. Do you now comprehend why the sight of you made such an irresistible and instantaneous impression?"

Kunigunda beheld an exact likeness of herself, and was as much flattered by this solution of the mystery as she had before felt mortified. Recollecting what had happened to herself, she regarded it as a peculiar dispensation of Providence. All was forgiven; the felicity of confiding love returned, and a heaven of happiness opened to her anticipations.

Again some one knocked, at first

gently, and then louder and louder. No interruption could be more unseasonable. And then Ludewig knew the disturber! A chill came over him. He knew too that he must answer the call, otherwise he would have reason to apprehend the worst.

Again the huntsman stood before him, but in a totally different form. His look was hideous, and his fiery eyes rolled horribly. He drew Ludewig to a dark corner at the farthest extremity of the ante-room. "Traitor!" cried he in a harsh voice, "thou hast shewn the portrait! thou hast violated thy oath!"

"Thou"—stammered Ludewig—racked by a fore-feeling of hell—"thou thyself——"

"Have I not repeatedly warned thee against compliance, whoever it might be that should try to persuade thee?"

"Infernal delusion!"

"Hahaha! thy time is come."

As he thus spoke, he lifted up his arms, and stretched out horrid claws instead of hands to tear in pieces the thunderstruck Ludewig.

"There is still one way to escape."

"What is that?"

"Appease my resentment by an innocent sacrifice."

"And what sacrifice dost thou demand?"

"Thy wife."

"Eternal mercy!"

"Dost thou hesitate?"

The tremendous claws were again extended.

"Demon, take her!"

"I have no power over her. She is pious and innocent. Thou must do it thyself. Here is a dagger!"

In the frenzy of hell Ludewig seized the dagger, rushed forth, and plunged it into the throbbing bosom of the anxiously expectant Kuni-gunda. Still clenching the dagger in his convulsive grasp, he sank senseless by the side of his murdered bride.

With a laugh of triumph and a fearful noise, the infernal spirit quitted the castle, certain that his victim would speedily follow.

The inmates of the castle, alarmed at the noise, hastened to the spot. To their astonishment they found the door of the bridal chamber open. They entered, and saw the princess weltering in her blood. Inconceivable as it appeared, it was, nevertheless, evident that Ludewig was her murderer. He was placed in secure confinement.

It was a long time before his senses returned; but reason had fled. Now and then indeed he had brief lucid intervals, in which he related his extraordinary story. He then relapsed into insanity, in one of the paroxysms of which he put a period to his life. At Eichenberg they still point out a sequestered spot where his body is said to have been buried.

Soon after this horrid catastrophe, Prince Sigismund died of grief and vexation. His principality devolved to a collateral relation, by whose descendants it is still governed.

A CAREFUL COACHMAN.

GRACECHURCH - STREET, Saint Paul's, Charing - Cross, Piccadilly, and several other of our metropolitan

streets, give sufficient token of the uses and abuses of stage-coaches, long and short, together with coach-

men, cads, and a variety of other appendages thereunto. Much has been said and sung about the great nuisance of these matters and things; and to a certain extent doubtless they are so, but at the same time it must be admitted, that they are useful also to a very great degree. Certainly I would not take upon me to defend the conduct of that cad, who, in his impudent determination to fill the coach for which he plied, actually put into a Greenwich coach an old lady who wished to go to Brentford: still the short stages, including such as go perhaps fifteen miles from town, always excepting the Paddington stages, have much merit in their way. True it is, they are often very slow; but then that inconvenience is compensated for by their being also very sure; and to an old maiden aunt, a widow lady, and likewise to the elderly and partly retired merchant, the ancient and perhaps invalided liver upon his means, who comes to town now and then to see a friend, to receive a dividend, or to consult his physician or lawyer; and again to all similar persons going from London to visit in those pleasant villages so thickly scattered around us; to all and every of these it is delightful to be taken up and set down at their own or their friends' doors in the aforesaid villages. Now almost all these places have their favourite coaches and as favourite coachmen; generally the Old True Blue, or the Original Safety-Coach, or something or other of that sort; and then the John, or Thomas, or William (all favourite names for coachmen), who drive these, and who seem to be civil to a fault, if that be possible, are completely hand and glove with their respective customers. It is

really a treat to see some of these old servants of the public grown grey in their servitude, and yet looking the very picture of health, handing an old lady, or a young one for that matter, out of his coach: the gentle care that she shall not make a false step, the considerate and yet safe hold that he takes of the lower parts of the dress to prevent the otherwise probable exhibition of legs and stockings, and the smiling bow with which he receives his shilling, are all complete in their way. Your young dashing fellows may patronise the Tally-Ho, or the Nimrod, or the Fly, if they will, and may tip me a nod of pity as they give my old slow and sure the go-by; but I shall not change my stage for all that. The very horses seem to know the doors and places they are to stop at, and evince a sort of disappointment at being whipped past them, when the lady or gentleman is not going to town. These Thomases and Johns and Williams are very useful too in another way. Do you want a bit of good fish for dinner? John will bring you some of the best, and without fail. Is a bill to be paid? William may be trusted. Is Miss Mary-Ann or little Master James going to visit uncle, or aunt, or cousin? Thomas will take as much care of them as if they were his own. Many is the well-earned sixpence and shilling they get in this way. I defy the world to say if every atom of this is not true: it has been somewhat the fashion to cry down stage-coachmen as careless, wicked, extravagant, and I know not what besides; and doubtless there are many who well deserve all this and even more to be said of them; but I insist upon it, that my Johns and Thomases and Williams are re-

deeming characters for the tribe; and moreover they are by no means wanting on the long stages, though I have hitherto chiefly spoken of short ones. Who that knows any thing of Reading in Berkshire, does not remember Farmer John's coach? Probably it had another name; but nobody knew it by any other name than Farmer John's: but this is only one, and by no means a solitary instance.

So far I have spoken in praise of my class of coachmen, and what I am about to relate will not derogate very much from their established character. Now and then it does happen, but it is only now and then, that they commit some slight fault, principally in the way of forgetfulness; fish, or venison, or a particular letter taken on when it should have been left by the way, or a passenger carried some fifty yards farther than he intended to have been carried: these mistakes, too, may often be traced to the glasses of ale, or wine, or even a stronger beverage, not unfrequently given to the driver in cold or wet weather by his too kind friends. A circumstance happened a few years ago, strongly illustrative of this sort of forgetfulness, which I will endeavour to narrate. A merchant on the wrong side of sixty, but a fine, hale man, and one who dearly loved a good dinner and a good bottle of port after it, retired with his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, to a small genteel village in Surrey, about nine miles from London; here he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*, occasionally having a few friends, or a single friend, from town to dine with him, and occasionally returning what he esteems a *favour* by visiting them. Now the favourite stage in this village was one

which ran through it to another village three miles further on: Thomas was the veritable name of the coachman, and a very careful Thomas he generally was. Now when our merchant went to dinner in London alone, which was sometimes the case, his lady always used to depend on Thomas for the safe delivery of him at home in the evening; and never but once did Thomas fail in his duty, and then it was only an error as to time. It was near Christmas when the merchant went to dine with an old partner or two of his; it was to be a gentlemen's party, and consequently he went alone; Thomas the coachman was, as usual, all attention, and brought him up to town; the dinner proved a very pleasant one; and the merchant and his friends had so many old toasts to drink, that when Thomas handed him into his coach to return in the evening, it was evident that he had taken wine enough—very sober people would say too much: still he felt quite well, but somewhat sleepy, for after a passing joke with Thomas, he took a corner of the coach, and was presently in a sound nap. There is something in the very atmosphere of Christmas, independent of the liberality of half the world at that time as to the bestowal of a cheering glass, that induces many men to drink; and Thomas, our attentive coachman, on the evening in question, though very far from intoxication, had nevertheless taken enough to make him what is called comfortable. As to driving he probably never drove better, having no fear either of fog or frost before his eyes: still his potations had made him somewhat forgetful; and whatever else he might have left that night at the

village of C——, he certainly forgot to leave our sleeping merchant at his own house. True it is, that being asleep, his passenger did not ask to be left; and the consequence was, that Thomas, having deposited every thing and every body else in safety, drove our dozing friend into the yard where he put up his coach and horses; and having with his usual care backed the coach into the house where it was used to stand, and afterwards taken proper care of his horses, he went home to his wife, took his supper, and retired to bed about eleven o'clock. The terrors of the wife and daughters of the worthy merchant may be imagined, but cannot very well be described; and while they sat depicting to themselves all sorts of possible accidents that might have occurred to their protector, Thomas was snug in bed and asleep. About one in the morning, however, he happened to wake, when a sort of dim recollection seemed to cross his mind that he had not set down the merchant at his house in C——, as he ought to have done. At first he was doubtful; but having well rubbed his eyes, and the fumes of the liquor having evaporated, he was satisfied that he had not left his passenger where he ought to have done. The horror of the poor fellow was extreme when this conviction came across him; he knew that the gentleman was in the coach, and that the coach

was secured in the coach-house, and dared not trust himself to think what might be the consequence, and he, too, *a Careful Coachman!* Without saying a word to his wife, he crept out of bed, got a light, and went down with his lanthorn to the coach-house, when, having opened the coach-door softly, he found that his passenger was still fast asleep, and consequently unconscious of his situation. In a few minutes Thomas put his horses to, and gently drove back the three miles to the merchant's house, where he boldly rang the bell, though the rattle of the carriage had occasioned the household to be thrown open by its anxious inhabitants while he was yet at some distance. Thomas then opened the coach-door, and shaking his passenger by the knee, told him he was now at home; while the merchant, having roused himself, got out, paid Thomas, and told him he was an excellent fellow for having taken so much care of him!!!

What explanations ensued in-doors I have no means of knowing; but certain it is, that the lady lost much of her confidence in Thomas; it is equally certain, that both the merchant and Thomas kept the secret tolerably well, having a sort of mutual interest in so doing. How I became acquainted with it is not worth relating.

J. M. LACEY.

ON THE SERPENT OF PARADISE.

An Academical Discourse by Dr. VON AUTENRIETH, Chancellor of the University of Tübingen.

(Concluded from page 135.)

ALL the inquiries of history, all which in the course of time have the names of chains of mountains, kept advancing from east to west, all rivers, &c. as well as of nations, traditions, civil and religious, point

from Hither and Central Asia towards the countries of India as the cradle of the human race, as the theatre of the first civilization of man. Beyond the islands of Further India, the last abode of the dragon, in the islands of the South Sea, and in no other part of the earth, are still combined all the outward circumstances which were absolutely requisite in order that a human pair, placed naked and defenceless in the world, and yet inexperienced as children, might develop their faculties and propagate their species in perfect security.

According to the Bible too, the garden of Eden, in which the first man was placed, was situated toward the east. In this garden grew all sorts of trees with their fruits, and in the midst of it the tree of life and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Nor was Eden a level tract, for a large river issued from it. Here it was that the "serpent," which in other parts of the Sacred Scriptures is called a "dragon," appeared among the trees to Eve.

We know that even small serpents possess the power of fascinating as it were birds, squirrels, and other small animals on which they prey, by means of the fiery looks which they fix stedfastly upon them. Stupified, and sometimes senseless, these animals drop of themselves into the jaws of the serpent. What a horror, unfelt before, must the sudden darting of a lurking serpent of the largest kind have excited in a young female, who, longing in a natural state of childish ignorance for the fruit of the tree, because it was new to her and pleasing to the sight, was eating of it, and giving it

to her husband to eat! The frightful hissing peculiar to these serpents must of itself have filled such an inexperienced pair with mortal terror, and made them flee the whole country, where the obscure apprehension of the direst misfortune had for the first time so unexpectedly come upon them.

Driven by the appalling dragon from their hitherto happy abode, longing after their first home, yet dreading the monstrous reptile which harboured there, all the misfortunes which afterwards successively befel the exiled pair would appear to them to be the effects of the occasion for their first flight. From the vehement, as yet unfelt, pains of childbirth, which perhaps occurred soon after their flight, or might even have been accelerated by the fright, to the gradually increasing toil of providing subsistence for a growing family, and to the first acquaintance with death, which formed the horrid close to a quarrel aggravated to murder between their first-born sons, every thing was referred to the serpent, because these circumstances followed the meeting with it at the tree. This first and most important event was no doubt often related over and over again to children and children's children during the course of a life which became more and more encumbered with cares, in a poor natural language, which represents events and the feelings they excite by means of the same sort of images, because it is yet too uncultivated to express abstract ideas. In this life a feeling of self-reproach must necessarily have been by degrees more and more distinctly awakened on occasion of many adverse circumstances; but the appearance

of the tremendous serpent must always have formed the line between the early happiness enjoyed in perfect security and later distress. This distress could not but force upon them a knowledge of many things, external as well as internal. The tree of the dragon became the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The descendants of the first pair, spreading at first in the warm regions of the globe, were soon obliged to learn to guard themselves against serpents, and to teach their children to do the same. Now, every phenomenon that is terrible to the child of nature sooner or later acquires a religious import for him; nay, in some parts of tropical Africa the Negroes actually worship a species of gigantic serpent. If a snake with its creeping motion is a creature that of itself excites a natural horror, how much more treacherous and inimical must the beautifully marked but cruel monster lying in wait for its prey appear? In countries where this reptile was the only foe that threatened death, the dragon must have been regarded in the early ages of the world as the greatest physical evil, and at last as the image of an obscurely conceived evil principle.

May not then some real occurrence with a gigantic serpent have occasioned that most important change in the life of the first human pair, since we meet with the same story, only modified according to later locality, even among nations most remote from each other, to whom it could have been communicated but by traditions originally derived from the same common source? Why should it otherwise be, according to the Bundehesh, a sacred book of

the Parsees, precisely a dragon, or according to another passage in the same book, a great serpent, in the form of which Ahriman, the prince of darkness, sprang down from heaven to earth? Why is it, according to the popular notion of the Chinese, precisely a dragon in the firmament which at every eclipse of the sun threatens to swallow that luminary? Why not rather a tiger, which was so common in China, that in the 13th century, according to the testimony of Marco Polo, whole provinces of the interior were uninhabited on account of the numbers of that species of animal?

That sacred book of the fire-worshipping Parsees, whose religion had of course no connection with the Jewish, is attributed to Zoroaster, who is said to have lived in the time of the great-grandfather of Cyrus. According to this book, the first human pair sprang from the earth, like two bodies placed near each other, under the form of a reivas-tree, fifteen years old. They at first followed Ormuzd, the good supreme being; but Ahriman, who had leaped from heaven to earth in the form of a dragon, deluded these first of men. He gave them "fruits to eat," and thereby they lost a hundred blessings which they enjoyed. One was still left them; they found iron, and made an axe with it. Man now became the foe of his fellow-man; they began to be susceptible of hatred and envy; and they injured and slew one another.

The tradition of this first dragon is discovered, with various additions indeed, but yet with all its principal features, in ancient Greece. In the garden of the Hesperides, which was committed to the care of virgin

demi-goddesses, a dragon was coiled round a tree bearing *golden apples*: Hercules killed the dragon, and gathered the fruit. In a forest in Colchis a tremendous dragon guarded the golden fleece: Jason vanquished him, with the assistance of Medea, and took the fleece; but his union with Medea was followed by fratricide and infanticide, by the murder of uncle and rival. The teeth of the dragon which Cadmus killed near Thebes turned to fighting men, who destroyed one another. If, according to the Mosaic account, sickness and death came into the world by the serpent, it is remarkable that Greece should have consecrated precisely that reptile to Æsculapius, the god of medicine, and kept a peculiar species of small dragons in his temple at Epidaurus.

According to the Edda, which contains the mythology of the rude German north of Europe, the ancient Scandinavia, a prodigious serpent, which, from inhabiting the middle of a garden there, is called Mitgart, and is hated by the gods, embraces the whole earth: these gods possessed "apples of life." Thor, son of Odin the supreme god, struck the serpent on the head with such force, that the whole earth quaked. According to the Sämund Edda, the great, venomous, and charmed serpent Fafner guarded real gold: Sigur slew it, and thereby acquired knowledge never gained before—a knowledge of the language of birds: but the possession of the gold brought endless misery, which in this case also was introduced through the medium of a female; and the first mischief resulting from it was the murder of a friend.

To the remote parts of Asia then

must be referred the origin of all these and even of the ancient European religious traditions. The deified conqueror of Scandinavia, Odin, had come thither in later times, with his Ases, from the north-eastern Asiatic coast of the Black Sea. The much more ancient gardens of the Grecian Hesperides were indeed transferred at last by the poets to the western coast of Africa: at an earlier period, however, they had been situated in Spain; and still earlier, more eastward in Italy; and the father of the Hesperides himself was a son of the nymph Asia. Colchis, with its golden fleece, guarded by a dragon, is part of Hither Asia; and the religion of the Parsees was formed in Central Asia. Cadmus is called a Phœnician, consequently an inhabitant of the seacoast of Palestine. Abraham journeyed from Chaldæa, which borders on Persia, into the Land of Promise. Thus the narrative in Genesis alone might be the foundation of all those traditions, which were merely mutilated in various ways in their diffusion; and the sacred books of the Jews might have been the common source of all the stories of an ancient serpent, by which sin came into the world, because the first woman when she met with it longed for the delicious fruits of the trees.

But if this were the case, how should this tradition have spread, from the seat of the descendants of Abraham, whose chief endeavour, from Moses to the Babylonian captivity, was to keep themselves secluded from other nations, 145 degrees of longitude farther eastward, to the little islands lost as it were in the immensity of the South Sea? Nay, more—supposing even that

Arabs in their East India voyages had met with Malays, and these had accidentally fallen in with still more eastern Indians, how could the tradition, had it been propagated only in later times by the sacred writings of the Jews, have penetrated to tribes in the very heart of North America, with whose existence Europeans have only within a few years become acquainted? This is not to be conceived.

And yet we find, to our astonishment, in the South Sea Islands most of the traditions which the first book of Moses has handed down to us. According to Mariner, in his *Account of the Tonga Islands*, agreeably to the popular belief there, in the first family of mankind the elder brother slew the younger out of envy; for this crime he and his descendants became black, while the progeny of his nobler victim continued to be white. Nicholas, in his *Journal of a Voyage to New Zealand* in 1814 and 1815, informs us that the mythology of the two extensive islands known by that name, which are inhabited by people of the same race as the Friendly Islands and the islands of the South Sea in general, represents the first woman as being formed out of a rib of the man's.

Two daughters of gods, to gratify a particular longing, once visited the Tonga Islands, contrary to the prohibition of their father. One of them died, because she had eaten of the fruits of the island; the other was transformed for a punishment into a tortoise. The men of the island, for the sake of whose homage the previously immortal females had transgressed the commands of their father, afterwards murdered one ano-

ther out of jealousy. These Tonga or Friendly Islands are situated much further from Asia eastward, than the abode of the large tree-climbing serpents extends: for this reason no dragon appears in this tradition; but yet a creeping amphibious animal—a tortoise: here, nevertheless, we meet with longing females, and death as the consequence of eating the forbidden fruits.

It is only between twenty and thirty years since we have been made acquainted with the Mandanes Indians, on the Upper Missouri, in the heart of North America, by the journey of Captain Lewis along the river Colombia. They relate that their progenitors at first dwelt under the earth in a subterranean water. A vine penetrated to them with its long roots from above. Some of the boldest of the people climbed up by this root, and were struck by the beauty of the earth, and transported by the taste of the fruit of the vine. The rest of the subterraneous nation followed, till, as a heavy, perhaps it ought to be said pregnant woman, was climbing up, the root broke, and this woman, with all those who had not yet ascended, was doomed to remain below, deprived of the light of the sun. North America has no monstrous serpents: hence, in this tradition, the long creeping root of the vine supplies the place of the seducing serpent. The forests there abound in wild vines; and thus the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which was left undetermined in Genesis, and which in the land of the lemon and orange was called golden apples, was transformed on the Missouri into grapes. The groundwork of the tradition remains unchanged; and in the latter case it

is a woman on whose account her people are doomed to dwell in darkness in their silent subterranean abode.

Thus one and the same tradition, enveloped in the hieroglyphics of remote antiquity, is spread over the whole earth; it is therefore most probably the narrative of a real event that happened agreeably to the usual order of nature in the early period of the existence of our race; but which has been placed in the relation of cause to the whole series of the immediately succeeding and important experiences which the first pair was destined to make, amidst increasing cares, sorrow, and death. With these experiences commenced the conflict between physical and moral evil and previous innocence. The story of the great change was transmitted in figurative language to the descendants, who were gradually spreading themselves over the earth. The serpent soon became the moral and religious allegory of the lot of mankind; but this allegory nevertheless remains historical truth. The origin of the tradition itself is manifestly anterior to the remotest historical period: yet, aided by natural history, the inquirer can trace it up to its probable source. At any rate, it conducts us to the only region of the earth in which a human pair could have subsisted; and to the vicinity of abodes in which the serpent alone, among all the animals there, could have threatened their lives. But this tra-

dition belongs, from its universality, to the most important evidence, that the whole human race upon earth has one common origin; that all its tribes therefore are capable of the same degree of civilization; and consequently that they are all brethren.

There have indeed been philosophers who, without a knowledge of the general coincidence that is to be found in all languages and in the oldest traditions even of nations the most remote from each other, have conceived it possible to prove the contrary; and who, disregarding the intermediate links which connect the apparently different races, conceive every nation to have arisen separately on the spot which it has from time immemorial inhabited.

Thus many have considered, and still consider, the Negro of Africa and the Indian in the two Americas as not real men, but as born to serve the European for beasts of burden, and to endure every species of injustice without complaining. The greatest cruelties, at which humanity shudders, were favoured by a theoretical error, which is refuted, however, by the mere geographical survey of the principal races of mankind, that leads us to one general starting point, in a very limited region of the eastern part of the Old World. The natural history of the human race in general, and the study of the external nature of our earth with a reference to man, serve to confute a philosophy so misanthropic in its consequences.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL INTERVIEW.

From the Second Volume of "*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*," just published.

THE emperor (Napoleon) was taking a morning ride, and I was with him, when we met an officer sent ex-

press from Madrid by the Grand-Duke of Berg. The dispatches of which this officer was the bearer,

contained an account of the massacre of the soldiers in the hospitals, the stragglers, and all Frenchmen whom the poniards of a furious populace had been able to reach on the 2d of May. The conspirators had carefully planned their enterprise. The royal arsenal was thrown open to them, profound secrecy was observed, and at a given signal every Frenchman found in the streets was murdered.

The emperor could not restrain his passion on reading the details. Instead of returning home, he went straight to Charles IV. I accompanied him. On entering, he said to the king, "See what I have received from Madrid: I cannot understand this." The king read the Grand-Duke of Berg's dispatch; and no sooner had he finished it, than with a firm voice he said to the Prince of the Peace, "Emanuel, send for Carlos and Ferdinand." They were in no haste to obey the call; and in the mean time Charles IV. observed to the emperor, "I am much deceived if these youths have not had something to do with this business. I am extremely vexed, but not surprised at it."

The Infants arrived at last, both of them I believe, though of that I am not quite certain, as I have some recollection of Don Carlos being slightly indisposed at this time. However, the Prince of Asturias came, and entered his father's apartment, where were also the emperor and the queen his mother.

We did not lose a word of what was said to him on this occasion: the Prince of the Peace listened along with us. Charles IV. in a severe tone, asked, "Have you any news from Madrid?" We did not

hear the prince's answer; but the king sharply replied, "Well, I can give you some." He then related to him what had taken place, saying, "Do you think to persuade me that you have had nothing to do with this *pillage*"—(that was the word he used)—"you, or the wretches who govern you? Was it for the purpose of causing my subjects to be massacred that you were in such haste to hurl me from the throne? Tell me, do you expect to reign long by such means? Who has advised you to this monstrous transaction? Are you ambitious of no other glory than that of an assassin? Why do you not speak?"

Charles IV. carried constantly in his hand a long cane, which assisted him in walking. He was so enraged that it seemed sometimes to us as if he was going to forget himself so far as to use the cane against his son, who maintained all the time a sullen look. We could see them through several apertures in the door of the room where the scene took place.

The prince made no answer; at least we could scarcely hear the sound of his voice; but we distinctly heard the queen say, "Well, I have often told you that you would bring ruin upon yourself. See what you have brought yourself to and us also. Would you not have had us massacred too had we staid in Madrid? How could you have prevented it?"

It is probable that the Prince of Asturias continued silent; for we heard the queen say, "Why don't you speak?" and she approached him, lifting her hand as if she meant to give him a slap in the face. "This is always the way with you; for every new folly you have nothing to say."

Ferdinand was quite cast down. The emperor's presence seemed to embarrass him terribly; and yet we heard the emperor speak in a mild tone to him. He said, "Prince, hitherto I had formed no resolution respecting the events which have brought you hither; but the blood shed at Madrid has made me come to a determination. This massacre must be the work of a party which you cannot disavow; and I will never recognise as King of Spain one who has broken the alliance which so long united that country to France, by causing the assassination of French soldiers, at the very time too when he was soliciting me to sanction the impious act by which he wished to ascend the throne. You see the result of the bad counsels by which you have been misled: you have them only to blame. I have no engagements except with the king your father. I recognise him only, and I shall immediately reconduct him to Madrid, if he wishes to go back to that city."

Charles IV. here observed earnestly, "No, I do not wish it. What should I do in a country where he has inflamed all the passions against me? I should only meet with insurrections every where; and after having been so fortunate as to pass without loss through all the convulsions of Europe, shall I dishonour my old

age by making war on the provinces which I have had the happiness to preserve, and sending my subjects to the scaffold?—No, I will not. He will manage that business better than I." Then, looking at his son, he said, "Do you fancy, then, that there is no difficulty in reigning? Think of the evils that you are bringing on Spain. You have followed bad advice. I can do nothing more. You must get out of the scrape in the best way you can. I will have nothing to do with the affair: so go about your business."

The prince withdrew, and was followed by the Spaniards of his party, who were waiting for him in an adjoining apartment.

After this scene, it was amusing to see how the Spaniards who came to Bayonne with the Prince of the Asturias humbled themselves before the father, of whom they spoke so much ill before he arrived. They would now have kissed the earth on which he trod.

The emperor continued a full quarter of an hour in company with Charles IV. and returned to Marac on horseback. He did not ride so fast as he was used to do. On the way he said to us, "None but a person of a bad disposition could have entertained the idea of poisoning the old age of so respectable a father."

THE SPECTRE ISLE.

THE incidents that afford amusement for sportsmen are seldom calculated to figure in literary commemoration; and thus, if adventures resulting from excursions to the moors have any permanent hold upon
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on the feelings, they may be considered as rarities. We submit to the decision of our readers, whether the narrative we now offer can be allowed that claim to their favour.

In autumn 1823 a young English
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earl and his brother, accompanied by a travelling tutor, passed some weeks without *ennui*, while dry weather permitted them to enjoy grouse-shooting in the north of Scotland. But several rainy days yielded no entertainment, except some novels from the circulating library of Inverness, distant about twenty miles. A perusal of *Clan Albin* inspired an earnest desire of more extensive acquaintance with the wild beauties of Highland scenery; and his lordship's brother, the Hon. Mr. L. was glad to seek a little variety under any aspect whatsoever. Ponies, valets, and grooms were ordered to be ready for a ramble next morning; and these, with luggage-carts, punctually awaited the hour for departure. On the second day our itinerants had the unexpected pleasure of meeting two Wiltshire squires and a few other gentlemen, whom they immediately recognised. Their shooting-quarters, being no great way off, presented a seasonable rest, and with some ingenious contrivances to pack the couches in small space, all could be accommodated for the night. By a lucky coincidence, the gentlemen, more than half sated with the free use of Joe Mantons, pointers, and heath-covered tracts, had agreed to exchange them for aquatic amusements. They invited Lord L. to join their party.

"Most willingly," replied his lordship; "and I hope you have no objection to a marine vehicle as nearly resembling the ancient berlin as possible. Two of my fellows are already in quest of a twelve or eight-oared barge, in case a berlin cannot be procured."

"We have yet made no inquiry for a boat," said Mr. Davers, "and

yours, my lord, will probably serve for us all."

"I shall not engage any barge that cannot contain our whole party," answered the earl. Fortune favoured this sociable resolve. One of the messengers, being met by some of the gentlemen, who went by different roads to apprise them that Lord L. was at the shooting-lodge of Knockvore, was conducted to his lordship, with intelligence that so many boats and barges were employed by travellers, there remained on the coast only one galley, of foreign construction, and the owners were expecting she would be in request by a party from Edinburgh. A groom with a fresh pony had orders to set off instantly to secure the galley forthwith. Soon after midnight the lad came back to say that all would be in readiness for embarking at a harbour eighteen miles to the north. Dr. W. objected to riding so far, for no purpose but to get into a sorry vessel, and to coast back again; but the reverend gentleman's dissent was over-ruled, because the groom said, that all the other harbours were unsafe by reason of eddying currents and sunken rocks. A ride over rugged ground brought our cavalcade to the harbour about noon, tired and hungry; for they had mounted their ponies at the earliest dawn. They took breakfast under the shelter of a diminutive cave, while the servants put their luggage on board. A yaul, which the doctor said must have come from Lilliput, conveyed the party in several divisions to the galley. "What a swell of waves!" said Dr. W.

"Does it not portend a coming storm?" added the young scion of nobility, speaking to a bare-legged

brawny Highlander, who bore him in his arms up the ladder of the galley from the yaul.

"No canny be she speak o' storm," responded the Highlander. "Your honour mauna bode storm—bode, and storm never deaf."

Mr. L. laughed at the bad English and the superstition of the Highlander, who set him down respectfully on the deck, took off his bonnet, and moved past the gentlemen with his head uncovered, till both hands were required to be busily engaged in hoisting the sails. So much time had been consumed at breakfast, that the tide turned before the galley got through the sound of Aylort, and a stiff north-westerly gale rolled mountainous surges in angry opposition to the current. Mr. L. exclaimed that the storm was neither deaf nor mute, and he besought the skipper not to hazard a shock from the tremendous billows that furrowed the open sea, menacing the galley with their foamy ridges and horrible chasms. The skipper assured Mr. L. that there would be more danger in pulling against the wind with their oars, than in sailing before a fair breeze to the nearest haven. Dr. W. seconded the entreaties of his pupil, reminding Lord L. that to thwart or frighten him might occasion a recurrence of his nervous ailments. The gale increased to a tempest, and Mr. L. suffered so much from agitation, that the earl, with consent of his company, asked to have their vessel brought to any safe landing-place. "It must be quite dark long before we could get even to the shelter of a cove, my lord," said the skipper, "with such a wind, right in our teeth."

"But I see a speck to the west,

which certainly is an island," interrupted Dr. W. "and we are not far from it."

"It has been called the Spectre Isle these many years," answered the skipper. "No man, woman, or child, no, nor a four-legged beast, has set a foot on it since the widow of a chief, with her daughter and grandchild, left it during the famine of 1782. The clan built a house there to hide her and the boy-chief from the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, and there she lived till starvation drove her to a foreign land; and a good friend she was to sailors that came to the island by stress of weather: but she was not gone four months when evil spirits took possession of her dwelling, and awful noises were heard by boatmen who came to the shore to clean their fish."

"By all means take us to the Spectre Isle," said Lord L. "I am quite ambitious of an interview with spirits, white, grey, blue, black, or of any hue; and be their intent wicked or charitable, I shall speak to them. I will double your boat-hire and give you daily pay for detention, if you will land us on that isle of ghostly terrors."

The Highlanders, who were occupied in adjusting the sails or keeping a good look-out, turned alarmed looks to the skipper at the helm. He spoke to them in Gaelic, representing the advantages of a prolonged engagement and a large reward; and as each had a share in the property of the galley, and knew the steersman to be a shrewd, cautious person, they agreed to leave all to his discretion. He bowed to Lord L. touching his bonnet *à la militaire*, without neglecting his duty at the helm, and told his lordship

that he had prevailed with his comrades to make for the Spectre Isle.

"You are a brave fellow," said his lordship, "and shall be abundantly recompensed." The gentlemen all joined in applauding his courage and promising to reward him. He expressed a due sense of their bounty, and continued, "I am no landlubber, nor unacquainted with dangers; but one of the very few survivors of the marines that, on the deck of Nelson's ship, stood eleven hours to be shot at, though the admiral recommended our going below, since our fire-arms could make no impression upon the Danish forts, at the battle of Copenhagen. A point of honour determined our officers not to quit their post; and we soldiers would not be wanting in that proof of courage. A man that has faced cannon-shot so many hours may confront ghost or devil. I saw my comrades mowed down as ryegrass falling under the scythe; and I must be both fool and dastard if I went against the will of my betters, as they are pleased to take their chance in meeting what after all may be no more than empty air."

"And are you indeed one of the marines that behaved so nobly before Copenhagen?" said Captain Ascot of the navy. "I would have come from the remotest corner of the realm to see you; and, gallant veteran, I must have a shake of your fist when you have steered us into port."

"And I," said Lord L.; "And I," echoed each of the gentlemen. This mark of approbation was given as soon as they got on shore, and each hand that grasped the hard fingers of the old marine conveyed to his a piece of gold. From the sandy beach

of the Spectre Isle the voyagers proceeded to seek a shelter during the night, which was fast approaching. Dr. W. proposed a halt, and not to waste time in searching for a canopy of stone and lime, a cavern, or overshadowing trees; for, as none of these might be discovered, it would be expedient to erect their own tents before daylight failed. A general assent immediately set the servants to work in bringing marquees from the galley; and then provision-hampers gave up their stores, wine-corks were drawn, camp-tables loaded with viands, and camp-stools arranged for the party, who, in the mean time, stretched their limbs, walking about on the rocks, for the rank grass was unfit for a promenade. Captain Ascot had been a midshipman in the action before Copenhagen, and he entertained the company with anecdotes of that arduous battle and of the immortal Nelson. All betook themselves to their mattresses in the twilight, charging their servants to rouse them very early. The servants, according to orders, gave the boatmen an ample share of their own provisions, and they undertook to call up their entertainers with the first peep of light.

Drowsy, and some grumbling, the attendants sought their masters in the marquees, whose inmates arose with alacrity, and hastened to explore the abode of spectres. The heath, mixed with long coarse herbage and clumps of dwarf birch and sallow, and interspersed by frequent hillocks, caused many tumbles to the Highlanders, acting as pioneers with hatchets and long knives. They jumped on their legs in a moment, uttered some exclamation in Gaelic

or bad English, and joined in the laugh against themselves with so much good-humour, that some of the English servants declared to each other, the mountaineers should not be called savages if they would but wear decent nether garments and speak the lingo of England. The isle, being of small extent, was soon traversed from west to east, and taking a southerly course, the advanced party called out that they had come to a house. They were sure from its form that it had been a house, though now disfigured with moss all over the roof, and shrowded by rank grass and lofty long-armed trees, interlaced and matted together among ivy and many shrubs unknown in their country. Every individual now exerted himself in cutting or tearing away the obstructions that debarred the access to the house, which was rather a low range of cottages, so framed, according to information from the marine, that if the soldiers or men-of-war's people came in pursuit of the young chief, they might not suppose so important a personage had an asylum of such mean appearance. Some of the cottages had mouldered and fallen to the ground; but a door closed up the largest. Feeble security! It gave way and crumbled to pieces when slightly shaken. Mephitic effluvia and clouds of dust issued from it: the steersman, producing a tinder-box, made a fire to disperse the noxious vapours; and when the smoke cleared off, the dauntless veteran entered the haunted house. Lord L. quickly followed him; his lordship's valet lighted a taper, which Captain Ascot took from his hands, and hastened to examine the supposed resort of spectres. A glazed

window, covered with a mouldy crust, was now discerned, and every one laboured to contribute in attaining the object of their adventure. On touching the window to remove incrustations without and within, it dropped in fragments. The rising sunbeams and the refreshing breeze of early morn then dispelled darkness and damps: a bed, with tattered damask hangings and counterpane of silk velvet, became apparent; and raising part of the counterpane, Dr. W. revealed a human skeleton, or rather a mummy, for the muscles, ligaments, and skin, had dried upon the bones. One hand held an ebony box; the other contained a golden crucifix; and the attitude of the head evinced, that to the last gasp of life the eyes had been directed to an image of the Virgin, in silver, which, with a large silver candlestick on each side, stood before the bed: a breviary splendidly illuminated, and two Latin books of the Romish ritual, bound in the most costly style, lay on shelves. The soldier disengaged the box from the rigid fingers of the deceased. The spectators at the door and window crowded into the cottages. Lord L. earnestly begged for a passage to the free air before he opened the repository in his hands. They complied: a new difficulty occurred; the box was locked. The silky remnants were removed to search for a key; and when a thick dust subsided, the marine found a bulky parcel, wrapped in a tarnished scarf, worked with embroidery. Several manuscripts, hardly legible, came to view; and on taking up the scarf, a key hung from it by a piece of rich French ribbon. Having cleaned it, the material of the key appeared to be silver, carved

and coronetted, and corresponding ornaments on the box were now observed. No seal debarred inspection of the MS. An address to the following purport met the view:

"If a good Catholic finds this packet, the sacred emblems of our unerring faith will be accepted in compensation for bestowing Christian obsequies and the prayers of the church upon the penitent and reclaimed apostate. The writer adjoins a Protestant, by the ties of humanity, to bring all to sale; and after due inquiry for a Catholic establishment, to inclose the mortal remains in a coffin, and send them for interment within hallowed bounds. The memoranda of manifold transgressions will be read with commiseration for their victim. Long, too long to be accurately computed, hath he dragged on the heavy hours in solitary penitence. He complains not of solitude as a grievance. In that condition alone could the healing unction of penitence restore him to the bosom of the church; and he has employed every means in his power to deter all his fellow-beings from invading his insular prison. He has been permitted to exist an anchorite unmolested. Shouting in the loudest and most terrific tones from brazen trumpets of various construction, exhibiting frightful puppets upon the loftiest cliffs of the coast, and by night illuminating their hideous visages with lamps, has been his sole relaxation from the utmost rigour of discipline, the most

continuous devotion.—Oh, how oft hath his frail spirit, revolting passions, and vacillating principles over—"—Here the penmanship became utterly illegible.

The lock of the box having rusted, it required much rubbing. At length it obeyed the key: several letters, in which the writing had nearly faded, and a corrected copy of the MS. penned by the solitary, were carefully packed round a small casket of jewels. An English barrister recommended that, before proceeding further, lists of the valuables should be taken; and that they should be carried away, and given in custody to the sheriff of the county. This schedule was soon written and attested by all the gentlemen present; they sent for some of the provision-hampers, and removed the whole of the effects to Lord L.'s tent, whither they gladly adjourned for breakfast. After breakfast, every one took a portion of the MS. to copy; and it was unanimously agreed that Dr. W. should be requested to combine the whole into one narrative; a compliment very gratifying to the reverend gentleman. The barrister made a duplicate of the inventory he had taken of the property, and committed it to the charge of Lord L.; and having effected this professional precaution, he commenced his allotment of the MS. which when revised by Lord L. read as follows.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CONDITION AND MANNERS OF THE NEGRO SLAVES IN THE WEST INDIA COLONIES.

From BARCLAY'S "*View of the Present State of Slavery in the West Indies*," third edition, lately published.

THE day on which the last of the plantation, flags are displayed in the canes are cut down upon a sugar field, and all is merriment. A quart

of sugar and a quart of rum are allowed to each negro on the occasion, to hold what is called *crop-over*, or harvest-home. In the evening they assemble in their master's or manager's house; and as a matter of course, take possession of the largest room, bringing with them a fiddle and tambourine. Here all authority and all distinction of colour cease; black and white, overseer and book-keeper, mingle together in the dance. About twenty years ago, it was common on occasions of this kind to see the different African tribes forming each a distinct party, singing and dancing to the *gumbay*, after the rude manners of their native Africa; but this custom is now extinct. The fiddle is now the leading instrument with them, as with the white people, whom they imitate; they dance Scotch reels, and some of the better sort (who have been house-servants) country-dances. Here the loud laugh, and the constant buzz of singing and talking, bespeak their enjoyment, and the absence of all care about the present or future ills of life.

Such dances were formerly common, or I should rather say universal, at Christmas; but of late years have much gone out, owing to an idea impressed on the minds of the negroes, principally I believe by the missionaries, that the season ought rather to be devoted to religious exercises. It is now considered more becoming to attend the places of worship, or to have private religious parties among themselves; and in passing through a negro village on a Christmas-night, it is more common to hear psalm-singing than the sound of merriment. The young people, however, still indulge in some amuse-

ments on this occasion, one of which may be worth describing. The young girls of a plantation, or occasionally of two neighbouring plantations leagued, form what is called "a set." They dress exactly in uniform with gowns of some neat pattern of printed cotton, and take the name of Blue Girls, Yellow Girls, &c. according to the dress and ribbon they have chosen. They have always with them in their excursions a fiddle, a drum, and a tambourine, frequently boys playing fifes, a distinguishing flag which is waved on a pole, and generally some fantastical figure or toy, such as a castle or tower, surrounded with mirrors. A matron attends, who possesses some degree of authority, and is called Queen of the Set; and they have always one or two Joncanoe-men, smart youths, fantastically dressed, and masked so as not to be known. Thus equipped, and generally accompanied by some friends, they proceed to the neighbouring plantation villages, and always visit the master's or manager's house, into which they enter without ceremony, and where they are joined by the white people in a dance. Some refreshment is given to them; and the Joncanoe-men, after a display of their buffoonery, commonly put the white people under requisition for a little money to pay the fiddler, &c. A party of forty or fifty young girls thus attired, with their hair braided over their brows, beads round their necks, and gold ear-rings, present a very interesting and amusing sight, as they approach a house dancing, with their music playing, and Joncanoe-men capering and playing tricks. They have generally fine voices; and dancing in a room, they require no in-

strumental music. One of their best singers commences the song, and, unaccompanied, sings the first part with words for the occasion, of course not always very poetical, though frequently not unamusing; the whole set joins in the chorus, as they mingle in the dance, waving their handkerchiefs over their heads. All is life and joy, and certainly it is one of the most pleasing sights that can be imagined.

The last party of this kind which I had the pleasure of seeing and dancing with, at Christmas 1823, belonged to Reach and Muirton estates, the property of Mr. William Bryan, and afforded a novelty I had never before witnessed, in a rude representation of some passages of Richard III. which they made sufficiently farcical. The Joncanoe-men, disrobed of part of their paraphernalia, were the two heroes, and fought, not for a kingdom but a queen, whom the victor carried off in triumph. Richard calling out, "A horse, a horse," &c. was laughable enough. This farce I saw at Dalvey estate, the property of Sir A. Grant; and it afforded Mr. Bell, the manager, and his guests, no small amusement. How the negroes had acquired even the very imperfect knowledge they seemed to have of the play, we could form no idea; and the occasion did not admit of asking questions.

While on the subject of Christmas I may observe, that the whole of the negroes in Jamaica have three, and some of them four days allowed for their amusements; and that on this occasion their masters give them an allowance of rum, sugar, and cod-fish, or salt meat; and, generally, the larger estates kill as many cattle as

are sufficient to give each family a few pounds of fresh beef. Nor let it be supposed that this is the amount of their enjoyments; the more wealthy slave families kill pigs and poultry, have their Christmas-cakes, and, in fact, abound in good things both to eat and drink.

To many who contemplate the West-India labourers but as "wretches born to work and weep," who have them associated in their minds with horrors, cruel oppression, and broken-heartedness, the description I have given of a *set* may appear a picture altogether imaginary: but let such persons ask any one who has been upon a Jamaica plantation at a Christmas season, if the description is not correct.

The funerals of slaves in Jamaica for years past have in no respect differed from those of white people. When a negro's death is occasioned by an acute disorder, it happens in the hospital, where he has been under the care of the medical attendant; when it occurs from a decay of life, he is not removed from the comforts which his own house affords; but in either case he has the kind offices of those most nearly related to him by the ties of blood and affection. When he expires, notice is brought to the master or overseer, and generally communicated in the short but emphatic expression, such a one "is gone." Immediate directions are given to the carpenters on the plantation to make a coffin; and some little things are always given for the funeral, such as rum and sugar, and a little flour and butter to make cakes or rusks. Often on such occasions, I have known masters, and even managers of es-

tates, give from their own private stock half a dozen bottles of Madeira wine and a dozen of brown stout, to shew their respect for a valuable and faithful servant.

The shroud and furniture for the coffin are provided by the family of the deceased; white if a single, and black if a married person, with corresponding mounting or plates; in short, in every respect the same as in the case of white persons. During the night, and it is never more than one, that the corpse is in the house, a few religious friends attend, psalms are sung, and prayers given by some of their own (negro) preachers. The following day the funeral takes place, and is always numerously attended by the relations of the deceased, by all the old and invalided of the plantation-village, and by the women exempted from labour on account of pregnancy or attention to their families; nor indeed is permission to attend ever refused to a slave on a neighbouring plantation, if the deceased has been his intimate friend, relation, or countryman. At the hour appointed a white person attends, accompanied frequently by others, to read the service appointed by the church of England, in committing dust to dust; and this most solemn and impressive ceremony is listened to by white and black with an attention and humility evincing a sense, that "our brother here departed" has gone where we must all follow, and where human distinctions are at an end. While the grave is closing, bread and wine are handed round, which, from seeing it done at the funeral of white persons, the negroes perhaps consider a part of the ceremony; of

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course, it is little more than a matter of form, and a couple of bottles of Madeira is the usual quantity procured for the occasion by the ordinary class of slaves.

From a latent taint of African superstition, the negroes universally attach great importance to having what they call "a good burial." Hence those who are in only indifferent circumstances are often careful to reserve means for the purpose; others, indifferent to the morrow, are still more so as to what shall follow when the wants of life are at an end: yet a thoughtless improvident creature of this description, "*not sorry for himself*," as the negroes express it, is respected in death by his friends, who would consider it as an indelible disgrace to themselves, if he was not buried "*as a Christian ought*."

Near towns and on some plantations a piece of ground is inclosed as a burial-place for the negroes; but the more common practice upon plantations with both whites and blacks is, to inter the dead in a small corner of their respective gardens, set aside for the purpose; and as the negroes attach an importance to the burial of the dead, they extend the same feeling to the graves, over which they erect tombs, built commonly of brick, and neatly white-washed. The white-washing is carefully repeated every Christmas morning; and formerly it was on these occasions customary to kill a white cock, and sprinkle his blood over the graves of the family; but this last part of the ceremony seems now to be little attended to, and is likely to be soon extinct. In public negro burial-grounds on plantations

they build into the tombs, at one end, a piece of hard and almost imperishable wood, placed upright, and having the top cut into rough outlines of the human figure, which gives the spot a very striking and not unimposing effect.

Some opinion may be formed of the indifference of the negroes to freedom from cases, and I have known several, of slaves who are themselves the owners of slaves, and could obtain their freedom by making over one of these to their master; but prefer keeping them, and remaining slaves themselves. Such cases Mr. Stephen* no doubt will think rare indeed: they certainly are not common, yet not so rare either as he may suppose. He will find on one estate where I resided as a book-keeper—Holland, the property of Mr. Watson Taylor—slave families possessing among them between twenty and thirty slaves of their own, as many horses at least, and twice as many asses. I remember once putting the question to one of the coopers, why he did not ask his master to take his slave and get free himself? He answered, "What good would *free* do me, to leave the house and the ground I have from massa, and lose my negro, who works my ground for me?" If Mr. Stephen, or any of his friends who are brooding over negro slavery—that terrible state of man!—will visit this property, it will much alleviate their sympathetic griefs: they will find in the houses of some of the people sofas, mahogany bedsteads, and sideboards well furnished with cut glass and

* To whose work on "The Slavery of the British West India Colonies" Mr. Barclay's is designed to be an answer.

good liquors. A glass of Madeira wine, brown stout, or brandy and water, I can promise them, from experience, will be at their service. This, of course, is only among the higher class of slaves; but the whole of them have houses perfectly comfortable for the climate, certainly much more so than those of a large portion of the peasantry in this country. If the property which the slaves in Holland—in number about six hundred, young and old—possess in horses, asses, pigs, poultry, furniture, and hoarded cash, could be realized, it would not be a bad purchase at the sum of 10,000*l*. I have frequently known them sell 50*l*. worth of plantains and yams in a morning to one of the coasting vessels that supply the Kingston market. This, I allow, is the best case of the kind within my knowledge; but there are other properties in the immediate neighbourhood, especially Golden Grove, Hector's River, and Hordley estates, not very far behind it. A few years ago a young man of colour deserted from the latter property, and went to England. After struggling awhile to earn a subsistence in London, he managed to find out his master, Mr. Scott, who resided a few miles from town, and entreated permission to return to Jamaica as a slave. I saw a letter written by Mr. Scott to his agent in Jamaica, mentioning the application which had been made to him. I also saw a letter which the young man wrote to his mother (or got some one to write for him), and the picture he drew of the cold, the hard labour, and the many privations which he had to encounter in England, compared with the sunshine, the ease, and the plenty of Jamaica, was very striking.

In proof both of the wealth and the good feeling found among the slaves, it deserves to be mentioned, that there have been instances of their tendering to their masters when in distress the use of their money to the amount of 500*l.* and even 1000*l.* I have myself had in hand, belonging to individual slaves, various sums from 50*l.* to 300*l.*; and at the present moment hold, or did when I left Jamaica, 70*l.* the property of a slave, who himself owns one or more slaves. I might also have mentioned, when speaking of the slaves on Holland estate, that they have, or had lately, a coasting vessel, which they employed in carrying plantains, yams, edoes, and corn, from the estate's wharf to Kingston, a distance coastwise of sixty or seventy miles. A return was brought in Irish salt pork, butter, mackerel, cod-fish, linens, printed cottons, muslins, handkerchiefs, and crockery-ware—articles regularly retailed in the plantation-villages. The register of the vessel, of course, was in the name of a free person. The accounts were often brought to my counting-house to be adjusted and proportioned.

When I was residing on Holland as a book-keeper, on an occasion when the proprietor, the late Mr. Simon Taylor, visited it with some friends, which always occasioned considerable bustle in making preparations, a young man (Mr. Brice) who had charge of the stores as key-carrier, was so much annoyed with endless errands to go and give out this thing and that, that he presumed to bestow a curse on the house-woman, "Old Dolly," for the unnecessary trouble he thought she was giving him. The lecture she read him on the occasion astonished

me; and it would have more astonished Mr. Stephen, who thinks "every negro or mulatto, even although free, is far more degraded below the lowest white person in Jamaica, than the poorest peasant in this country is below our nobility." It was to this effect, but uttered with a contempt which, to be conceived, must have been seen and heard: "*You, a poor good-for-nothing Buckra, take upon yourself to curse me! Wharra you? Wharra make you come in'o massa plantation for n'yam (to eat)? Wharra you talk so to me? Me have for me house, for me ground, for me nigger: where for you house, for you ground, for you nigger? Curse me, hey? Me see 'nough o' Buckra like o' you come in 'o massa plantation; but dem gone, and you will gone, if dem no carry you in 'o qualhill (the burial-ground). Curse me, hey? You take something on yourself, true!*"

Crabs abound in the eastern parts of Jamaica at all seasons, but are considered best in the months, the names of which contain the letter *r*, April, &c. They are most plentiful in May, the season at which they deposit their eggs, or "*run*," as the negroes express it, and when the earth is literally covered with them. At this season it is impossible to keep them out of the houses, or even out of the bed-rooms, where, at one time scratching with their large claws, and at another rattling across the floor, they make a noise that would be apt to startle and alarm a stranger. Occasionally they will lodge themselves very snugly in a boot; and if a person puts in his foot upon them inadvertently, he has quick intimation of the intruder by a grasp of his nip-

pers. For a few weeks in this season they may be gathered in any quantities; and the negroes sometimes hurt themselves by making too free use of them. Even the hogs catch them, although not always with impunity, as a crab sometimes gets hold of one of them by the snout, from which he is not easily disengaged, and the terrified animal runs about squeaking in great distress.

At other seasons, and when more valuable, they are caught by torch-light at night, and put into covered baskets. Crowds of negroes from the neighbouring plantations pass my house every evening, with their torches and baskets, going to a crab wood on the other side, and return before midnight fully laden. Their baskets will contain about forty crabs, and the regular price is a fivepenny piece, our smallest coin, equal to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. sterling, for five or six crabs. At this rate, a negro will make 2s. 6d. currency in an evening; and the more improvident, who will not cultivate provision grounds, depend in some measure upon catching crabs, and selling them to the others. A hundred plantains, usually sold at five shillings, will purchase from sixty to seventy crabs; and two of these, eaten with plantains or yams, make an excellent meal. I have seen upwards of a hundred negroes pass my house in an evening, and return with their baskets on their heads, not only full of crabs, but with quantities of them fastened by the claws on the tops of the baskets. I make but a moderate computation when I suppose they must have had at the very least three thousand crabs. Almost every negro family has an old flour-barrel, pierced with holes,

in which their crabs are kept. They are fed with plantain-skins, &c. and taken out and thrown into the pot as wanted.

There is a great variety of crabs in Jamaica, of which two only are eaten. The black is the finest, and has ever been esteemed one of the greatest delicacies in the West Indies, not excepting even the turtle. These live in the mountain forests, on stony ground, and feed on the fallen dry leaves of the trees. The white crab, as it is called (although rather purple than white), used principally by the negroes, but by the white people also, is larger, and more resembles in taste the lobster of this country. These are amphibious; and are found in the low lands, principally in the woods, where, as I have already said, they are caught at night with torches. But they are numerous also in the cultivated fields, and in some of the low-lying estates frequently do considerable injury to the planters in dry weather, when vegetation is slow, by nipping off the blade of the young canes and corn, as it shoots through the ground. In situations of this kind, the negroes have a somewhat singular method of catching them: they know from the appearance of a crab-hole if there is a crab in it, and dig down with a hoe through the soft loam, till they come to water (about eighteen inches or two feet), and then close the hole firmly with a handful of dry grass. In this manner a negro will shut up two or three dozen holes in a morning. About four hours after, he returns; and his prisoners being by this time "*drunkened*" (half drowned), they tumble out along with the plug of grass, and are caught.

In the year 1811 there was a very extraordinary production of black crabs in the eastern part of Jamaica. In the month of June or July of that year, I forget which, the whole district of Manchioneal (where the great chain of the Blue Mountains, extending from west to east, through the centre of the island, terminates on the east coast,) was covered with countless millions of these creatures, swarming from the sea to the mountains. Of this singular phenomenon I was myself an eyewitness, having had occasion to travel through that district at the time. On ascending Quahill, from the vale of Plantain-garden River, the road appeared of a reddish colour, as if strewed with brick-dust. I dismounted from my horse to examine the cause of so unusual an appearance, and was not a little astonished to find that it was owing to myriads of young black crabs, about the size of the nail of a man's finger, crossing the road and moving at a pretty quick pace direct for the mountains. I was concerned to think of the destruction I was causing in travelling through such a body of useful creatures, as I fancied every time that my horse put down a foot, it was the loss of at least ten lives. I rode along the coast a distance of about fifteen miles, and found it nearly the same the whole way, only that in some places they were more numerous, and in others

less so. Returning the following day, I found the road still covered with them the same as the day before. "How have they been produced in such numbers? or, where are they come from?" were questions every body asked, and no one could answer. It is well known that the crabs deposit their eggs once a year, and in the month of May; but, except on this occasion, though living on the coast, I never saw a dozen young crabs together, and here were millions of millions covering the earth for miles along a large extent of sea-coast. No unusual number of old crabs had been observed that season; and it is worthy of remark, that this prodigious multitude of young ones were moving from a rock-bound shore, formed by inaccessible cliffs, the abode of sea-birds, and against which the waves of the sea are constantly dashed by the trade-wind blowing directly upon them. That the old crabs should be able to deposit their eggs in such a part of the coast (if that, as it would appear, is the habit of the animal,) is not a little extraordinary. No person in Jamaica, so far as I know or have heard, ever saw such a sight or any thing of the kind but on that occasion; and I have understood that, since 1811, black crabs have been abundant farther into the interior of the island than they were ever known before.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 159.)

