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THE
REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Fashions &c.

THIRD SERIES,

Vol. 1.

THIS WORK,

*Grady honoured with His Approbation,
 Is most Humbly Dedicated by Permission.*

TO

HIS MAJESTY;

By his Grateful & Obedient Servant—

R. ACKERMANN.

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 1, 1823.

Nº. I.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In presenting to his Subscribers the First Number of a New Series of the Repository, the Publisher can with confidence appeal to it as an earnest of his determination to exert his best efforts for its improvement. The Views of his Majesty's Cottage at Windsor, given in this Number, form the first of a Series of the principal Country-Seats, as well of Royalty, as of the Nobility and Gentry, in every part of the United Kingdom. The other usual embellishments, of Female Fashions, Fashionable Novelities in Furniture, &c. are introduced as heretofore; and each volume will be accompanied with an engraved title-page, containing a highly finished vignette. In regard to the Literary Department of the Repository, the Publisher will not relax his endeavours to procure that originality and variety which are essential requisites in a periodical Miscellany that is chiefly designed for entertainment; but while he shall make the agreeable his principal study, he assures his readers that the useful shall by no means be overlooked. If a constant solicitude for the gratification of his Subscribers, which has urged him on many occasions beyond the mere fulfilment of his engagements, be a sufficient claim to their future patronage, he ventures with confidence to bespeak it, in the consciousness that it has been deserved.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

At the commencement of a New Series of the Repository, we take occasion to remind authors and publishers, that we have no department but the Advertising Sheet for the announcement of works which have already appeared, and that we cannot insert in our Literary Intelligence notices of new editions.

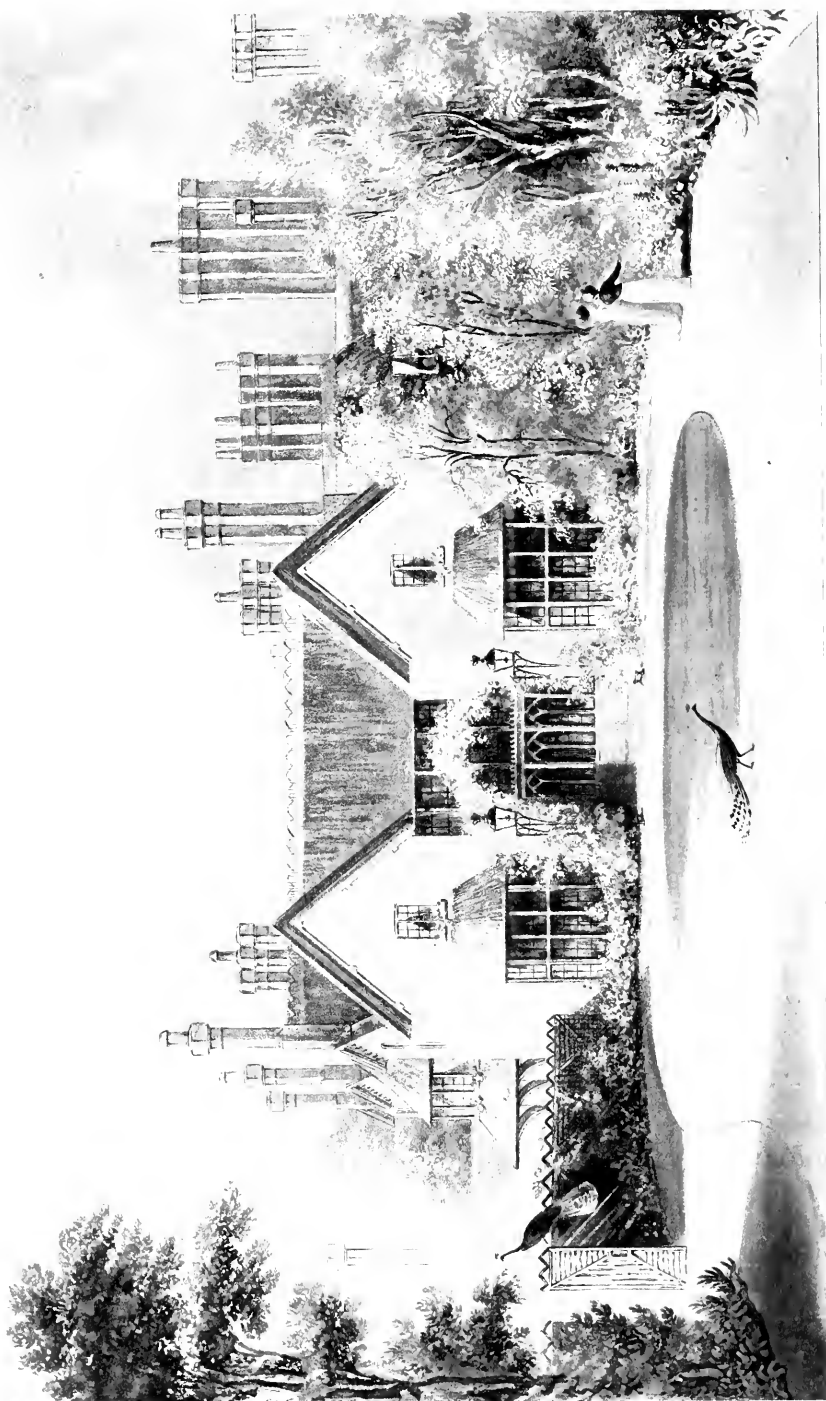
Were we to print Edward's Trifles, our readers would have a right to accuse us of trifling with them.

Had Mr. Lacey's packet reached us earlier, his seasonable Thoughts on the New Year, which shall appear in our next, should have had a more appropriate place in our present Number.

A series of papers, with the title of The Loiterer, will be commenced in our next Publication.

A GENERAL INDEX to the SECOND SERIES of the REPOSITORY is in preparation, and will be ready for delivery on the 1st of February, price Two Shillings.

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.



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE HOUSE, AS IT APPEARED IN 1850.
GARDEN, OR GREAT PARK.

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VOL. I.

JANUARY 1, 1823.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

PLATES 1 AND 2.—VIEWS OF HIS MAJESTY'S COTTAGE, WINDSOR.

THE charms of rural retirement are naturally no less inviting to the highest than to the middle classes; and to them indeed its enjoyment must be infinitely augmented by the effect of its unrestrained contrasts with the stateliness of elevated life.

For the purposes of devoting hours of comparative leisure to such repose of the mind; to participate in the healthfulness afforded by pure air, and something of the advantages of a country life, this cottage was erected by his present Majesty, in Windsor Great Park, near to the Sand-pit gate, one of its chief entrances, the road of which passes on one side of the cottage domain, and on the other commences that noble avenue, three miles in length, called the Long Walk, presenting in its course a variety of lovely views, and at its ter-

mination, the dignified contour of the castle.

The present building is placed on the site of Frost's Lodge, the residence of Mr. T. Sandby, the architect, then sub-ranger of the forest, and a great favourite with his late Majesty, who honoured him by the employment of his professional talent, in designing and erecting various ornamental buildings in the park and forest, which are yet objects of considerable approbation. The addition to Virginia Water, its embellishments, and the formation of the admirable cascade over which that water falls, as viewed from the Bagshot-road, was also a work of his late Majesty.

The present building was designed by Mr. Nash, the king's architect, and he has called to his aid the most

interesting features of cottage architecture, combining them with considerable judgment, having in view to conceal its actual magnitude, which is incongruous with cottage architecture, and yet essential to the demands inseparable from its dignified appropriation. The arrangement of the plantations in the immediate vicinity of the building has been successfully made to produce this diminishing result: they are so disposed as to separate the views of the building, and form them into select portions and picturesque effects, which, as the spectator changes his station, present renewed and interesting objects, diversified by oppositions of light, shade, and colour, and tastefully embellished with rich foliage.

The subject of Plate 1 is the entrance of the cottage approached from a small lodge at a short distance: here the portion viewed seems to be merely a tasteful cottage of limited dimensions, and promising all the comforts usually anticipated in such dwellings. The chimney-shafts, the testimonies of further building in its neighbourhood, will be more veiled as the shrubberies increase, and the full intention of concealment will be perfected when they have attained their expected growth.

The building is thatched with reeds; the windows are mullioned, and inclosed by casements; the bows and projections create effective shadows and picturesque combinations; the gate on the side and its fences are formed of unbarked woods; and the lawns, paths, and plantations add very pleasurable interest to the scene, which is greatly increased by being situated in the midst of the noble scenery of Windsor Park.

Plate 2 represents an extended view of the lawn front, as seen beneath the branches of the foreground plantations, and exhibits the suite of chief apartments, onward to their termination by the conservatory at the western end. A verandah, or thatched covered-way, to the south, supported by stems of trees, extends along the entire front, over which are trained selected varieties of honeysuckle and other flowering creepers. The apartments are well proportioned, and communicate by folding-doors: above them are the principal bed and dressing-rooms; and at the back is a series of offices, suited to the establishment. The grounds are inclosed by park-paling, and have been laid out with considerable taste. The whole is amply supplied with water, but it has necessarily been obtained at the depth of 350 feet.

MISCELLANIES.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN:

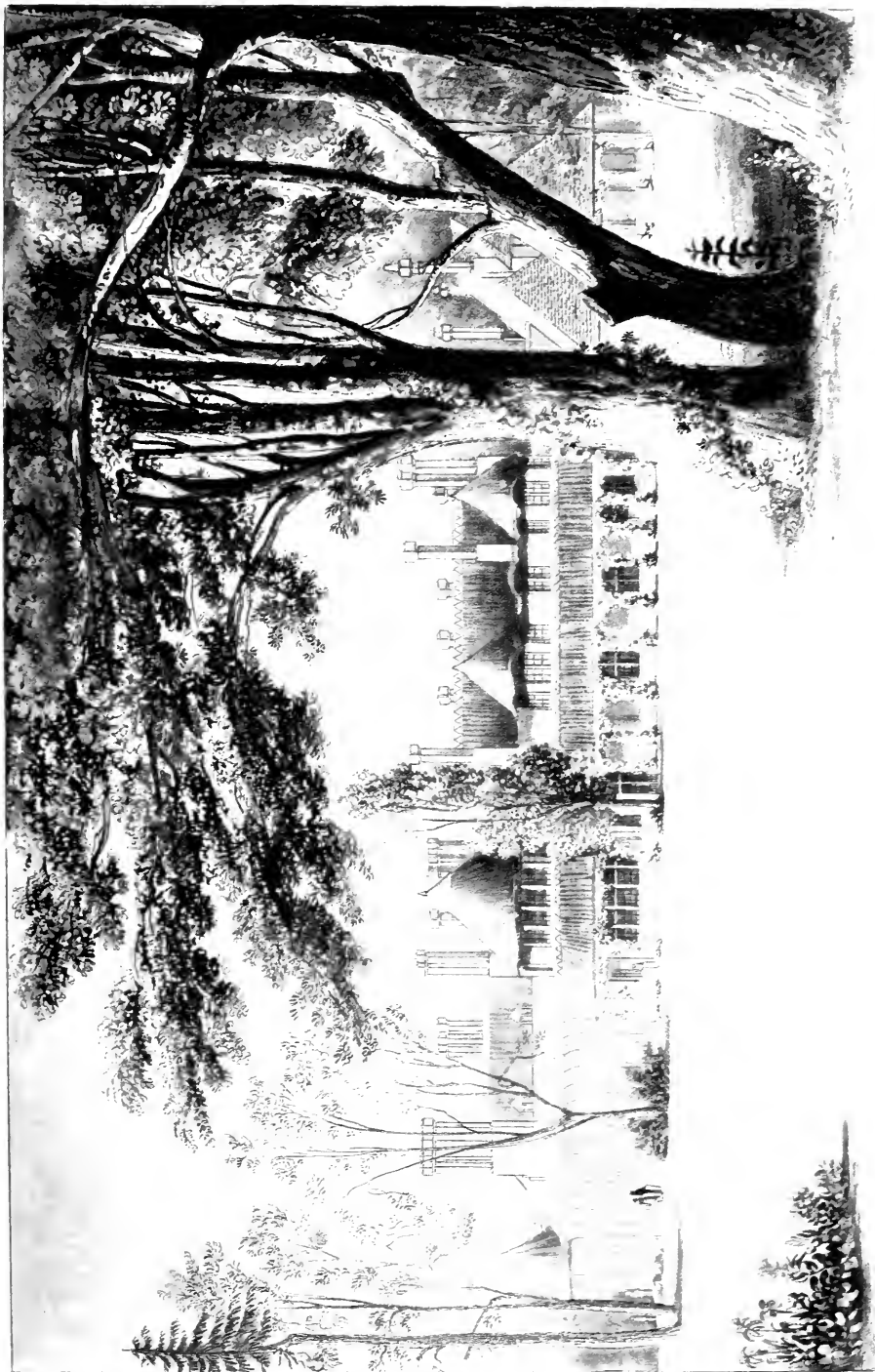
Written by an Officer in the French Service during the Campaign of 1810.

LETTER I.

MADRID, Aug. 6, 1810.

RECENTLY escaped from the slaughter in the plains of Talavera, where thousands of our comrades fell by

the destroying swords of the exasperated Spaniards and the English artillery, I avail myself of a temporary repose which a wound has procured me in the hospital here, to ac-



quaint you with the late adventures of your friend. I had this time well nigh received my mittimus to the other world from the sword of a furious English dragoon; but a fortunate movement saved my head, and the tremendous blow only penetrated a few inches into my right thigh. I should nevertheless have probably succumbed, had not our friend B— hastened up and forced the Englishman to retreat. Faint with pain and the loss of blood, I was obliged to permit B— to lead me back, and was afterwards brought hither with several other wounded officers.

Since that confounded ball before Badajoz placed you *hors de combat*, and checked your glorious career, our battalion has been constantly employed in scouring the steep mountains, to dislodge the banditti nestling there like birds of prey. We had to lament the loss of many a brave officer snatched from us by a perfidious shot; but yet many a merry scene lightened the arduous service. Thus too we had like to have lost our friend B— in a very extraordinary manner.

One of our excursions carried us into the Sierra Serena, covered with everlasting snow, eight *leguas* from Madrid. After endless wanderings and petty skirmishes, we came to the village of Escalona, which was deserted by its inhabitants, and on the heights of which rose the Gothic towers of a strong castle, still in tolerable preservation. The steep ascent and the massive walls encompassing it promised us a secure asylum for a few days. After we had searched the whole village, and carried off all the provisions we could lay our hands on, among which we were particularly pleased with a few

skins of wine, we took possession of the castle, which the near approach of night prevented us from examining. Small as it had appeared from without, we found the interior very extensive, and the knee-deep grass which covered the inner court-yard shewed that it had long been uninhabited: the apartments were nevertheless in good condition. You know that I was always fond of antiquities, and that ancient castles and ruins have ever excited my particular attention; but I was so tired, that I heartily rejoiced with my friend B—, that a vacant place was left for us in a corner of the room, and deferred all farther investigation till the next morning. The night passed off quietly—indeed it was the first for a long time that we could say we had slept a whole night without molestation. Probably our eternal persecutors, the *brigands* of the mountains, had no notion of our being within the decayed walls of an old castle, or were afraid of our number; for the battalion was nearly complete, and consequently amounted to 900 men. The first rays of the morning sun called me up, and my friend B— and I commenced, jointly with some others, a survey of our new residence.

What chiefly excited my attention was the hall in which the greatest part of the battalion had fixed its quarters. Round about the walls were basso-relievos sculptured in stone, representing a series of knights and ladies in the ancient Spanish costume, whence I conjectured that this was the great hall of the family once resident here. From this hall three doors conducted into three apartments of nearly as large dimensions: in one of these there was a door which was locked, and on bursting it

open, we entered a smaller vaulted room, filled almost to the top with ancient deeds, papers, and parchments. Most of them were still in good preservation, and they went back to the middle ages. Among several French letters I found one from a French admiral, whose name was no longer legible, from which I could decipher so much, that it was addressed to a society of knights who met at this castle in the 14th century, and were in secret connection with France. An antiquary would doubtless have found here much valuable information relative to former times: as it was, all these documents fell into the destroying hands of the soldiers, who rejoiced in the anticipation of a softer bed for the next night than the marble pavement of the hall. All the papers, therefore, were pulled down and spread abroad. I doubt whether soldiers were ever bedded before in the dusty documents of past generations.

After the upper part of the castle had gratified our curiosity, and we had feasted ourselves in particular on the magnificent view from the top of the keep, which was yet quite entire, we resolved to examine the subterranean apartments. In several of these vaults, which were pretty lofty and light, we found various weapons of antiquity—battering-rams, battle-axes, halberts, large swords and shields, which two of us could scarcely lift, and among the rest we discovered on a steel cuirass, after long rubbing, a gilt eagle and three gold lilies. In a smaller vault we found upon a raised quadrangular stone on the floor the portrait of a knight set in glass. We immediately conjectured that some person was interred here, and after a good deal

of trouble succeeded in removing the heavy block of marble. Our labour was amply rewarded; for beneath the stone lay the relics of a knight still in complete armour, which, however, was wholly covered with rust: the sepulchral smell and the dust that ascended from them prevented our farther search, and we went up again to the castle-yard. Here my inquisitive friend B—— discovered an arched passage under the keep, and regardless of our dissuasions, ventured into it to explore the interior. We stopped several hours at the entrance, but no B—— returned: we durst not go after him, because, destitute as we were of all means of lighting the dark passage, we were not likely to be of any service to him, and might only have involved ourselves in a similar fate. Filled with the most serious apprehensions for the life of our friend, we all returned at dark to the great hall. Most of my comrades had already resigned themselves to the arms of sleep; while I and a few others were puzzling our brains about B——'s unaccountable disappearance, and devising means to produce a light for exploring the passage. The moon shone bright through the apertures of the windows, when we suddenly heard a loud knocking and shouting at the wall. Seized with a sudden panic, we all sprung up, and looked at each other in astonishment: but presently recovering from our fright, we approached the mysterious wall, and in the voice, which called louder and louder, we recognised that of B——, whom we had given up for lost. We then examined the wall, and found a place which sounded hollow. A few smart blows with the butt-end of a musket shewed us a low aperture, and be-

yond it the pale face of our friend. By our joint endeavours the aperture was soon enlarged; B— issued from his tomb, and sunk exhausted into our arms. A draught of good wine, which luckily was still left, soon brought him to himself, and he related to us his extraordinary adventure, which I will give you in my next.

LETTER II.

MADRID, Aug. 8, 1810.

When B— had completely recovered, we all, as you may suppose, cheerfully abstained from sleep, in order to gratify our curiosity.

"Scarcely had I proceeded a few paces," said B—, beginning his narrative, "in the subterraneous passage, which was so high that I could conveniently stand upright in it, when my feet suddenly slipped from under me, and I fell to a considerable depth. I was so stunned by the fall, that I cannot say how long I lay in this state before I gradually came to myself. I was surrounded with impenetrable darkness, and overwhelmed with horror at the idea of being entombed alive in this hole. All my calling and shouting were to no purpose, and the dull echo returned by the naked walls of the passage sounded the more appalling. Anxiety imparted new strength; in spite of the pains that I felt in all my limbs, I rose and began to grope about. All around me I could feel nothing but bare walls, covered with clammy moisture. I began to despair of finding an outlet, when all at once on one side of the rock I discovered an opening, and felt a strong current of air. Into this aperture I ventured with caution; I found another passage, which led down hill. Resolved to

try every thing to find a way out, I followed this passage, and after I had been frequently obliged to stoop, and had run against many projecting corners, the ground began gradually to rise, and a faint ray of light glimmered in the distance. Encouraged by this sight, I made the best of my way towards it, and after inexpressible toil, arrived at an immense vault, into which some light penetrated through a chink in the wall, and sparingly illumined the place. On one side of this vault there was a chapel constructed of hewn stone, in the midst of which stood a small altar, with a figure of the Blessed Virgin coarsely hewn in stone, and close to it a little elevated platform, also of stone, in the form of a bed. The other sides were naked rock, which was excavated to such a height, that my eye could not discover the top. I sat down to rest myself on the platform, and convinced, from the surrounding objects, that at some time or other human beings must have got hither with less peril to their necks than I had done, I began to contemplate the place where I was. The only purpose to which this vault could, as I imagined, have ever been applied, was as a secret place of worship for the Christians at the time of the Moorish dominion in Spain, when every one was obliged to conform externally at least to the religion of the conquerors*. While thus absorbed in meditation on past ages, I

* We cannot here forbear remarking that this notion is extremely erroneous, as the Moors never were persecutors of the Christians; and but for the figure of the Virgin, it would be much more probable that such caverns served the Moors as asylums from the sanguinary zeal of the Christians, who at a later period exterminated them.

EDITOR.

had almost forgotten my own unpleasant situation; I was suddenly roused by the sound of several voices that seemed to issue from an aperture which I had not till then remarked in the opposite side of the vault to that at which I had entered. I fixed my eye intently on the spot, from which I every moment expected to see at least one human being advance. All was again quiet, and around me reigned the silence of the grave. I sprang up, fully resolved to find out whence the sound proceeded; and should I even fall into the hands of concealed enemies, the decision of my fate, be it what it might, would be preferable to a tedious death by hunger, to which I was exposed in these subterranean labyrinths. I pushed on boldly into the darkness; another passage conducted me up an ascent, and on advancing a few paces my foot encountered stone steps. I followed these winding stairs, and the higher I mounted, the more distinctly I heard human voices: at length I recognised them, with what transport you may easily conceive, to be yours. I now exerted my last remains of strength, and shouting all the way as I ascended, suddenly found my farther progress obstructed by the wall, where you so luckily liberated me from my grave."

Thus did B—— terminate the account of his subterranean adventure, which excited in us all the strongest curiosity to explore the passages and caverns which had been the scene of them. We passed the rest of the night in consulting on the means of accomplishing our purpose, and should next morning have undertaken the enterprise, but for an order which arrived at daybreak to rejoin our division without delay.

LETTER III.

MADRID, Aug. 10, 1810.

When the first rays of dawn streaked the eastern horizon, the ancient vaults and apartments of the antiquated castle which had lodged us so comfortably, rung with the sound of the general march; and rested and refreshed, we assembled in our ranks, and slowly descended the hill through the deserted village, to encounter the daily increasing hardships of an arduous campaign. A delicious morning favoured our march, and singing military songs, we gradually quitted the hills, and reached the plain. On either side we had noble woods of olive-trees, the shade of which tempered the intense heat. Not a human being was to be seen, and, unmolested by any foe, we re-joined our division at Santa Olalia.

On the 25th and 26th of July, the army of the Tajo, under Marshal Victor, concentrated itself in the vicinity of Talavera de la Reyna. Our regiment formed the advanced guard, and took post in the burned village of Challera, about four *leguas* from Talavera. None of us thought that we were so near a decisive engagement, as a few hours afterwards we found ourselves to be. We resigned ourselves to a comfortable repose, rejoicing in the idea of obtaining some relaxation from battles and bloodshed, when all at once several shot from our advanced posts alarmed the whole line. We all flew to arms, and were soon warmly engaged with the Spanish advanced guard, consisting of several regiments of cavalry, who had crossed the Tajo at Almaraz. After a short skirmish, in which neither party sustained much loss, we received orders to retreat, and fell back to Torrigos, where we

rejoined the main body of the army. Next morning, July 27th, we advanced from Torrigos to the river Quietarre: our division formed the right wing, under the command of General Buffin, and posted itself in close column on the little sand-hill on the right bank of the river; while our centre, crossing the long wooden bridge over it, advanced by the direct road upon Talavera.

The 27th passed in an incessant advancing and retiring on the plain of Talavera, without gaining an inch of ground: the action was nevertheless very brisk, and the loss on both sides not inconsiderable. It was here that for the first time we had to face the celebrated English army: its right wing was supported on the town of Talavera, while the left extended to the mountains, and was thus exactly opposite to our division. A battalion of English light infantry in particular was so strongly posted in an olive-wood, that one of our regiments, which attempted to dislodge it, was almost entirely cut to pieces: at the same time the main army of the English remained perfectly quiet the whole forenoon. Our division now received orders to cross the Quietarre: we waded through it in close column, carrying knapsacks, cartouch-boxes, and muskets on our heads; the drummers, with their drums on their heads also, beating a charge all the while. By this unexpected movement, which suddenly brought us into the hills opposite to the left wing of the enemy, we compelled him to draw in his troops, which were still manœuvring in the plain; whereby the above-mentioned olive-wood was left uncovered, and our centre obtained more scope. Had our division been stronger, we might have thrown

ourselves between the centre and the left wing of the enemy, and thus have speedily decided the conflict in our favour. We still imagined that the English, unaccustomed to military operations on land, would be seized with a panic, and that we should only have a chase as usual after the Spaniards; but we soon found, from the valiant resistance, that we had to do with real soldiers, and not banditti. A few cannon-shot now reached us from the plain, but did us no material injury.

Dusk put an end to the action for this day, and the English army concentrated itself on the elevated hill. Our troops continued under arms on the line which they had occupied, only half-gun-shot distant from the hill. All was quiet during the night, which was extremely dark, and we had seated ourselves in files to rest our limbs, weary with the fatigues of the day, and thoroughly wet with crossing the Quietarre, when Marshal Victor, with his staff, unexpectedly rode past our regiment, and ordered us to recommence the action, and to storm the hill occupied by the whole English army in three lines. What were our feelings at the moment, you may easily conceive: it was a pitch-dark night; our limbs were yet stiff from the heat of the preceding day; and weakened by the privation of all necessities, our regiment, only 950 in number, was to attack a whole strongly posted army: but honour is more powerful than any other sentiment, and we cheerfully prepared for the dangerous enterprise. We marched in close column, by divisions, up the hill: midway we met with two pieces of cannon, which we secured; but as we could not take them with us, we ren-

dered them unserviceable, and carried off the men belonging to them. We soon reached the top, and beat a charge. With incessant shouts of *En avant!* "Forward!" we rushed upon the first line, which manifested its front to us by a warm platoon-fire; but by our determined charge with bayonets it was soon broken and dispersed. We had neither time to take nor strength to guard prisoners; we therefore let them run, and advanced upon the second line. Here, however, we found the term of our nocturnal attack, for we now fell in with the *Sans-culottes*, as we called them, the Highlanders, who stood like rocks, and gave us a salute, which extended several hundreds on the ground. The enemy must still have been impressed with the notion that the attack was made by our whole force, for they did not attempt to advance, but kept only on the defensive. We were so closely engaged, that the officers fought with their swords, and the private soldier could lay hold of the bayonet of his opponent. At length we retired, and rallied for a second charge, as we were destined, even with the loss of our whole regiment, to drive or draw the enemy from their advantageous position: but all our efforts were ineffectual; we were again repulsed, and were now exposed to a second fire from the first line, which we had broken, and which had rallied, and pursued by it in our flight all the way down the hill. Our loss was immense; all the officers of the staff were wounded, among others Colonel Baron Meurier, who, though his head was bound up on account of two wounds received in the first assault, nevertheless commanded in the second. From this carnage I fortu-

nately escaped without a wound, merely to receive a token the next day in a less honourable manner. So great was our loss, that under me one officer, nine carbiniers, and a few privates only, rallied again after the retreat from the hill: what became of the others, and whether any of them ever joined afterwards, I cannot tell you.

This unexpected firing in the night threw the Spaniards into inexpressible confusion: they formed the right wing of the allied hostile army, and, posted in three lines, supported themselves on the Tajo. The first line, supposing it to be a general attack of our army, gave fire; the second line, misled by this fire, mistook the first line for the enemy, and fired upon their own countrymen; and their example was followed by the third line. After several volleys and considerable loss, they discovered their mistake, and were again quiet.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, when a tremendous cannonade was opened by the whole park of artillery, which had advanced in the night, and taken post opposite to the hill: its thunders rolled awfully in the mountains, and it was not till after long firing that the enemy's army descended into the plain, which movement at length brought on a general engagement. Both sides fought with the utmost animosity, and both sustained equal loss. I wish I could give you more particulars of this battle; but as ill-luck would have it, in the very heat of the action I was ordered off with a small detachment to receive a supply of biscuit, which had arrived in several waggons. For two days I had scarcely tasted a morsel: this order, therefore, was like music to my ears, and I made all

the haste I could to put it in execution. But this was not such an easy matter: a division of English dragoons attacked us, with a view to intercept the provisions, and after a short action, I received the wound mentioned in my first letter. I had, however, the satisfaction to learn in the sequel, that the biscuit reached the army, and that our assailants were all made prisoners. I was immediately conveyed to the *ambulance*, established on the other side of the river Quietarre, and passed a bad night; for, besides the pain of my wound, I had nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst. Our army also retired across the Quietarre, and here a truce was concluded for a few hours, that the dead on both sides might be buried; but on account of the excessive heat, they were piled in heaps and burned.

I cannot help communicating to you a few particulars which I have since collected respecting the battle of Talavera. Neither army was actually beaten; for the English likewise recrossed the Tajo on the 29th of July, from Talavera, having received intelligence of the approach of Marshal Soult, who was advancing from Plasencia upon the bridge of Almara, and was fortunate enough to take almost all the artillery and baggage of the English, who reached the bridge too late. The plan of the battle of Talavera de la Reyna in fact totally failed, whether through the fault of King Joseph, who commanded in person, or that of Jourdan or Soult, I cannot pretend to decide. The 1st and 4th *corps-d'armée*, together with the royal guards and a very numerous artillery and cavalry, formed the army which was to act in front, and to attack the enemy at

Talavera. Marshal Soult was meanwhile to advance from Plasencia to the bridge of Almara, to cross the Tajo, and thus take the enemy in the rear: this manœuvre was executed a day too late: either the king had attacked a day too early, or Marshal Soult had by a day of rest which he gave his army, missed the decisive moment of the battle of the 28th. This is more likely to have been the case, as, by command of the king, Soult was to wait at Plasencia for a courier, who was probably intercepted by the enemy, and thus the loss of a day occasioned. But to return to myself.

I was conveyed hither with many others in a similar predicament. Inconsiderable as my wound was, my sufferings during the journey of 18 *leguas* were very great: the excessive heat tormented us dreadfully; the whole road was covered with our wounded, who, for want of vehicles, crawled along in the best way they could, frequently fell down exhausted, and at length expired in inexpressible agonies. Towns, villages, nay, even plains covered with heath, were in flames around us, and increased the burning heat of the sun, while the stinking smoke that issued from them obscured the sky. We had been several days, as I have already observed, without food, and during the whole journey it was in vain to think of procuring refreshment. Almost entirely exhausted and insensible, I arrived at the hospital here: I felt as if new-born when a fresh dressing allayed the burning smart of my wound, and nutritious food satisfied my craving appetite.—We certainly fared better than our wounded comrades, who had fallen into the hands of the English on the

first day of the battle: they had all been shut up in Talavera, and nothing less than a battalion of English infantry given them for a guard could protect them from the fury of the inhabitants, who every moment required them to be given up for the gratification of their sanguinary revenge. The English, however, firmly resisted their horrid purpose, and on the 29th, when our troops again entered Talavera, delivered to them 4000 of our wounded, to whom they had paid the kindest attention. The brave English returned to their corps, carrying with them the warmest gratitude and the highest esteem of their enemies.

With skilful treatment and good

nursing my wound soon healed, and in a few days I was able to go about again, so that I am now appointed inspector of the convalescent. This service will probably keep me here some time, and I am glad of it; for, to tell the truth, I am heartily tired of the atrocities of a war carried on with the most inveterate animosity. I shall employ my time to better purpose in making myself acquainted with the opulent and splendid city of Madrid. You may therefore not expect any letter from me for some months, when, unless something particular intervene, I shall communicate to you the result of my observations.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC RELICS.

No. I.

CLAN NA GEALLANNA, THE MACLEAN CLAN.

"In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops, five hundred of the followers of the laird of Maclean were left dead upon the field. In the heat of the conflict, seven brothers of the clan sacrificed their lives in defence of their leader, Sir Hector Maclean, who, when pressed by the enemy, was supported and covered by those brothers. As one fell, another came up in succession to cover him, exclaiming, 'Another for Hector!' This phrase has passed into a watchword in any danger which requires instant succour." — *Colonel STEWART'S Sketches of the Highland Character.*

IN high antiquity, the Macleans "shone mighty among the mightiest chiefs," by their own feats of arms, and by the heroic self-devotion of their vassals, as also by their chivalrous generosity and inviolable faith in maintaining their numerous bonds of friendship with distinguished families of other names. The vast multiplicity of such bonds occasioned to the Macleans the patronymic of *clan na Geallanna*, or children of the promises. The origin and some of the effects of one bond of fraternity have been transmitted to the respective posterity by tradition. The chieftain of Dowart, when a youth, being engaged in the chase with a

stripling son of Niel Oig of the turrets, was suddenly assaulted by "a band of rovers of ocean," and "the hope of *clan na Geallanna*" must have fallen their victim, if "the hope of the turrets" had not come to aid, at the peril of his own life. The attendant deer-stalkers were occupied at some distance; but the "beardless heroes" held the foe at bay, until their retainers, hearing the war-cry, gathered in haste for their defence.

The "hope of Niel Oig" and his people had a twin brother, so perfectly his resemblance in face and figure, that, owing to some negligence in their first days of infancy, the right of primogeniture became doubt-

ful. The twin, whose valour had saved the chieftain of Dowart, was indeed "the hope of the turrets;" for he was liberal, just, and kind as brave. The other twin had often betrayed a disposition cold, designing, arbitrary, and cruel. Their father died suddenly; and not having declared his appointment to which of the claimants the largest property, with the castle, should devolve, both advanced pretensions to the chief inheritance, and the partizans of each were impatient to settle by force of arms "the lot hidden as a darkened moon." The sands of a bay in view of the castle, during a spring tide, were to be the scene of conflict; "the fight to begin when wreathing mists, tinged with a beam of the east, should pass away over receding waves." The dark splintered crags and woody steeps were bright with warriors marching to the fray, or waiting a signal for onset; and "as a stream bursting from a rock glitters in quivering light, the berlins of Dowart, in all their gleaming strength, drew to the shore," in succour of his friend. But the friend waved his hand of might in token of the music of wisdom; and the crowding sons of war in silence listened to his words. "In my soul," he said, "I still behold my father. His voice of feeble age still bids his sons never to raise the steel against each other; and since no choice is left for me but to disquiet his spirit in airy halls of rest, or to yield the right within my grasp, I give up to my brother in peace the castle of turrets, and go to the halls of woody Oil*. My brother, and all the heroes around, behold that I am

* A smaller property, during many generations assigned to the younger son of Niel Oig, the descendant of Oduine.

not moved by the little soul of fear, nor the lack of power. My brother sees how my followers are ten to one of his array. Dauntless in heart, their hands are on their spears, and, lo! the invincible leader of *clan na Geallanna* with his berlins covers the bay!"

The great in many wars, the hero of early youth, bright on frequent fields in manhood, the great in bending to the will of a father cold in the narrow house, the friend of the chieftain of Mull, bore his stainless banner to the halls of woody Oil. Happy in the spouse of his love, in the buds of valour and beauty springing at his side, the leader of the brave, the far-spreading shield of the feeble, the companion of chiefs, the mouth of wisdom, the song of bards, shone forth as the sun, sending his burning light through the recesses of a forest. But the wrongful dweller of the castle darkened the fame of his race: spoilers of ocean sat at his feast of shells; and he fell, marked with wounds from their gore-dropping hands. No spouse, no bud of valour, no flower of beauty, mourned over his unheaped cairn. His deeds were wrapped in silence by the bards of the turret; his name is forgotten in song; and no hunter points to the tufted grass of his narrow house, to recal echoes of renown from times of old. Grinning elves of mischief skim along the low mound that covers his bones; and the spirit of the storm slumbers there, when, descending from cliffs that hide their heads in the skies, his breath roars amidst waves cleaved by lightnings, and the base of the rock crowned by the castle of turrets groans a fearful reply.

The people rejoice to come under

a head that never stretched for evil his hand of power, nor looked coldly on the weak of his tribe. The bond of friendship with the chief of *clan na Geallanna* has waxed strong in exchanging the nurture of Muime for their sons; that each having two fathers and two mothers, four hearts of heroes and heroines must be fixed in the chill of death, ere the hand of a foe could make them orphans. The hopes of *clan na Geallanna* are reared by the spouse of the turrets; and the spouse of their chief cherishes the sons of the turrets from age to age.

The chief of Argathela lays the tribute of conquest upon Mull, and long groaned *clan na Geallanna* under the yoke; till Allan the Lion, a star among warrior kings, a hero unmatched on burning plains, refused to bow before the chief of Argathela. Mac Caillan More decrees fire and sword for Mull, and summons his vassals to the spoil. They gather in war-barks, bristled with lance and spear. The chief of the turrets, with the spouse of her that brought him at her bosom to the castle of Dowart, and his three sons, are all that stand with Niel Oig as he spoke to Mac Caillan More:

"I have come at the word of the chief and lord of Argathela, yet no brand of the turrets can be drawn against the chieftain of Dowart. His mother nourished my days of infancy, and he drew the sinews of his strength from the bosom of her that gave me birth."

"Then," returned the chief of Argathela, "when I have broken the sinews of Dowart, I turn the clang of deadly weapons against you and yours."

"Be it so," answered Niel Oig, "since only a breach of faith may

avert the stroke! A bond of friendship should be as more than life to the true and valiant."

With locks as the silvery spray of high-leaping waves around the headlands of Mull, the foster of Niel Oig passed by night in a little bark to tell the chieftain of *clan na Geallanna* the peril of his sworn brother.

"To ruin the friend knit to my soul by the name of brother will not save me," said Dowart. "Forty berlins ride before my castle; take them, and let my friend save his ancient house from desolation."

The foster-brothers had made a hasty array of the men of the turrets; and on the day fixed for sword and fire, said Mac Caillan More, "Whence come those war-boats, with the ensigns of Niel Oig?"

"They come from the chieftain of Mull," replied Niel Oig. "He conjures me by all the saints to save my ancient house from desolation."

"He has saved himself," responded the high-souled Mac Caillan More. "Let his sworn brother admonish him to pay the tribute, not to our powers, but to his own lofty honour, and let Mac Caillan More stand a third in this friendship of heroes. As for you, Niel Oig, brave offspring of the brave, and truest to the firmness of a bond of friendship! with less than a handful of followers, you came at my word, undaunted meeting the tempest of my wrath, and I shall ever hold you as the sword and shield of noble amity: bright in the rolls of sworn brotherhood, you shall be named in future times as a great example, that the wise and great in soul will valiantly confront the frowns of danger rather than skulk, as you might have remained within the walls of your own castle."

B. G.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

PARIS, NOV. 20, 1822.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THE session opened on the 17th, and the first day being spent, as usual, by the members in the forms necessary to constitute a chamber, they met again on the 18th for the dispatch of business, when the sitting was opened by *Madame la Marquise de Parvenue*.

"I was in hopes," said the honourable member, "that before the close of the last session, some more experienced orator would have drawn the attention of the chamber to the subject on which I am about to speak; but as that has not been the case, I can no longer delay complaining of a grievance which people of a certain rank have long laboured under. I allude to the custom which authorizes all persons to appropriate to their own use two chairs on the Boulevards, or in the Tuileries, by which means all distinctions of rank in these places are completely abolished, and women of condition are obliged to mingle upon equal terms with the common herd. I, for my part, see no reason why the wife of a petty *bourgeois* or a *négociant* cannot content herself with one chair; but since custom has authorized the use of two, and it might perhaps be dangerous to meddle with the privileges of *Mesdames des Tiers Etats*, I move, that in future all ladies of title, and no others, shall be allowed the privilege of three chairs, to be used in manner following: one to sit on, one for the feet or to loll upon, and the third to be used indiscriminately as a barrier on either side against the intrusion of a plebeian neighbour."

Mad. la Baronne Très-Gothique.

"I confess my surprise at the motion which has just been made, and still more at the quarter from whence it proceeds. Some half-dozen years ago, I fancy *Madame de Parvenue* would have felt herself strongly interested to oppose a measure of this kind; and I confess I see no reason why a newly created *marquise* should be more fastidious than the ancient nobility of France, some of whom, by the way, can badly enough afford to pay for the two chairs which custom renders necessary at present. But perhaps if *madame la marquise* carried her motion, she would generously propose a subscription, to enable those ladies who have rank without money, to pay the additional *sous* which this new law would draw from their pockets." (A laugh.) *Madame Très-Gothique* proceeded to expose at great length the impolicy of the measure. She was answered by the *marquise*, who replied with great bitterness, but her harangue was so extremely rapid, that we were unable to follow her: all we could gather were, the words "beggarly emigrants—ridiculous pretensions—want of national spirit;" and a few expletives, which consideration for the fair speaker prevents our inserting. *Madame la Presidente* called repeatedly to order, but without effect: at last she succeeded in restoring tranquillity. The motion was put to the show of hands, and negatived.

Madame Belle-Taille. "I cannot find words to express my sorrow and surprise, that this august assembly should become a scene of idle brawls and disgusting personalities." [The *marquise* and the *baronne* both rose at this moment, and began speaking

at once with great warmth; but being silenced by the president, *Madame Belle-Taille* continued.] "The measure I have to propose to the house is one more worthy of its dignity and importance. You are not ignorant, ladies, that Frenchwomen have been celebrated time out of mind for the elegance of their shape, and their exquisite skill in displaying it to advantage: now, however, their claim to these perfections is obscured, if not lost, by the introduction of a fashion calculated to put all shapes upon a level. I need not say that I mean the *blouse*, which at present is universally adopted. I move that a secret committee be immediately formed, to take into consideration the propriety and expediency of directly restoring the tight *corsage* and straight sleeve, which the *blouse* has superseded."

This motion created a very warm debate. Several members of the right side argued with much eloquence and ingenuity in favour of the *blouse*; they expatiated on its singular convenience in being put off and on without the least trouble, and on its utility in concealing slight defects, without being at all detrimental to the natural beauty of the shape.

They were answered with great spirit by *Madame Belle-Taille*, who declared, that the *blouse* was in reality an odious dishabille, brought into fashion, no doubt, either to conceal the effects of a *faux pas*—(murmurs of "Oh fie!" from the left side)—or else to hide an awkward shape. The fair speaker argued with considerable vehemence against the general adoption of a habit which completely disguised every part of the form, and moved, that it should be restricted to the use of those ladies

only whose figures were either clumsy or meagre.

Madame Médiocre could by no means agree with the last speaker, since that would be in fact to abolish the *blouse* altogether; for she put it to the conscience of every lady present, to say, whether they believed there was a single female in France, who would, by an adoption of the dress in question, acknowledge herself to belong to either class. She, for her part, was of opinion, that a middle course might be adopted, and the use of the *blouse* restricted to dishabille; and she was the more inclined to propose this measure, as the English, of whom there was now a considerable number in Paris, and who, it was well known, prided themselves on the beauty of their shapes, had by no means shewn a general forwardness to adopt the *blouse*; but, on the contrary, had been seen very frequently in public in tight-bodied gowns since this dress became fashionable.

Madame la Comtesse Très-Violente. "Ah! these haughty islanders are for ever in our way! But surely their insolent refusal to adopt a fashion which we have set to all Europe, is not a reason why we should ourselves renounce it: that would be to acknowledge the superiority which they claim, and which, consistently with our glory and our interests, we never can admit. Already have those dangerous strangers drawn from us the allegiance of several of our liege subjects. It is needless to mention names; suffice it say, that I could bring proof, that many of those men of rank, hitherto most distinguished for their devoted attachment to their countrywomen, have been observed to pay such attention to those fo-

reigners, as may very justly alarm us with the fear of losing a considerable part of that influence which we have hitherto maintained over our countrymen. I think, therefore, that we should take every opportunity to shew our disdain of the English, and our contempt for their pretensions; and as a preliminary step, that we should by all means continue the *blouse* in its present very extensive estimation."

Madame le Brave thought that the last speaker treated the matter too seriously, and shewed a degree of apprehension on this tender point unworthy of French courage. She agreed, however, in the propriety of continuing the *blouse*.

After a good deal more conversation on this interesting question, which our limits will not permit us to insert, *Madame Très-Violente* moved, that, as a mark of the determination of this Chamber to support its authority in matters of fashion, the use of the *blouse* be ordered to be indiscriminately continued by all females of *ton* during the next three weeks.

This motion produced a most stormy debate; several members of the left side insisted vehemently, that it was a most arbitrary and unconstitutional step, to continue for so long a time, a mode which, being above six weeks old, ought, according to the long-established laws of fashion, to be on the decline. The motion would certainly have been negatived, but for the support given to it by the greater part of the members of the centre: it was carried only by a majority of two.

[*The sitting closed at half-past five o'clock.*]

CHAMBER OF PEERESSES.

A committee of the whole Chamber sat, for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessary steps for re-establishing female conjugal authority in its pristine form.

Madame la Duchesse Haute-Voix drew a very eloquent picture of the degeneracy of husbands in these times, and the wanton infringements which they were daily making upon the conjugal prerogatives of wives. "She would not," she said, "take up the time of the Chamber by insisting upon the necessity there was to take immediate steps for arresting the progress of this evil, because she was sure that every one of the noble members would agree with her, that there was no time to lose in suppressing an abuse of such magnitude. The only question was, what measures ought to be adopted? whether the Chamber would think it most expedient for wives to act in an amicable or a warlike manner? that is to say, to try the effect of flattery and insinuation on their domestic tyrants, or at once to assert their rights, and set the usurped authority of their husbands at open defiance? For her part, she was, after much consideration, of opinion that this last measure would be the most efficient, as she trusted she should satisfactorily prove from the documents she held in her hand."

The noble lady then read several petitions, the substance of which was as follows: that, upon diligent inquiry in all parts of the kingdom of France, it appears that the spirit of matrimonial insubordination has spread very much during the last eight years; that owing, as it is supposed, in a great measure to the intercourse

France has had with England, the married men in the former country have in general imbibed the false and dangerous opinion, that a husband has actually and *bona fide* a right to be master in his own house; and in consequence, the authority of wives has been circumscribed in several points, upon which, till the above-mentioned period of time, it was always undisputed. Several instances of this were given in the different petitions which the *duchesse* read, and from which we select the most prominent.

The Marquise de — had been compelled by her arbitrary husband to wear her gown half an inch higher in the bosom than the precise height fixed by the fashion. (Cries of "Too bad!" "Shameful indeed!" from several members). Monsieur de T——, on finding that his wife had broken her solemn promise made to him when he last paid her debts of honour, never to game again, had hurried her down to his country-seat, where she had now remained during three months in durance, and without hope of liberation. (Exclamations of "Shocking!" "Insupportable!" from the majority of the members). Madame de C—— had been forced to diminish the expenses of her toilet during the last year nearly one half. (Violent murmurs of indignation). "Yes, ladies," continued the *duchesse* energetically, "you may well murmur—these are grievances; but what will you say to the one I am now about to state?—an atrocious act of tyranny hitherto unexampled in French annals. Monsieur L—— took it into his head to be jealous, without the least reason, of his wife's most intimate friend, Comte —, and positively forbade her to receive

any more visits from that gentleman. It chanced that he returned home suddenly at a time when she supposed he was in the country, and found her *tête-à-tête* with the *comte*; and notwithstanding she condescended to declare that it was by mere accident he had been let in, Monsieur L—— had the audacity to express himself in terms of the highest indignation, and even to threaten a separation." (At these words the members seemed absolutely electrified.) "Yes, ladies," continued the *duchesse*, "you may well be mute with horror and astonishment; this is indeed an outrage of which in former times no French husband would have dared to be guilty: but such is the consequence of innovation. We have by weak concessions been ourselves the cause of these disorders; and it is only by vigorous measures, and a determined assertion of our rights, that we can replace things upon their ancient footing."

*Madame la Comtesse Très-Douce-*ment begged leave to differ from the noble *duchesse*: she was certain that coercive measures would only precipitate the downfall of female authority, which she thought by good policy might still be preserved. The question was, which was most desirable, the reality, or the reputation of power? (Several voices, "The reality, to be sure.") "If this is your opinion, ladies, I think I can convince you, that mild methods are most likely to procure it."

The noble speaker then entered on the subject at great length, and in a very able manner. She quoted several examples to prove, that smiles, tears, and caresses were the natural weapons of women; and who, she asked, could wield these weapons

with more certain effect than Frenchwomen, whom nature had gifted with the most seducing powers of persuasion? It had been asserted, that this spirit of innovation was fostered by intercourse with the English. This assertion was perfectly false: she was no partisan of the English; on the contrary, she regarded them as natural enemies; but she could not refuse justice even to an enemy. She had been in England, had seen much of society there, and she could assure the Chamber, that there was no country in Europe in which the wives exercise a more despotic sway. It is true, there is a certain restiveness of character, if she might so express it, in the men, which prompted them occasionally to oppose the measures of their wives, merely and solely that they might enjoy the reputation of being masters: but this opposition was a mere gasconade, which never went further than words, and was rarely to be found but among the little gentry of the provinces. The nature of it has been happily described by one of their poets in the following lines:

"The surly squire at noon resolves to rule;
And half the day, zounds! madam is a fool:
O'ercome at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
'Ah! Kate, you women have such coaxing
ways!'"

If then Englishwomen, in spite of their native pride and timidity, can by their blandishments subjugate their husbands, what may not Frenchwomen hope to effect?" The noble speaker then sat down amidst great applause.

Madame la Marquise le Sage thought that neither of the noble members had looked at the matter in all its various bearings. The evil was in fact of so complicated a na-

ture, that it was not possible to apply a general remedy: for if forcible measures might be improper in some cases, lenient ones would in others be equally so; and she had many reasons to believe, that there were circumstances under which a mixture of both might be necessary.

After considerable discussion, the business was referred to a private committee of twelve experienced matrons, who were appointed to investigate the various petitions presented to the Chamber, and to draw up a matrimonial code, by which provision should be made for all possible difficulties which wives might have to encounter in the government of refractory husbands.

Madame la Vicomtesse du Fard begged leave to call the attention of the Chamber to the necessity of bestowing some mark of approbation on a person who, though in an humble rank of life, had shewn that he knew how to support the character which the French have always maintained for politeness. "This person," continued the *vicomtesse*, "is Monsieur Cosmetique, a perfumer, who, with a delicacy worthy of imitation, offers his renovating bloom to ladies who fancy themselves troubled with wrinkles. Observe with what delicacy the word *fancy* is introduced!" (A burst of laughter from some of the juvenile members). "Ladies may laugh, but I maintain that an affair of this kind is no joking matter. We all know that age is not the only enemy to female charms: hot rooms, the vigils of the card-table, and other causes, may accelerate their decline; but what woman of delicate feelings could bear the thought of applying to a coarse tradesman, who should

inform the public, that he had invented a wash to take away wrinkles? It is only by looking at the matter in this point of view, that we can estimate the exquisitely beautiful mixture of sentiment and politeness observable in the advertisement of Mon-

sieur Cosmetique, for which I move that he be rewarded by a vote of thanks from the Chamber."

After a short debate, the motion was carried by a considerable majority, and the sitting closed at three o'clock.

AMBITIOUS PROJECTS OF MARSHAL SAXE.

MARSHAL SAXE, the natural son of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland, a man whose great ambition and ardent imagination were constantly impelling him to gigantic enterprises, was elected Duke of Courland. About this time he projected a most extraordinary plan. He cast his eyes on the Israelites, and entered into negotiations with them. It is not improbable that he had conceived the idea of collecting under his banners the Jews dispersed all over the world, and of undertaking with their assembled force a military expedition to the East. So much is certain at least, that the scheme was very seriously intended on his part, though the speculation was not particularly relished by the children of Israel.

Another plan cherished by him, which, had it succeeded, might have had a powerful influence on the state of both Europe and Asia, was to ascend the throne of Russia by means of the Princess Iwanowna, then Duchess-dowager of Courland. He had, in fact, about the year 1726, won the favour of this princess in a high degree; but in consequence of his frequent infidelities, the intimacy was dissolved. He bitterly repented his indiscretion, when, in 1730, the princess, a niece of Peter the Great, was actually elevated to the Russian throne. He now strove by all possible means to reinstate himself in her good graces; but the favourable

moment was not to be recalled. The empress valued her independence too highly to give herself a master. The marshal, however, did not immediately relinquish hopes, on which his new, lofty, and colossal plans were founded. "When I am Emperor of Russia," he would say to his confidants, "I will devote a few years to the training of 200,000 Russians according to my new method; I will then attack the Turkish empire at their head, and subdue it. It will then be the easiest matter in the world to take the kingdom of Persia by a *coup-de-main*. I have fixed upon the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople for the place of my interment."

It is impossible to say what might have happened, had not the marshal's attempt on the hand of the affronted empress failed. In this case all Europe and great part of Asia would probably have worn a very different aspect from what they do at present. The scenes of the days of Jenghis Khan and Tamerlan might possibly have been renewed. But it fared with the marshal as with King Pyrrhus of old: the plan remained in embryo in his brain, and came to nothing. The whole depended on the decision of a female; her refusal of his suit protected two divisions of the globe from the storms of war and prodigious revolutions, and all continued quiet.

THE WHITE ROSES.

As soon as our regiment—thus wrote Captain R—to his mother—had entered the grand-duchy of Posen, I hastened, according to your desire, to Kalisch, in quest of your unfortunate friend: but all my inquiries after the widow of the Prussian Captain Tannenberg and her daughter proved in vain. Though I knew that this officer had fallen at Auerstädt; that he had left his wife, a native of Silesia, but who had no longer any opulent relations there, together with a grown-up daughter of extraordinary beauty, totally unprovided for; that both of them, zealous professors of the Catholic religion, and acquainted with the Polish language, had resolved to remain in Poland, and to remove from the little town where the captain's squadron had formerly been quartered, to Kalisch; though, I say, I was acquainted with all these circumstances, they did not furnish me with the least clue. Partly, however, from a wish to survey the environs of Kalisch, which are not wholly destitute of interest in a military point of view, and partly because it had been suggested to me, that your friend might possibly be living in some Polish family of distinction as companion or governess, I determined to stay here a few days, and to endeavour to make some acquaintance in the neighbourhood.

In a ride which I took with this design, I met with a man on horseback, who seemed to have the same object with myself. He was a Prussian, who, at the time this country belonged to the Prussian monarchy, had settled here with his father. He told me that his name was Müller;

and that he had business with Salinski, the chamberlain, whose elegant mansion he pointed out to me in the distance, which would not detain him above half an hour. As I was pleased with the young man, and he seemed to be not displeased with me, it was soon agreed that I should accompany him, and wait for him at the inn, and that we should return together.