THE earliest play we have now remaining, after the *Alexander and Campaspe* of Lilly, is a piece with the following title, which was print-

ed in 1587: "The Misfortunes of Arthur (Uther Pendragon's Sonne) reduced into tragicall notes by Thomas Hughes, one of the Societie of

of Graye's Inne. And here set down as it past from under his hands, and as it was presented, excepting certaine words and lines, where some of the actors either helped their memories by brief omission, or fitted their acting by alteration. With a note at the end of such speeches as were penned by others in lue of some of these hereafter following." It has in addition the following general title: "Certaine Devices and Shewes, presented to her Majestie by the Gentlemen of Graye's Inn, at her Highnesse Court in Greenwich, the twenty-eighth day of Februarie, in the 30th yeare of her Majestie's most happy reigne." It is preceded by a prologue, to which this extraordinary stage direction is annexed: "An Introduction penned by Nicholas Trotte, Gentleman, one of the Society of Graye's Inne; which was pronounced in manner following, viz. Three Muses came upon the stage, appparelled accordingly, bringing five Gentlemen Students with them, attyred in their usual garments, whom one of the Muses presented to her Majestie as captives; the cause whereof she delivered by speech as followeth." To every act there is an argument, a dumb show, and a chorus. At the conclusion of it is a note, specifying that the dumb shows and additional speeches were partly devised by William Fulbeck, Frauncis Flower, Christopher Yelverton, Frauncis Bacon, John Lancaster, and others, who, with Maister Penroodock and Lancaster, directed these proceedings at court. The piece is said to be beautifully printed in black letter, 12mo. by Robert Robinson, London, 1587; and has many cancels, consisting of single words, half lines, and entire speeches.

These were reprinted and pasted over the cancelled speeches; a practice probably never before nor since adopted to such an extent, though we have seen it occasionally used for the correction of an important error.

I have not been fortunate enough to procure a sight of this piece; and the foregoing account is taken from the *Biographia Dramatica*. I can find no particulars of Thomas Hughes.

In 1587 or 1588 appeared "The First Part of Jeronimo," a tragedy, the author of which is unknown. Till reprinted in the second edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, this drama was so scarce, that many doubted whether it ever existed; and Mr. Coxeter and the author of the Playhouse Dictionary were of opinion, that what is called "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again," a play which will be hereafter referred to, was only the old play altered and new-named. Ben Jonson has a passage in the Induction to "Cynthia's Revels" that seems to favour that opinion. "Another swears down all that sit about him, that the *old* Hieronimo (as it was first acted) was the only best and judiciously penned play of all Europe." In Garrick's collection, however, was found the first play, from which the copy in Dodsley is taken. It is entitled, "The First Part of Jeronimo, with the Warres of Portugall, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea. Printed at London for Thomas Pavyer, and are to be solde at his shop, at the entrance into the Exchange, 1605, 4to."

The plot of this play is briefly thus: The Portuguese having refused to pay tribute to the King of Spain, Don Andrea is sent ambassa-

dor to demand it; and in the event of non-compliance, to denounce war against that country. The Portuguese refuse to give any further token of their submission to Spain, and an army is sent against them; the issue is, that Don Andrea is slain by the treachery of the Portuguese, they assailing him in a body, and killing him when he had nigh mastered their prince, Balthazar. The latter is captured by Horatio, the son of Hieronimo (or Jeronimo), Marshal of Spain; but also claimed by Lorenzo, son to the Duke of Castille, who takes his sword from him, when Lorenzo has him down. Lorenzo is an enemy to Don Andrea (who is in love with his sister, Bel-Imperia), and to Horatio, and secretly plotted the death of the former. The piece concludes with the funeral rites of Don Andrea, who is conveyed to Charon's boat by Revenge. The diction of this piece is very unpoetical, and its dramatic merits very weak; but a sketch of its plot was necessary to the understanding of "the Spanish Tragedy."

Kyd is the next name which figures in the list of dramatic writers; and he was a poet of no mean merit. If he did not raise the drama higher in the scale of excellence than Peele and Lilly, it certainly suffered nothing in his hands. The circumstances of his life are unknown; but "he seems," says the editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, "like the generality of poets, to have been poor; and probably died about the year 1594 or 1595." He wrote *The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again; Cornelia*; and, as Mr. Hawkins thinks, *Soliman and Perseda*. All these pieces are tragedies.

Phillips and Winstanley, who have fallen into many errors, attribute *The Spanish Tragedy* to William Smith, who, in the reign of James I. wrote three dramas, two of which were never printed. Heywood, however, who must have had much better opportunities of knowing, as he was a contemporary of Kyd's, ascribes it to him. In his *Apology for Actors*, treating of the ancient dignity of the profession, he says, "Therefore Mr. Kyd, in *The Spanish Tragdy*, upon occasion presenting itself, writes thus:

"Why Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays."

Kyd (although his *Spanish Tragedy* was ridiculed by almost every contemporary poet) was thought very highly of. Francis Meres enumerates him amongst the best tragic writers of his time. Ben Jonson ranks him with Lilly and Marlowe. In his verses to the memory of Shakspeare, he says:

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
shine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marloe's mighty line.

Another writer, speaking of Kyd, says, "*Cornelia's Tragedy*, however not respected, was excellently well done by him*."

There is no doubt that Kyd was the author of *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Cornelia*, notwithstanding the assertion of Winstanley relative to the former. The following are Mr. Hawkins's reasons for supposing that

* *Polimantia*, &c. by W. C. 4to. Camb. 1595. About the time Kyd's first play appeared, Maurice Kyffen, who seems to have been tutor to Lord Buckhurst's children, translated the *Andrea* of Terence into blank verse.

Soliman and Perseda was also written by him:

This tragedy "carries with it many internal marks of that author's manner of composition; the plan is similar to that of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and the same phrases frequently occur in both. It is further observable, that in *The Spanish Tragedy* the story of Erastus and Perseda is introduced by Hieronimo, in order, it should seem, to bespeak the attention of the audience to a more regular and a more perfect representation of their tragical catastrophe*."

The following is the passage to which Mr. Hawkins alludes: Hieronimo is arranging a tragedy, to be played by certain lords and ladies of the court, with a view to aid his plot for revenging the death of his son. He says,

The chronicles of Spain

Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Solyman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means thought Solyman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same:
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear:
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won
But by her husband's death, this knight of
Rhodes,

Whom presently by treachery he slew:
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate there-
fore,

As cause of this slew Solyman;
And to escape the bashaw's tyranny
Did stab herself; and this is the tragedy.

Though it cannot absolutely be inferred from these lines that Kyd was the author of *Soliman and Perseda*, I am inclined, from the internal evidence afforded by a compa-

* *Origin of the English Drama*, vol. ii. p. 197.

risson of the two pieces, to be of Mr. Hawkins's opinion, and shall therefore in this essay consider it as his.

A few extracts from each of the tragedies I have mentioned as being written by Kyd will serve to give the reader an idea of his style, and enable him to form a fair estimate of his abilities. And first of *The Spanish Tragedy*, which is a continuation of *Jeronimo*.

This drama opens with the appearance of the ghost of Andrea, accompanied by Revenge. The shade relates the story of his death, burial, and judgment; and in this parrative the author has made use of the heathen mythology, and introduced us to Charon and Cerberus; Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus; Pluto and Proserpine. The following passage in this speech has much merit:

In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming
night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues
can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can
think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-
hand side
Was ready way unto the foresaid fields,
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfal to the deepest hell,
Where bloody furies shake their whips of
steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing
wounds,
And perjurd wights, scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm-
ed.

At the request of Proserpine, Pluto allows her to pass sentence on Andrea; and she sends him back to earth, in company with Revenge;

these two immaterial personages act as Chorus to the tragedy.

The following burst of passion from the Viceroy of Portugal, when he hears of the defeat of his troops, and supposes that his son is killed, is natural and affecting :

Let Fortune do her worst ;

She will not rob me of this sable weed :
O no ! she envies none but pleasant things ;
Such is the folly of spiteful shame !
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts :
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments ;
And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then ?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds ?
Why wail I then where's hope of no redress ?
O yes ; complaining makes my grief seem less.

My late ambition has distanced my faith ;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars ;
Those bloody wars have spent my treasure ;
And with my treasure, my people's blood ;
And with their blood, my joy and best beloved—

My best beloved, my sweet, and only son.
O wherefore went I not to war myself ?
The cause was mine ; I might have died for both :

My years were mellow, his but young and green ;

My death were natural, but his was forced.

The viceroy's reflections on the state of kings, though conveying a trite sentiment, are felicitously expressed :

Unfortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts !
First, we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate ;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance ;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As Fortune toileth in th' affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be beloved,
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.

Horatio, who is beloved by Bel-Imperia, for Don Andrea's sake, is slain by the contrivances of his old
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enemy, Lorenzo and Balthazar, Prince of Portugal. Hieronimo's lamentations for the death of his son are fraught with passion :

O eyes ! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears :

O life ! no life, but lively form of death :

O world ! no world, but mass of public wrongs,

Confus'd and filled with murder and misdeeds :

O sacred heavens ! if this unhallow'd deed,

If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,

If this incomparable murder thus

Of mine, but now no more my son,

Shall unreveal'd and unrevenged pass,

How should we term your dealings to be just,

If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust ?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,

With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,

And with the wounds of my distressful son

Solicits me for notice of his death.

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,

And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,

And sear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.

The cloudy day my discontent records,

Early begins to register my dreams,

And drive me forth to seek the murderer.

* * * * *

Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight has wearied the earth ?

Or mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air

With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son ?

The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,

At my lament have moved the leafless trees,

Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,

Made mountains marsh with spring-tide of my tears,

And broken through the brazen gates of hell.

Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul

With broken sighs and restless passions,

That winged, mount, and hovering in the air,

Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,

Soliciting for justice and revenge :

But they are placed in those imperial heights

Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,

I find the place impregnable ; and they

Restrit my woes, and give my words no way.

G G

My last extract from this tragedy shall be a dialogue between Bel-Imperia and Hieronimo, in which she urges him to revenge the death of Horatio :

Bel-Imperia. Is this the love thou bearest Horatio ?

Is this the kindness that thou counterfeitest ?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears ?

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal ?
O unkind father ! O deceitful world !

With what excuses canst thou shew thyself,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him,
Whom both my letters and thy own belief
Assure thee to be causeless slaughter'd ?

Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son :
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers, to forget so soon
The death of those whom they with care and
cost

Have tendered so, thus careless should be
lost.

Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life as still I wish their deaths :
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake :
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and
earth,

Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst
retain,

And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to
hell,

That wrought his downfall with extremest
death.

Hieronimo. But may it be, that Bel-Imperia

Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to
say ?

Why then I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true; and now I find it so :

I found a letter written in your name,
And in that letter how Horatio dy'd.

Pardon, O pardon, Bel-Imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it ;

Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unrevenged in full ;

And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution,

I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Bel-Imperia. Hieronimo, I will consent,
conceal,

And aught that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to avenge Horatio's death.

Hieronimo. On, then ; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you grace my practices :
For why, the plot's already in my head.

And a horrid plot it was. In a play (founded on the story of Soliman and Perseda, already mentioned), which is got up by Hieronimo, and acted by Balthazar, Lorenzo, Bel-Imperia, and himself, before the King of Spain and the Viceroy of Portugal, Balthazar kills Lorenzo, Bel-Imperia stabs Balthazar, and then kills herself; and subsequently Hieronimo kills the Duke of Castile, and then puts an end to his own life. Such horrors would not be endured on the modern stage; but they suited the taste of our ancestors, who applauded them "to the very echo, which did applaud again." Ben Jonson was the original Hieronimo.

We now come to *Soliman and Perseda*. The full title of this piece is, "The Tragedy of Soliman and Perseda: wherein is lay'd open Love's Constancy, Fortune's Inconstancy, and Death's Triumph." The plot is in a great measure borrowed from a very scarce book, entitled "A courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautells: conteyning fine tragicall Histories, very pithie, pleasant, pitiful, and profitable; discoursed uppon, with Argumentes of Loue, by three Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen; entermeddled with diuers delicate Sonets and Rithmes, exceeding delightfull to refresh the yrkesomnesse of tedious tyme. Translated out of French as near as our English phrase will permit, by H. W. [Henry Wotton], Gentleman. At London, imprinted by Francis Coldock and Henry Bynneman. Anno

1578." The characters are, Soliman, Emperor of the Turks; Haleb and Amuratte, his brothers; Brusor, his general; Philippo, governor of Rhodes; Prince of Cyprus; Erastus, in love with Perseda; Guelpio and Julio, his friends; Piston, his servant; Ferdinando, in love with Lucina; Basilisco, a vain-glorious knight; Perseda, and Lucina. Of these, Soliman, Perseda, Erastus, Brusor, Piston, and Lucina are found in the novel: Basilisco is of the author's own formation; it is very well supported, and bears some resemblance to Falstaff. This tragedy is not divided into acts, at least they are not particularly marked; but Mr. Hawkins thinks there is no doubt that the author intended each should close with the chorus; and in his edition it is divided accordingly. Shakspeare has frequently quoted passages from this play, which Langbaine thinks was never acted. It should be observed, that *Love, Fortune*, and *Death* are the Chorus.

I now proceed to select a few passages from this tragedy; and first, that in which Erastus the Knight of Rhodes setteth forth his love for Perseda:

My love has lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased as I grew myself.
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-ey'd her sport?
When didst thou with thy sampler in the sun
Sit sewing with thy feres, but I was by
Marking thy lily hand's dexterity,
Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
When didst thou sing a note that I could
hear,
But I have fram'd a ditty to the tune,
Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
When didst thou go to church on holy days,
But I have waited on thee to and fro,
Marking my times, as falcons watch their
flight?
When I have nurs'd thee, how I have
lamented,

As if my thoughts had been assured true!
Thus in my youth: now since I grew a man,
I have persevered to let thee know
The meaning of my true heart's constancy.
Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont
To hasty lovers, whose fancy soon is fled;
My love is of a long continuance,
And merits not a stranger's recompence.

I transcribe the following dialogue entire, as affording a fair specimen of the dramatic style of this tragedy. The scene is Constantinople, whither Erastus has fled from Rhodes, he having slain Ferdinando in an unfortunate quarrel, and thus brought upon himself the anger of the governor.

[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janisaries.

Soliman. How long shall Soliman spend his time,

And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?
Perhaps my grief and long continual moan
Adds but a trouble to my brother's ghost;
Which, but for me, would now have took its rest.

Then farewell, sorrow; and now, revenge,
draw near.

In controversy touching the isle of Rhodes,
Hath the young prince of Cyprus married
Cornelia, daughter to the governor?

Brusor. He hath, my lord, with the greatest pomp

That ere I saw at such a festival.

Soliman. What, greater than at our coronation?

Brusor. Inferior to that only.

Soliman. At tilt, who won the honour of the day?

Brusor. A worthy knight of Rhodes, a matchless man,

His name Erastus, not twenty years of age,
Not tall, but well proportioned in his limbs:
I never saw, except your excellence,
A man whose presence more delighted me;
And, had he worshipp'd Mahomet for Christ,
He might have borne me throughout all the world,

So well I lov'd and honoured the man.

Soliman. These praises, Brusor, touch me to the heart,

And make me wish that I had been at Rhodes,
Under the habit of some errant knight,
Both to have seen and tried his valor.

Brusor. You should have seen him foil and overthrow

All the knights that there encountered him.

Soliman. Whate'er he be, e'en for his virtue's sake,

I wish that Fortune of our holy wars
Would yield him prisoner unto Soliman;
That for retaining one so virtuous
We may ourselves be famed for virtues.
But let him pass; and, Brusor, tell me now,
How did the Christians use our knights?

Brusor. As if that we and they had been one set.

Soliman. What think'st thou of their valor and demeanour?

Brusor. Brave men at arms, and friendly out of arms;

Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;
Kind to their foes, and liberal to their friends;

And, all in all, their deeds heroical.

Soliman. Then tell me, Brusor, how is Rhodes fenced?

For either Rhodes shall be brave Soliman's,
Or cost me more brave soldiers
Than all that isle will bear.

Brusor. Their fleet is weak;
Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;

Their footmen more, well exercis'd in war;
And, as it seems, they want no needful victual.

Soliman. However Rhodes be fenc'd by sea or land,

It either shall be mine or bury me.

[Enter *Erastus*.]

What's he that thus boldly enters in?

His habit argues him a Christian.

Erastus. Ay, worthy lord, a forlorn Christian.

Soliman. Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?

Erastus. Thy virtuous fame, and mine own miseries.

Soliman. What misery, speak; for though you Christians

Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
Yet we have ears to hear a just complaint,
And justice to defend the innocent,
And pity to such as are in poverty,
And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.

Brusor. My gracious sovereign, as this knight

Seems by grief tied to silence,
So his deserts bind me to speak for him.
This is *Erastus*, the Rhodian worthy,
The flow'r of chivalry and courtesy.

Soliman. Is this the man thou hast so described?

Stand up, fair knight, and what my heart desires

Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight:

This face of thine should harbor no deceit.
Erastus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause
That brought thee hither, lest
With the discourse thou should'st afflict thyself,

And cross the fulness of my joyful passion.
But that we are assured
Heav'n brought thee hither for our benefit,
Know thou, that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes contains,

Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,
If we but find thee well inclined to us.

Erastus. If any ignoble or dishonourable thought

Should dare attempt, or but creep near my heart,

Honour should force disdain to root it out;
As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive
That any of their brood but close their sight,
When they should gaze against the glorious sun,

They straightway seize upon him with their talons,

That on the earth it may untimely die,
For looking but askew at heav'n's bright eye.

Soliman. *Erastus*, to make thee well assured,

How well thy speech and presence liketh us,
Ask what thou wilt it shall be granted thee.

Erastus. Then this, my gracious lord, is all I crave—

That, being banish'd from my native soil,
I may have liberty to live a Christian.

Soliman. Ay, that, or any thing thou shalt desire;

Thou shalt be captain of our Janisaries,
And in our councils shalt thou sit with us,
And be great *Soliman's* adopted friend.

Erastus. The least of these surpass my best desert,

Unless true loyalty may seem desert.

Soliman. *Erastus*, now thou hast obtain'd thy boon,

Deny not *Soliman* this one request:
A virtuous envy pricks me with desire
To try thy valour: say, art thou content?

Erastus. Ay, if my sov'reign say, content,
I yield.

Soliman. Then give us swords and targets.
And now, *Erastus*, think thee mine enemy,
But ever after thy continual friend.

[Then they fight, and *Erastus* overcomes *Soliman*.]

Nay, nay, *Erastus*, throw not down thy weapons,

As if thy force did fail; it is enough
That thou hast conquer'd *Soliman* by strength:

By courtesy let *Soliman* conquer thee.
And now from arms, to council sit thee down;

Before thy coming, I vow'd to conquer
Rhodes:

Say, wilt thou be our lieutenant there,
And further us in manage of these wars?

Erastus. My gracious sovereign, without
presumption,

If poor Erastus may once more entreat,
Let not great Soliman's command,
To whose behest I vow obedience,
Enforce me sheath my slaught'ring blade
In the dear bowels of my countrymen;
And were it not that Soliman hath sworn,
My tears should plead for pardon in that
place.

I speak not this to shrink away for fear,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms;
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars,
Against the Persians, or the barbarous Moor,
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.

Soliman. Why favour'st thou thy country-
men so much,

By whose cruelty thou art exil'd?

Erastus. 'Tis not my country, but Philip-
po's wrath

(It must be told) for Ferdinando's death,
Whom I in honour's cause have 'rest of life.

Soliman. Nor suffer this or that to trouble
thee:

Thou shalt not need Philippo, nor his isle;
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen,
I like thy virtue in refusing it.

But, that our oath may have his current
course,

Brusor, go levy men;

Prepare a fleet, t'assault and conquer Rhodes.

Mean time, Erastus and I will strive

By mutual kindness to excel each other.

Brusor, begone; and see not Soliman

Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subjection.

[*Exit Brusor.*]

And now, Erastus, come and follow me,
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what
sports

My minions and my eunuchs can devise,
To drive away this melancholy mood.

In the following scene we have
the issue of the expedition against
Rhodes:

Soliman. Why how now, Erastus, always
in the dumps?

Still in black habit, fitting funeral?

Cannot my love persuade thee from this
mood,

Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?
Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump
with mine;

For what are friends, but one mind in two
bodies?

Perhaps, thou doubt'st my friendship's con-
stancy;

Then dost thou wrong the measure of my
love,

Which hath no measure, and shall never end.

Come, Erastus, sit thee down by me,

And I'll impart to thee our Brusor's news;

News to our honor, and to thy content:

The governor is slain that sought thy death.

Erastus. A worthy man, though not Eras-
tus' friend.

Soliman. The Prince of Cyprus too is like-
wise slain.

Erastus. Fair blossom, likely to have
prov'd good fruit.

Soliman. Rhodes is taken, and all the men
are slain,

Except some few that turn to Mahomet.

Erastus. Ay, there it is; now all my
friends are slain,

And fair Perseda murder'd or deflow'r'd.

Ah, gracious Soliman, now shew thy love

In not denying thy poor suppliant;

Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,

But by myself lament me once for all:

Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,

And tears suppress'd will but increase my
sorrow.

Soliman. Go then, spend thy mournings
all at once,

That in thy presence Soliman may joy;

For hitherto have I reap'd little pleasure.

[*Exit Erastus.*]

Well, well, Erastus, Rhodes may bless thy
birth;

For his sake only will I spare them more,

From spoil, pillage, and oppression,

Than Alexander spared warlike Thebes

For Pindarus, or than Augustus

Spared rich Alexandria for Arias' sake.

Basilisco, Perseda, and Lucina are
taken prisoners. The Sultan is struck
with Perseda at first sight; his de-
scription of her is very poetical:

Fair looks, resembling Phœbus' radiant
beams;

Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove;

Small pensil'd eyebrows, like two glorious
rainbows;

Quick lamplike eyes, like heaven's two
brightest orbs;

Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosie;

Cheeks where the rose and lily are in combat;

Neck whiter than the snowy Appennines;

Breasts, like two overflowing fountains:

A sweeter creature Nature never made:

Love never tainted Soliman till now.

Soliman, after imitating the continence of Scipio, and bestowing Perseda upon Erastus, making the latter governor of Rhodes, is induced, by the influence of Brusor, the next moment to consent that, by base treachery, his rival shall be convicted of treason, and slain, in order that he may enjoy the fair Rhodian. Erastus is lured from Rhodes by Brusor, and two Janisaries swear falsely against him, that he had suborned them to set fire to, and destroy the Ottoman fleet. Soliman, concealed, hears the trial, inveighing all the time against the villany of the witnesses, and as soon as Erastus is strangled, he kills the prisoners who strangled him, then orders the "Lord Marshal," who had presided at the trial, to take the falsely-swearing witnesses, and

hale them to the tower's top,
And throw them headlong into the valley.

He then exclaims,

Why now Erastus' ghost is satisfied:
Ay, but yet the wicked judge survives,
By whom Erastus was condemned to die.
Brusor, as thou lov'st me, stab the Marshal,
Lest he detect us unto the world,
By making known our bloody practices;
And then will thou and I hoist sail to Rhodes,
Where thy Lucina and my Perseda lives.

Brusor. I will, my lord:—Lord Marshal,
it is highness' pleasure,
That you commend him to Erastus' soul.

[Then he kills the Marshal.

Soliman. Here ends my dear Erastus' tragedy,
And now begins my pleasant comedy.

This "pleasant comedy," however, is as tragical as any other part of this most tragical of all tragedies. Piston, the servant of Erastus, had witnessed his trial and execution; he goes to Rhodes, where he arrives before the Sultan, and informs Perseda of the death of her lord and husband. Lucina pleads for Soli-

man, and Perseda stabs her for her treachery; she then assumes the supreme command in Rhodes, which she determines to hold out against Soliman. Here Basilisco indulges in the following soliloquy, which might give Shakspeare the idea of Falstaff's celebrated soliloquy on "honour." Like the fat knight, Basilisco thought the better part of valour was discretion.

Basilisco. I will ruminate: Death, which
the poets

Feign to be pale and meagre, hath depriv'd
Erastus' trunk from breathing vitality—

Let me see: where is that Alcides, surnam'd

Hercules,

The only club-man of his time? dead.

Where is the eldest son of Priam,

That Abraham-color'd Trojan? dead.

Where is the leader of the Myrmidons,

That well-knit Achilles? dead.

Where is that furious Ajax, the son of Telamon,

Or that fraudulent 'Squire of Ithaca, 'yclep'd
Ulysses? dead.

Where is tipsy Alexander, that great cup-conqueror,

Or Pompey, that brave warrior? dead.

I am myself strong, but I confess

Death to be stronger: I am valiant, but
mortal;

I am adorned with Nature's gifts,

A giddy goddess, that now giveth and anon
taketh;

I am wise, but quiddits will not answer
death:

To conclude in a word; to be captious, virtuous, ingenuous,

Or to be nothing when it pleaseth death to
be envious.

The great Turk, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleaguerr'd Rhodes, whose chieftain is
a woman:

I could take the rule upon me;

But the shrub is safe, when the cedar shaketh:

I love Perseda, as one worthy;

But I love Basilisco, as one I hold more
worthy,

My father's son, my mother's solace, my
proper self.

Faith, he can do little that cannot speak;

And he can do less that cannot run away:

Then sith man's life is as a glass, and a fillip
may crack it,

Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it:

Therefore I will play least in sight.

Soliman and his Janisaries arrive; and Perseda, in knight's armour, engages him in single combat, and is slain. When he finds out with whom he has been combating, he entreats a kiss before she dies, which is granted; he then kills Basilisco and Piston, and orders his Janisaries to behead Brusor. Finding a paper in Perseda's hand, on which was written—

Tyrant, my lips were sauc'd with deadly
poison,
To plague thy heart, that is so full of
poison,

he orders his troops in revenge to sack Rhodes—and being informed, that the island again stoops to his power—he dies; leaving Death, Love, and Fortune disputing as to the share which each had in bringing about the catastrophe.

So ends *Soliman and Perseda*; every character in the tragedy being killed. I am not aware that so general a slaughter is to be met with in any other piece, except the modern burlesque of *Bombastes Furioso*, where the characters are all killed, but they come to life again, and after dancing a reel, promise to “die again to-morrow.” Kyd, however, kills all his characters in “sober sadness:” and I am inclined to think Langbaine is right, and that this drama was never acted; for surely it must have been too horrid even for an audience of that age.

As to its poetical merits it will be seen, from the extracts I have made, that it was at least equal to the general average of the day.

Cornelia, the last of Kyd's tragedies, is a translation from the French of Robert Garnier, who was born in the country of Maine, in 1534, studied the law, and obtained some

preferment as well as reputation in that profession. He was the author of eight plays, and died at Paris in the year 1590. In the dedication of this tragedy to the Countess of Sussex, Kyd says, “I will assure your ladyship my next summer's better travell, with the tragedy of *Portia*.” The tragedy of *Portia*, however, I believe, never appeared. This piece is very well translated: the following “chorus” at the close of the third act may serve as a specimen:

Fortune in power imperious
Us'd o'er the world and worldlings thus
To tyrannize,
When she hath heaped her gifts on us,
Away she flies.

Her feet more swift than is the wind,
Are more inconstant in their kind
Than Autumn's blasts;
A woman's shape, a woman's mind,
That seldom lasts.

One while she bends her angry brow,
And of no labour will allow;
Another while
She flees again, I know not how,
Still to beguile.

Fickle in our adversities,
And fickle when our fortunes rise,
She scoffs at us;
That (blind herself) can blear our eyes,
To trust her thus.

The sun that lends the earth his light,
Beheld her never over-night
Lie calmly down,
But in the morning following might
Perceive her frown.

She hath not only power and will,
T'abuse the vulgar wanting skill;
But when she list,
To kings and clowns doth equal ill,
Without resist.

Mischance, that every man abhors,
And cares for crowned emperors
She doth reserve,
As for the poorest labourers
That work or starve.

To merchant that for private gain
Doth send his ships to pass the main,
Upon the shore,

In hope he shall his wish obtain,
Doth thee adore.

Upon the sea, or on the land,
Where health or wealth, or vines do stand,
Thou canst do much,
And often help'st the helpless hand;
Thy power is such.

And many times (dispos'd to jest)
'Gainst one whose power and cause is best

(Thy power to try),
To him that ne'er put spear in rest,
Giv'st victory.

* * * * *

From chance is nothing franchised;
And till the time that they are dead,
Is no man blest;
He only that no death doth dread,
Doth live at rest.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLIV.

Present, the Vicar, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, Miss R. PRIMROSE, Mr. APATHY, COUNSELLOR EITHERSIDE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. OUR party is small this evening: the shooting season is commenced, and our friends are on an excursion to the north, making havoc amongst the well-stocked preserves of Sir Edward Thunder. There will be great destruction amongst the partridges, and

"The rude clamour of the sportsman's joy"

is now at its height. Well, let them enjoy their pleasures; we have ours, less boisterous but more refined, and perhaps the contemplation of them will be more grateful after they are past.

Reginald. Our friend Eitherside looks as if he has been sporting: he has bagged some game, and apparently "game of a high order:" what have you there, Counsellor?

Counsellor Eitherside. I have been ranging the preserves of our friend Colburn, and have carried off, you see, four minor birds and one great moorcock. Here are four volumes of a curious illustrative parliamentary history of the times of tyranny and misrule, yclept the Commonwealth; and here are *Historical Recollections* of King Charles the First and several of his murderers, particularly of Cromwell, together with others who figured in the trou-

blesome times of the great rebellion.

Reginald. Oh, I see you have got Burton's *Diary*, and Fellowes's *Historical Recollections*: the first is indeed a valuable work.

Counsellor Eitherside. I think it is. The editor, Mr. John Towill Rutt—I don't know him, and hope I shall never see him—is a clever man, a good scholar, and a laborious antiquarian; but a most thorough-paced republican, who, on all occasions, and for all things, justifies the party which overthrew our constitution, pulled down our church, dispensed with the House of Lords, murdered the king—and all under pretence of liberty!—and then invested an arch-hypocritical knave with absolute power. Oh, it frets me to see these men—

"Who blasted the purest good that God has given,
And made a hell where he had made a heaven,"

eulogized as patriots and philanthropists; when they ought to be branded as the scourges of their country, and to be every honest man's antipathy.

Reginald. [Bravo, Counsellor; my sentiments to a hair; and I would

not abate one jot of the honest indignation I feel at the planners and leaders of the rebellion, no, not for a king's ransom.

The Counsellor. Notwithstanding, however, Mr. Rutt's political prejudices, the work is valuable as containing a curious and authentic record of the debates of the period; a transcript of the feelings and opinions of the men who did not "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," but who were, most of them, the subservient tools of Cromwell's ambition; some few only having independence enough to oppose his strides to absolute dominion.

The Vicar. Does Mr. Burton's Diary extend over the whole period of the protectorate?

The Counsellor. No. It only comprises a part—but by far the largest part—of the two last sessions of Oliver's parliament, and the whole of the session which sat during the brief reign of Richard Cromwell. Mr. Rutt, however, having had the good fortune to find the Diary of Mr. Guibon Goddard, one of the members for King's-Lynn, in Norfolk, from that and the journals he has given a succinct history of all the Cromwellian parliaments. Those who quarrelled with Charles for his contempt of those assemblies must have been marvellously edified by the respect and attention with which Cromwell treated his legislative bodies, from the time when he ordered his soldiers to "take away that fool's bauble," the mace, up to the day of his death; and I recommend Goddard's and Burton's Diaries to all who wish to become well acquainted with the transactions of the period.

Reginald. Yes, and those who
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complained of the "exactions," as they were termed, of Charles, would find ample topics of consolation in the *mild* and *lenient* imposts of the republicans; who from 1640 to 1659, independently of the "composition" paid by the royalists to regain their estates out of the hands of these legalized robbers, drew 97,000,000*l.* from the pockets of the people; a sum before unheard of and unexampled as being expended in so short a time. Those who are curious in such matters may see the amount in the appendix to Mr. Fellowes' volume.

The Vicar. I have not yet read the *Historical Recollections*: what is the character of the work?

Reginald. It is a laborious compilation, from various sources, of illustrative particulars relative to Charles I. Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, Charles II. Prince Rupert, the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Lindsey; with many other of the principal cavaliers and roundheads of the period. It contains nothing absolutely new; but still it is a useful book, because it has collected many scarce particulars, and made them more accessible to general readers than they were.

The Vicar. What side does Mr. Fellowes take? Is he a cavalier or a roundhead? Does he, like Hume and D'Israeli, espouse the cause of the Stuarts? Or, like Mrs. Macaulay, Brodie, and Godwin, is he the apologist and advocate of the regicides and their followers?

Reginald. I do not think he is a decided partizan of either side; though he appears to have a bias against the unfortunate Charles. He says:

H II

Although strong evidence exists of his being an accomplished prince, endowed with many private virtues and noble qualities, it cannot be concealed that his principles were highly arbitrary and tyrannical. It would be painful and unnecessary to enumerate all the acts of oppression, severity, and high treason against the state that Charles was guilty of; by which the allegiance of his subjects became dissolved, and their appeal to arms in vindication of their rights justified.

His impositions upon commerce, as oppressive as they were unjust and injudicious, naturally rendered the mercantile part of the nation disaffected to him. His, or in other words, Laud's, unrelenting persecution of the nonconformists deprived the country of many of its most conscientious citizens, who, reckless of perils and hardships abroad, fled from their native homes and hearths to the continent of Europe; to the wilds of America; to any regions, however remote, where they could evade the reach of the haughty prelate's spiritual and searching arm. In short, the general tenor of Charles's proceedings was so subversive of all law and justice, that patriotism can find no excuse for his conduct, though pity may lament his fate, and regret that his adversaries, who might have been justified in his deposition, incurred the criminality of his death.

This, I would remark, is not historical truth. Charles's adversaries, the enemies of his crown and dignity, and of his people's happiness, were to blame for most of the acts committed by that prince which were really unconstitutional. He was driven into a line of conduct by their factious and disloyal proceedings, which he would not voluntarily have adopted. On the heads of those who instigated his parliament to refuse him supplies, and who

harassed him with pretended grievances, rest all the misery and disasters which ensued; they are responsible for all the evils which flowed upon their country.

Counsellor Eitherside. And they seem at last to have pursued the king to the death, from a conviction that his strong talents and shining qualities were far above their ability to cope withal. Sir Edward Walker, in his observations on a work entitled "*The Reign of King Charles; an history faithfully and impartially delivered and disposed into annals,*" remarks:

It is ingeniously and truly said by the author, that "obloquy never played the fool so much as by imputing folly to the late king!" And yet it is sadly observable how prone the generality of mankind is to embrace falsehood in the place of truth; for, under the notion of a weak and pusillanimous, instead of a modest and gentle prince, factious, ambitious subjects traduced him to his people. And it is as true, that as that false opinion had gotten deep roote, so the discovery of it was equally, if not more, destructive to his Majesty than the former; for the first only made him unfit to govern, the last unfit (or at least unsafe) to live. And that I may say somewhat in order hereunto, I remember very well that Sir Henry Vane, the younger, in a discourse that I had with him (during the treaty in the Isle of Wight), told me, that they were much deceived in his Majesty, who was represented to them to be a weak person, and that they believed him to have been so; but that they had found him far otherwise, and that he was a person of great parts and abilities. Hereupon he informed me, that they must consider their own securities, and that he found the time was past to do any good by treaty. And that the effect of these

fears made good this their too late observation, his Majesty soon after felt, by the counsells and hands of most inhumane and barbarous regicides.

Reginald. Mr. Fellowes sides with those who think the king was insincere in his conduct; and observes, that "it seems impossible, since the publication of Clarendon's Life and Letters, to deny that he acted with the greatest duplicity." Now this is a harsh charge, and one to which I cannot assent; and which evidence to be found in Mr. Fellowes' volume seems to contradict. I pass over what Mr. Fellowes observes as to the arrest of the members of parliament, because on that our opinions will vary. I think Charles was justified; Mr. Fellowes thinks otherwise; therefore there is opinion against opinion: but Mr. Fellowes gives us an account of the endeavours made by the Earl of Lindsey and the Duke of Richmond to induce the king to escape from New-
port, when he was in confinement there. The king, after urging many objections, was strongly persuaded by the Earl of Lindsey to make his escape. That nobleman said to him:

"Take heed, sir, lest you fall into hands that will not steer by such rules of policy; remember Hampton Court, where your Majesty's escape was your best security." The Duke of Richmond added, that he thought an escape feasible enough. After a long argument, the king delivered this positive answer: "They have promised me, and I have promised them; and I will not break first."

Now the man who, in such a situation, could make such a decision and abide by it, could not be insin-

cere, or capable of acting with duplicity.

The Counsellor. I think not; and in Nelson's account of his Mock Trial, which Mr. Fellowes republishes, there is evident proof, that Charles possessed a mind above deceit or disguise, or any truckling compliance to serve a purpose.

The Vicar. Does Mr. Fellowes say any thing upon that much controverted point, who was the executioner of Charles?

The Counsellor. He offers no opinion himself; but he quotes part of a pamphlet published in 1649, and entitled *The Confessions of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his Deathbed*, in which he is made to say, he beheaded the king, and received thirty pounds for his pains. He also publishes an "Extract of a Letter from the Reverend Mark Noble to the Author;" in which it is said,

Brandon, the public executioner, absolutely refused to perform the horrid office to his sovereign, as Colonel Huncks did to see the execution.

It was thought proper that two men should attend. The danger was great. They were disguised in frocks and masques. Had they been known, the cavaliers would certainly have killed them, as they did Dr. Dorislaus.

Evidently they were above the stations of persons doomed to do such deeds.

Curiosity was much excited about the persons disguised upon the scaffold. Charles II. never could learn who they were; the Duchess of Portsmouth thought, from the king, that it was Brandon; but that was evidently wrong: he survived the Restoration, and was neither punished nor questioned.

Colonel Pride was suspected, but unjustly, rude and violent as he was.

Cornet Joyce, a resolute rebel, who had been the tool of the army in their severities to fallen majesty, was not, I sincerely believe, one of the men. Hulett was tried and executed, not Hewson, quite another sort of man. Joyce fled, when the king's son came to the throne, and died abroad, it is supposed; but he took such care, that none ever knew what became of him. The man who let the axe fall upon the royal sufferer's neck was William Walker; but it is very probable that Hulett held up the head, when severed from the body.

Walker was baptized September 2, 1621, at Trinity church, in Sheffield, and was buried there. He died November 16, 1700.

He was not the son of Robert Walker. The son, a very lusty strong man, entered the parliament army as a soldier. His education was not neglected. After the Restoration, he retired to the vicinity of Sheffield; and was preserved by William Spencer, Esq. of Attercliffe, near Sheffield, and Francis Jessop, Esq. of Bromhall, near that town: the latter loved Walker, from being skilled in mathematics, upon which subject Mr. Jessop published a book.

Warrants more than once were issued against him; but care was taken to conceal him while the search lasted. His residence at other times was Hands-worth-Woodhouse. Miss Chaloner, an ancient unmarried woman, also befriended him: she lived near; she was related to the two regicides of her name; and she was also, like Walker, a Dissenter.

Reginald. That is all dictatorial assertion, and no proof. In one respect, too, Mr. Noble is manifestly incorrect. He says, Brandon survived the Restoration: whereas, according to the pamphlet quoted by Mr. Fellowes (and which was one of those given to the British Museum, by the late king, in 1762), it is asserted, that Brandon died on the

20th of June, 1649. Mr. Ellis thinks Brandon was the executioner.

The Vicar. It is a point which will never, in my opinion, be satisfactorily cleared up. The name and conduct of the royal martyr are emblazoned, and will be perpetuated as long as the English language endures; but that of his executioner will never be identified. Dignified, and admirably adapted to the situations in which he was placed, as was the king's conduct through life, nothing became him better than his mode of leaving it:

While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But, with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Miss Primrose. And he was followed to the grave by tears and blessings, particularly from the women. A woman, during his trial, had the boldness to proclaim, in the face of his assembled judges, that not one half of the nation joined in the charges exhibited against him by the parliament; and a woman has, in these days, sung his dirge*. Therefore, if one female † wronged herself and her sex by taking part with his murderers, I hope the conduct of others will have proved, that the majority at least deem Charles I. a murdered prince, and look with detestation on his oppressors.

Reginald. Aye, lady fair, the majority of your lovely sex is always found on the side of loyalty and justice. And talking of the ladies, reminds me that I have a duty towards

* Miss Strickland. † Mrs. Macauley.

one of them to perform. Here is a volume of *Poems* by Mrs. G. G. Richardson. I really do not know her; but she writes pleasingly, because naturally. She evidently seems not to affect a sentiment she does not feel; and her verses do equal honour to her head and heart. You must read those on the death of Pollok, one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the day; they are beautiful, but will take up too much time just now. I shall read you instead

A SONNET.

My darling boy, light of my sinking heart !
Through shades of hov'ring death, still
sweet to me !
Though from thy dearer father warn'd to
part,
Death seems more cruel when I gaze on
thee !
Yet thou (the only one of all I love !)
Wilt sigh not, pause not, drop for me no
tear—
A broken toy, a scatter'd flow'r, will move
In thee more sorrow than thy mother's
bier !
Fantastic thought ! and yet how strangely
sad—
That when in death's cold clasp all faded
lies
Thy youthful mother—once in thee how
glad !—
Thou may'st, as now, gaze on with laugh-
ing eyes—
Peering on arduous tip-toe o'er her bed—
Unconscious that she never more shall
rise !

Mrs. Primrose. Very beautiful indeed; the pathos touches the heart; there is nothing overstrained or unnatural about it.

Reginald. The *Mother's Dirge* is as good.

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

What to me are daisies springing ?
Lambs that frolic o'er the lea ?
Merle and throstle gaily singing ?
Bring they aught of joy to me ?
Ah ! such sights and sounds of gladness,
Warbling groves, and flowery bloom,
Mock the mourner's settled sadness—
Mock the winter of the tomb !

Hush'd she lies, whose notes resounding
Vernal joy, could most delight ;—
Still she lies, who, blithely bounding,
Chas'd the swallow on his flight :—
She, whose buds of soul and feature,
Far more precious, charmed my view,
Breathes no more the breath of nature,
Sleeps beneath the mournful yew.

Lambkins ! near the turf resorting,
Where my darling's ashes are,
Gaze awhile, nor cease your sporting !
Kindred innocence lies there !
Not unenvying can I view ye,
All unconsciously at play ;
Grief, nor care, nor thought pursue ye,
Through your brief and jocund day.

Ev'ry birth of Spring that's breathing,
Ev'ry eye that meets the sun—
Ev'ry shoot its tendrils wreathing,
That has yet its course to run :—
Glitt'ring myriads all employing
Nature's boon and bounteous store ;—
All, a share of time enjoying,
Tell me, darling ! thine is o'er.

Miss Primrose. That I like—

It falls upon the ear
Like the sweet south,
Breathing o'er a bed of violets,
Stealing and giving sweetness.

Reginald. To shew you that Mrs. Richardson can be gay as well as grave, I will just refer you to *The ancient Spinster Beauty*, which is rather too long to read.

Miss Rosina Primrose. Have you any more poetry, Reginald ?

Reginald. Yes; here is a little volume entitled *Epistles in Verse*, which said Epistles are elegant didactic poems. I will just read you fourteen lines, which are a fair specimen of the whole; and breathe a sentiment in which I most heartily coincide:

The social passions then our bliss create ;
A bliss not subject to the power of Fate.
Friendship, though called to suffer or endure;
Love, without hope, that finds, that seeks, no
cure ;
(Blest, though the obdurate fair no smile
accord,
For love, like virtue, is its own reward;)

The tears of pity, or of fond regret,
For those we love, but never can forget;
The fear that watches in a mother's eye,
When first her infant breathes its feeble cry:
Even these a soberer, surer bliss impart,
A subtler pleasure kindles in the heart,
Than selfish triumphs, or the dead repose,
The sullen quiet, that the stoic knows.

The Vicar. Young says, "joy flies monopolisers:" and no truth is more clearly established. The selfish spirit never can be blest; it can never know that pure joy which those feel whose bosoms are warmed with kindly affection, and in whose heart friendship and love beat responsive to the echoes in another breast.

Miss Primrose. What else have you?

Mr. Apathy. Here are two volumes of exquisite poetry and sublime music combined: one is a collection of *Hymns* by various authors, Dr. Southey, Mrs. Opie, Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Professor Milman, Mr. Montgomery, &c. adapted to music by Shield, Horsley, Linley, Crotch, S. Wesley, and Mr. Pettet, of Norwich, the compiler: that is a tribute for you, Miss Primrose. And for you, Rosina, here are *Songs of the Sabbath-Eve*, the words by Mr. Ball, the music by George Herbert Rodwell. Now as you are both musicians in the true sense of the word, you will know better than myself the worth of these works, and be able to appreciate the service which the respective publishers have done to the cause of religion by giving them to the world.

Miss Primrose. Thanks, my dear sir, a thousand thanks: it is a beautiful volume, and seems to contain some poetical as well as musical gems. This is a charming hymn, by Mr. Montgomery:

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE.

Stand up, and bless the Lord, ye people of
his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God with
heart and soul and voice!
Though high above all praise, above all
blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name, and laud
and magnify?
Oh! for the living flame, from his own altar
caught,
To touch our lips, our hearts inspire, and
wing to heaven our thought!
There with benign regard our hymns he
deigns to hear,
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense, the spi-
rit feels him near.
God is our strength and song, and his salva-
tion ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd with
all our ransom'd powers.
Stand up, and bless the Lord! the Lord your
God adore!
Stand up, and bless his glorious name hence-
forth for evermore.

Here is another, by Mrs. Opie:

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise;
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee a general pæan raise.
And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And nature's debt is small to mine:
Thou had'st her being bounded be;
But, matchless proof of love divine,
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
The Saviour left his heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deign'd to die that I might live.
But thanks and praise for love so great,
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
Then let me, bow'd before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

Miss R. Primrose. There are some hymns of very great merit in Messrs. Ball's and Rodwell's volume. For instance:

NOAH'S HYMN TO THE RAINBOW.

All hail! thou bright and lovely thing!
 Emblem of mercy! radiant glow!
 Yon flower-crown'd hills, which breathe of
 spring,

Wear not such vermeil tints as thou:
 Thine is the halo of the Lord,
 Wherein he bids man's terrors fly,
 Like a young warrior from the east,
 Bright in his golden panoply.

All nature smiles at thy approach:
 To thee the birds their praises pour;
 The drooping forest lifts its head,
 And shakes away the deluge shower:
 But I, how more entranced than they,
 With *mind* and *soul* thy source adore!
 Great covenant by God ordain'd,
 To comfort man for evermore.

And

THE DEATH OF HEROD.

The wrath of the Lord rush'd over him
 With a fierce and deadly glow,
 Like lightning which on the forest gleams,
 Consuming its every bough:
 Stricken he fell, the *cruel* one!
 Of his own scared thoughts afraid!
 Oh! terrible is the last quivering
 Of the lip that hath never pray'd!

The cry of children was in his ear,
 And their blood eustain'd his soul;
 His breast was like to a sea of storms
 When darkly the waters roll:
 For him through clouds of fell despair
 Not a star of hope betray'd
 One beam of heaven—can heaven smile
 On a heart that hath never pray'd!

The Vicar. I should be heartily glad to see some attempt made *by authority* to improve our parochial psalmody. It is unfortunately true, that we are greatly behind the Dissenters in this branch of public worship—some of them at least; for I should be sorry to see the bawling and gesticulation which many of the sects call singing, and the only contest in which seems to be, who can exert the strongest pair of lungs, introduced into the establishment; our comparatively tame and monotonous display being, in my opinion, preferable to such a burlesque upon

harmony. But of late years the taste for music has greatly improved; and that improvement ought to be extended to our churches, as well as to our drawing-rooms. Some effort should also be made to procure a translation of the psalms, at once more poetical than the old, and more closely shadowing forth the beauties and evangelical doctrines of the sublime originals than the new versions.

Mr. Apathy. It is singular that all our great poets, even Milton and Sir Walter Scott, have failed when they have attempted to embody in English verse the songs of the "sweet Psalmist of Israel." Neither Montgomery nor Watts has given us a spirited or faithful version; and Merrick's, though chaste is tame, and does not convey the spirit of the Hebrew. I am afraid we shall not soon see a really good translation of these poems of the olden time into our vernacular tongue.

The Vicar. I fear not: but still I would have the attempt made; and the two Universities might encourage it by offering a premium for a good version; a version which might form a standard for our churches, and which would leave less room for the introduction of hymns. If hymns must be introduced, they should be regulated by authority. The latitude now observed in compiling collections of hymns for churches is pregnant with evil: the selections are neither so judicious in point of doctrine, nor so chaste as regards language, as they might be; and I am, besides, no advocate for an uncontrolled license to the clergyman, even in the introduction of hymns. It leads to other latitudinarian practices; and I have known instances, where the introduction of hymns has

been followed by the substitution of other lessons than those appointed by the rubric at the evening service, and by the use of extempore prayers in the pulpit; practices not in accordance with the spirit of our church, and which, if connived at, may lead to greater innovations. But I suppose you are all ready to cry, "Enough!" so let's open this parcel, which I received to-day, but have not yet had time to look into it. O, I see it is the second volume of *Field's Life of Dr. Parr*.

Counsellor Eitherside. What, Parr again! Why we shall have as many lives and memoirs and anas of that musty old Grecian as if he really was a person of consequence in his day; and as if posterity would be any way interested in how he smoked, and how he ate, and how he drank, and how he played penny whist, eschewing sixpenny rubbers, in order to avoid all temptation to gambling.

Mr. Apathy. I have read this second volume of Mr. Field's; and it contains much such solemn trifling as the following, which, because it is a "good thing," I suppose, in the eyes of those learned gentlemen, the caterers for the daily press, has gone the round, I see, of most of the London journals:

Dr. Parr was accustomed to amuse himself in the evening with cards, of which the old English game of whist was his favourite. But no entreaties could induce him to depart from a resolution, which he adopted early in life, of never playing, in any company whatever, for more than a nominal stake. Upon one occasion only he had been persuaded, contrary to his rule, to play with the late Bishop Watson for a shilling, which he won. Pushing it carefully to the bottom of his pocket, and placing his hand up-

on it, with a kind of mock solemnity, "There, my lord bishop," said he, "this is a trick of the devil; but I'll match him: so now, if you please, we will play for a penny;" and this was ever after the amount of his stake. He was not, on that account, at all the less ardent in the prosecution, or the less joyous in the success, of the rubber. He had a high opinion of his own skill in this game, and could not very patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party, in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned; when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries!"

But before even cards, Parr loved his pipe:

After dinner, but not often till the ladies were about to retire, he claimed, in all companies, his privilege of smoking, as a right not to be disputed; since, he said, it was a condition, "No pipe, no Parr," previously known, and peremptorily imposed on all who desired his acquaintance. Speaking of the honour once conferred upon him of being invited to dinner at Carlton-House, he always mentioned, with evident satisfaction, the kind condescension of his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who was pleased to insist upon his taking his pipe as usual. Of the Duke of Sussex, in whose mansion he was not unfrequently a visiter, he used to tell, with exulting pleasure, that his royal highness not only allowed him to smoke, but smoked with him. He often represented it as an instance of the homage which rank and beauty delight to pay to talents and learning, that ladies of the highest stations condescended to the office of lighting his pipe. He appeared to no advantage, however, in his custom of demanding the service of holding the lighted paper to his pipe from the youngest female who happened to be present, and who was often, by the freedom of his re-

marks, or by the gaze of the company, painfully disconcerted. This troublesome ceremony in his latter years he wisely discarded.

Reginald. I am tired of hearing of Dr. Parr, who owed all his reputation to his impudence, and the zeal of the Whigs in puffing off and writing up any man, with the slightest pretensions to learning or genius, who joined their unhappy party. The doctor was literally a bear aping a lion; he wanted to form himself upon the model of Dr. Johnson, without any one quality, except an overbearing superciliousness and rude dogmatism, for the effort. But let us leave Dr. Parr and his biographer, who has executed his task very respectably. Here are three volumes of the most delightful poetry that has been published of late. Probably most of you have read all of it before; but you may well be glad of an opportunity of putting it in a collected form upon your shelves. They contain the *Poetical Works* of Coleridge; a man who, with the single exception of Wordsworth, has probably, though not so voluminous a writer as many, produced more original thoughts, clothed in immortal verse, than any living bard. His is indeed a poetic mind. It is imbued with the fire of genius, and redolent with exquisite imaginings. What can be finer than his "Genevieve," his "Ancient Mariner," or his "Christabelle?" What can be more beautiful than the following outpourings when speaking of the change produced in him by happy love?

Even there, beneath that lighthouse tower,
In the tumultuous evil hour,

Ere peace with Lara came;

Vol. XII. No. LXX.

Time was I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame:

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit,
A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar;
When mountain surges, bellowing deep,
With an uncouth monster-leap,
Plunged foaming on the shore:

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark,
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night,
To see no vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or, if awhile she droop her wings,
As skylarks 'mid the corn,
On summer-fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears that swell
The opened rose! from heaven they fell,
And with the sunbeam blend.
Blessed visitations from above;
Such are the tender woes of love,
Fostering the heart they bend!

The Vicar. I have only one fault to find with Coleridge, that he has not written more. He is indolent, and too easily content with shadowing out a delightful theme, and leaving it for others to fill up and embody. Yet he has written enough to entitle him to the highest rank among the master-spirits of our age; and how glad I am to find, that the senseless abuse of which he was once the object has now died away!

Reginald. The next book on which I have laid my hands is *A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c.* I can recommend this book to you, ladies, as a very pleasantly written volume. The authoress, whoever she may be, has the talent of acute observation, and a vein of genuine good-humour runs through all her observations. I would

particularly recommend to you her sketchy notices of the Troubadours, and of many eminent literary men who have flourished in times past in the Gallic kingdom; but as we have no time to go over this portion of the volume to-night, I will read you the "Spinster's" advice to travellers, and lay it on one side:

Never subject yourself, *if possible*, to the agonizing fatigue of travelling by moonlight during the summer. The hottest day is freshened at times by a breeze; the occasional shade of copses, or even the sight of woods and trees, relieves the eye: but moonlight has no relief; all nature, except that glaring pale planet, rests, slumbers. Not a breath moves to stir the air, which is perceptibly heavier than by day. The dust is now suffocating, nauseating; the constant thoroughfare on a great road leaves deposits, which heavy carriages pulverize and disturb. The excessive brightness strains and distresses the vision; for, unlike the sunbeams, which penetrate and lose themselves in deep shades, this borrowed light perpetually silvers every surface, and dizzies the eye, which the jolts and the swings on a half-paved road keep distended. I can well believe the painful effect of this planet on persons exposed to her full force, which travellers in the East have reported. Well did the fanciful mythologists arm Diana with her bow; and much more appalling must have been the heavy stupefying effect of her silver shaft to those vivid-minded nations, than the feverish stroke from the golden arrow of the god of day.

Now here I differ from the authoress. I love to walk or ride when the moon sheds her silver beams around, and a solemn stillness seems to wrap the whole globe, and to fit the mind for contemplation. However, I shall not quarrel with the

"Spinster" because she prefers travelling by day to enjoying the solemn stillness of a moonlight night; but I certainly think there are not many travellers who will agree with her, that it is more oppressive travelling in the latter than in the former.

The Vicar. Here, friend Apathy, is a work which, independently of its general historical value, will particularly interest you, as displaying the triumph of republican arms over royalty in the New World.

Mr. Apathy. A consummation by which humanity must be an immense gainer!

The Vicar. I agree with you; and in the *Memoirs of General Miller*, compiled from his papers by his brother, you will be alternately shocked and delighted while following the course of the events by which the emancipation of the Spanish colonies has been accomplished.