On our way thither he was as talkative and cheerful as on our return he was pensive and reserved. I would not be obtrusive, and thus for some time we rode silently along. My companion at length addressed me. "I trust," said he, "that you will pardon my neglect. I have been to see a most unfortunate man, whose son I esteemed and loved. The young man had received an excellent education; he had studied at a Prussian university; and from the excellence of his character and his superior talents, he might have calculated upon one of the highest appointments under government, had we continued to belong to Prussia, to which state he was warmly attached. The loss of this flattering prospect caused him no small mortification. He fixed his residence on a small estate bequeathed to him by a relative, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of the sciences; and at my father's house he accidentally became acquainted with a friend of my sister's, a young lady of equal beauty and worth. He had attained, as he thought, the object of his wishes, when his proud and hard-hearted father dissolved the connection. The excellent girl died of grief, and poor William, my playfellow and schoolfellow, is, as I

have just been informed by his father, worse than dead."

During this explanation, we approached the city. Müller invited me to call at his father's the following day. A considerable part of the afternoon was yet left, and I resolved to employ it in examining the churches of the city. I found little to admire in them. So much the more was I struck by the appearance of a young lady, who was engaged in tying up to sticks some white rose-trees that were planted on a grave. She had a sweetly interesting countenance, and her fine eyes exhibited traces of recent tears. My sympathy was deeply excited. Unfortunate girl, thought I, how many of thy fair hopes perhaps slumber in this grave! The sexton, to whom I had given a small gratuity, and who accompanied me out of civility, remarked my attention. "This lady," said he, "is the daughter of a German merchant; her name is Müller." The name penetrated to my heart. Perhaps, thought I, the sister of my new acquaintance; and on mentioning to the sexton the direction I had received, I found that I was right in my conjecture.

"And it is her lover, I suppose, who is interred here?"

"O no! a poor young lady, pious and virtuous as a saint. Miss Müller planted the roses on this grave, and tends them with particular care."

I waited with the more impatience for the arrival of the hour of my intended visit to this family. I was received with great cordiality. As soon as decorum permitted, I turned to the daughter. "I had yesterday," said I, "the good fortune to meet accidentally with your brother, and soon afterwards I enjoyed the pleasure of making your acquaintance also."—

"Mine?" asked Maria, with some surprise; on which I related that I had seen her in the church-yard, and in what manner I had learned her name.

"Oh!" said her father, "that grave is a favourite spot with my daughter; and much as I wish that she would not continue to seek fresh food there for her sorrow, so little can I find fault with her for the affection which she cherishes for her excellent and unfortunate deceased friend."

"I have already heard much in praise of the lady, but am not acquainted with the circumstances which rendered her so unfortunate."

"If," said Maria, in a solemn and pathetic tone, "the disappointment of the fairest hopes on earth—of those to which our whole soul cleaves—renders a person unhappy, then she was so in a supreme degree: but if a conviction that one is the victim of duty affords high consolation—if a manifest token of the favour of heaven alleviates the hour of death——"

She seemed to recollect herself, and paused. My curiosity was too strongly excited, and I begged her to proceed, and to communicate to me the history of her friend. Her brother seconded my entreaties, and she thus began:

"In those turbulent times, when, on the arrival of the French army, the insurrection commenced in South Prussia, Madame Berg removed hither with her daughter Hannah, and took a small house near the church-yard. Both soon became known for the excellent quality of their works, by the sale of which they lived. I was desirous of learning some of these kinds of work, and hence originated my acquaintance with these worthy people, whose manners and

whole demeanour convinced every one at first sight that they were destined for a higher lot. They seemed to be fond of solitude, never went abroad but to church, and kept no company: but when, as I had occasion to go often to them for the sake of instruction in the works to which I have alluded, my love for both increased daily, and the strongest friendship soon united me to Hannah; still it was not without the greatest difficulty, and after repeated solicitations from my father, that they were prevailed upon to come to see us. Every little present, however, by which I sought to render their situation more comfortable, they declined in such a manner, that, though deeply mortified at the frustration of my good intentions, still I could not put an unfavourable construction on their noble pride. When, indeed, the mother fell sick, and was afflicted with the most violent pains, Hannah, merely with a view to cheer her suffering parent with music and singing, accepted the piano-forte, which she had before constantly refused, upon pretext that business would not permit her to devote even a few moments to amusement. She also allowed me, to my great joy, to bring the patient occasionally a bottle of Hungarian wine, or something else of that kind. She had discontinued her visits to our house previously to the illness of her mother, because she had once or twice accidentally met here the son of Mr. Salinski, a juvenile friend of my brother's, and remarked the extraordinary attention which he paid to her.

"The mother grew worse from day to day. Hannah sat up all night by her bed, and nevertheless redoubled her industry, that nothing might be

wanting to the comfort of her beloved parent. With her modesty and unaffected humility this might have passed undiscovered, had it not been observed by the physician and the confessor. The commendations of both rendered her the subject of general conversation, and mothers held her up as an example to their daughters.

"Salinski now acknowledged to my brother what an impression Hannah had made on his heart: since he had met her in our house, he had seen her only at church, where fervent devotion while praying for her mother had heightened her charms. My brother communicated the matter to my father, and both used all possible arguments to shake poor William's resolution. They talked of his father's wealth. 'I need it not,' replied he; 'I have a sufficient fortune of my own to keep a wife, if not in profusion, at least above want.'—They hinted at the character of his father. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am no longer a child: I have never been guilty of any indiscretion, and therefore hope my father will not stand in the way of my happiness, as Hannah is my equal in rank. I was particularly apprehensive of an objection on this score; but as nothing can well remain concealed from love, I have already discovered that Hannah's mother, merely on account of her poverty, concealed her rank, and is the widow of the Prussian Captain von Tannenberg.'"—"Gracious heavens!" cried I, "my cousin Tannenberg!"—As soon as my agitation would permit me, I informed them that I had come to Kalisch for no other purpose than to make inquiry concerning Madame von Tannenberg and her daughter; adding, that in

consequence of her change of name, all my efforts would most probably have proved fruitless. After this explanation, Maria proceeded with her narrative.

"William found no opportunity to obtain access to the house of the patient, but Hannah frequently saw him at church; she remarked that his eyes were fixed upon her, and expressed to me displeasure and surprise, that the person whom my brother had described to her as his friend, and as one of the most excellent of men, should have so little delicacy as thus to disturb her devotions. In answer to my remark, that she did not look well, she had already confessed to me, that her strength was exhausted by constant attendance, night and day, on her mother, and that she trembled at the idea lest she should be overcome by the fatigue, and perhaps herself confined to a sick-bed. I felt the less scruple to acquaint her with William's declaration to my father and brother, and entreated her not to reject the hand of the young man, which might serve to cheer the last days of her mother, and to brighten her own future prospects. A blush overspread her face; she heaved a gentle sigh, and said, 'I have taken no step in this matter; I have given no occasion to it: God direct every thing according to his holy will!'

"In order to avoid him, she had for some time gone only to matins; and on account of the increased illness of her mother, had during the last days not quitted the house at all. As the latter seemed the next night to be somewhat better, and continued in the morning to enjoy a sound slumber, Hannah hastened, when the bell rung to matins, to return thanks to

heaven for the mitigation of her mother's pain. As she left the church, William approached her; he implored her pardon for addressing her there, as he had no other opportunity of speaking to her; offered her his heart and his hand; and entreated her to conduct him to her mother, for whom, as a dutiful son, he was determined to provide. His solicitations were so urgent that Hannah was moved: she declared that she would leave every thing to her mother's decision; and he obtained permission to call upon her at noon, to learn what that decision might be. She was just breaking the matter to her mother when I entered. How great was my joy when I heard that the matter had proceeded thus far! I launched out in praise of the numberless good qualities which I knew my brother's friend to possess, and repeated what he had said to my father and brother concerning his intentions. A tear of joy trembled in the eye of the mother; she grasped her daughter's hand. 'I should feel supremely happy,' said she, 'to see thee provided for: but sacrifice not thyself to filial duty; let thy heart alone decide!' Hannah, deeply affected, kissed the hand of her mother. At this moment William entered the room. His respectful behaviour to the patient, and his modest yet earnest application for Hannah's hand, the possession of which he declared to be his highest felicity, prepossessed both mother and daughter in his favour. All objections respecting his father were silenced by the assurance, that he would not oppose the happiness of his only son; and the promise that, as his father would be in town in three days, he would take that opportunity of ob-

taining his consent. On this condition he received the blessing of the mother, who seemed to forget all her sufferings; and from his every expression, Hannah was convinced that she was about to become the wife of one of the most excellent and amiable of men. She had never yet loved, and this passion now opened her heart to the most delightful and the most joyous emotions.

"Thus passed three days, the happiest of Hannah's life. On the fourth a magnificent equipage suddenly stopped before the humble habitation. Under the idea that the father's visit was the clearest proof of his consent, the patient raised her feeble hands in gratitude to heaven, and Hannah hastened to meet the man whom she hoped to salute with the name of father: but she trembled in every limb, and could scarcely support herself, when the fury expressed in old Salinski's face announced but too plainly the dreadful tidings. In a paroxysm of rage, he declared that he would seek the protection of the laws against the seducer of his son; that if this were not sufficient, he would prevent by his curse his union with a beggar; and that nothing should make him swerve from this resolution. Hannah had by this time collected herself. With all that lofty dignity which innocence and virtue confer, she stepped up to the boisterous old man, and solemnly assured him, that she never would give her hand to one who had not his father's blessing; adding, that she was convinced she had not deserved insult, but respect.

"The mother all at once uttered a loud shriek. The fright had snapped the frail thread of life. Hannah's whole attention was now directed to

her expiring mother. William, unacquainted with his father's intention to marry him to the daughter of one of his wealthy friends, had not expected this opposition. He hurried after him; he saw his father's threat to put an end to this connection accomplished; he observed the carriage stop before Hannah's door, and hastening forward, in hopes of appeasing his indignation, he entered the room at the moment his father was quitting it. Hannah was kneeling beside the bed of her dying parent; she heard him come in, and gave him a look of ineffable anguish. 'We must part for ever!' were the only words that, with tremulous voice and throbbing heart, she had power to utter. She drew from her finger the ring with which he had presented her, and handed it to him with averted face. His father caught him by the arm, and dragged away his son, who was scarcely sensible, along with him.

"In vain did William try all possible means to obtain the consent of his father. Now that he was acquainted with the full value of the excellent girl, he lived solely for her: but Hannah declined his visits, and when he ventured to write to her, she returned his letter unopened, with these lines: 'If you love me, William, avoid me, and set me an example of fortitude and resolution to crush a passion, which, as our consciences cannot now approve it, would only lead to misery. Then, in a better world we may yet be happy together.'—To this declaration she stedfastly adhered. In vain did my father and I entreat her to remove to our house, where she should be regarded as my sister. 'William,' said she, when I closely pressed her

on the subject, 'is your brother's friend; but I wish while I live to be reminded of nothing but the grave. In this humble dwelling I spent the three happiest days of my life, and there"—pointing to the church-yard—"I see the spot where the bones of my dear mother repose.'

"Grief soon undermined her constitution, and in a few weeks the bloom of health and youth was fled. 'My dear Hannah,' said I, one day when I called to see her, and my eye dwelt with sorrow on her pallid countenance, 'how quickly have the roses faded from these lovely cheeks!' She heaved a sigh and smiled. Next morning I found her in a high fever; the physician declared her state to be dangerous. She drew me gently to her bed. 'Last night,' said she, in a faint voice, 'an angel appeared to me in a dream: 'The roses of thy cheeks,' said he, 'are faded, because thou hast striven on earth to perform thy duty: receive in their stead the flowers of Paradise, which never fade.'—He presented to me three white roses, and the moment I touched them the angel vanished.'—She now thought of nothing but death, for which she sought earnestly to prepare herself, and on the third day she was no more.

"A grave was dug for her beside her mother, on the spot where I have

planted the white rose-trees in memory of my beloved friend. Early in the morning, my brother and I followed her without noise to the grave. Just at the moment when I had caused the coffin to be opened for the last time, William, who had known nothing of her illness, and had hoped to see her again at matins, came unexpectedly to us from the church. With fixed eye and looks of unutterable horror, he threw himself on his knees beside the corpse: not a tear dropped from his eye, not a word from his lips; he only kissed her clasped hands, and we had some difficulty to remove him. Every morning at sunrise he continued to visit the grave, and there he tarried till the moment when the sexton was about to lock the gate of the church-yard. He never spoke to any one, but would look wildly up to heaven, and then fix his eyes for hours together immoveably on the grave. His father imagined that a change of scene might mitigate his sorrow, and had him conveyed, but not without the most obstinate resistance, to an eminent physician at Warsaw. The resources of art, however, failed; the increasing derangement of his mind proved incurable. His father's remorse now comes too late—poor William! he is confined in a mad-house!"

DREADFUL RAVAGES OF THE HYDROPHOBIA IN THE ISLE OF FRANCE,

And Inquiry respecting a Cure for that Disease.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN a foreign publication I have lately met with a letter addressed to a Mr. Sieber, a literary character of Germany, by a countryman

of his, dated Port Louis, Isle of France, August 16th, 1821, from part of which it would appear, that the former has discovered, or is in possession of, a specific for the hy-

drophobia. The passage is as follows:

"The hydrophobia is very prevalent here. Many persons have already died of it, and upwards of eight thousand dogs have been destroyed. It was propagated here by an English ship from Bengal. Help! save! send if possible, speedily, your remedy and method of treatment, and you will be regarded as the tutelary angel of this colony! I have translated into French parts of your *Preliminary Address*, for the medical men here. They all declare that the thing must be known long since in Europe; that your work on the subject must have been printed, and that it will certainly be sent out very shortly in an English translation to the colonies. I have enough to do, sir, to make excuses for your not having printed the work itself, instead of the *Address*; nay, I have been almost charged with falsehood, when I declared that all you desire in return for so great a benefit to mankind is an annuity of fifty pounds. Pray comply with my request—the calamity is

dreadful. I am almost sure, that if you were here you would be induced to give it to the niggard world for nothing, so dreadful is the calamity. All the inhabitants of Port Louis tremble when they hear that another of their number is dead. The progress of the disease here is rapid, and the termination horrible. Every body talks of you, but not one would believe my story, unless I had your *Address* in my possession, though not a soul understands the language."

Can any of your correspondents inform me whether Mr. Sieber's pretensions are known in this country. If they are not, I shall be happy if this notice of them should lead to an investigation of their validity: for I am confident that the British government, whose readiness to reward every discovery beneficial to humanity is well known, would not withhold the paltry sum demanded by this foreigner, for the communication of an authenticated specific for a disease that has hitherto baffled all the efforts of medical skill.

HUMANUS.

LONDON, Dec. 2.

SEVERNDROOG CASTLE;

Or, May-Day on Shooter's Hill three Centuries ago.

THIS admired hill, and the castle that surmounts it, are well known as completing the romantic distance to the views from the east of London: but they are little valued as connected with historic facts, or the interesting customs of former times. The beauty of its situation, the retirement of the castle and lawns, its woods and copses, the noble and lovely views which it commands, seem to engross the whole attention of its nu-

merous visitors*, and the memory of "olden days" yields to the pleasures and gratifications of the moment. The spot is, however, sacred to the antiquary, the historian, and the brave. Science also has some share in its attractions, for on the summit of the castle, observations were made about

* It is liberally shewn to visitors, leaving their cards, or entering their names in the visiting-book at the lodge: it is the property of John Blades, Esq.

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thirty years ago, towards establishing the meridional lines of Greenwich and Paris, and which are now submitted to verifying experiments from the same stations under the auspices of government and of the Royal Society.

Well do I remember the laying of the first stone of the castle, eight and thirty years ago: it was a tribute of affectionate regard paid by the late Lady James to the memory of her deceased husband*. There in my boyhood have I spent many happy days, and in the north turret watched the flowing beauty of the river and its majestic burthens, "ever varied, ever new." Perhaps early associations of thought and circumstances add to the deep interest I feel daily augmenting for this place, which I love to contemplate, and amongst its shades indulge in undisturbed reflections on the vast variety of objects that surround me. Happy am I in this enjoyment: the portress is familiar with my visage, and the poor blind girl, who sustains the duties in her absence, knows my voice. Thus the "sick gentleman," as I am called, has a sort of privileged admission, and wanders where he pleases.

I have been told that Shooter's Hill derives its name from exercises of archery, held there prior to the 13th century; and certain customs and privileges belonging to those exercises were thence enforced by the English barons when they ob-

tained from King John the Charter of the Forests. Be that as it may, it is yet perhaps not generally known, although fully established, that it was an ancient custom, continued so late as the reign of Henry VIII. to exhibit on the summit of this hill, before the king, on the 1st of May, dexterous feats of archery, commemorative and in honour of the British bow.

The monarch who last visited the spot in continuation of the custom, was the last Henry. On May-day 1525 or 6, the practice was interrupted and abandoned, on account of the discontents then excited by the heavy levies of money made by the king upon the people without the consent of Parliament, and by the question of divorce agitated soon after.

On the May-days prior to this date, King Henry and Catherine his queen were, as usual, sumptuously received at York-place*, a noble mansion, then the town-residence of Cardinal Wolsey, but soon after, by purchase, the royal palace of his master. Here, in gorgeous splendour, and according to the custom of the times, they embarked from the gardens, in that day laid out in formal stateliness, embellished with terraces, temples, and ample vases. The river was emblazoned with gilded barges and rich streamers; still further enriched by the showy dresses of the times, and the pomp of ecclesiastic parade, for Wolsey and many other church dignitaries were the constant attendants on these diversions, and the cardinal rarely moved with fewer attendants than the

* Commemorating the achievements of Sir Wm. James, Bart. in the East Indies, and named from the Castle of Severndroog, on the coast of Malabar, which fell, as the tablet in front of the building relates, to his superior valour and able conduct on the 2d April, 1755.

* Afterwards called Whitehall, the gardens of which descended to the Thames.

monarch. Thence in golden barges they were conveyed to London bridge, whose starlings, at that time no less than at present, occasioned the formidable rapids so injurious to pleasure and to trade; where having landed, and horses and attendants awaiting their arrival, they proceeded to the Tower, although the little bay of Belins-gate, since called Billingsgate, afforded more commodious wharfage, and was not then a fish-market. This, however, was the usual point of royal re-embarkation when on the way down the river; but it was May-day, and consequently attended with more than every-day ceremonies.

At the Tower, the troops were drawn out to receive the royal party, who entered vessels of greater magnitude, adorned with showy draperies and gay ribbons, extended by the winds from every part of the sails and cordage, and accompanied by numerous towing barges, and others containing music and gorgeous furniture; at minute intervals, guns were fired from the Tower, and answered by others from the shore, as the May-day pageant, for so it was called, passed gaily on before them.

Arriving at Greenwich Palace, then a spacious building, but razed by Charles II. the royal party were welcomed by a concourse of nobility and heads of the church, who in return were entertained with shows and rural sports, indicative of spring, and presented with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, to be worn and carried in the latter ceremonies of the day. Here they dined, for the day was very differently appointed from the present fashionable arrangement of it, and in the afternoon the party again embarked for Woolwich, in their way to Shooter's Hill.

Short, but stout, and chiefly black horses, splendidly caparisoned, were prepared for the party, each having a large sprig of thorn in blossom placed as a crest on its forehead, and also a collar of green foliage: I presume these were of laurel. Thus they proceeded on horseback, for the roads at that time were in ill condition, and unsuitable for coaches, which as yet were rarely used in this country: indeed, the main road from London was narrow and broken, and at this season of the year, by reason of the open and ingulphing waggons, the ascent of the hill was dangerous to travellers.

On the top of Shooter's Hill their majesties were received by a large body of archers, dressed in the Robin Hood costume, and a suitable poetic address was delivered by a celebrated reciter of verses, representing the redoubtable Little John; and the well known story of John and the Friar was acted as a prelude, or introduction to the chief performance, representing the celebrated Robin and his men.

I have examined the subject well, and have good reason to believe that the royal party were escorted to the very spot on which the castle now stands; it being recorded that it was on the bastion-like point of the hill, to the south, a little in the rear, and to the eastward of the Shooters' spring, over which the spot commanded a view of Greenwich, and of London beyond it. It is now a well; but I perfectly remember it a small overshooting spring, and its being embanked and deepened, to form a body of water for the use of the workmen in building the castle. At that time, also, the spot was disencumbered of trees, and the woods to the southward were sufficiently open-

ed to admit that beautifully rural view. It was immediately on the erection of the castle, that the present firs and chesnut-trees were planted; a newly adopted fashion, now in disrepute, but it was then in great estimation with planters, who pressed those trees into the service of gardening, suitably or otherwise*: but this is a digression.

On this very spot an elevated canvas canopy was extended, covered and lined with verdant foliage, so as to seem a complete bower; the canvas being undoubtedly intended as security against bad weather. Green bowers and arbours were arranged to the right and left of it, for the company and attendants. On a line of ground upon the ridge of the hill, cleared of wood for the exercise of the bow, and long used for that purpose, the archers commenced their sports; and butts were stationed at various distances, at which they aimed in direct lines, or elevating their shafts, airy arches of considerable heights were traversed by the arrows, and the target hit with astonishing precision.

Wrestling, quarter-staff, and the usual athletic sports of the forest were exhibited; wood-songs were chaunted, in which the multitude joined chorus; and at length the royal party were ushered to a repast provided for them, in which venison

* The pointed heads of fir-trees, when intermingled with the oak, give to the outline of the summit a broken and fringe-like effect, destructive of that beautifully flowing line, which otherwise adds grace and character to forest and park scenery.

was served in all its varieties, and introduced by an ample warner before the course*. To the archers were transferred the wreaths and nosegays borne by the nobility, and in these gay trappings they attended as servitors to the company, who, having finished their afternoon's repast, were reconducted to the water's edge by the troops of bowmen and bands of rural musicians. The remains of the royal repast were now assailed and devoured by the assembled populace, that had filled the branches of every tree about the spot, and had crowded to behold the ceremonies; the dishes and platters were appropriated by the best scramblers; and riot and confusion held their empire for the evening in the recesses of the venerable groves of Shooter's Hill. How different from the same spot at this moment! Though shorn of some of its forest beauty, still much remains, much to be admired, much to be beloved. The amiable Bloomfield once courted its salubrity, as I do now, and his words well express our equal motive:

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff, and wander'd here.
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in thy honeyed leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

P.

* The *warners* before the course was a sort of emblematic prologue to the feast, being made up of complimentary devices, and borne in great state to the table: a *subtlety*, or *soteltie*, as it was called, completed the adornment.

MEMOIR OF ANTONIO CANOVA.

GENIUS and the arts have received a severe blow; for Canova, the amiable Canova, is no more. He died at

Venice, October 13, 1822, at the age of sixty-five. Canova was born of humble parents, in 1757, and very

early discovered a taste for that profession, of which he was one day to become so distinguished an ornament. It is related of him, that at the age of twelve years he placed upon the table of Falieri, the lord of Passagno, a *lion* modelled in *butter*, which, attracting the notice of the latter, induced him to encourage the natural disposition of the young artist. He sent him to Venice, placed him under Toretti, the best sculptor of the day; after whose death he remained some time with his nephew, and then began working on his own account, in a small shop under the cloisters of San Stefano at Venice. At the age of fourteen, having obtained the long-wished-for boon of a small piece of marble, he sculptured out of it two *Baskets of Fruit*, which are now on the staircase of the Palazzo Farsetti at Venice. The next year, when only fifteen, he executed *Eurydice*, his first statue, in a species of soft stone, called *pietro dolce*, found in the vicinity of Vicenza. This work exhibited but few traces of his vast resources. Three years afterwards he produced his *Orpheus*: both these are in the Villa Falieri, near Asolo, a town about fifteen miles from Treviso. He removed from San Stefano to the Traghette di San Maurizio, where, his circumstances improving, he gradually acquired a large connection. His departure from the accustomed rules excited the attention of the critics of the day, and occasioned much animadversion; but the opinion of competent judges was decidedly in his favour, thus establishing his claim to merit.

Having been admitted a member of the Academy of the Fine Arts of Venice (of which, for many years

before his death, he was president), he gained several prizes; and on his departure for Rome, the senate granted him a pension of 300 ducats, in testimony of their admiration of a group of *Dædalus and Icarus*, exhibited in the Venetian palace; which is, however, only remarkable for a tolerably perfect imitation. It is utterly destitute of grace; as a subject, ill selected, and altogether such a model taken at hazard, as a suffering class degraded by misery can be expected to offer. It is not known whether Canova set any value upon this work, the model of which is still seen in his work-room: it serves, however, to mark the period of his departure, and to shew how far he has since outstripped the promise of his first essays*.

Sir W. Hamilton was the means of his first establishing himself at Rome, and to him and all his family Canova through life manifested the warmest gratitude. Through Sir William his merit became known to others. The Venetian ambassador, Cavalier Girolamo Zulian, ordered him to execute the group of *Theseus and the Minotaur*. A few years after, Canova executed the tomb of

* His first group in marble, that of *Dædalus and Icarus*, he finished at the age of twenty, and brought with him to Rome, where he vainly solicited the patronage of the Venetian ambassador, and of many of the great; but when almost reduced to despair, without money or friends, he became known to Sir Wm. Hamilton, whose discernment immediately saw the genius of the young artist, and whose liberality furnished him with the means of prosecuting his studies, and of establishing himself as an artist at Rome.—*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 303.

Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), which is in the church of the SS. Apostoli at Rome. The design and execution of this mausoleum are upon the whole but indifferent; but the genius of Canova already began to manifest itself in the fine head of the old man which the bust of the pope exhibits. This mausoleum was completed in 1784 or 1785, and has been engraved by Vitolli. With these exceptions all his early patrons were *Englishmen*. Among these were Lord Cawdor, Mr. Latouche, and Sir Henry Blundell; for the latter of whom the *Psyche*, one of the earliest and most beautiful of his works, was executed.

From the encouragement he afterwards received from the popes and nobility at Rome, his career was rapid and successful, having adorned the church of St. Peter and other places with beautiful monuments. In 1785, he executed the group of *Cupid and Psyche reclining*, the idea of which was taken from the fable of Apuleius. In this group there is more mannerism than grace. Almost every work executed by Canova since that period is exempt from the bad taste above-mentioned. For the gratification of the lovers of art, we will in our next Magazine enumerate his principal works, pointing out the places where they are at present deposited.

The war and convulsions in Italy kept Canova from his country for a considerable time. In the years 1798 and 9 he travelled through Austria and Prussia. In September 1802, he visited France, being invited thither by the First Consul, for the purpose of executing his bust; but he refused to comply, until the pope, who happened at that time to be in

France, sent his mandate to that effect, which was instantly obeyed by Canova. On being asked by Napoleon why he had not attended to his summons, Canova replied, it was not his duty to obey the commands of any but his own sovereign. The Institute of France immediately created him one of its associates.

It was at this period that he executed the colossal but *mediocre* bust of Napoleon. The Parisian critics said of the colossal statue of Bonaparte, that it was very great, without producing a great effect. Perhaps Canova's failure in this figure may be attributed to the little pleasure with which he appeared to undertake it, and his eagerness to return to Italy. Bonaparte, observing his impatience, remarked, that there were some fine works of art in Paris, to the examination of which some short time he thought might be well devoted. "I have seen them all before," was the laconic reply of Canova. The statue remained for a long time covered with a curtain in the Museum, but was again exhibited on Napoleon's return from Elba in 1814, when a mould was taken from it, and it was multiplied in all the cast-shops in Paris. It is now once more doomed to obscurity.

In the month of August 1815, he returned to Paris, to reclaim the various objects of art, of which his country had from time to time been despoiled by the French arms. Here he executed the statue of the Emperor Alexander, placed in the palace of the senate at Petersburg. Having completed this, Canova came to England, where he was presented to the Prince Regent, from whom he received a snuff-box set in brilliants. He came to London principally for

the purpose of examining the remains of the temple of Minerva, which the Earl of Elgin had brought from Athens.

He had been some time in England before he saw the new Waterloo-bridge, and when he accidentally passed by it, he expressed his regret at not having sooner had an opportunity of admiring what he regarded as one of the greatest curiosities this country possesses: he declared it to be unquestionably the finest bridge in Europe. During his short visit to this country he obtained such a number of commissions, that he said he despaired of being able to fulfil them.

On his return to Rome, the Academy of St. Luke went in a body to meet him. His talents gained him other distinctions. The pope created him a knight, conferred on him the title of Marquis d'Ischia, granted him a pension of a thousand Roman crowns; and, in fine, on the 5th of January, 1816, in a solemn audience transmitted to him a note, announcing the inscription of his name in the Book of the Capitol.

Canova, with all his great talent, was deficient in one of the most important points connected with his art—he was no anatomist; and it is worthy of remark, that almost all his statues bear evidence of this truth: but he possessed both energy and grace, and with these the secret of throwing over his works a certain charm, which constitutes their peculiar characteristic. As he has worked but little after the antique, his statues exhibit more *suppleness* than those of artists who have studied from inanimate models. His figures of women in particular are calculated to inspire the spectator with a

desire of seeing the elegant fable of Pygmalion realized. In a word, Canova was unquestionably an artist of the greatest merit: he has, however, not unjustly been named “the De Lille of sculpture.” He has executed good works, but made bad pupils; and as the head of the school to which he belonged, his example could only have a pernicious effect on the art. He also employed himself in painting, but his success in that branch of the arts was so unfortunate, that it would have rendered any artist but himself truly ridiculous. He had a fondness for his pictures really amusing; indeed, he has given them publicity with a feeling of perhaps even more admiration than he did his statues. Such a weakness can be allowed only to a man of his talent. One of his paintings is a *Venus reclining on a Couch and holding a Mirror*: he has also painted a portrait of himself. The greatest geniuses have been frequently known to prefer their worst works. He may be compared in that particular to a good mother who lavishes all her affections upon her deformed offspring. He was sensibly alive to the homage of his rivals, which he received with a frankness that did honour to his feelings.

Of his fortune, honourably acquired in his profession, Canova made an honourable use. We find him, in the year 1821, at his native place, Passagno, superintending the building of a beautiful church, erecting at his own expense, in honour of the Holy Trinity. It is said that it will in form resemble the Pantheon of Rome, and that, like the Parthenon of Athens, it will be ornamented with a portico, the pillars of which will be of the same dimensions as those of

the Parthenon: the interior will be decorated with sacred sculptures of this great artist, and will also contain a picture of his composition representing a *dead Christ*. Passagno at that time was a place of union for all foreigners. "Canova is the father and the benefactor," continues the same notice in the *Diario di Roma*, "of his native country, which, thanks to him, appears to have received new life. A short time ago Passagno had no place in our maps; and now this same name owes the honour of being distinguished by particular marks in the maps of the state of Venice, to the celebrity of the man to whom it gave birth. At a future period, the magnificent monument, which is now erecting, will be celebrated in history, and draw from the most distant countries all that are friends to the arts and religion. The population already increases, and people's minds become more cultivated and polished. Before the edifice is completed, crowds of French and English flock from all quarters, struck with the novelty of the enterprise, and the grandeur of the monument."

"We cannot refrain," says the respectable editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "from accompanying the above observations with some general reflections on the phenomenon of so considerable a fortune as Canova's, acquired by such noble and such honourable means, and on the pious manner in which he has employed it. It is difficult to conceive that genius, however liberally recompensed, should have procured an artist a sufficient fortune for the erection of a monument like that of which we have just given some idea. But our astonishment is lessened when we are

told, that Canova for many years lived at Rome, imposing on himself during that time the most severe privations; and that it is the fruits of the labour of his whole life which he now dedicates to the glory of religion, of his country, and of the arts. But what is still more admirable than this is, that in an age when so many weak and contemptible spirits make a senseless boast and glory of insulting religion, her doctrines and her ministers, that the man who holds the sceptre of the arts in that classical country fears nothing, but stands forward boldly, and gives so striking a testimony of his zeal and devotion. If Canova had been actuated only by motives of an ordinary vanity, he might have immortalized his name by other works, which would have attested his zeal and munificence with as much *éclât*."

Canova had arrived at Venice from Rome on the 4th of October, when he felt himself unwell: he was soon after seized with violent and continued vomitings, attended with convulsive hiccough: not the smallest particle of food would remain on his stomach, which brought on so great a state of debility, that his approaching dissolution was evident. He received the intimation with the greatest composure, and died with the utmost resignation. Besides the statement we have made of the honourable manner in which he employed his fortune, we may add, that he established prizes and endowed all the academies at Rome. He also set apart a considerable portion of his wealth in aid of a fund for the encouragement of young artists, and for the purposes of pensioning those whom age or misfortune had incapacitated. — In the

same spirit of benevolence he made his old friend d'Este, formerly his foreman, a sharer in his good fortune. Canova's works have been engraved by Vitelli, Bertini, Marchetti, Raciani, Bertinelli, Camerali, Bonato, and Fontana.

On Wednesday, the 16th of October, the remains of this distinguished artist were interred in the cathedral of St. Mark, attended by the governor of Venice and other public authorities.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. I.

JOHN DE COURCY, ANCESTOR OF THE NOBLE FAMILY OF KINSALE.

A PROMINENT yet dubious representative of the lords of the Scottish Isles is said to have manifested a desire to assert the ancient privilege of that royal insular lineage, by appearing *bonnetted* at the Edinburgh Theatre in the presence of King George IV. This hardly credible *on dit* reminds us of the lofty rebuke which the Baron of Kinsale received from King Charles II. "My ancestors," said that monarch, "conferred on the Barons of Kinsale a right to appear covered before the sovereign, but certainly the privilege did not extend to a breach of good manners to the ladies."

The descendants of John de Courcy wore the hat at court in commemoration of a signal service rendered to the king and country in the reign of Henry II.: the lords of the isles appeared covered, as rival potentates of southern royalty. The inference is too glaring to require a more direct application.

In 1181, a French champion threw down the gauntlet against all the warriors of England. The challenge found no acceptance, until John de Courcy, called from Ireland, arrived at Henry's court, unapprised of the motive of so hasty a summons. In

the simple garb of his country he stood in the tilt-yard, an object of derision to the champion of France; but he returned those glances with calm contempt, and only required an enormous block of wood to be carried to the tilt-yard. With one stroke he wedged his sword into the solid mass, and turning to the Frenchman, said, "If with one hand you will draw out this sword, I shall acknowledge myself vanquished." The Gaul became deadly pale, and slunk away. De Courcy drew out the sword without apparent effort, and all the reward he asked, was permission for his representatives in future generations to appear covered before the sovereign.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

Mr. Stephen Girard, banker of Philadelphia, is a native of France, but has resided in America upwards of forty years. His property in land, houses, ships, merchandise, and other effects, is estimated at a million, or twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling; and so solid is his credit, that his paper is taken all over North America with as much confidence as that of the national bank itself. He has many enemies, but as he is the architect of his fortune, his wealth and high character are the best evi-

dences of his industry and integrity in business.

Some years since, a young man from his own province was sent with recommendations to Mr. Girard, for the purpose of avoiding the conscription in France. The banker received him cordially, and asked what he had learned; to which the stranger replied, that he had received a brilliant education suitable to young people of fortune, but had not learned to do any thing. "Then," replied Girard, "you have brought money I presume; you must put it out to interest."—"I thought," replied the other, "that you had been commissioned to provide for me."—"By no means: you know nothing of business: here every body is employed. If you choose to work in my warehouses, or to assist in unloading my ships, you may earn a dollar and a half a day, like the people you see yonder." The young man left him in high dudgeon.

Mr. R. had been for at least twenty years chief clerk to Mr. Girard. Weary of an occupation, in which he saw no prospect of being able to lay by any thing for the decline of life, he resolved to leave his employer, and to begin business on his own account. Girard, whom some people call a hard-hearted man, said to him, "My friend R. you want to leave me, after you have lived with me upwards of twenty years. You wish to begin business for yourself: what capital should you need for that purpose?"—He gave him immediately a draft on his own bank for 18,000 dollars, telling him at the same time that he must not think of leaving him.

Girard's niece a few years since married General l'Allemand, one of the settlers at the *Champ d'Asyle*.

He always told her, that she must not expect any thing from him; but she received from him at her marriage a noble proof of his affection and liberality.

EXTRAORDINARY FATE OF TWO BROTHERS.

Amelot de la Houssaie relates, in his *Memoires Historiques*, an anecdote of two Spaniards, which is unique in its kind.

Two brothers, who had never seen one another, and in spite of their mutual endeavours to find each other, had never met, at length accidentally came together at the siege of Bemmal in 1599. They belonged to different regiments. The eldest, Hernando Diaz, heard the other called by his name, which was Encisso: this was his mother's surname, which he had assumed out of affection to her, as is very commonly done in Spain. Diaz asked Encisso a number of questions concerning his family, and as his answers perfectly tallied, he recognised in him the brother whom he had so long sought. They fell into each other's arms, and at that moment a cannon-ball carried away both their heads without parting their bodies, which fell, clasped in each other's embrace, to the ground.

LUXURY OF THE ARABS.

At the marriage of the Seljuke Sultan Malek with the daughter of the Caliph Moctadi, which was solemnized at Bagdad (A. D. 1087), 80,000 pounds of sugar were used among other things in the dessert.

When Mohammed, likewise Sultan of the Seljukes, caused his minister to be executed (1154), he found among the property left by him, 13,000 vests of a red colour.

The magnificent mosque erected by the Caliph Walid at Damascus (711), cost eight millions sterling. Six hundred lamps, suspended within it by gold chains, gave a light, the reflection of which was so dazzling, that one of his successors took them away, and replaced them with iron lamps and chains, that their extraordinary brilliancy might no longer disturb the devotions of the faithful.

When the Greek Empress Zoe sent, in 917, an embassy to the Caliph Mottadi, the body-guard of this prince was composed of 160,000 men, 40,000 white and 30,000 black eunuchs; and 700 doorkeepers occupied the entrance to the palace. The Tigris was covered with splendid vessels; and the palace was lined internally and externally with 12,500 carpets of inestimable value, and the like number of pieces of the richest silks. In the centre of the hall of audience stood a tree of massive gold, with eighteen large branches, on which were perched numbers of birds, imitating the natural song of the species which they represented.

CHARLES XII.

Though Charles XII. of Sweden was so decided an enemy to all indulgence, and so rigid an observer of military discipline, he was remarkably considerate to the attendants on his person. The page on duty, who slept near him mostly in a straw hut under the tent, or on the ground, had orders to go to bed as soon as the *retraite* was beaten. When the king entered, after going the rounds, or taking a long ride, he would walk on tiptoe, that he might not waken the boy, make as little noise as possible in undressing, and pull off his boots himself, and lay them with his

sword under his pillow. In the field he slept in all his clothes, booted and spurred, on a bundle of straw, and commended his soul to God on retiring to rest. If it was very cold, the king would take off his mantle, and spread it quite softly over the page. So reserved was he at the same time, that several days would sometimes elapse without his saying a word to his young attendant.

ANECDOTE OF REUCHLIN.

Reuchlin, the celebrated classical scholar, came one day in winter to a village, where he was to meet a coach which had not yet arrived. The only public-house was full of tipsy peasants, who were making a tremendous noise. He crept into a corner, pulled his Terence out of his pocket, and thought he should be able to endure it till he should be released by the coach; but such was the uproar, that he could not get on at all with his reading. He remonstrated with the boors, and begged them to allow him a little quiet in his corner; but all in vain. To vex him, they made a greater din than before. In this dilemma, Reuchlin had recourse to another expedient. He called for a glass of water and a piece of chalk, drew on the table a large circle, and above it a cross; put the glass on the right, and an open knife on the left of the circle, placing the Terence in the middle. He then began, in a loud and solemn tone, to read the Latin text, at the same time making all sorts of grimaces. The peasants took him for a necromancer. They gradually became less obstreperous, at length quite still and silent; and as their fears began to operate, one of them slunk away after the other. Reuchlin could now

amuse himself at his ease with his Terence, till the coach arrived, and enabled him to pursue his journey.

CURIOUS CALCULATION RESPECTING
STEAM-ENGINES.

M. Dupin, whose recent work on England is well known, has calculated that the construction of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, together with its foundation, must have required the labour of 100,000 men for twenty years; but that the operation of the steam-engines now at work in England, conducted by 36,000 men, would be sufficient to produce the same effect in eighteen hours. The hewing of the stone would occupy but a few days. The mass of the great pyramid amounts to four millions of cubic *metres* (yards), and the weight exceeds ten millions of tons, at two thousand pounds to the ton. The centre of gravity of the pyramid is assumed to be at forty-nine *metres* from the base, and if we take eleven *metres* as the average depth of the stratum of stone, the whole height is sixty *metres*, which, multiplied by ten millions four hundred thousand tons, gives six hundred and twenty-four millions.

All the steam-engines in England possess the power of 320,000 horses; these machines, kept in motion twenty-four hours, would raise 862,800,000 tons, or 647,100,000 in eighteen hours, which exceeds the mass of labour that must have been employed to raise the materials of the great pyramid.

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE CHINESE.

The Chinese are celebrated for their extraordinary affection for their parents.

A man of forty, who had a very

passionate mother, frequently received from her a sound beating, which he always bore with exemplary patience. So much the more was a friend of his astonished one day, when he found him, after one of these drubbings, dissolved in tears and quite inconsolable. "What," said he, "can be the cause of this immoderate grief?"—"Ah!" replied the other, "my poor mother did not thrash me half so soundly to-day as she used to do. Poor creature! her strength is declining fast, and I am exceedingly afraid that I shall soon lose her."

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A PICTURE BY LUCAS CRANACH.

The country-people of certain parts of Saxony are accustomed to carry to some of the markets of Berlin cheeses for sale. One day last summer, accident led a painter through one of these markets, and at the bottom of a box, in which lay some cheeses, he observed a painted canvas. He approached nearer, and from the little he could see of it, he recognised the hand of a master. He immediately bargained for the whole stock of cheese, and it was agreed that the buyer should have the box also for a reasonable sum, as he had nothing in which his purchase could be carried home to his residence. The box was sent to the painter's: on emptying it, he found a large oil painting, in a very dirty state, and here and there a little rent. Having stretched, cleaned, and restored it, he recognised in it, as well from the manner as the painter's cipher, a production of Lucas Cranach's.—Shortly afterwards, he disposed of it to a wealthy amateur for one thousand dollars.

THE RING OF HALLWYL:

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

FROM one of the two noble families, of whose simple grandeur, virtue, and fidelity, the following story exhibits some exquisite traits, descended an amiable young lady, who was snatched a few years since from the circle of her sorrowing relatives and friends. Educated by a father, to whom the study of history was always a favourite recreation from official duties and in various afflictions, and who took a particular interest in the spirit and manners of the age of chivalry, the daughter also contracted a relish for the chronicles of her own and other houses, and passed many a winter evening in her rural retirement in committing to paper the oral narratives of her beloved father, and in making extracts from such chronicles in modern language. Such was the origin of the *Ring of Hallwyl*. The history is founded on a family-chronicle, preserved by the house of that name, and many of the circumstances are borrowed from accounts and traditions of various families of the Aargau. All the knights introduced into the narrative are named in the annals of those times; and historical truth is merely enveloped in a slightly romantic garb.

Walter of Hallwyl, sprung from a race of heroes which derives its origin from ancient Rome, as the youngest of three brothers, was destined, according to the custom of the age, for the ecclesiastical profession. He received accordingly an absolutely monastic education. His brothers, however, perished in battle; he was left the only branch of his illustrious family, consequently the

heir to its extensive possessions, and owner of the castle of Hallwyl, the cradle and residence of that ancient and noble race.

This castle is situated in the Aargau, at the extremity of the lake of the same name, whence issues the river Aar, whose limpid waters completely surround the offices and buildings appertaining to the castle. In a circumference of many leagues, there was not a village in which Walter had not serfs or dependents; he was the patron of many churches, which his family had founded or endowed; and his barns were annually filled with the tithes and dues of an extensive district.

His monastic education, however, did not permit him to enjoy these possessions as he might have done, or to emulate the example of his celebrated ancestors by signalizing his prowess in arms; and it was not without great difficulty that his parents, before their death, prevailed upon him to marry a poor relation.

During the whole course of his life, he was surrounded by monks, spent his revenues on their convents, built churches and enriched altars with such profusion, that not only his large income, but even some of his finest landed estates, were sacrificed to these purposes. In vain did his more prudent consort entreat him to give to the son whom she had borne him an education suitable to his rank; not to squander his whole property on the church; to repair his castles and his barns, which were running to ruin; and to bestow some attention on his lands, which lay uncultivated. Her exhortations were useless; he obstinately per-

sisted in his foolish course, and aspired to nothing higher than the praises of the crafty monks.

Young Walter, meanwhile, grew up, and flourished under the sole care of his mother. He had now attained his sixteenth year. In vain had his father and the monks endeavoured to stifle the innate spirit of chivalry which animated his bosom, and which his mother successfully stimulated and encouraged.

About this time, Rudolph of Habsburg became by inheritance the sovereign of these countries; and the noble mother inflamed the heart of the youth with her praises of the achievements of that celebrated prince; whom, moreover, she secretly solicited to save from ruin the last scion of one of the most illustrious houses among his vassals. Rudolph, with his usual frankness and promptitude, repaired in person to Hallwyl, and begged the old baron to entrust to him his son, that he might learn under his direction the noble profession of arms. Fortunately the weak Walter and his monks durst not refuse the request of the sovereign, and the wishes of the mother were at once accomplished.

Young Hallwyl now passed some years under the direction of the prince, and became a valiant warrior, but not without a certain degree of vehemence and rudeness in his disposition. During this interval his excellent mother died, and his aged father, on account of his increasing infirmities, felt so sensibly the want of female attentions, that in a short time he invited a distant relative of his family, a young orphan, left unprovided for, whose name was Clementina, to superintend his domestic affairs.

About this time, young Duke Conradin of Swabia solemnly summoned the ancient servants and friends of his house to accompany him to Italy, and to assist him to recover the crowns of his illustrious ancestors. Many of the nobles of the Aargau, and among the rest the enterprising Walter, repaired to Naples, to support the just cause of this last scion of the imperial race of Hohenstauffen. But the flower of German chivalry strewed the field of Palencia; and Walter owed the preservation of his life in this sanguinary conflict solely to the friendship and intrepidity of a young countryman of his own, Egbert of Mülinen, who had shortly before received the honour of knighthood with him, after the first bloody battle in which they had been engaged. Mülinen's father, who was one of the leaders of Conradin's army, fell while gloriously signalizing himself at Palencia.

When the two young companions in arms returned, after a long and toilsome journey, to their native country, they found the old Baron of Hallwyl surrounded as usual by his monks; and not a soul at the castle seemed to feel any real joy for the arrival of his heir, who was supposed to be dead, but the young Clementina, who expressed in the most unreserved manner her delight on the occasion.

The father, on receiving the dreadful tidings of the total defeat of the German army, had in his alarm made a solemn vow, that, if his son escaped this danger, he would send him to Jerusalem, to return thanks for his deliverance in person at the tomb of the Redeemer. Walter, therefore, was soon obliged to quit the paternal castle for a long period; and he did

so for the first time with profound regret.

His gentle, amiable kinswoman had made a deep impression on the soul of the impetuous knight. From the cheerfulness with which she pursued her domestic avocations, he learned to appreciate the charms of tranquil life. The void which he had felt in his heart amid the turmoil of battle and of camps, and even in confidential intercourse with his bosom-friend, was filled up; and he now knew what was wanting to complete his felicity. He therefore declared to his father, with his natural frankness and vivacity, that he would not leave Hallwyl till he was united with Clementina.

The old baron consulted his spiritual directors on this unexpected demand, with which he declined complying, under the really plausible pretext of the extreme youth of the lady. He promised his son, however, that on his return he would give his consent to the match; and told him, from that moment he might consider Clementina as his affianced bride.

The young knight obeyed with reluctance, and much as it grieved him to part from his beloved, and his friend Egbert also, who would have accompanied him, had he not been prevented by the duty which had devolved on him of supplying the place of a father to his young orphan brothers and sisters: still he was himself now solicitous to hasten his departure, in order that he might so much the sooner return.

On the day appointed for their parting, the old baron, who probably had a presentiment that he should never more behold his son, took a gold ring, broke it in two parts, and

gave one half to his son, and kept the other himself; that the young knight, in case time or circumstances should change his looks, might on his return make known who he was by producing his portion, and be able to prove by its correspondence with the other that he was not an impostor.

All the inmates of the castle shed tears at his departure, and the monks affected deep affliction. Walter mounted his impatient steed, pressed the hand of Egbert, commended to him the mistress of his heart, and galloped away, followed by his esquires. Egbert promised with a sigh to be the honourable protector of the fair Clementina: he too now took leave of the father of his friend, and with a heavy heart slowly and pensively bent his way to his castle. He sincerely believed that it was his friend whom he regretted; but he involuntarily associated the charming image of Clementina with the remembrance of Hallwyl; and when, after so long an absence, he was at length tenderly received by his brothers and sisters, yet not without tears, on account of the father whom he did not bring back, and the mother whom he no longer found there, the idea that it was now his duty to be a parent to these orphans was scarcely sufficient to rouse him from an inactive melancholy.

Egbert's father, a man of high spirit and an ardent mind, and a zealous adherent to the house of Hohenstauffen, which had conferred many favours on his ancestors, had exerted himself to the utmost to raise and equip a body of troops in his neighbourhood in support of Conradin. To this end he had even mortgaged part of his estates, and sold others; so that when his son

returned to the patrimonial castle, he found nothing left of his father's possessions but the small lordship of his name, the village of Thalheim, on the other side of the Aar, a numerous young family to bring up, and considerable debts to pay.

The castle of Mülinen was seated on the steep eastern extremity of a range of mountains, the most elevated part of which is called the Wülpisberg, from which Habsburg overlooks the whole adjacent country. On the top of a lower western range stood Wildegg, the residence of a noble family, who held the office of seneschal to the Counts of Habsburg. A prolongation of the same mountain extending southward, terminated at the castle of Brunegg, belonging to the same house.

Egbert's castle overlooked to the south the extensive plain of Birrfeld, celebrated as being the theatre of three bloody battles, the first fought by the Romans with the Helvetii, and the two latter with the Alemanni. To the eastward, below the castle, lay the village of Mülinen, bathed by the river Reuss, where the ruins of an ancient Roman bridge, and of a castle erected to defend it, were still to be seen. On the other side of the river is the village of Birmstorf, and beyond it, in the distance, extend the fertile plains of the county of Baden. To the west and north, close to the castle-ditch, stood a forest of ancient oaks, which had sprung up on the ruins of Vindonissa, and was yet strewed with relics of antique grandeur and art. It extended to the conflux of the rivers Aar and Reuss, and to the Habsburg fortresses of Brugg and Altenburg, which were constructed with Roman remains.

But grand as was the surrounding scenery, so small and so simple did the castle of our knight appear: for, according to the custom of those days, it was built strong and lofty, but plain, and so small, that, without the greatest cordiality and harmony, all its inmates could not have lived peaceably together in so contracted a space. Egbert was the soul of the family, and devoted himself with extraordinary assiduity and prudence to the conduct of its affairs.

Out of two brothers and four sisters who needed his paternal care, all but two, Petermann and Bertha, were still very young. He had to establish order and regularity in every department; to bring back the peasants and servants to habits of obedience; to pay the usurious interest which had accumulated; to assist Bertha in the education of the younger children; to prepare young Petermann for the profession of arms; and to attend to a number of other concerns of all kinds. Amidst this multiplicity of avocations, the knight had scarcely time to think of young Clementina; and two years passed rapidly away before the most essential objects of his useful activity were accomplished. The ever-cheerful temper of his eldest sister always dispelled his cares, and two old friends, of very different habits and dispositions, tended to vary the uniformity of his rural abode.

An adjoining neighbour of his house, the seneschal of Habsburg, who sometimes lived with his brothers at Wildegg, at others not the most happily with his wife at his own castle of Brunegg, was one of them. About ten years older than Egbert, he had from his boyhood contributed greatly to form his character. He

was considered as the most valiant and at the same time the most prudent knight of the Aargau. He was appointed mediator in every feud, and umpire in every quarrel. The seneschal passed one day in the week with his young friend; and all the inhabitants of the castle, the children and the servants not excepted, anticipated its return with impatience.

The other, a kinsman of the family, who was likewise most cordially attached to Egbert, was the marshal of Rapperschwyl, a celebrated troubadour, once his valiant companion in arms, now distinguished for his poetic talents, but meddling and inquisitive, and incessantly intoxicated with vanity, wine, or love; so that it was difficult to decide whether he was more to be esteemed or pitied. The young ladies and the children were always heartily rejoiced to see him also, when springing from his richly caparisoned steed, he proceeded with them, amid jokes and merry stories, to the festive hall.

By the latter Egbert was one day informed, that melancholy tidings had arrived at Hallwyl from his friend Walter. He flew thither, and found the whole castle in partly sincere and partly well-dissembled grief. One of the esquires whom the old baron had sent with his son, had returned from Palestine, and related circumstantially that his young master had fallen in battle with the Saracens. Egbert, however, imagined that he detected various contradictions in this man's story, and pointed them out, but to no purpose: people seemed determined to give implicit credit to the suspicious tale; and the monks who surrounded the old man shrug-

ged their shoulders as they remarked on the youthful levity of Clementina and Egbert, who would not believe the news of Walter's death, lest they should be obliged in appearance to mourn his fate.

The young knight observed on this occasion with astonishment that the early charms of Clementina had expanded into perfect beauty, and his dormant passion, which was again roused at the sight of her lovely person, seemed to him less culpable; for after all it was possible enough that Walter, her destined husband, was no more. Still Egbert thought it his duty to confine his feelings within his own bosom; and agitated by a thousand confused and contradictory emotions, he returned sorrowfully to Mülinen.

A few weeks afterwards he received a letter from the most reverend the abbot of Cappel, informing him that the old baron of Hallwyl had died suddenly: that he had been buried in the abbey church with helmet and buckler (for so it was customary to inter knights who died without issue); and adding, that all the nobility in the neighbourhood were therefore invited to Hallwyl to be present at the opening of his last will and testament.