Reginald. General Miller is a man of whom his native country, as well as that of his adoption, may justly be proud. Carried to South America at a very early age by a spirit of military enterprise, after peace had interposed an insuperable bar to its efforts in Europe, this young Englishman entered into the service of the state of Rio de la Plata, and to use the words of an eminent naval officer quoted by the author, "unsupported by connection or interest, and steering a steady course through the storms of war and the commotions of faction, he has raised himself by his own merit to the highest rank in the army; obtained every honorary distinction; filled important civil situations; and, covered with honourable wounds, he has now revisited his native country with a character of perfect disinter-

estedness and a conscience void of reproach. To borrow an expression of General Bolivar's, 'South America will always claim him as one of her most glorious sons.'"

The Vicar. In perusing these *Memoirs* I cannot tell which most to admire, the extraordinary activity of the subject of them, or his wonderful preservations and hair-breadth escapes, under circumstances apparently sufficient to extinguish twenty lives.

Reginald. No library, whether public or private, should be without these volumes; for, besides the personal adventures which diversify the narrative, they furnish ample materials for a history of the war of independence in the provinces of the republics of Rio de la Plata, Chile, and Peru; and they contain much information relative to those extensive countries, together with incidents and anecdotes illustrative of the character, manners, and customs of the people.

Mr. Apathy. I must have that book.

Counsellor Eitherside. I shall order it too*.

Mr. Apathy. As you all keep horses, let me before we part recommend to you a little work just published by Mr. Ackermann, entitled *The Art of Shoeing without the Application of Force*. It contains an account of a method by which the most intractable horses may be

induced to submit quietly to the operation of shoeing, the result of a number of years' observation and practice by the author, Constantine Balassa, captain of cavalry in the Austrian service. On the score of humanity, this little book is invaluable; for surely every thing which tends to lessen the sufferings of that most useful animal, the horse, ought to be considered so; nor is it without its merits on the score of interest, "inasmuch as it professes to teach a method of treatment, by which those dangerous accidents that are frequently happening, as well to the persons engaged in the operation of shoeing as to the animals themselves, may be effectually avoided." Captain Balassa has submitted his method to the most rigid examination; and the Austrian government is so well convinced of its utility, that they have rewarded him and ordered his book to be published. It is accompanied by six large lithographic plates, illustrating very clearly, with the descriptive letterpress, the method made use of. I hope you will, gentlemen, all endeavour to make yourself masters of it, and to instruct your grooms in its practice, as by it many a pang may be spared to the horse.

Reginald. I will put it in my pocket and read it carefully. I shall be most happy to attend to its recommendations.

The other gentlemen present expressed the same intention, and the party broke up.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, Sept. 1828.

* In the number of the *Repository* for August we introduced an extract from this work prior to its publication, and shall probably select another for insertion in our next number.—EDITOR.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand Concerto in A minor for the Piano-forte, by J. N. Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle. Op. 85. Pr. without Accompaniments, 9s. — (Cocks and Co. Prince's-street.)

HUMMEL'S concerto in A minor is universally admired on the Continent, where it is justly considered as one of his great master-pieces. In this country it has been played in public by Mr. Moscheles; and some of the pupils of the Academy of Music have displayed their skill by its performance. The composition, however, is not so generally known here as it deserves to be; and its publication, therefore, by Messrs. Cocks and Co. must be considered as a spirited and most praiseworthy undertaking, which entitles them to the thanks of the more cultivated class of the musical public, to whom alone the publishers can look for recompence in bringing out a work of this description, which forms the eighteenth in the series of the "Beauties of Hummel," edited by Messrs. Cocks and Co.

The present concerto extends to nearly *fifty* closely printed pages, the whole of which we prevailed on the good nature of a professional friend, Mr. Abel, to exemplify to us practically, with the intention to advert in our critique to some of its principal features, if, as at this season we had ground to presume, a diminished influx of novelties should enable us so to do. But the reverse has taken place. Many communications with which we have since been favoured must unavoidably remain in our portfolio for future consideration. In justice to all parties, therefore, we feel compelled

to forego our intention as regards Mr. Hummel's labour. To this determination, indeed, its classic rank and excellence can well afford to submit. "Good wine," as the proverb says, "needs no bush:" the concerto, without the detailed encomiums we had in store for it, is sure to be appreciated by those whose skill enables them to enjoy its beauties; and, we must certainly add, *that* skill ought to be of a first-rate description. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think Mr. H. has extended this concerto, and especially the rondo, to a greater length than what in general accords with the patience of a public or even private audience, who, after a certain measured quantum of attention, are apt to flag by having "too much of a good thing."

We ought not to omit mentioning, to the credit of the publishers, that, however crowded and intricate the labour of Mr. H. appears in the present instance, a most laudable revision of the proofs must have taken place to render the whole so remarkably free from *errata*. The accompaniments are to be had either for a full orchestra, or in the form of a quartett.

Gran Valzer con Coda, composed for the Piano-forte by Carlo Della Torre. Pr. 2s. — (W. George, St. Bride's-avenue, Fleet-street.)

Except it were in reference to extent, which certainly exceeds the usual dimensions of a waltz, we should hardly feel disposed to concur in the epithet "grand" which Mr. Della Torre has given to this publication. But although not absolutely partaking of grandeur of

style, the composition is throughout tasteful and in good keeping, properly diversified by new ideas and select modulation, and effectively wound up by a good coda, the *éclat* of which, we will allow, might warrant the word *grand* so far as regards the termination.

A Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Flageolet, composed by T. Howell. Pr. 2s.—(T. Howell, Bristol.)

An andante followed by a rondo, both in G and in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. The style of both is somewhat obsolete and stiff, and the alternations of the same passages between the piano-forte and the flute are too constant and systematic. What one instrument has achieved, the other makes it a point to imitate somehow or other. Plain as the framework is in this and other respects, there is nothing otherwise objectionable in Mr. H.'s labour, which may serve for a duet-lesson, especially with those whose ears have not acquired a preponderating bias for a more modern style of melody and treatment.

VARIATIONS, ADAPTATIONS, &c.

Homage à Clementi, "God save the King," with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to the celebrated Muzio Clementi, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 101. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

Any thing new?—Yes! "God save the King," with variations by Mr. Pixis. But really we must not find fault with the choice of subject. Every composer we know of having made variations upon the loyal theme, why should Mr. Pixis not be allowed the same privilege?

The worst for us poor operatives on the instrument is, that every successive champion in the lists seems to take it for granted that he must excel his predecessors in difficulties. Mr. Pixis certainly appears to have wielded his pen with a persuasion of this kind, strengthened perhaps by the consideration of the great name to which his labour is dedicated. In his variations therefore, five in number, we meet less with new melodic conceptions, than with intricacies and curious combinations of digital manœuvres, abstruse modulations, &c. which betoken the uncommon dexterity of the author, without, in this instance, exhibiting any extraordinary degree of creative genius. In the search after novelty, so far as regards harmonic combinations, Mr. P. has also been singularly bold; and, in the humbleness of our sober old-fashioned ideas, we cannot help thinking, that, in the venturesome chase, Mr. P. occasionally lost his track, or chose to strike into impenetrable thickets of wilderness, where few will wish to follow him. The harmonies which occur in var. 4 are of this deterring and problematical description. As the march of musical intellect proceeds, there is no knowing how soon these heterodoxies may become as current as a common resolution by the dominant seventh; but at the present moment we can safely aver, that such harmonies are not yet ripe for circulation, and totally unpalatable even to the epicureans and ultras in the science. We should be curious to know what the "celebrated" dedicatee said to these flights.

Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte on a favourite Air in the Opera "Le Paysan Millio-

naire," by Charles Czerny. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

Introduction, theme, and variations are good. The latter, in particular, merit special attention, from the selectness and freedom of style, from the genuine spirit of the instrument in which the passages are written, and, what is not always the case with Charles Czerny's works, the general convenience of execution. They by no means require first-rate skill; any steady and moderately advanced pupil may safely venture upon these variations.

Herz's celebrated Quadrilles "Les Élégantes," as Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte, arranged by A. C. Whitcombe. Pr. 4s.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

"Les Élégantes" are quadrilles of a very superior kind; they well merit their title. This is the third form under which they have come before us. We have noticed them in their first authentic shape as simply quadrilles. We next reviewed them amplified and embellished by Mr. Herz himself in a very tasteful manner; and we have now to notice them as duets, the adaptation of which by Mr. Whitcombe does him great credit. The work has been done with care, the arrangement is not difficult, and the beauty of the original is often enhanced by the judicious and effective treatment of the adaptor.

Dramatic Trios for the Piano-forte, Flute, and Violoncello, the Subjects from Mayer's celebrated Opera of "Medea;" the Flute Part by Nicholson; the Violoncello and Piano-forte Parts by F. W. Crouch. No. 1, Pr. 5s.; No. 2, Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

These trios are sure to afford high gratification wherever the instruments of accompaniment can be mustered. Both are indispensable, and the flute is actively enough provided for to afford sufficient yet not arduous employment for a fairly advanced player. In cases where no violoncello can be had, the top-stave over the piano-forte part, which combines the obligato parts of the violoncello and flute, will, if executed by the latter instrument, serve to render the performance satisfactory and complete. Of the two numbers the first will probably gain preferable distinction. It contains a full scena of great interest and effect, with a very sweet slow movement.

Ouverture de "Les deux Aveugles de Tolède," par Mehul, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for Flute and Violoncello, by Richard Sharp. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)

There is something rather remarkable in the bolero kind of rhythm of the allegro of this overture, which, if well understood, must impart piquancy to the performance. It forms a desirable duet for the piano-forte, and is so arranged as to render the flute and violoncello parts not absolutely requisite. The adaptation by Mr. R. Sharp is every way entitled to commendation.

Gems of Melody for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad. lib. selected and arranged by W. Forde. Nos. 1 to 6. Pr. 1s. each—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street.)

The airs are: 1. Giovinetto Cavalier.—2. La Suisse au bord du lac.—3. Buona notte amato bene.—4. Cease your funning.—5. Di tanti palpiti.—6. Le Carnaval de Venise.

These subjects are treated in a simple and unostentatious, but really pleasing way. The adaptator does not attempt any profundities or intricacies of style or execution. All is therefore perfectly easy for the piano-forte; and there is nothing troublesome in the flute-part either, which, for the accommodation of the purchaser of the whole set, might be printed on a separate sheet. The price is so reasonable, that a trifling addition for a distinct flute-part would no doubt be willingly paid. As the accompaniment is not absolutely required, these airs will serve as short and amusing lessons for the less proficient classes.

Maria Stuart Quadrilles, from Coccia's Opera "Maria Stuart," with Figures, &c. composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute, by J. M. Weippert. Pr. 4s.—(J. Willis, Egyptian Hall.)

Musard's Swiss Quadrilles, a New Set, containing the Airs, "The Swiss Boy," "Nice young maidens," &c. &c. with their proper Figures, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp, with Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.), by P. Musard. Pr. 4s.—(J. Willis, Egyptian Hall.)

If quadrilles are to be made from operas—and such appears to be the rule of the day—we must not be too fastidious, but content ourselves with the best the operation will yield. Two or three of Signor Coccia's motifs, we venture to presume, will have found general favour at Almack's, and thus have imparted fair currency to the less quadrilleable airs.

The range of M. Musard's choice

having been less limited, his success naturally proved more complete. By culling various Swiss airs, and tunes of mountaineers, he has produced a proper and a very pretty set of "Swiss Quadrilles," which, we hazard a hope, will be found infinitely well danceable; and he has moreover given the two charming German waltzes in A b, which at this moment are in universal favour: one by Beethoven, and the other—not by Weber, as the publication states, nor by Beethoven, as is generally thought—but by Schubert of Vienna, as we have shewn in a preceding critique.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"The Captive Knight," a Ballad, the Words by Mrs. Hemans, the Music by her Sister. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co. Egyptian Hall.)

"The Captive Knight" has become such a favourite, or so fashionable, that, when we applied, the publishers were without a copy, and waiting for a second edition. The composition bespeaks the pen of a dilettante, and is not entirely made up of original thoughts; but there is something dramatic and romantic in the air and in the martial *ritornel*, which, together with the advantage of the key of A b four flats, seems to account for its success. In this key, four stanzas repeat the melody; after which, by a preparation not very adroit, the fifth stanza is thrown into no less distant a tonic than A b minor, in which all ends. This certainly is not quite *secundum artem*; but the composition of a fair amateur, which moreover has the public on its side, must not be judged with too critical a severity. The ballad is creditable to the sister authors; and the typo-

graphical execution deserves some attention, as exhibiting a specimen of the new mode of printing music, with copper types beaten into wooden blocks, invented by Mr. Cowper, and executed at the great printing establishment of Mr. Clowes.

"*The Fairies' Invitation*," *Cavatina*, composed by R. Guylott. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

A neat ballad, laudably deviating in some instances from the beaten track. The principal subject, in C major $\frac{6}{8}$, is judiciously relieved by the interposition of a strain in A minor.

"*The Family Man*," a *Song*, composed by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

A humorous exhortation to matrimony, in spite of the black balls now and then turned up in this lottery. The poetry is somewhat broad, and the music is analagous, and of that ordinary $\frac{6}{8}$ complexion generally met with in English comic songs. Those who might not find a relish for Mr. B.'s melody, he has, with modest self-denial, accommodated with a further well-known Irish tune, to which his text may be equally sung. The print on the titlepage is excellent; but how far it may aid the purport of the poem is a matter of doubt with us. It represents the poor family man, with scanty locks, in the midst of his busy offspring—but one short of the round dozen—in all of whom we perceive a family likeness according with the paternal traits. Clipping, jumping, driving, pianizing, bob-cherrying, cat-hunting, &c. are the simultaneous occupations of the eleven darlings. The parent's unhappiness in this world of sounds is manifest. He evidently is telling his grief to the prolific partner of his

joys, of whose reply, while stilling the junior offender, we are perfectly *au fait*, although the artist has judiciously concealed her comfort-telling visage.

"*Day is departing*," a *Ballad*, the *Melody on three Notes* by J. Willis. Pr. 2s.—(J. Willis.)

Rousseau, in his "*Devin du Village*," has very successfully constructed a melody on *three notes*; and several attempts have been made after him. In such cases, the diversity in the harmonic support must make amends for the poverty of the melodic means; and this expedient has accordingly been largely resorted to in the present ballad, which is ingeniously formed, and would have called for unqualified approbation, were it not that, in the desire of devising a diversified accompaniment, some very hard harmonic successions have been ventured upon. Of this nature is the leap from the chord of G major at once to B \flat major, p. 1, l. 3; and the harmonic progression in the next line is also none of the smoothest.

"*The Remembrance*," a *Ballad*, composed by Walter Turnbull. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

There is considerable tenderness and pathetic expression in this melody, the effect of which is heightened by the proper choice of the key, A \flat major, from which the usual modulation into the relative minor takes place. The conduct of the accompaniment and the symphony are commendable.

"*Darkness o'er the fortress hovers*," *Serenade*, composed by B. G. H. Gibsone. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

The symphony, as Mr. G. states, and the motivo of the song itself, or at least of the accompaniment, are

taken from a Kamtshatkan air; and the manner in which this accompaniment has been contrived, and the vocal part entwined with it, does Mr. G. much credit. In the second page a new subject of much interest in A b major is introduced (the tonic of the song being C major), from which some highly select modulations lead to a good and vivid close in the dominant G. The original motivo is then resumed to effect the conclusion. This is a good composition.

"The lily that grew in the vale,"
Ballad, composed by Charles Smith. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

The air of this ballad is smooth and agreeable enough, the music deviating as little as the poetry from the train of ideas to be found in very many that have gone before it. It sings the text of lilies, violets, vales, and vermilion satisfactorily; and derives good support from a neat and properly constructed accompaniment.

"Fare thee well, forget me not," Canzonet, composed by J. Jolly. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

In the composition of this short ballad, Mr. J. seems to us to have aimed at greater changes of melody and more harmonic contrivance than the extent of four staves would well admit of. Hence there is some want of proper keeping. The modulation to C minor, p. 2, b. 1, comes upon us insufficiently prepared by what precedes; and the harmonies at "Dreams of happiness," in the next line, are not those which the course of the melody would lead the ear most naturally to expect. The word "happiness," by the way, is unsatisfactorily melodized; indeed it is altogether a hard word for musical purposes.

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"The Haymakers," Ballad, the Music by W. Kirby. Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins.)

The harmonies in this air consist purely of tonic and dominant, on which the melody turns itself with the utmost simplicity. Nevertheless, there is a spirit of gaiety, a regularity and good rhythmic arrangement in the whole song, and a just metrical correspondence between the poetry and the melody, which will make their way much more readily than a vocal composition of elaborate harmony and contrivance. Every body will be able to sing and play "The Haymakers," and every body will probably be pleased with the song.

"Love, they say, is like a flower,"
Song, composed by Charles Egan. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Paine and Hopkins.)

The main subject in C major is in the polacca style, lively, pleasant, and in good keeping. The episo-dical portion in A minor, p. 3, is less attractive, rather common, and full of repetition. Thus the sixth bar of that page occurs, after the intervention of one bar, just half a dozen times. Mr. E. must have been well pleased with it.

FLUTE AND HARP MUSIC.

The Air "Non piu mesta," from Rossini's "Cenerentola," and a Tyrolese Waltz, with Variations for the Flute, composed by Antonio Minasi. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. Fentum, Strand.)

On each of these two themes, Mr. Minasi here presents us with five variations, which not only evince the great strides he has made in practical skill on his instrument, but display a degree of cultivated taste and good musical tact, from which,

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considering his years, we are warranted in forming very high expectations. None but experienced flute-players can attempt these variations in public, however useful they may prove to inferior abilities in the way of practice.

Meyerbeer's celebrated Cavatina "Ah come rapida," composed and arranged as a brilliant Fantasia for the Harp by Gustavus Holst. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

As the space we have filled already exceeds our limits, we cannot enter into the detail which the merits of this fantasia would otherwise suggest. We are free to state, that its examination has afforded us very great pleasure. The elegance, select style, and refined taste, which are manifested throughout, render this composition one of the most interesting pieces of its kind we have met with for some time. It is, how-

ever, calculated only for the sphere of very experienced and polished performers on the harp.

Introduction and Rondoletto upon a favourite Tyrolean Air, for the Harp, composed by Miss M. A. Dibdin. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

Miss D. has selected a sweet melodious air for the basis of her rondoletto, and treated it in a neat manner and in proper style. The quantum of variation and digression introduced is in good taste and in analogy with the main subject; and in the modulatory portions there is not only evidence of proper harmonic knowledge, but considerable boldness and aim at effect. As this composition is not of great intricacy, we doubt not that, with the above advantages, it will be favourably received by a large class of amateurs.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. CAP of white *crêpe lisse*, the border very broad, vandyked and edged with scarlet braiding; in a deep puff on the left temple a cardinal flower is placed; the border touches the forehead in front, takes a retrograde direction and rises high on the right side, and is sustained with another branch of the cardinal flower: the head-piece is bound with scarlet satin.

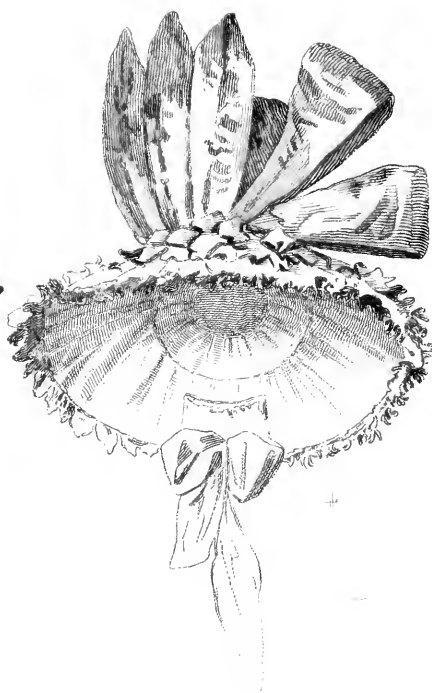
2. Toque of Parisian gauze of a pale Pomona green, folded very deep and standing up from the head-piece, and adorned with several long bows of broad green gauze ribbon; the crown is low and circular.

3. Hat of Aurora or amber-colour *gros de Naples*; the crown higher in front than behind, and the front of the brim very projecting and shallow at the back, where a small bow is placed, to which a long white ostrich feather is fastened; it lies flat on the brim, and falls below it towards the left or opposite side; a zig-zag puff trimming ornaments the front; broad amber-colour strings.

4. *Capôte* of rose-colour silk, trimmed with a notched *ruche* at the edge of the brim, and lined with white sarsnet; the crown is high, and in front has two very large stiffened bows like long loops and a triplet of leaves standing erect.



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EVENING DRESS.

Dress of sea-green *crêpe de Lyons*; the bodice made close to the shape with perpendicular plaits formed by a corded seam into a stomacher, ornamented with buttons of the same colour down the front and back; the tucker a narrow *ruche* of tulle. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, being short and full, with one division formed by a sea-green satin band round the arm, and fastened by a garnet snap, and another band and snap at the termination of the sleeve. The skirt is full in all round the waist, and has two flounces a quarter of a yard each in depth, edged with crimson satin; ornaments of a fan-like shape extend half way over each flounce.

The hair is divided in front *à la Madonna*, and has plaited bands of hair on the left side, and several rows of pearls on the right, terminating with a fancy ornament, behind which a cluster of ringlets descends; three large bows of hair and rose-colour gauze adorn the summit of the head. Necklace composed of a double row, the upper of garnets set in gold, with a handsome medallion snap in front; the second row is a wreath of embossed gold leaves, with pendant pearls; earrings to correspond; broad enamelled bracelets outside the white kid gloves, which are stamped and drawn at the elbow; white satin shoes and sandals.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 15.

WHITE is at present more worn than any thing else in walking-dress. Plain ginghams and coloured muslins, though still very fashionable, are not considered so tonish. Belles of acknowledged taste have latterly affected a great deal of simplicity in promenade costume. A *peignoir* of jaconot muslin, elegantly embroidered, and made short enough to display partially a petticoat embroidered to correspond—a pelerine pelisse, composed of five rows of cambric, plaited as small as if it was done by fairy fingers: two of these rows stand up round the neck, and are supported by a *cravate en foulard*, which fastens in a bow at the throat—a *ceinture* of embroidered ribbon, and a Leghorn hat of the finest quality, without any other ornament than a white gauze veil—such is the costume adopted by some of the most stylish women in Paris for their morning walks and their country excursions. The *peignoir* is made in the same manner as an undress *rédingote*; it fastens up the front,

the sleeves are very wide, and terminated by a plain tight cuff, about half a quarter deep. The bottom of the dress is richly embroidered; and sometimes a similar embroidery goes up the front. The *cravate* is a piece of flowered silk, rounded at the corners, and folded like a man's cravat; some ladies wear it in white silk, embroidered in bouquets of flowers at the ends, which has certainly a more elegant appearance.

Those ladies who prefer a more dashing style of dress than the one we have just described, wear muslin gowns, finished round the bottom with one very deep flounce, which is richly embroidered; or else the dress is plain gingham, or *toile de laine*: the former are embroidered, and the latter have a single deep flounce, which is finished by three rows of braiding of a colour strongly contrasted to the dress. The *corsage*, always *en chemisette*, is made something higher than last month. The sleeves still continue excessively wide: if the dress is of *toile de laine*, the cuff is always pointed, and or-

namented with braiding to correspond with the flounce.

Fancy scarfs or muslin *canezous* are worn with these dresses; the latter are generally embroidered in lace patterns.

Capotes are very much in favour, particularly those trimmed with blond lace: not only the edge of the brim is finished with it, but a drapery is arranged in front of the crown, which mingles with the knots of ribbon or *gros de Naples* that decorate it. Bonnets of white and coloured crape: white *gros de Naples* and rice-straw are also in favour; particularly the last, which is very much in request for half-dress also.

The crowns of bonnets are something higher than last month. Several have the crown ornamented with a piece of the same material disposed in drapery. Others have blond lace, also arranged in the drapery style. Many bonnets are trimmed with plaid ribbons, without any mixture of feathers or flowers. Latterly a few bonnets have appeared composed of that sort of flowered silk which is called *foulard*; the ground is white; it is thickly covered with small flowers in a running pattern: these bonnets are considered fashionable, but they have not at all an elegant appearance.

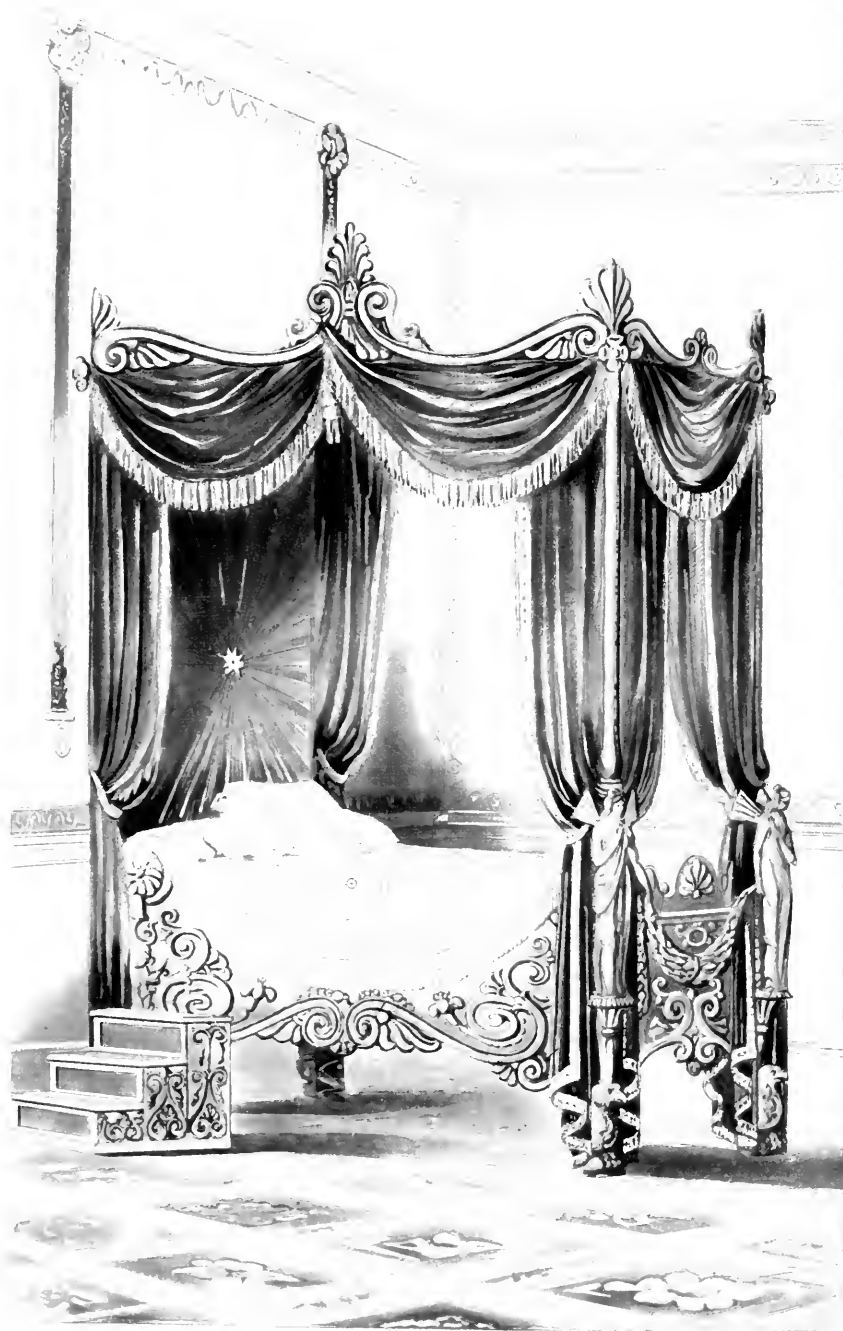
Peignoirs of coloured muslin, either rose, blue, or straw-colour, are extremely fashionable for morning visits: an embroidery in a scroll pattern, embroidered in white, goes round the bottom of the dress, and a double row of buttons, of a novel and a pretty form, ornaments it in front; an embroidery to correspond with the bottom goes round the bust and round the cuffs.

Muslin, both *jaconot* and clear, is much worn in dinner-dress. The trimming is always embroidery, either in white or colours; but white is considered most elegant. Gowns composed of *foulard* have within these last few days come very much into favour for dinner parties. The *corsage* is made tight to the shape, and cut low; it is finished

with a double fall of blond lace, or else a trimming of the same material as the dress, cut lengthwise and laid on very full. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, composed either of white lace or blond net; a wrought silk band to correspond with the colours of the gown confines the sleeve in the middle of the arm. The trimming of the skirt consists of a single flounce made excessively deep, set on very full: the upper part forms a heading, arranged in *dents de loup*; each edge of the flounce is finished by a narrow white satin rouleau. A large rouleau is laid on the flounce to form the heading.

Palmyrienne, white and coloured crapes, and white lace are all in favour in full dress; nothing is considered more elegant than a gown of the former in white, embroidered in white floss silk: the hem is a full quarter of a yard in depth; it is surmounted by the embroidery, which consists of bouquets of flowers placed at some distance from each other; a true-lover's knot is embroidered round each bouquet, the ends of which extend to some distance over them.

Ornaments in wrought gold are more than ever the fashion in full dress; large gold chains, very finely wrought, are particularly in favour. The most elegant set of gold ornaments that we have lately seen, are those which have been recently sported by the newly married daughter of a rich banker. The necklace was composed of *rosaces*, exquisitely wrought in dead gold, attached to each other and fastening behind by a concealed spring. A *Seigné*, formed of *rosaces* in bright gold, was suspended in the middle of the necklace, and fell nearly to the knee. The comb, also of gold, was ornamented with *rosaces*, something larger than those which formed the *Seigné*. The ear-rings, the buckle for the *ceinture*, the bracelets, and a bandeau which went round the head, all corresponded. This *parure* is considered the most elegant and valuable that has yet appeared in gold.



Fashionable colours are, Athenian gray, *manteau de Minerve* (this is a peculiarly beautiful shade of brown), car- nation, pale citron, and different shades of green and blue.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A BED.

THE design of a bed in the annexed plate is in the Grecian style, and is constructed on those light and elegant principles introduced by the French, on the revival of Grecian architecture. The decorations are entirely in that taste, which it is to be hoped, for the honour of modern art, will eventually supersede the heavy, cumbersome, and, we may almost add, unmeaning, decorations of the style denominated that of Louis XIV. The present design is intended to be executed in mahogany; but it may be enriched with gilding without any impropriety.

The draperies are to be attached to the decorated cornice, behind which is concealed the rod on which the bed-curtains run. The reason why the French so far exceed us in the beauty and decorations of their beds, may be attributed to a custom peculiar to that nation of receiving visitors in their sleeping apartments: but it is to be hoped that the ancient custom of having state-beds, which once formed an important feature in the palaces and mansions of our nobility, will be revived.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ACKERMANN'S *Forget Me Not*, the first and most popular of our annuals, will appear as usual at the end of October, and with increased claims to public favour. The new volume is enriched by FOURTEEN engravings by Le Keux, W. and E. Finden, Agar, Engleheart, Romney, Davenport, Shenton, Wallis, Humphrys, Freebairn, Goodyear, and Portbury, from original paintings by Martin, Cooper, Daniell, Chalon, Thomson, Leslie, P. and J. Stephanoff, Prout, Owen, Miss L. Sharpe, Clennell, Corbould, and Witherington. One of these engravings, a surprising effort of art by Le Keux, from a painting of Martin's, is deemed by connoisseurs to be worth more than the price of the whole volume; and when we mention that among the authors of the contributions, more than ONE HUNDRED in number, it comprises Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Delta, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, Polwhele, Bowring, Barton, the late H. Neele, Clarke, the

late E. Knight of Drury-lane Theatre, Kenney, Bird, the Modern Pythagorean, Swain, Strong, Woodley, Sheridan, Derwent Conway, Carrington, Mrs. Hermans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Hoffland, Miss Costello, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Bowdich, the Author of "London in the Olden Time," Mrs. Rolls, Miss Rennie, Miss Roberts, the Misses Strickland, besides many others of eminence, our readers may expect that the literary will display corresponding excellence with the graphic department.

Mr. Ackermann has also in preparation, and will publish at the same time with the other annuals, *Le Petit Bijou*, written entirely in French by Mons. D'Emden, embellished with seven fine engravings from drawings made purposely for the work, and dedicated by permission to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

Early in October will appear, *Great Britain Illustrated*, in a series of views, comprising all the cities, principal towns,

public buildings, docks, and remarkable edifices in the United Kingdom, from drawings made expressly for the work by W. Westall, A. R. A. and engraved by E. Finden; with descriptions by Thomas Moule, author of the "*Bibliotheca Heraldica*," &c. &c. This work will appear monthly, and each number will contain four views.

Time's Telescope for 1829, which will be published with the Almanacs in November, will contain a great variety of new and interesting matter, and original poetry by living authors, and be embellished with an illustrative frontispiece elegantly engraved.

Mr. Carrington, the distinguished bard of "Dartmoor," is preparing a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* for early publication.

Mr. Charles Swain, author of "*Metrical Essays*," has in the press a poem entitled *Pleasures of the Mind*.

Mr. Sotheby, the accomplished translator of Virgil's *Georgics* and Wieland's *Oberon*, is engaged on a new version of the *Iliad* in heroic rhyme, of which he has completed the first six books.

Mr. Peter Buchan has in the press, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*.

Poetry.

STANZAS

Written on the last Night of the Year 1827.

From Miss RENNIE'S "Poems."

ELEVEN—twelve—hark! peals the solemn chime,

Which tells the year its stated course hath run;

The echo dies, the unpausing foot of Time
Strides on—the unknown year is now begun!

The year that's gone!—How much of weal
and woe

Lies hid in words so simple and so brief!
Hours are grasp'd in them, rich with Joy's
sweet glow;

Days, months, of cureless, stern, and dreary
grief.

The bird with sparkling wing and liquid tone
Which sings awhile, then ne'er again we
hear—

The lightning's flash—the bleak wild tempest's
groan,

These symbol well to me the vanish'd year.

It dawn'd in cloudless radiance o'er my head;
Hopes, glittering, pure, and fresh as morn-
ing's dew,

Were shrin'd within my soul, which on them
fed,

Nor deem'd that aught so bright was fleet-
ing too.

Soon ceas'd for ever Pleasure's bird-like
strain—

Soon came fierce anguish, like the light-
ning's glare—

Soon Sorrow's tempest swept o'er heart and
brain,

And stamp'd the fiat for a life's despair.

Where are the friends I lov'd? Hath Time's
rude hand

Left yet unsnapp'd affection's holy chain?
Still do I see the fond and chosen band,

Whose presence brought delight, whose
absence pain?

Gone—all I lov'd are gone!--I've wept beside
The grave of some, and they were mournful
tears;

But not the lava stream, the scorching tide,
Which gushes from my eyes my pale cheek
sears.

I weep o'er faithless love, o'er sullied truth,
O'er broken vows, which leave my aching
breast

One wish alone—to hide my blighted youth
Within the shadow of the tomb's dark rest.

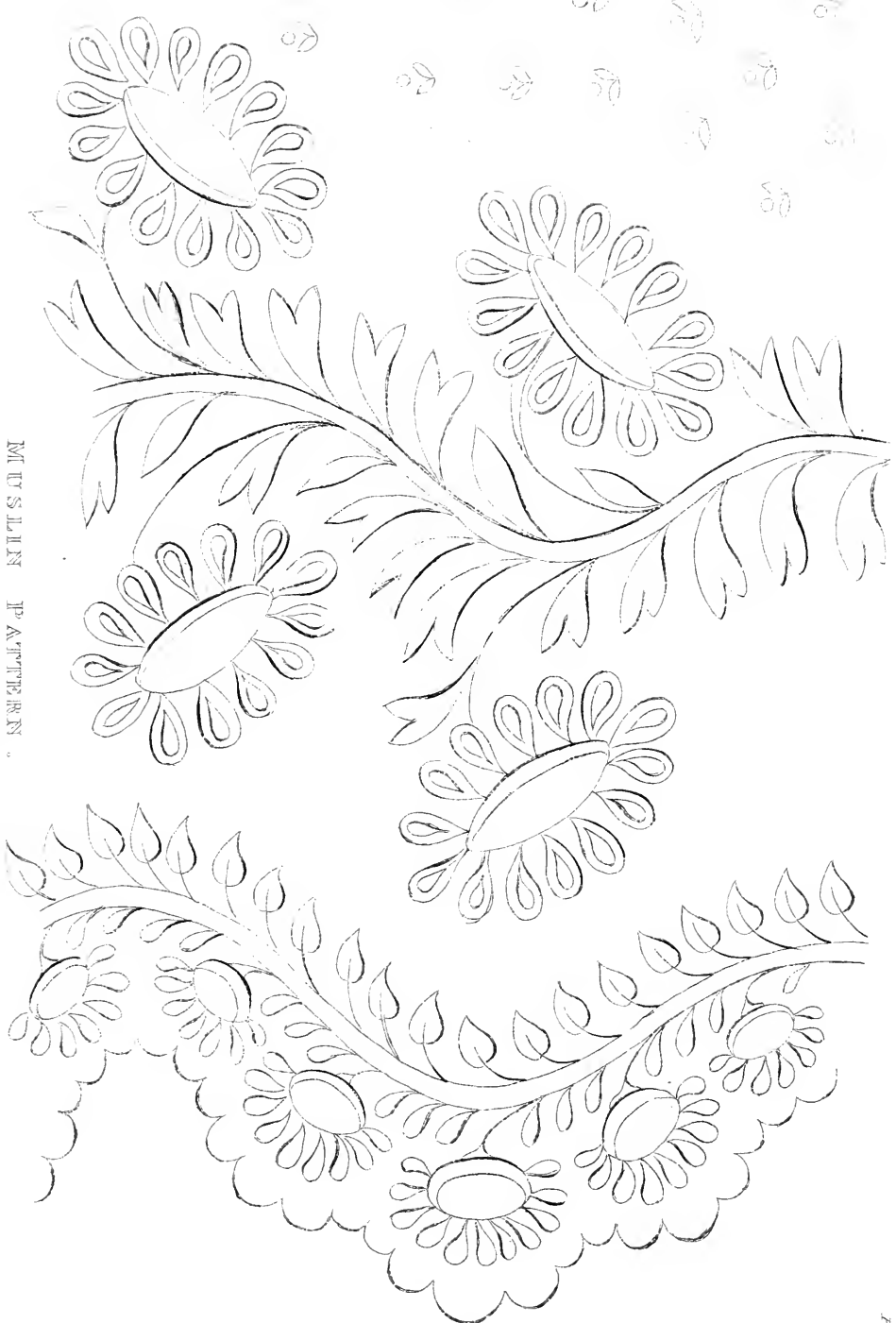
And Time to all alike a change hath brought;
Where breathes the man so favoured who
can say

He owns each tie, each hope, each wish, each
thought,

He did when dawn'd the past year's open-
ing day?

And change shall come again—the risen year
Bears storm and sun-light on its rainbow
wing:

Forme, whom Fate hath reft of all that's dear,
It can no darker than the present bring.



MUSLIN PAPERIN.

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER 1, 1828.

N^o. LXXI.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII. NOVEMBER 1, 1828. NO. LXXI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

KNOLE, KENT,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH.

THIS mansion ranks in the first class of the provincial residences of our nobility. Its original foundation is of so high antiquity, that its date cannot be ascertained by any authenticated documents extant. The earliest mention made of it is in the first years of the reign of King John, when this place was the property of the De Brent family, from which it passed to the Bethuns; and before the conclusion of the same reign it devolved to William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, by his marriage with the heiress of the latter. We next find it in possession of Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; also in right of marriage with the elder sister of the Earl of Pembroke. The estate was subsequently transmitted through the families of the Grandisons and the Says; and in the time of Henry VI. it was the property of Ralph Lighe, who sold it to James Fiennes. This

gentleman, who had accompanied Henry V. in his wars with France, had been rewarded for his services by distinguished honours: he was created Baron Say by Henry VI. summoned to parliament, appointed governor of Dover Castle, and invested with other high offices. His son, Lord Say and Sele, sold the estate in 1456 to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom the house was, in a great measure, rebuilt and the park inclosed, and who bequeathed this place to the see of Canterbury as a palace for his successors. It was accordingly enjoyed by Archbishops Morton, Dean, Wareham, and Cranmer; but after the attainder and execution of the latter it was seized by the crown. Edward VI. in his fourth year granted Knole in exchange to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk, who was

attainted and executed for high treason in the 1st of Queen Mary, when this property again reverted to the crown, and was granted by the queen to Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury. At the death of this prelate, which happened on the same day that the queen expired, Knole once more became the property of the crown, and was given by Elizabeth to Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, whose grandson conveyed it in 1603 to Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset. That nobleman thoroughly repaired the mansion, and made it his residence; and from that period this fine domain has been enjoyed by his descendants, the earls and dukes of Dorset.

The architecture of this immense pile bespeaks a variety of dates, the most ancient portions being probably coeval with the Mareschals and Bigods. The whole indeed appears to have been built before it became the property of the Sackvilles, and no part seems to be of more modern date than the reign of Elizabeth. The house is seated on an eminence, in the centre of a fine park, encompassed with beautiful valleys and lofty woods, situated on the south-east side of the town of Sevenoaks. It is a noble Gothic pile, of quadrangular form, and with the offices covers above five acres of ground. It consists of two large courts, which lead to a spacious hall; beyond which is another court, conducting to the garden. In the tower over the principal entrance are kept arms for fifty men. This tower is flanked by ranges of uniform buildings, which denote the breadth of the principal part of the edifice from north to south; but from east to west it forms an irregular pile of vast extent and imposing

appearance. On the north side the effect of the building is lost, owing to the various offices and plantations; and also on the south, from its walled-in garden and the park timber just beyond it. The annexed design was taken from the rising ground in the park, situated nearly north-east, being the only point commanding a view calculated to convey an adequate idea of this palace-like residence.

Our limits would not permit a mere enumeration of all the apartments in this building, of the extent of which some idea may be formed from the circumstance, that the principal superintendent of the establishment, who has resided at this place many years, cannot specify with accuracy the number of rooms which it contains. There are, however, upwards of four hundred, and above eighty staircases. The apartments and galleries are decorated with a numerous and valuable collection of pictures, many of them by the first masters of all ages; while the richness and variety of the furniture demonstrate the magnificence and antiquity of the noble family which has so long possessed this mansion.

The Hall is a noble room, 74 feet 10 inches by 27 feet, and 26 feet 8 inches high. The Brown Gallery contains a collection of portraits of royal personages, chiefly of the Holbein school, and those of other eminent persons, members of, or allied to, the noble family of Sackville*. The Cartoon Gallery, thus named from the copies of Raphael's celebrated car-

* In 1795 was published an 8vo. volume, containing "Biographical Sketches of eminent Persons whose Portraits form Part of the Duke of Dorset's Collection at Knole;" written by Henry Norton Willis, Esq.



LUSCOMBE,
SEAT OF CHAS. HICOLE ESQ.

toons by D. Mytens, which adorn it, is a superb apartment, 90 feet in length, 18 broad, and 15 in height. The King's Bedchamber is decorated with costly magnificence. It contains a profusion of massy silver urns, flower-pots, and other ornaments of the 17th century. The table and stands, the fire-irons, looking-glasses, &c. are framed and ornamented with silver. The toilette also is of silver, of beautiful workmanship. The state-bed, with furniture of gold and silver tissue, lined with pink satin, and embroidered with gold and silver, cost 8000*l*. The Chapel is a distinct building; and its neatness and simplicity bespeak the purity of the taste that dictated its appointments. The domestic offices are on a most extensive and even a grand scale.

The noble park corresponds with the mansion to which it is attached. It is extensive, ornamented with stately timber, and stocked with numerous herds of fine deer. The line of its surface is perpetually varying, so that new points of view are constantly presenting themselves. Stately beeches and venerable oaks fill every part of the landscapes. The plantations are not dotted about in clumps, as if they had no reference to a whole or general effect, but in broad and spacious masses cover the summits of the undulating line, or skirt the valleys in

easy sweeps. Two points of view among many others deserve attention. The one is from the end of a valley which runs in a south-west direction from the house, forming a gentle curve. The groves rise magnificently on each side; and the trees, many of them beeches of the largest size, are generally feathered to the bottom. The mansion, with its towers and battlements, and a background of hills covered with wood, terminate the vista. The other view, from a rising ground of the same valley, is of a different kind from the former. On gaining the summit of a hill, a prospect of vast extent bursts at once upon the eye; woods, heaths, towns, and villages, appearing in bright confusion: the sudden and abrupt manner in which the prospect presents itself being in perfect unison with the wildness of the scenery. The eye takes in a great part of West Kent, a considerable portion of Sussex, and the hills of Hampshire in the distance. The fore-ground is woody; whitened steeples rising every where among the trees, with gentlemen's seats scattered round in great abundance; and Penshurst, the ancient residence of the Sidneys, standing conspicuously on a gentle swell, forming a middle point between the fore-ground and the South Downs, that skirt the horizon.

LUSCOMBE, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF CHARLES HOARE, ESQ.

THERE are few places on the southern coast possessing so many local attractions as that truly delightful watering-place Dawlish, where every rational amusement from the busy scenes of life may be enjoyed, while the salubrity of the climate

is universally acknowledged. Luscombe, the occasional residence of Charles Hoare, Esq. the banker, is one of the most interesting buildings which has been constructed in this county, having been completed from the designs of Mr. Nash, whose su-

perior taste in modern Gothic architecture stands unrivalled. It is situated in a narrow valley, or combe, richly clothed with woody plantations, and possessing the most pleasing variety of scenery imaginable. In the construction of this delightful place the architect has adopted the most singular combination of forms, uniting the picturesque, the beautiful, and the convenient; while the prospects from the house are truly enchanting. The several apartments are fitted up in the most elegant style, and contain a very valuable library and the following works of art:

A whole-length portrait of the late Henry Hoare, Esq. of Mitcham, Surrey, the father of Lady Acland, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A.; the Shipwreck in the Tempest, De Loutherbourg; the Village Doctor, Northcote, R. A.; a Girl driving an Ass to Market, Northcote,

R. A.; Love Sheltered and Love's Ingratitude, from Anacreon, Thomson, R. A.; Venus, Sir Joshua Reynolds; Infant Shakspeare, Sir Joshua Reynolds; a Boy looking through the Bars of a Den of Tigers, Northcote, R. A.; the Red-Cross Knight, from Spenser, Thomson, R. A.; a fine Landscape, Ruysdael, the cattle by Adrian Vanderveelde; Cattle Piece, Bassano.

The grounds round the house are adorned with some of the choicest shrubs, and, together with the conservatory, are kept in perfect order. The liberality of the worthy proprietor is universally acknowledged, and his polite attentions to visitors cannot be forgotten by those who have shared them.

For the above particulars we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale, the author of "Excursions in Devonshire."

MY GRANDMOTHERS.

My grandmothers were both first-rate beauties in their day, but of a most opposite kind. My paternal grandmother was, within my recollection, a stately old lady, with a smooth, fair, unwrinkled face, to which time had added dignity, without robbing it of much of its beauty. It seemed as if a single solar ray had never reached its surface, or as if a breath of east wind had never ruffled the soft down of her cheek. But hers was a countenance without animation or expression. My maternal grandmother was tall and thin, with somewhat of a stoop. Her features were sharp and angular, as is often the case in age after the most distinguished beauty. Her skin was trans-

parently clear; and her eye retained all its wonted lustre. She had, however, a certain degree of severity in her look; and her face was by no means indebted to the copious use of snuff for any addition to its attractions.

In character, as well as appearance, these two old ladies were the very reverse of each other: yet both were excellent people in their way. One had been brought up in the old school of worsted-work and ignorance; the other was a genius—I might almost say a *blue*. They had, as I have often heard, a most sovereign contempt for each other: one for what the other *had*; the other for what the former *had not*.

As a boy I was a great deal with my grandmothers, and experienced much kindness from both; but they were kindnesses altogether dissimilar. One is associated in my mind with custards, apple-pies, and all sorts of indulgences; the other (much as I respect her memory from the opinions of maturer age) has left no pleasing impression on my mind. Her "hoity-toity!" her sharp nasal tones, caused by the joint influence of spectacles without and snuff within, still resound in my ears.

When I visited the former, which I always did with pleasure, I was allowed to do what I liked, only with a special proviso in favour of the drawing-room and the tabby cat. I lived among the men-servants, who are always agreeable companions to boys; and the housekeeper, good soul! who took after her mistress, allowed me the free run of the larder. The longest period I ever spent with the other was when I had an inflammation in the eyes. The discipline I then underwent, and the low diet to which I was very properly confined, have caused me to associate her memory with senna-tea, sheeps'-trotters, and water-gruel. But independently of this, she was fond of quacking herself and others; and in her household, it must be confessed, she was rather stingy; so that the food I received there, at any time, was more for the mind than the body. Had these two essentials been more equally attended to in both houses, it might have been the better for me. Here I was entirely excluded from associating with the servants; and the most I could do in that way was to exchange a side-long leer with the footman as he waited at table. I was kept as much

as possible in the society of the old lady and that of my youngest aunt, a great over-taught girl, who bore testimony to her mother's discipline by the most starch and subdued demeanour before her face, and the most hoidenish manners behind her back. No one was permitted to be idle in her house, and to this rule I was not allowed to be an exception; for I had generally some task assigned me, which, joined to frequent lectures and some few chastisements, led me to number the days I passed there as any thing but *holidays*.

There was also a strong contrast in the habits of my two grandmothers. The last-mentioned, though possessing delicate health, was of an active mind, and disposed to be equally so in body, if a feeble frame would have permitted. The other never took up any thing of herself either in mind or body; and this habitual indolence, added to the circumstance of her having had but one child, will account for the extreme freshness of her appearance in old age.

My maternal grandmother was rather negligent in her person, and set little value on externals. Her household economy extended even to the manufacture of mould candles, with which process my youthful olfactories were often regaled.—Good heavens! my other grandmother would have fainted at the smell of boiling tallow.—She cared little for the opinion of others, and consequently must have had some eccentric ways. One was that of wearing a bag to her nose at night during the winter; for she would not allow herself a fire in her bed-room. Having been sent for to her room one morning when she was confined from indis-

position, I found her with her face enveloped and her nose attired as above-mentioned. At such a sight I was seized with a most vehement fit of laughter; to conceal which from her observation I was forced to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth, and to sink down by the bed-side, where I lay for some time almost in convulsions.

My paternal grandmother was neatness personified; and all her habits were in conformity. She was a decided epicure; and she used to say that they who had no taste for good things wanted a sense. She always breakfasted in bed; and her toilet lasted till near two o'clock. I was often summoned to attend at this important ceremony, which somewhat amused me at first, till a constant recurrence of the same tales of her youth, and the repeated display of the same paraphernalia, at length made her levees so stale, that I generally wished myself in the house-keeper's room or the servants' hall; but I must say she looked downright pretty in her mob cap and snow-white dimity night-gown; and when dressed for company she was magnificent. As she went the round of her trinkets, each ring had a tale attached to it, and each miniature brought forth a eulogium on some one of my ancestors, whose virtues I was desired to imitate, though in all humility; for, as usual, every thing associated with her best days was *couleur de rose*. She used to tell me, in the simplicity of her heart, that she had been the most fortunate of her sex, having possessed *two* of the best husbands that ever fell to the lot of woman: to the half of which assertion the sigh and apostrophe of "my poor dear colonel!"

which accompanied the closing of the miniature of her last lord (that of the first never being forthcoming), bore ample testimony, as far as *her* opinion went; though I have since understood that he married her chiefly for her jointure, and worked on her simplicity so as materially to encroach upon the property of my father, then a minor. Her toilet lectures very naturally ran upon the importance of attending to my person, upon cleaning my teeth, &c. and she never failed to examine my hands, and to chide me for a most inveterate trick I had acquired of biting my nails. These admonitions, or personal appearance, were, to be sure, occasionally qualified with the homely maxim of "handsome is that handsome does," uttered, however, in such a way, that one could easily perceive that she would rather have reversed the order of the verbs. But her favourite maxim, with which she generally wound up her lectures on good breeding, was, "manners makyth man;" which saying of William of Wykeham's she always applied in its most literal and confined sense. Although well advanced in years, she never used spectacles, not so much, I believe, from any peculiar strength in her visual organs, as from the little use she made of them; for I never saw her at any needle-work that required good sight, nor did I ever observe her open a book except her Prayer-Book and the "Week's Preparation," both of which doubtless she knew by heart. I never shall forget the horror her countenance expressed on seeing my mother employed in hearing us our Greek grammar. Had she fallen upon the witch of Endor in the midst of her most hellish incantations, she could

not have been more horrified. "You understand Greek, mam? Oh!" In vain did my mother explain that she had only learned the alphabet in order that she might hear us our lessons in my father's absence. It would not do. To the hour of her death she believed that my mother spoke Greek, and never was very cordial with her after the discovery.

I heard from both my grandmothers on quitting England many years ago. One letter contained such advice as might be expected from a person of sound sense and considerable knowledge of the world; the other, I well remember, concluded with the words, "Don't nibble nails."

B.

THE SPECTRE ISLE.

(Concluded from page 208.)

"CONFESSION of error is a bounden duty of penitent transgressors; and I, the chief of sinners, ought to mortify the pride that struggles against this humiliation, and to furnish others with an impressive caveat against instability in religious sentiments. I was born of an ancient, opulent, and, in early times, a noble family, in the north of England. My grandfather, by his high connections, and still more by his talents and services, acquired a high rank in the British army. My father had a commission in the same regiment. He was a worthy, generous, brave, and careless soldier, enjoying the present moment, and diffusing around the cheerful gaiety of his own buoyant spirit. Being an only child, his partial father perceived no evil in his indolent propensities; but he was not four months of age to have the management of an estate inherited from his mother when it appeared that habitual self-indulgence is unsafe as culpable. My grandfather was obstinately devoted to the novelties of the falsely designated reformed doctrines of Christianity; and I believe could sooner have reconciled his prejudices to a daughter-in-law of humble origin, if tolerably educat-

ed as a gentlewoman and professing the religion of English Protestants, than have forgiven his son for marriage with a Roman Catholic lady of most respectable parentage, exquisite beauty, fine accomplishments, and superior intellect. The lady gave him her vows in secrecy: accident revealed their union; and after some time Major B. acknowledged the lady as his daughter-in-law, on condition that the boy she had recently produced should be reared a member of the church of England. His son and he were obliged to embark for the West Indies with their regiment; and Major B. stipulated, as an indispensable condition of his reconciliation to the young couple, that the child, with his nurse, should board with the vicar of his parish, and remain under his tuition until sixteen years of age. My mother did not think it prudent to reject proposals which circumstances might hereafter enable her to modify according to her own wishes. In a few years the clergyman and his wife died rather suddenly. They undoubtedly meant my improvement; but to their harsh and imperious controul over a timid weak mind, I attribute my unsuitness to think or act

for myself as I advanced in age. Habit is a second nature, and some free will should be allowed to children, that they may be accustomed to use it with the discretion which experience alone can impart. I plead not for the latitude that might foster bad passions; but rational liberty invigorates every good disposition, and gives youth a promptitude in judgment and decision of character. I, unhappy I, never possessed, nor had I penetration to discover, the source of my imbecility, until the conversation and conduct of the best and wisest of spouses and mothers enlightened my understanding. Happily for our children, my wife governed them with firm yet mild restriction where indispensable; but she extorted no abject subservience. I am anticipating the only happy period of my life, and must retrograde to the events of childhood.