Egbert accordingly attended on the appointed day. The will was read, and the knights and nobles heard, not without indignation, that old Walter, under the idea that he was the last of his name, had disinherited all his other relatives, destined Clementina for a nunnery, and bequeathed his large possessions to the brethren of St. Bernard at Cappel, on condition that they should erect a new convent of their order

at Hallwyl. A codicil to this will, however, expressly provided, that the half of the ring, placed under his seal, should be deposited in the church; and that if, contrary to expectation, young Walter was still alive, and could prove his identity by his half of the ring, he should be put in undisputed possession of all his estates. This codicil was annexed by the old baron at the most urgent remonstrances of Clementina, and in direct opposition to his spiritual advisers.

The knights, stifling their indignation, were about to retire, when Mülinen stepped forth, and protested against the arbitrary manner in which Clementina was disposed of. He insisted that to herself alone belonged the right of deciding her lot, in regard to which the deceased, who was but a distant relation, had no authority to interfere.

In vain did the monks represent that the young lady was exactly qualified for a nun; and that, being

without relations and without property, she had no option left. The knights unanimously agreed that Clementina herself should decide. She was summoned, and with modest dignity entered the assembly. Egbert rose, alleged the sacred promise he had given to his friend to protect his bride, and offered her an asylum with his sister. Clementina, sweetly blushing, accepted his proffered protection. The younger knights smiled significantly; the monks talked of scandal and immorality, but they relinquished the smaller booty for the sake of making more sure of the larger prize.

In a few hours, Clementina, accompanied by an aged waiting-woman, who had long lived in Hallwyl's family, was on the road to Mülinen, protected by Egbert; and twenty of the principal knights of the Aargau, who apprehended nothing good of the violent and crafty abbot, escorted them with their men at arms.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE SUMMER-GARDEN, ST. PETERSBURG:

In a Letter from a Traveller.

COME along with me, my friend, to the Summer-Garden, which, as one of the curiosities of this capital, and a place of resort for the public, is well worthy of the notice of strangers. This extensive garden is situated on the left bank of the Neva, and is bounded on the right by the Field of Mars (a parade for troops), and the ditches of the palace of Michailow, which resembles a fortress; and on the left by the beautiful Fontanka canal, on either bank of which are seated several noble mansions, and among others that of the

wealthy Count Scheremetjeff. This young nobleman, who has an income of ten millions of rubles, owes his existence and his immense fortune rather to his relatives than to his father, who had no intention of marrying. The story is briefly this: Field-marshal Count Scheremetjeff had resolved, for what reasons nobody knows, to die a bachelor. According to this whim, his vast possessions must have devolved to his relations, who rejoiced not a little in the magnificent prospect; nay, some of them even went so far as to contract debts

on the strength of their expectations. The count was informed of their conduct to his no small vexation, and put them all out in their reckoning, by marrying, with the emperor's consent, one of his own female serfs, to whom he was much attached; and from this union, to their inexpressible mortification, sprung this little Cœurus.

You will excuse, I am sure, this digression, into which I have been led by the name of Scheremetjeff, and now direct your view to the Summer-Garden. The barrier alone of this garden, consisting of thirty-six columns of granite, and a curiously wrought iron balustrade, adorned with a great deal of gilding, is worth inspection. It was completely finished in 1784, and when viewed from the long and handsome bridge of St. Peter, produces a grand effect. They relate here the following not exactly authenticated anecdote respecting this work: An Englishman, in a fit of the spleen of course, travelled from London hither on purpose to gratify his curiosity with a sight of this barrier: after he had gazed at it for some time, he exclaimed, "I have seen enough of St. Petersburg!" went on board again, and immediately returned to England.

On the quay of the Neva there is an incessant bustle of people moving to and fro; the river itself is enlivened by vessels and craft of all sorts, either going to or returning from the bay of Cronstädt, or lying at anchor. You hear the peculiar cries of the sailors; the noise occasioned by the repairs of damaged shipping; the singular mixture of English, Danish, Swedish, German, and other languages, which strike

the ear, and attest the activity of the commerce of the Russian capital. But the Summer-Garden is like many other things in the world which dazzle by their brilliant exterior: its interior does not justify the expectations you form before you enter. Three gates lead into it from the side next to the Neva: the middle one is the principal; it is of iron, in open work, and decorated with the double Russian eagle and the cipher of the Emperor Paul: it conducts to the main alley, which is frequented in preference by pedestrians.

Formerly, the present Summer-Garden was divided into the Upper and Lower Garden, and the public had access to the latter only; but during the reign of the Emperor Paul, the greater part of the former was cleared, and instead of the little wooden edifice, removed to the Lower Garden, the present Michailow palace was erected, which the emperor, it is said, had painted red, in compliment to a lady who had considerable influence at court, and was fond of that colour. The present Summer-Garden is partly in the French and partly in the Dutch style, and embellished here and there with statues by Italian artists, which cannot rank precisely with those of a Phidias, and which are so old, and many of them so mutilated, that you have great difficulty to discover what they represent.

What Chrestowsky is to the public on Sundays, the Summer-Garden is on week-days, with this difference, that you find pedestrians in the latter at all hours of the day. On fine warm summer mornings, you here meet at a very early hour with persons strolling in the beautiful un-

brageous alleys of limes, the principal ornament of the garden, and enjoying the manifold perfumes exhaled by flowering plants and shrubs. Towards noon appear fair ladies in elegant morning dresses, and trip over the garden in all directions, till about three, when a few solitary individuals only are left behind. From this time till evening the garden is not much frequented, but from seven to nine o'clock, the scene is changed: the profound silence is succeeded by loud bustle; you find yourself transported into another world, where wealth and luxury appear in the most diversified forms.

But it is on Whit-Monday that this place presents the most imposing spectacle. On that day, according to ancient custom, all the world, that is, all people of fashion, resort hither in the afternoon and evening; and among the concourse of thousands you frequently see the imperial family, whose members shew themselves for a short time without parade, and frequently give proofs of their humanity. This practice

lately furnished occasion to the following ludicrous circumstance:

Several ladies of the capital had taken a fancy to give their lap-dogs the name of *Comme-vous*. One of these animals, a most beautiful little creature, was gamboling so sportively about his mistress as to attract the notice of many persons, and among the rest of the reigning empress, who was walking here attended by several of her ladies and chamberlains. The dog ran up to the empress, and seemed extremely fond of her, on which she asked his mistress, who had meanwhile come up, what was the name of the animal. This question took the lady by surprise. "He is called," said she, pausing, because it seemed disrespectful to say *Comme-vous*—"he is called—*Comme votre Majesté Imperiale!*" You may conceive the confusion of the lady when she perceived her blunder. The empress with a good-humoured laugh pursued her walk; and since this event, it is not usual to christen dogs with this singular name.

HOW TO BRING AN OFFENDER TO JUSTICE.

THERE prevails in many parts of Germany a good old custom, according to which criminals are passed from place to place, much in the same manner as with us vagrants or beggars are passed to their respective parishes. If a thief, for example, is caught at A, and he is or pretends to be from B, he is conducted from place to place by the inhabitants of the intermediate towns and villages, and has of course the best opportunities for escaping by the way. Now it frequently happens, that should he luckily reach B by this mode of

conveyance, it is found that he does not belong to that place: he is then sent back, or forwarded to C or D, as the case may be, and the rogue has the pleasure of travelling all over the country, till he thinks fit, or in other words, till he has a favourable opportunity to escape, in order to recommence his industrious career. Such opportunities of recovering his liberty, without any effort on his part, are not rare; for the escorting of offenders in this way is a compulsory service, which every one of course evades if he can.

The following anecdote, illustrative of this subject, is given by M. von Grollmann, criminal judge of the province of Upper Hesse, in his *History of the Banditti of the Vogelsberg and Wetteravia*; written in 1813. Holzapfel, one of these banditti, says that writer, whose work by the bye is entirely founded on authentic documents, was apprehended in 1811, with one of his comrades, at Oberessigheim, and sent to Hanau. As he stated Beuern, in this province, to be his birth-place, he was passed for Giessen, together with a sealed letter, by the commissariat of the police at Hanau. He arrived at L—, a considerable place, some leagues from Giessen. This happened to be on a Sunday afternoon, when none of the peasants will work if he can help it. The constable, therefore, gave orders to the watchman of the place to appoint a man to take the prisoner farther, together with the letter, which he delivered to the watchman, and then gave himself no farther trouble about the matter. The watchman went from house to house, but met with nothing but shuffling and excuses; not a creature would undertake the duty of escorting the prisoner. At length he began to be rather impatient, and to get rid of the business some how or other, he went and commanded an *old woman*—literally an old woman—to execute the commission. The poor creature wept bitterly: she represented to him that it would not be the most becoming thing in the world for a person of her years to—to put on breeches—for this she was required to do, probably to inspire the robber with more respect by this

transformation. All her remonstrances, however, were unavailing; the watchman commanded, and the old woman was obliged to obey. Luckily, however, she found means to extricate herself from this ticklish dilemma. Her grandchild, a boy ten years old, was moved, as it may naturally be supposed, by the tears of his granny, and offered to undertake the task imposed upon her. The proposal was accepted, and off went the boy with the robber. But surely he ran away from him?—O no, courteous reader, he had no need to do that—have patience and you shall hear. The boy—you will recollect, if you please, that it was Sunday—soon longed to be back with his playmates. When, therefore, he had proceeded to a little distance from the place with his prisoner, “My honest fellow,” said he, turning to him, “will you be so good as to go forward to — alone? I want to get back myself.”—The robber had the politeness to answer in the affirmative.—“Well then,” rejoined the boy, “take this letter, and give it on your arrival to the constable, who will provide for your being forwarded to the next place.—And hark ye, here is a penny for you to spend by the way.” With these words the guard turned back; the robber took the letter, which was to acquaint the tribunal with his crime, and the penny, and cheerfully pursued his way, to begin a new course of depredations.

If this anecdote were not related by a celebrated writer on criminal law, and in a work founded on legal documents, the reader might justly be disposed to consider it as an experiment on his credulity.

GRATITUDE:

A Persian Tale.

RUSTEM, who once swayed the sceptre of Persia, was negligent of business and a slave to pleasure. His jeweller was the most important personage at his court. To him he committed the education of his son, Narwan; and the preceptor, whose heart lusted after wealth, instilled avarice into the mind of the youth. A Jew from Aleppo one day brought precious stones of the greatest beauty to the sultan's seraglio for sale. Prince Narwan insisted on having them at a price arbitrarily fixed by himself, and when the Jew threatened to complain of this treatment to the sultan, the prince ordered his slaves to beat him so unmercifully, that the poor fellow expired under the blows of his tormentors.

After some time, Rustem was informed of this circumstance: he was exceedingly incensed against Salem, the jeweller, and banished him from his court. The prince too was exiled to a distant palace.

Salem withdrew, and immediately set out to leave the dominions of the sultan. He had reached a wood, when he had the misfortune to fall into a wolf-pit, in which there were already three prisoners, a lion, an ape, and a serpent. Salem passed a whole day in the company of these animals, in continual fear of being torn in pieces. At length a man appeared on the brink of the pit; and when he cried out lustily for help, the stranger let down a rope, for the purpose of liberating the half-dead jeweller: but the ape was too quick for Salem, and catching hold of the rope, was drawn up by the traveller.

Perceiving the amazement of the stranger at his unexpected appearance, he thus addressed him: "Repent not of saving my life. Brutes are more grateful than men, and depend upon it, thou wilt get no good by it, if thou deliverest the man down yonder; but shouldst thou ever want my assistance, thou mayst reckon upon it with confidence. I live at the foot of the next mountain."

The traveller built very little on the fine promises of the ape, and let down the rope a second time into the pit; but this time the lion got before the man, and was drawn up, to the terror of the stranger. He also expressed his acknowledgments to his deliverer, and promised, when opportunity should offer, to manifest his gratitude. The same thing happened the third time with the serpent, and Salem was the last that was drawn out. He loaded the stranger with assurances of his everlasting gratitude, and expressed in his conversation so deep a sense of justice and religion, that the traveller deemed himself fortunate in having rescued a philosopher from destruction. Salem besought his benefactor to accompany him to his habitation, hoping, by means of his extraordinary story, to regain the favour of the sultan: but as the stranger was not to be diverted from the object of his journey, he parted from him with cordial and repeated assurances of his eternal obligations.

Achmet—such was the name of the stranger—pursued his way to India, and was so successful in his speculations there, that he set out on

his return, enriched with diamonds of the greatest value. He had arrived at the spot where he had rescued Salem and the three animals from the wolf-pit, and the remembrance of this good deed gave him particular pleasure. All at once he was attacked by robbers: plundered of his treasures, and bound to a tree, he found himself exposed to a lingering death by hunger in the wilderness. In this melancholy condition, he was rejoiced by the appearance of the very ape whom he had a year before delivered from the pit. The grateful animal gnawed to pieces the cords that bound him, and conducted him to a cavern, where he appeased his hunger with fruit of various kinds: he then hastened to the cave where the robbers of Achmet dwelt, and carrying off a bag full of gold and the finest garments, joyfully brought his booty to his benefactor; and when the latter had dressed himself, he went with him, and led him out of the forest. But they had not gone far, before they were met by a tremendous lion, who obstructed the way, and opened his immense jaws as if to swallow them up. Achmet shuddered, but he was soon relieved from his apprehensions; for the lion proved to be the samewhose life he had saved twelve months before. The lion requested Achmet to accompany him to his den, and begging him to remain there till he should come back, he hastened away. The palace to which Prince Narwan was exiled was not far from the forest. The lion ran thither, and finding the prince walking abroad, he fell upon him and tore him in pieces; but his exceedingly rich turban, adorned with jewels, he brought as a present to Achmet, whom he

then conducted to the environs of the city, in which Salem, late jeweller to the sultan, resided.

Achmet, moved by the generosity and gratitude of the two animals, promised himself still more cordial demonstrations of acknowledgment from a man who was under equal obligations to him; and went straightway to Salem, who received him very courteously, and after listening with astonishment to the new wonderful adventure with the ape and the lion, solemnly protested that he would not be surpassed by those animals in generosity and grateful attachment.

The death of the prince was already known to the whole city. Salem had recognised the turban in Achmet's possession as being the same which the prince had worn; and as soon as his guest had lain down to sleep, the perfidious jeweller repaired to the sultan. "Mighty ruler of the world!" said he, "the murderer of thy son is in my house. I have seen the turban of the prince, with all the costly jewels that adorn it, in the hands of my guest. There can be no doubt that he is his murderer. Give orders, O king! that he be brought to thy feet." This was done forthwith, and Achmet was conducted into the presence of the sultan. He was ignorant how the lion had come by the richly decorated turban, nor had he heard till that moment of the death of the prince. But when he saw Salem by the side of the sultan, it was clear to him that his host had betrayed his treasures to the sultan, and he was sorry that he had not followed the advice of the ape, who had predicted, that he would have reason to repent it if he released the man out of the pit.

Achmet was condemned to be pa-

raded through the whole city on an ass, and then to be thrown into a gloomy dungeon. This sentence was immediately executed; and there he lay in the dungeon, deeply deploring his melancholy fate, when the very same serpent which he had delivered out of the pit, approached him. It informed him, that the lion had killed the prince, and then said, "I am now come to be grateful to thee for thy kindness. Take this herb; it is an antidote to the strongest poison. I have bitten the sultan's daughter, and thou alone wilt be able to cure her. Tell thy gaoler what a wonderful herb thou possessest."—Achmet did not fail to comply; and he was quickly conducted to the princess, who was sick unto death. The sultan was beside himself for joy when he saw his daughter instantaneously restored, and ordered

the man who had saved her so miraculously to be rewarded with the choicest gifts. But Achmet seized this favourable opportunity to avail himself of the sultan's favour for his justification. He first related to him the deliverance of the ape, the lion, and the serpent, and afterwards the circumstances of the prince's death. Salem's ingratitude he mentioned with indignation at his inhuman perfidy, and implored the sultan to decree his punishment. The sultan was highly incensed at Salem's baseness; he ordered him to be immediately seized and beheaded in the public place. But Achmet, loaded with presents, proceeded to his own home.

And thus this story teaches us, not to bestow confidence on any one whose integrity we have not tried.

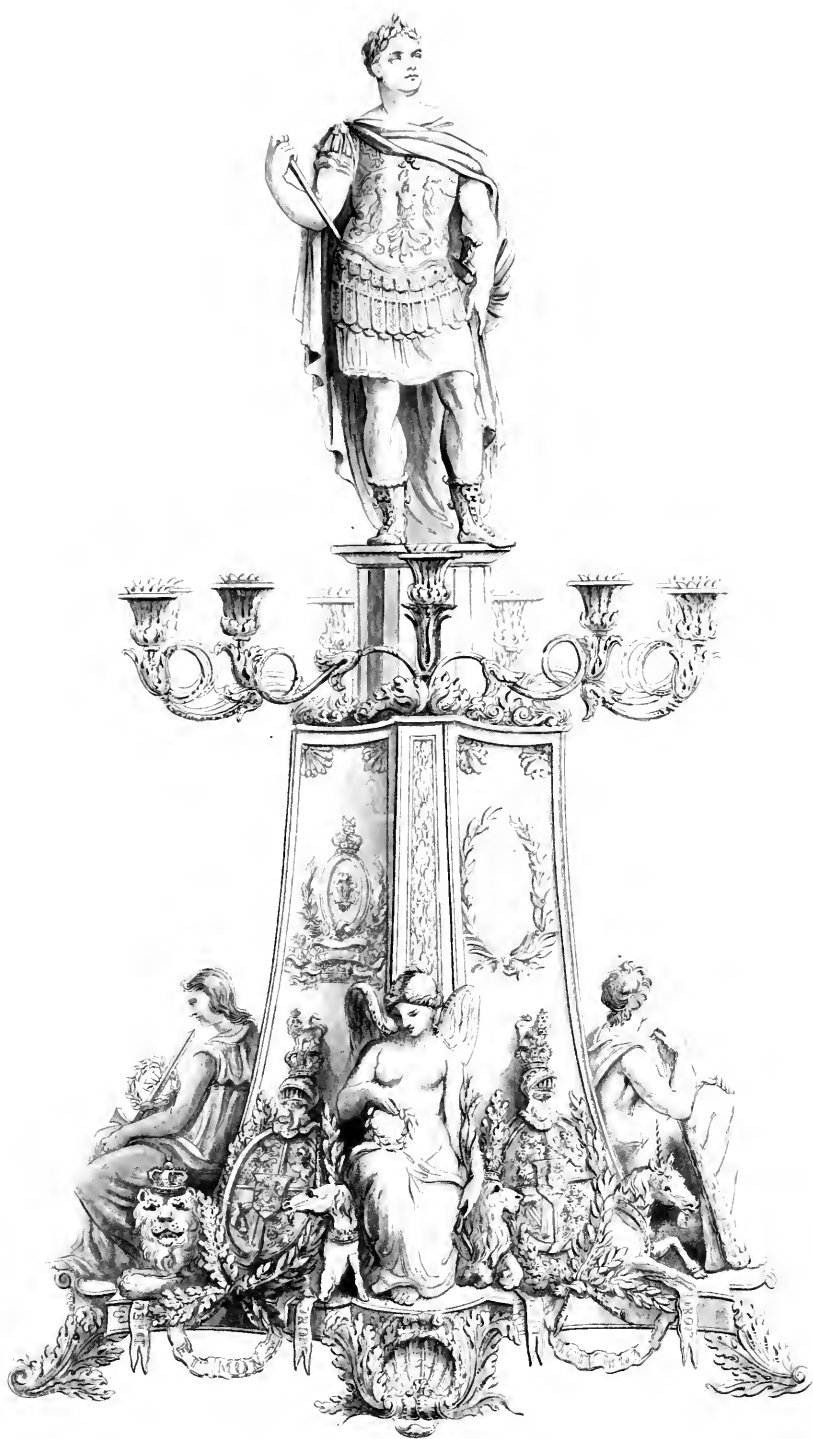
ROYAL MILITARY TROPHY AND CANDELABRUM.

DURING twenty-nine years, his present Majesty commanded the 10th regiment of Hussars; but upon his accession to the throne, that command was naturally relinquished. His Majesty was then pleased to bestow upon the regiment a particular tribute of his regard; and for this purpose the magnificent piece of gilt plate, represented in the annexed engraving, was, by his Majesty's command, fabricated by Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell; and, in the King's name, presented to the regiment by their present colonel, the Marquis of Londonderry, at a grand dinner given to the officers in July last.

A very admirable likeness of his Majesty, in the Roman imperial costume, is the chief subject of the com-

position; the countenance is particularly expressive, and the statue altogether dignified and manly. It is placed on the shaft of a Doric column, surrounded by a triangular basement, whence it springs, and bearing three medallions, containing the badge of the regiment, a record of the battles in which it was engaged in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and the inscription that marks the dedication of the trophy.

The seated figures at the angles of the base represent Courage, Victory, and Honour, elegantly expressing, that as victory is the consequence of courage, so is honour the reward of both; a compliment in every respect legitimate to the 10th Hussars, a regiment of the highest rank and most distinguished merit.



Between these emblematic figures are placed the king's arms and supporters, decorated with branches of laurel, very boldly and exquisitely executed in relief: indeed, the whole, and particularly the figures, is of that high class of art, that entitles it to the attention of the connoisseur. His Majesty honoured it with his entire approbation, and to him doubtless it afforded much gratification, being a proof of the advancement of the manufacturing arts in this country, which the present monarch has munificently fostered, to whom they are greatly indebted for their present eminence, and will be for their ultimate perfection, towards which they are making a rapid progress.

The following inscription occupies one of the medallions:

The Gift of
His Majesty
King GEORGE IV.
to the
Xth or Prince of Wales'
own Royal Regiment,
which he commanded
from the year M.DCC.XCIII.
until his Accession
to the Throne.

To add usefulness to ornament in this piece of plate, the triangular pedestal is made to support nine branches for wax-lights.

J. B. PAPWORTH.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Oh! softly sleep,*" composed by Charles Smith, arranged with *Variations for the Piano-forte (with Flute Accompaniments, ad lib.)* a new Edition, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Power, Strand.)

WE cannot charge our memory with having seen a former edition of these variations; a circumstance which, from their general interest, would probably not have escaped our recollection; for the composition is certainly one of great merit. The fluency in the passages of the 1st variation is striking; in the 2d and 3d, the flute is employed with the best result; and we may add, it is seldom that so much effect is assigned to and produced by an instrument, which yet may be dispensed with in the performance. Here lies the art in writing for an *ad libitum* auxiliary. The adagio in the 4th variation is

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set with great feeling and in a classic taste; and in the last variation, we observe the active and free manner in which both hands have been made to contribute their respective quota of exertion.

Notwithstanding the spirit and activity which pervade the greater part of these variations, they are, like most of Mr. K.'s productions, conspicuous for the ease with which the passages adapt themselves to the digital powers of even a moderate proficient.

"*Bendemeer's Stream,*" the Words from *Lalla Rookh*, written by Thos. Moore, Esq.; the Music by Lord Burghersh. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

In our notice of a variety of vocal compositions on detached parts of "*Lalla Rookh*," which some time ago appeared in the *Repository* of

Arts, and which included one song of Lord Burghersh's, the above production of his lordship was not adverted to. It is of small compass, the air being of four lines only; but the melody, by its graceful simplicity and tenderness, sufficiently bespeaks the noble author's residence in the land of harmony, and his taste in availing himself properly of such an advantage. The accompaniment, throughout, is in the guitar style, merely arpeggios, without an attempt at contrapuntal artifice. This probably was the result of choice; for we have had abundant evidence of his lordship's powers in the higher branches of the art, by his opera of *Bajazet*, of which the principal portions were brought before the London public at the oratorios of last season, and justly received with great favour.

"*Araby's Daughter*," *Ballad from Moore's celebrated Poem of "Lalla Rookh;" the Melody by —; with Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

Towards an anonymous amateur, of the tender sex probably, we are always willing to wield the critic's weapon with courtesy and indulgence: but in the present instance we see no occasion for resorting to this amiable disposition of ours. The melody, although fraught with a reminiscence or two, is really good; there is a softness and unaffected feeling in its strains, which bespeak a cultivated taste; and this is further confirmed by the perfect rhythmical symmetry of all the successive phrases; a merit, by the way, which we have often missed in the labours of some professional lyrist, who, in their wish

to exhibit as much learning as they can, occasionally indulge in hard-featured, obsolete crudities, and more frequently lose themselves in the rhythm, so as to defy any attempt at finding proportion and symmetry in corresponding parts, or, we should rather say, in parts that *ought* to correspond.

Mr. Kiallmark's contribution of the symphonies and accompaniments is highly meritorious. That gentleman, indeed, seldom takes up the pen without giving us complete satisfaction.

Eight Psalm-Tunes, in Score, adapted to the Metres generally in use, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, composed by Nicholas Samuel Heineken; and revised by his highly esteemed Friend and Instructor, John Camidge, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The candour with which Mr. Heineken has acknowledged the assistance of Dr. Camidge, in revising this production, is extremely praiseworthy, however it may prevent the critic from assigning the merit of the aggregate of the labour to the rightful claimant. Were it not for this circumstance, we should find cause to applaud these psalm-tunes as a very promising effort of a young composer. The revisal of Dr. C. we suppose, to have principally extended to the harmony, which is ably devised, dense, effective, and correct. The melodies probably are more exclusively the pupil's property; and these, too, claim our approbation in a great degree, as evincing a due simplicity, feeling, and solemnity. In one or two instances, rhythm has not strictly been attended to: thus

in the 3d tune (p. 5.) the third strain has four bars, while the 1st, 2d, and 4th have but three. It is obvious that the temptation arose from the text, where the third line has a foot more than the first, with which it corresponds. This may be tolerated in poetry, although it is not commendable; but in music, where rhythmical symmetry is a fundamental law, it is difficult, for our ear at least, to feel satisfied with any disproportion of this kind. But what's to be done? we shall be asked. Our answer is, that the composer has many expedients in his power to bring his text into rhythmical symmetry, by extension, contraction, repetition, blending two lines into one, &c.; and if none of the means in his power will help him out, he had better give up the text.

"*The Chough and Crow*," composed by H. Bishop; arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Metcalfe and Miss Dewhurst, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

One advantage, among others, of adaptations from large scores to a limited number of staves, is, that they recall to our memory most of the sensations we experienced on hearing the original in its full strength. In this respect, therefore, this reproduction of a chorus, which is a very great favourite, will not fail to be welcome wherever the triumvirate required for its execution can be mustered. With this phalanx of six staves, capable of sounding eighteen and more notes at once, Mr. Bruguier had all the means of producing, except as to voice, a complete fac-si-

mile of the "Chough and Crow;" and he has given us a perfect likeness of the same, without missing a feather. For our parts, we should even have connived at a little liberty which Mr. Bruguier might have been disposed to take with the original, with a view to add greater fluency to the accompaniments: for much and often as we have been pleased in hearing this chorus, the instruments always appeared to us to run too constantly upon the same unvaried system of accompaniment; they seemed to be beating time in quavers almost throughout.

"O dear! what can the matter be," with Variations by Holder, arranged as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Antonetta and Miss Marian Cramer, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

In the case above commented upon, we had adaptations by contraction: here it is by expansion; inasmuch as the original author writes a simple ballad, Mr. Holder extends it into variations for the piano-forte, and Mr. Bruguier expands Mr. H.'s work into a duet for the piano-forte and harp. This kind of *réchauffement*, now and then, we will not object to; but it must come sparingly, as the art can derive but little benefit from the practice, and the artist, probably, will earn less credit from it than his exertions may deserve. Those of Mr. B. in the present case, appear to us, on an inspection and comparison of the two parts, to have been very laudable. The piano-forte is the more strongly cast, and requires a good performer; a less degree of proficiency will be called for

in the harp part, although it is very effective, and, in one or two variations, by no means commonplace work.

"*The days of our happiness,*" a new Song, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp, by Charles S. Evans, of his Majesty's Chapels Royal. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Fitzwilliam and Co. New-street, Covent-Garden.)

The ideas in this song are not throughout of a novel cast; but there is a certain freshness and impressive gracefulness in the melody, which cannot fail to please. The accompaniment is very effective, and evinces in its arrangement both taste and judgment. The exclamation, "What an age!" is appropriately and strikingly rendered; but, what is often the case, adapts itself indifferently to the second stanza, which, in one or two other instances, appears to have been less considered in the framing of the air. The melody goes to B, which, with the generality of female singers, is scarcely attainable, without straining the voice. The text is stated to be a translation from the Spanish.

"*While I sat thinking,*" sung by Miss Tunstall at the Theatre Royal, Brighton; the Words by T. Dibdin, Esq.; composed by W. Gutteridge. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Fitzwilliam and Co. New-street, Covent-Garden.)

Mr. G.'s name, if we may trust our recollection, has not before appeared in our musical critique: it affords us therefore the more satisfaction to be able to accompany this production with a favourable comment. The song, in E \flat , is of an agreeable, natural melody; the periods are regular and in

good keeping; and the instrumental support is well varied, and altogether in good taste. The two leading notes at "While I sat" might as well be omitted, and the succeeding bar made to embrace the whole of these words: as it stands, the "I" has an improper accent. Some typographical mistakes occur, which may easily be amended.

"*Dear Rosa, I'm thine,*" a favourite Ballad, written by a Field Officer of rank; arranged with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. A. Fitzwilliam. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Fitzwilliam and Co. New-street, Covent-Garden.)

The melody devised for this ballad by the amateur alluded to in the title, is not throughout of a novel complexion; the motivo, for instance, strongly resembles Mr. Braham's "Said a smile to a tear:" but the air, as a whole, is satisfactory and pleasing, and proceeds in good order, and in a lively strain of musical diction. The accompaniment is conceived with propriety, and acts effectively, although in one or two instances it might have been set with more strict grammatical purity.

"*The Gleaner, or Select Flute-Miscellany, comprising Airs, Duets, and Trios;*" compiled, arranged, and partly composed by J. Monro. Nos. III. to XII. Pr. 2s. 6d. each.—(J. Monro, Skinner-street, Snow-Hill.)

The two first numbers of this extensive and agreeable collection have already been submitted to the notice of our readers. Since that time the work has regularly proceeded: it has now reached the twelfth number, so that, according to the editor's plan, six further numbers will com-

plete the whole. In point of selection, arrangement, and care as to typographical neatness and correctness, Mr. M.'s exertions have continued undiminished, so that the work may justly be ranked among the most comprehensive and entertaining flute-miscellanies in this country. There is hardly a favourite tune that has not a place here; for the number amounts to upwards of 350, and when we consider that thus about one penny per tune is paid by the purchaser, the price of the work will appear sufficiently moderate.

Fifth Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniments (ad lib.), by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The series of Mr. Purkis's Fantasias (four in number), from the "Magic Flute," Rossini's "Tancredi" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," has passed a very favourable review in some of our former Numbers; particularly the third from "Tancredi," the recommendation of which, we have the satisfaction of knowing, has been attended to, and concurred in, in several quarters.—The above is a second Fantasia, from "Figaro," and contains four further airs from that opera, strung together, and treated in the same natural, easy, and tasteful plan, which Mr. P. pursued in the former Fantasia, and which had induced us to recommend them as excellent lessons for students having reached about half-way in their course of instruction.

This work will bear being continued, especially if the selection be

directed to operas not too generally known. With this view we would advise Mr. P. to turn to Rossini a little oftener. The melodious Martini too, and the elegant and humorous Cimarosa, might afford matter for some Numbers.

Select Italian Airs, No. II. "Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano," arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Balantine, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Dozens of times has this Zitti, Zitti already impelled our critical quill; and here 'tis again. Every publisher we suppose finds his account in having a Zitti or two of his own; and by and by we shall probably have the caution, "Mind you ask for the original Zitti," as has been the case with some revived songs of late. To this multiplication of Italian airs we have no objection whatever; on the contrary, the more the merrier and the better. There wants yet a great deal of Italian melody, before the arid, acrid, vapid leaven be expelled, or at least allayed in the art, as it stands with us. The lady is still in an indifferent state of health, and old-fashioned withal, and gloomy, and full of bad humours, for which a course of sweeteners from Italy will be the best specific. Her sister in Germany was much in the same condition some fifty years ago, and the Italian recipe worked wonders. In France there is but a cousin of the same family; but even there the remedy has had success whenever it was resorted to, and has of late produced the best effects.

Mr. Rimbault's "Zitti" forms a pretty and attractive rondo. The base has been kept in bounds of mo-

deration, so that the performance will not require attainments of a superior order, and yet exhibit all the essential features of the original.

"*Ecco ridente il Cielo*," the favourite *Caratina* by *Rossini*; arranged in a familiar Style for the *Piano-forte*, by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

"*All' idea di qual metallo*," a favourite *Air*, composed by *Rossini*; arranged for the *Piano-forte* by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

More of *Rossini*! in a more humble, yet agreeable form. The above airs are well known, the first especially, which is very beautiful. Mr. Poole has professedly treated them in an easy way: the harmony, under this condition, could not be expected in its complete and full dress; it appears in a becoming *negligé*, with just as much covering as the occasion called for; and, we may add, as could be reasonably desired. The cut is in taste, and the workmanship respectable, so that the suit may be pronounced a fairish fit, and recommended for trial to the juvenile form.

The celebrated French Romance, introduced by Miss Stephens in "*The Law of Java*," arranged as a *Rondo* for the *Piano-forte*, and most respectfully inscribed to Miss Cook, by Edward Knight, jun. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Owing to mere inadvertence on our part, this rondo, which has been in our portfolio for some time, happens to form the last article in this review. Had we not unaccountably almost lost sight of the book, it would have occupied a very different place.

It is but some months ago, at any rate within the last twelvemonth, that Mr. Knight's name presented itself as a composer in our miscellany; in-

deed his age alone would put a long career in the art out of the question.

We discerned promising tokens; we encouraged, we even presumed to give advice; but with all the favourable, yet impartial, bias on our mind, we could hardly have expected the giant stride in the art which this rondo proclaims. It is, we take it for granted, entirely Mr. K.'s own production, and, as such, we hail in the work an early proof of the correctness of our anticipations.

The introduction at once gained our favour: the good style in which it is conceived, the glance at the subject of the air, the higher order of musical thought, the freedom of its treatment, the clever counterpointing, the neat harmonic fitting of the triplets between treble and bass—all these good things really delighted us. In the rondo we had equal cause to follow Mr. K. with sensations of the most pleasing surprise. Without entering upon an analysis of details, almost all equally meritorious, we will generally observe, that the able manner in which Mr. K. has wielded his *motivo*, through a variety of tonics, either plainly, or in a more disguised form, or by giving its most striking character to the bass, has our fullest approbation, not to say more. The numerous and bold modulations form another prominent feature in the composition. These are elaborately wrought, and conducted with a tact and a degree of correctness, which bespeak no small knowledge of the science, and the most assiduous study of good masters. Such pages as the fifth, sixth, tenth, and eleventh, can only issue from talents the most promising. In the eighth page the harmonic ideas, however satisfactory in outline, ap-





pear perhaps too plainly propounded: but we will not alloy our pleasure by adverting to trivial imperfections.

Seeing thus Mr. K. fairly on the high-road to eminence in his profession, we can hardly express another wish, than that he may steadfastly pursue this track, without suffering himself to be drawn into the hy-paths of littleness and frivolity, which, in the present age, are apt to hold out transient allurements; or, from a desire of early fame or emolument, to be tempted, as yet, into frequent publications. To write much *by way of study*, and publish only what is really good; to submit the labour to experienced masters; to study the

best works on theory; to read classic poetry, and other works of imagination elevating the mind; to hear as much good music in full orchestra as ever possible, especially Italian operas; to sing, with whatever voice nature may have dispensed; to practise the violin and another instrument or two, besides the piano-forte and organ—all these are requisites in forming a musical composer; and if, in addition to these, a fortunate concurrence of circumstances should render a pilgrimage to Italy practicable, the aspirant to compositorial fame and excellence may be said to have fully accomplished the proper course of musical study.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

ROMAN dress, or *blouse*, of fine cambric muslin: the body and skirt are in one, and of nearly equal fullness, which is principally collected in the front and in the middle of the back, and confined round the waist with a red narrow band, fastened by a steel buckle: it is made high, nearly to the throat, and is gaged with four rows of pink braiding. The sleeve is easy, and has an epaulette with full trimming, braided at the edge, and a double ruffle at the wrist: round the bottom of the skirt are five narrow flounces, edged with pink braiding. Cap of sprigged net, with border of British Lisle lace; cottage front; the caul rather full, and separated half-way into eight divisions, edged with a rouleau of satin: four, alternately, are fastened to the head-piece; the others are trim-

med with lace, and rather elevated, forming a light and elegant crown: a wreath of delicate flowers, the forget-me-not and the heliotrope, decorate the front. Coral ear-rings, rose-coloured gloves, and corded silk shoes.

This cap and dress are from Miss Pierpoint.

BALL DRESS.

White *crêpe lisse* dress, worn over a bright pink satin slip; the *corsage* of white satin, cut bias, and fits the shape: it is ornamented with simple elegance, being separated into narrow straps, nearly two inches deep, and edged with two small folds of pink *crêpe lisse* set in a narrow band of folded white satin, finished with a tucker of the finest blond lace. The sleeve is short, of very full white *crêpe lisse*, partly concealed by two rows of white satin diamonds,

edged with pink *crêpe lisse*, and united by half a dozen minute folds of white satin: at the bottom of the dress is one row of large full puffs, or *bouffantes*, of white *crêpe lisse*; between each are eight white satin loops, attached to the *bouffantes*, and surrounding a cluster of half-blown China roses. The hair, without ornament, *à la Grecque*. Ear-rings, necklace, armlets, and bracelets, of dead gold, with pink topazes and emeralds interspersed, and fastened by padlock-snaps studded with emeralds. Long white kid gloves. Pink satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Promenade costume continues nearly as it was last month: the only alterations that we perceive are, that fur tippets are still more in favour, and plain black velvet bonnets, with the same material disposed in large knots, are very generally adopted.

Velvet pelisses are fashionable in carriage costume; but they are not so much worn as pelisses made of that very rich silk called *velours simulé*, of which there are a great many different kinds. Trimmings of silk plush intermixed with velvet are very general: the trimming usually corresponds in colour with the pelisse; but some *élégantes* have lately appeared in black velvet or *gros de Naples* pelisses, with scarlet trimmings, and *vice versa*. We have noticed among these pelisses, one made in black *velours simulé*: the trimming was a cording of scarlet satin, which went all round; the pelisse fastened underneath, and was ornamented up the front with scarlet bands, placed crosswise, with but-

tons at each end: these bands formed lozenges of different breadths; the largest being placed at the bottom, and the others being progressively smaller to the waist: there are three upon the *corsage*, of which the largest is at the top, and the smallest at the bottom.

Toque hats have been revived in carriage dress; the brims are now made larger than formerly. We shall describe one of a novel and singular form: the brim is cut in four parts; the three front ones have nearly the form of a shell; the middle piece is a little elevated, and goes rather to the left side; the two others are rather depressed, and the hind piece is very narrow. The hat is of black velvet, lined with white satin: a half-garland of marabouts is placed in a slanting direction in front of the crown. There are no strings to this hat, but the *cornette*, which is of the demi form, fastens with a full bow under the chin.

Little change has taken place in full dress, except in the article of full-dress trimmings. We have seen some new ones of a very elegant and splendid description. One of these consisted of a number of folds of gold gauze upon the skirt of a white satin gown; they were seven or eight in number, laid pretty close together, and disposed in a wave: the upper fold is headed by a narrow gold band in the form of a chain. Another trimming is a *bouillonné* of transparent gauze, formed into lozenges by very short plumes of white marabouts, each plume being attached to the trimming by a small brilliant steel star. A third trimming, of a more simple but very elegant description, is composed of wreaths

of myrtle, disposed in a serpentine direction, and intermixed with bouquets of white roses. Fashionable

colours remain the same as last month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR robes and *redingotes en blouse* are for the present laid aside, as tight-bodied dresses are just now the only ones adopted for the promenade; with the exception, however, of a particular description of *redingote*, which begins to be partially worn, and which is made very much in the style of an English coachman's box-coat. The body is drawn in by a band to the waist; but no part of the *corsage* is visible, as it is covered by a large pelerine, which has six or seven false capes attached to it. All other dresses are made tight to the shape: the backs are narrow at bottom; the hips are ornamented with acorns of hard silk. Sleeves are not made quite so tight, and waists are a little shorter.

The trimmings of *redingotes* have not altered, but robes at present have scarcely any other garniture than flounces; there are never more than three, which are put pretty close together, and headed by a silk chain. I must not forget to say, that the bodies of robes always fasten behind, and the *ceinture* of leather or ribbon is exchanged for one of velvet, or of the same material as the gown.

Bonnets are of two shapes: the one a moderate-sized brim, wide, but not depressed on the forehead, and a small round crown. This shape is peculiarly appropriate for the retired morning walk, though it is equally adopted at the fashionable hour in

the Tuileries: it is made in velvet, satin, and *pluche de soie*. *Chapeaux* of the first two materials are almost always trimmed with knots to correspond; the latter are adorned with marabouts, either white or of the colour of the hat.

The other *chapeau* is in the Mary of Scotland style, very much bent over the forehead, and a little elevated at the sides. You see in each cavity either a small bouquet of winter flowers, or a bow formed by the end of a piece of lace or tulle, which is disposed in drapery inside of the brim. *Chapeaux* of this kind are variously trimmed: some have winter flowers intermixed with small pointed ends of the material which the hat is composed of; the trimming of others consists of knots of the material of the hat, intermixed with ends of satin, to correspond with the lining. A good many are trimmed with marabouts only; and some others have marabouts mixed with satin, or with the material of the hat. Gold colour, white, and pink are all in favour for the linings of *chapeaux*; but the major part of those in black have a lining of the same: there is no ornament attached to the edge of the brim, but a row of blond is sometimes quilled underneath.

Brodequins and *demi-brodequins Anglais* are both used for walking: the former I have already described to you: the latter is a still shorter boot, with a stout sole; the lower part composed of leather, the upper part of silk: they are always lined and

edged with fur. The fashionable *reticule* is now in the shape of a shell; it is made of a species of composition which resembles mother of pearl: the clasp and chain of the most elegant are of dead gold.

A good many dinner gowns are made in white *barège*: the *ceinture* is a gold cord and tassels; and the short sleeves are looped in the drapery style with small tassels, to correspond. Ball dresses are mostly made of crape. I have just seen one in white crape, the trimming of which consisted of nine tucks disposed in three rows: the lower part had two of pink and one of white crape; the second row one of pink and two of white; and the third corresponded with the bottom. Wreaths

of leaves in satin are also esteemed fashionable for these dresses: in that case the *corsage* is also ornamented with a wreath round the bust; and sometimes a stomacher is formed of this trimming. Very young people appear in their hair, simply ornamented with a bouquet of flowers, placed on one side of the head, or a half-wreath, which is placed very far back. A favourite *coiffure* for youthful matrons consists of short white marabouts, which are disposed in single feathers among the curls or bows of hair on the forehead and crown of the head, with ears of gold wheat placed alternately. The colours most in favour are, rose, *ponceau*, gold colour, brown, puce, and grey.

FINE ARTS.

DAVID'S CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

MONSIEUR DAVID, the distinguished French painter, is now exhibiting in Pall-Mall East, his second picture of the *Coronation of Napoleon*. The dimensions of this picture are 33 feet in length and 21 in height: it is of the same length, therefore, as the *Nuptials of Cana*, by Paul Veronese, the largest picture previously known, and three feet higher. The first representation of Napoleon's Coronation, painted by Monsieur David, was the subject of severe criticism in France; and the artist completed, after three years' labour, a second, which is that now exhibiting, and which Monsieur David considers superior to the preceding one. The principal difference between the two consists in a corrected distribution of the group formed by the ex-

imperial family of Buonaparte. The artist chose for his work, the moment in which Napoleon places the crown on the head of his consort Josephine: his reason for this preference was, that if he had represented Napoleon taking the crown from the altar, the pope and the empress herself would have been only witnesses of an act, in itself undoubtedly very solemn, but one with which their presence had no necessary connection. The coronation of Josephine, on the contrary, supposed that of her husband was already over. Napoleon was then acting as master and sovereign; the empress was receiving the insignia of the state conferred upon her, and the pope was performing the religious functions for which his presence had been required.

Napoleon, after having put on the two crowns, is about to descend the steps of the altar, bearing one of them, the crown of France, in order to place it upon the head of Josephine, who is kneeling on the first step, her train supported by Madame Lavalette and the Countess Rochefoucault. Behind Napoleon are seen the figures of the pope, who is seated, some cardinals, and a Greek patriarch; on the extreme right, are Talleyrand, Cambaceres, the Duke of Plaisance, and Berthier. On the left, in front of a crowded group, are the sisters and two of the brothers of Napoleon. The bold and manly figure of Murat is seen in a prominent situation, bearing the basket which contained the crown of France. There are also full-length figures of the principal personages of the French court in the year 1804, as well as of the foreign ambassadors, and a view of two galleries, filled by spectators of distinction. The picture is intended to represent the ceremonial as it occurred; but at the desire of Napoleon, his mother, though not present at the coronation, is introduced in a conspicuous part of the picture. The catalogue states this picture to contain representations of two hundred and ten persons, of whom nearly eighty are given at full length. Monsieur David remarks upon the difficulties with which he had to contend in the progress of his work: he states that he had, on one hand, to encounter the opposition of the Romish clergy (but for what cause he does not explain); and on the other, Napoleon's orders, sometimes very difficult to put in harmony with the exact truth: and also (what can easily be imagined), the pretensions of powerful men,

who were all ambitious of the most conspicuous place, increased the difficulties of executing the picture. Such is the outline of Monsieur David's picture, and of some of the circumstances attending the execution of the work.

The artist has been long known as holding the first rank in the French school as an historical painter, and several of his works hold a high place among the collections which adorn the palaces of the Continent. Monsieur David has always been an enthusiastic admirer of the antique; but with some ardent peculiarities in his habits and course of study, which rendered him positive and impracticable, like his friend and contemporary of the British school, the late eccentric and highly gifted Barry. This taste for a rigid adherence to the antique has, both in Monsieur David and his pupils, been mainly confined to a studied representation of the contour or circumference of figures, as they appear at first sight in the model, rather than of their natural air, and free and unconstrained action. He has seldom attempted, and the attempt when made has been as seldom successful, to unite, like Correggio, modern grace and elegance with the simplicity of the grand style; but rather, like Parmegiano, sought (though not with the success of that great artist) to unite modern airs and delicacy with the more simple grandeur of the antique, and the severe outline of Michael Angelo. These composite efforts are observable in David's pictures of the *Horatii* and the *Brutus*, formerly in the Luxembourg Gallery, and every where well known from the engravings. It is but justice to Mons. David to admit, that he has less of

theatric conceit and affectation in his grouping than any other historical painter of the modern French school; though he must still, according to our notions of taste, bear his share of consulting in his compositions more of contrast and richness, than of propriety and truth. In this respect, the French modern school has greatly degenerated. Nicholas Poussin adhered with an equally rigid severity to the outline of the antique; and it has been well said, that he less imitated its spirit, than copied its superficial details: but he redeemed, in his historic compositions, this hardness of outline, not indeed by his colouring, which was cold and feeble, but by the expression and beauty of his design, and by a clear, connected, and judicious distribution of his figures. Le Seur, Le Brun, and other French artists of the same day, redeemed the mannerism of their style by rich materials and original beauties: not so, however, the French artists of the present day; they affect enthusiastic attachment for the higher beauties of the great masters of the middle ages, whose works they daily studied in the Louvre, without ever attaining the merit of a dignified imitation of the originals; and then mutilated them, under the presumptuous pretence of repairing the injuries inflicted, more by the accidents of removal, than the deterioration of time.

That the present large picture of Monsieur David has many beauties, it would be unjust and illiberal to deny. It has had already in this country to submit to the extremes of criticism, and therefore we fear to injustice: it has been extolled by some as a model of perfection; and with a singular obstinacy of panegyric, the

vicissitudes of the political and ephemeral circumstances connected with Monsieur David's life, have been called in aid of the merits of his work: less generous critics have, on the other hand, decried the performance with undistinguishing acrimony. Between both extremes the truth is found, and a liberal and somewhat generous view ought to be taken of a distinguished foreigner's work, when he has submitted it to the opinions of a British public. The great deficiency in the work appears to us to be a want of predominant dignity of character, a tameness of action, and monotony of expression. We have no doubt that the history of the remarkable event which the artist celebrates is told with truth, but certainly not with the effect of which it was susceptible. In the principal group, or rather the union of the chief central groups, the artist had great materials to pourtray and combine. We know it has been said by very high authority amongst us (Sir Joshua Reynolds), that it is very difficult to ennoble the character of a countenance but at the expense of the likeness: but the features of Napoleon were in themselves in the highest degree ennobling and dignified; and it only required the perfection of art possessed by Reynolds, and now exercised by Lawrence, to impress upon canvas their grandeur of character. Canova, in his colossal bust, has caught and conveyed their expression to posterity. The head of the pope is capable of a calm and reverent air, which art could heighten in the most imposing manner; the group of Josephine was susceptible of all the softening charms of grace and beauty: but all these essential advantages afforded to the

artist by the originals, have failed to acquire from his pencil, that powerful and decided predominance which great genius in art would have supplied. The figure of Buonaparte is impressive, but not original; it is the same which history has supplied to art both before and since the time of Raphael: the expressive outline of the features is given, but without the illuminating character which they were wont to assume when aroused by great mental action, and of which it is impossible they could have been altogether divested at the most imposing part of this solemn ceremonial. The pope's aspect is rather that of fatuity than reverence; and the fair supporters of Josephine want a grace and air, for which the mere passive expression of beauty is an inadequate substitute. Murat is delineated with the boldness of a soldier, but without the gravity required for the occasion of his appearance. Some particular heads in the group at the extreme right of the picture, as well as others at the opposite extremity, are very well expressed, and give a judicious interest to the groups most remote from the centre of attraction. The group of Napoleon's sisters is well composed; and the expression of Madame Murat, though

too strongly, yet perhaps truly defined, and that of Pauline, display considerable merit. The drawing is mostly good, and the drapery in many parts, and particularly in the rich flowing robes of Josephine, beautifully displayed. The general distribution of light in the picture is inharmonious, and some of the shadows are ill expressed. The flesh carnations have little to recommend them; and there is a nakedness in the back-ground, and an unfinished appearance in some of the figures, which, together with a crudeness and chalky colouring, deteriorate from the general effect. In many of the details of this comprehensive work there will nevertheless be found several redeeming qualities; and we are bound to add, that the spacious room in which the picture is exhibited, is ill adapted for the display of such a work: the distribution of light is unfavourable; and the necessary proximity of the spectator to the picture is, from the nature of the place, most disadvantageous to the effect intended by the artist; and which in many parts, now unproductive, would, we presume, be apparent, if the work met the eye in a situation better adapted for the scale of its unusual dimensions.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the course of the month of January will be published, by Mr. Ackermann, the first number of a quarterly Spanish Magazine, entitled *Variedades, o Mensajero de Londres*. In this miscellany every thing that can tend to excite party-spirit will be carefully avoided, in order that it may be equally adapted for circulation in Old Spain and in her late American Co-

lonies. Each number will contain about one hundred pages, royal 8vo. and twelve coloured engravings. A portrait and biographical memoir of General Bolivar will be included in the first number.

The Baron de Ferussac has announced his intention of commencing with the year 1823, at Paris, a new monthly miscellany, with the title of *Bulletin Général*

et Universel des Annonces et des Nouvelles Scientifiques. The objects of this publication are to make known all kinds of works published on the sciences properly so called; every interesting fact, of whatever nature it may be, which shall have been inserted in any periodical or daily journal; and whatever scientific news private correspondence may furnish. Connected with this undertaking, there will be a general central dépôt for the sale on commission of scientific works, at a charge of 15 per cent.

Shortly will be published, *The Naval Biography of Great Britain*; consisting of historical memoirs of those officers of the British navy who distinguished themselves during the reign of his late Majesty.

Mr. Ward, R. A. is engaged on a series of Lithographic Drawings of the most eminent *Race-Horses* of the day,

which will be published early in the present year.

The following works are announced for publication early in January:

Relics of Literature, by Stephen Collet, A. M. in 8vo. with a frontispiece of autographs of eminent characters.

The Lives of Scottish Poets, in 3 vols. with 30 portraits.

An authentic narrative, founded on fact, entitled *the Shipwrecked Lascar*, illustrated in poetic verse, by Miss Jane Taylor of Ongar.

The Noble Pilgrim, a novel, in 3 volumes, by W. Gardiner, author of "The Story of Pigou," &c.

Edward Williamson, a narrative, by the same author, in 1 vol. 12mo.

The Actress, or Countess and No Countess, a novel, in 4 vols. by the author of "Malcolm," "Douglas," &c.

Poetry.

LINES,

Written in an Album, on the infant Son of
CHARLES ASTON KEY, ESQ.

By MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

You know not how I love to gaze
Upon this dear celestial boy;
To mark the rosy smile that plays
Upon his dimpled cheek of joy.
Look on that free and noble form,
That radiant eye of laughing light,
And tell me, if it does not warm
The soul to gaze on such a sight?

Yes, infant beauty oft has caught
And charm'd my eye, and touch'd my heart;
But I have never yet seen aught
That was, sweet Harry, what thou art.
Well may thy raptur'd mother hang
And trace herself again in thee;
And then rejoice in every pang
That heralded her ecstacy.

Perchance some future hour may rise,
When o'er this Album there may stray
The roving light of Harry's eyes,
And he may linger on this lay.

Oh! then believe the heart that woke

The simple strain was warm and free;
That only what it felt it spoke,
And all this speaks it felt for thee.

THE TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

On sunward slope of distant hill
Grew wild a fragrant Rose;
The dews of eve refresh'd her bloom,
The breezes fann'd her boughs.
The daisy deck'd her round with gems,
The furze with golden bower;
A thousand blooms her site adorn'd,
Herself the only flower.

And there the nightingale at eve
Sought out her fragrant spray;
There pour'd, beneath the summer's moon,
Soft love's delightful lay.

But now the Rose in garden plac'd,
Sees only rivals nigh:
Each flower that blooms is bright as she,
Each seeks admiring eye;

And, lost amid the gaudy crowd,
Her sweets unheded blow;
The nightingale flits careless past,
Or finds a loftier bough.

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1823.

NO. II.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The interesting description of the beautiful Spar Cave in the Isle of Sky, shall appear next month. We are not without hopes of being enabled at a future time to present our readers with a view of that extraordinary natural phenomenon.