"In my twelfth year, having lost the guardians appointed by my grandfather and father, my mother assumed her natural right. Shame and dread of punishment from her confessor, and maternal endearment on her part, separated me from the church of England; and at the age of fourteen I made a formal recantation, and was admitted to the holy privileges of apostolic institutions. My father and grandfather were on actual service in the West Indies and with the allied armies on the Continent. They had no intelligence of family concerns, except from my mother, and she managed to prevent the trustees of their pecuniary affairs from meddling with particulars not consigned to their ministration. James II. King of England, that royal martyr of the Catholic religion, who sacrificed his crown to his fi-

delity to the Pope, transmitted the same devotion of soul to his son and his grandson, Prince Charles, the brave adventurer that came to conquer or die in the cause. The most ardent enthusiasm pervaded every member of the true church, and every sacrifice and exertion contributed to the success of the pious enterprise. My mother raised a numerous levy of English Catholics, sent them in small detachments to join the standard of faith and loyalty, and dispatched me in the disguise of a dealer in small wares to take the command. I found my men at Edinburgh. Prince Charles received me with the captivating affability and grace which inspired the most fervid and unbounded attachment in all that had the honour of admission to his presence. I was inebriated by the charm of his gracious condescension, and I counted every moment lost until opportunity should offer to draw my sword in his service. We moved northward the following day. No signal engagement afforded scope for the fiery thirst of glory that kept my spirit under hourly excitement till I volunteered to take the brunt of battle with the Highlanders who first rushed upon the enemy's artillery and bore down all before them for some time at Culloden. I perceived a general officer rallying his men, who had yielded to our impetuous attack; a fierce combat, hand to hand, brought the general headlong from his charger, after inflicting and receiving several desperate wounds. Instinctive horror seized me when I beheld his grey hairs streaming with blood; and while helping a trumpeter to draw the aged warrior from beneath his disabled steed my senses failed, and I underwent a long alter-

nation of insensibility and confused perception.

"Distinct consciousness returning, I found myself in a boat near the western extremity of Lochness. A gentleman, far stricken in years, lay upon the same plaid. He had lost an arm; and his side, miserably lacerated, had no dressing but a part of his Holland shirt fixed over it with a leathern belt. I was ashamed to utter a complaint when the alpine hero sustained his sufferings with cheerful fortitude. We were placed on rude litters, and borne upon the shoulders of stout Highlanders to the coast. The faithful indefatigable bearers of our conveyances never halted during two days; and when they laid us on the bed provided for the chieftain in his own barge, they fled to caves and dens from the vengeful pursuit of Duke William's soldiers. In the isle where I now guide my pen and hope to resign an ascetic existence the gallant chief and I were attended by his lady and daughter. The chieftainess had striking remains of beauty; and her daughter, handsome, though past the vernal bloom of loveliness, possessed all the elegance of the court of St. Germain, where she had spent the first twenty-five years of her life. The chief had been an honourable adherent to the good old cause in 1715, and fled to France with his lady and infant daughter, and another person, who, habited as a priest, acted in the present emergency as surgeon, nurse, and ghostly director. They were now for ever excluded from their hereditary castle and lands, to which Prince Charles gave them a transient restoration.

"The skill of the priest effected
Vol. XII. No. LXXI.

wonders for the chieftain and me. We were so much recovered that we could converse a little. The cottage where we lodged had been a Catholic secret meeting-house; temporary partitions formed small apartments for the ladies, and for culinary purposes and keeping stores, which the clan abundantly supplied. The chief and I occupied one little room, and the priest had a bed beside us. The chief said to me one day, 'Your sword was not laggard on Culloden field. You did good service by killing General B. I wished to assist you in making the veteran a prisoner, rather than to cut short the remnant of his distinguished life; but, though I glanced my eye upon your encounter, I had too much to do, and could not shake off my assailants to join you.'

"Would that grape-shot had been mercifully directed to blow me to atoms! In that moment of agony I could not speak one syllable to acknowledge my unintentional parricide. A delirious fever brought me to the borders of the tomb. I prepared for eternity, having confessed the enormous, yet undesigned guilt of raising my arm against my grand-sire, and inflicting upon him the stroke of death. The priest exhorted me to composure, and said, 'that extreme unction could not be granted to me until I had performed an act of justice, which he always purposed to enjoin, but which now appeared to him infinitely more incumbent to atone for the parental blood shed by my hand.' I declared myself willing to undergo any penance he should prescribe.

"'It is no penance,' he replied; 'I ask only a deed of humanity. The

M M

chieftain is stretched with the dust of his fathers. While you were in a state of mental aberration a man of war landed a number of men upon our isle. We supposed that they came to arrest the chieftain, and hastily conveyed him to a cave. He caught cold and died. The sailors returned often before and after his decease, and their object seemed merely to kill the goats and some cattle belonging to this family. Such a loss can be easily compensated to the lady, who is determined to live and die here, that she may obtain a grave beside her husband in the burying-ground at the northern end of this island. She has never left her bed since the chief expired. Her only son fell bravely at Culloden; and one boy, his sole offspring, has been in concealment since the troubles began. I have sent for the orphan. I hope the sight of him and his innocent fondness may comfort his grandmother.'

"I expressed the most tender sympathy in those griefs. 'Would you not make some sacrifices to assuage them?' said the priest.

"'Any sacrifice can cost little to a dying man. Name it without delay. I am faint with the effort of listening and talking to you.'

"'Ah!' said the priest, 'as a friend of the departed chief, it is like tearing my vitals from their place to acknowledge that our young lady has suffered from malicious tongues for her attendance upon you. Marriage alone can overcome the scandal. Decide whether you will afford that essential consolation to her and her mother: one hour may be too late in your expiring case.'

"I entreated the priest not to delay one instant. The sacrament of mar-

riage preceded extreme unction, and I lay several days in a state of doubtful animation. The assiduities of my wife and the priest succeeded in prolonging my life. My convalescence was slow, and I had a severe relapse, caused, I believe, by wounded honour—jealousy I should not call it—for I was far, very far, from being violently enamoured. Yet my indignation flamed on observing a tone of familiar confidence and affection between my wife and the churchman, who was very handsome in face and person, and very elegant and insinuating in manners. Perhaps, upon the whole, my recovery was expedited by the stimulus of wrath.

"Before the winter set in I was in good health, and very watchful of my wife and her confessor. My worst suspicions received full confirmation when a child appeared. My mother-in-law and the priest said his birth was premature, and for a few months they lamented his puny size and frequent indisposition. I knew nothing of the constitution of infancy, and ignorance left me a prey to an idea that they imposed on my youth and credulity. I felt myself insulted, duped, degraded, and aggrieved: but how might I seek redress, unless by watching the passing sails I should procure release from a den of infamy? I spent day after day in a circuit of the coast, and about the end of spring a ship from Shields took refuge from a storm in one of the harbours. The master had some recollection of my features, and I mentioned circumstances that left no doubt that I was the son of Colonel B. who, in consequence of the old general's death at Culloden, had taken possession of the estates. The cap-

tain told me my mother died in fits, supposing I also had been killed there. 'Wretch that I am!' I said to myself, 'I slew my grandfather, and caused the premature dissolution of my mother.'

"A voyage and the hearty kindness of the good seaman moderated my compunctious pangs, and new objects soon engrossed my thoughts. The first person I met as I landed on the quay at Shields was my father. We were strangers to each other, but the honest blunt skipper introduced me. My heinous offences rushed like a torrent of lava over my memory in this sudden recognition. I had forsaken the religion of my father, and I had embraced theological and political opinions the most repugnant to his sentiments. My hand was indelibly stained with the blood of my grandfather, and I had disposed of that hand in a degraded marriage. I swooned at the feet of my parent; a dangerous illness ensued; and before I could mix in society, I made up my mind to spare the pain of disclosing misfortunes that admitted of no remedy.

"Colonel B. took it for granted that his son was all he could desire. I attended him to church, and he took me to visit the neighbouring nobility and gentry. The matchless attractions of Lady Julia S. taught me the pains and enchantments of passionate admiration. Her mother would not consent to our union, unless my father agreed to the Earl of S.'s application to his Majesty for the revival of our ancient title; and these impediments steadied my attachment. With much reluctance his military pride assented to ask what Colonel B. thought should have been spontaneously be-

stowed as a reward for long and arduous service. The loveliest and best of her sex became mine. Beauty was the least of her endowments. Four sons inherited her great and good qualities; and, O saints and angels, preserve my reason while I recall to mind the diabolical sin of shortening their lives and the life of their adorable mother!

"Against the opinion of my wife, I took her and my boys to France, and in less than a year the atrocious crimes that marked the second stage of the revolution shewed me that Lady Julia had justly estimated the hazards I rashly encountered. Weak minds are impassive to reason, and consequently obstinate; and I am justly punished by the loss of all my treasures. We escaped from the vortex of anarchy in a small fishing-smack. A tempest of two days forced us to the north, and after beating and tossing about till all reckoning of time became impossible, our frail bark dashed upon rocks. No soul emerged from the relentless surges but the destroyer of all he loved on earth. How I existed during many days appears as a miracle ordained to chastise my accumulated guilt. I remember nothing: yet I must have been actively employed in dragging packages thrown out by the waves to the shore, and by me transported to this cottage. I must have taken food and rest: yet not a trace remains upon my memory of the laborious work I accomplished in collecting, unpacking, and arranging moveables of all sizes and kinds. Early in spring I left France, and summer was advanced before I became conscious of my situation. Let the reader judge how I mourned for all I held dear. The holy emblems

of religion met my distracted gaze. I knew that they once belonged to my mother, and regarded them as a call to return from apostacy. While fluctuating in these purposes, I observed a bundle of papers nearly covered with dust. It consisted of letters, from which I learned that the priest of whom I thought so much evil was the natural brother of my first wife; that he was an infant when the chieftainess came to her castle, was brought home, and reared and educated by her with all the kindness of a mother. Another letter gave me to understand, that this priest, taken in the act of celebrating mass in the north of England, had been condemned to the plantations: but what has become of my deserted boy or his mother I never knew. For me nought remains but penitence. I am loaded

with crimes, and——." Here the penmanship became illegible.

"Unhappy deluded solitary!" said Dr. W. "He speaks of the Roman Catholic institutions as infallible. Such is the fatuity of prejudice in weak minds. And how false must be the religion which teaches that self-inflicted cruelties are acceptable to our beneficent and merciful Father in heaven! Add to these considerations the tortures to which heretics are doomed by the Inquisition, and our reason, if not blinded by superstitious prepossessions, will clearly perceive, that the barbarous discipline of Popish penances and the castigation of heretics may and ought to be regarded with horror as libels upon the Deity."

B. G.

A MASKED BALL IN THE COUNTRY.

Who can describe the beauty of Fairfields, alike the pride and envy of our neighbourhood? The house commands a view of a delightful valley, yet it is sheltered behind by a range of picturesque undulations, and screened by such a noble wood as you shall not meet with in every day's journey. The park surrounding it is of great extent, yet the eye is not fatigued with searching for its boundaries, for the plantations are arranged with such consummate art as to resemble the happiest efforts of nature: its appearance is rather snug than spacious; and the mind, unoppressed by any idea of the vast opulence of its possessor, revels in the beauty of its scenery, for the peculiar character of the place is simplicity.

Sir William Roseville, as soon as his parliamentary duties permit, retires to its shades with an almost filial affection, since he has lived to perfect the design which his father began of making Fairfields the most elegant and desirable residence in this or the next county. About the beginning of August he was quietly settled in his retreat, patiently waiting till the 1st of September should bring with it his favourite diversion of shooting, filling up the intervening time by practising his guns and pointers. Not so contented was his lady: frequent rains had made her a prisoner in her own house; to enjoy brooks and groves was impossible; the former were swollen into torrents, and the latter were dripping with the tears of heaven;

or, if an occasional gleam of sunshine allured her abroad, she paid the forfeit of temerity by being overtaken by one of those hasty and "pitiless storms" which have defaced the beauties of our island, and circumscribed the comfort of its inhabitants during the past summer. Books and music, two grand resources of the secluded, had been resorted to so often, that, like a good remedy frequently repeated, they had failed of producing the desired effect. Invitations to visit Fairfields had all been declined until the weather should prove more favourable; and Lady Roseville was *au desespoir* for amusements, when one morning the sun shining forth without a cloud and the barometer rising towards *fair* promised better things, and so completely dissipated her ladyship's *ennui*, that she sat at breakfast looking out on the brilliant scene with that sort of intense delight which is never felt till we have been taught the value of our pleasures by deprivation. "We must give our annual *fête*, Sir William," said she suddenly; but Sir William was so deep in the affairs of the East, that he merely raised his eyes from the newspaper which he was reading and nodded assent. "Yes, we must indeed," continued the lady: "something in the style of that superb thing given by a lovely marchioness last season would be a novelty here; not that I should choose to disguise myself in an Elizabethan dress; I should rather prefer the *costume* of a sultana; and you, my love, would make a noble sultan."—"A noble fellow that," said Sir William, still weighing the chances of war between the Turks and Russians.—"Ah, I remember you always admired that Turkish dress in the last work we had on

costume," said her ladyship, pleased to find that she had excited her husband's attention at last.—"Dress! ah, I hope they will give the Russians a good dressing," said Sir William.—"The Russians, my love!" said Lady Roseville with surprise; "what on earth could make you think of *their* dressing? Such undressable barbarians!"—"As for their barbarism, Marianne," said the baronet, who is one of those men of solid but not bright parts, who find it difficult to take in more than one idea at a time, and who was not a little pleased to think he had inveigled his lady into a political conversation—"as for their barbarism, they are much upon a par, Turks and Russians; but I do not like to see such huge, overgrown"—"Ah, my love, I understand you," interrupted the lady; "you can't bear the immense Cossack beards and caps—I hope we shall have none at my party!"—"Your party!" echoed Sir William in unfeigned astonishment—"your party!"—but at that moment the whining of his favourite dogs was heard pleading for their usual morning's walk; and without waiting for an explanation, their master hurried away to answer their importunities.

"What a dear, good, puzzling man is that!" said lady Roseville, lifting up her hands. "Well, he has no objection to appearing *à la Turque*, so that question is settled, and I shall write the orders to Mrs. Trim immediately. And let me see, have I a good store of cards?" she said, opening a superb cabinet—"oh no, not half enough: I must send an immense commission to Mr. Papyrus, and if he does not send me new devices for my *invite*—something to make a sensation—I shall be very angry."

At this moment a servant entered the room with an *envelope*, which was eagerly opened. "Shall the messenger wait, my lady?"—"No, tell him Sir William is out," said Lady Roseville in a tone of vexation, to which she gave free vent as soon as she was left alone. "How provoking! cards from that annoying woman, Mrs. Management, for a party of exactly the same description as I intend to give—pshaw! *intended* I should say, for the whole plan must be given up—is in short defeated by the only woman in the world that I really hate. Vulgar wretch! I suppose she has been consulting the almanack for a change of weather, and had her cards ready to distribute on the first dispersion of the clouds. If we go, half the evening will be consumed in listening to the history of how she managed to be in such good time, to say nothing of her housekeeper's forethought in the way of jellies and preserves, which I guess will be recommended as excellent, although they can boast a fortnight's existence."

Thus did her ladyship endeavour to kill the time until she saw Sir William returning from his walk, when she flew to meet him with the cause of her discomfiture open in her hand. "See, my dear," she exclaimed, "how dangerous are delays! Here is neighbour Management thwarting all my designs for the amusement of myself and friends at one blow." Sir William read the invitation without paying any attention to the lady's comments; then looking up with a most provokingly calm aspect, he asked, "Do we go, Marianne?"—"Just as you please. If it were not so much trouble for you to make up your mind, I might have forestalled Mrs.

Management, and been gay at my own house, instead of swelling that silly creature's triumph."—"Well then," said Sir William, who had only heard the first part of her ladyship's answer, being completely engrossed with the beauty of his canine favourites, "we had better accept the invitation."

"This is intolerable," said Lady Roseville, as she left her impenetrable spouse: "yet since it must be so, since I *must* go, I will astonish the natives with the splendour of our *costumes*. Sir William's dark eyes will flash with ten-fold lustre from beneath a sultan's turban; and besides, there is an apathy, an indolence about him, that will well become the character," she continued, endeavouring in the dilemma even to turn what she considered her husband's greatest faults to some account; proving the truth of the old adage, that "necessity is the mother of invention."

A fortnight was scarcely sufficient to complete Lady Roseville's preparations for Mrs. Management's *fête*; at last the dresses arrived. Her ladyship arrayed herself in hers; she looked, as her maid told her, the beautifullest creature in the world, and went to the dining-room in the full conviction that she should surprise Sir William into an ecstasy of admiration. The common topics of the day were, however, discussed and the dinner half over before he made any observation on his lady's attire, when accidentally looking at her, he said, in an unusual tone of animation, "Bless me, Marianne, how indifferently your maid has dressed you to-day! I never saw you looking so ill before."—"Well, this is the most provoking of all!" exclaimed her

ladyship, almost crying with vexation. "The pains I have taken to have this dress exactly according to your wishes, and now to be disappointed!"—"My wishes!" said the astonished husband.—"Yes; did not you tell me you preferred the Turkish to any other *costume*? and have not I got two of the most superb suits both for myself and you?"—"For me!" repeated Sir William, in a long note of amazement.—"To be sure I have; and there is no doubt but you will be reckoned by far the most striking figure at the gala to-morrow. Richardson shall bring it," said she, ringing the bell, "and shew it to you."

The baronet stood endeavouring to solve the problem which had been so unexpectedly proposed to him; but being roused from his reverie by the appearance of Richardson, turned from the huge mass of velvet, &c. with which he was loaded, with a look of horror. However, being seriously engaged over an excellent dessert, which with Sir William was a sedative for all care and a balm for all irritation, his lady had not much difficulty in persuading him that he was the *veritable* "*superbe Orosmane*" when attired in the dress she had purposed for him. In fact, so much was said about the brilliancy of his eyes and the dignity of his deportment, that, with the indolence of his character and the vanity common to *man* as well as womankind, he was at length inclined to believe "that the trouble of obliging Marianne was not so very irksome."

The clock struck nine on the eventful evening of the *fête* as Sir William Roseville's carriage, containing "two strange-looking people," as the peasants remarked, drove through

the luxuriant plantations of Fairfields, and, dashing at a rapid rate through the little village of Longbrook to avoid observation, turned into the road that led to the residence of Mrs. Management. They had proceeded some distance, when the coachman intimated that it was next to impossible to go on, for the late rains had rendered the road a complete swamp, and the spirited horses would refuse to extricate the carriage if it once got to a dead set. At this moment a loud halloo from behind diverted their attention from this agreeable piece of intelligence. "Help, help!" cried a deep-toned voice; "my Lord Dashaway's caravan is overturned hard by, and all the inhabitants of the earth are brought low and bespattered with the mud of this delectable quagmire." The figure who spoke was disguised after the manner of Shakespeare's clowns, and wore on his head a cap and bells, which every motion set a-ringing. Sir William's horses took fright at the noise, and began to plunge and rear. "For goodness sake," said Lady Roseville, "give me your cap! We shall all be murdered, my dear," she continued; "do pray go and see what can be done for the poor creatures who are in such a strait."—"That," said the phlegmatic Sir William, "is out of my power; this long robe puts a stop to any other motion than a slow march."—"Pull it off," said his lady.—"Ah! do, my master," said the clown, "and come and help your fellow-creatures through a dirty world!"

After some consideration and not a little exertion, he allowed himself to be conducted to such a scene as would have been worth a "Jew's eye" to Cruikshank. A gipsy was

pouring oil into the wounds of a young Quaker, whose head was bleeding profusely from beneath his broad-brimmed hat; a Chinese was administering to the distresses of a *belle Parisienne*; and a Roman lady was supported in the arms of an English jockey. Shepherdesses were fain to content themselves with the assiduities of a Falstaff; and a Lady Macbeth was to be seen rubbing no *visionary* spot from the palms of her fair hands. Lord Dashaway, who was seriously hurt, had been the cause of the disaster by taking the reins from his coachman and driving very injudiciously; while he at present cut a miserable figure, his judge's wig having changed from its original snow-white purity to a party-coloured appearance, somewhat resembling the plumage of the magpie. "I say, Mr. Wiseacre," he cried, as soon as he saw the gentleman in the clown's dress returned, "if you had had the wit to doff your cap before, we should have now been partaking of the hospitality of Orderly Hall."—"I plead guilty, without taking into the account any of your lordship's errors in judgment," said the clown; and immediately began to ascertain the extent of the mischief. With the aid of Sir William's muscular arm, he succeeded in placing the ladies out of danger, and messengers were dispatched for carriages, which there was but little chance of obtaining. All idea of the "mazy dance" faded into dim perspective; *beaux* forgot the wit which they intended to sport, and *belles* their premeditated repartees.

In the midst of their consternation, a carriage was heard passing along the turnpike road. "Make an appeal to the humanity of the travel-

lers," said Lord Dashaway; and at the same moment the clown called in his deep sonorous voice for assistance, setting forth the pitiable condition of his party, of which his own person formed a pretty strong proof; but the louder he called the faster the carriage rolled on. The shadows of night were thickening around them, and the situation of the disabled masqueraders was rendered more deplorable by a fast-descending shower. Presently a horseman rode up; it was a servant from Orderly Hall, inquiring if a carriage had been seen on the road to London; and on receiving an affirmative answer, he instantly started off at full speed, saying that Miss Management had taken advantage of the confusion of the evening to elope with a young Irishman, who had been twice forbidden her mother's well-conducted mansion. "Did you see any thing of my carriage?" asked Sir William Roseville with unusual quickness; but the rider clapped spurs to his horse, impatient of delay. "This is some trick," cried Sir William in a rage, whose anger, though not easily roused, was less easily appeased. "What business had you, sir," he said, addressing the clown, "to lead me here, when Lady Roseville so much required my protection?" and he put himself into a boxing attitude.—"I was the only survivor," said the clown with a provoking drawl; "the rest were all *kilt*, and you know I could not live alone."—"If all is as I suspect," said the enraged Sir William, "you will not survive much longer;" and then stalked off in his Turkish boots, the only wreck remaining of his late disguise.

On he went, through thick and

thin, till he reached the goal of his wishes, and there found Lady Roseville, yawning on a couch, the image of fatigue and *ennui*. The rooms of Orderly Hall, instead of presenting a display of crowded gaiety, were but half filled, and the hostess herself in a state of alarm on account of the disappearance of her eldest hope, which she tried in vain to conceal. The effect of the scene was not a little heightened by the appearance of Sir William, who marched into the room covered with the soil of his late undertaking. "I am glad I've found you," he said, taking his wife's hand, "for I suspected I had lost you:" and looked upon her with the same delight that he gazes on his obedient dogs—"I am glad I have found you: but where is the carriage?"—"As safe as I am," said Lady Roseville; and then whispered, "On the road to Gretna."—"And the horses too?" asked Sir William, starting.—"No," said her ladyship, "your bits of blood, like your wife, remain on hand: but really I could not resist the importunities of Julia Management, as she met me at the entrance, to resign my seat to her, since the poor girl told me that all the hacks in the neighbourhood were in requisition to take home Lord Dashaway's wounded regiment."—"And does her mother suspect you?"—"On no, I've *managed* better," said her ladyship laughing.—"How are we to get home?" asked Sir William.—"Nay, you must contrive that; I have done my part," said the lady yawning, when she saw that her lord and master did not en-

tirely relish the joke. However, another long half-hour brought them to the conclusion of the fancy-ball, which had so much excited Lady Roseville's envy: the company separated in that state of pitiable discontent which is sure to succeed an unsuccessful or unenjoyed party of pleasure; and the distracted hostess was too much engrossed with her family cares to know whether Lady Roseville left the house in a chariot or a balloon. All attempts to overtake the fugitives on the road to Gretna were unavailing; and the young lady was united, not as she expected, to the younger branch of a noble family of Milesian descent, but to the son of an honest manufacturer of Belfast; and to complete the discomfort of the owner of Orderly Hall, the following paragraph shortly after went the round of the newspapers, ascribed to the pen of the gentleman who intended to have exercised his wit as the clown on the unfortunate evening which had brought so much disappointment: "The preparations for the ball which recently took place at Orderly Hall were of the most splendid description; the beauty and variety of the decorations, and the taste and elegance of the arrangements (to say nothing of the profusion and excellence of the refreshments), surpassed all expectation: indeed, the entertainment would have gone off with the greatest *éclat*, if the roads to the mansion had been passable; and, in short, if the whole had not been entirely spoiled by mis-management."

Longbrook-Lodge, Sept. 1827.

REMARKS ON THE COMET OF 1832.

THE civilized world has for a considerable time past taken the word of astronomers for it that comets are not fire-ships, sailing about in the firmament. The conjunctions of the planets and eclipses have for a still longer period lost the privilege of filling the nations of the earth with a far more unreasonable panic. Of these sublime alarms nothing is now left but the certainly indisputable possibility of the collision of the earth with a comet; but the probability of such an event is so infinitely small, that no rational person entertains the least apprehension on account of it. —Those, however, who, when Olbers recently announced that in 1832 a comet would approach very near the earth's orbit, confounded that orbit with the earth itself, and occasioned a public correction of this error, will admit that they had no better grounds for their unconcern than their ancestors had for their anxiety.

The course of the comet which will appear in 1832, and which returns every six years and three quarters, was calculated in France, and these observations were verified and amended in Germany. In the year 1832, this comet, when it is nearest to the earth, will still be eight millions of geographical miles (fifteen of which are equal to 69 English miles) distant from us: it might approach ten times nearer without injury, for in 1770 a comet came within 750,000 French leagues. Lalande computes that a comet would not produce any perceptible derangement in the earth unless it approached so near as 13,000 leagues. Now the comet of 1832 will pass tolerably near to the

earth's orbit; that is to say, at the distance of five and a half diameters of the earth, or about 6700 geographical miles. In 1773 Lalande was the innocent occasion of a much greater alarm. Newton, when treating of the consequences that must result from the collision of the earth and a comet, remarked that Providence had so arranged matters that such a collision was impossible. Lalande was of a different opinion: astronomers, it is true, were not acquainted with any cometary orbit that intersected the earth's orbit; but the planetary attractions might produce considerable variations in the orbits; and, besides, all the cometary orbits were far from being known. Was it not therefore too bold to assert positively that none of the yet uncalculated cometary orbits could come into collision with the earth's orbit, and that none of those which were known could be so changed as to intersect the earth's orbit? So thought Lalande, and time has confirmed his notion; for the comet which re-appears every six years and three quarters passes so near to the earth's orbit, that, in case of the slightest perturbation, the two orbits might intersect one another. But if any catastrophe is to ensue, it is not the orbits merely, but the bodies themselves that must meet at the point of intersection; and the probability that this will never happen is infinitely great. Lalande had taken with him in his pocket a paper on this subject to a public meeting of the French Academy; but there were so many to be heard before him, that he could not read it. Its title, "Observations on the Comets which might

approach near to the Earth," naturally interested most of the auditors: they inquired what was the drift of the paper; they learned that it treated of the consequences that would result from the collision of a comet with the earth; and presently it was rumoured that the comet was actually coming, and that Lalande had predicted that it would destroy the earth. A general consternation ensued; delicate persons died of fright, pregnant females were seized with premature labour, and persons who knew how to fish in troubled waters sold places in paradise at a high price. So general was the alarm, that the lieutenant of the police requested to see the paper: he found in it nothing to justify the terror of the public, and caused it to be forthwith printed; but then the general cry was, that the author had suppressed the sinister prophecy, that he might not terrify the world by the announcement of a calamity which it was impossible to prevent.

Independently of the extreme improbability of the collision of a comet with the earth, recent observations on the nature of these celestial bodies are well calculated to impress mankind with very different notions on this subject from those which have been hitherto entertained; for these bodies are actually composed of so light a substance, that stars of the first and second magnitude are seen glistening through them. The prodigiously rapid motion of comets is another circumstance which should ease our apprehensions of the possible mischief which they might do; for a necessary consequence of this velocity is, that their operation on the earth must be of very brief duration: according to Duséjour's calculation, it could not last longer than two, or at most three hours. Many of our readers, however, will probably think this space of time more than enough for drowning or suffocation.

WILMOT WARWICK.

From "*Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick*," just published.

I WAS one evening sitting alone in my dining-room, reposing in all the luxury of a stuffed arm-chair and slippers, and enjoying—if enjoyment it may be called—that sensation of drowsy lassitude, the natural consequence of a hearty meal when our appetite has been previously whetted by fasting and fatigue. My eyes were fixed upon an old ancestral portrait which hung above the mantel-shelf, but their "sense" had no more to do with it than a ship with the anchor from which she has parted in a gale. My imagination, in short, boldly independent of all rea-

sonable bounds, flew about from one subject to another without resting on any—now carrying me to the Black Hole at Calcutta—then taking a short cut over Mont Blanc, and anon transporting me from the gloomy grandeur of an Alpine solitude to the bustling purlieus of the Stock-Exchange.

A great chasm in the centre of the fire might reasonably have urged the necessity of a poker—but it did no such thing—it gave a sentimental turn to my reflections, and my heart yearned at the loss of some friends and the absence of others. Memory

then led me a long jaunt through the scenes of my youth, retracing the harmless follies of childhood, and re-assembling the companions of my infancy. Some, alas! were in their graves—and Warwick—poor Wilmot!—where was he?

My thoughts were becoming confused. I shut my eyes from very languor—opened them again—closed them a second time—peeped once more through my eyelids, and was about to sink into the arms of Nature's soft nurse, when the chords of a guitar, struck by some itinerant musician, roused me from my stupor.

Never was my mind more fitted for the full enjoyment of dulcet sounds than at this moment, and the beautiful little air of *Pescator dell' onde* stole over my senses with a peculiar charm. The singing was not amiss, and the accompaniment tolerably managed. "Give that fellow a shilling," said I to my servant, who now came in with the tea-things; "give him a shilling, Adam, and ask him to play something else."

"I'll ask him to play something else and give him the shilling afterwards," replied the cautious Adam; nor could I refuse him an approving smile at the time, though the recollection of his well-meant policy is now ever accompanied with a sigh.

The poor musician gave me the due sum of melody and departed.

He visited my door occasionally afterwards, always receiving his shilling; and old Adam, who dearly loved gossip, would sometimes exchange a few words with him. He managed to learn that the poor singer had seen better days, but vainly attempted to discover his name or any particulars relating to his history. "But he is most likely a discharged valet,"

the old fellow would say, and in a tone which at once proved that he was not a little displeased at having his curiosity checked.

"And pray, Adam," said I, "what sort of a looking man is he?"

"Why, sir, it is in general so dark, that his face and figure are not over plain to be seen; but from his grammar and that like, 'twould seem as though he were something of a gentleman—that is to say, so far as I judge of him when he speaks English. As to the *forrun lingo* in some of his songs I know nought about it. Sure enough it must be cold work for the poor fellow this weather; for, as I take it, he can't find much warmth in thrumming o' those cat-guts."

"Next time he comes," said I, "tell him to walk into the hall; and, together with his shilling, Adam, give him a glass of your home-brewed."

"Ay," replied Adam, "that be o' the *right sort*, sir: if there be any thing particularly calculated to make me sing, it be a draught o' that same home-brewed."

On the musician's next appearance he was accordingly told to walk into the hall: "but," said Adam, in relating the matter afterwards to his master, "he would do no such thing; and egad, what's far worse than all, he took it into his head to refuse my home-brewed, which," continued he in an affected tone of indignation, "will do more good to *his* soul than his music will to *mine*."

"Twas strange! I went to the door myself, intending to speak to the man, but he was gone. According to Adam's account, he did not seem offended at being asked into the house, but, on the contrary, much affected at the intended kindness of

the offer; and it was in a tone of considerable agitation, but totally free from pride, that he stated his not being accustomed to enter people's houses in that capacity—in *that capacity!*—I was perplexed.

Although his visits to my door were from that time discontinued, I could indistinctly hear him for several succeeding nights singing in the distance. This gave additional impetus to my curiosity. I thought once or twice of conferring with him in the street—of following him home to his lodging—in short, of fathoming his mystery; but, like people in general, I hesitated to perform till opportunity had passed, and a fortnight elapsed without my hearing any thing more of him. I could never contemplate his singular conduct without thinking there was something in it which merited attention; and regretting that I had been so backward when the means of obtaining information were probably in my power, I determined, should they again offer, to secure the advantage.

At length I received a note, directed “To the master of No.—, Gloucester-place.” On opening it I read as follows:

SIR,—The poor musician whom you have lately so liberally patronised, has little reason for supposing that the *pride* which withheld him from entering your house a fortnight back will recommend him to your notice *now*—perhaps, however, his misfortunes may.

He has had to thank many of your neighbours for a shilling; but you are the only one that can reprove him for being above his situation, as you alone have given him an opportunity of shewing that he is so. His singing is now over; and he can have nothing more to do with music, except it be in the form of a funeral dirge.

He is on his deathbed—sinking under the effects of a cold which attacked him during one of his nocturnal rambles * * * *.

Without waiting to peruse any more of this letter, I desired the little girl who brought it to conduct me instantly to the musician's abode. On reaching the poor fellow's bedside, I found him feebly answering the apothecary's inquiries. This done, he raised himself upon his pillow, and turning towards me, apologized for the strangeness of his conduct, and begged that I would sit down beside him.

We had scarcely exchanged a dozen words before I had occasion to mention my name. The poor fellow looked surprised—“Vernon!”—he exclaimed with a deep-fetched sigh, and again repeated my name, as if it were associated with some of the past events of my life.

I regarded him with earnestness; and the gaze of my helpless companion was equally searching. “Good God!” he exclaimed, “can it be Henry Vernon?”

I became agitated, hardly knowing why; and moved by some vague suspicion, alluded to the place of my early education.

“’Tis he!” he exclaimed with a convulsive utterance; and falling back upon his pillow, faintly added, “Henry Vernon, we were schoolfellows.”

“For heaven's sake,” said I, “explain yourself! Are my suspicions right? Do I not recognise in you the likeness of my earliest friend, Wilmot Warwick?”

“You see, indeed, his person,” replied he, taking my hand, “though I wonder you should recognise any likeness between what I now am and what I then was.”

The mutual happiness elicited by this sudden and extraordinary recognition was but of short duration. After pausing some minutes to regain his composure, he continued, "Thank God you will own me, Vernon! As you have acted thus far in my behalf, you will, I am sure, remain my friend to the end. I shall not trouble you long; death has advanced upon the last hold of my existence, and his conquest will be easy and immediate. Often have I arraigned the hard fate that parted us; I have now to bless the good fortune which has brought about this interview, and at last conducted me to your bosom, on which my lacerated heart may repose a few moments ere it ceases to throb and leaves me at rest for ever."

"Nay, do not talk in this manner," I replied; "you shall be removed immediately to my residence." The medical attendant shook his head in token of the impossibility of such a step.

"No, my dear Vernon," said Wilmot smiling, "do not think of that; I shall soon be removed to my own house—the only one I shall have ever had—the only one I have now any hope or wish to inhabit."

In the course of the day he grew considerably worse; and though my curiosity to know something of his history was maddening, the apothecary forbade any interruption to his quiet. I therefore sat by his bedside in silence, bathed in tears, watching him with the most painful anxiety, and comparing the disfigured form of the poor slumberer with that of my schoolfellow eight years before.

Wilmot at length opened his eyes, somewhat refreshed by sleep, and de-

sired to be raised upon his pillow. "If you knew," said he, "the calm which now pervades my sinking soul—the hope that animates me, and the confidence on which that hope is grounded—you would neither pity my present state nor lament my past misfortunes. For my own part," continued he (laying his hand gently upon mine, and speaking in a more cheerful tone, as if to suppress the grief which he perceived swelling within me)—"for my own part, I forget the past in contemplating the prospect before me. The present is all peace—the future all happiness. You will want to know something of my history when I am dead—nay, my good friend, do not let an allusion to my death have so grievous an effect upon you. We have been separated for eight years. We are now going to separate again. The interval between this and the time when we shall next meet may be something less or something greater than the time which has elapsed since our last parting—ay, that was indeed a miserable hour; but this, considering all things, Vernon, should be comparatively happy. Therefore," said he, resuming that part of his subject which my tears had for the time suspended, "when I am dead open this packet. Among the many literary trifles which it contains will be found some memoranda of those circumstances which, having thus once more alluded to, I bury in oblivion, not suffering the painful recollection of them to embitter my last earthly moments. I feel faint," said he, sinking upon his bed; indistinctly adding, "May you enjoy every possible happiness that can attend upon virtue—every earthly comfort that can wait upon life! I thank you,

Vernon, a thousand times for your kindness to a beggar, your constancy to a friend."

Saying this, he closed his eyes in a state of complete exhaustion, and fell into a doze. I rose from my seat, and pacing gently across the room, cast my eyes upon his guitar. If my friend had been unjustly executed, and I had chanced to see the axe which had beheaded him, I could not have been more strongly moved than by the sight of this guitar. In the warmth of the moment, I could hardly excuse myself for not knowing instinctively at the time of my first hearing them that the sounds which it produced denoted the misery of a friend. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "while I was revelling in luxury, nay in sumptuousness, my poor friend was wandering about almost destitute of a home, uncertain of a meal, joyless, friendless, and the slave of misfortune."

And then I thought upon old Adam's prudent speech about having the song first and tendering payment

afterwards. I cursed prudence as a sin and myself as a fool, and Adam as a heartless fellow: but here, at least, I was wrong; for, on making the circuit of the bed-chamber, I found my poor old domestic on his knees by the bed-side, speechless with grief. He had softly crept into the room shortly after me, and had heard the conversation with one, whom, as a boy, he had loved like myself.

Wilmot just lived through the night, hourly losing strength, yet retaining his faculties, though he spoke but little. Day returned—but not for him; he had barely time to greet it, when looking at me for an instant, he faintly uttered his last blessing, and closed his eyes. I felt my hand gently squeezed by that of my expiring friend. It was the last exertion of which his frame was capable; and, but a moment after, the sudden relaxation of its pressure gave evidence that Wilmot and his miseries were parted for ever.

ACCOUNT OF AN ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS DURING THE LATE ERUPTION.

At the beginning of April, when we ascended Vesuvius for the first time, we observed on the south side of the crater, which is two hundred and fifty feet deep, and nearly a league in circumference, towards Torre del Greco, a small aperture about six inches in diameter, from which a slight smoke issued from time to time. A week afterwards, when we again ascended the mountain, the smoke seemed to have increased, and we discovered some other small apertures. These, however, are not signs of a speedy eruption; for be-

fore the great eruption in 1783, half the horizon was covered with smoke for two whole years.

When, on our return from an excursion of three days to Pæstum, we got clear of the mountains at Nocera, and began to have an unobstructed view of Vesuvius, we observed a grayish mass of smoke or cloud—it could be nothing but one or the other—extending to a great distance in a southern direction from the top of the mountain, the summit of which was shrouded. As we thought no more of any eruption, we concluded

that it must be a thick fog in which it was enveloped. But there appeared to be whirling movements in the mass, as in a dense body of rising smoke, and the colour here and there changed to that of a yellowish flame. Our opinions were divided: the *veturino* and the others declared that it was a fog; while I, influenced more perhaps by my wishes than by appearances, pronounced it to be an eruption. My opinion soon proved to be correct; for, as we passed Pompeji, we met people, who, with looks of apprehension, called out to us that the mountain was vomiting fire. Among the many thousand travellers who visit Naples there are but few who enjoy an opportunity of witnessing this magnificent spectacle; and we, who had arrived not many days before, were destined to be of the number. We soon convinced ourselves by our own observation of the reality of the eruption. A prodigious smoke issued from the crater, and covered part of the horizon; but no fire was to be seen, because it was daylight.

On reaching Naples we repaired with all possible speed to the Molo. Here we awaited the evening; it was Friday, the 21st of April. In proportion as the daylight declined, the fire of the volcano became perceptible. Sometimes a faint red only glowed above the cone; at others, a vast flame darted with a scarcely audible noise aloft in the air, and illumined the gulf with its reflection. A more beautiful sight can scarcely be conceived. We heard that many strangers from Naples were ascending the mountain; but we were too much fatigued with our journey from Pæstum; and, besides, the ascent was likely to be just as practicable

on the following day. About ten in the evening we took a boat, and, with our eyes directed towards the mountain, glided over the placid gulf, unruffled by the slightest breeze. A long streak of light ran athwart this mirror; but the internal uproar of the mountain was scarcely distinguishable, on account of the distance. In this state it continued the rest of the night; but on this first day not a stone was projected. The villagers near the mountain, at Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, &c. were meanwhile in great consternation: the *Giornale di Napoli* of Saturday stated, that in the opinion of the persons best acquainted with the phenomena of volcanoes, it was very probable that an eruption, accompanied with an effusion of lava, would speedily take place; that government had placed watchers on all parts of the mountain; and that on the first sign of approaching danger, the inhabitants of the villages were to repair to the city.

During the whole of Saturday, the 22d, the volcano was at intervals tranquil, and scarcely at all covered with smoke; while at other times, especially about noon, prodigious columns of smoke issued from the crater. Towards evening the smoke again subsided. About four o'clock we started: people usually drive to Resina, about two leagues distant, and there take asses to the Hermitage, situated on an eminence, a mile from the crater. The roads from Resina were full of mules and their drivers, and after making our selection, we had great difficulty to repel the importunities of the latter. The ascent is by steep paths through the vineyards which produce the *Lacrymæ Christi*, till you reach the fields

of lava, the relics of former eruptions, which cover the lower part of the mountain. Here we came all at once within hearing of the tremendous uproar within its bosom, and soon saw red-hot stones projected from the crater and rolling down the outer edge of the cone. We began to fear that the ascent might be no longer practicable, and this apprehension was greatly strengthened by our guide.

After travelling three hours we reached the dwelling of the hermit. It was transformed into a place of entertainment for a numerous concourse of persons of all nations; Germans, English, French, Russians, and officers of the Swiss regiments in the Neapolitan service, were here crowded together. The good hermit had hired three waiters for this profitable occasion, and sold sour wine by the name of *Lacrymæ Christi* at a high price. When I asked him if he did not feel alarmed, he replied, that God had always protected this holy habitation, and that it was well situated. In truth, this sanctity must pertain more to the house than to its present occupant. About ten o'clock we quitted the Hermitage; the torches were lighted, and a long stripe of these luminous points was seen moving to the cone, about a *miglie* distant. Stones still continued to be thrown out of the crater and to roll down the cone; and we were aware that one of these stones, if it fell upon us, must prove fatal.

On our arrival at the foot of the cone we found a great number of mules, and were informed that their riders had proceeded on foot; and here and there we perceived the glimmer of a torch ascending the

mountain. It is well known that the summit of Vesuvius is a very steep cone, composed of ashes and lava, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and it takes a good walker at least half an hour to climb up it. The wind fortunately blew with considerable force against the side which we were ascending; and we had therefore reason to expect, that any stones which might be expelled would be driven by it to the opposite side. Impatience accelerated our progress, and about eleven we reached the margin of the crater. The top of the cone forms a border about three miles in circumference, which in most places is scarcely a foot broad, and in others quite sharp, with an abrupt declivity on either hand. It is only on the west side, where visitors usually ascend, that it is about 12 feet wide, and bordered by a barrier of rock towards the crater. The depth of the crater is from 250 to 300 feet; but it was considerably decreased by the rising of the lava. On the broader part of the margin just described we found thirty or forty persons, who had ascended to enjoy the sight; but among these were no Italians: they were all foreigners, English, French, and Germans. Scarcely any language was spoken but English and German. At the bottom of the crater glowed a mass of lava, which covered its whole surface, about four hundred feet in diameter. This mass was in most places covered with ashes, and the fire was only seen through small chasms, though in others it was quite exposed. In this mass there appeared on the south side a hole or funnel, about 15 feet in diameter, which was closed at top by a block of lava, as by a lid,

and it was only where this was raised that the eye could discern the interior of this funnel. Smaller funnels appeared here and there round about it. The mountain was just then quiet, and most of the spectators had laid themselves at full length on the margin. Weary with the ascent, I lay down too, along side a pursy Englishman, awaiting what should follow. We had passed scarcely six or eight minutes in this posture before we perceived a movement in the lava-cover of the funnel. We all started upon our legs in a moment: the block rose slowly to the height of about six feet, so that it touched the rim at one point only, and then, with a crash that can hardly be conceived, a volley of glowing lava in small pieces was projected from all sides of the funnel. I fully expected to be hit by some of these stones; but, after rising to a height of between 2 and 300 feet, they all fell back into the crater; at least not one of them dropped upon our side, which was protected by the wind. The loudest peals of thunder are not to be compared with the tremendous hollow roar which issued from the bowels of the mountain, and lightning is but a momentary flash to this torrent of fire. I can liken the latter only to the *girandola* in Rome, at Easter, or the fire-works let off from the castle of St. Angelo at the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. This comparison, however, applies to the form alone, for in the natural phenomenon the proportions are infinitely more colossal.

The lava which was thrown up at the eruption had partly detached itself from the margin of the funnel, so that the latter was gradually increasing in size, and was partly ex-

pelled from the bottom. As soon as the eruption was over, the block sank back upon the mouth, yet seemed scarcely to touch the sides, but rather to float above them, in spite of its weight. We accounted for this phenomenon by assuming that the air in the interior of the mountain, infinitely rarefied by the heat, was seeking an outlet, and thus kept the block which obstructed the communication with the external atmosphere suspended. The same circumstance recurred, sometimes in a greater, at others in a less degree, at intervals of two or three minutes, and frequently accompanied by peculiar phenomena; for smaller holes were sometimes formed round the large funnel, ejected lava, and then disappeared, or united themselves with the larger, which thereby received a considerable accession in size.

We knew that before an effusion of lava in mass could take place, the lava covering the bottom of the crater must rise considerably, for its height at that time was not above 30 or 40 feet, and we saw that this would require a long time; but it was just the proper moment to enjoy the spectacle from the margin of the crater, for if the violence of the volcano had increased no one could have dared to venture to the top.

After passing about an hour and a half on the summit we set out on our return. The way down is performed in six minutes, for you plunge in great leaps through the loose, yielding ashes of the cone. It was two in the morning when we again reached the Hermitage. Among the spectators above I had noticed three English ladies, who had ascended with guides. This I could not help considering as foolhardiness, rather

than courage; for, to say nothing of propriety, a man, in case of a sudden surprise, may descend the cone in three minutes: but what is to become of a female, hampered as she is by her dress, and possessing less strength? At the Hermitage we were told that an Englishman had been on the margin for twenty-four hours—whether from an extreme love of science or a wish to be talked of, I know not.

On Sunday, the 23d of April, the smoke continued, but no fire was perceived at night or on the two following days, and on the third the smoke also ceased. The inhabitants of the places situated at the foot of Vesuvius escaped this time with the fright, for there was no effusion of lava over the crater.

I tarried several days longer at Naples, in expectation of a further and more considerable eruption, but to no purpose; and I cannot regret

my disappointment, for the sake of the poor inhabitants, who regard the threats of the volcano with very different feelings from those with which we foreign birds of passage contemplate them. The master of the house in which I lodged, a timid old man, when I expressed a wish to see an effusion of lava from the mountain, replied with a look of horror, "For God's sake talk not so; for of all terrible things, the eruption of a volcano is the most terrible. In 1821 we had reason to fear that Naples would be transformed into a Pompeji; for the ashes were two feet deep in our streets and on the roofs of our houses." Persons of experience, nevertheless, believe that a more formidable eruption, with the effusion of lava, is likely to occur soon, as earthquakes have been felt here and there in the peninsula; and these convulsions are often connected with eruptions of both volcanoes.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 226.)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, or Marloe, that "pure elemental wit," as he has been styled, was born about the year 1562. There is no account extant of his family; but it is well known that he was of Bennet College, in the University of Cambridge, where he took the degrees of B.A. 1583, and M. A. 1587. He quitted the college for the stage, and obtained considerable reputation as an actor and as a dramatic writer. Thomas Heywood styles him the "best of poets;" and Drayton, in his *Censure of the Poets*, thus speaks of him:

Next Marloe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fierce madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

Ben Jonson also says of a poem called *Hero and Leander*, which Marlowe began and left unfinished*, that "the lines were fitter for admiration than parallel."

Marlowe, like his contemporaries, Green, Nash, and Peele, was a very loose liver: it would seem, however, that an unfounded tradition has affix-

* It was finished afterwards by Chapman, and printed in 1606.

ed upon his character a stigma of which he is innocent. In Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgment*, it is affirmed that he was an atheist; and that he "not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, but also, as it was credibly reported, wrote divers discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses to be a conjurer; the Holy Bible to contain only idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy." For this horrible imputation, however, there appears to be no authority. The "discourses" alluded to were never seen, at least no writer but Beard mentions them, and he only on report: if he had really written any thing of the kind, it is very unlikely but they would have been preserved in some shape or other; or that fragments of them at least would have been handed down to our times. This unsupported assertion of Beard's, however, occasioned Bishop Tanner to denounce Marlowe as "*atheista et blasphemus horrendus*;" and Hawkins says*, "he was an excellent poet, but of abandoned morals, and of the most impious principles; a complete libertine, and an avowed atheist." In the *Return from Parnassus*, too, it is said,

Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd Muse;
Alas! unhappy in his life and end:
Pity it is, that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit sent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.

These are harsh denunciations; and we really do not see the shadow of authority for them, except that, as I have already observed, Marlowe was a follower of the pleasures of this world, rather than a rigid ascetic; but that he was an irreligious blasphemer of things sacred, a denier of

the God that formed him, and a scoffer at all religions, natural and revealed, I do not believe.

Marlowe's death was tragical. He had an intrigue with some woman of light fame, who was as false to him as she had been to others. One night he visited her, and surprised a man in her room. He attempted to stab his rival, but the latter caught hold of his wrist, and turning the dagger into his own head, killed him. This event took place, according to Wood, in 1592. He left behind him six plays; viz. *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts; *The Massacre at Paris, with the Death of the Duke of Guise*; *The troublesome Reign and lamentable Death of Edward II. King of England, with the tragical Fall of proud Mortimer*; *The tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*; *The famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta*; and *Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen*. He also joined with Day in writing the *Maiden's Holiday*, which was never printed; and with Thomas Nash in the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*.

Marlowe, as a dramatic poet, ranks, in my opinion, second only to Shakespeare. There is a vigour of imagination, a rich vein of feeling, a fire of genius, and a beautiful strain of poetry, richly sprinkled through his works, that exalt him far above all other of his contemporaries. Hazlitt says, in his quaint style, that "there is a lust of power in his writings, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination unhallowed by any thing but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace, with bickering flames; or throwing out black

* *Origin of the British Drama*, vol. iii.

smoke and mists, that hide the dawn of genius, or, like a poisonous mineral, corrode the heart." This may be true of one, and perhaps the greatest of his works, *Dr. Faustus*; but most undoubtedly it gives the reader an erroneous opinion of his general attributes. A writer*, of whose previous researches I have frequently availed myself in these brief and imperfect sketches of a History of the Drama in England, appears to me to have taken a very fair view of Marlowe's dramatic character. I adopt a portion of his remarks in this article.

"If we put in an exception in favour of Peele," he observes, "he was the first dramatic writer who sounded the depths of the human heart, and discovered the rocks and quicksands of passion beneath the surface; and in searching the great deep, he brought up a profusion of the pearls and precious gems of poetry which are found therein. He seems to have belonged to a different race, as if the giants of old were renewed upon the earth. The stars which twinkled before his rising, 'hid their diminished heads' as soon as he appeared above the horizon. But he was reckless on what he spent his strength; and sometimes condescended to fight with phantoms, or buffet the air. Even in these extravagances, he displays his superior prowess. His chief characters are all rife with the busy, stirring spirit of intellect. They command our respect, notwithstanding their crimes, 'magnificent though in ruins.' There is little of the romantic cast in them—little of what is gallant, and generous, and gay—few of those flowers

of better feeling, which spring sometimes out of the darkest thickets of human passion, and shew the seeds of excellence sprinkled in our nature. With the exception of Maria, in *Lust's Dominion*, we have none of the engaging pictures of the gentler sex with which the dramas of Shakspeare abound. Marlowe chose rather to portray the sterner passions of man; to mark out the more rugged projections of his character."

A few extracts from Marlowe's plays will shew how just is this estimate of his powers.

*Tamburlaine the Great** was probably the earliest of Marlowe's productions; and it is the one which does the least credit to his memory. It is written somewhat in "the Cambyses vein;" and the language is couched in the most extravagant style; and the printer tells us he has "purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing, and, in his opinion, farre unmeet for the matter." Many critics have questioned the correctness of the opinion, that this piece is Marlowe's. Heywood says it is his; and on that authority Langdale attributes it to him; adding, however,

* The full title of the first part of this play is as follows: "Tamburlaine the Great, who, from a Scythian shepherd, by his rare and wonderful conquests became a most puissant and mighty monarch, and for his terror and tyranny in war was termed the scourge of God, divided into two tragical Discourses:" and of the second part—"Of the bloody Conquests of mighty Tamburlaine, with his impassionate fury for the death of his Lady, and love for the fair Zenocrate; his Frame of Exhortation to his three Sons, and the Manner of his Death."

* In the fourth volume of *The Retrospective Review*, page 146.

that he should not have done so, had it not been for Heywood's assertion: "it being true," he observes, "what an ingenious author said, that whoever was the author, he might keep it to himself secure from plagiarism." There are, however, many similarities between this play and those which are undoubtedly Marlowe's; and I am inclined to regard it as his. Tamburlaine, who is "a right royal robber, and most kingly murderer—a sort of demi-god, whose mouth enounces thunder, whose right hand wields the destructive lightning, and on whose brow death sits in ambush to destroy," is thus described:

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upward and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly
bear

Old Atlas' burden;—'twixt his manly brows,
A pearl more worth than all the world is
placed,

Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the
throne,

Where honour sits invested royally.

Pale of complexion, wrought in him with
passion,

Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms,
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to
play,

Making it dance with wanton majesty.

His arms and fingers, long, and snowy white,
Betokening valor and excess of strength;—
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tambur-
laine.

Such was Tamburlaine: take the description of Zenocrate, his lady-love, the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, who is made the captive of

his victorious arms, and subdues her conqueror by the force of her charms.

Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious
stones,

The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of
heaven,

And speech more pleasant than sweet har-
mony;

That with thy looks canst clear the darkened
sky,

And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.

One more extract (and I must premise that all these selections are from the most favourable parts of the drama); it is the intercession of the Egyptian virgins for the city of Damascus, which Tamburlaine has doomed to destruction.

Most happy king, and emperor of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the
world,

And on whose throne the holy graces sit;
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum
Of nature's skill, and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plight—O pity poor Damascus;
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and rev'rence evermore have reign'd;
Pity the marriage-bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now, with tears of ruth and blood,
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts so punish'd with
conceit,

To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their
souls

From heavens of comfort yet their age might
bear,

Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Has thus refused the mercy of thy hand
(Whose sceptre angels kiss, and furies dread),
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives:
Oh then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy
rule,

Pity, oh pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town.

The Massacre of Paris is founded upon the massacre of the Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, in the reign of Charles IX. It takes in a large portion of time, beginning with the unfortunate marriage between the King of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois, sister to the French king, which was the primary cause of the massacre; and ending with the death of Henry III. It is a short play, and not divided into acts. It is not badly written, and very probably furnished the hint to Mr. Lee for his play on the same subject. The following is a soliloquy of the Duke of Guise:

Now, Guise, begin those deep-engender'd thoughts

To burst abroad, those never-dying flames,
Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness;
And resolution, honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for ev'ry peasant to achieve?
That like I best that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramids,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell:
For this I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,

Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sword,

Contrives, imagines, and fully executes
Matters of import aimed at by many,
Yet understood by none.

For this, hath heaven engender'd me of earth;
For this, the earth sustains my body's weight;
And with this weight I counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world.

For this, from Spain the stately Catholic
Sends Indian gold to coin me French ecus;

For this, I have a largess from the Pope,
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath framed religion.

Religion! O diavolo! Fie!

I am ashamed, however, that I seem

To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground.

The Rich Jew of Malta is a play of a higher order of merit than the two preceding ones. It was played at the Rose Theatre on the 26th of February, 1591, and at the Newington Theatre, June 12, 1594; but was not published till 1633, when it was printed by Thomas Heywood; who also had it played before the king and queen at the Cockpit, and annexed a prologue and epilogue to it. Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, performed the part of the Jew; and he is thus mentioned, with Marlowe, in the prologue:

We know not how our play may pass this stage;

But by the best of poets in that age
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he then by the best of actors play'd.
In "Hero and Leander" one did gain
A lasting memory; in "Tamerlane,"
This "Jew," with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)

Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue.