Jemima and William, and continuations of the Proceedings of the French Female Parliament and Gaelic Relics, in our next Number.

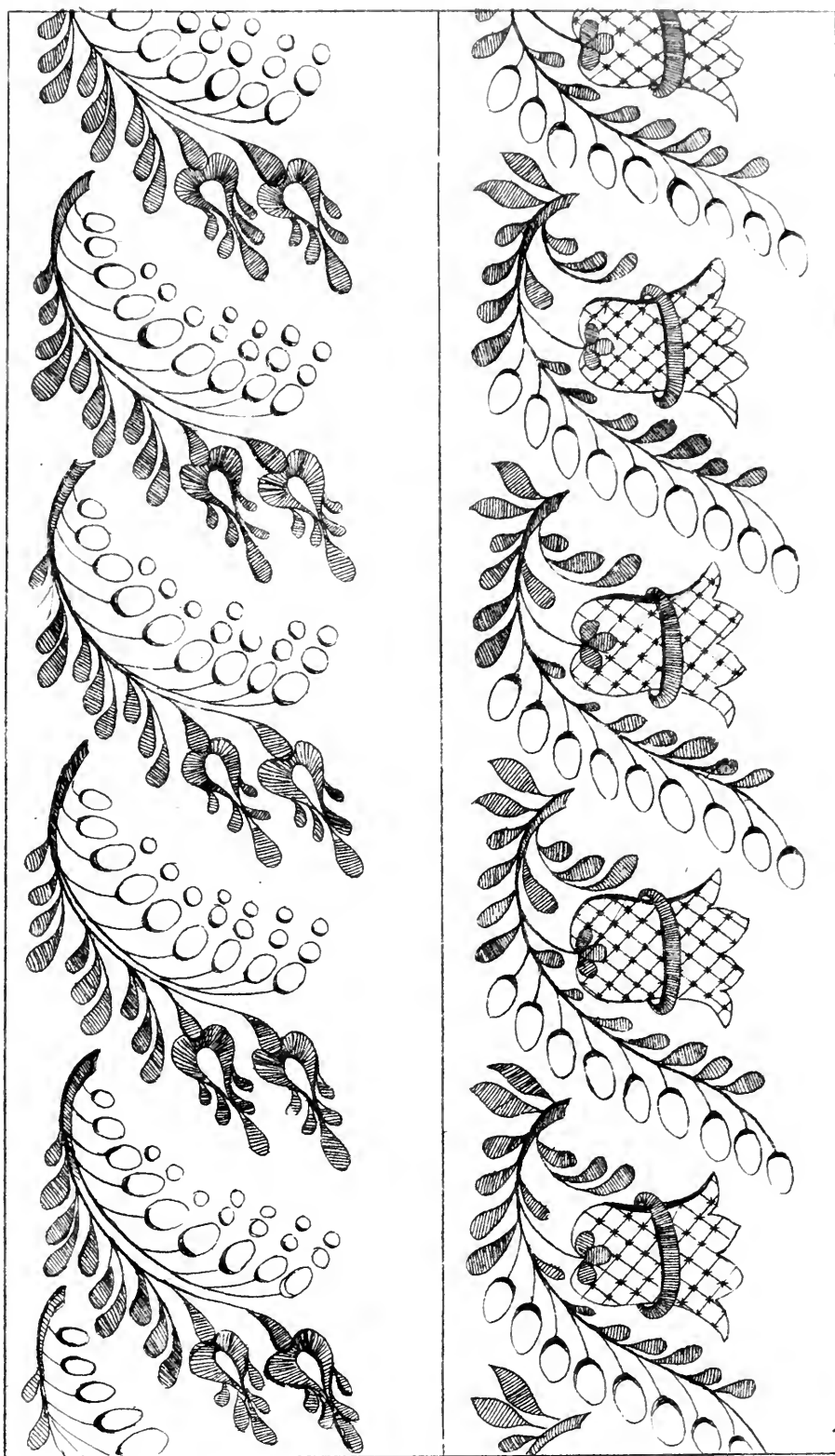
The narrative mentioned by P. S. has not reached our hands.

The GENERAL INDEX to the SECOND SERIES of the REPOSITORY, announced last month, is ready for delivery. All Subscribers who wish to avail themselves of the accommodation which this Index affords for reference, are requested to apply for it before they give out the Numbers of the Fourteenth Volume to be bound, as it may then be done up with that Volume.

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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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1823.

N^o. II.

Views of Country-Seats.

CRANBURN LODGE.

THIS edifice was erected by Richard Earl of Ranelagh, paymaster of his Majesty's forces; and in 1761, was in the possession of his granddaughter, the Countess of Coventry. It is situated on a spot in the midst of Windsor Forest, called Cranburn Park, so chosen on account of its retirement and the lovely views that it commands. Here the forest is seen sweeping to the foot of Windsor Castle, which rises majestically in the distance, combining with the town of Windsor and Eton College, and backed by the upland scenery of Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, and Surrey; a view in itself seldom equalled, and more rarely surpassed.

The building has been honoured by several noble and distinguished inhabitants, among the number of whom were, Charles Duke of St. Albans, their Royal Highnesses William Duke of Cumberland and the late Duke of York; and the Hon. George

Villiers, paymaster of his Majesty's marines, occupied it for some time.

Whilst in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland, he expended considerable sums on the improvement of the grounds and adornment of the building: the first was executed according to the formal and systematic practice of the day; and the latter in a style corresponding with the military features of his character: the chief apartments being wainscotted and in panels, they were decorated with warlike trophies and the military costume of each European nation.

A few years ago the rear of the building received considerable improvement from the able hand of the late Mr. James Wyatt: the grounds were then re-arranged nearly in their present style, and the formal stateliness of its earlier date was made to yield to native rural grace and beauty.

During some time previous to the marriage of the late Princess Charlotte, Cranburn Lodge was honoured by her residence there, and the lawn-grounds were then particularly cherished by participating in her morning attentions*. The spot is now in a very different state, as the house is not occupied by a family.

The entrance-front, as seen from the small but luxuriant shrubbery that borders the road of approach, is the subject of the annexed plate. This front has no pretensions to beauty; it is in the plain and unassuming style of houses common to the time of its erection, and no touch

* At Cranburn Lodge, her royal highness, immediately before her marriage, sat for the portrait painted by A. Chalon, Esq. R. A. and which, by her command, was so executed as to correspond with the portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, previously taken by him.

of after-improvement is distinguishable on its surface.

The second plate represents the back-front of the building: it is at this and the lawn-front that the latest improvements have been made; here the lodge has a picturesque effect, and it is well supported by the scenery in which it is situated.

The walks and rides about this spot are exceedingly beautiful. High-Standing Hill, St. Leonard's Hill, and other celebrated points of view, are in its neighbourhood; and at the distance of a mile is Cranburn Wood, remarkable as the source of Virginia Water: thence it issues, and after embellishing many delightful portions of landscape-scenery, it enters the Thames at Chertsey in Surrey, near the Earl of Portmore's Park, and about a quarter of a mile west of Weybridge Park. The domain is situated in the parish of Winkfield and county of Berks.

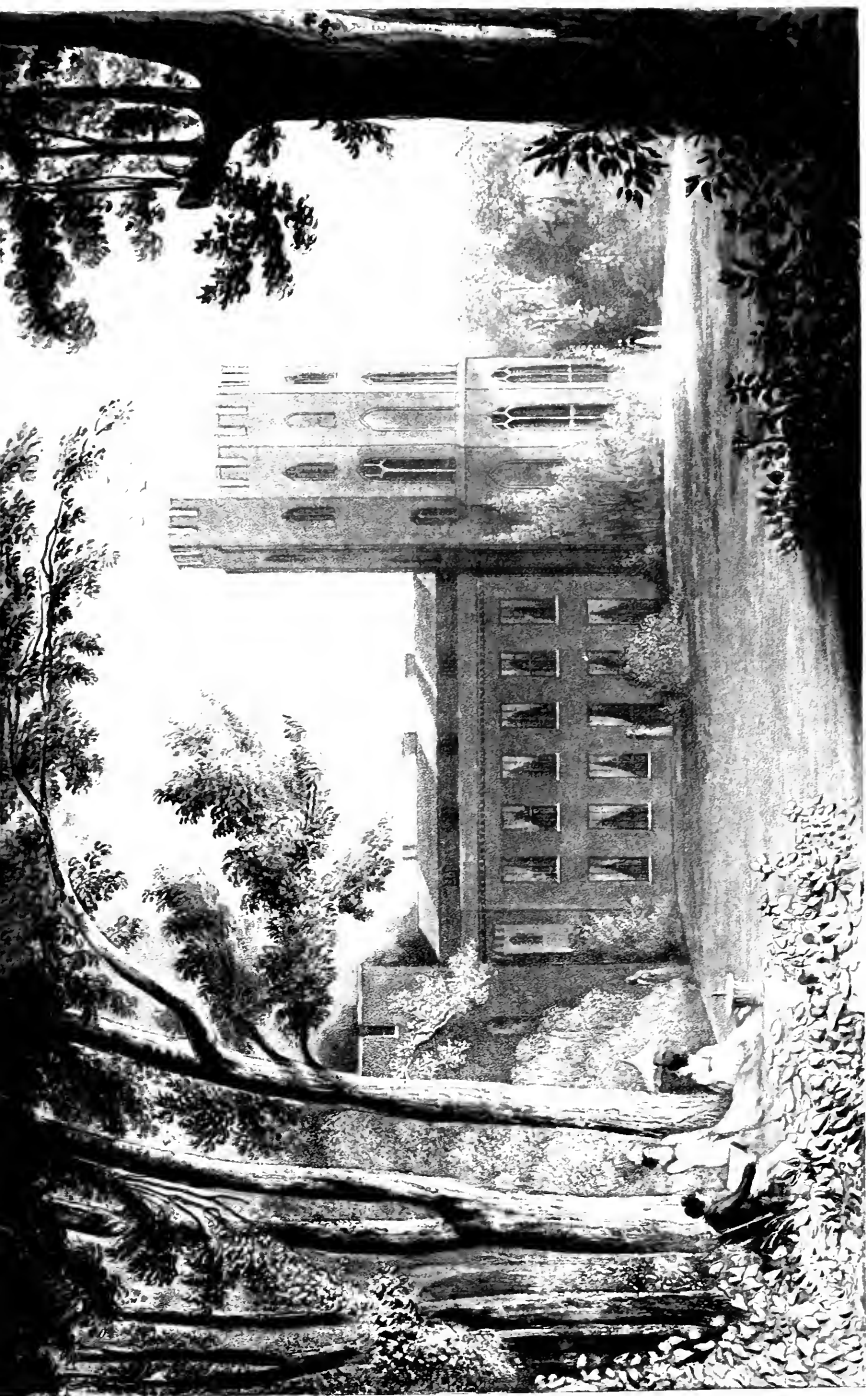
SERIOUS THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

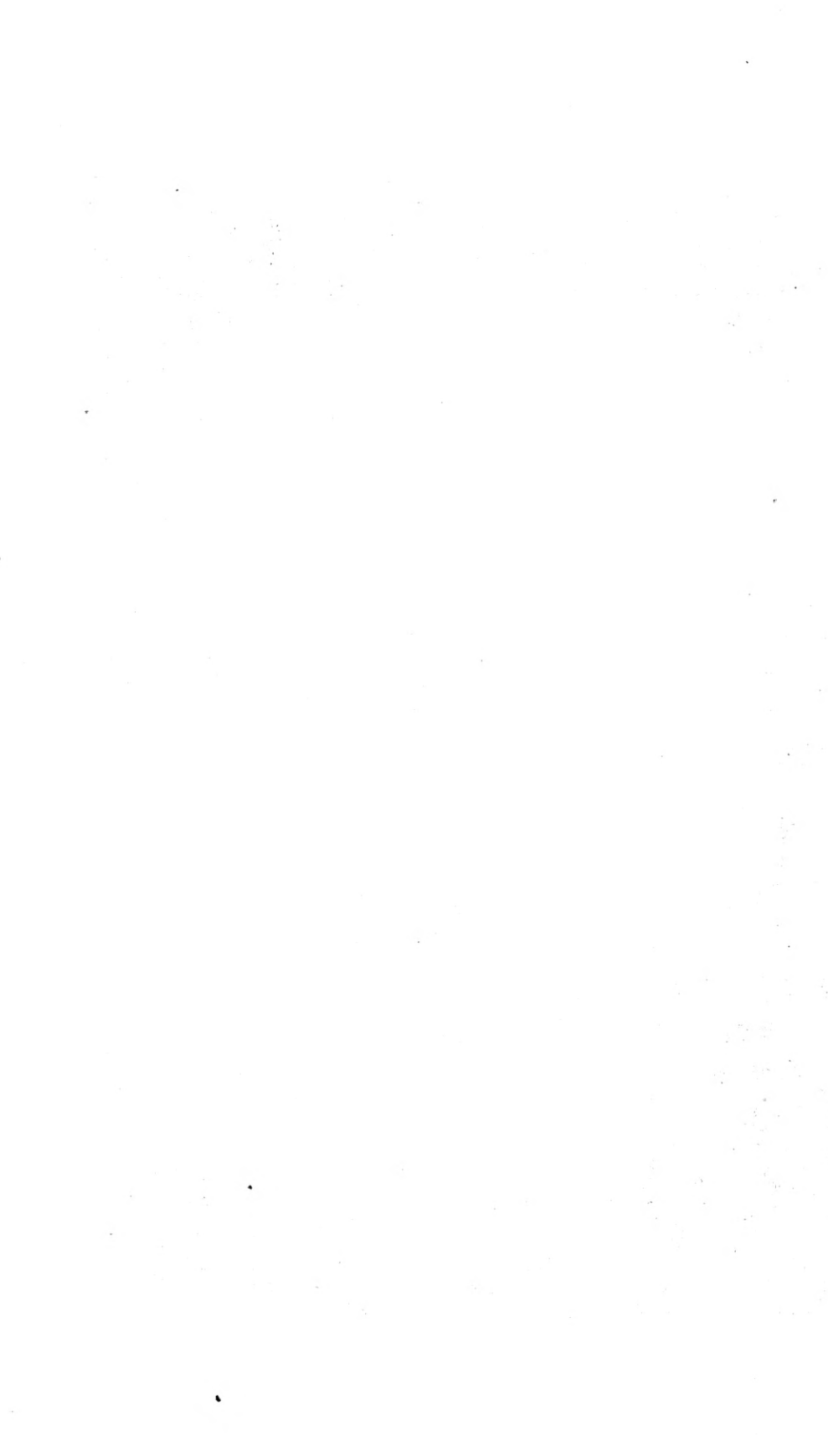
Long as Omniscience shall permit this form
To meet the coming year, reflection's pow'r
Shall guide me through life's sunshine or its storm,
Till wearied Nature seeks her final hour.

EVERY revolution of time has a tendency to produce serious thoughts in the mind, especially among those who have lived through the hey-day hours of youth, and have reached a period of life that tends to make their thoughts of a more sober nature than those which are awakened in early life: then indeed the return of every festival of our religion, and the more marked arrival of the day that commences a new year, are only known to them by the pleasures and

rejoicings attendant upon their coming. Even upon more serious occasions, youth's light-heartedness bends not to grief; for how few men are there who, upon looking back to their youthful days, cannot recollect having made a holiday of a fast-day, or even Good Friday itself?

But the commencement of the new year is a period pregnant with thought, or matter for thought, both for young and old, whether happy or unhappy: every age and nation





has marked its coming in a peculiar manner; whether that coming was in the depth of winter, as we commemorate ours, or in the more genial moments of advancing spring, as used to be the case with the nations of antiquity. A festival it always was, a period of rejoicing, and of giving and receiving gifts; and happy is it for those whose minds are sufficiently at ease to enjoy it as such, instead of being so overwhelmed with the cares and the sorrows of this life, as to feel the period only as one of keener misery: when the bells ring out—the *merry* bells as they are called—their sounds fall in bitterness on the ears of many.

Oh! at this hour, how many a tearful eye
Upturns its heavy lid in anguish'd fear!
How many a mourner heaves the bitter sigh,
As these loud tones salute the timid ear!

Another year is come! to them no joy
Is borne upon the gale that wafts these
sounds:

Dull mis'ry only can their minds employ;
Anguish and grief, that seem to know no
bounds.

Yet surely hope, the balm that heav'n bestows
On man, when heaviest sorrows press his
mind—

Oh! surely hope, with smile that fervid glows,
May bid the trembling sufferer comfort find.

Yes, *hope* is the sufferer's balm in such an hour; if not earthly hope, surely hope eternal must be in the mind: the weary, worn-out heart is *one year* nearer the heavenly consummation of its wishes; *one year* nearer to the hour that shall reunite it with the wife, the child, or friend long departed. Callous indeed must he be, who, at the beginning of a new year, does not reflect, that the short span of his life is hastening to its close; that the Almighty Being who governs that span may, in his mercy, choose to shorten it. *We know* that beyond a certain period no man's

life can extend; and we also know and see that but very few among us reach that period; an invisible hand snaps the thread of existence, and thousands fall, like leaves in early autumn, mourned over for a moment, and then forgotten! Some may say, "I am dull, I am gloomy:" let such remember, that it is good for man sometimes to court sorrowful thoughts, to *commune with his own heart and be still*.

The year that is past is now like a tale that has been told; it has been to most a period of care and anxiety, more or less; and in looking back we shall be struck very forcibly with the circumstance of so few of our undertakings in that space of time having turned out as we planned and expected: our wisest schemes have been thwarted; and things that at the first glance seemed to threaten mischief and ruin to us, have, on the contrary, turned out beneficial. Death has been busy with our friends on the one hand, but, on the other hand, friends have had children born to them; young friends have been *married and given in marriage*: it has been indeed, like all the years that have gone before it since the flood—a chequered scene. But in looking forward to the year that is just commencing, we see a blank, perhaps a dreary page—who can read it? All is dark and unknown; it is like commencing a journey through some wild country as yet unexplored; dangers may await us on every side; dangers which, if they never arrive, must yet be guarded against: new connections in life will probably be formed; old ones broken up: our fortunes may be bettered or made worse by a thousand unforeseen public or private occurrences: in the midst of many

plans to secure earthly felicity, we may be cut off in a moment; or it may be the Almighty's will, that we should remain among men for years to come. As Blair says, "Life and death, prosperity and adversity, health and sickness, joy and trouble, lie in one undistinguishable mass, where our eye can descry nothing through the obscurity that wraps them up." In a word, look at it as you will, it is a period fraught with awful uncertainty to us all.

How varied are the thoughts this hour inspires!

To him who loves it is an hour of bliss:
Though cold its gales, they fan the lover's fires,

As ice would warm by beauty's burning kiss.

It brings the time that weds him to the fair
Nearer and nearer, as the minutes fly;
Their pace seems slow to him whose only care
Is, that the day of union may be nigh.

But, ah! how different are its moments known
To him whom Crime has drawn within her pow'r!

They shew him peace, once his, for ever flown,
And nearer bring his last and dreaded hour.

No hope to him can send a cheering ray;
No smile again can lighten up his brow:
Yet he may hope for heav'n's eternal day,
If true repentance marks his moments now.

Now the lone miser, stretch'd on pallet mean,
With eye unslumbering, ponders on his gold;

Gold, that to mem'ry gives no bliss serene;
Gains, that no feeling but of shame unfold.

Yet he, as sounds of joy salute his ear,
Grasps to his heart the keys that guard his store,

Whispering to Plutus an unhallow'd pray'r,
That the new year may make his riches more.

O worst of fools! O man to reason blind!
Forgett'st thou then to heav'n to bend thy knee?

Think on this warning—'tis a warning kind—
"This night thy soul may be requir'd of thee!"

How different now the thoughts of Folly's child!

No anxious hope of gain employs his breast;
Madly he seeks each joy, each pleasure wild,
And steepes in wine neglected wisdom's vest.

He gazes only on the coming year
As it shall give his fancied joys increase;
But he will one day find a throb of fear,
And vainly woo the smile of injur'd peace.

Some breasts there are, unwarm'd with feeling's pow'r,
Who coldly listen to the new-year's peal;
With no emotion at the changing hour,
That ev'ry thinking mortal ought to feel.

Unblest are they: I envy not the man
That shuts out mild reflection's soothing sway;

Whose pow'r is sent, that he may safely scan
The passing hours of life's uncertain day.

J. M. LACEY.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN:

Written by an Officer in the French Service during the Campaign of 1810.

LETTER IV.

MADRID, DEC. 10, 1810.

AGREEABLY to my promise, which I am the better able to fulfil, as I have not received orders to join the regiment, and the wet weather has suspended my peregrinations, I sit down, after a silence of four months, to give you some account of myself

and of my abode here. But, first a word concerning our hospital, where, though long since recovered, I still continue to reside.

The royal palace of Buen Retiro, the exterior of which, with its angular towers, is not very showy, but the architecture of which is very rich within, was, immediately after the

taking of the capital, appropriated to the purpose of an hospital. The destructive hand of war has not spared whatever was most beautiful in this edifice. On the capture of the place by our troops, in the first ebullition of their fury, every thing was laid waste. The physical cabinet, filled with the choicest mechanical master-pieces, and the noble library, were either demolished, thrown away, or sold for a mere trifle: on the marble floors now lie mutilated soldiers, who often curse themselves and their fate. The once delicious gardens belonging to the palace now resemble a desolated field; the trees are cut down, and beneath the few that scarcely remind you of the former beauty of the place, men just risen from a sick-bed are creeping about, wrapped in blankets or ragged cloaks. The theatre of Buen Retiro, the back-ground of which was on a level with the gardens (an arrangement which was peculiarly favourable to the dramatic machinery, by lengthening the scene indefinitely, so that even troops could be brought into action), is likewise stripped of all its decorations, and converted into a magazine of bread. In short, every thing, which, though the Buen Retiro has not for a long time been inhabited by the royal family, was still kept in tolerable condition, is now totally destroyed: even the last vestiges that the garden yet presented were wholly effaced a few days since, when it was occupied by the park of artillery and the train. Of the many exquisite paintings and the statues of Charles V. and Philip IV. the latter only, a good likeness of the king, representing him on horseback, is now left. The once magnificent *cason*, one of the noblest rooms in the palace, with

a circular cupola, is stripped of its massive gilding, and it is not without difficulty that you may still trace upon the ceiling the beautiful fresco paintings, by Luca Giordano, allegorically representing, as I was informed, the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece; so much are they defaced by dust, dirt, and weather. Of the celebrated porcelain-manufactory* in the garden of Buen Retiro, famous for its mosaic work, not a trace is now left; and the building once occupied by it is used as stables.

Little, therefore, as there is now to attract in the famous Buen Retiro, so much the more does the eye enjoy the imposing view of the populous capital, the whole of which it overlooks, and in particular that of the busy and crowded Prado, situated just below the palace. This is the principal promenade of the inhabitants of Madrid, and was some time ago the scene of all sorts of intrigues and love-adventures. Seldom durst any one venture to appear there un-

* This manufactory was established by Charles III. and admittance to it strictly prohibited. Bourgoing, speaking of this manufactory in his *Travels*, says, "I obtained admittance one day, (in 1788) under the protection of a distinguished foreigner, in whose favour the king waved the rigid order for general exclusion, and was an eye-witness of the patience and skill with which the workmen cut small pieces of marble of different colours, and compose with them pieces which produce nearly the same effect as paintings; but possess this advantage over the latter, that in regard to colour they are imperishable, and defy the ravages of time, which does not spare the most exquisite productions of the pencil."

armed: the vicinity of the palace, the darkness, the inequality of the ground, all favoured the commission of crimes of every kind under the mantle of night—assassination itself was not uncommon. It is an obligation that modern Madrid owes to Charles III. that the Prado is now less dangerous than formerly: he caused the avenues to be cleared, and the ground to be levelled, planted with regular alleys, and adorned with fountains and statues, among which a statue of Ceres is particularly worthy of notice. Still, however, the shady walks of the Prado are not perfectly safe: here the jealousy of the Spaniards yet frequently imbrues their daggers in blood; and, above all, their hatred and malignity to us are unbounded, and have cost many of our comrades, who were not sufficiently cautious in their intercourse with these people, their lives. I had myself well nigh felt the point of a Spanish poniard, as the following adventure will shew.

In the first days of my convalescence, an extraordinary accident brought me a very interesting acquaintance, who has rendered my abode in Madrid more agreeable than I can express, and afforded me many a happy hour. I was taking advantage with one of my comrades, a convalescent like myself, of the coolness of a fine summer's evening, to saunter through the streets of Madrid and its environs. We left the Buen Retiro, passed through the Calle de Alcalá to the Plaza de Sol, took a glass of coffee* each at the celebrated coffee-house named after that place, proceeded through the Plaza de Guadalajara, past the royal palace, and then crossed the Man-

zanares by the Puente de Segovia, to the fields.

Scarcely had we walked a few steps on the pleasing banks of the Manzanares, when we suddenly heard female voices crying for help. Hastening in the direction from which the cries proceeded, we found, in a path leading to the hills, a young and an elderly lady, struggling with two Spaniards, who were dragging them away by force. We instantly drew our swords and advanced towards the ruffians, who, as soon as they saw us, took to their heels. Being now masters of the field, we hastened to the assistance of the ladies, as it was obvious how much both, and the younger in particular, exhausted by their exertions and fright, needed our support. I offered my arm to the younger, while my comrade rendered the like service to the elder; but conceive my joy and surprise on hearing myself addressed in my native language with the words, "I thank you, sir!" The discovery that she was my countrywoman gave me more courage, so that I soon ventured to make inquiries, with a view to a better acquaintance with the fair stranger, who from her appearance seemed to belong to the middling class. Putting her arm familiarly within mine, she seemed cheerfully to bestow her confidence on her new-found countryman. Before we had gone many paces I knew that she was the daughter of a wealthy painter, whom the revolution had driven with his family out of France, and who supported himself here in Madrid by the exercise of his art, and that her companion was a sister of her father's. He resided in the vicinity of the palace, and owing to his profession,

* In Spain it is customary to drink coffee and chocolate out of glasses only.

he received frequent visits from both Spaniards and foreigners of distinction, who were still more strongly attracted by the extreme loveliness of his daughter, which soon captivated me also, as I found the most exquisite beauty combined with the purest innocence. Many a young loungeur, therefore, called on the painter solely on her account, and paid more attention to her than to her father's pictures. Well acquainted with the sentiments and manners of the great world, he strove to withdraw his daughter as much as possible from the eager gaze of these butterflies; but still he could not prevent his being frequently surprised in her presence by one or another of them, who artfully contrived, by entering immediately into conversation with her, to detain her for a few moments. Francisca H—, for that was her name, nevertheless neither felt her vanity flattered by the compliments of these coxcombs, nor a partiality for any of them in her virgin bosom. She was more especially annoyed by a Signor G—, who was well known to be one of the greatest debauchees in all Madrid, with offers of valuable presents and incessant serenades under her window, though he had not so much as a single look from her to boast of. Both father and daughter were at length tired of these everlasting serenades, from which her reputation was moreover in danger; and one evening, when the enamoured Celadon was singing to his guitar the most moving of ditties, the painter sallied forth, and with an oak sapling saluted the unbidden minstrel so roughly, that he scampered away as fast as his legs would carry him. Inflamed with rage, the repulsed

signor vowed the ruin of poor Francisca, and sought by all possible means to get her into his power. All his plans, however, were frustrated through her father's vigilance and the daughter's seclusion; and it seemed as if he was tired of prosecuting an intrigue which promised so little success, as he had for some time past given them no further annoyance.