This drama was written before *The Merchant of Venice*; and Barabas is a character of a more diabolical cast than even Shylock*. He is an extortioner; he entertains an inveterate hate for every thing Christian: indeed his own daughter, Abigail, seems to be the only creature for whom he feels a touch of kindly affection. As is the case with Shylock, however, he meets with insults and injuries almost sufficient to justify his conduct. One extract from this play must suffice; it is a soliloquy of the Jew, when he has been contemplating his wealth:

Fie! what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay

* The play was revived a few years back, when Kean played Barabas.

The things they traffic for with wedge of gold;

Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are cramm'd full,

And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearing his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould:
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Iacincts, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And sold seen costly stones of so great price

As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a carrect of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame

Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.

If *The Rich Jew of Malta* rises in comparison with *Tamerlane* and the *Massacre of Paris*, so *Edward II.* excels that tragedy in point of merit. It is one of the first, if not the first, of that class of plays which Shakspeare afterwards carried to such a degree of perfection; *i. e.* the historical drama. It embraces the whole period of Edward's reign, and is not divided into acts. The scene is partly in France and partly in England; and the author keeps pretty close to history, with some deviations, however, from chronological accuracy. The characters of Edward, Gaveston, Mortimer, the Spencers, and Queen Isabella, are well drawn, strongly marked, and judi-

ciously discriminated; and there are several scenes of great power, which would alone denote that Marlowe was a writer of great genius and of ability. In the following speech of Gaveston the effeminate nature of the amusements of the king and of his general pursuits is admirably touched off:

These are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;

And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.

Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,

One like Acteon peeping through the grove
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:

Such things as these best please his majesty.

The character of Isabella is invested with an interest which history does not impart to it. She is represented at first as doting on the king; and not fixing her affections upon Mortimer till the conduct of Edward, under the influence of Gaveston, drives her into the arms of the baron. When scorned and taunted by the king and his minion, she thus laments:

O miserable and distressed queen!
Would when I left sweet France, and was embarked,

That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape; or at the marriage-day

The cup of Hymen had been full of poison;

Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
 I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
 The king my lord thus to abandon me,
 Like frantic Juno, will I fill the earth
 With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
 For never doated Jove on Ganymede
 So much as he on cursed Gaveston.
 But that will more exasperate his wrath;
 I must entreat him; I must speak him fair,
 And be a means to call home Gaveston:
 And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston;
 And so am I for ever miserable!

The scene in which Edward is murdered is finely written: that must conclude my extracts.

[*Edward in his dungeon : to him Lightbourn.*]

Edward. Who's there? What light is that?
 Wherefore comest thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were us'd;
 For she relents at this your misery;
 And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
 Or as Matrevis', hewn from Caucasus,
 Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
 This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
 Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king:
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd;

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
 Oh! would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
 Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus
 When, for her sake, I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhors'd the Duke of Claremont.

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Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes;

That even then when I shall lose my life

My mind may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood;

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought:

One jewel have I left; receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh! if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
 Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know that I am a king. Oh! at that name
 I feel a hell of grief: where is my crown?

Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eyelids clos'd.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
 Open again. O wherefore sit'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay awhile!

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
 And tells me, if I sleep I never wake:

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;

And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come!

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
 Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

Light. Run for the table.

Edw. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice!

P P

Light. So lay the table down, and stamp on it;
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

Matr. I fear me that this cry will raise the town;
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gurn. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightbour.*]

Come let us cast the body in the mote,
And bear the king's to Mortimer, our lord:
away!

The story of Dr. Faustus is too well known to require inserting here. Marlowe has written a drama upon it, in which he has displayed wonderful powers, and eclipsed every preceding writer. In the tragedy "the sole interest centres in the learned person who gives the title to it, and who, having travelled round the circle of all sciences,

And glutted now with learning's golden gifts, addicts himself to the practice of magic. For a reign of twenty-four years on earth, he barter an immortality of happiness in heaven. The play embraces the whole of this period, his unholy compact, his various enjoyments, and the termination of his mundane glory." The scene lies at Rhodes and Wittenberg, and the plot is derived from the works of Camerius, Wierus, and other writers on magic. It was acted soon after it was written, and, as appears from the following passage in Rowland's *Knave of Clubs* (1611), Edward Alleyn used to act the principal character:

The gull gets on a surplice,
With a crone upon his breast,
Like Allen playing Faustus;
In that manner was he drest.

He thus anticipates the delights which the pursuits of magic will afford him:

O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at thy command. Emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion, that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

* * * * *
How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please;
Resolve me of all ambiguities;
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for Orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings.
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenbergh:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Mephistophiles, Faustus' familiar spirit, at his request brings before him Helen of Troy. He thus apostrophizes her:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies:
Come, Helen, come; give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell; for heav'n is in these lips;
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenbergh be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my para-
mour!

To give a complete analysis of this play, the prototype of all that has since been written on the subject; to follow Faustus through his adventures during the period when all the kingdoms of this world were spread before him, "where to choose," and when he revelled in pleasures and delights, the richest and the most enchanting that thought could frame, or imagination compass; when his wishes were avant-couriers to his enjoyments, and he possessed the power of gratifying all his desires, however eccentric, or however they aimed at seeming impossibilities, would require a much longer space than can here be devoted to the subject. But the catastrophe is so awful, so sublime, the skill of the poet has been so highly tasked to produce an imposing effect, and has so fully succeeded, that I must give it nearly entire. The clock has struck eleven, and in one hour, one little hour, Faustus's reign on earth is over; and he—the spirit to whom he has sold himself, to whom he has given a bond sealed with his blood—will come to seize his prey. Two of his scholars are with him in his chamber.

Faustus. Gramercy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.

1st Scho. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

Faus. O gentlemen!

2d Scho. What ails Faustus?

Faus. O my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liv'd with thee,
Then had I liv'd still; but now must die eternally.

Look, sirs—comes he not? comes he not?

1st Scho. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

2d Scho. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

3d Scho. He is not well, with being over solitary.

2d Scho. If it be so we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3d Scho. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faus. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2d Scho. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faus. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years—oh! would I had never seen Wittenbergh, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness—yea all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea heaven itself—heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy! and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell! for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2d Scho. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faus. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh! my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth, blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul. Oh! he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faus. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophiles, O gentlemen,

I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. Oh! God forbid!

Faus. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1st Scho. Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faus. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me, body and soul, if once I gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis

too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me!

2d Scho. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faus. Talk not of me; but save yourselves, and depart.

3d Scho. God will strengthen me: I will stay with Faustus.

1st Scho. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faus. Aye, pray for me! pray for me! and what noise so ever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2d Scho. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faus. Gentlemen, farewell! if I live 'till morning I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell!

[*Exeunt Scholars.*

* * * * *

[*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faus. ————— O Faustus!

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be doom'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,

That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,

A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul.
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

Oh! I'll leap up to heav'n! Who pulls me down?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.

One drop of blood will save me. Oh! my Christ—

Read not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. Oh! spare me, Lucifer!

Where is it now? 'tis gone!

And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!
No. Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth—oh! no; it will not harbour me!

You stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouth;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

[*The watch strikes.*

Oh! half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.

Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain!

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd:
No end is limited to damned souls.

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

O Pythagoras! metempsychosis! were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast!

All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n!

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes! it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will hear thee quick to hell.

O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

[*Thunder: enter the Devils.*

Oh! mercy, Heav'n! look not so fierce on me!

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! O Mephistophiles!

[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter the Scholars.*

1st Scho. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,

For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:

Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

2d Scho. Oh! help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,

All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3d Scho. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus;

For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one mighthought

I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,

With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

So ends *Faustus*; a tragedy in which Marlowe has embodied the evil principle in human shape, and given "a local habitation and a name" to the airy imaginings of the magician's dream. The last scene we have quoted, if he had written nothing else, would have stamped his name with immortality. I cannot agree with the writer in the *Retrospective Review*, that "it is the only scene of any merit in the play;" but I do agree with him, that "it is of such tremendous interest as to compensate for the mediocrity of the rest," if they were actually as destitute of merit as he imagines them to be. "It is indeed fearful to look upon," and leaves an impression on the mind that is not easily removed.

Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen, is the most dramatic of any of Marlowe's plays; but the story is a most revolting one. It traces the progress of Eleazar, a captive Moorish prince, through a series of crimes, till he reaches the throne of Spain; and he is a character of almost unmixed atrocity—steeped in blood to the very lips, and with scarcely one glimpse of human feeling, except it be his regret for his wife, whom the queen murders, that there may be no obstacle to the gratification of her passion for the Moor. There is, however, a motive for Eleazar's conduct, which takes off somewhat from the horror with which it must be regarded. He has been wronged, and seeks revenge; and dreadfully does he achieve it. The following is one of his soliloquies:

Now, purple villany,
Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
That under thee I closelier may contrive
My vengeance: foul deeds hid do sweetly
thrive.

Mischief, erect thy throne, and sit in state,
Here, here upon this head: let fools fear fate,
Thus I defy my stars: I care not, I,
How low I tumble down, so I mount high.
Old Time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy
heels,

And be a footboy to thy winged hours;
They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
But I'll set down the number; I'll still wake
And waste these balls of sight, by tossing
them

In busy observations upon thee,
Sweet opportunity! I'll bind myself
To thee in base apprenticeship so long,
'Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on
thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
And my revenge.

The Moor thus describes how he quelled an insurrection of the people:

I rushed amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestical,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their
clouds;
I have perfumed the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence
Transformed this many-headed Cerberus,
This py'd camelion, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in
threats,
Yet melts like snow when majesty shines
forth;
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge
swarms,
Stood at our court-gates like a heap of dung,
Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements:
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him
tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great
name.

Again, after having achieved the crown of Spain, he offers to resign it:

Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it,
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompelled (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth
away;
Let such a man step forth:—what, do none
rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;

And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness
shine?

To be the greatest is to be divine.

Who, among millions, would not be the
mightiest?

To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
Of love; to have the strength of every arm:
A sovereign's name, why 'tis a sovereign
charm.

This glory round about me hath thrown
beams:

I have stood upon the top of Fortune's wheel,
And backward turned the iron screw of Fate;
The Destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life: yet, noble Spaniards, see
How tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,
To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation; wiping off your fears,
Which stuck so hard upon me; let a hand,

A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it: right is of itself most strong;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

Here I take leave of Marlowe, to
whom it may truly be said, that "the
English drama is considerably in-
debted." If his plays are not with-
out faults, and—

"Who'er expects a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall
be"—

"there is in them an exuberance
and fervour of imagination," which
is worth all the tame productions of
the rigid observers of the unities
and the Aristotelian rules that ever
existed.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLV.

*Present, the Vicar, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, Miss R. PRIMROSE, COUNSELLOR
EITHERSIDE, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.*

The Vicar. WELCOME—though a
small party only, compared to our
usual number—welcome to you all!

The Counsellor. Thanks, my wor-
thy host! And pray where are the
other members of our Coterie? Why
are they not here, attending on their
duty, and ready to give their opini-
on on men and things, according to
our charter?

The Vicar. I believe they are all
dispersed on different sporting ex-
cursions, winging birds, rather than
authors, having directed their course
to the north after the Yorkshire
Festival, at which, Reginald, I be-
lieve you were present.

Reginald. I was; and a most de-
lightful week I had. Never in the
whole course of my existence had I
such a high musical treat; nor did
I ever witness so splendid an exhibi-
tion of musical talent. It was su-
perb beyond expression.

The Counsellor. I have heard and
seen many contradictory opinions of
Madame Catalani: what did you think
of her?

Reginald. That she has fallen off
very decidedly. Her powers have
failed; and she cannot sing in tune
at all. In "Angels ever bright and
fair," she shewed some relics of her
former sweetness; and in "Rule, Bri-
tannia," the majesty of her action
and the grandeur of her conception
electrified her audience: every other
piece, not excepting "Gratias agi-
mus," was a complete failure; and
this lady must no longer aspire to
the title of the Queen of Song.

Miss Primrose. Who bore away
the bell, Reginald, amongst the vo-
calists?

Reginald. Amongst the gentle-
men, Mr. Braham, notwithstanding
his very *médiocre* performance at the
first concert. Mr. Phillips stood next:

though if he had had fair play, Mr. Edward Taylor would have made a bold essay to pluck the laurels from his brow. His voice was much better adapted to the Minster than Mr. Phillips's; it filled the vast space more completely; and he made an impression decidedly favourable on his audience. But not one effective song was given him; and therefore he could not display his powers to advantage.

Miss Primrose. But how was that? I am sure the York Committee, at least those that I know, are gentlemen, and would not keep any man back unfairly.

Reginald. So they are. But it is generally understood, that Mr. Greatorrex feels a pique against Mr. Taylor, as he considers that gentleman was the principal means of preventing him from conducting the Norwich Festivals; therefore wherever he can exert his influence, Mr. Taylor is kept in the back-ground. However, he must overcome this feeling in time, and will, I trust, rise to the head of his profession; for he is a most worthy man and an accomplished musician.

Miss Primrose. But who was the most successful amongst the ladies, Reginald?

Reginald. Miss Paton, or perhaps I should rather say, Lady William Lennox; and next to her, I think Madame Stockhausen made the most powerful impression: though Madame Caradori was deservedly admired, as were Miss Stevens and Mrs. W. Knyvett. On the whole, I have no hesitation in declaring my conviction, that the English talent was superior to that of the foreign competitors in the aggregate; and that Miss Paton, singly, towered

above them all. When she sang "Rejoice greatly," it seemed as if

The fretted aisles prolong'd
The distant notes of holy song;
As if some angel spoke agen,
All peace on earth, good-will to men.

Mrs. Primrose. And the fancy ball?

Reginald. Oh! that was like most other fancy balls—a compound of whim and gaiety; a motley group of happy and gay hearts, who met "determined to be merry," and to laugh dull care away. The splendid suite of rooms which York can now boast were crowded to excess; and as the beams of morning broke upon the company, you may conclude they both amused and were amused.

The Vicar. And will there be another festival in "that most august of temples," York Minster?

Reginald. Another! aye, many more, it is to be hoped. I understand that at the dinner-table of the archbishop, on the 1st of October, when the members of the Committee of Management were present, it was determined that the Festivals should be held every three years, as long as leave could be obtained of the dean.

Counsellor Eitherside. I am glad to hear it; and if my life and health are spared, in 1831 I will certainly visit York once more, to enjoy the delight of hearing *The Messiah* in that magnificent cathedral. But enough for the present of music: what have you in the way of literature?

Reginald. Here is a poem which we have all neglected in a most unaccountable manner: *Eccelino di Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua*, by Augustus Viscount Dillon, an epic, in twelve books; a stu-

pendous effort for a modern bard ; and one which is not altogether successful, for with many beauties, there are many puerilities, both of thought and expression, much extravagance, some little inconsistency, and a great deal of what I should call turgid bombast, but which the noble poet probably meant for sublimity. He, however, offers an apology for these irregularities in the mode in which the poem was composed.

Notwithstanding (he says) a ten years' residence in Italy, yet, drawn away by other studies and pursuits, the Italian verse is unknown to me. I can say the same with respect to the French and Spanish. I have not looked into the classics since I left the University of Oxford. I consider these to be fortunate circumstances : for I should never have had the resolution to have entered into the lists, had I been intimately acquainted with the mighty efforts of poetic genius that have flourished and illumined the world. Let this poem be received, therefore, as the festive song of a Troubadour, rather than a finished, laborious task, achieved by the light of the scholastic lamp. Much of it has been rapidly composed, during journeys made on foot and on horseback, amidst the scenery that it describes, and where traditions yet remain to inflame the imagination. It was begun at Florence, February 1825 ; nine books were finished in Italy, September 1826 ; and the last lines were written in London, July 1827.

The Counsellor. Perhaps the noble viscount would have acted more prudently, if he had adopted the Horatian advice, and had suffered his work to lie by him nine years before he published it.

Reginald. I think he would : time and reflection would have prompted him to correct many faults ; and perhaps to heighten the beauties, for

there are many beautiful passages in it. For instance, I have opened at one :

Ye who have ever known what 'tis to love
Some dear-priz'd object, will in sadness feel
How sweet the consolation thus to cling
E'en to the unconscious dust : not sweeter is
The breath of Spring's first flowers to him
long in

Cities closely pent--he, when wand'ring forth
At dawn by pleasant brooks, or on the brow
Of wood-capped hill, lists to the early notes
Of lark, that, tow'ring o'er enamelled meads,
Blithe swells its warbling throat. Yet greater
balm

To her sick soul, the dust of him so loved,
From common dust to separate. Resign'd
To lesser ills, she bids a last adieu
To Padua's walls.

Here is another passage, not a less favourable specimen of the author's power :

Hermione the maid was named, whose form,
Rounded and full, display'd the sanctuary
Of Love ; for Love might well have chosen
here

So fair a shrine, to make his long abode.
Of ivory and alabaster blent,
Her limbs were formed in so exact a mould,
That their transparent forms might almost
seem

To melt in air, or float impalpable,
Like the bright moonbeams on the quiet lake.
Nor, though she thus beauteous, ethereal
pure

As sweetest breath of early flowers, not less
She glow'd a woman to the touch, that might
The type of all her sex have been. Her
breast

An altar was, in which did burn a lamp
Exhaustless ; whose bright light shed from
her eyes

Such rays of tenderness, that e'en might tame
The lion in his rage, and bid him quit
His prey, and crouch beneath her feet (for
such,

As olden legends sing, is beauty's power !)
Her voice the silver bell's would shame ; her
hair,

Like Terni's waterfall did dazzling shine ;
Nor fairer form than hers hath Fancy bright
E'er wove, or Grecian chisel ever form'd
In marble breathing with ideal grace.

O woman ! arm'd with love's resistless
power,

How oft does terror flash from thy full eye,

And thunder hang upon thy lip! Thy words,
Like lightning, wither the proud breast of
man,

With all the horrors of the tempest fraught;
And then one sunny smile of thy soft eye
Revives our trembling heart; the shudd'ring
chill

Of thy disdain, like clouds, is chased away;
Disdain, that fiercer is than lion's roar,
More stern than tyrant's frown, which quite
o'ercomes

Our courage high (shame and confusion then,
Like mists, our sick'ning atmosphere be-
comes).

O'er man, proud man, such is thy wond'rous
might,
That men for thee do wealth and fame and
power

Abandon, the lead of mankind have left
Submissive, to be led by thee. The queen
Of willing arts thou reign'st! Thy potent
spells

Who can withstand, enchantress? Who resist
The subtle fascination of thine eyes,
Or the sweet poison that, like Syren's notes,
Drops from thy tongue, and, falling on the
ear,

Can e'en to madness turn the brain of him
That's deep imbued with philosophic lore?

The Counsellor. You need read
no more, Reginald: the man who
wrote those lines must be a poet.

Miss R. Primrose. It is long, Re-
ginald, since you have brought us
any works of fiction. Have you any
this month?

Reginald. Yes. Here is *The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century*:
a novel written by some person who
is pretty well acquainted with the
various ingredients of Irish society,
of which he has given some graphic
sketches. The hero is the Hon. Ge-
rald Blount, second son of Lord
Clangore, who, with his brother, the
young lord, and his sister, the Hon.
Lady Augusta Blount, is commit-
ted by their father, on his death, to
the guardianship of the then mini-
ster, who is intended to represent
Lord Castlereagh. Bred up in anti-
Irish prejudices, circumstances occa-

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sion Gerald to change his opinions;
and it is these circumstances which
give interest to the tale. I shall
not detail them to you, as it takes off
all the interest of a novel to have
its plot analyzed and its *denouement*
made familiar to you before perusal.

Miss R. Primrose. But suppose I
don't peruse it, how then?

Reginald. Oh! when I tell you
that it is well written, well planned,
and of considerable merit, and that
it will repay you for the time spent
in the reading, I think you will not
let it lie on your boudoir-table un-
opened. It is somewhat too *liberal*
for my liking; nor do I approve of
the introduction of Mr. Woolffe,
Mr. Croker, and some other public
characters, into its pages, drawn in
such a way that the portraits cannot
be mistaken. Still it is a very clever
work, and, with allowances for the
blemishes I have mentioned, must be
read with satisfaction. There is one
incident, where a wronged husband,
having traced his wife to the cham-
ber of her seducer, shoots him in her
arms, ties her to the lifeless body,
and then shoots himself, which is of
appalling interest. I shall, however,
pass that over, and read you one of
the author's sketches of character,
in which he depicts O'Connell, Shiel,
O'Gorman, Mahon, &c. to the life.

"About this hour in the morning, sir,"
said the head-waiter, "a stranger in
Dublin might be amused by having point-
ed out to him different remarkable gen-
tlemen who pass this hotel going to the
Four Courts."

"Then stand by my side," said Ge-
rald, "and catch a few of those great
people for me, if you can." The man bow-
ed, and repaired to the window.

"Well, can you see any body yet?"

"I think I can, sir: please to look at

Q q

that tall lusty gentleman, with the Oxford gray surtout, buttoned below, but wide open at the breast, and with the Quaker-like hat, and the healthy, good-humoured face, and his eyes cast down, thinking, and the umbrella lying along his arm. He that walks so firm and stout."

"I have him; he may be some famous priest."

"A friend to them, sir. That's Counsellor Dan." (O'Connell.)

"Indeed! and now going to some law-court?"

"Yes, sir; to the Four Courts. See how all the people turn to look after him, sir, and then smile at each other as they pass: they like to see him walking so bravely along, with his broad shoulders and his full breast; and 'tis thought he likes to be seen by them, stepping out over the flags of Dublin, through thick and thin, friends and foes; for he could go in his carriage to the Four Courts every day if he thought fit, sir. Look, sir; here it comes close after him."

"The green one, with the green coachman, and green harness ribbons?"

"Yes, sir; and he'd have the horse green if he could."

"Pray assist me again. I have my eye, I think, upon some other popular character, for the people turn to look after him too, though he is so different a figure from Mr. O'Connell. I mean the low, slight, little gentleman who walks so rapidly, jerking his arms, and pushing out his under lip so often, and whose complexion is so bilious, and whose nose is rather short and cocked, and—now that he happens to look up—whose eyes are so dark and fine and expressive."

"You're right, sir; that's Mr. Shiel."

"Aye! he is overtaken now by a very large person, who carries his head very high, and wears his clothes very loose, and has great whiskers, and has a profusion of shirt-collar, and bears a huge stick or club on his shoulder: is he any one of note?"

"Indeed and he is, sir! Counsellor O'Gorman, the secretary, no less."

"The secretary! what secretary?"

"Of the Catholic Boord, sir."

"Well, and that other gigantic gentleman who now meets him and Mr. Shiel, who is he?"

"It's a lucky morning for you, sir; sure he is Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, that hunts the biblicals over the whole country, and gives them no rest or pace: when he's on his legs, it would be no asy thing to make him sit down, sir, against his liking, as you may persave; and he knows that well."

"See! the three gentlemen are passed by another, who, by the expression of his brow to them, does not seem a friend."

"Do you mean the gentleman with the broad red face, sir, black coat and waistcoat, yellow leather breeches, top-boots, spurs, and a heavy whip in his hand?"

"The same."

"Then you're right again, sir; it's the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, that calls himself commander-in-chief of all the Orangemen, and offered himself yesterday, in the papers, as hangman to the same gentleman you're after seeing pass by."

"A precious set altogether!" thought Gerald; "what a state of society! what people! what a baronet! what a clergyman!"

"Now, sir, here's one worth looking at; the purple-faced old gentleman that gets such a shaking on the back of that little rough-coated horse, bending forward, and dropping his jaw so much, and followed by a servant. If ever you heard of the pleasantest judge in the Four Courts, there he is, sir; ould, ould Lord Norbury."

"Pray glance the other way after Sir Harcourt Lees; he stops at the corner of a street a good way off to shake hands with a gentleman: quick, and tell me if you know his friend? tut! they both turn up that cross street now."

The Vicar. The writer has a bold and nervous pen: his sketches tell.

Reginald. Yes. And the work will take a respectable station in the department of literature to which it belongs.

The Counsellor. I have two works here on the United States of America; one is entitled *The United States of North America as they Are*; a volume in which I am inclined to place great faith as to the accuracy of the statements and the probability of the deductions of the writer. He appears to be partial to the United States, to like the government, and to admire many traits in the character of the people: yet he is not blind to the imperfections of the one nor to the faults of the other, and does not, like Mr. Cooper, represent the United States as the *beau idéal* of every thing that is great, good, and grand. Pardon the alliteration.

Reginald. O we'll pardon it: goon.

The Counsellor. He gives an admirable description of the intrigues which led to the elevation of Mr. Adams to the president's chair; and a very pretty picture he draws of republican patriotism. I shall pass this over: but hear what he says of General Jackson:

Never perhaps has public opinion been so divided about any man as it is about General Jackson. Whilst the one party (Adams's) describes him as a tyrant, a military chieftain, a lawless soldier, the other represents him as a hero, surpassing Washington himself. He is at the head of the opposition, and the ruling power has therefore as much reason to depreciate him as his own party has to extol him to the skies. The first view of Andrew Jackson is imposing; but the impression he leaves is not an agreeable

one. A stature above the common size, a body which fatigues and hardships have cleared of all superfluous flesh, a physiognomy indicating violent passions, a face furrowed by deep lines, a grayish piercing eye, bespeaking less of shrewdness than impetuosity, and which age has not robbed of its fire; these, with a tincture of Irish cunning, are the peculiarities that distinguish the present hero of the opposition. * * *. There is in him a strange association of arbitrary violence united to republican equality. The same person who could act in a manner approaching to tyranny against Tories and persons whose patriotism admits of doubt, treats the poorest militiaman as his equal. * * *. That a man of so determined a character as Jackson must necessarily have many enemies is natural: the assertion, that had it been in his power he would have caused all the members of the Hartford Convention to be hanged, was alone sufficient to justify the animosity of his enemies. His most ardent friends have many reasons for wishing to obliterate the recollection of his conduct at New-Orleans towards Arbuthnot, and on several other occasions. These are stains upon his character, which no subsequent efforts for his country can remove; and they prevented not only the most distinguished men but even whole states from joining him in the year 1824. Whether this political delicacy will again prevail, or whether the federalists and democrats will be convinced that Jackson, though violent in his youth and in his maturer years, cannot be dangerous to their peace and safety when upwards of seventy, the year 1828 will teach us.

Reginald. Jackson is a ruffian, a military ruffian, a second Cromwell, without his hypocrisy. If the people of the United States choose him for their president, they may prepare themselves for the utmost rigour of

military rule. The general will not hesitate to go beyond the law, if he finds it necessary for his purposes.

The Counsellor. This author seems to think that the election of Jackson will be rather beneficial than otherwise: the success of Adams, he is of opinion, will lay the foundation of a monarchical government, and endanger the dissolution of the federal system. He says:

If the United States came out of the last war with honour, they may thank their Perrys, their Bainbridges, and their Jacksons; though the miniature victories of these leaders were but a small compensation for the blows inflicted by their opponents. That the Union was not dissolved, may be ascribed to Madison. * * *. Nothing can be less solid, nothing can offer less security for the future, than the bond of the Union itself, a vast unwieldy body, held together only by motives of self-interest and of egotism. One of the most important questions which attacks the foundation of this very egotism in its vital parts, and widens every hour more and more the distance between the Southern and the Northern States, is the possession of slaves. It is not a mere party question; the whole population are opposed to each other; and the steps taken by the government in regard to this essential point are watched by the southern people with a jealousy which is almost incredible. Happily for the Union, four of the presidents were citizens of slave states, and therefore treated the point in question with corresponding delicacy, leaving it to time to remedy the evil. * * *. If Virginia, to preserve her presidential monopoly, should try again to form a party of her own at the next election, then Mr. Adams will certainly succeed, and the foundation of monarchical government will thus be laid. If Virginia and Georgia should unite with Pennsylvania, not only the republican party may be considered as tri-

umphant, but the preponderance of their principles, under the guidance of Jackson, will necessarily produce a reform, and a salutary riddance of that evil, which, during the course of fifty years, has eaten into the very heart of the Union.

Reginald. I have always been of opinion that the Union would not last many years longer; and the corruption which universally exists amongst the people will be the signal for its overthrow.

The Counsellor. The author enumerates various instances of this corruption both in the electors and the elected; the latter of whom, by the bye, seem to be but a queer set. Hear him:

The prevalent spirit of democracy no doubt does very well in an enlightened state; but if a person is to be elected for no better reason than that he is a potter or a carpenter, or for his having the manners of a journeyman, it shews a poverty of understanding which provokes our contempt. These very errors in the mode of electing their representatives are the causes why the state of Pennsylvania is so much neglected, and its interests so little attended to. It possesses neither the influence of the New-England nor of the Western and Southern States, which, although democratic, are not so far advanced in their predilection for these principles as to send none but tradesmen to Congress. No wonder then that some worthies are to be found among the representatives of the Middle States, who, to the no small scandal of the more fashionable imitators of the British House of Commons, are economical enough to send home, in a truly republican manner, their dirty linen and worn-out pantaloons franked by the mail; the linen is to be returned to Washington by the same conveyance; the clothes to be altered by their honourable ladies into second-hand trowsers for the offspring

of the parsimonious representative. As soon as one of the members of Congress opens his mouth, you may tell to what part of the Union he belongs. The more literate Yankee borrows from Shakespeare and Byron, blundering through both these and other authors, in order to establish the offspring of his genius. Should restitution be demanded of one of these honourables, as once the peacocks are said to have reclaimed their own from the jackdaw, we should stand a chance of witnessing a still more lamentable scene. The Kentuckian (Mr. Trimble) swears "By G—d," and "May heaven's lightning blast him if he meant any more; and he hoped that the calumniator and perjured felon (meaning Mr. McDuffie) he has described may be delivered over to heaven's hangman, to scourge the rascal naked round the horizon of heaven's circumference." The poor Ohian (Vance) tells us, "that he came from the very lowest orders of society;" and giving us a specimen of lamentation, leaves us uncertain whether he is not attempting to raise a subscription for himself. The proud Georgian speaks of violated rights and civil war, because he is not permitted to drive the poor Indians into the wilderness of Oregon. The Carolinian declares that he is going to live and die with his slaves; while the Pennsylvanian, quietly seated on his bench, seems to be perfectly astounded and perplexed by the wisdom, energy, good sense, learning, and elegance of his honourable brethren."

Reginald. Well, enough of this: what is your other volume about?

The Counsellor. It is called *America, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent; with Conjectures on their future Prospects*, by a Citizen of the United States, author of "Europe," &c.; and it is a eulogy on the United States as they are, and a prediction

of what they will be in time, when the continent of Europe is united under the military government of Russia; when Great Britain, shorn of her colonies, is shrunk into insignificance; and when America shall be the greatest, the freest, and the happiest state of the world. Indications of this consummation the author sees in all things around him. Listen to his account of the modern improvements in America; you would think there was nothing to equal them in the world:

See the New-York canal, a work that would do honour to the mightiest empires; a work not inferior to the splendid monuments of Egyptian, Chinese, or European enterprise, planned and executed by a single state, with its own funds, in eight years. Look at Ohio, putting forth, in her fresh and youthful beauty, the vigour of maturity, and rivalling already the example of New-York. Behold the genius of improvement awaking in the other states, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, intersecting their territories with these precious conduits of wealth, and preparing even now to apply the summit-level to the tops of the Alleghany ridge, and thus realize the fable (already antiquated in the age of Horace) of a time when the sea-gods drove their herds to pasture on the mountains:

Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere moates.

Observe the venerable universities of Harvard and Yale, founded, endowed, nursed, patronised, and protected by their respective states; the recent and highly promising institutions of the same kind in Virginia and Kentucky; the literary fund of Connecticut and New-York; and the various other establishments, less conspicuous, but in some cases not less valuable, for which we are indebted either wholly or in part to the enlightened pro-

tection of the state governments. When we look at these things, it is impossible not to be convinced that we can hardly appreciate too highly the direct advantages resulting from the preservation of these governments as parts of our political system. When we see these things, and contemplate at the same time the general government harmoniously operating with the states, when necessary, in all their enterprises; while in the exercise of its own immediate functions it is spreading abroad among the nations the fear and the love of our country, until the very name of the United States has become with the wise and good throughout the world the symbol, as it were, of political justice, and a word of good omen, auspicious of something noble and fortunate wherever it is pronounced; it is difficult not to be carried away beyond the line of cool and sober approbation, which belongs perhaps more precisely to the nature of the subject, into something like enthusiasm. If the thought were not too bold, we might almost be tempted to believe that Providence had specially interfered in our favour, and recompensed by these more than ordinary blessings bestowed upon their offspring, the toils, the sufferings, the manly virtues, the sincere though sometimes mistaken piety of our pilgrim fathers.

Reginald. Have you seen Dr. Granville's *St. Petersburg*?

The Vicar. I have not seen the book; but I have read long extracts in the newspapers. In the dearth of political intelligence and of new publications, Granville's *Travels* seems to have been quite a *bonne bouche* for the editors of the public prints, and they were seized upon with avidity. From those extracts I should judge it to be a well-written book, containing much information of an interesting nature.

Reginald. Then you would judge

rightly. It is a book, which—praised by some critics, sneered at by others, and abused by a third set—will become a standard work, and always be quoted, as a reference of *authority*, by those who write or speak on the affairs of Russia, except as far as politics are concerned, on which subject our author says little.

The Vicar. The worthy doctor seems to have viewed the Russians in a very favourable light.

Reginald. Much more so than either Dr. Clarke or Dr. Lyall, both of whom have depicted the national character in colours dark and forbidding. Dr. Granville, on the contrary, sees every thing bright and cheerful; and he writes in a spirit of good-humour, which must communicate itself to his readers.

The Counsellor. But I find he was only four months in Russia: how then could he gain information—correct information I mean—on the multifarious subjects that I find treated of in his publication?

Reginald. By dint of great personal exertion, an indefatigable spirit of inquiry, which prompted him to play the "Paul Pry of St. Petersburg," as he observes, on every occasion, and by making use of the labours of those who have preceded him, as far as they could be rendered available; for he certainly has not been sparing in levying contributions on other travellers; a proceeding which I can forgive him, as he has thereby added much to the interest of his book. But it is not to St. Petersburg alone that his researches and inquiries were confined. His route lay through Calais, Dunkirk, Ostend, Ghent, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, part of Prussia, the confederated States of Germany, and Saxo-

ny; and on all these places and countries he has something to say—some information to lay before his readers. However, it is with St. Petersburg that I feel myself most interested; and that portion of his book which is devoted to that capital is the one which will be most eagerly read. The doctor gives a glowing description of its appearance from the Admiralty tower, on the banks of the Neva.

The first impression received on looking around, when hundreds of fine palaces, colonnades, statues, and towering spires, with not a few specimens of the pure Grecian style of building, attract the attention, would lead one to imagine oneself suddenly transported to a newly erected city of Greece, in the time of Pericles. But when we connected those different objects with the long, straight, and wide streets, flanked with houses of various, but generally handsome designs; when we marked the bustle of the multitude, the great and motley variety of costumes, most of them picturesque; the *bizarrerie* of the different vehicles that glided before us, some training silently along the handsome area that lay immediately below us, intersecting each other in a thousand directions; others rapidly coursing on low wheels, with horses that are taught antics and gambols in their course; and now and then a stately carriage drawn by four horses, guided by a long-bearded coachman, whose waist is compressed with a silken sash, with a square cap of crimson velvet, placed diagonally on his head, and who was heard urging the distant leaders, under the controul of a little urchin; we were recalled in our imagination to present times, and to reality; and we surveyed, with admiration, this youngest of the European capitals, and the capital of the largest empire in Europe.

The Counsellor. The doctor tra-

velled in the suite of Count Woronzow and his lady: that would give him an introduction to the best society of this interesting city.

Reginald. Yes; and he seems to have been well received by the families with whom he had intercourse; and speaks of the general complexion of this class of Russian society in terms of eulogy.

The mutual intercourse (he observes) among the various denominations of persons in high life and their families appeared to me frequent, and distinguished by that ease and those elegant manners which characterize the same class of persons in the first capitals of Europe. A foreigner can only judge of them by what they appear in the midst of their friends and guests. On such occasions, their deportment is free from *hauteur*, and their address engaging; what they may be with their inferiors I know not. Much has been said of their hospitality, particularly to strangers. As far as I have had an opportunity of seeing it, I am free to acknowledge, that there is no exaggeration in placing it above that of the higher classes in other countries. To persons well recommended and properly introduced, be they Russians or foreigners, it is unbounded; neither is it, as elsewhere, limited to a mere matter-of-form invitation to a dinner or a *soirée*, but extends to many friendly offices and a frequent repetition of kindness. With regard to the ladies of this class of society, it is the least to say, that, in point of manners, politeness, and unaffected dignity of deportment, they yield to none of the most distinguished of the fair sex in other countries in Europe. Nay, constituted as society is at this moment in other capitals, it is impossible not to admit, that, in regard to accomplishments and the more solid advantages of education, some of the Russian ladies of rank are superior to those of other nations. There are few, indeed, among

them who do not speak with equal facility, French, German, and English, besides their own native language. Many of them write these languages with equal ease and correctness. This is the case particularly with regard to the younger branches of the nobility, owing to the new and happy direction given to their education by the successful efforts of the empress-mother. Nor is a knowledge of languages the only prominent qualification which these ladies bring into society, but varied and useful information also; an extensive acquaintance with the literature and history of Europe; an exquisite *finesse d'esprit*, displayed in an easy and well-supported conversation; and a number of agreeable talents, which tend to embellish their existence.

Still speaking of Russian society, he goes on to say:

That which in other countries is called the *tiers état* does not, properly speaking, exist in St. Petersburg; but there is a class of persons distinct from that just described, and composed of the next five classes of nobility, the liberal professions, the second order of *employés* under government, and the bankers, which may well stand in lieu of the *tiers état*. Within this circle, a stranger, for whom the magnificence of the great and the splendour of their establishments may have little attraction, or whose station in society precludes all access to the higher classes, will be sure to find the most friendly disposition, together with unreserved affability and the exercise of great hospitality.

Mrs. Primrose. You must leave Dr. Granville's volumes, Reginald, and we will peruse them.

Reginald. I shall have great pleasure; and I am sure you will find that they will both amuse and interest you. You will find a good, and I have no doubt, a correct view of Russian literature, and the progress

made in the fine arts; a description of many of their amusements, of their funerals and of their weddings, of their public buildings and private houses; and statistical details innumerable. So to your kind keeping I commend the work; and hope to hear that you like it, when we meet again.

Dr. Primrose. Here is the first number which my bookseller has sent me of a work which I think likely to become extremely popular. Its title is *Great Britain Illustrated*; and it consists of views of the principal towns, public buildings, and remarkable antiquities in the United Kingdom. The plates, four in each number, are equally creditable to the pencil of Mr. William Westall, who is engaged to make the whole of the drawings, and the burin of Mr. Edward Finden, by whom they are engraved.

Counsellor Eitherside. I can bear witness to the correctness of the designs, and the engravings are very good; but for my own part I should have liked the work better had it been in octavo, and each subject formed a distinct plate. The descriptions, by Mr. Thomas Moule, seem to be neat and concise; and from the very low price—for I see it is sold at a shilling each number—I conceive that these illustrations of British topography must obtain extensive circulation.

Miss Primrose. From your connection with the principal London publishers, I presume, Reginald, that you may have seen something of the new annuals. Have you received any of them yet?

Reginald. Last night a parcel arrived, containing my old favourite, Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, and I

will acknowledge that it kept me up till a much later hour than usual.

Mrs. Primrose. And what do you think of it?

Reginald. That it surpasses in some points, and is fully equal in others, to any of the preceding volumes. Though there are two or three of the fourteen engravings which do not quite please me, yet most of them are exquisite performances, and one by Le Keux, from a painting of Martin's, representing Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf in the Forum at Rome, is absolutely wonderful. The prose articles seem to me superior to any that I have yet met with in publications of this class; and I am glad to observe that there is a more considerable sprinkling of the humorous in this volume than

in its predecessors; and as for the poetry, I am certain that the *Forget Me Not* need not shrink from a comparison with any of its contemporaries. In spite of the number of followers to which this work has given rise, it not only maintains the high ground to which it early elevated itself, but I know from the best authority that its circulation is annually increasing.

Counsellor Eitherside. And may it continue to do so, I say, while its conductors provide so rich an annual treat for the public! But it is late: by our next meeting we shall all be in possession of our copies, and prepared to discuss the merits of this new volume. Till then, adieu!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, Oct. 1828.

OF THE ANCIENT INCAS OF PERU AND THEIR GOVERNMENT.

(From "*Memoirs of General Miller*," lately published)

IN conformity with the general rule by which most nations and heroes claim a supernatural origin or descent, the Peruvians pretend that a white man, cast away upon the coast of Peru, was received and adopted by a cacique, whose daughter, although blind from her birth, the stranger married, and by her he had a son and daughter. It is supposed that the children were taught by their father something of agriculture, architecture, and other simple arts, until then unknown in Peru. The white man and his Peruvian wife both dying, the cacique took his grandchildren to a mountain overlooking the thickly peopled valley of Cuzco; he then descended and assembled the inhabitants, to whom he declared that their god, the Sun, had taken pity on them, and sent two of his own children to instruct and govern them; that

they would find them upon the mountain; and that the truth of his assertion would be proved by the hair of the young man and woman being actually of the colour of the sun's beams. The Cuzquenos, however, imagining that the light hair and fair complexion had been produced by witchcraft, banished the brother and sister to the valley of Rimac. The cacique afterwards removed his golden-haired children to an island in the lake of Titicaca, where he luckily found the inhabitants more easy of belief. Persevering in his original intention of aggrandizing and deifying his family, the cacique counselled his grandson to assemble the whole population of the island, and to return at their head to the valley of Cuzco. The inhabitants of the latter, seeing the fair-haired strangers return, followed by a powerful

multitude, quietly submitted, and acknowledged them as children of the Sun, and proclaimed them Incas. The city of Cuzco then gradually arose.

We will leave it to antiquarians to decide upon the probability of an Englishman's having been thrown upon the coast of Peru eight hundred years ago. Quichuan etymologists affirm, that a cacique, on asking the shipwrecked stranger who he was, received for answer, "Englishman." This was pronounced in the Quichuan language *Ingasman*. To this was added *Cocopac* (or blooming), which united would make *Ingasman cocopac*, which, say the Peruvians, is the derivation of *Manco-Capac*, the founder of the Inca race.

The government of the Incas was a pure despotism, but so modified by patriarchal customs and institutions, that Peru advanced rapidly in the arts, as well of peace as of war, and flourished during the unblemished lives of eleven successive sovereigns. The destructive civil war, which brought about the murder of Huascar by his yet more unfortunate half-brother, Atahualpa, cast the first stain upon their until then blameless annals.

The happiness of the people appears to have been the main object of the policy and solicitude of the Incas. Even their conquests would seem to have been undertaken with no other view. Gold and silver were used for ornamental purposes alone, and were not known as a circulating medium. The produce of the earth was enjoyed in common. The whole was divided by proper officers into four portions, each sown and harvested in the following order: The first was destined to the support of the widow, the orphan, and the helpless; the second to the maintenance of the priests and virgins of the Sun, the construction or adorning of temples, and to provide for whatever else appertained to the most innocent of all idolatries, the worship of the refulgent orb of day. The third

quarter was appropriated to the community. The fourth maintained in more than regal splendour the Inca and his family, which in the course of ages became exceedingly numerous. Polygamy being permitted to the Incas, their families soon spread in endless ramifications over the provinces. So numerous indeed were they, that the virgins of the Sun were for the most part daughters of the blood-royal. The Incas spoke a language which was not permitted to be taught even to the nobles, much less the people; and what is very remarkable, messages in the family language were transmitted *viva voce* from one end of the empire to the other by means of *chusquis*, or messengers on foot, stationed at certain intervals; not one of these understanding the import of this sort of telegraphic communication, which sometimes passed through above a hundred mouths and over many hundred leagues. The language of the Incas was lost in a generation or two after the conquest. That now spoken by Indians is the Quichuan, or general language of the ancient Peruvians.

On the invasion of Pizarro, the Peruvians were found to have obtained a high degree of civilization, much higher indeed than any nation was ever known to have reached prior to the knowledge of letters or graphic records. Wonderful remains of works of utility prove their knowledge, skill, and extraordinary industry. In many of the provinces, the sides of lofty hills, or rather mountains, are cased round with terraces, or hanging gardens, as they have elsewhere been called, which rise one above another to a surprising elevation. Each terrace is faced with stone; and although of considerable width, they cover the sides of such high and extensive mountains, that they alone must have produced subsistence for a very considerable population. Those terraced strips of land were by the Peruvians called *Andenes*, which probably induced the conquerors to give the name

of Andes to the entire mighty ridge of mountains, or *cordillera*, which stretches from the straits of Magellan to the isthmus of Panama. The Andenes are often to be seen in districts where rain never falls; and how they could have been irrigated is now unknown.

In the lower ground, what are now desert levels of many leagues square, were once irrigated by immense *azequias*, which conveyed abundance of water, that gave fertility to tracts at present condemned to absolute sterility. In several places may be seen the ruins of well-built cities, which cover more ground than modern Lima or Madrid. Some of them are upwards of twenty miles from the nearest supply of water.

It appears that the Peruvians never built a town or suffered a single house to occupy a spot that was susceptible of cultivation. The monuments, which in Cuzco still survive the destructive barbarity of its conquerors, attest more strongly than the concurring accounts of early Spanish authors the power, the splendour, and the civilization of the people by whom they were erected. The extent and magnificence of this city arose in a great measure from one striking trait in the policy of the Incas. Every tribe or nation of which their vast empire was composed, was allowed, on being conquered, to add a new division to the city. Those who, from commercial, political, or other views, chose to reside or settle in the capital, were permitted to do so, in the full enjoyment of their own language, usages, and costume. These aggregations were rendered the more numerous by a regulation which obliged the youth of certain superior classes to be sent from all parts of the empire to be educated in the capital. The administration of distant provinces inhabited by warlike tribes could be thus intrusted with safety to men regularly initiated into the science of government under the immediate superintendence of the reigning Inca, whom they were taught both to love and to fear.

Moreover these sons of noble families became hostages for the good conduct of their parents, whose rank and influence might occasionally dispose them to treasonable or ambitious views.

In the education of the Peruvians the blended code of morality and legislation was no less simple than beneficial to the greater number. Three concise precepts formed the foundation of the whole system—*Ama sua*; *Ama qualla*; *Ama llulla*—Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not be idle. Upon these first principles was founded the code of civil laws, which embraced all the wants and relations of civil society, and extended from the partitionary laws, which divided the lands in the most exact proportions and with the greatest impartiality, to the sumptuary edicts which graduated the expenditure, not only of the lower and middle classes, but of the highest ranks in the state. Children were compelled to follow the calling of their fathers, unless otherwise authorized by the local governors. Peruvians were not allowed to remove permanently from their native districts, unless the government thought it expedient to order unpeopled tracts within the empire to be colonized, for the purpose of thinning other provinces when the population had become too dense.

The same code also contained what were denominated laws of brotherhood, to provide mutual assistance in the common wants of life; laws of humanity, to succour the sick, the aged, the infirm, the maimed, the unfortunate; and laws of hospitality, which provided for the necessities of the stranger and the traveller at the public expense.

Magistrates were appointed solely for the purpose of inspecting the domestic economy, and they were armed with powers not only to remedy any deficiency in regard to dress, cleanliness, or education on the part of the parents towards their children, but also to enforce obedience, respect, and support from children to-

wards their parents. These evidently were laws which waged perpetual war against idleness and vice. They provided even for the employment of children from five years old and upwards in occupations adapted to their age and station in the community.

Such is the veneration in which the Indians hold the memory of their Incas, that in many provinces they wear mourning for them to the present time. The dress of an aboriginal Peruvian female is a loose garment of dark, coarse, woollen cloth, extending from the neck to the ankle, and confined at the waist by a broad coloured belt. A small cloth mantle is folded and laid flat upon the crown of the head, so as to leave a part of it dropping down to the shoulders behind, something like that which is still common to the female peasantry of the neighbourhood of Rome. The drapery worn as mourning is the *anaco*, a narrow black scarf, which is tied over the right shoulder, and passing across the bosom, is fastened below

the left arm, and reaches to the extremity of the garment.

The dress of the men is a dark woollen jacket, with breeches open at the knees, a woollen cap embroidered with various-coloured cotton, a cotton belt two or three inches broad, woollen stockings without feet, and sandals made of goat-skin. A small *poncho* is either worn in the usual manner, or tied round the waist as a sash, or thrown so as to dangle over the shoulder like the hussar pelisse.

The aboriginal Peruvians retain some of the customs of their forefathers. If a hut is to be built, or at any other undertaking of more than usual importance, the whole neighbourhood will work for the man requiring assistance. But these calls upon mutual benevolence were latterly of rare occurrence, because the Spanish laws restricted the actions and the possessions of the aborigines to limits which effectually prevented their ever enjoying more than a bare subsistence.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Notturmo for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violoncello or French Horn, ad lib. composed by F. Kalkbrenner. Op. 95. Pr. 6s. — (S. Chappell, Bond-street.)

It is long since our reviews have noticed any works of consequence from the pen of Mr. Kalkbrenner. "My aunt's favourite waltz," of which we spoke last, was very well in its way; and we treated the old lady's fancy with all the gallantry our critical conscience would admit of. The present Notturmo, however, is of a very different calibre; it is one of the *rari nantes* in the *gurgite vasto* of the musical twaddle of our times—one of those few productions which now and then only come before us, to cheer, as it were, our dull and ungrateful task-work in the

sterile field of musical criticism; it is music of the higher order, a work of thought and feeling, the rich and manly product of a genial and powerful imagination.

The Notturmo consists of an andante in F minor, pathetic and pensive in its import, fraught with some striking beauties of melody, forcible in point of harmonic construction, and masterly in its details of general diction and treatment. The andante is followed by an original theme in F major, of sweet simplicity, upon which four variations, including the finale, have been devised. These variations are excellent certainly. The spirit, rather than the letter of the theme, is adhered to; Mr. K.'s fancy moves unfettered through wild and novel paths, gathering flowers of the most diversified melody as it

proceeds, yet always keeping in sight the objects of the excursion. The finale presto, although greatly in character, and by no means destitute of interest, presents, perhaps, the least striking features in the whole composition.

The Notturmo can only suit piano-forte players of a very advanced degree of executive and mental cultivation. The accompaniment of the violoncello—that of the French horn will probably be but rarely resorted to—is not intricate, yet very effective and tasteful.

Notturmo for Piano-forte and Violoncello, composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 5s.—(S. Chappell.)

It is rather remarkable, yet perfectly accidental on our part, that in one and the same critique we should have to notice not only two *Notturmi*, but two *Notturmi* for piano-forte and violoncello. These works of darkness must be quite the fashion. But *duo cum faciunt idem, non est idem*; comparison is unavoidable; and we take blame to ourselves not to have given priority of trial to Mr. C.'s performance. Moselle first, and Johannisberg afterwards. Mr. C.'s Notturmo has an introduction (andante) in A minor; then comes the main movement, an allegretto in A major. This is followed by another andante, in D major; and a polacca in A major forms the conclusion. All these pieces may be termed highly respectable; but they do not in any way augment, by one phrase or period, the existing stock of melody. There is no new feature; we proceed through a succession of ideas to which our memory is no stranger, although the setting may occasionally present some variety of form. At times, too, there is a certain de-

gree of monotony and languor in the march of the melody. The terminations, for instance, of the first, and above all the second part of the principal movement, the allegretto, are rather tame. Upon the whole, however, we think the present Notturmo deserves the notice of amateurs of the violoncello, the capabilities of which, and effects to be produced, are never lost sight of; and what Mr. C. has assigned to that instrument is sure to tell well, without entailing much practical inconvenience. The piano-forte part may be mastered by a very moderate player.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

The Scrap-Book for the Piano-forte and Flute, containing select Movements from various Authors, arranged for the above Instruments, and original Compositions written purposely for this Work. Nos. 1 and 2. Pr. 5s. each—(S. Chappell.)

An advertisement at the head of this work states its object to be that of incorporating, under a new arrangement for piano-forte and flute, "interesting pieces from bulky compositions, pleasing airs from operas, popular airs with variations, rondos, &c." principally for the use of amateurs; so as at the same time to please the ear and cultivate the taste of the performer; in short, "Elegant Extracts" from every kind of source, interspersed with original productions. We think the plan commendable, and likely to succeed if pursued with proper taste and judgment, which requisites are sufficiently to be recognised in the two numbers before us, each consisting of about sixteen pages, besides accompaniments. Their contents are as follows:

No. 1.

The Preghiera, from Rossini's "Mosè,"
arranged by Mr. Burrowes.

Mr. Burrowes' "Gentille Annette."

The fine Andante in E \flat from Mozart's
Symphony in G minor.

No. 2.

An Introduction and Allegretto Sicil. by
Mr. Rawlings.

Rossini's "Una voce poco fà."

An Andante and Polacca of Carafa's.

An Allegretto by Camille Pleyel.

All these pieces are arranged in a very satisfactory manner; the style of treatment is good, and within the bounds of convenient practicability, especially as regards the piano-forte. The flute part, which is indispensable, although certainly not intricate, demands a neat and steady performer. To amateurs in the country a collection of this description is likely to prove particularly valuable.

A Military Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced "Le petit Tambour," by T. Valentine. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

As this divertimento on the above well-known air is pleasant and easy, it may fitly be used as a lesson for students of moderate progress. The work is straight-forward and satisfactory; and towards the termination assumes more spirit and warmth of colouring than at the outset, where the bass is somewhat stiff and plain.

Rondolettinos, founded on popular Airs, for the Piano-forte, by C. Dumon. Nos. 7 and 8. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(S. Chappell.)

The prior numbers of Mr. D.'s rondolettinos have been mentioned in some of our former critiques. Nos. 7 and 8 are founded on the French airs, "*Celui qui sut toucher mon*

cœur," and "*La ronde du Caporal.*"

The treatment is simple and slight, such as will suit pupils within the first twelvemonth's tuition. But even for those, a little more harmonic elaboration than the plain support of the melodic progress of the right hand, to which Mr. D. confines himself, would not be out of place, especially as the collection advances in its numbers.

Two Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed by J. L. P. Essex. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)

No. 1 is neat and pleasing: the second waltz will not fatigue the performer's fingers; it really is remarkably slight and bare. Of the three quavers p \bar{r} bar, two are generally consigned to rests, and the bass is a model of humble simplicity.

Divertimento, introducing Avison's celebrated Andante, on which is founded "Miriam's Song," arranged for the Piano-forte by A. C. Whitcombe. Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

Owing to the subject on which Mr. W. has founded this composition, the greater part bears a tinge of antiquity in style and treatment, which may at first hearing produce an unfavourable impression upon very modernized ears. But, after all, it will be found that there is a vein of smooth tranquillity, and, as it were, gentility, in the workmanship, which has attractions of its own kind. We like it better and better as the work proceeds; and we are often struck with the contrapuntal neatness and cleverness with which the parts of the piano-forte score are blended and entwined into each other. In this particular much skill and a considerable degree of taste (*sui generis*)

have been displayed, and the writing does Mr. W. great credit; it is any thing but commonplace.

The Brighton Almack Quadrilles, containing the favourite Airs, "Fly away, pretty moth"—"The Bee"—"I'd be a Butterfly"—"Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue," &c. &c. arranged for the Piano-forte by J. D. Kirchner. Pr. 4s.—(Willis and Co. Egyptian Hall.)

As our critical propensities are not of so stern a cast as to look upon a good set of quadrilles as a thing beneath our notice, we feel justified in mentioning the above. They have one great merit—the first of all requisites—they are excellent for the ball-room. A dancing-master could not have made them better in this respect. With this important recommendation, and considering the neatness of the tunes, we must wink at some harmonic imperfections, such as the gross fifths, bar 21, p. 4; the objectionable bass, bars 29 and 30 of the same page, &c. and a typographical error or two. In general, the accompaniments are fair enough; a little revision is all that was necessary.

VOCAL MUSIC.

"The rose upon the tree," Ballad, composed by T. Philipps. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

The very simple text of this song is stated to be a translation from the German of Goethe. It is rather hazardous to submit some of the homelier effusions of the veteran bard to the test of translation. Deprived of the idiomatic charms of the original language, and transplanted from a country where the sigh of a grasshopper is capable of moistening the eye of a sentimental *belle*, to a land of infinitely more matter-of-fact im-

pressions, the simple stands the more readily a chance of being deemed childish, as from one to the other "*il n'y a qu'un pas*," as Napoleon has it. Mr. Philipps's melody is as simple as the text; it runs on smoothly and pleasantly in a style of rural innocence, which, allowing for a little additional seasoning, characterized the ballad strains of a generation or two ago.

"Deck not with gems," Ballad, composed by W. Turnbull. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

This is stated to be a second edition, in which case we do not see the object of the original and the new title being both printed on separate pages. Be this as it may, the song, however brief, is entitled to unqualified approbation. There is great feeling in the melody, and even in the harmonic colouring. The style is chaste, the rhythm good, and all is as it should be. The music is separately printed for each stanza, a typographical luxury for which the public must pay accordingly, and for which publishers find a plea in the trifling metrical slovenlinesses of our modern bards.

"Naughty baby," a French Nursery Song; the Words written by J. G. Lockhart, Esq.; the Melody composed by Rosa Angelica Willis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Willis and Co.)

The composer of the melody of this nursery song, as we learn from the title, is of the appropriate age of FOUR YEARS! This is fearful evidence of march of intellect in musicals. The little dears, for aught we know, will ere long wield the pen of criticism; and what then will become of us poor reviewers? But, alarmed as we feel, our fears shall not get the better of our candour. Little Miss

W. if the melody be quite her own, has evinced in this instance a degree of tact and cleverness, which, at her age, cannot but excite astonishment. There is character and keeping in the tune; and the accentuation is proper. The melody is set somewhat too low for infantine voices.

It is proper to add, that, like "Malbrouque" of old, the great Wellington forms the theme of terror in this French nursery song.

Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,
Just as pussy tears a mouse;
And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap.
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Gobble you, gobble you, snap, snap, snap.

"O give me but my Arab steed!"
a romantic Ballad, composed by
G. A. Hodson. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)

In the composition of this ballad Mr. H. cannot altogether lay claim to absolute originality. It reminds us strongly of the "Light Guitar," and the very motivo is pretty closely borrowed from an air in the "Barbieri di Siviglia." This is a matter of regret, as Mr. H. has sufficiently evinced his inventive powers on prior occasions, and even in portions of the present song, which is really very attractive, and constructed with much taste and knowledge of melodic effect. It proceeds with freshness and a vein of martial spirit; the style is good throughout, and the successive portions are in due symmetrical keeping. It is a song that cannot fail to tell well in public, and has indeed met with marked applause.

The Ballad-Singer, a Collection of Comical Comic Songs, set to Music by J. Blewitt. Nos. 1 and 2. Pr. 2s. each—(Chappell.)

The "Whims and Oddities" by Mr. Hood are probably well known

to many of our readers. The endless epigrammatic punning of the poetry constitutes its main attraction, and has rendered the publication a great favourite with the young and the gay. It is from this volume that Mr. Blewitt has taken the texts of these two numbers of his "Comical comic songs," a title, the comicality of which it would be very comical in us not duly to appreciate. Although our critical functions are only indirectly concerned with text, we confess the eligibility for musical exhibition of that of No. 1, "The Anatomy Song," appears to us questionable. The ghost of a young woman conveys to her lover a minute recital of the dissection and dispersion of the limbs of her body after having been purloined by resurrection-men. A subject like this might fitly have been left without musical illustration. No. 2 presents less of scruple to our sensitive nerves. The fickleness of Sally Brown towards Ben the mariner, with all its puns and equivoques, is fair game for a "comical comic song," and likely to promote mirth and good fellowship in a jolly party. The tempo is "Wapping time." The music for songs of this description is scarcely amenable to the tribunal of criticism. Absolute originality is not demanded. It is sufficient if the melodies fairly suit the import and the metre of the text; and the less complicated and readily seizable the tune is, the better for the singer and the audience. These qualifications being inherent in Mr. B.'s labour, if labour it may be called, he may be said to have done the needful with propriety and success.

"List, Hermit, list!" composed by
E. Solis. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and D'Almaine.)

This song is intended as an answer

to Mr. Bishop's ballad, "The Pilgrim of Love," and is entitled to commendation. The introductory recitativo is well imagined; its successive parts are in good keeping and style, and duly developed. The aria which follows also demands our approbation. The motivo is very pleasing, proceeds onward in good cantilena, and the song concludes in a natural yet effective manner. The first bar of p. 3 would have been susceptible of amelioration; the cadence upwards is unsatisfactory; and there are objectionable octaves from the bar immediately preceding. Some of the accentuations are unmetrical, as "*my fair Orynthia*"—"Summer-time"—and one or two more instances. The title is decorated with a good lithography, by Gauci.

HARP, GUITAR, &c.

Useful Extracts for advanced Pupils on the Harp; composed, arranged, and fingered by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 6s.—(S. Chappell.)

This volume of studies contains one hundred examples, consisting, as Mr. B. states, of short and independent passages for every species of execution, devised with the view of facilitating the performance of the more elaborate modern compositions for the harp; and there can be no question as to the present work being well calculated for the accomplishment of this object, considering the great diversity of the exercises which are given, and the manifest care and practical experience with which they have been written. This is all we need state with regard to the "*Useful Extracts*;" a more detailed analysis of which would only engross our space, without adding materially to the information we have given in general terms.

Vol. XII. No. LXXI.

Easy and agreeable (!) Variations on a Tyrolese Air, for the Spanish Guitar, by G. H. Derwort. Pr. 2s.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

Mr. Derwort is perfectly capable of writing *agreeable* music, and he has done so here; but he should leave the public to find it out, for his own testimonial might not meet with universal credence. It is on this account we deem it the more expedient to add our critical corroboration to Mr. D.'s assertion. The air is the well-known melody, "*Wann ich morgends früh aufsteh*;" the variations upon which, four or five in number, are extremely pleasing, of very diversified character, and supported by a more rich and effective harmonic colouring than is usually the case in guitar compositions. There are, however, no difficulties to be encountered, more particularly as the fingers for both hands are indicated by an ingenious mode of notation, as also the various positions requisite for the due execution of the passages and accompaniments. This feature renders the present variations particularly valuable to students, who, by attending to all that is marked down, will derive much improvement from practising them.

Three easy Duets for two Violoncellos, composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell.)

These duets are well suited to players of moderate proficiency, and likely to promote materially their further improvement. The melodies and superstructures are not of a novel cast; but they are neat, intelligible, and altogether entertaining. The more active passages, interspersed here and there, are attractive, and, as is the case throughout

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the duets, lie remarkably convenient to the hand. As the duets are quite concertante, the second violoncello has full as much employment as the first. In fact, the two instruments ride and tie very regularly in most of the pieces.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

DRESS of black satin *Turque*; the bodice made close and long-waisted, laced before and behind, and also pointed: the sleeves are very large to the elbow, and twice confined with black velvet bands, fastened by jet buckles. The sleeves are smaller from the elbow to the wrist, and are there confined by Berlin cameo bracelets of cast iron. The skirt is very full, and plaited in all round, and trimmed with a puffing of black *crêpe lisse* and lanceola-leaves, pointing upwards: *chemisette* within the dress, and full *ruche*. Large circular hat of black Leghorn, tied under the chin on the right side with trimming, irradiating from thence to the edge of the brim; papilionaceous bows of black gauze ribbon are placed on each side towards the top of the crown. Lavender-colour gloves; black prunella shoes; Thibet shawl, of lavender-colour.

DINNER DRESS.

Black velvet dress, made extremely simple; the body *à la Rosalinde*, scolloped round the bust, with pendant ornaments attached to the point of each scollop: melon velvet sleeves under long full ones of white *aëroplane* crape, fastened at the wrist by jet bracelets, nearly half-a-quarter broad. The skirt is full in round the waist, and terminated by scollops instead of a hem or rouleau. Turban of white *aëroplane* crape; the fulness longitudinal, and supported by frequent bands of black and lavender-colour velvet; band of the same round the head, and a plume of white ostrich feathers and fancy velvet ornament placed far back on the left side. The hair in ringlets. White kid gloves, stamped and tied at the wrist. Black satin shoes.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 15.

MUSLIN gowns are disappearing very fast from our promenades: they are succeeded by merinos and fancy stuffs: the merinos are plain and printed; the latter are very much in request: they are printed in a running pattern, and the colours are very beautiful. The fancy stuffs are some figured, others striped: they are in general a mixture of wool and cotton,

and are called *Serviennes* and *Bulgariennes*. Silk is as yet but little worn; we see indeed a few *rédingotes*, but they have nothing remarkable in their make.

Promenade gowns continue to be made as last month, with the exception of those in printed merino: these have the *corsage* made in a formal and ungraceful style; it sits close to the shape, except across the bosom, where a very little fulness is





DINNER DRESS



disposed in small plaits in a bias direction. The *corsage* is made a three-quarter height, and the upper part is edged with a porcupine trimming of satin, of one of the predominant colours of the dress; the lower part is trimmed in a similar manner, and terminated before and behind in a scollop, instead of the customary point. The sleeves still retain their excessive fulness; and about half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, a very large *bouillon* is formed by two narrow bands, placed near each other, and the fulness drawn out between them. The trimming of the skirt consists of a very broad flounce, disposed in large plaits, and so arranged that each plait terminates in a deep point: the heading of the flounce corresponds. *Capotes* in *foulards*, the printed silks which we mentioned as being worn in cravats, are the only novelty in promenade head-dresses.

Percalles, printed in cashmere patterns, are much worn in morning dress; the grounds of these dresses are black, brown, green, and deep blue; the stripes are really a very good imitation of the "real inimitable little Turkish border." The bodies of these dresses are made high, with considerable fulness, and the upper and lower part of the *corsage* is bordered by a stripe. Stripes are also employed to compose four bands, which confine the sleeve in different parts of the arm. The trimming of the skirt consists only of a single deep flounce, in which the material is placed longitudinally.

Muslin is still much worn for dinner gowns. Within the last few days, some muslin dresses have appeared richly embroidered in coloured silks. The upper part of the *corsage* is finished by a slight embroidery, in a scroll pattern. The sleeve, which is extremely short and full, is divided in the middle by a similar band, and terminated by a trimming of *blonde de fil*. The *ceinture*, also in muslin, has a slight embroidery at each edge,

to correspond with that of the *corsage*, and a bouquet embroidered in the centre before and behind. The skirt is trimmed with a very broad bias band of muslin, finished at the upper edge by a rouleau of white satin; immediately over which is placed a double row of embroidery of roses, jasmin, honeysuckle, &c. &c. forming a beautiful wreath.

Merinos, both plain and printed, are also worn in dinner dress. The former are always richly embroidered in silk of a corresponding colour. The sleeves, whether long or short, are transparent: they are surmounted by epaulettes of merinos, which, as well as the *corsage*, is richly embroidered.

Poplins from the royal manufacture of the *Savonnerie* have just made their appearance, and are at present more in favour in full dress than any other material. They are figured in a running pattern. White watered *gros de Naples* is next in estimation.

A brace has recently appeared in full dress, which forms the shape in a very becoming manner: it is composed of embroidered ribbons, which cross each other in a kind of net-work, and the ends form a row of points round the waist. When these braces are worn with dresses of white *gros de Naples*, the trimming of the skirt often consists of rouleaus of embroidered ribbon, round which rows of blond lace, drawn a little full, are twined in a spiral direction: there are two, or sometimes three, of these rouleaus disposed in deep waves, which produce a very elegant effect.

Caps are much worn both in full and half dress, and the form is nearly the same in both. *Blonde de fil* is the favourite material in the latter. The crown, which is of a moderate height, is ornamented with a drapery, the ends of which form the lappets. The border, excessively broad, is turned back from the face by branches of foliage formed of ribbon. Sometimes the border is turned back only on one side. Flowers are

rarely employed to ornament half-dress caps.

Full-dress caps are made also in this form, but they are generally trimmed with flowers, and the lappets are of embroidered gauze ribbon. A new shape, however, has just appeared, which promises to be fashionable; it is composed of falls of blond lace, arranged in the form of shells upon a *calotte* of blond net; in the hollow of each shell is placed

a short down feather; the border is turned back and caught up in four places, where the tips of the feathers fall over it. This head-dress has an elegant but somewhat whimsical effect. The favourite colours are, some new shades of azure and rose-colour, pearl-grey, a singularly rich shade of violet called *violet d'évêque*, *violet des bois*, and *Jumée de Navarin*.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A FLOWER-STAND.

AMONG those pieces of furniture which unite the beauties of nature and art none is more conspicuous than the flower-stand. It is equally appropriate for the drawing-room, library, and boudoir, and is likewise employed on a larger scale in the conservatory. In France and Italy, where the heat of the climate requires all that is cool and refreshing, flower-stands are much used; and occasionally small artificial fountains are introduced in them, which by their continual action cool the

air, and refresh the plants placed around them. Thus the flower-stand is rendered at once a useful, pleasing, and ornamental piece of furniture, and may be considered as almost indispensable in the refined mansions of modern times.

The annexed design is of an equilateral triangular form, and is intended to be executed in white or veined marble, from the supposition that its coldness will be more congenial to the plants which are placed in it.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

AN author, whose pen will be immediately recognised, is engaged on a work of fiction, to be called *Tales of the Great St. Bernard*.

In the press, *The Castilian*, by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, author of "Gomez Arias," a Spanish historical romance, &c. &c.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Prato and Pistoia, during the reign of the late Grand-Duke Leopold of Tuscany, are announced for early publication.

Mr. Smith's *Life of Noltekens*, the sculptor, will appear forthwith. It will comprise, we hear, several valuable letters of contemporary painters, sculptors, and architects of talent, particularly of Fuseli, Flaxman, and Blake.

A new volume of Mr. Buckingham's *Travels in the East*, describing regions

of great interest, is nearly ready for publication.

Tales of Woman, designed to exhibit the female character in its brightest and most elevated points of view, are announced for early publication.

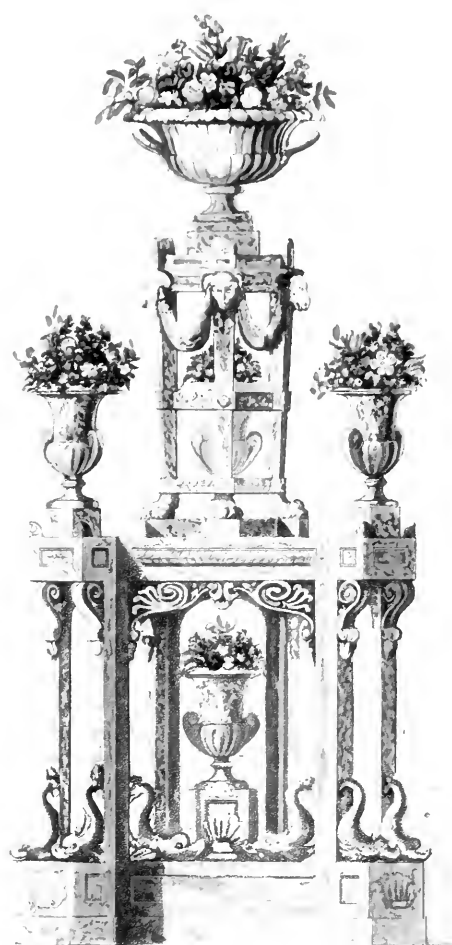
The Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, a translation of which is about to appear, are understood to be written by Madame Ducrest, the niece of Madame de Genlis.

The author of "The Naval Sketch-Book" has in the press a work, under the title of *Sailors and Saints*.

A second series of *Tales of a Voyager* is about to make its appearance.

A new comic romance, to be called *Rank and Talent*, is in preparation.

The Man of Two Lives, a narrative related by himself, is on the eve of publication.



A new edition of *Solitary Wanderings through Many Lands*, by Derwent Conway, is in preparation.

With the other annuals will be published a splendid new-year's gift, printed in gold, to be entitled *The Golden Lyre*, consisting of selections of the finest passages from the poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy.

In the press, *Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America*, including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage, with Observations on Emigration, by Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. &c. author of "Travels in Africa, Asia," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones, Chevalier of the Military Order of Merit and of the Russian Order of St. Anne, &c. &c. in 2 vols. small 8vo. are in preparation.

Mr. John Howell, editor of the "Journal of a Soldier of the Seventy-First Regiment," &c. is engaged upon *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*; containing the real incidents upon which the romance of "Robinson Crusoe" is founded; in which the events of his life, drawn from authentic sources, are traced from his birth in 1676 until his death in 1723.

The author of "Clan-Albin," &c. has in the press, *Diversions of Hollycot, or the Mother's Art of Thinking*; also, *Rational Readings*: each in 1 vol. 18mo.

Captain Thomas Brown is preparing for press, *Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs*; exhibiting remarkable instances of the instinct, sagacity, and social disposition of this faithful animal.

Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, in 1 vol. post 8vo. will be published in a few days.

Preparing for publication, Fisher's *Grand National Improvements, or Picturesque Beauties of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century*, commencing with Liverpool, Manchester, &c.; the literary department by W. H. Pyne, Esq. and others; the graphic by, and under the superintendence of, Mr. Robert Wallis. The drawings will be taken on the spot by Messrs. G. Pyne, C. C. Pyne, A. Williamson, and other eminent artists.

The first volume of a work on *Fruits*, by J. Sabine and J. Lindley, Esqrs. is nearly ready for publication.

In a few days will be published, an *Essay*, explanatory of a method whereby cancerous ulcerations may be stopped by the formation of crusts and granulating margins; together with observations on and directions for the treatment of their analogous diseases, by W. Farr, surgeon to the Cancer Institution.

The Imperial Remembrancer, being a collection of valuable tables for constant reference and use, will appear at the same time as the Almanacks.

At Christmas will be published, *The Housekeeper's Oracle*, by the late Dr. Kitchiner.

Mr. James Shaw will publish in the course of the ensuing month, *The Parochial Lawyer, or Churchwarden's and Overseer's Guide*.

Shortly will be published a half-length portrait of John Warde, Esq. of Squerries, Kent, the father of fox-hunting, after a painting by Mr. Green.

Poetry.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Oh! rest, sweet bird of heaven, awhile!

Oh! rest awhile thy golden wings!

Here, where the fairest flow'rets smile,

Here, where the brightest verdure springs,

Around thee flash the sunny beams;

The fragrant zephyr fans thy breast:

Oh! 'tis a place of fairy dreams—

A place of peace and rest.

Then pause awhile! from every vale
 The voice of nature bids thee stay:
 The bright stream murmurs to the tale,
 And calls thee from the skies away;
 The violet droops her glittering head,
 And holds her cup of morning dew*;
 And evening learns its tears to shed—
 Like sympathy—for you.

Hush, hush, ye gales! nor dare to play
 Too rudely with her wings of gold!
 No breath of earth, no blush of day,
 May o'er heaven's bird their sweets unfold.
 Too bright for earth, oh! how thou'rt driven
 To drink the flowret's faint perfumes!
 And a light wayward beam from heaven
 Seems dancing on thy plumes.

Whence comest thou? Say, hast thou seen
 That region of unfading flowers,
 And all the smiling spots of green
 That deck Elysium's sunny bowers?
 Whence comest thou? Yet stay thy flight,
 And linger o'er the expectant floods,
 And quit the realms of cloudless light
 For earth's fair plains and woods.

Yet when the angry storms arise†,
 No longer thou wilt linger here,
 But soar to other stormless skies,
 Or seek some spirit's starry sphere;
 There floating on, like hope's fond dreams,
 No gale shall kiss thy stirless breast,
 But purer skies and brighter beams
 Shall be thy place of rest!

OMEGA.

THE BUGLE-HORN.

By Mrs. HENRY ROLLS.

The bugle-horn! how sweet the strain
 That floats along the moon-lit dale!
 Oh! it awakes a thrilling train
 Of thoughts long wrapp'd in time's dim veil:
 The scenes, the hopes of life's young morn,
 When first I heard the bugle-horn!
 Amidst my native mountains wild,
 When those clear notes responsive rung,
 Oft have they roused the lonely child
 From dreams where fairy voices sung;
 Starting, I deemed the bugle-horn
 Was by some elfin huntsman borne!

* The bird of Paradise is said to live upon dew.

† "When the bird of Paradise is surprised by a heavy gale, it instantly soars to a higher region, beyond the reach of the tempest: there, in a serene sky, they float at ease on their light flowing feathers, or pursue their journey in security."

Oh! then 'twas sweet at break of day
 To catch from echoing rock and scar,
 Those notes which called the hunters gay
 To meet and join the sylvan war;
 As those I loved at early morn,
 Assembled to the bugle-horn!
 And it proclaimed the jocund feast,
 When seemed alive the mountain's side,
 As chief and peasant came; the guest
 To him, of all our race the pride,
 With eye, bright as the star of morn,
 And voice, clear as the bugle-horn!
 But it has poured a solemn strain,
 Borne but by fancy to mine ear;
 It floated o'er the sable train
 That wept around his early bier:
 E'en now o'er ocean's wave seems borne
 The echo of that bugle-horn!
 ALDWINCLE RECTORY, *Sep.* 25.

THE OUTLAW'S TOMB.

By Mrs. KENTISH.

Where yon lone, drear, and pathless wood
 Its clustering thickets twine,
 Where thorns and briars, wildly rude,
 With sweetest flowers combine,
 The world's unjust disdain repelling,
 An outlaw chose his rugged dwelling.

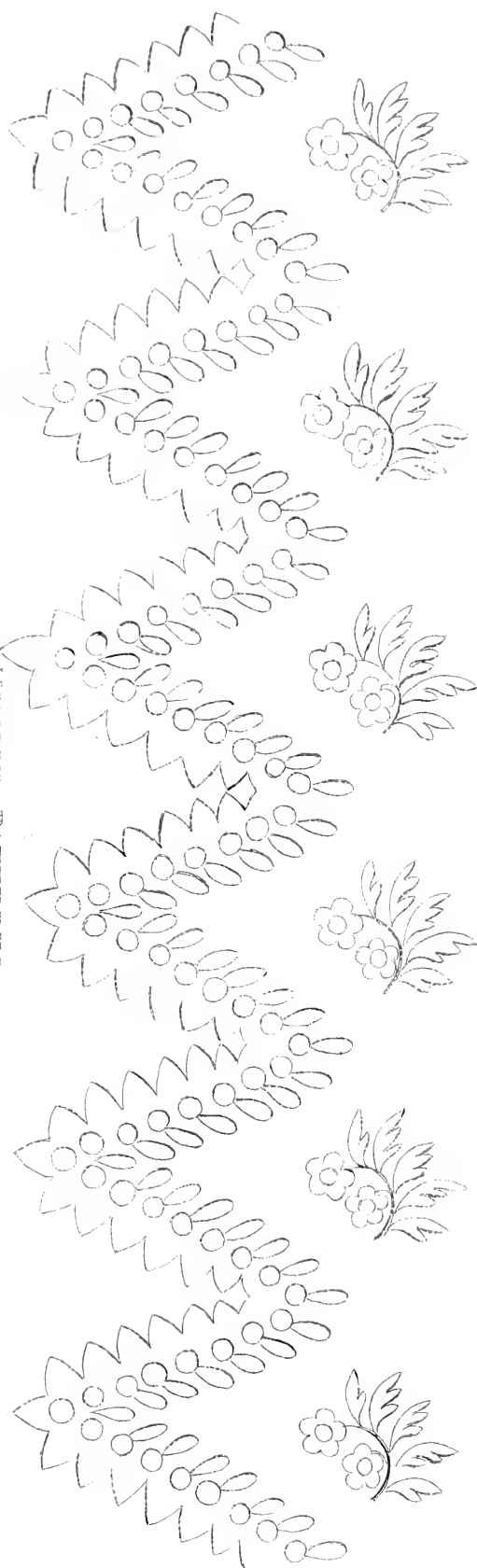
Yet think not that so harsh a name
 With guilt is always mingled;
 A cloud may shade the fairest fame
 That virtue e'er enkindled:
 A firmer heart, a purer mind,
 Were ne'er in human form enshrined.

There, where those scatter'd flow'rs are
 Thrown,

His lifeless form reposes.
 One, all unheeded and alone,
 Has strew'd that bed with roses;
 And true affection's genuine tear
 With morn's first dew-drop glistens there.

She, who his soul's devotion blest,
 Yet dearer, exiled and disgraced,
 With ardour turned her wand'ring feet
 To find, to cheer, his lone retreat;
 To spread his couch, his meal prepare;
 His cavern'd home to bless and share;
 She sought the wood's embow'ring gloom;
 She came—she found her exile's tomb!

Poor mourner! loud the tempests rise;
 Clouds, like thy fate, involve the skies;
 The woods their branches wave;
 The moaning blasts their plaints combine;
 But who shall mingle tears with thine
 Upon the outlaw's grave?



DESIGN PATTERNS.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER 1, 1828. N^o. LXXII.

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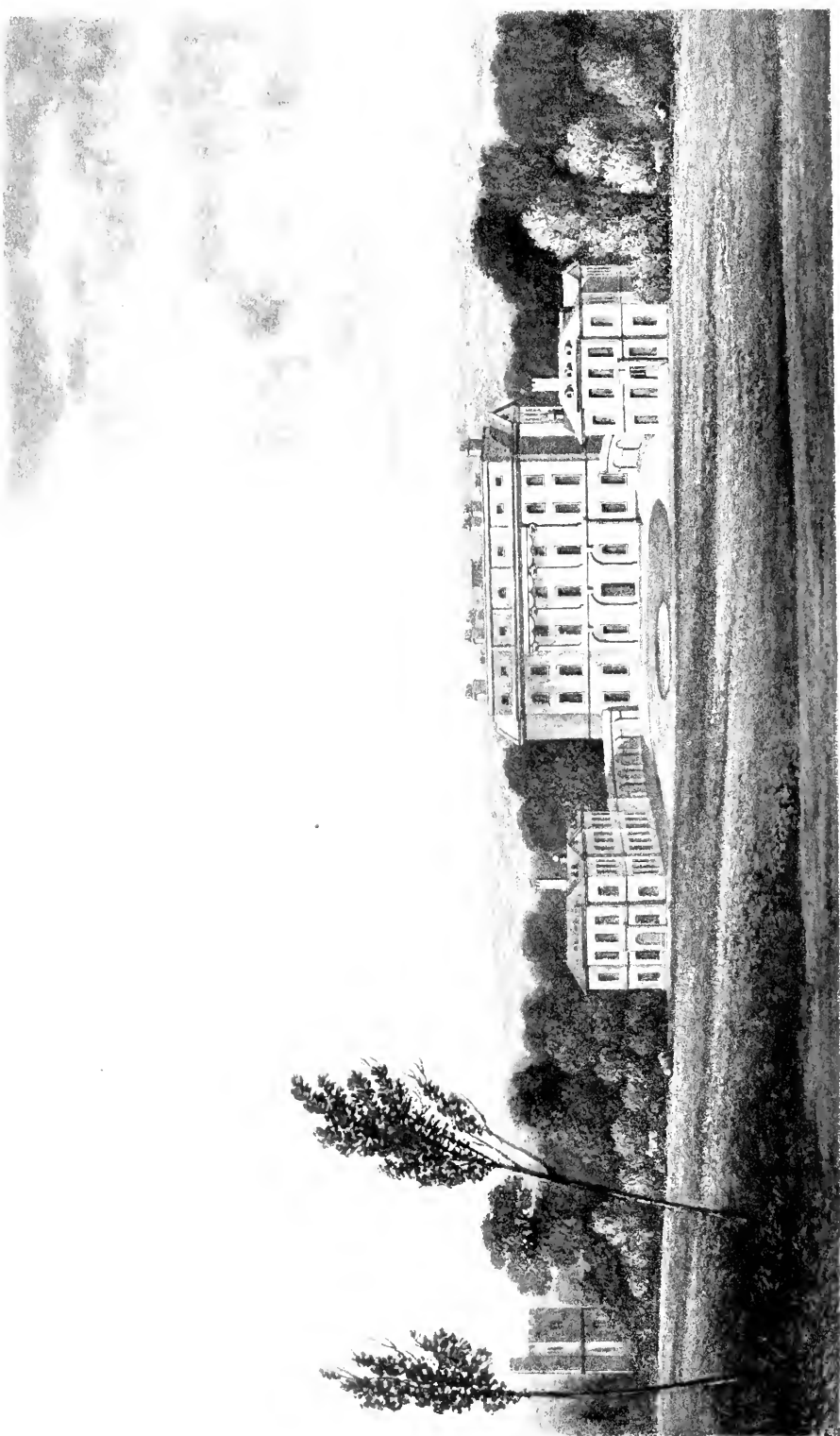
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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Publisher of the REPOSITORY begs leave to refer his Subscribers to the Bill stitched up with this Number, for an explanation of the motives which have induced him to make a considerable alteration in the plan of this work, which, with the modifications there announced, will henceforward bear the title of THE REPOSITORY OF FASHION. He has therefore in this place only to acquit himself of the pleasing duty of presenting his most grateful acknowledgments to all those whose patronage he has experienced during the twenty years that have elapsed since the commencement of this Miscellany; and to express his confident hope, that the punctuality with which he has ever fulfilled his engagements with the Public will secure the support of all the purchasers of the REPOSITORY OF ARTS for his new undertaking. To the esteemed Friends and Contributors who have aided him with their talents to give interest and variety to his pages his best thanks are also due; and he assures them, that though the new arrangement excludes communications, yet he shall never cease to hold their kind services in grateful remembrance.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER 1, 1828. NO. LXXII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

CHEVENING, KENT,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF STANHOPE.

THIS beautiful mansion is pleasantly situated at the foot of a fine range of hills in the district of Holmsdale, near Sevenoaks, in the western division of Kent. The immediate eminence that overlooks Chevening is distinguished by the name of Maram's-Court Hill, on the Tonbridge road. The space between this hill and the town of Tonbridge from north to south, and between Westerham and Maidstone from east to west, is the Holmsdale of Kent; and it is the traditional boast of its inhabitants that it was saved from spoliation by the Norman conquerors through the bravery and address of their ancestors, and that for this reason they were allowed to retain all their ancient customs and privileges, and thus to form an exception to every other district in the kingdom; from which circumstance they style themselves, by way of dis-

inction, "the Men of Kent;" and hence the ancient watch-word or challenge, kept up to this day amongst them, "Stand fast, West Kent!" which is sure to be heard and re-echoed on all occasions of festivity amongst the peasantry.

The mansion of Chevening is situated twenty miles south-east of London. It consists of a centre, 120 feet by 58, connected with wings, running off at right angles; but as they are built for offices only, their elevation is not more than half that of the centre, and their angles being a little detached from it, they have a circular lobby inclosed, to connect them with the main body of the house. It is a fine substantial building of brick, cased with cement, and ornamented in the centre of the grand entrance with an arcaded dressing of solid stone to the division of the principal floor, from which rise four pilasters,

of the Ionic order, supporting the entablature. Above this is the attic story, enriched with a cornice, and finished by a parapet. The fronts of the offices within the quadrangle are handsomely built, with piazzas the whole length of each. The south or garden front of the edifice corresponds with the north.

The principal entrance contains the hall and grand staircase of oak, superbly enriched with carving; and from its dimensions, as well as those of the apartment in which it is placed, it has an imposing effect, which is greatly heightened by a superb collection of ancient armour, suits of black and polished mail, &c. The dining-room, which has a south aspect, overlooks the pleasure-grounds, which are ornamented with a fine sheet of water, opening to a rich and delightful landscape. This room is beautifully wainscoted in panel, with an Egyptian cornice, and decorated with fine portraits of the distinguished members of the family of the noble owner by Kneller, Lely, &c. The breakfast-room, on the same aspect, is of a corresponding character with the dining-room, and is adorned with portraits. The library, a noble apartment 50 feet by 18, contains a fine collection of scientific works, and is ornamented with busts in marble: this room, the above-mentioned apartments, and the hall, are the principal ones on the ground floor.

The grand staircase leads to the lobby and vestibule, which conduct to the grand drawing-room. This splendid apartment is replete with taste in its design, furniture, and decoration. Four other apartments on this floor constitute the suite: these

are, the morning or sitting-room, the lady's sitting-room, the lady's study, and the gentleman's study, all of which correspond in design, though somewhat inferior in splendour to the drawing-room, and are ornamented with portraits of eminent persons by the first masters. In the upper stories are a handsome suite of bedrooms and attic chambers. The basement contains the cellars and other suitable domestic offices.

The interior of the lobbies, described as connecting the wings with the principal edifice, are decorated with curious specimens of the primitive match-lock, ancient carbines, halberts, &c. worth the attention of the curious visiter.

The lawn, on the northern aspect, and from which the annexed view was taken, sweeps for half a mile in a gentle acclivity to the foot of the opposite range of hills above-mentioned, and whence some of the most delightful views in the south of England are presented.

The writer of this sketch cannot forbear expressing his deep sense of the kindness and condescension personally shewn to him, on application for permission to view the mansion, by the noble proprietor; and if happy faces, a general appearance of neatness, health, and cleanliness, both in the persons and the dwellings of the inhabitants of this favoured district, be a criterion to judge by, we may, without presumption, conclude that a beneficial influence emanates from a noble and enlightened patron, of whose bounty they partake, and whose fostering care spreads universal peace and content among his dependents.



THE COLLEGE BUILDING

HOLWOOD PARK, KENT,

THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN WARD, ESQ.

THIS modern and beautifully classic edifice, situated near Farnborough, was built by the present proprietor about four years ago, from the design of Mr. Burton. It stands on the site of the old mansion, which was a favourite retreat of the late Right Hon. William Pitt, by whom it was purchased of Mr. Randall, ship-builder. The walls are of brick, but the ornamental circular portico, on the south front, of four Ionic fluted columns, and the receding wings, with Doric columns, entablatures, &c. are of beautifully clear stone-work, said to be Portland, but resembling more in its grain the York freestone. Its general proportions are admirable, and the whole design is chaste and elegant, reflecting much credit on the architect and on the taste of its worthy owner.

In the interior the hand of taste and of architectural skill has executed a saloon, a perfect model of chastened beauty, in the centre of the mansion, rising to the entablature, and surmounted by a small dome or lantern, supported by columns, which lights the apartments. It conducts to a spacious suite of principal rooms, consisting of a drawing-room, dining-parlour, billiard-room, conservatory, &c.

This mansion is seated on a lofty terraced ground, in or near the cen-

tre of the beautiful park, and commands rich and extensive prospects beyond its fine home scenery. Interesting from its peculiar local character, it contains within its own domain the site of an ancient military encampment, several hundred yards in length, called Cæsar's camp; but from the circumstance of partial deviations from the general character of Roman remains of this class, it is doubted by some whether this work is really of Roman origin; and various have been the conjectures of respectable authors concerning it: but from the commanding situation selected, a circumstance so consistent with the tactics of the masters of the universe, and from which they were not known to depart in the choice of a station, it may perhaps be inferred, without much doubt, that its origin coincides with its present name; but whether it be a Roman, a Saxon, or a Danish work, it is decidedly an ancient military station.

The summits of the breast-works are crowned with ornamental timber, and form masses of rich foliage, with occasional breaks, from which are presented peeps into the extensive scenery to the north, including in its scope the metropolis, from which this place is distant fourteen miles, and the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey.

TIME-KILLING.

THERE never was any thing so warred against as time. Many men are by profession *time-killers*; and

most persons are, more or less, in a constant state of hostility with that which, if rightly treated, is man's

best friend. Some do not hesitate to style Time "the enemy;" and others, while they pretend a friendship for it, fail not to treat it as a foe. But still Time exists in spite of all the attempts of man against its life, and pursues its uninterrupted course, while successive generations of mortals perish by its side.

Of time-killers by profession there are numbers. Of these the *idler* boasts of being the greatest, though in fact he is the least successful. The only gratification of his life consists in a few certain meals and some incidental circumstances. The time not taken up in these is to him a dreary blank, which he would, if possible, annihilate. After breakfast he starts to kill Time till dinner; and from dinner till supper he pursues the same game; but at night his bag is still empty. Miserable sportsman! he cannot even produce a few feathers from the wings of Time, so bad a marksman is he. Time is in fact making game of him, and leads him a *will-o'-the-wisp* dance from morn till night. With no one do the hours pass more heavily. The hour-glass seems, as it were, to float before his sight, and the more his eye is fixed on it, the slower appears the sand to flow.

The *libertine* is also by profession a time-killer; but while he levels desperate blows at "the enemy," his more cautious opponent retaliates with a surer aim. His very exertions to maim the foe only tend to weary, weaken, and destroy himself.

The *man of pleasure*, though in some measure a time-killer, is more properly a *time-driver*. He would make a slave of Time. He would yoke it to his chariot-wheels; he would drive it his own pace; and

when he pleased, he would drive it away altogether. But Time is a restive beast, and will not submit to be so treated: it obeys neither the lash nor the rein; and the more he tries to get rid of it, the more it haunts him.

The *man of the world* is a pretended friend of Time. He courts its favour, and would fain turn it to account. But Time is not so easily caught. It appears for a short period to lend itself to his projects. It poises for a moment on its wings; but this is only that it may take the better aim; then pounces on its prey, and with a fell sweep of its scythe mows down all his schemes of happiness, and scatters his hopes to the winds.

The *busy man* may be considered as a *time-hunter*. He is ever engaged in a breathless pursuit of Time. He grasps the shadow, but the substance escapes.

The *indolent man* has not the spirit either to attack or to pursue Time: he is therefore neither a time-killer nor a time-hunter, but a *time-catcher*. He is constantly laying traps for Time; but his bird-lime snares never succeed; and while he is trying to throw salt upon Time's tail, it hops out of his reach.

The *sycophant* every one knows is a *time-server*; and perhaps of all the meddlers with Time, he is the only one who appears to profit by his business; for it must be acknowledged, that he too often succeeds in his worldly schemes.

O Time! how thou art bothered and bantered! The fool *loses* thee; the wise man *finds* thee; the sportsman *runs* against thee; the gamester *bets* against thee; the fiddler *keeps* thee; the dancing-master *kicks*

thee; and the drummer *beats* thee. So that, poor Time! thou art lost, found, jostled, cheated, kept, kicked, and beaten! and yet after all this ill usage thou dost not appear a whit the worse for wear.

But though Time is thus treated by the world, there is a period at which every one would fain claim its indulgence or arrest its steps. "One short moment for repentance!" cries the dying sinner. "A long day!" prays the condemned culprit. "A short time longer!" exclaims the unsatisfied sensualist. "If I had but time!" sighs the worldly schemer. And yet all these either have been, or are, engaged in open or disguised hostility with the very object whose compassion they solicit, or whose flight they deplore.

My poor friend, Sir Pendulum Pivot, was the most unlucky wight in his dealings with Time that ever I met with. He was a professed economist of time, and yet he never had a moment to spare. His mind was a kind of balance-wheel, ever vibrating between the right and the wrong; so that, in deciding upon neither, he left every thing undone. His watch

was constantly in his hand, and yet he kept no watch upon himself. His house was full of time-keepers; and though Time was thus ever staring him in the face, he was always, most paradoxically, either before his time or behind his time. In music he was sure to be out of time; and in dancing he never could keep time, although, like other fops, he had a glaring pair of *clocks* at each ancle. In the literal sense of the word, he was a time-server; and yet ungrateful Time served him at last a scurvy trick; for the poor knight died of vertigo, because the surgeon could not arrive in time to bleed him.

He only is the truly wise man who, knowing the nature and the value of Time, conforms himself to its movements, and seeks to benefit by its presence; neither endeavouring to accelerate nor to retard its pace; being aware that Time waits for no man, he wisely waits upon Time. Time is then to him as the bark in which he sails; it moves, but he perceives not its progress. Thus he floats quietly down the stream of life, till Time at length launches him into the ocean of eternity. B.

THE COTTAGERS OF SCHWITZ.

"Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our bridal flow'rs fade o'er a buried corse."

"I HAVE never spared admonition when needful, Miss Annesley, though more painful to the speaker than to the listener; and, on the other hand, to express approbation has been my truest pleasure. Judge then of the satisfaction with which I say that my dear ward is both wise and amiable in giving up a birthday-ball, because her aunt feared the consequences of

crowded rooms and over-excitement to her nerves."

"Mrs. O'Dermody is a far-off aunt indeed! she is but the aunt of my mother, and I cannot love her much when I remember that she was as cross to dear, dear mamma, as she is to me, since I am an orphan."

"She loves you most fondly; she reproves you, to promote your future

advantage: your good sense has often perceived and acknowledged, that your aunt did not blame you half so severely as you condemned your own faults."

"But it is no fault to wish for having my friends about me enjoying themselves. Of what use is fortune if I may not spend a small sum to make myself happy? Why do people toil to get money, if they may not employ some pounds to purchase the gratification of a merry dance?"

"Ah! my dear ward, happiness is not to be obtained by the expenditure of wealth in transient gratifications; and I have known by sad experience that much misery may originate in a ball. Would you ever cease to lament if at your ball two gentlemen should quarrel, and either should fall in a duel? Your aunt was informed that some families whom you could not omit in the invitations were recently at variance: to prevent a greater evil, she subjected you to a trivial disappointment; and her increased disorder, which the dread of a fatal encounter between those friends really occasioned, has furnished an excuse for delaying the public celebration of your birthday."

"Next year then I must have a ball. I shall tell my aunt at dinner that I will not submit to another disappointment. My aunt was, and is, always for hoarding; but I must be made happy with my fortune."

"Do not flatter yourself, Miss Annesley, that fortune may always exempt you from self-denials. You must be prepared sometimes to resign darling inclinations for your own sake and for the well-being of society."

"You never told me so before this day, dear guardy; and you are

too good to take the trouble of reasoning with the wayward Rhoda. I have been struggling these four long days to bear my disappointment quietly: yet when the time drew nigh for that gay delightful party, I could not keep silence."

"I am not sorry you gave vent to your chagrin, Miss Annesley. It affords me an opportunity of rendering my afflicting experiences of some benefit to you."

"Have you known affliction, my dear sir? I thought that only the poor and the sick were afflicted."

"You have repeatedly asked why I always wore a dismal black coat. I evaded a direct reply to your inquiry. I had not fortitude to enter upon the retrospection of my sorrows in detail, as no lasting impression could have been expected at your early age; but at fourteen your maturer understanding and warm feelings may retain it."

A servant interrupted this conversation with a message from Mrs. O'Dermody, that she and Mrs. Brunel were much indisposed; and being apprehensive that they had caught the epidemic cold, they requested Miss Annesley not to expose herself to infection by coming to see them.

"Has the doctor been called?" said Miss Annesley. The footman said he was with Mrs. O'Dermody, and had desired that not even the servants of the family should go up stairs. Two sick-nurses were to attend the ladies.

"I am now glad that the ball was prevented," said Miss Annesley. "If my aunt and governess had been ill after it I should have been grieved by the idea, that they had caught cold while indulging my foolish whimsy."

"Bless you! heaven bless you, my child!" said Mr. Conynghame. "You have the merit of self-correction in numberless instances; and the period is not distant when you shall reap the hourly reward of resolution and perseverance. You and I must entertain each other for a few days; so, my dear, you must endeavour to be reconciled to pass the time *tête-à-tête* with an old man."

"My dear, dear guardian, you have always made me delight to be with you: even when you rebuked my faults, your words were so gentle, your manner so kind, that I submitted without difficulty. But for you I should have been a giddy, idle, ignorant, presuming girl. No governess could stay with me more than a few months, till you assisted in correcting my bad dispositions."

"Your bad habits, my dear, you should say. Your dispositions, excellent by nature, were perverted by unbounded indulgence; and your innate goodness is regaining a happy ascendant."

"If so, it is to my guardian I owe the reformation. My dear mamma never denied me any thing. When she was no more, aunt O'Dermody believed I must be tamed by severities, which only made me obstinate. I should have been quite lost if you had not come from abroad. Why did you go to Switzerland? and why, oh! why, did you stay so long, that my mother had not the consolation of seeing my father's best and dearest friend, to give him her last injunctions for her poor child?"

"My dear Rhoda, a ball, which you seem to suppose a never-failing source of enjoyment—a ball occasioned the flight of my father's family to the Continent. They were

Catholics; so was his adversary, Lord ——. My father resided some time in Portugal, on account of my sister's delicate health, and there had occasion to discover base intrigues of the Jesuits, which at his return he mentioned to his neighbour, Lord ——. His lordship communicated all to his chaplain, a bigot and a Jesuit, who, by artful insinuations, created a difference between them: but they occasionally met and parted on civil terms, until his lordship, overheated by wine, behaved with rude familiarity to a young lady who went in my mother's party to a ball, and he struck my father when he interfered to release her from the insulting grasp. His lordship would not make an apology; a duel was deemed unavoidable, and the aggressor fell a victim to his pride. My father was acquitted of crime by the laws of his country and that court of honour—the voice of the public; but so much enmity arose, that apprehending his sons would find it impossible to shun quarrels, he committed his estates to your grandfather's friendly management, and took his family to the canton of Schwitz. His motive was then unknown to us. I learned it after his decease from letters in his repository.

"I was under the age of majority at our departure from Ireland; my sister was eighteen, and my brother twenty-four years old. In the town of Schwitz he soon became the most conspicuous and popular inhabitant. Transcendently handsome, accomplished, vivacious, and accommodating, he sparkled as a leader of fashions, previously unknown to a simple industrious people. He introduced amusements which were quite a novelty to them; and the priests

connived, because my father made frequent and liberal donations to the church. My brother ordered a decorated barge to be constructed for the lake, and had a marquee prepared for entertaining his friends with a collation on the opposite shore. To prove the velocity of our progress and the seamanship of his people, Roger embarked with them a few days before the intended *fête*, and my sister and I accompanied him, taking the now superannuated Moriarty, my foster-brother, and servant, to trim the sails, and, in short, to act as our skipper, being an expert lake-navigator from his early youth. Alas! none of us considered the sudden and fatal squalls that sweep from the hills of Switzerland; and while we were gaily talking of the pleasant assemblage we anticipated in a few days, the barge was overset by a furious gust from the northern mountains. Moriarty and I made every effort to save my sister, till, quite exhausted, I must have perished, unless supported by him. He afterwards acknowledged, that, finding he could not save both, he believed it incumbent to preserve the nursling of his mother. All his exertions must have failed, if a gentleman and his daughter, who were taking a walk on the woody margin of the small lake, had not risked their own lives in our behalf. Mr. Amersham plunged into the water for our rescue, and the young lady assisted in drawing us up the steep bank to a grassy area above it. We were quite insensible, and many hours passed before we could tell our name or place of residence.

"Mr. Amersham had been a surgeon in a populous town of Hampshire; and to his humanity and skill

we owed, under Divine Providence, a return of vital power. His house was near the lake, and thither he conveyed us. Moriarty recovered sooner than I, and as soon as he could tell where my parents were to be found, Mr. Amersham sent one of his apprentices to their place of abode. They had heard of the fatal catastrophe, and lamented as supposing themselves childless. To have yet one of their family reviving, though for a time unconscious of their presence or their woe, afforded some consolation; but they had received a shock, that in a few months left me unconnected in a foreign land. A paralytic affection succeeded to the violent grief which distracted my father; my mother suppressed her own anguish to sooth and sustain his mind. They had lived in affectionate concord, though of different religious persuasions. My father was a rigid Catholic: yet he faithfully adhered to his promise not to interfere with her tenets, and to permit his daughters to be educated as Protestants. My mother never ceased to bewail him, and had scarcely completed a year of widowhood, when her remains joined his in a tomb which we obtained permission to erect by paying a large sum to the priests. My dear and tender mother assured me, that I had sweetened her bitter cup of mental and personal distress by acknowledging that the reasonings and the influence of my sister had prevailed over early prejudices, and weaned me from the superstitions of popery. When I laid her in the grave I had no longer fortitude to combat the melancholy which sudden and severe bereavements inflicted, and which had been partially suspended by the

engrossment of anxieties to assuage the sufferings of my only parent. Nervous fever, loss of appetite, and want of rest had long preyed upon me. I wished to be disencumbered from the load of a desponding existence; but gratitude constrained me to follow the prescriptions offered by Mr. Amersham, and to satisfy the attached Moriarty by removing to a new domicile, which my medical adviser had built, to be more convenient for his Alpine patients. This cottage was sequestered far up among wooded hills and streams; but I had no susceptibility for charms of situation or society.

"I lived two and twenty months with Mr. Amersham before I perceived or felt the matchless perfections of his lovely and accomplished daughter. I sat at the same table, climbed hills, or strayed along narrow vales, with her and her father, or joined my voice in morning and evening hymns; but as the radiant sun finds no access to a dank and dark abyss in rifted rocks, so my gloomy spirit, impenetrable to the light of beauty, genius, and high attainments, failed to taste felicities which, at a future period, I would have given worlds to regain. By way of an experiment upon my infirmity, Mr. Amersham took me to witness the agonies of pain manfully supported by some of his poorer patients. I involuntarily took out my purse to relieve their wants: money could not purchase one moment of respite from excruciating pain: yet I often beheld some high-souled peasant undergo torturing and dangerous operations with firm and cheerful resolution. On our way home Mr. Amersham applauded this mag-

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nanimity, which, if exercised by a prince or nobleman, would furnish paragraphs of encomium for all the journals of the Continent; and he confessed that he was doubtful of his own vigour to bear up in similar circumstances.

"The scene of human misery and of human fortitude prepared my heart for vivid impressions from Mr. Amersham's reflections. I walked forward without making even the usual brief reply when spoken to. On coming within sight of our cottage, I observed the young lady bending her steps to meet us. 'Sir,' said I, 'how can I appear before your daughter, covered with shame for my pusillanimous dejection! The poor peasant, whose wife and four children were consumed by fire in his cottage while he exposed himself to the raging flames too late to extricate them, had much more cause than I have to be disconsolate. How deplorable to see him scorched all over! and the right hand, on which his subsistence depended, can no more earn his homely fare.'

"'Poor fellow! he still hopes to gain a livelihood by watching the flocks, which his musket formerly defended from the wolves. A wolf-dog, he says, will be nearly equivalent to fire-arms, and he intends to sell his gun, his only property that escaped the fire, and with the price he will buy a trained dog.'

"'Let him set up the musket to auction, and I shall be the highest bidder,' said I.

"I had now an object to interest me. I visited this peasant every day; and Miss Amersham often came with her father and me to the cabin where he had been sheltered by the

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person whose goats and sheep he guarded by night when his little hut took fire.

"From that time I regained by slow degrees a relish for the conversation of my host and hostess. Mr. Amersham told me his own story. His wife and several sons and daughters died of consumption, and the least indisposition of his last surviving child alarmed him. She was an infant when bereft of a mother's care, and he cherished her with redoubled fondness. Compelled to fly from England, France had been his destined asylum; but a friend warned him to avoid a country ripe for insurrection, which the virtues of the young king, or rather the Gallic love of novelty, might postpone; but nothing short of a thorough reform, abridging the power of the nobility, and ameliorating the condition of their wretched dependents, could avert a sanguinary revolution. 'I therefore turned my views to Switzerland,' continued Mr. Amersham; 'and if my daughter continues in health, I shall be resigned to exile. But I should explain why I am expatriated. I had many apprentices in the thriving village of —, in Hampshire. I was anxious to qualify them properly for their important professional duties, and without the experimental knowledge of anatomy, I was aware that they must be liable to commit mistakes of mortal consequence to their patients. For their sakes, I hazarded the only means to procure subjects for dissection—was prosecuted, and soon found I must be ruined by the penalties incurred and by the expense of lawyers to rebut false accusations. Besides these costs, I might expect to lose my business, as a violator of the repose of the

dead. Here I have been much employed, and would gladly leave my dust in the adopted soil: but my Arabella! on her account I must retreat from the convulsions that now spread around and have long agitated revolutionized France. I will go to America.'

"'Come with me to Ireland,' I replied.

"'The winter approaches,' said Mr. Amersham. 'The weather will be our safeguard during several months, and we shall deliberate upon our future prospects.'

"O winter, more delectable than the mildest spring or most beautiful summer, how fleeting were the days, weeks, and months of enchantment! The face and person of Arabella were captivating; but her elegant mind, her amiable disposition, her fine attainments, constituted charms of far more potent fascination. I loved her with a passion intense, yet pure and ethereal. It filled me with frightful presentiments to consider that I adored her as a divinity, rather than as a beauteous mortal. I feared that she never could be mine, that she would be summoned to join the choir of angels, and leave me desolate.

"Early in spring Mr. Amersham had a tedious fever. I watched over his daughter with unremitting solicitude, to prevent her from injuring her health by too close attendance upon the invalid. The elder apprentices, Moriarty, and myself, kept watch in turns by his pillow. All the sleep I took was on a pallet beside our patient, and I assured Arabella that no unfavourable symptom should be concealed from her by day or night. Yet she merely threw herself in her clothes upon her bed; and if the least movement

in Mr. Amersham's apartment caught her anxiously attentive ear, she rose to listen at the door. I saw that she was unwell; but till the cough betrayed her sufferings she would not allow me to speak of medicine or precaution. She lingered almost two years. How many deaths were endured by her father and her devoted Conynghame while she hovered on the verge of the tomb! She died as she had lived, with saintlike piety. Her father rapidly drooped, and he too expired in my arms. The day before his departure from this world he gave me a will, made by Arabella, bequeathing to me all she possessed, but settling the life-rent on her father. He also put into my hands a will appointing me his sole heir. 'But, my dear Montmorency,' he said, 'when ever you lay me with my child, you will, I am convinced, hasten to Ireland. Dr. Wenzel left the piece of a French newspaper which shews that your country is in rebellion. The fragment on this chair was all the doctor received, wrapped about a phial from Germany.'

"I read, and my spirit was on fire to plunge into the ranks of war with the brave supporters of legitimate authority; but I expressed no impatience. Indeed, I was resolved not to leave Mr. Amersham while I could be of any service.

"Having performed his obsequies, I hastened to Wexford, with my inseparable follower, Moriarty. I first drew my sword against the enemy at Kildare, under the command of your grandfather. Your father and I, who had been intimate in our youth, renewed our friendship. When the insurgents were reduced to order and peace restored, I could not resist a desire to revisit Switzerland; but till

1800 the importunity of your father detained me under the care of a skilful surgeon, as my wounds broke out so frequently; and my dear Annesley's sufferings from a like cause had more dangerous symptoms than mine. The event gave sad evidence that his cure was but a fallacious respite. We parted. My last entreaty besought him not to spoil his child either by excessive indulgence or harsh controul. The French had overrun Switzerland, and destroyed in wanton cruelty all the lower buildings in that land of amiable simplicity. I trembled for the monuments sacred to the memory of my best-beloved friends and relatives, and at Schwitz I could procure no information, as Dr. Wenzel and all the principal inhabitants had made a timely retreat into Germany. Fortunately the mausoleum was erected in a narrow sequestered vale of the mountains. The large commodious cottage I had built when I hoped to spend my life with a partner of superhuman virtues and attractions, was also hidden by rocks and trees in that little valley. I never had removed to it; but I desired Dr. Wenzel to make the most of all the premises for the annual support of his destitute patients.

"Darkness almost enveloped every object as I entered the ruinous town of Schwitz, which I had left in 1798 a thriving and populous place. The neat exterior of a small cottage induced me to knock at the door, and to ask for the landlord. A comely young woman, with two little boys holding by her brown petticoat on each side, came forward. Tears and sobs hindered the utterance of a reply to my inquiry, and the little fellows glared upon me looks of stern defiance, as if they imputed to my

intrusion the distress of their mother. 'I am not a Frenchman,' said I, interpreting the expression of their handsome countenances. 'I am of Great Britain, and I will pay abundantly for a bed and some milk, or whatever your mother finds convenient to give me and my servant for supper.'

"The boys gave me their hands, and looked all kindness.

" 'Pardon my weakness, noble gentleman,' said the mother; 'but, oh! I have cause to weep now and ever. He who reared this cottage is gone—gone to return no more. The cruel French forced him from me, because he would make a handsome soldier. He would have returned to his wife and pretty babes were he yet living.'

"Some money cheered the poor mourner. I could eat nothing. I fed on retrospections; and throwing myself on the bed without undressing, I called Moriarty to satisfy his hunger, and bade him afterwards go to sleep till noon if he liked; then he should take my scrip with necessaries to Mr. Amersham's cottage. I knew that the moon should appear very far past midnight; and, without sleeping, rose at her first gleam to visit the spot where I had experienced the most exquisite enjoyments and most overpowering griefs. I passed Mr. Amersham's cottage in climbing to the mausoleum of parental tenderness, passionate love, and faithful friendship. Language cannot describe my emotions as I drew near, and gave a short farewell to the scene of events so variously affecting. Yet, having obtained a certainty that the mausoleum was uninjured, I grew composed. At each grave I vented the feelings natural to my situation,

and returned to hang over the dust of my Arabella, recalling the beautiful image engraven on my heart's core, with many passages of our fond intercourse. I know not how long I bent on the hallowed shrine of affection ere a faint shriek broke my reverie, and turning my eyes in the direction of that voice of alarm, I saw a female in weeds of woe, with a marble tablet in her hands. She stood motionless and bewildered, until I repeatedly assured her I was no spectre nor enemy, being only, like herself, a human visitant to the tombs.'

" 'But not like me, an intruder. See where I deposit my treasure.'

"She slid the marble-tablet under the gravestone, which, supported by pillars, bore record of Mr. Amersham's name, age, &c. &c. She again drew out the slab, saying, 'Read this inscription, and let it plead for me. You are, I believe, Mr. Conyng-hame. He only would come hither at this hour. Read, and be resigned to the natural death of your best beloved.'

"I read — 'John and Henry Sheares, martyrs of patriotism, 1798.'

"My political opinions were opposed to those of the lady; but to controvert hers would have been barbarity. Her eyes were fixed upon me as I perused the inscription, and she stood pressing the reverse to her breast. 'You could not love Arabella with more holy and devoted fervour than Adeline loved her cousin Henry. Since his blood streamed in Ireland all the dominions of her king are hateful to me. I have large properties in both islands; but my wants are few in this retreat, and the overplus of my revenue provides for the pillaged relatives and adherents of him I deplore. Have you lately seen

Dublin, or the vault of St. Michan's church?"

" ' I saw both last July. John and Henry Sheares lie there in perfect preservation, and may continue in that state for a century. I examined several bodies known to have been buried a hundred years ago, and they shewed no sign of decomposition.'

" The lady, supported on her elbow by the tomb of my friend, heard me calmly, and remained silent, perhaps for ten minutes: she drew herself up, and said, ' I am rational on all subjects but the fate of Henry. Let us speak no more of it. Will you, in humanity to a self-banished girl, accept a morning repast from her, and in exchange afford a delicious treat in news: any thing is soothing, if it comes from dear unhappy Ireland.'

" I bowed, offered my arm to the lady, and we soon entered the cottage together. A respectable old gentlewoman arranged the breakfast-table, assisted by a little Swiss damsel. Two hours passed with composure. I declined an invitation to lodge in a detached part of the cottage, or to permit Adeline and her small establishment to remove, and leave all the accommodation to myself in that new building where I hoped for the highest degree of sublunary bliss. I likewise declined payment of by-gone rents, and prayed the lady to act as my almoner, and distribute the amount to the most pitiable sufferers by the

French invasion. I told her of the widow who lodged me at Schwitz the preceding night, and engaged her protection for the family. Moriarty in the mean time secured for me admittance as a boarder in the cottage where I had been the happy inmate of Mr. Amersham. A goat-herd was the present occupant, and he spared me all the apartments I required. There I dwelt, until the decease of your parents, almost in the same week, called me home. Adeline's exhortation to thankfulness that my friends died a natural death taught me resignation, and schooled my bruised spirit into cheerful submission. You know the tenor of my life since I returned to Ireland, my dear ward, and let me give you many thanks for patient attention to a dolorous story and for the sympathetic feelings you have evinced in its progress."

" My dear, dear guardian, I hope the good lessons your history has furnished may teach me while I live, that I ought not to expect exemption from the common evils of human existence, though wealth secures me against poverty. I now perceive that there may be sorrows more insupportable than poverty and sickness; and that it is shameful ingratitude to Divine Providence to repine at disappointments of mere frivolous gratification, while so many of our fellow-creatures sustain real distresses with cheerful fortitude."

B. G.

FRANK READY.

IN a country place that is half an hour's ride from the post-town the need of such a creature as Frank Ready is universally felt, and his ta-

lents are duly appreciated; for there are some persons in such situations whose wants are more numerous than their servants; and others, whose nu-

merous servants find it agreeable to transfer the execution of their duty to somebody, if not more able, at least more willing, to do it than themselves. To such Frank is a personage of no little importance; for he has the playfulness and activity of the monkey, the regularity of a machine, and as much beauty and intelligence as Nature can bestow on the most favoured of her children. He is the errand-boy of old and young, the servant of the whole population of Gaybourne, and has the two very requisite qualifications of a long memory and a fleet foot. When he stands with his glossy curls falling over his ivory forehead, his cheeks flushed with the genuine glow of health and exercise, his dark eye sparkling with fun and mischief, his limbs swelling into the finest proportions, I have thought he might be taken for a model of Cupid, only perhaps he is not quite so *embon-point* as that idle little urchin. However that may be, he is the conveyer of many of the god of love's most tender assignations: *billets-doux* are as safe in Frank's hands as the writer can desire, and are delivered with the greatest secrecy and dispatch.

The path to the next town that Frank chooses to take lies first over a furzy common, then through pleasant meadows by the banks of a winding river, over which Lakebury itself is situated. I can trace the whole route from my window, and it is one of my morning amusements to watch Frank in his progress. He starts at seven, to be ready to receive letters and newspapers, that he may bring them to Gaybourne in time for perusal at the breakfast-tables, which are in full operation there at nine o'clock precisely. Now Frank's business is

to serve his own inclination and consult the interest of his employers as well as may be. The first thing that attracted his notice on his journey this morning was a friend and crony of his on the common, making an attempt at flying a kite. I saw Frank bounding along with the speed of a hunted deer, felt sure he would contrive to mend the sorry manœuvres of his awkward companion, and before I could look again, Frank had sent the kite soaring aloft into the sky, and was off again, throwing stones at an ill-looking gander, which, from an "ancient grudge," never allows him to pass without some symptoms of displeasure. His next exploit was to engage with another enemy of his, a rival messenger, an opposition post-boy, who had come up with him, owing to the licence that Frank had allowed himself with the kite-flyer and the gander: however, a few well-directed hits from Frank's light but skilful hand upon the thick skull of Peter Petulant appeared to settle the business in two minutes; for Peter was left sprawling on the grass, and our hero pursued his almost winged course as if nothing had happened. He soon reached the stile that leads to the meadow-path: on it sat a little girl crying bitterly, who, as soon as she saw Frank, pointed to something on the ground, which I concluded was a broken pitcher which she had been fetching from a neighbouring farmhouse with the morning's supply of milk. After a minute's parley with the messenger, she dried up her tears, and reseated herself upon the stile, as if to await his return. On he went, and the sun, gleaming out from a sky that betokened showers, with a full south wind, had brought se-

veral anglers to the river's bank. To pass them was impossible; he staid long enough to see several of the finny race brought to land, and to give the parties the loan of his broad-bladed knife, which was to serve in procuring them worms for bait. A few yards further down the stream was a man rowing a punt along for the purpose of spearing eels: he no sooner espied Frank than he hailed and took him on board to assist in managing the tiny boat while he pursued his employment. I saw them moving on steadily; the man now resting to dart his unerring aim, and Frank now pushing forward with his usual quickness; and I wondered, as I looked on, what was to become of the Gaybourne mail-bag; for Frank appeared so engrossed with the interest of his new master, that it appeared ten to one that his old ones were forgotten altogether: but in a few minutes the fisherman's basket was filled, the boat was moored, they came ashore, and Frank led on his huge athletic companion at the rate of seven miles per hour. I could still trace them pacing the bright velvet grass of the meadows: presently a horse without his rider came galloping towards them. The fisherman, intent on his own business, trudged on, while Frank immediately diverged from the path, and with the tact and management of an experienced groom seized the horse, led him to the nearest gate, mounted, and started off at a brisk canter. I knew the animal, by his one white foot, to be the property of Mr. Dosewell, the Lakebury apothecary, a spirited creature, who, being a recent purchase, was not yet accustomed to the discipline of being tied to every cottage-door in his master's

round, and was besides not plentifully endued with that virtue which is of the first importance to those under medical influence. As Frank proceeded, I thought Mr. Dosewell's patients would have been as well pleased perhaps if the steed had been left at liberty in the fields, and his master confined for one day in the year at least to the bounds of his dispensary: however, it was a lucky lift for our hero. Frank on horseback was more than a match for me; I saw nothing more of him till the Lakebury chimes had sounded for half-past eight; then, as true as the clock, he again appeared coming along with an elastic step as if he trod on air, loaded, besides his letter-bag, with all sorts of incongruous articles: a bundle of fishing-rods, which he left with the anglers by the river side; a new scythe, which Roger Keenly was waiting to take possession of beneath the shade of a spreading elm; a huge pitcher, which he left with the little girl who had so unfortunately broken hers, and to whom he gave a kiss into the bargain; a large roll of paper, which he delivered to the inveterate kite-flyer, who still remained on the common, and which I supposed was also destined to seek the skies; and something under his arm that I could not guess at, which I saw him give to a pale thin young man, who seemed to receive it in an ecstasy of joy. Sundry other persons of all ages and sizes met Frank, every one apparently eager to receive some little commission or message. Amongst the most anxious was old Jane Drowsy, who snatched her replenished snuff-box with the greatest avidity. Every thing was done, however, with such dispatch, that exactly at the proper

moment (although he did not forget to salute the gander *en passant*), Frank knocked at my door, and I flew to receive my share of his commissions, and could not refrain from inquiring, "What was that long black box, Frank, which you held under your arm just now?"—"It was Mark Tuneful's fiddle, an' please you, which has just been to the carpenter's to have a crack filled up. He calls it his *wife*," said Frank, with a roguish smile, that augurs terrible things to the hearts of our village damsels when he shall have time and be of age to go a-wooing. Then he went on to tell me, that Miss Fribble would get my turban done according

to order; that great bargains were selling at Mr. Cheat'em's; that the new music would be down by the next coach, and that he had brought the books I wanted from the library; and, finally, delivering several long-expected letters from dear and absent friends, he filled me with so high an opinion of his genius, and so much admiration of his beautiful countenance when lighted up with the pleasure of having pleased, that I snatched my pen to sketch Frank Ready's portrait with all the *gusto* of an amateur, if not with the skill of a practised artist.

Longbrook-Lodge, Nov. 1828.

LOST AND WON.

By Miss MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

From "Forget Me Not for 1829," just published.

"NAY, but, my dear Letty——"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? And is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? And did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her

go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh! if I had been there!"

"You!—Why, Letty——"

"Don't Letty me, sir! Don't talk to me! I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale. I have the honour, madam, to wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a smart pace; and the one went westward and the other eastward-ho.

This unloverlike parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman,

on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating our rivals and next neighbours in the annual match; for juxta-position is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock: moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl, like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love; and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relentings and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. "He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself: "he said he would before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said any thing about liking me; but still—and then aunt Judith and Fanny Wright and all the neighbours say—however, I shall know to-morrow." And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tan-yard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-

garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late, that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the benedicite from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair-one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the

vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Catherine. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua;' and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love-quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over-night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby; and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity: how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return—and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes of a young unpractised heart,

"And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who

did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother; and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling: I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their some-time friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what indeed actually oc-

curred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty, so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sate down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white; but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness; sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled

round the wickets; the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him

with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he; "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she: yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for

the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick-tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he

seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby sate quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the cop-pice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away. "Letty, dear Letty," said he, "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other, and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

CREDIT.

IN a commercial country credit is of almost as much consequence as money; in fact, to the individual it is a treasure in itself, and to the public it may be considered as a kind of circulating medium, which, from the important transactions it involves, becomes, in many cases, of greater utility than the metallic one of which it holds the place.

Now, as in the mercantile world a man may often gain credit for what he does not possess, and thus be enabled to trade on a fictitious capital,

so in society a man may frequently obtain a reputation for wisdom or wit, when he may not have an atom of either; and as the former may go into the market without a farthing in his pocket, and yet purchase what he pleases, so may the latter enter a room with an empty skull, and yet pass for a man of learning, or for a very agreeable member of society.

Though the maintenance of credit in the individual requires neither talent nor industry, but merely prudence and circumspection, yet its

acquisition demands some degree of art and self-possession, and a sacrifice, to the end in view, of that vain love of display which generally prompts the weakest minds to expose their ignorance. Conscious of his deficiencies, the person of *mediocre* abilities and education, who aims at obtaining credit for talent, must begin by endeavouring to discover the weak points of such men of established reputation as he may meet with in society; which task is by no means so difficult as might be supposed; for folly generally contrives to place herself in the foreground, and to take precedence of wisdom, even in persons who may be fairly said to possess more of the latter than of the former. In fact, man generally prides himself upon that in which he least excels, and thus opens a wide field for the successful practice of flattery; that vice which Rollin has well described as "a commerce of falsehood, founded upon interest on the one side and vanity on the other."

This first step being attained, the credit-hunter (if I may so call him) must then endeavour to wheedle himself into the good graces of those persons on the basis of whose opinion he intends to found his credit, or, in other words, to get into their "good books," which latter phrase suits my meaning better, as I apprehend it signifies the obtaining credit with people for such qualifications as they themselves possess. To gain this point effectually, it will be only necessary, in conversation with such men, to allow them to choose their own subject, and to put in an occasional *just so, exactly, or of course not, &c.* with special care, however, that the negations and affirmations

be introduced in the right place. The old system of gaining a man's heart, by allowing yourself to be defeated by him in argument, will not always answer here, for that practice requires some knowledge of your subject. The best and surest way is to saddle a man's hobby for him; to hold the stirrup while he mounts, and then, by a little tickling, to keep it on the caper, so that the rider may shew off his horsemanship to advantage. There is besides infinite amusement in this to one who is capable of enjoying it; for, however well a man may succeed in other respects, he is sure to stride his hobby in the most ridiculous manner. Moreover, the insight he obtains, by the practice of his craft, into the infirmities of his neighbours (which, by directing all his attention that way, he is enabled to acquire better than persons of ten times his abilities,) stamps the credit-hunter with a reputation for penetration and discernment, and affords him the means, without any talent at satire, of turning men of sense into ridicule behind their backs, and of commanding, through the influence of fear, respect from those to whose admiration he is indifferent.

Having thus secured, as I may say, a capital stock of credit, a man may begin to trade on his own bottom, to do which is comparatively easy. He now enters society with a Dr. Johnson air, or Scotch sneer, denoting contempt for the capacities of those around him; and doles out his peremptory monosyllables as sparingly as a Jew would part with his 100*l.* notes, expecting that each shall pass current as a sterling idea; or else he muffles up his ideas in solemn taciturnity, and answers the

drafts on his intellectual bank by a shrug of the shoulders, or a pinch of snuff, as if the bill presented was not worth discounting; well knowing, at the same time, that his unwillingness to discount arises, not from a want of soundness in the bill, but from a want of effects in his own pericranium. Having his eyes constantly about him, he easily perceives when he is likely to be hard pressed, or to have a run upon his bank, when he takes care to stand aloof, or finds some excuse for shoving off in time to prevent an exposure. He knows well when and where to open his mouth; among the ignorant he can afford to be loquacious, for with them he may pass the ideas of others as his own without fear of detection, or he may issue his own common-place as valuable coin. But among the well-informed he has recourse to his

never-failing cloak of silence, unless he can contrive to draw aside one of the party, when, by a successful application of the only art of which he is master—that of making a man pleased with himself—he secures his good-will, and strengthens his own credit.

As the old and infirm fox-hunter, by a thorough knowledge of the country, its coverts, lanes, and gates, is often enabled, with a very small trial of his nerves, to secure the brush, while the bold straight-forward rider must be content with a pad: so may the credit-hunter obtain the object of his pursuit by following the directions I have given, without being compelled to encounter any of the difficulties which obstruct the path of learning, and to overcome which requires both industry and talent.

B.

PARTICULARS RESPECTING MR. CLENNELL, THE PAINTER.

[The following letter, addressed to the Publisher of the *Repository*, on the subject of an alleged inaccuracy in another of his publications, furnishes particulars that are both curious in themselves and generally interesting, inasmuch as they relate to an artist of acknowledged talent, and whose affliction has excited deep commiseration. We have therefore cheerfully given it insertion, though we have reason to believe that the improvement which took place in the state of Mr. Clennell's mind, while under the care of Dr. Finch, was but temporary; as we can assure our correspondent, on the authority of a connection of the family, that Mr. C. is at this moment an inmate of a private lunatic asylum in the north of England.—EDITOR.]

Nov. 1, 1828.

SIR,—I YESTERDAY purchased your very beautiful annual, the *Forget Me Not*, and as your Editor has done unintentional injustice to two parties in his remarks on the engraving from Clennell's picture of the Blind Piper, I hasten to set you right*.

* The whole paragraph, in the form of a note, which has called forth the animadversion of our correspondent, is as follows:

"There are some interesting circumstances

The circumstances which he men-

attached to the annexed print. It is engraved from a painting by Clennell, an artist of deserved celebrity, who, from too great anxiety in the pursuit of his profession, was some years since deprived of reason, which he has never recovered. His wife, from grief and devoted attention to him, was afflicted in a similar manner, and died; and the state of his helpless children excited such commiseration, that a considerable sum was raised by private subscription for their maintenance and education.—EDITOR."

tions at p. 365 are correct, with one important exception. He says that Mr. Clennell lost his reason, "which he has never recovered." The fact is otherwise.

Mr. Clennell was in one or two lunatic asylums before he was removed to Dr. Finch's at Laverstock-House, Wilts, in a state of the most deplorable and apparently hopeless insanity. He had inflicted on himself some grievous bodily injuries, and was altogether a most pitiable object. His disease assumed different forms; and for a considerable time but little improvement was visible. At length some dawnings of reason appeared, and attempts were made to foster these cheering symptoms; and not without success. It was considered advisable cautiously to lead his mind to its former habits; and with this view drawing materials were laid in his way. At first he disregarded them; but in a short time he seemed conscious of their use; and it is an extremely curious fact, that in resuming his pencil, he absolutely went through the gradations of the art, beginning with mere strokes, and advancing step by step, till, as his mind acquired strength, his facility of hand and vigour of conception returned, and he dashed off sketches of infinite spirit and beauty, sometimes of surrounding objects and scenery, but more frequently in original composition.

The interest of his story is materially heightened by the fact, that his wife, the daughter of that excellent engraver, Warren, fell a victim to her unceasing care and attention to her husband during the first months of his attack. She became insane; and for a long time this unfortunate pair exhibited a most re-

markable instance of sympathetic affection. Although separated by distance, and necessarily without the slightest communication, their diseases presented the same features. The excitement and depression were mutual, and almost simultaneous; but the health of the wife gave way, and she died a maniac. On Mr. Clennell's improvement, it became a fearful consideration how far his recovery might be impeded by the knowledge of his wife's death. The circumstance was concealed for a time, and means were taken to prepare him for the communication, that the blow might fall as lightly as possible. Dr. Finch recommended that he should have an interview with his child, and it was accordingly taken to Laverstock. It was a moment of painful and intense anxiety; but it was happily productive of the best effects; and when he parted from his son, he eagerly and affectionately presented him with one of the pet rabbits which in his amended health he had delighted to cherish. He continued to improve; his friends became somewhat impatient for his removal; and in 1824 Dr. Finch consented to his return. He was anxious, however, to have watched the continuance of his recovery for a short time longer; for although the patient left Laverstock in the apparent possession of his health and faculties, Dr. Finch strictly enjoined that he should abstain from all severe application to his studies, and spend a few months in quiet and retirement. Mr. Clennell left behind him two of the finest productions of his easel, *The Sportsman's Rest* and *Bristol Quay*, which are now in the possession of Dr. Finch, and by him most highly prized. Besides these, Mr.

Clennell presented many little sketches as memorials of his regard and esteem for those friends he was leaving; and they are preserved not only for their own intrinsic merit, but as remembrances of one whose genius and whose misfortunes were alike pre-eminent.

These facts will, I presume, be

sufficient to shew, that the subject of this communication had recovered his reason when he was removed from the care of Dr. Finch, who, however, admits that since that time he has not heard any thing of him. You may subscribe me, if you please,

VERAX.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

(Continued from page 286.)

I HAVE now noticed all the most eminent dramatic writers who flourished before Shakspeare: it only remains, to complete the dramatic history of this period, to give a brief account of some few plays of less note, which still survive the "wreck of ages," and form part and parcel, as the lawyers have it, of the literature of the country. This dismissed, we come to the brightest era in our theatrical annals—THE AGE OF SHAKSPEARE—who, unrivalled by his contemporaries, is likely to remain, till the end of time, a monument of splendid genius, unapproachable by any succeeding aspirant to the laurelled crown.

A pleasant conceyted Comedie of George a Green, the Pinner of Wakefield, is an anonymous production, founded on an ancient ballad, and the scene lies at Bradford and Wakefield, in Yorkshire. George a Green was a man of great and ancient renown; and there is a particular history of his life written by one N. W. 8vo. 1706. The comedy has been attributed to John Heywood; but it is evidently of a later period, though it was probably written some years before it was printed, which was in 1599. There are a
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great many characters in this comedy Edward, King of England; James, King of Scotland; Earl of Kendal; Lord Warwick; Lord Bonfield; Lord Hume; Sir Gilbert Armstrong; Sir Nicholas Mannering; George a Green; Old Musgrove; Young Cuddie, his son; Mr. Grime; Bettris, his daughter; Robin Hood; Jenkin, a clown; Wily Muck, the miller's son; Maid Marian; Scarlet; a Justice; a Townsman; John; Jane a Barley; a Shoemaker, Soldiers, Messengers, &c. The piece, which is not divided into acts, opens at Bradford with a dialogue between the Earl of Kendal, the Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert Armstrong, Sir Nicholas Mannering, and John, from which we learn that Kendal is in arms against the king; and also that the King of Scotland is marching from the north, to meet the earl and his confederates and give them battle. Sir Nicholas Mannering is dispatched to Wakefield to demand a supply of provisions, and the result of his mission will be found in the following scene:

[Enter the Justice, a Townsman, George a Green, and Sir Nicholas Mannering, with his commission.

Justice M. Mannering, stand aside, whilst we confere

Y Y

What is best to doe.

Townsmen of Wakefield, the Earl of Kendal
Here has sent for victuals ;

And in ayding him we shew ourselves

No lesse than traytours to the king ;

Therefore let me heare, townsmen,

What is your consents.

Town. Even as you please, we are all content.

Just. Then, M. Mannering, we are resolv'd.

Man. As howe ?

Just. Marrie, sir, thus :

We will send the Earl of Kendal no victuals,
Because he is a traytour to the king ;

And in ayding him, we shewe ourselves no
lesse.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are ye waxen
madde,

That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves ?

The earl is thirtie thousand men strong in
power,

And what town so ever him resist,

He lays it flat and leuell with the ground.

Ye silly men, you seek your own decay ;

Therefore send my lord such provision as he
wants,

So he will spare your town, and come no
nearer

Wakefield than he is.

Just. Master Mannering, you have your
answere.

You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodrosse, for so I guesse is
thy name,

He'll make thee curse thy overthwart denial ;

And all that sit upon the bench this day

Shall rue the houre that have withstood my
lord's

Commission.

Just. Doe thy worste, we feare thee not.

Man. See you these seals ? before you
passe the towne,

I will have all things my lord doth want
In spite of you.

Geo. a Green. Proud dapper jack, vane
bonnet to the bench

That represents the person of the king,

Or, sirra, P'le lay thy head before thy feet.

Man. Why, who art thou ?

Geo. Why, I am George a Green,

True liegeman to my king ;

Who scornes that men of such esteeme as
these

Should brooke the braves of any traytorous
squire.

You of the bench, and you my fellow friends,

Neighbours, we, subject all unto the king,

We are English born, and therefore Edward's
friends ;

Voude unto him even in our mother's wombe,
Our mindes to God, our heartes unto our
king ;

Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses,

Be all King Edward's. Then, sirra, we have

Nothing left for traytours but our swords,

Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,

And dye against you before we send you any
victuals.

Just. Well spoken, George a Green.

Town. Pray let George a Green speak
for us.

Geo. Sirra, you get no victuals here,

Not if a hoope of beefe would save your lives.

Man. Fellowe, I stand amaz'd at thy pre-
sumption :

Why, what art thou, that darest gainsay my
lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke ?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of myself ;
For see, I have a large commission.

Geo. Let me see it, sirra.

Whose seales be these ?

Man. This is the Earl of Kendal's seale at
arms ;

This Lord Charnel Bonfield's ;

And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

Geo. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Ed-
ward's sonne

Seale a commission against the king his
father,

Thus would I teare it in despite of him,

[*He teares the commission.*]

Being traitour to my sovereign.

Man. What ! hast thou torn my lord's
commission ?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

Geo. What, are you in choler ? I will give
you pilles

To coole your stomache.

Seest thou these seales ?

Now by my father's soule, which was a yeo-
man

When he was alive, eat them,

Or eat my dagger's point, proud squire.

Man. But thou doest but jest, I hope.

Geo. Sure you shall see before we two part.

Man. Well, and there be no remedie, so,
George—

One is gone ; I pray thee no more nowe.

Geo. O, sir, if one be good, the other can-
not hurt.

So, sir, now you may go tell the Earl of
Kendal,

Although I have rent his large commission,

Yet of eurtiesie I have sent all his scales

Back againe by you.

Man. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant.

[*Exit.*]

Geo. Nowe let him tell his lord that he hath

Spoke with George a Green,
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,
That hath phisicke for a foole,
Pilles for a traytour that doth wrong his
sovraigne.

Are you content with this that I have done?

Just. Ay, content, George;

For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield
towne,

In cutting of proud Mannering so short.

Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to day;

For well thou hast deserv'd reward and favor.

In the progress of the drama the Scots are defeated by Musgrove, and George a Green by stratagem takes the Earl of Kendal, Bonfield, and Armstrong prisoners, and dispatches them to the king, whose curiosity being excited by all he hears of the merry pinner, he sets out for the north in disguise, in order to have an interview with him. In the mean time Marian, Robin Hood's mistress, envious of the reports of George's valour and his fair Bettris's beauty, urges Robin to go to Wakefield, and beat the pinner for the love of her; and Robin, with his merry men, Scarlet and Muck the miller, encounter the brave yeoman.

[*Enter George a Green and Bettris.*]

George. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy
minde content—

What, canst thou brooke to live with George
a Greene?

Bettris. Oh, George, how little pleasing
are these words?

Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?

And left my father for so sweete a friend?

Here will I live until my life doe end.

[*Enter Robin Hood and Marian and
his traine.*]

George. Happy am I to have so sweet a
love.

But what are these come trasing here along?

Bettris. Three men come striking through
the corne, my love.

George. Backe againe, you foolish travel-
lers;

For you are wrong, and may not wend this
way.

Robin Hood. That were great shame.

Now by my soule, proud sir,

We be three tall yemen, and thou but one.

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

George. Leape the ditch, or I will make
you skip.

What, cannot the hieway serve your turne,

But you must make a path over the corne?

Robin Hood. Why, art thou mad? dar'st
thou encounter three?

We are no babes, man; looke upon our
limmes.

George. Sirra, the biggest lims have not
the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his
three merry men,

I'le drive you backe the same way that ye
came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to encounter me all at
once;

But he ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the pinner what he dares performe.

Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king:

But emptie vessels have the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

George. Sirra, dar'st thou trie me?

Scarlet. Ay, sirra, that I dare.

[*They fight, and George a Green beats him.*]

Muck. How now! what art thou downe?

Come, sir, I am next.

[*They fight, and George a Green beats him.*]

Robin Hood. Come, sirra, now to me; spare
me not.

For I'le not spare thee.

George. Make no doubt; I will be as libe-
ral to thee.

[*They fight; Robin Hood stays.*]

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I do
protest,

Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
lay'd

Handes upon.

George. Soft you, sir, by your leave, you
lye,

You never yet lay'd handes on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forsake
Wakefield,

And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee everie yeare,

And fortie crowns shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:

I am come hither with my Marian,

And these my yeomen, for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood! next to King Edward
Art thou leefte to me.

Welcome, sweet Robin Hood, welcome, mayd
Marian,

And welcome you, my friends.

Will you to my poor house,

You shall have wafer-cakes your fill,

A peece of beefe hung up since Martlemas,

Mutton and veale: if this like you not,
Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.

Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,
I'le be thy ghest to-day.

George. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
I'le leade the way.

The shoemakers of Bradford claimed a custom of making all who entered their town fight with them, or else trail their staves. Edward and the King of Scotland come in disguise, and with a view of seeing some sport they trail their staves, and are abused for so doing by George a Green and Robin Hood, who fight with and beat the shoemakers; one of whom discovers the bold pinner, and says,

"What, George a Green, is it you?"

A plague found you,
I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.
Come, George, we will crush a pot before
we part.

Geo. A pot, you slave! we will have an
hundred.

Here, Will Perkins, take my purse,
Fetch me a stand of ale, and set in the market-
place,
That all may drinke that are a-thirst this day;
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford towne.

*[They bring out the stand of ale, and
fall a-drinking.]*

Here, Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the
best man

At the board this day.

You that are strangers, place yourselves
where you will.

Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Ed-
ward's self,

And they that love him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

*[Enter the Earle of Warwicke, with
other noblemen, bringing out the
king's garments; then George a Green
and the rest kneel down to the king.]*

Edw. Come, masters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the
board to day.

Rise up, George.

Geo. Nay, good my liege, ill nurtur'd we
were then.

Though we Yarkshiremen be blunt of speech,
And little skill'd in court, or such quaint
fashions,

Yet nature teacheth us dutie to our king:

Therefore, I humbly beseeche you pardon
George a Green.

Robin. And, good my lord, a pardon for
poor Robin.

And for us all a pardon, good King Edward.
Shoe. I pray you, a pardon for the shoe-
makers.

Edw. I frankly grant a pardon to you all.
And, George a Green, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall doe thee
wrong:

Even from my court I came to see thy selfe;
And now I see that fame speaks naught but
truth.

Geo. I humbly thanke your royal majestie.
That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,
It was but a subject's dutie to his sovraigne,
And therefore little merits such good wordes.

Edw. But ere I go I'le grace thee with good
deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's
bounds.

Geo. I have a lively lemman,
As bright of blec as is the silver moone;
And old Grime, her father, will not let her
match

With me, because I am a pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.

Edw. Where is she?

Geo. At home, at my poor house,
And vows never to marrie unless her father
Give consent, which is my greatest griefe,
my lord.

Edw. If this be all, I will dispatch it
straight:

I'le send for Grime, and force him give his
grant;

He will not deny King Edward such a sute.

[Enter Jenkin, and speaks.]

Ho! who saw a master of mine?

Geo. Peace, ye slave; see where King
Edward is!

Edw. George, what is he?

Geo. I beseech your grace pardon him; he
is my man.

Shoom. Sirra, the king hath been drinking
with us, and did pledge us too.

Jen. Hath he so? Kneele. I dub you
gentlemen.

Shoom. Beg it of the king, Jenkin.

Jen. I will. I beseech your worship grant
me one thing.

Edw. What is that?

Jen. Hearke in your eare.

[He whispers the king in the eare.]

Edw. Go your wayes, and do it.

Jen. Come, down on your knees, I have got
it.

Shoom. Let us heare what it is first.

Jen. Mary, because you have drunk with the king,

And the king hath so graciously pledg'd you,
You shall no more be call'd shoemakers;
But you and yours to the world's end
Shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.

Shoom. I beseech your majestie reform this which he hath spoken.

Jen. I beseech your worship consume this which he hath spoken.

Edw. Confirme it, you would say.
Well, he hath done it for you; it is sufficient.

Come, George, we will goe to Grime,
And have thy love.

Jen. I am sure your worship will abide:
For yonder is coming old Musgrove
And mad Cuddie his sonne.
Master, my fellowe Wilie comes drest like a woman,
And master Grime will marrie Wilie. Here they come.

[*Enter Musgrove and Cuddie and Master Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian, and Bettris.*]

Edw. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cud. This, if it please your majestie.

Edw. Ah! old Musgrove, stand up;
It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

Mus. Long live my sovereign!
Long and happy be his dayes!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Meddellom castle gave me this;

This won the honour, and this give I thee.

Edw. Godamercie, Musgrove, for this friendly gift;

And for thou fel'dst a king with this same weapon,

This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.

Mus. Alas! what hath your highness done?
I am poore.

Edw. To mend thy living, take thou Meddellom castle,

The hold of both; and if thou want living, complaine,

Thou shalt have more to maintaine thine estate.

George, which is thy love?

Geo. This, if please your majestie.

Edw. Art thou her aged father?

Grim. I am, and it like your majestie.

Edw. And wilt not give thy daughter unto George?

Grim. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie with this lovely lasse.

Edw. What say'st thou, George?

Geo. With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.

Grim. Then do I give my daughter unto George.

Wilie. Then shall the marriage soon be at an end.

Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman;
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Green,
Who for my master wrought this subtil shift.

Edw. What, is it a boy? What say'st thou to this, Grime?

Grim. Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath

More knaverie than all the world besides.
Yet I am content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.

Edw. Now, George, it rests; I gratifie thy worth,

And therefore here I do bequeath to thee,
In full possession, halfe that Kendall hath,
And what at Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.

Kneele down, George.

Geo. What will your majestie doe?

Edw. Dub thee a knight, George.

Geo. I beseech your grace grant me one thing.

Edw. What is that?

Geo. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:

So was my father, so must live his sonne.

For 'tis more credit to men of base degree
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

Edw. Well, be it so, George.

James. I beseech your grace dispatch with me,

And set downe my ransome.

Edw. George a Green, set down the King of Scots

His ransome.

Geo. I beseech your grace pardon me;

It passeth my skill.

Edw. Do it, the honor's thine.

Geo. Then let King James make good
Those townes which he hath burnt upon the borders;

Give a small pension to the fatherlesse,
Whose fathers he caus'd murther in those warres.

Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so returne. King James, are you content?

James. I am content, and like your majestie,

And will leave good castles in securitie.

Edw. I crave no more. Now, George a Green,

I'll to thy house, and when I have supt, I'll go to aske

And see if Jane a Barley be so faire
 As good King James reports her for to be.
 And for the ancient custome of Vaile staffe,
 keep it still;
 Clayme privilege frome me.
 If any ask a reason, why? or how?
 Say, English Edward vail'd his staffe to you.

I have given copious extracts from this play, because I think it one of the most curious productions of the age, and the best of our early comedies, of which we have not many extant. Sir John Harrington, in his *Apology for Poetry*, mentions several, of which we now know nothing but the brief record thus left us. After having passed a high encomium on tragedy in general, and particularly on *Richard III.* he says, "Then for comedies: how full of harmless mirth is our Cambridge *Pedantius*? and the Oxford *Bellum Grammaticale**? or to speak of a London comedy, called *The Play of the Cards*? in which it showed how four parysitical knaves robbe the four principal vocations of the realme; videl. the vocation of souldiers, scholars, marchants, and husbandmen. Of which comedy, I cannot forget the saying of a notable and wise counsellor that is now dead (Sir Francis Walsingham), who, when some (to sing *Placebo*) advised that it should be forbidden, because it was somewhat too plain, and indeed, as the old saying is, *sooth boord is no boord* (*i. e.* true joke is no joke), yet he would have it allowed; adding, it was fit that 'they that do that they should not, should fear what they would not.' " The two first-mentioned of these are Latin plays; the third was never printed.

Wily Beguiled, a comedy, not divided into acts, was also probably anterior to, or coeval with, the ear-

* This play was printed in 1635.

liest of Shakspeare's performances. Mr. Hawkins describes it as "a regular and very pleasing comedy;" and adds, "if it were judiciously adapted to the manners of the times, would make no contemptible appearance on the modern stage." The characters are, Gripe, a usurer; Ploddall, a farmer; Sophos, a scholar; Churms, a lawyer; Robin Goodfellow; Fortunatus, Gripe's son; Lelia, Gripe's daughter; Nurse; Peter Ploddall, Ploddall's son; Peg, Nurse's daughter; Will Cricket; Mother Midnight; an old Man; Sylvanus; and Clerk. The plot consists in the endeavours of Gripe to bring about a match between his daughter Lelia and Peter Ploddall; he makes a confidant of Churms, the lawyer, who endeavours to deceive him, with a view of procuring Lelia for himself. But Lelia is in love with Sophos, and with the assistance of her brother Fortunatus and her Nurse she outwits both her father and the lawyer, and elopes with her lover. There is an under-plot of the courtship and marriage of Will Cricket and Peg. This comedy is written partly in verse and partly in prose; I can only find room to extract the two following songs:

SONG OF NYMPHS AND SATYRS.

Satyrs, sing, let Sorrow keep her cell;
 Let warbling echoes ring,
 And sounding musick yell
 Through hills, through dales, sad grief and
 care to kill,
 In him long since, alas! has griev'd his fill.
 Sleep no more, but wake and live content;
 Thy grief the nymphs deplore:
 The sylvan gods lament
 To hear, to see thy moan, thy loss, thy love;
 Thy plaints to tears the flinty rocks do
 move.
 Grieve not then; the queen of love is mild:
 She sweetly smiles on me
 When reason's most beguil'd.

Her looks, her smiles, are kind, are sweet,
are fair:

Awake therefore, and sleep not still in care.

Love intends to free thee from annoy;

His nymphs Sylvanus sends

To bid thee live in joy,

In hope, in joy, sweet love, delight's embrace:

Fair love herself will yield thee so much grace.

SONG.

Old Tither must forsake his dear;

The lark doth chant her cheerful lay;

Aurora smiles with merry cheer,

To welcome in a happy day.

The beasts do skip;

The sweet birds sing;

The wood nymphs dance;

The echoes ring.

The hollow caves with joy resounds,

And pleasure every where rebounds.

The Graces, linking hand in hand,

In love have knit a glorious band.

There is only one other play of this era from which I shall make any selections, and that is *The Witch*, by Middleton.

Thomas Middleton was a very voluminous writer, and lived to a great age, being contemporay with the wits and poets of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He was intimate with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, and Rowley, in connection with whom he wrote several dramatic pieces. His most remarkable performance is *The Witch*, the groundwork undoubtedly whereon Shakspeare formed that portion of *Macbeth* in which the Weird Sisters figure so awfully. This play existed in MS. only till 1778, when a few copies were printed by the late Isaac Reed for private distribution among his friends; and I am indebted for the following extract to Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. That writer too remarks on this play:

"Though the employment which

Middleton has given to Hecate and the rest, in thwarting the purposes and perplexing the business of familiar and domestic life, is not so grand or appalling as the more stupendous agency which Shakspeare has assigned them: yet it is not easy to deny the merit of the first invention to Middleton, who has embodied the existing superstitions of the time respecting that anomalous class of beings with a high spirit of poetry, of the most grotesque and fanciful kind. The songs and incantations made use of are very nearly the same. The other parts of this play are not so good; and the solution of the principal difficulty, by Antonio's falling down a trap-door, is most lame and impotent."

The following is an entire scene, affording a specimen of the similarity in the preternatural machinery to *Macbeth*:

THE WITCHES' HABITATION.

[Enter Heccat, Stadlin, Hoppo, and other Witches.

Hec. The moon's a gallant: see how brisk she rides!

Stad. Here's a rich evening, Heccat.

Hec. Aye, is't not, wenches,

To take a journey of five thousand miles?

Hop. Ours will be more to night.

Hec. Oh! 'twill be precious! Heard you the owl yet?

Stad. Briefly in the copse

As we came through now.

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times

As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.

Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still;

The very scritch-owl lights upon your shoulder,

And woos you like a pidgeon. Are you furnish'd?

Have you your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then;

I'll overtake you swiftly.

Stad. Hye then, Heccat!
We shall be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach you quickly.

[*Enter Firestone.*]

Fire. They are all going a-birding to-night. They talk of fowls i'th' air that fly by day, I'm sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to night. If we have not mortality afeared, I'll be hanged, for they are able to putrify it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son!

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you, or a dunghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much hast there?

Fire. Nineteen, and all have plump ones, besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy, what hast thou?

Fire. I have some mar-martin and mandragon.

Hec. Marmarittin and mandragora, thou wouldst say.

Fire. Here's pannan too. I thank thee, my pan akes I am sure with kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And selago, Hedge-hissop too! How near he goes my cuttings!

Were they all cropt by moonlight?

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a moon-calf, mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.

Look well to the house to night: I'm for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly (*aside.*) Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

Hec. They are indeed. Help me! help me! I'm too late else.

SONG (*in the air above.*)

Come away, come away!

Heccat, Heccat, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may!
Where's Stadlin?

(*Above.*) Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle?

(*Above.*) Here.

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you:
Come away, make up the count!

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A Spirit descends in the shape of a cat.*]

(*Above.*) There's one come down to fetch his dues;

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good?

Hec. Oh! art thou come?

What news? what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight;
Either come, or else

Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark! hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hec. (*ascending with the Spirit.*) Now I go,
now I fly,

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I:

Oh! what a dainty pleasure 'tis

To ride in the air

When the moon shines fair,

And sing and dance and toy and kiss!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistress' fountains,

Over steep towers and turrets,

We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,

No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;

No, not the noise of waters' breach,

Or cannon's roar, our height can reach.

(*Above*) No ring of bells, &c.

Fire. Well, mother, I thank you for your kindness. You must be gamboling i'th' air, and leave me here like a fool and a mortal.

[*Exit.*]

The incantation scene at the cauldron is also the original of that in *Macbeth*, and is in like manner introduced by the Duchess's visiting the Witches' habitation.

THE WITCHES' HABITATION.

[*Enter Duchess, Heccat, and Firestone.*]

Hec. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

Duch. A sudden and a subtle.

Hec. Then I've fitted you.

Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and subtle:

His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, prythee?

Hec. Perhaps in a month's progress.

Duch. What, a month?

Out upon pictures! if they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.

Hec. Then seek no further.

Duch. This must be done with speed; dispatched this night,

If it may possibly.

Hec. I have it for you:

Here's that will do't. Stay but perfection's time,

And that's not five hours hence.

Duch. Canst thou do this?

Hec. Can I?

Duch. I mean so closely.

Hec. So closely do you mean too?

Duch. So artfully, so cunningly.

Hec. Worse and worse; doubts and incredulities,

They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know

Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, omnes

In fontes rediere suos, concussoque sexto,

Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,

Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque.

Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;

Etsilvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes,

Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchres.

Te quoque luna traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter,

That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk,

Whole earth's foundations bellow, and the spirits

Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;

Nay, draw yon moon to my involv'd designs?

Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad and our great cat angry; for one spits French then, and th'other spits Latin.

Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.

Hec. No! what did you?

My power's so firm, it is not to be questioned.

Duch. Forgive what's past; and now I know th'offensiveness

That vexes it, I'll shun th'occasion ever.

Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.

It shall be conveyed in at howlet-time:

Take you no care. My spirits know their moment:

Raven or scritch-owl never fly by the door

But they call in (I thank 'em), and they lose not by't.

I gave 'em barley soak'd in infant's blood.

They shall have semina cum sanguine;

Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house:

We are no niggard.

[Exit Duchess.]

Fire. They fare but too well when they come hither. They ate up as much t'other night as would have made me a good considerable pudding.

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Hec. Give me some lizard's brain; quickly, Firestone! Where's grannam Stadlin and all the rest o' th' sisters?

Fire. All at hand forsooth.

Hec. Give me some marmaritin, some bear breech.

Fire. Here's bear breech and lizard's brain forsooth.

Hec. Into the vessell;

And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl I kill'd last midnight.

Fire. Whereabouts, sweet mother?

Hec. Hip; hip or flank. Where is the acopus?

Fire. You shall have acopus forsooth.

Hec. Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm.

A CHARM SONG.

(The Witches going about the cauldron.)

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle; you that mingle may.

Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;

Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;

Liard, Robin, you must bob in.

Round, around, around, about, about;

All ill come running in; all good keep out!

1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that; oh! put in that!

2d Witch. Here's libbard's bane.

Hec. Put in again.

1st Witch. The juice of toad; the oil of adder.

2d Witch. Those will make the yonker madder.

Hec. Put in: there's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay, here's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. See, see enough; into the vessell with it.

There; 't hath the true perfection. I'm so light

At any mischief: there's no villainy

But is in tune, methinks.

Fire. A tune! 'tis the tune of damnation then. I warrant you that song hath a villainous burthen.

Hec. Come, my sweet sisters, let the air strike our tune,

Whilst we shew reverence to yond peeping moon.

[The Witches dance, and then exeunt.]

It is evident that the scenes in *Macbeth* and those we have quoted were drawn from one source; and if

Middleton did not copy a previous author—and we have no proof that he did—to him must be ascribed the honour of having suggested one of the most sublime and effective dramatic exhibitions we possess.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XLVI.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, HORACE PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, COUNSELLOR EITHERSIDE, Mr. MONTAGUE, Mr. APATHY, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Reginald. AND pray what is the "sum and substance" of our last hour's conversation?

Horace. We have been proving that Robert Montgomery is not James Montgomery.

Reginald. It required no ghost to come from the grave to tell us *that*. The men are different, and their powers are different: but I take leave to tell the scribblers, who assert that Robert Montgomery is no poet, that he has more claim to share the fame of Milton, than they have to partake of that of Longinus; and that he has far more pretensions to the epithet of poet, than they can advance to that of critic. His *Omnipresence of the Deity*, with the faults of a young, a very young, writer, had redeeming beauties that would have atoned for much greater offences against the canons of criticism than he has been guilty of.

The Vicar. How do you like his new publication?

Reginald. I confess not so well as the former. It has more *pretension* and less *merit*. The leading poem, a Universal Prayer, is the weakest, and the poem on Death the best of the pieces it contains. There is also a Vision of Heaven and a Vision of Hell, both of which, in my humble opinion, go beyond the license that even poets ought to take; the latter particularly. There are, however, some beautiful lines in the

Vision of Hell; for instance, this passage:

Beside

This reprobate, another ruin'd soul
Stood haughty; one of those surpassing
minds

It takes a cent'ry to create; a man
Whom Genius filled with her electric fires.
Oh! genius is a great but fearful gift,
A double portion of the God within,
A talent not our own; but to sublime
And elevate mankind to lofty thoughts,
To shadow forth the spirit that surrounds
And animates the world. Not such was his,
When nurs'd on Nature's lap, his genius
came,

And summoned men to admiration. On
His page creation glow'd; whether the voice
Of thunder with his music rolled, or war
Of ocean, when the deep-ton'd winds arose
And whirled her into storms, or when he
brought

The heavens, all sprinkled o'er with starry
isles,
Or damask'd with the crimson clouds of eve,
Into his verse, magnificent his Muse
Appeared: the light and breath of Nature
played

Around her glowing form. But not to him,
The architect of all, was incense breathed;
An atheistic shade o'erhung his lines;
His spirit moved along his mighty page
As changeful as a cloud; now beaming forth
In all the summer beauty of the soul;
Now mask'd with darkness and with thunder-
gloom,

From whence the lightnings of his passion
glared!

Yet, had he pleased, he might have hallow-
ed earth

And human nature with immortal lines,
Which would have been as revelations shed
From heaven: but in his breast there was a
storm,

An anarchy of impious thoughts; he loved
To play with minds as whirlwinds do with
waves!

His genius own'd no God, and man was
deem'd

A chance-begotten shape of dust ; his doom,
Annihilation ! The principles that were
The prop of ages he would mine away,
And laugh Religion from her sainted haunts :
Thus sang his prostituted Muse, and taught
The lip of Blasphemy to curl with scorn
And tongue of fools to be profanely wise,
Until th' Almighty struck him ! and his soul
Wing'd to the dwelling of the damn'd ; and
when

His death-knell aw'd the wind, good men
look'd up,

As though some comet through the sky had
wheel'd

And summon'd them to track its wild career.

Now these lines are nervous and full of fire : as far as they characterize much of Byron's poetry, too, they are perfectly correct ; but I do not like the assumption of the Almighty attributes by a fallible man ; I do not like to see a weak and peccable mortal disposing at his will of eternal rewards and punishments, and dooming his fellow-creatures to heaven or hell at his caprice.

The Vicar. Not exactly at his caprice, Reginald. He judges from outward acts, and from the tendency of the thoughts and sentiments inculcated in the works of those whose fate, blessed or otherwise, he personifies in his Visions, and awards his sentence in accordance with the divine precepts. But, as man can only judge from the outward action, whilst God sees the heart, he frequently decides erroneously ; and I confess I should have been better pleased if less presumption in the one case and more charity in the other had been displayed by our young poet ; though you must recollect he disclaims having intended to personify Byron or any other individual in his Vision of Hell.

Mr. Apathy. Reginald thought rather differently, I recollect, when

we were discussing Southey's *Vision of Judgment*.

Reginald. I am older, and my thoughts probably have attained a more sober tinge ; and my opinions, although not my principles, may have undergone a modification. However, I experienced the feelings I have expressed on reading Montgomery's *Vision of Hell* ; nor was I much better pleased with his making the angelic choir enraptured with the sounds of Milton's harp. The *Vision of Heaven* is indeed altogether extremely feeble. The poem on *Death*, however, is a fine production : these lines, though not unmarked with resemblances to some passages in the works of by-gone poets, are beautiful :

Wave, wind, and thunder, have departed ;
shrunken

The vision'd ocean from my view ; and, lo !
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.

On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side—
Phantom of beauty ! with his trepid locks,
Gleaming like water-wreaths, a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight !
Joy shaped his brow, and Pleasure rolls his
eye ;

While Innocence, from out the budding lip,
Darts her young smiles along his rounded
cheek.

Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his
form ;

Love and Affection o'er him spread their
wings ;

And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming-bee will
bound

From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand ;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree ;
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawns
Beneath his feet, to court his playful touch.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd
morn

With gleeful song ; then o'er the bladed mead

To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful
Love,

To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes wake them into life;
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove;
From sight and sound to catch intense de-
light,

And infant gladness from each happy face—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful evening comes,
Joy-worn, he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheeks, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the
world.

The scene has chang'd into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-ey'd and
sad,

And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image in a coffin laid—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled
away,

Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold,
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrob'd
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

Mrs. Primrose. That is certainly
a charming passage. I can enter
into it with all a mother's feelings.

Reginald. His Sketch of a Poet
is quite as good:

To fashion's unreflecting eye he seem'd
Of second order in the rank of men,
Whom dress or outward dignity adorn;
But, unto me, immortal! for his mind
Was that of angels, glowing with his God!
A poet, by that majesty of soul
Which princes might be proud to share; a
man

So mighty in himself, that Fortune was
Too mean to raise him. Genius was his dower,
And by her light divine he had subdued
The clouds that brooded o'er his birth, until
Above the world he rose and shone, and saw
Beneath him Admiration lift her eye.

Miss Primrose. I like Mr. Mont-
gomery's poetry; but I should set
him down for a coxcomb from his
portrait, *à la Byron*, which figures

as a frontispiece to his book. But
now, Reginald, let me look at the
Annuals. I see you have a huge pile
there: how many have you?

Reginald. No less than nine, be-
sides four juvenile ones, and one in
French, published by Mr. Ackerm-
mann.

Mrs. Primrose. We may say of
the annuals as Macbeth said of the
shadows:

What! will the line stretch out till crack
o'doom?

Pray what are the titles of them
all?

Reginald. I will give you the his-
tory and mystery of all of them, at
least as far as I am acquainted with
them. In the year 1822 Mr. Ackerm-
mann, laudably anxious to impart a
new feature to the literature of his
country, and desirous that the Con-
tinent, or rather Germany, should
not be the sole depository of those
elegant little works, yclept almanacks
or pocket-books, published the *For-
get Me Not*; which, however it may
since have been excelled, was then
a unique publication in point of typo-
graphy and pictorial embellishments.
The success which attended Mr.
Ackermann's spirited venture in-
duced Mr. Relfe, in 1823, to start
Friendship's Offering; and Messrs.
Hurst and Robinson also commenced
The Graces, or Literary Souvenir.
The first work was on the plan of
the *Forget Me Not*, the second var-
ied from it in a trifling degree, but
it was evident both owed their origin
to the same source—the speculation
of Mr. Ackermann. In 1824 *Friend-
ship's Offering* was continued; and
the *Graces* gave way to the *Lite-
rary Souvenir*, edited by my friend,
Alaric Watts, who has continued that
work up to the present year with

unabated spirit. In 1825 Messrs. Westley and Co. commenced the *Amulet*, the distinctive feature of which was announced to be of a more serious cast than appertained to its contemporaries. Mr. Marshall also commenced a work of a very inferior kind, called *The Pledge of Friendship*, which he gradually improved, till it has this year merged in *The Gem*; a volume preserving all the characteristic features of the most elegant of its class. I am not aware that the year 1826 was distinguished by any new publication of this species; but in 1827 *The Keepsake* and *The Bijou* made their appearance. Both were put forth with great pretensions to superiority over their predecessors, and I must confess that some of the engravings in the *Keepsake* were unequalled: the literary department of both volumes was, however, very *mediocre*, and that of the *Keepsake* decidedly inferior to any of its competitors. A juvenile annual also made its appearance last year, called *The Christmas-Box*.

Miss Primrose. And are all these published this year?

Reginald. All, and more; but we will go through them in their order.

Miss Primrose. First then, I have looked into the *Forget Me Not*, and must pronounce its appearance to be that of simple elegance. And what a superb engraving is that of *Marcus Curtius*!

The Counsellor. It may be considered a master-piece both of the pencil and the burin, and the more closely you examine it the more beauties are disclosed. It is impossible to count the multitudes assembled in the forum, yet how distinct each individual appears! Awe, admi-

ration, anguish, seem to be the predominant feelings, except in Curtius. HE, mounted on a fiery steed, which might well become Jove's chariot, is impending over the gulf; Rome, and her glories, and her grandeur, are about to be shut for ever from his view; around him are his fellow-citizens, spectators of his heroic sacrifice; beneath him is the wide yawning abyss, which the "richest treasures of Rome alone could close;" above him the deep thunder rolls, and the forked lightnings play: he alone seems unmoved, and presents an attitude of noble daring, of resolved fortitude. This picture is a *gem*, which would immortalize the names of Martin and Le Keux, were it their sole work.

Miss Primrose. What a delightful picture is *Ellen Strathallan*, engraved by Agar, from a painting by Miss L. Sharpe! It strikes me that the child is rather too large, compared with the figure in the background: still they are exquisite figures, and the lovely boy, with his wreath of flowers, looks happy and cheerful as "ivy-crowned Bacchus." The *Faithful Guardian*, by B. Shenton, from a painting by J. Cooper, is also a charming print; the figures and landscape are equally good.

Reginald. *Fathime and Euphrosyne* is admirably engraved by S. Davenport, from a painting by Corbould. There is a delicious air of repose thrown over *A View on the Ganges*, which is executed in E. Finden's best style, from a design of W. Daniell's. There is something about *Constancy*, engraved by Portbury, from a painting of Stephanoff's, that does not please me so much, and yet I am puzzled to point out the defect: but I could gaze for hours

untired upon the *Eddystone Lighthouse*, by Wallis, from a picture of Owen's; it is an accurate and spirited engraving: the billows dashing in wild commotion around the base of the lighthouse, and the vessels yielding to the force of the storm, must remind you, Basil, of old times.

Basil. Yes, they make me think of the scenes I have witnessed on the ocean, where alone man can be fully impressed with the awful sublimity of the works of the Almighty. Those who go down to the sea in ships, if at all susceptible of emotions of piety, must be impressed with them, when they contemplate the wild waves rolling around them, and hear the thunders roar above their heads, and the hoarse winds whistle in the cordage, and know that they have nothing between them and eternity but a frail plank! And what a contrast to a scene like this is a calm and serene sky, reflected in the sea, which resembles a glassy lake, as placid and as still; whilst the ship seems to float upon the surface in a state of majestic repose. But go on with your inspection.

Reginald. *Frolic in a Palace* is the next engraving, and a capital one it is, from the burin of Engleheart, and the pencil of A. Chalon; the *Proposal*, by Humphreys, from a design by Stephanoff, is equally good; then comes *Vicenza*, from a picture by S. Prout, in the possession of George Morant, Esq. engraved by Freebairn; which is followed by the *Idle Schoolboy*, a sketch by R. Thomson, engraved by W. Finden. This is one of the best plates in the volume; the figure and the countenance of the

schoolboy, with his satchel,
Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school,

are inimitable. The *Cottage Kitchen*, by J. Romney, from a painting by W. F. Witherington; the *Blind Piper*, by Shenton, from a design by the unfortunate Clennell; and *Alice*, painted by Leslie, and engraved by Goodyear, with a beautifully designed presentation-plate, complete the embellishments. The plates, you see, are two more in number than in the former volumes, and they certainly are superior in point of execution.

Horace. And how is the literary department?

Reginald. It maintains its high character for excellence, purity, and every quality which can charm in a work like this. And why should it not, when it numbers amongst its contributors some of the most celebrated writers of the age? for instance, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Bowdich, Croly, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Kenney, Derwent Conway, Hogg, Delta, and "A Modern Pythagorean," of Blackwood's Magazine, and a host of others, for whose names I must refer you to the table of contents. As we have so many volumes yet to go through, I fear there will not be time to read one of the prose articles*; but I would particularly recommend to you "The Hour too many;" "Eliza Carthago;" "The Cornet's Widow;" "The Euthanasia," a tale of Modern Greece; "The Goldsmith of Westcheap;" and "The Red Flag at the Fore." These and the other stories are well told, and I doubt not will charm readers of all tastes. But of the poetry I scarcely know where to choose. I think

* A specimen of these, from the popular pen of Miss Mitford, will be found in a preceding sheet of this number.—EDITOR.

the opening piece, "Marcus Curtius," is a very fine one, so I will begin with that. After describing the tempest at night, during which the cavern opens in the forum at Rome, the writer thus proceeds:

Lingering morn at length has come:—
Rome—its light but shows thy doom!
In thy centre gapes a grave—
Tomb of all thy bright and brave—
Onward, onward, still distending,
Tower and temple o'er it bending:
Down, ten thousand fathoms deep,
Rolls the palace, heap on heap:
Down go temple, down go tower—
Still the mighty jaws devour!
Stands the priest upon the brink—
Down the priest and altar sink.
O'er the gulf the Tuscan seer
Weaves the spells that spirits fear:
On the flame the victim lies—
Down go seer and sacrifice.
Bleeds upon the brink the slave—
Onward, onward, spreads the grave!

Lo, who comes! with streaming hair,
Naked feet, and bosom bare;
Thoughts of immortality
Flashing in her splendid eye;
Maddening with the oracle—
Hark the sibyl's fearful spell!—
"What shall fill that sullen tomb,
But thy noblest treasure, Rome?"

To the cavern rush the crowd,
Each with glittering burdens bow'd,
Living sculptures, golden urns,
Spices from where morning burns
On the new-awaken'd globe;
Tyrian canopy and robe;
Ivory armlet; Indian gem;
Mandrake's midnight-gather'd stem.
Down the depth the treasures fly,
Never more for human eye:
Still, like a gigantic wound,
Spreads and spreads the black profound.

Hark, the clattering of a steed,
Rushing at his wildest speed!
Who sits upon that charger's back,
With bloody spur, and bridle slack,
And plume bedabbled with the rain,
And cuirass mark'd with many a stain
Of weary travel through the night,
As from some field of fear and flight,
Or city wrapt in sudden flame,
That solitary warrior came?

The crowd before his speed divide:
"Forbear!" the haughty rider cried.

"What's richer than the miser's hoard?
The patriot soldier and his sword!
Rome, wouldst thou fill that yawning grave—
What treasure hast thou like the brave?"
On rush'd the steed; with one fierce bound
The warrior reach'd the trembling ground.

One voice alone arose—the cry
That hearts can give but once, and die!
As if the spear his life-blood drank,
The hero's fiery spirit sank;
A cloud was on his eye of pride;
Before him knelt his weeping bride!

Rome, thy tale had then been told!—
Then thy youthful—then thy old—
All had made that gulf their bed;
Wolf and dog had o'er them fed;
Slave and robber held the land;
All thy beauty, weeds and sand;
On thy neck th' eternal chain—
Heard he but that voice again.

Wild as the ocean on the shore,
Uprose the wond'ring myriad's roar;
When, standing on the crumbling ledge,
Gazed the dark warrior from the edge;
Then, wheeling for the narrow space
Of Death and Glory's final race,
Like the red thunderbolt burst on!
A flash—a bound—a plunge—he's gone!
Back on the boldest of the bold
Instant the mighty cavern rolled.

Horace. A noble and spirited production: the author may be guessed, and he is one of the choice spirits of the day.

Reginald. I must next read you some delightful lines by my favourite, Mrs. Hemans.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

On CHANTREY'S Monument at Lichfield.

Fair images of sleep!
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer
skies;

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your
sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from Memory's troubled foun-
tains wrung!

While Hope hath blights to bear,
While Love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet, from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come
To bend and linger o'er your lovely rest;
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the soft breathings low
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If, for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentlest forms entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink;
Send from your calm profound
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink!

By all the pure meek mind,
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom
to die!

O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest Dead!
The Faith, Trust, Light, of Immortality!

Miss Primrose. Mrs. Hemans al-
ways writes pleasingly, and her pro-
ductions will always be admired: but
do not close the volume, Reginald;
I plead for one piece more at least.

Reginald. Well, then, passing
over some charming compositions by
Montgomery, my friend Bird, Mrs.
Rolls, Mrs. Pickersgill, Bernard Bar-
ton, Proctor, &c. &c. I will give you
a very sweet poem, entitled "The
Christian," by M. E. Beaufort; a
name I have not yet met with as a
writer, but who, as I am given to un-
derstand, is of the gentle sex.

Shine on, thou bright sun, in yon summer-
tinged sky,

And blow on, thou balmy gale;
But thou canst not give joy to this sunken
eye,

Nor bloom to this cheek so pale.

The primrose is lifting its golden head;
The linnet spreads his wing;
But delight with the moments of youth is fled;
The heart knows no second spring!

Time was—'twas a feeling too sweet to last—
When the present was all to me;
When no fear of the future, no pang of the
past,

O'ershadow'd the day of glee;
When the whole wide world was a dream of
youth;

When the thought of deceit was unknown;
When the look was all love, and the vow was
all truth:

'Twas a vision—the vision is gone!

But, O thou Spirit of love and power,
Creator, Father, all!
Was the heart but made, like the morning
flower,

To breathe, and to bloom, and to fall?
Oh! why is our life a weary thing,
Why pleasure the parent of pain,
Why friendship a vapour, a bird on the wing,
Why all but the sepulchre vain?

'Tis in mercy, thou Spirit of love and power!
To tell us our home is not here;
That life has a brighter and loftier bower
Than this vale of the sigh and the tear;
That earth's but the passage, the grave but
the gate,

Which shews, when our travel is done,
Where the sons of the stars in their glory
await

To lead the redeem'd to the throne.

Mr. Montague. *Friendship's Of-
fering* comes next in order; and,
under the editorship of Mr. Pringle,
who has succeeded Mr. T. K. Her-
vey, a most beautiful and interesting
little volume has been produced.
There are thirteen engravings, with
the presentation-plate, of which *Cu-
pid and Psyche, Glen Lynden, Camp-
bell Castle, The Parting, and La
Frescura*, are my favourites. The
literary department is very respecta-
ble, the poetry being better than the
prose; and Mr. Pringle has collected
around him many of the same con-
tributors whose compositions grace
the pages of the *Forget Me Not*.
There are two spirited pieces from

his own pen; one of which (though not agreeing in all the sentiments, yet willing to co-operate in the charitable purpose the writer advocates,) I will read.

LA FRESCURA.

'Tis summer—'neath the brilliant sky
Of fair Castile or Italy.
The sighing breeze just stirs the bower,
Rich with the spoils of fruit and flower:
Above, the marble porch is gleaming;
Below the sparkling fount is streaming;
And circling woodlands stretch their shade
O'er limpid stream and lawny glade.

It is a lovely spot, and there
Are happy hearts its joys to share:
Yon group that o'er the lakelet's brim
Watch where the swans in beauty swim;
And there the sage, released from toils,
The warrior won from battle broils,
The lady in her matron charms,
The laughing girl, with clasping arms
Around her brother's neck, and she
Who dandles on her dancing knee
The infant crowing wild with glee.

A graceful group, a joyous scene!
But turn we now from what hath been,
And follow far that gentle band,
In exile from their native land,
'Midst wreck of those who dared proclaim
To injured nations Freedom's name.

It was their crime to hope too high
Of their fall'n country's destiny;
And villany was prompt and strong,
And England held her hand too long,
Till, quenched once more in blood and shame,
Expired fair Freedom's rising flame;
And now the remnant of her train
From Naples, Portugal, and Spain,
The high of heart, the fair, the young,
Like sea-weed, by the waters flung,
Upon our British shores are lying,
For famine in our land are dying!

God of our fathers! and shall we,
The offspring of the brave and free,
Of men who freely poured their veins
To ransom us from servile chains—
Shall we, in this their evil day,
From these sad exiles turn away?
From their despair our faces hide,
Besotted with our selfish pride,
And shut our selfish hearts and hands,
When man implores, and God commands?

Oh! no! the thought I will not brook,
That gentle eyes, which here may look

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On pictured scene or poet's lay,
Will turn in apathy away,
While thus the stranger at our gate
Sinks destitute and desolate!
No! though the train of pamper'd pride
Pass by "upon the other side,"
As did the Pharisee of old,
Yet there are hearts of other mould
High throbbing in Old England's breast—
Ten thousand hearts, that will not rest
Till they have succoured the distressed,
To whom even this hurried strain
I know will not appeal in vain.
And foremost of that generous band
Are they, the ladies of our land,
Whose bounty, like the dew of heaven,
Though silently, is freely given.

Enough! the blush, the starting tear
Reveal the purpose, nobly dear!
And see! the exile's languid eyes
Are lighted up in glad surprise,
As, wakening from despair's wild trance,
Kind faces meet his wilder'd glance.
Enough! here let the curtain fall:
Hearts that can feel will picture all—
All that my verse may not unfold,
Of meeting minds of generous mould.

Horace. Classical and spirited.

Mr. Montague. Yes; and there is an illustration of Glen Linden, also from the pen of the highly gifted editor; a poem of no mean pretensions. Mr. Gleig has a tale of pathos, "The Brothers;" "The Publican's Dream" is an Irish story well told; so is the "Jewish Pilgrim;" and "Galim Khan" is not much inferior. "The Sword Chaunt," "The Spirits' Land," "The Minstrel Boy," "Lays of the Seasons," and "Cupid and Psyche," are elegant productions; but the "Ode on the Death of Queen Charlotte," by the Laureate, is unworthy alike of the subject and the author; and "The Temple of Romance" is a contemptible effort. Now to atone for my censure of these pieces, I will read you one more: it is a delightful *morceau*.

3 A

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

By WM. KENNEDY.

I love the land!

I see its mountains hoary,

On which Time vainly lays his iron hand:

I see the valleys rob'd in sylvan glory,

And many a lake, with lone romantic
strand;

And streams and towers, by immortal story

Ordained heart-stirring monuments to
stand.Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley, could not
move me,Nor the star-wooing mountain thus to love
thee,

Old honoured land!

I love the land!

I hear of distant ages

A voice proclaiming that it still was free;

That from the hills where winter wildest
rages,

Swept forth the rushing winds of liberty,

That, blazoned broadly on the noblest pages

E'er stamped by Fame, its children's deeds
shall be.

Oh! poor pretender to a poet's feeling

Were he who heard such voice in vain ap-
pealing!

I love the land!

I love the land!

My fathers lived and died there;

But not for that the homage of their son;

I found the spirit in its native pride there;

Unfettered thoughts—right actions boldly
done.

I also found (the memory shall preside here,

Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease
to run,)Affection tried and true from men high-
hearted,Once more as when from those kind friends I
parted—

God bless the land!

Reginald. Aye, I say "God bless the land!" the land of the mountain and the flood, of the gallant and the brave, of the beauteous and the chaste. I love Scotland, and I love its sons and daughters; and the former are as hospitable as the latter are fair. But I shall now call your attention to the *Literary Souvenir*. It is printed of a larger size than the former volumes, contains twelve line-

engravings of great beauty, and is bound in crimson silk. There are several beautiful plates, quite gems, particularly the *Portrait of the Author of Waverley*. This is from a painting by Mr. Leslie, formerly in the possession of Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, and is engraved by M. J. Danforth, a young American artist. It is an admirable likeness, and is accompanied by a very clever poetic Epistle from Abbotsford. *The Sisters* is a beautiful engraving: the tale that accompanies it, admirably told though it be, is somewhat too sombre for my taste. Goodall, in *Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus*, from the celebrated painting by Danby, has contrived to impart all the effect of the canvas to the plate. *Cupid taught by the Graces* is a pleasing composition, though the third Grace is not so beautiful as her sisters: *The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from France* is also a capital engraving, and is illustrated by a charming poem, the contribution of Mr. Bell of Edinburgh, who has lately contributed a Life of that ill-fated princess to Constable's *Miscellany*. In fact, all the plates are good but the last, *She never told her love*, of which I dislike both the design and the execution.

Mrs. Primrose. And the literary department?

Reginald. Is of a very high order. The accomplished editor has contributed several pieces in his best style; Mrs. Hemans, Mr. Proctor, Dr. Maginn, the author of *Solitary Hours*, the author of *Recollections of the Peninsula*, John Malcolm, the author of *Pelham*, &c. are contributors. I will read you a beautiful copy of verses by the editor:

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

Meet me at sunset, the hour we love best,
Ere day's last crimson blushes have died in
the west;

When the shadowless ether is blue as thine
eye,

And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy
sigh;

When giant-like forms lengthen fast o'er the
ground,

From the motionless mill and the linden-trees
round;

When the stillness below, the mild radiance
above,

Softly sink on the heart, and attune it to
love.

Meet me at sunset! oh! meet me once more
'Neath the wide-spreading thorn where you
met me of yore,

When our hearts were as calm as the broad
summer sea

That lay gleaming before us, bright, bound-
less, and free;

And, with hand clasped in hand, we sat
trance-bound, and deemed

That life would be ever the thing it then
seemed.

The tree we then planted, green record! lives
on,

But the hopes that grew with it are faded and
gone.

Meet me at sunset, beloved! as of old,
When the boughs of the chesnut are waving
in gold;

When the starry clematis bends down with
its bloom,

And the jasmine exhales a more witching
perfume.

That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish
of years,

And though Fortune still frown, bid us smile
through our tears;

Through the storms of the future shall sooth
and sustain:

Then meet me at sunset! oh! meet me again!

The Vicar. Beautiful! But here
is the *Amulet*; let us have a peep at
it. The proprietors and Mr. Hall,
the editor, seem to have taken great
pains to produce a volume worthy of
public patronage. Here are some
fine plates; clever prose tales; spi-
rited poems; forming a medley of
good things. Of the plates I know

not which is the best; but some of
them are really exquisite. Murillo's
Flower-Girl, *Guardian Angels*, *The
Mountain Daisy*, *The Fisherman
leaving Home*, *The Water-Cress Girl*,
and *The Kitten discovered*, are most
pleasing to me. In the literary de-
partment Mrs. Hall, the lady of the
editor, has contributed some of the
best sketches in the book: the other
contributors are much the same as to
the other annuals. Mrs. Hemans,
who I think writes for all, has charm-
ingly illustrated the *Guardian An-
gels*:

Come to the land of peace!

Come where the tempest hath no longer sway;

The shadow passes from the soul away;

The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!

Come to the mingling of repose and love,

Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove

Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,

And crowned for ever! 'midst that shining
band,

Gather'd to heaven's own wreath from every
land,

Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone,

Come to thy mother! on the Sabbath shore,

The heart that rocked thy childhood, back
once more

Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:

Come to thy sisters! joyously again

All the home-voices, blent in one sweet
strain,

Shall greet their long-bereft!

Over thine orphan head

The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's
bough:

Come to thy father! it is finished now;

Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode

Change finds no pathway, memory no dark
trace;

And, oh! bright victory, death by love, no
place:

Come, spirit, to thy God!

I would fain read more, but we

have so many books still to go through, that I must forbear.

The Counsellor. Whilst you have been expatiating upon the *Amulet*, I have been looking through the second volume of the *Winter's Wreath*; which, though a provincial publication, is little inferior to the London annuals in point of beauty or merit. The last year's volume was only a very moderate affair; but this may take its stand with the *Forget Me Nots* and the *Souvenirs*, in the proud consciousness of honourable rivalry. The plates are good: *Lady Blanch and her Merlin*, *The Scotch Peasant-Girl*, *The Parting of Medora and the Pirate*, *The Vintage*, and *The Sailor-Boy*, are the best. Of the literary contributions, if none of the pieces soar into excellence, none of them sink beneath mediocrity; indeed they scarcely fall so low. You have selected poetical extracts as examples of the other annuals, I will, for variety, read you one of the prose articles from the *Winter's Wreath*. It is descriptive of the fate of Proctor, a young sculptor of great talent, whose genius for modelling early developed itself; but his friends placed him with a linen-draper, with whom he remained his stated time; but was no sooner released, than he flew to his favourite employment. Here's the conclusion of the story:

As the artist had now been studying for a considerable time, his funds were becoming extremely low, and he resolved to make a desperate effort, before the next exhibition, to gain the public favour. He designed and modelled a group of *Diomedes, King of Thrace, torn to pieces by wild Horses*, which was admired by every person who saw it; and that it might have every chance of being viewed to advantage, the president and council very kindly placed it by itself

in the centre of the library. Such were the crowds who daily flocked to see it, that it became necessary to have a strong iron railing placed around to keep the multitude from pressing on and injuring it. Poor Proctor's model continued to excite a lively interest in the public mind till the close of the exhibition, which only raised his hopes, and caused him to expect that some of his admirers would surely purchase it. His spirits were thus buoyed up till the very last day, when all hope failed him, he became dejected, and gave himself to despair. At the close of the exhibition his model was sent home to him; and after viewing it and examining it all round, in a fit of despondency he seized a hammer, and in a few minutes broke the group on which he had been employed nearly twelve months, and destroyed a work which had been viewed with admiration by thousands. From this time he resigned himself to the deepest misery; quitted his lodgings, and wandered up and down the streets in melancholy solitude. Nothing more was heard of him till the president inquired of one of his domestics whether Proctor had called to see his pictures, as had been his custom perhaps two or three times a week. He was informed that he had not been there for two or three previous months; and he sent a messenger to make inquiry after him. He was found in a deplorable state: his clothes were all tattered; his health impaired; and he scarcely ever spoke to any one. His abode was a paltry lodging-house in Clare-market, for which he paid sixpence each night; and his only food were hard biscuits and the water he drank at the neighbouring pump. The president was much shocked by this lamentable account, and lost no time in summoning a council of the Academy, to whom he proposed to send the unfortunate young man to study at Rome for three years; which was unanimously agreed to. A sufficient sum was voted for his outfit, forty pounds

for his travelling expenses to Rome, and one hundred a year for his subsistence there, and forty pounds for his journey home. On the following day Mr. West invited Proctor to dine with him: we may be sure the invitation was gladly accepted. After dinner Mr. West communicated the pleasing intelligence, at which he was quite overpowered with joy. The president, in continuation, said, "As a mark of my personal approbation of your conduct, my own son (who was then studying for a painter) shall accompany you to Rome, and be the companion of your studies there." Mr. West then gave him a check on his banker, and settled that he should leave London with his son for Paris on their way to Rome, in about three weeks. One short week had scarcely elapsed after this interview, when a messenger rang at the president's door, who said he came from Mr. Proctor. On hearing this the president thought it was Proctor himself coming to communicate his arrangements, and immediately threw open the door of his study, when he beheld a man at the other end of his gallery advancing towards him weeping. He feared all was not right, and asked if Mr. Proctor was unwell; when the messenger, overcome with grief, faintly answered, "Sir, he is dead!" On further inquiry Mr. West was told, that three or four days after Proctor had dined at his house, he was taken ill of a fever, and had expired after two days' illness. The fever was of a malignant character, and had been brought on by the overpowering effect of sudden joy upon his weak frame. Thus died this Chatterton of sculpture; a lamentable instance of the indifference of the public to the early struggles of genius; a melancholy proof

how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar.

Mr. Montague. Poor fellow! he deserved a better fate. His untimely

and tragical end imparts a melancholy sensation to the feeling breast.

Horace. Then shake it off by looking at the *Gem*, which is edited by Thomas Hood, of punning propensity. On inspection, however, I cannot find that he has much varied the contents of the *Gem* from the serious character of its rivals and contemporaries. His opening address is something in my own way; he has caught the military phrase:

Accustomed (he says,) to select only from my own portfolio, I cannot guess what sort of a compiler I may prove of the writings of others; but I have done my best to secure a good parade, by engaging as many as I might of the literary giants, and enrolling none who were not at least a head taller than mediocrity. On looking again over the names, with their associations, that grace my muster-roll, I confess I intrust the issue with a very slight anxiety to those merciful judges, the reviewers, and that vast unpacked jury, my partial public.

Basil. He talks it well; but I rather think he fails in the performance.

Horace. No, no, not altogether. To be sure Charles Lamb has done his best to sink the volume by his maudlin prose and still worse poetry; and the editor has not shewn good taste in the *illustration* he has affixed to the beautiful plate of *Hero and Leander*: but there are some very clever pieces, both prose and verse, in the volume. A poem by Sir Walter Scott, illustrating the Death of Keeldar, and the Dream of Eugene Aram, by the editor, are first-rates: they are rather long, and as time presses, and I see Reginald is eager to direct our attention to the *Anniversary*, I shall pass them over, and read you some exquisite lines by Mr. Proctor, alias Barry Cornwall:

'Tis night! 'tis night! the hour of hours,
 When love lies down with folded wings,
 By Psyche in her starless bowers,
 And down his fatal arrows flings:—
 Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
 Save only from the bridal bird,
 Who 'midst that utter darkness sings
 Sweet music, like the running springs;
 This is her burthen, soft and clear—
 "Love is here! Love is here!"

'Tis night! the moon is on the stream,
 Bright spells are on the soothed sea,
 And Hope, the child, is gone to dream
 Of pleasures—which may never be!
 And now is haggard Care asleep;
 And now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
 And slaves are hush'd in slumber deep,
 Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning shew
 To shame the stars, or pale moonlight?
 What bounty can the day bestow
 Like that which falls with gentle night?
 Sweet lady, sing I not aright?

Oh! tune and tell me, for the day
 Is faint and fading fast away;
 And now comes back the hour of hours,
 When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
 Sighing like winds 'midst evening flowers,
 Until the maiden Silence speaks:
 "Fair girl, methinks—nay hither turn
 Those eyes, which midst their blushes burn;—
 Methinks, at such a time one's heart
 Can better bear both sweet and smart;
 Love's work—the first—which never dieth;
 Or death—which comes when beauty flieth—
 When strength is slain, when youth is past,
 And all, save truth, is lost at last."

Reginald. And now for the *Anniversary*, which is just published by Mr. Sharpe, who has employed our friend Allan Cunningham as the editor. This volume, you see, is of the size of the *Keepsake*; it contains seventeen fine engravings, besides two presentation-plates, designed by Harvey, who has displayed great taste and ingenuity in them and a vignette-title; and is enriched by contributions from the Editor, Professor Wilson, Southey, Lockhart, Mr. Pringle, Croker (Crofton Croker, not the Secretary to the Admiralty), Montgomery, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Emmer-

son, Miss Bowles, Lord Byron, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Hogg (who has contributed a tale which is one of his best prose contributions), and last, but not least, from one whom I should never have expected to see figuring in the pages of an annual, the Rev. Edward Irving, who has contributed a "Tale of the Times of the Martyrs." It is of no use for you to look at the embellishments now, fair ladies; it is too late for you to discover half their beauties. I shall leave the volume, particularly recommending you to admire *The Lute, Morning, The Ear-rings, Sir Walter Scott in his Study* (which is accompanied by a most admirable paper, from the pen of Washington Irving, descriptive of Abbotsford), *The Travelled Monkey, The Castle of Chillon, Pick-a-Back* (a most exquisite picture of a mother and child), *Fonthill, Newstead Abbey*, and the *Snuff-Box*. As to the literary articles, I scarcely know where to choose; I should like to read you Southey's "Epistle to Allan Cunningham;" "Edderline's Dream," by Professor Wilson; Miss Mitford's very lively sketch, "The Election;" Hogg's "Castle of Invertime;" the "Magic Bridle," a tale by the editor; two scenes from "Wallenstein's Camp," by Lord Leveson Gower: in fact, I should like to read them all, but as that cannot be, and I must make a selection, I shall pitch upon

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR:
From the Spanish of LUIZ BAYLEN,
By MR. LOCKHART.

Hark, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:
 A solemn sound to hear:
 Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
 Our blessing on the parting year.
 The years that were, the dim, the gray,
 Receive this night, with choral hymn,
 A sister shade as lost as they,
 And soon to be as gray and dim.

Fill high: she brought us both of weal and wo,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way:
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguished in the tomb,
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal
crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and wither'd
down.

How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold;
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine:
Peace to their slumbers! drown your tears
in wine.

Thank Heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the
green.

Nay, droop not! being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part;
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

And now a few words for the *Bijou*. This is the second year of its publication, and it is placed under the editorship of Mr. Nicolas, whose antiquarian researches have enabled him to discover some unpublished stanzas of Mary Queen of Scots, which alone would induce me to buy the book. He has also collected

round him Hogg, Montgomery, Cornwall, Moir, Carrington, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Mrs. Hemans, Sir T. E. Croft, E. Quillinan (who is he?) Mr. Bird, Mr. Shee, Wm. Fraser, &c. &c. The engravings, eleven in number, support the character of those in the first volume.

Miss Primrose. Which do you think the best engravings in the *Bijou*?

Reginald. The *Family of Sir Thomas More*, from a picture by Holbein, engraved by Dean; the portrait of the *Hon. Charles Wm. Lambton*, son of Lord Durham, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by Ensom; the *Interview between King Charles II. and Sir Henry Lee*, painted by F. P. Stephanoff, engraved by Fox; and a *View of Cloison*, from a painting by Meilan, engraved by Davies. On the whole it is a very beautiful volume.

Mr. Apathy. Have you seen the *Keepsake*?

Reginald. I have; and that also is a magnificent volume. Heath, the proprietor, has spared neither pains nor expense upon its decoration, and it will not suffer when placed by the side of the *Anniversary*. The eighteen engravings are all exquisite productions.

The Vicar. Is there any improvement in the literary contributions?

Reginald. A most decided one. Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Hogg, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Sir James Macintosh, Lord Morpeth, and other great names are amongst the contributors. Sir Walter's tale is the best in the book; Sir James Mackintosh has contributed an historical fragment of some interest; Lord Morpeth some namby-pamby fragments

on Italy—poor maudlin effusions. On the whole, the literary department may vie with most of its competitors. I have not the volume with me; I regret to say, I forgot it, and it is now lying on the table of my library; but it shall be sent you. In the mean time I can repeat an epigram by Coleridge, which was fixed in my memory by its piquancy, not that I admire the sentiments. By the bye, I did not think that elegant poet could have written any thing half so ill-natured.

EPIGRAM,

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sly Belzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honour, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows;—
But cunning Satan did not take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had pre-determined to restore
Twofold all he had before—
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted Devil, *not* to take his spouse!

And now farewell to the Annuals!

Miss Primrose. But you must not forget the juvenile annuals, Reginald. I have received Mrs. Watts's *New-Year's Gift*, and a very clever little volume it is. I am delighted both with the design and the execution. The typography is beautiful; and the engravings almost too good for the book: *Rosalie* is equal to most in the large annuals. Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, W. and Mary Howitt, Mr. Montgomery, Mrs. Hoffland, Mr. Wiffen, Mr. Watts are amongst the contributors. Miss Mitford has a tale of cricketing, I see—rather an odd fancy for a lady to write about cricket-playing, I think.

Reginald. She has a tale, in which a cricket-match forms a prominent feature, in the *Forget Me Not*.

Mr. Montague. Yes, and it is very well told too; though the technical terms of the game, I confess, struck me as falling rather harshly from pretty Letty Dale's lips.

Reginald. Here is Crofton Croker's *Christmas-Box*, full of grotesque pictures and curious stories. Miss Edgeworth's "Garry Owen" is a very clever production; and the progress of zoology puts me in mind of

"the University of Gottingen,"

in Mr. Canning's burlesque farce of the *Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh*. Before we close the door upon the juveniles, let me recommend to you the *Juvenile Keepsake*, edited by Mr. Thomas Roscoe; and the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, edited by Mrs. S. C. Halls. Both are clever volumes, and deserve to be patronised.

The Counsellor. I hope they will all be patronised; for I consider the annuals an important and distinctive feature in our literature: and as, in Germany, Schiller, and Göthe, and Kotzebue, and other mighty names, gave their first compositions to the world in the almanacks of their country; so in England, I hope, the *Forget Me Nots* and *Souvenirs* and *Anniversaries* will form a nursery for genius of the highest order; and that future Scotts, Southseys, and Byrons, will figure in their pages.

The Vicar. Pray has the month produced any other publications besides the annuals worthy of notice?

Reginald. Yes, several. But I find it is drawing so near the "witching time of night," that I can only briefly enumerate them. First, there is the fourth, and, I believe, the concluding volume of the *Duke de Rø-*

vigo's *Memoirs*. This is the most interesting volume of the set; it brings the narrative down to the return of Bonaparte from Elba; an event which M. Savary assures us was not the result of any conspiracy, but sprung from a resolution spontaneously adopted by Napoleon, on hearing that the Congress of Verona had resolved to transport him. In the same class we have a very entertaining work, *Memoirs of Josephine, Empress of France*. It is written by one of the ladies of her court, and though an unconnected, is a most amusing book, full of anecdote and piquant remarks. Every thing that we hear of Josephine speaks for the amiability of her character: pity she met with so heartless a return!

The Counsellor. But he who deserted her was, in his turn, deserted and betrayed.

Reginald. And he deserved it: indeed he never prospered after the divorce of Josephine. Then we have *Nollekens and his Times*, by Mr. Smith, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum; a work full of anecdote, but written, I am afraid, in a bad spirit. Mr. Smith was the pupil and friend, and is the executor of Nollekens. He was promised legacies, not only to himself, but to his children, and being disappointed in the extent of his expectations, he seems to have embodied every trait which could place the deceased and his wife in a contemptible and ridiculous point of view. Nollekens afforded, from his avaricious and penurious habits, plenty of materials for this sort of exhibition, and they are made the most of: not that the work is solely occupied with details of the petty meannesses of

Nollekens; for there is a store of anecdotes of other persons, and a variety of literary gossip, which makes two very amusing volumes. Miss Mitford has also published a new tragedy, *Rienzi*; being the third successful one which that lady has produced; no small honour for her, and which is reflected from her upon her sex. Two new novels have also appeared—*Life in India*, which has very little in the story to recommend it, but is an excellent picture of manners at Calcutta; and *Zillah*, by Horace Smith. This is a tale of Jerusalem; the time just before the advent of our Saviour; and though inferior to Mr. Croly's splendid work, is better than Mr. Smith's last novel. Here is also a new work by the author of *Salathiel*, which he calls *Tales of the Great St. Bernard*, in which, as it has been well observed by one of our critics, "the lakes and valleys, the sunshine and snow, of Switzerland, the poetry of Italy, the romance of Spain, the gorgeous array of the Ottoman, contrast with the pretensions and mortifications, the little affectations, distresses, and dilemmas of actual and English life; a succession of richly coloured pictures in the magic lantern of invention."

The Counsellor. But how has Mr. Croly contrived to connect the Great St. Bernard with English life?

Reginald. He has represented visitors from all parts of Europe as being overtaken by a tremendous snow-storm on that mountain, and driven for shelter to its celebrated convent, where these tales are elicited in the course of conversation. The three volumes of which they consist, contain eight tales; three have al-

ready appeared in different periodicals, and among these is "The Red-nosed Lieutenant," which graced the *Forget Me Not* two or three years since, and was not surpassed that season by any contribution in the whole range of the annuals.

Mrs. Primrose. A female friend of mine has pointed out a singular oversight in that clever piece, which, though of minor importance, shews how requisite it is for a writer to pay close attention even to the minutest details, in order to avoid inconsistencies. We are told that the colonel lost his right arm, but yet was "set at liberty to walk the world with a pair of crutches;" a feat which cannot be performed with less than a pair of hands.

Reginald. Too shrewd an observation to be made but by one of your sharp-sighted sex, my dear madam. Of the five original tales which occupy nearly the whole of the first two volumes and part of the third, "The Woes of Wealth" pleases me best; but all of them display that brilliancy of imagination, that fund of humour, that vigour of language, and that extensive reading, which characterize all the productions of the versatile author. I can recommend the work to you as an excellent fire-side companion during the long evenings of this dreary month.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL, Nov. 1828.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*La Marie*," *Fantasia on a favourite Italian Air for the Piano-forte*, composed by Jerome Payer, with an Introduction by Ign. Moscheles. Pr. 3s.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

THE combination of two works of different composers is, no doubt, an act of the publishers. Mr. Moscheles's portion we presume to be an extract from some of his earlier writings: it is in a style not absolutely modern; at all events, it possesses less of that melodic bloom and freshness which characterize his compositions of the present time, although there are several traits of cleverness in which the master is to be recognised.

The variations of Payer, five in number, are beautiful, and not very intricate. The theme is well known, and has been sung and danced every where within these last two years. Its exhibition, in notes, on the title-

page is an expedient, the convenience of which must be universally admitted. We cannot refrain from strongly recommending these variations to students of moderate advancement.

Deux Danses favorites Autrichiennes mises pour le Piano par Ign. Moscheles. Nos. 1 and 2. Pr. 1s. each.—(Wessel and Stodart.)

The title seems to leave it in doubt whether Mr. Moscheles has composed these pieces. The reverse, probably, is the case. There is no decisive trace of his style, nor are there any forcible grounds for wishing them to be of his make. The ideas are rather desultory, and conceived in a style of former times, very uncongenial moreover to pedestrian evolutions. If these are dances, it would be difficult to determine to what class of ball-room tunes they

belong. Some portions partake of the minuet, others of the waltz, and others again of the polacca. As pieces for the practice of less advanced classes, they may be usefully employed.

Three Airs de Ballet from "La Muette de Portici," arranged for the Piano-forte by Henry Herz. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Pr. 3s. each.—(Goulding and D'Almaine.)

The opera of "La Muette de Portici," one of Auber's latest productions, has met with great success in Paris. Some dancing, we understand, is introduced in the course of the piece, of which the above tunes constitute the music; viz. No. 1, a *Guaracha*; No. 2, a *Bolero*; and No. 3, a *Tarantella*.*

The music of all the three is strictly conformable to their respective characters, neither quite of the common order, nor of first-rate merit in its kind. The style is light, volatile, pretty, and pleasing on the whole; quite French ballet-music, manifestly well suited to its object; such as we are in the habit of hearing at the King's Theatre. Mr. Herz's share of the labour has been creditably accomplished, without, however, any extraordinary effort on his part. His name alone would guarantee his having done justice to his task, an inference which an examination of the contents corroborates. There are here and there some passages of comparative difficulty; but these are very few and brief. All the rest offers no executive hardships of any kind. On this account, and considering the melodic and lively vein which pervades the whole, we make

no doubt these *airs de ballet* will give satisfaction to a wide class of amateurs.

Select Airs from Rossini's favourite Opera "L'Italiana in Algieri," for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute ad lib. Books 1, 2, and 3. Pr. 4s. each.—(Paine and Hopkins, Cornhill.)

L'Italiana in Algieri, although not one of the highest master-pieces of Rossini, is a very pleasing and lively composition. Unfortunately for its success here, it was brought out three seasons ago under every possible disadvantage at the small theatre in the Haymarket, while the northern wall of the King's Theatre was rebuilding. The opera was compressed into one act; the company inefficient; the orchestra necessarily on a small scale. No one seemed to feel at home.

Owing probably to these unfavourable circumstances, *L'Italiana in Algieri* underwent in a very slight degree the usual process of republication and adaptation, and it remains thus less known among us than it fairly deserves; for, as we have already observed, it presents a considerable store of very interesting melodies. This latter circumstance renders the music particularly suited and desirable for instrumental arrangement.

The present edition for the piano-forte and flute, published by Messrs. Paine and Hopkins, contains all the pieces of any interest in the opera, each book including about five in number. The author of the adaptation is not named. Is it a reprint of a foreign arrangement? Whoever be the adaptator, he need not be ashamed of his labour; the score is condensed with judgment and taste, and

* A national dance of the Neapolitans.

in a manner to render the whole accessible to very moderate players. The flute part also, although sufficiently effective, is free from difficulties.

The typographical execution calls for distinct notice: it is extremely neat, and the title is embellished by a good lithography. The price is really very reasonable.

A Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a favourite Irish Dance, composed by J. A. Moralt. Pr. 3s. 6d. — (S. Chappell, New Bond-street.)

In Mr. Moralt's divertimento daring flights, grand modulations, and crack passages, must not be sought for. The two movements, an allegro and rondo, proceed in a gentle tasteful vein of propriety, with pleasing melody and satisfactory harmony. The execution will be found unclogged by any inconvenience which could arrest the progress of even middling pupils. It is very eligible music for the practice of those, and not underserving the notice of higher aspirants. "*L'Elégante*," a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by J. Calkin. Pr. 3s. — (S. Chappell.)

The theme, we suppose, is of Mr. Calkin's invention. It is very well, and so are the five variations. They move in the well-trodden variation-orbit, without venturing upon new paths: we have our usual quantum of triplets, our semiquavers, our polacca, our slow movement, and our bustling coda. All this, however familiarized we may be with the mould, is done with great propriety and good taste; an experienced hand is to be recognised throughout; the most fastidious critic could not refuse his approbation.

Hodson's favourite Song, "I will follow thee," arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by E. Solis. Pr. 3s. — (S. Chappell.)

The popularity of the above song, which has recently been recommended to the favourable notice of our readers, seems to have induced Mr. Solis to cast it into the shape of a rondo, in the production of which we are free to say, a certain degree of haste and want of attention is observable. We have met with several objectionable features in point of harmony; and these are upon the whole not compensated by redeeming merits of general treatment, especially in the digressive portions. The rondo is best in those parts where the subject is predominant; the expedient also of making its minor strain subservient to an *alla Turca* movement is ingenious and of good effect.

The celebrated Air, "Cease your funning," with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by T. Howell. Pr. 2s. 6d. — (T. Howell, Bristol.)

There are some ten or twelve stock-themes upon which the endless reproduction of variations seems to be a matter of course. They must be great favourites at all events. "Cease your funning" is one of the foremost among the number. During the twenty years of our critical vocation, we have seen at least twenty different sets of variations upon the air. How difficult then must it be to advance any thing new on the subject! and how difficult, we might perhaps add, to please the critic thus satiated by the unceasing attempts! Sensible as we are of the latter disadvantage, we ought not to let the composer pay the penalty of our fas-

tidiousness. Mr. Howell's variations, although not of a novel description, we can fairly aver are creditable to him. Whether the theme is in the bass, whether it is in a minore form, whether in the shape of a polacca or a march, his labour has given us all the satisfaction our satiety with the subject could expect to derive.

VOCAL MUSIC.

MUSICAL SOUVENIR for 1829.—

(Tilt, Fleet-street; Chappell, New Bond-street; Longman and Bates, Ludgate-Hill.)

Among the various spirited undertakings which owe their first beginnings to the publisher of the *Repository of Arts*, the elegant publications now known under the general term of "Annuals" are not the least remarkable. Mr. Ackermann's "Forget Me Not," and the many rival competitors which it called forth, have been the means of furnishing occupation and large emoluments to a great number of artists, engravers, and writers; and that the emulation thus excited has been highly advantageous to the arts themselves, the progressive excellence in the embellishments of these yearlings amply demonstrates.

This year the universal annualism has even invaded music. We have heard of two or three musical annuals, and the above has been communicated to us for our opinion. It is a very elegant little volume, containing ten vocal compositions, upon texts chiefly selected from annuals of prior years; viz. seven songs, one duet, and two glees. Not a word is said as to the composer or composers of all these: if we are not mistaken, most of the pieces are set by the same pen. The style is not of the most modern kind, and the accom-

paniments present several instances of harmonic imperfections; but as all beginnings are imperfect, future years, we make no doubt, will bring improvement with them. "The Trumpet" may be numbered among the most interesting specimens; the glee, "Thou sleepest," is effective, but somewhat lengthy; the "Scotch Harper" is a pleasing composition; and the duet, excepting some portions of the minore, is commendable. "*Lover's Oaths*," a *Ballad*, composed by Thomas Attwood. Pr. 2s. —(J. Willis and Co.)

This ballad exhibits some traits of feeling and much cleverness. If it had less of the latter, it would probably be all the more interesting. What is the use and drift of the endless modulations through which the harmony twists and screws itself from the very beginning? 'Tis like a man, who, instead of making his way straight forward through the broad main street, prefers winding his steps through all the crooked alleys and narrow courts he can find. In these wanderings we soon lose sight of him; and so do these modulations keep the key more or less out of view. Unity and simplicity are the first requisites in all works of art, and music can as little dispense with these as painting and sculpture.

"*One hour with thee!*" *Ballad*, the *Music* by W. Carnaby, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.—(J. Willis and Co.)

The motivo of this ballad reminds us in a slight degree of "Ombra adorata," of which, however, it can hardly be said to be even an imitation. It does Dr. C. great credit; it is simple, affecting, and melodious; and the melodic conduct of the whole of the first strain (to the end of l. 2, p. 2,) is highly commendable. The

sequel, beginning with "All the fond heart," although in no way objectionable, is less to our taste; but the conclusion, "One hour with thee," has our entire approbation. The accompaniment in some instances might have been improved; in b. 3, p. 2, for instance, the right hand follows the voice too closely, and falls once or twice into unisons with it, which had been better avoided.

Tyrolese Evening Hymn; the Words by Mrs. Hemans; *the Music* by her Sister. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)

An amateur composition, no doubt; and as such entitled to commendation in some respects, and to indulgence in others. The melody has little of the hymn character, and upon the whole presents few points of decisive attraction. The accompaniment is middling, and occasionally objectionable; it overtops once or twice the melody, and, coupled with the voice, proceeds in harsh octaves, p. 1, at "And the reaper's work is done." The concluding symphony, although any thing but hymnlike, is neat enough.

"*The Barcarole*," in the celebrated Opera of "*La Muette de Portici*," composed by D. F. E. Auber; the English Words written and adapted by C. Shannon, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(J. Willis and Co.)

Auber's "Barcarole" is not undeservingly the rage in Paris. It is a composition of great spirit and elegance, somewhat in the Monferina style, and presents several features of novelty. Mr. Shannon's text and adaptation are extremely satisfactory; the poetry preserves the general import and character of the original, and unites with the music as if the

latter had been set to it in the first instance.

"*'Tis the spot where we parted;*" the Words from "*Songs of a Stranger*:" the Music by J. L. P. Essex. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chap-pell.)

The melody devised by the fair composer for the affecting text is to all intents a waltz, which, if played with due celerity, might be danced extremely well. The tune is agreeable, and, what with the slackened time and the inherent zest of the key selected (A four flats), does tolerably well for the words. The accompaniment is infinitely simple, the bass by no chance exceeding one note per bar. The progress from the fifth to the sixth bar, in p. 3, is somewhat awkward.

"*Canst thou forget the silent tears,*" a Ballad, composed by W. H. Calcott. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. H. Calcott, Great Marlborough-street.)

The text is a translation by Lord Strangford, from the Portuguese of Camoens. The rhythmical arrangement of the periods of the song is not perfect; it wants symmetry and keeping. The second line (of the text) has but three bars, and no corresponding phrase of the same uneven number balances it. The insertion of an additional bar by repeating a foot (for instance, "which I have shed, *have shed* for thee,") would have squared all. As to the disposing of the three last lines (of text) by two phrases of four bars each, we cannot object to the expedient; but, with ingenuity, a different and more apposite metrical arrangement of the melody might, we conceive, have been devised. Our demands as regards rhythmical regularity may, perhaps, be deemed too

strict; but it is, in our opinion, an essential requisite, particularly in lyric composition; and is seldom, if ever, lost sight of by the classic writers of Italy and Germany. We have been thus particular in the case of Mr. Calcott's song, as in all other respects it has afforded us a high degree of gratification. The melody is one of great chasteness and deep feeling, select at every step, and eminently suited to the import of the text. The harmony also, however simple, is conducted not only to the best effect, but with much skill and taste.

HARP AND GUITAR MUSIC.

Fantasia for the Harp, on a favourite Theme of Gallenberg, composed by T. H. Wright. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

Mr. Wright's fantasia well deserves the notice of accomplished performers on the instrument. It is somewhat difficult, but its merits will compensate for the study which may be devoted to it. The introduction, like the greater part of harp pieces, is much occupied with desultory and prelusive matter; but it is tastefully conceived, and interspersed with se-

veral good ideas of greater solidity. Gallenberg's fine theme is moulded into divers forms in the manner of variations. In these and other digressive flights Mr. W. has displayed a mind highly cultivated, and obviously formed upon classic models.

Divertissemens pour Guitare seule, composées (?), et dédiées (?) à Mr. James Conran, par Felix Horetzky. Op. 17. Pr. 3s.—(Johanning and Ferry, Tichborne-street.)

When a professor of Mr. H.'s eminence evinces the good sense of writing music of this description, *i. e.* music suited to limited attainments, he is doubly entitled to the thanks of amateurs. The book consists of seven pieces of varied character, of easy execution, yet progressive. The melodies are simple, yet highly attractive, and far from commonplace. Their accompaniments, without being overcharged, are so full and effective, that they might be set up as models for guitar accompaniments. It is impossible to produce greater effects with such husbanded means. The book will form a valuable acquisition to guitar students.

* * The above review terminates the series of *Musical Critiques* in the "Repository of Arts;" the publisher having, in consequence of a material alteration in its plan, resolved to omit the *Musical Review* in future.

After conducting this department for a period of twenty years, during which, thanks to Providence, indisposition has never been the cause of any interruption, the Author cannot lay down his pen without expressing the sentiments which he naturally feels on the occasion.

To his kind readers, first of all, he is bound to offer his warmest acknowledgments for the indulgence, and, he has reason to know, the favour, with which his humble, but at all times zealous, efforts have been viewed. To contribute his mite to the advancement of the art, to encourage rising merit, and to render impartial justice with a lenient hand, has invariably been his principal aim. This duty he has conscientiously discharged, to the best of his feeble powers; and he feels a pride in knowing, that his labours have been attended with successful results, and have generally given satisfaction. The complaints he received have been much less frequent than the thanks addressed to him for having pointed out imperfections and suggested hints of improvement.

In conclusion, the Author begs to return his best thanks to the publishers and composers who for so many years have had the goodness to communicate to him their publications for criticism,

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of lavender-colour satin *Turque*; the body made high and close to the shape, with a circular stiffened collar, rather open, and displaying a very full *ruche* of British tulle. The sleeves are very full as far as the gauntlet cuff, which is of black velvet, ornamented with a branch of laurel, arranged perpendicularly. The pelisse fastens in front, and is trimmed from the throat with rich black velvet, deeply notched or vandyked on the outside, and a border of the same nearly half a yard broad. Black velvet hat, of a closer shape than those worn in the summer, lined with lavender-colour satin, and corded at the edge of the brim with the same; large bows of black velvet and lavender-colour satin ribbon decorate the crown, which is rather low and circular: the strings are long, sometimes loose, but more frequently tied to confine the hat. Cap of tulle; the border very full, and continued under the chin in the cottage style. The hair is parted in front, and arranged in large curls. Lavender-colour gloves; black shoes of *gros des Indes*.

EVENING COSTUME.

Orange-colour dress of Parisian gauze, with satin stripes of the same colour, and lozenge ornaments of red and green. The body is made low and *en draperie*, the fulness confined by a small corded band in the centre of the front and back; an orange-colour satin cape, sinuated towards the top, rises from the *ceinture*, and is terminated on the shoulder by a satin bow. The sleeves are short and full, with inside stiffenings to keep them in form. The skirt is without gores, and gathered in very full all round the waist, and is ornamented with pyramidal trimmings as high as the knee, cut bias, and made very full, edged with a piping of satin, and one of similar breadth down the centre, with a bouquet of roses at the summit of each pyramid: beneath is a satin rouleau. Orange-colour satin sash and a slip of the same colour is worn with the dress. The hair is parted in front and in ringlets, dressed very high, with plaited bands, and an ornamented comb at the top. White kid gloves, stamped at the elbow; hair-bracelets, with snaps of burnished and dead gold; gold tissue shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

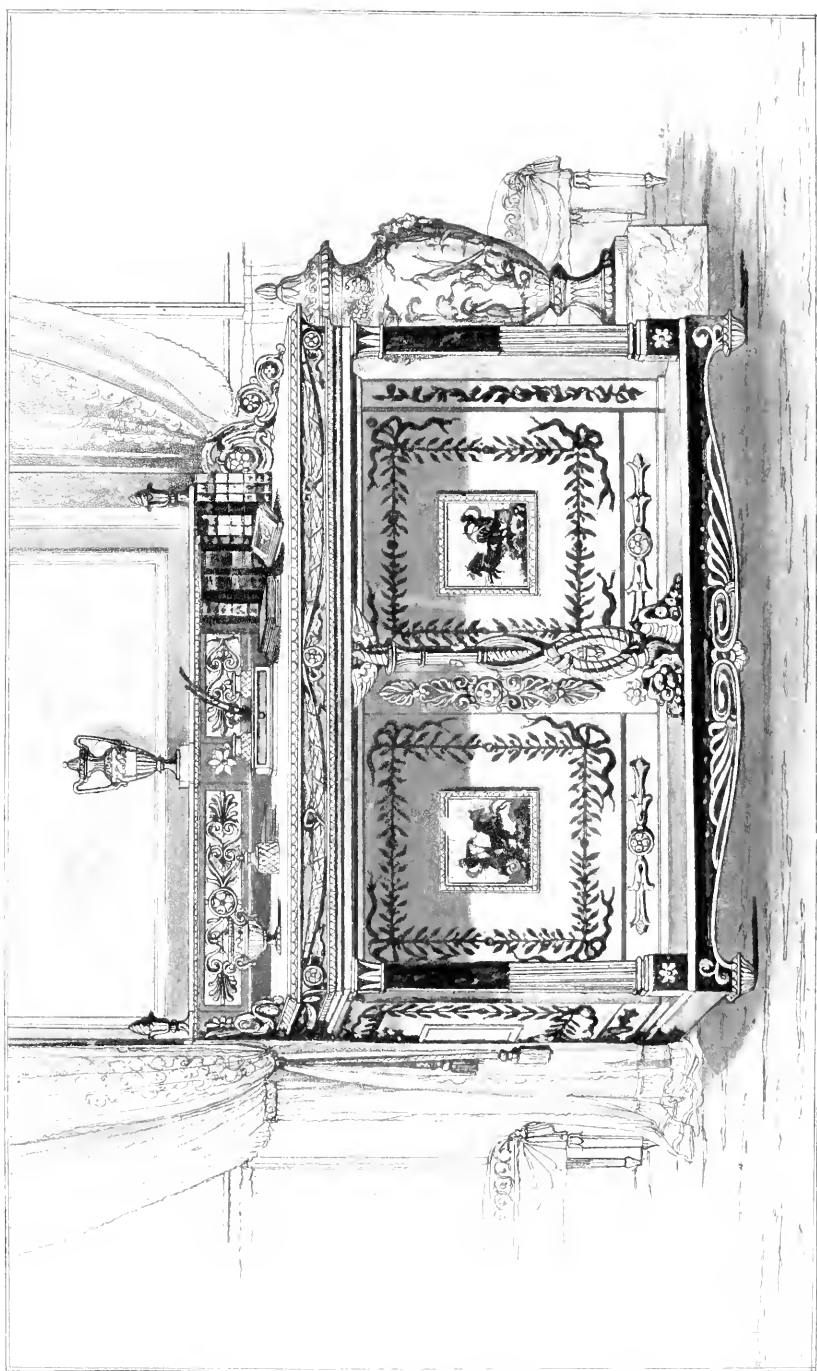
A CABINET.

CABINETS, in common with all the works of human ingenuity, have, since their invention, been formed into a variety of shapes and adapted to as great a variety of purposes, they being in the present day made use of equally for the subordinate as for the more magnificent apartments of the palace or mansion. In former times, about the 14th and 15th centuries, they were used solely for the purpose of depositing relics, or missals, or some one or other of those trifles





EVENING DRESS.



A CABINET.

upon which fanatics placed so high a value, and which they regarded with so great reverence; consequently they were wrought with the greatest possible costliness, being really surprising for their beauty of composition and the excellence of their workmanship. At present they serve for repositories of the most costly articles of apparel, such as jewels, trinkets, &c.; and shells, minerals, insects, and other specimens of natural history; and also of exquisitely illuminated missals and other curious relics of antiquity, probably the same they formerly contained, though for a very different and more interesting purpose.

The annexed design is about three feet high, and has fanciful columns at each end, supporting an entablature enriched with ornaments. In the centre is a slender pillar, enriched with a cornucopia. On each side of the two panels is a sort of laurel, at each angle; and the work in the centre represents sunrise. On the top, at some distance back, are small drawers, or spaces open to receive books, &c.

The bases of the columns rest upon a socle of varied form, which returns on each side as far as the wall, about three feet.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for publication *Fifty-two Scriptural Narratives*, with an engraving to each, in an elegant 18mo. volume, peculiarly suitable for a present to young persons.

Speedily will be published, *A Narrative of a Tour from the Bank to Barnes, by Way of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, &c. and the Countries West of London*, with some account of the inhabitants and customs east of Kensington, by an Inside Passenger.

MR. T. Crofton Croker is preparing for press *The Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney*.

MR. GRATTAN, the author of "Highways and Byways," is engaged on a new series of *Tales and Sketches*.

Letters from the West, containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners and Customs, and also Anecdotes connected with the first Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States, will speedily appear.

MR. W. Young, whose imprisonment and trial by order of the government of Don Miguel have lately occupied the public attention, is preparing a narrative of facts connected with those circumstances, by the title of *The English in Vol. XII. No. LXXII.*

Portugal, which will comprise a view of the present state of that country.

A splendid work is preparing, to be entitled *The Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* and edited by the author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." It will contain twenty portraits, engraved by the first artists, and be completed in five numbers.

Lectures on Sculpture, by the late Professor Flaxman, with fifty-four illustrative engravings by various artists from his drawings, are nearly ready for publication in a royal 8vo. volume.

MR. JOHN BURNET is engaged in engraving a splendid national print from Wilkie's celebrated picture of *Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo*, painted for and in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

MR. JENNINGS is preparing a work, entitled *The Tower Menagerie*, comprising the natural history of the animals contained in that establishment, with anecdotes of their character and history, illustrated by a portrait of each, drawn from the life by Mr. Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branstone and Wright, with appropriate vignettes, and beautifully printed by Mr. C. Whittingham.

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THE END.

Phil
and Mary

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