The painter, lulled by this circumstance into security, permitted his daughter to walk abroad, as she had previously been accustomed to do, in company with her aunt. Francisca had several times availed herself of this permission without being at all molested; till at length, on the day that Fortune destined me to be her deliverer, she was seized by the two ruffians, whose attack she could not ascribe to any other cause than the renewed persecutions of the vindictive Signor G—.

By the time she had finished her account we had reached the residence of the painter, who, uneasy at his daughter's longer absence than usual, was looking out for her at the door. No sooner did Francisca perceive him, than she threw herself with a loud cry of joy into his arms. The father, a venerable man with gray hair, pressed her to his bosom, and on being informed of his daughter's danger and deliverance, he cordially requested us to step in. My eye was fixed on Francisca, who, sweetly blushing, repeated the request, in which she was joined by her aunt. We entered, and I was surprised by the pictures around me, which displayed the hand of an eminent master. Francisca, knowing herself to be safe at home, developed all her amiable qualities: her highly cultivated mind, united with pro-

found sensibility, and her melodious voice accompanying the guitar, which she played most gracefully, so fascinated me, that for the moment I felt abstracted from all ruder relations, and perfectly happy by her side. My comrade himself, on whom fate had not conferred that degree of polish which I owe to it, was so prepossessed by her, that he could scarcely lend half an ear to her father, who had entered into conversation with him concerning our common country. A frugal supper, which the kind aunt soon brought in, and a bottle of excellent sherry, completed this exquisite treat. It was late before we could part from such company, and gladly accepting the father's friendly invitation to call again soon, I proceeded in silence beside my loquacious companion, whose tongue the wine served still more to loosen, along the lighted streets, towards the Buen Retiro.

My imagination was now wholly engaged with the image of the beautiful Francisca, and on the ensuing day I could scarcely wait for the hour that permitted a repetition of my visit to the painter. In the society of this excellent family, I daily felt more and more deeply interested for the girl, and my bosom was inflamed with ardent passion. Nor was I indifferent to her; I was soon blessed with a confession of her love; and thus, my friend, I am one of the happiest of mortals. God grant that we may soon have peace! and then, united with my Francisca, I shall enjoy the highest degree of human felicity. In converse with her respectable father I gained a more intimate acquaintance with his sublime art, for which, you know, I had always a strong predilection, and thus

became more capable of appreciating many a noble performance, which I found here uninjured. Thus in the enjoyment of the beauties of art, and happy in the unreserved affection of an amiable creature, all the moments that I could spare from duty passed more agreeably than ever. I frequently took walks with the whole family, but as often did Francisca and I stroll alone through the environs of Madrid and the shady alleys of the Prado. One evening we were sauntering about there, arm in arm, as Francisca was awaiting the return of her father, who had business to transact at a neighbouring house. He staid a considerable time, and it grew quite dusk before he came back and went home with his daughter. At the corner of the Calle de Alcalá I parted from them, and slowly proceeded across the Prado towards the hospital. Scarcely had I struck into a dark alley overshadowed by the lofty walls of the Buen Retiro, when I was suddenly stopped by two men with glistening poniards, who inquired, in a rough tone, where I had left the signora who had just been in my company. I was a good deal alarmed at the moment, but soon recovered myself, and without entering into any long explanation, sought my safety in flight. Probably the two scoundrels, seeing me direct my course towards the yet open gate of the Buen Retiro, durst not pursue me, for fear of the sentry continually on duty there. I was fortunate enough to reach my quarters without further molestation, and heartily rejoiced in my escape from Spanish daggers; but I determined never to go abroad in future without loaded pistols. Next day I was doubly compensated for my fright by the cordial

testimonies of sympathy which I received from the whole family; and we all coincided in the very probable conjecture, that this new attack was to be ascribed to the revenge of Signor G——, who owed me a grudge for frustrating his plans.

LETTER V.

MADRID, March 1811.

It is long since you heard from me, and now I must hasten to acquaint you with all that has happened to me worth relating during the last three months; for I have received orders to return in a week to the army, which continues to manœuvre and fight away in Portugal as well as in Spain; for which reason I cannot give you any details of its movements.

In the intercourse of love and friendship my time has passed swiftly and agreeably away, and I cannot think of the day fixed for my departure without heartfelt sorrow. Whenever I had a moment's leisure, I strolled arm in arm with my friend, the old painter, through the streets of Madrid, several of which are particularly distinguished by their extraordinary breadth, and their elegant palaces and private houses. The Calle de Alcalá, which I have already had occasion to mention, is eminently beautiful; nay, I am inclined to admit it to be superior to the finest streets in Europe; at least I have met with none, though, as you know, I have seen a very considerable part of our quarter of the globe, which, in my opinion, equals much less surpasses it. Among the multitude of churches which Madrid contains, and of which travellers are apt to conceive such lofty notions, I

Vol. I. No. II.

have met with some that are very rich and magnificent, but not one that possesses peculiar claims to notice. As to the other remarkable edifices, such as the theatres, library, and different public buildings, I can tell you very little about them; for they are either shut up, or no longer in the best condition, but, as you may easily conceive, destroyed in consequence of the war. The places of public resort, and also the hotels, are extremely splendid. With a view to make myself acquainted with the mode of proceeding at the Spanish *tables-d'hôte*, I dined one day at the Fuente de Oro, one of the most celebrated houses in Madrid, and was not a little astonished to find, in spite of all that had been told me concerning the temperance of the Spaniards, a great number of curious dishes, the prices of which, compared with the charges of Paris, were extremely moderate.

To the most considerable structures of Madrid belong incontestably the royal palace, of which I would gladly give you a particular description, were not admittance denied in these critical times to every individual, whether military or civil. The exterior is far from magnificent, forming a regular quadrangle, composed of blank walls without any ornament; on the other hand, the interior, as my friend H—— informed me, is extremely superb, and adorned with the finest paintings. Since the present king, Joseph Buonaparte, took possession of it, the environs of the palace have been greatly improved; and the hill, which was formerly to be ascended to it, has been levelled. The barracks of the king's guards, which adjoin the palace, are, if any

L

thing, more beautiful than the palace itself; and the clean state in which they are constantly kept, contributes not a little to this effect. King Joseph generally resides at La Casa del Campo, a country-house two leagues distant from Madrid. This palace is likewise a very ancient building, but the interior profusely splendid, as I could observe through some of the windows which were open. The surrounding country is delicious, and well adapted for hunting. Improvements are now making in the grounds belonging to this mansion. I must relate to you an anecdote that was told me here of the king, who, as you know, is neither a soldier nor a statesman, and cares for nothing but his personal comfort and conve-

nience. His greatest delight here consisted in dragging about the ladies of the court in neat little carriages, lined with velvet, and provided with stuffed seats, in the walks of the Casa del Campo, and upsetting them on the green turf, where the comical situations and perplexities of the dislodged dames afforded him the utmost gratification; so that he was never tired of the repetition of such tricks—a truly royal amusement!

Madrid has but few large squares, and those few are not striking. The most extensive is the *Plaza mayor*: this is not remarkable for its beauty, but merely as having been the scene of the auto-da-fés during the reign of the detestable Inquisition.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE LOITERER.

No. I.

I HAVE read somewhere, that the reader of a periodical paper must, in order to be interested in it, have a lively picture of the writer constantly before his eyes. Without discussing the truth of this opinion, it appears to me at least plausible enough to deserve a little attention; and, in conformity to it, I shall preface the paper which I intend to offer to the public, by some account of my family and myself.

I may say without boasting that I am sprung from as ancient a family as any in England: the house of Nevermove, of Loiter Hall, is, I flatter myself, too well known to need any panegyric from me. My grandfather, Sir Nathaniel Nevermove, was a model of that wisdom and placidity for which our family have always been remarkable. Two traits in his character distinguished him

particularly: he was never known to raise his voice upon any occasion, nor to do any thing in a hurry, in the whole course of his life.

Sir Nathaniel came to his estate at the age of twenty-one; but even at that early period, when other young men think only of their own personal enjoyments, my grandfather, who had the good of his country, and above all, of his family at heart, retired to his seat of Loiter Hall, and shut himself up, with a firm determination to remain there in silence and solitude, till he had hit upon some plan to restore the family fortunes, which had for a long time been in a state of decadence. He began his operations the very morning after his arrival: he rose at eight, instead of his usual hour eleven, in order to go over his grounds, and see what could be made of them: he returned in

excellent spirits, though rather fatigued, for he had actually walked more than a mile; but, as he observed, though it was a great exertion, yet it was worth while to make it for the sake of judging for himself; and he was so well satisfied with what he saw, that he was convinced, if the rest of his ground resembled it, as his steward assured him it did, his fortunes would be very easily retrieved: for, by the help of some ingenious treatises on agriculture, and plans for laying out ground, which he had taken the trouble of dipping into here and there, he saw clearly that, by entirely changing the disposition of every part of his estate, he could not fail to make it worth three times the sum it then brought him.

He assembled his tenants accordingly, and opened his intentions to them in a very handsome speech: but unfortunately these obstinate and stupid people could not be brought to enter into his views. A few of the juniors indeed scratched their heads, and declared that what his honour said, seemed monstrous fine, if they could but understand it; but the old farmers obstinately persisted in asserting, that it was morally impossible he could gain any thing by pulling up his fine orchards to make young plantations; converting his corn-fields into nurseries for exotics; or diverting the stream which turned the mill from its natural channel, to water a grove of orange-trees, which they protested would never come to any perfection.

Sir Nathaniel heard them with the most perfect placidity, and undertook to answer all their objections, provided they were urged singly; and as he was not going to begin any thing in a hurry, they would have

time enough to come to him, and talk the matter over, each at his leisure. But it unluckily happened, that though, in point of knowledge, these rustics were so much below my worthy ancestor, that there could be no sort of comparison between their arguments and his; yet they had such a degree of obstinate perseverance, and talked so loud and so long, that, to prevent his head from being split by the clamour they made, he was forced to abandon his project.

His next undertaking, and one in which he flattered himself he should meet with no obstacle, was to obtain a seat in parliament. As his name and pretensions were very well known, he thought that all he should have to do would be to present himself on the hustings, and make a speech. My readers will probably consider that this would be very little trouble, but to a man of Sir Nathaniel's habits it seemed a great deal: what then was his dismay when it was explained to him that he must canvass the borough by going from house to house, to tell lies to the men, pay compliments to the women, and perhaps embrace them and their dirty children into the bargain! Sir Nathaniel heard all this with a look of horror, and protested that he was certain there never was one of the Nevermoves, either in ancient or modern times, who had ever disgraced himself by such vulgar drudgery, and certainly he would not be the first to degrade the dignity of his house. This settled the matter: his friends assured him that he had better withdraw his name; and as that step was not attended with any great trouble, he took their advice, and gave up all thoughts of making his fortune in parliament.

I remember to have heard Sir Nathaniel say, that at this period of his life his tranquillity was terribly interrupted: he was then upwards of thirty, and it was necessary to strike a bold stroke, in order that he might, while yet in the flower of his age, enjoy the wealth which he expected would ultimately be the reward of his genius. After much meditation upon the subject, he at last determined to turn author, and to present the world with a copious history of his valiant progenitors, from the remote period of their first settling in England, down to his own times. He proposed to embellish his work with remarks upon the principal historical events which had taken place during those centuries, together with an inquiry into their causes and effects.

As it is not in a moment that a man can be supposed to determine upon an undertaking of this magnitude, the reader will not wonder that a reflecting person, such as I have described my grandfather, should take seven years, first to form his resolution, and then to collect the materials for his work. At last the important day arrived on which he was to begin it. He rose with his head full of his project; but, upon seating himself in his library, he found his spirits so agitated, that it was necessary to recruit them with a short walk: upon his return he placed himself pen in hand at his desk, and was just beginning to write the title, when he recollected that it was an old custom in the family never to commence any great undertaking without first drinking success to it. Sir Nathaniel was not a man to break through old customs, and accordingly he called for a bumper of Rhenish;

but no sooner had he swallowed it, than the lights began to play in his eyes to such a degree, that he was fain to lay down the pen, with the intention of resuming it after dinner; which he accordingly did, and actually got as far as three introductory sentences, with which he was so well satisfied, that he paused in admiration of the beauty of his style till he dropped asleep.

I shall not detail to you the farther progress, or rather no-progress of my grandfather's work: in addition to the obstacles which I have already described, and which were continually recurring, there were besides occasional visits from his neighbours, conferences with his steward; together with the daily routine of breakfasting, dining, and supping, to say nothing of his forenoon and afternoon's nap. When we look at all this, and consider the temper of Sir Nathaniel, we shall not be much surprised to find, that at the end of ten years he had got no farther than twenty pages of his first volume. He began now seriously to apprehend that he might grow old before the work was finished, and he resolved very wisely to postpone its continuance for the moment, in order to devise some other means of repairing his fortunes.

Accordingly he locked up the materials for his history, though not without a sigh (for I have heard him say, that he never enjoyed a nap so much as over his desk), and turned his thoughts to the grand question of matrimony, for the double purpose of getting an estate and an heir to it.

At about five miles distance from Loiter Hall, resided the jolly widow of an eminent cheesemonger, who had left his large fortune entirely at

her disposal: it was in truth her only attraction, for she was ugly, vulgar, and a shrew into the bargain. However, she was still young enough to have children; and Sir Nathaniel wisely determined to overlook the defects of her person and manners, and the still greater defect in his eyes of her want of ancestry, and to marry her if he could not do better. Often did the good baronet consider and reconsider the matter, and often did temptation assail him in the shape of several neighbouring *belles*, whose pure blood and pretty faces he would have preferred to the sour visage and low birth of Mrs. Parmesan; but his habit of deliberation enabled him to triumph over all the attacks of Cupid, and in little more than four years after he first formed his plan, he worked himself up to a resolution of offering the lady his hand.

Being determined to do it in a style befitting his dignity, he had his horses taken from the plough to be harnessed to the old family chariot, which underwent a thorough cleaning for the occasion; the state-liveries that had lain for twenty-five years in the great chest were darned and brushed up; and Sir Nathaniel, arrayed in the very suit which he had bought to present himself as a candidate for the borough of —, drove off in high spirits, with the agreeable certainty of being a more successful candidate for a place among the votaries of Hymen.

But, alas! in calculating all the chances of good and evil that might result from the union, my poor grandfather had forgotten the chance of the lady's refusing him: in fact, the possibility of such a thing never occurred to him, for the advantages,

as he thought, were all on her side. She was, however, of a contrary opinion; and she told him without ceremony, "that she wa'nt going to give up the comforts of Parmesan Place, where she rose master and went to bed mistress, that he might have her snug half plum to build up his crazy castle. Other folks might think it a fine thing to be called my lady, but she didn't vally a title of a farthing, unless it was the title of my lady mayoress. So seeing as how he had no time to lose, she thought it best to tell him the plain truth at once, that he might carry his hogs to another market."

My horror-struck grandfather was so stunned by the volubility with which she delivered this harangue, that he was actually unable to reply; and he got into his chariot with a look so wild and dismayed, that it was speedily whispered about, that the widow's cruelty had touched his brain. Among the number of those who heard this story with great compassion for the knight, was Miss Placid, who, though just verging upon thirty-six, was allowed by every body to be as good-humoured as if she were only sixteen. This lady had more than once directed her battery at the heart of Sir Nathaniel, but hitherto unsuccessfully, for though of good family, she had little fortune: now, however, she renewed her efforts, and so successfully, that the baronet, finding he could not accomplish the two purposes of obtaining an estate and an heir, determined to try whether he could not succeed at least in one of them: he accordingly married Miss Placid, and within a twelvemonth he was the father of a son, who he fondly flattered himself would succeed better than he

had done, in re-establishing the family fortunes.

My father inherited all Sir Nathaniel's easiness of temper, but unaccompanied by a single spark either of his genius or his ambition. I do not believe he ever formed a project in his life, except that of persuading his mother to persuade his father not to send him to college. My grandmother had the address to settle this particular to his satisfaction; and she very soon applauded herself for her wisdom in keeping him at home, when she found that Miss Petulant, a young lady, who became by the death of her father a ward of Sir Nathaniel's, was to reside at Loiter Hall. This fair damsel was the reverse of our family in temper and disposition: lively, active, and restless, Loiter Hall was to her a new world. She could not reconcile herself to the silence and stillness of every thing around her; the taciturnity of Sir Nathaniel, and the composed gravity of his lady, struck her with dismay and astonishment. She protested that the mansion was for her the cave of Trophonius, and that she should certainly die of *ennui* in less than a month; when, fortunately, she found at once employment and amusement in making love (I hope my fair readers will excuse the expression, for I really can't find another,) to my father, who was at that time a remarkably handsome young man of twenty-two. As the marriage was in a pecuniary sense highly advantageous, and the family of the Petulants was little inferior in point of antiquity to the Nevermoves, Sir Nathaniel and his lady readily came into Miss Petulant's views; and as she was not at all disposed to manage her amour in the deliberate

way that my grandfather had conducted his, she contrived in a very few weeks to become Mrs. Nevermove.

I have often heard my father say, that this was the only step which he ever took without deliberation in the course of his life, and it was also the only one of which he ever had cause heartily to repent. The concluding part of this observation he always took care to make in the absence of my mother; for I am the second son of this worthy couple, and I inherit, in some degree, both their dispositions: like my father, I am fond of ease to such a degree, that I can hardly bring myself to submit to the common observances of society, because they give me trouble; and yet I have such a portion of my mother's restless spirit, that I am always in a fidget when I have not something to do. I am now just arrived at that period which unmarried ladies and gentlemen call middle age, that is to say, I am a few years on the wrong side of fifty, and have tried more projects than my grandfather ever essayed, but was forced successively to renounce them, because they gave me too much trouble. As, however, I cannot exist without a pursuit, I am resolved to commence a periodical paper, and I hope the reasons which have induced me to undertake it, will appear as satisfactory to my readers as they are to myself.

In the first place, I am assured by several of my friends, that writing now-a-days is a very easy, gentlemanly sort of amusement; that the conductor of a periodical paper would be thought horribly pedantic if he displayed any depth of thinking, and still more so if he shewed any degree of learning: because, in

the first instance, he would probably choose subjects that would bore his readers; and in the second, they would be obliged, in order to understand him, to try to recollect all that sort of knowledge which it is the fashion to forget as fast as one can. Thus I conceive that a paper can't give me much trouble, and I am content to take a little, in the hope of gathering, like other heroes, the laurels I have not planted: in plain English, I expect to be supplied with a good deal of matter by various correspondents, who will, no doubt, in this writing age be ambitious to see themselves in print. I hereby inform those ladies and gentlemen, that my object is to pourtray life and manners, not as they are painted in novels and plays, but as we find them on the great stage of the world; that my aim will be to rally with good-humour the follies of the age, and to try to mend its morals, if I can without much trouble; and I invite all those who are willing and able to assist me in this undertaking, faithfully promising to insert whatever papers may be sent to me on morals

and manners, provided always they appear to me better written than those I could write myself. As to my own qualifications for the character of an essayist, I shall leave them to develop themselves: all that I shall now say for myself is, that circumstances oblige me to live a good deal in the world, and though I have all possible disposition to pass through it quietly, yet I am at times roused to reflection by the strange characters and odd incidents I meet with. How I may succeed in pourtraying those scenes and characters, or how far my reflections on them, when I can prevail upon myself to take the trouble of making any, may appear just, I cannot presume to say; but at least the effort shall be made, and as I have candidly stated my character, my readers will not be so unreasonable as to expect that the labours of a loiterer should either be frequent or long. Their continuance must depend upon the reception my paper meets with; for, like most idlers, I need the stimulus of approbation to induce me to go on.

NONCHALANT NEVERMOVE.

SKETCHES OF THE CONDITION AND CHARACTER OF WOMAN

Throughout the known World.

No. I.

THE most frequent cause for matrimonial discontent arises from unfounded hopes of never-abating influence on the part of one sex, and a too hasty or unrelaxing assumption of prerogative on the part of their lords. The idolizing wooer is expected to continue the same round of delighted and delighting homage to the object of his passion; and *he* is amazed and chagrined to discover some alloy of human imperfection in the amiable qualities of a being,

whom his overheated imagination had invested with superhuman excellence, and who, by his adulatory compliances, has perhaps been misled to overrate her own pretensions. The rulers of the creation have a right to admonish and controul their helpmates; and in the hands of a man of sense and right feeling, the domestic sceptre very seldom becomes an instrument of tyranny: yet, as there are no general rules without exceptions, and as wedded

pairs are sometimes "joined, not matched," by sinister inducements, we shall endeavour to assuage some secret woes to the fair, by a comparison of their less severe destiny with the wretched state of subjugation endured by women in regions the most favoured by climate and by sources of wealth. The masculine sex should be deterred from indulging an imperious temper, by observing, that in proportion as barbarism and ignorance form the characteristics of a people, their gentler counterparts are treated with merciless despotism; while the enlightened, manly, and worthy, never fail to cherish their spouses as bosom companions. Bosom slaves are peculiar to human nature, perverted by mental and moral degradation.

On the continent of Asia, and all the isles except Pellew, the religion of the country conspires with the political institutions to deprive woman of the lights of reason, and imposes as a duty the sacrifice of life and abandonment of her offspring in honour of a departed husband. The Mahometan holds the partners of his bed in close confinement, and on the slightest suspicion, a presumed offender is doomed to expiate the crime of infidelity in a watery grave. The Gentoo customs make it infamy for a wife to survive her husband. She must expire in tortures on his funeral pile, or live an outcast from society; and it amounts to certainty, that the horrible Suttee originated from a dread of female skill in concocting poisons.

It is not forty years since a rajah carried his apprehensions of this danger so far as to prohibit, under pain of death, the approach of a woman within a certain distance of his resi-

dence. How anxious must be the mind of both sexes where such distrust prevails! Let us contrast those miserable alarms with the noble intrepidity of a daughter of England, the wife of a Highlander, in behalf of her spouse. Where circumstances reflect high honour on all concerned, the concealment of names would be mistaken delicacy, and their family and friends must with pleasure observe a commemoration of their worth.

Colonel Frazer, though long in bad health, was resolved not to leave India till he obtained payment of a large sum, due to him by the rajah above-mentioned: Mrs. Frazer argued and entreated; but she only succeeded in persuading the colonel to take a sea-voyage of some weeks, to retard the progress of his disease. When he had embarked, the lady applied to his relation and long-tried friend, Major Macniel, for his assistance to extort from the Indian chief the amount he owed Colonel Frazer. In her youth Mrs. Frazer had been so distinguished for beauty of feature and personal grace, that the officers and soldiers of several regiments called her the British queen. She was now the mother of nine children; and though still lovely in the eyes of their father, her faded cheeks and pale lips subtracted from her early claims to admiration.

She set out for the rajah's abode in a covered palanquin, with several female attendants, conveyed in the same way, and she took care to reach the precincts of the rajah's abode early in the morning. Major Macniel, on horseback, preceded her with a train of soldiers, and a similar force brought up the rear. A sentinel stopped the leader. He put a

piece of gold in the man's hand, and the first access being gained, the interior posts made no objection. In the court of the palace Major Macniel addressed a personage, whose dress denoted superior station, and who, in a hesitating, alarmed manner, informed Major Macniel that the rajah was asleep, and must not be disturbed.

"Whenever he awakes," said Major M. "do not fail to let him know that Colonel Frazer's lady has come to remain in his palace with her attendants and guards, till he finds it convenient to settle her husband's claims."

A long time passed before this message received any answer. The bearer of Major Macniel's communication came with a crowd of servants, carrying a morning repast for the unwelcome guests, and an earnest entreaty for them to withdraw to a summer-retreat belonging to the prince: he was under a vow not to permit a female to breathe within the circumference of his palace, and was half distracted that his faith had been so far violated. Mrs. Frazer said no vow could be more binding than her resolution not to remove from the palace until her husband's just claims were settled, and if denied a house to cover her and her maids, they could soon erect tents, having brought materials for that purpose, and provisions to serve several weeks. She therefore declined, with thanks, the banquet intended for her and her people.

This reply brought the rajah's son with some cases of jewels, as a pledge for speedy payment of the debt. Mrs. Frazer and Major Macniel did not think them of adequate value; but after half the day had elapsed in negotiations, the rajah sent gems worth a larger amount than the sum he owed Colonel Frazer. Mrs. Frazer accepted this deposit, under the express condition that, if not redeemed by daybreak the second morning, they must be forfeited, and entirely at Colonel Frazer's disposal.

While Mrs. Frazer was engaged in the expedition to the rajah's fortress, her husband proceeded to the seacoast; but the journey occasioned a relapse of his most severe symptoms, and a medical friend, who accompanied him, advised his return. Mrs. Frazer found him at home, much enfeebled by fatigue and fever. She told him where she had been; and he expressed regret that she undertook a labour so chimerical, and which incurred danger and expense, without a hope of success.

"These baubles are all the reward of my enterprize," said Mrs. Frazer, placing several caskets on the colonel's couch. He examined the contents, while she detailed the incidents of her *lady-errantry*, as she called it. The rajah's son appeared within the stipulated time, and redeemed the precious pledges, by paying the full amount due to Colonel Frazer.

B. G.

COURT INTRIGUE DEFEATED BY FEMALE DELICACY.

BEAUTY and gladness preside over rural scenes in mountain and valley, woodland, or cultivated field, or de-

corated garden, in the latter days of June. At this joy-inspiring season, the invitation to a *fête champêtre*

M

gives hope of whatever nature bestows to delight the senses, animated by recreation, unincumbered with the multifarious forms of city etiquette. We must preface a very interesting relation of facts, by describing a *fête*, partly maritime, partly *à la campagne*, according to the simple modes of the 18th century, in a district far removed from the metropolis. It will at least afford a new sketch of inartificial pleasures; and benevolent minds may derive pure enjoyment from a proof, that no condition in life is excluded from a diversity of sincere gratifications.

Several gentlemen's families, residing so near that their barges could meet in a fine bay before six o'clock in the morning, were invited to breakfast and dinner *al fresco* on the declivity of a green-headed hill, behind a creek, sheltered by towering rocks, and celebrated in the country for a salmon-fishing of superior quality. The proprietor of this fishing was the Amphitryon of the feast, and the weather favoured his hospitable intent. The barges rowed to a plain, where the sound of pipe, music, and a level carpet of daisy-enamelled verdure, excited the young people to dance, until breakfast was announced. The tea-kettles were boiled at the fishermen's huts, and they roasted several salmon on wooden spits, which were offered as an addition to the repast. Every one accepted the boon, lest the poor fellows might be affronted; but whether the relish was conferred by morning air and exercise, or the super-excellent *arte del cuoco*, all acknowledged that no salmon was ever so nicely dressed; and from that time an annual salmon-feast was instituted: nor did the fishers ever

fail to give satisfaction in their part of the entertainment.

The company on this occasion had nearly finished their regale, when several sailors appeared, offering Dutch toys at a moderate price, and one of them, who spoke a little English, said their sloop was of Gottenburg, though the cargo was from Rotterdam. Some purchases were made; the sailors were detained to breakfast with the servants and rowers of the barges, and the conversation turned to the country of these strangers. A gentleman said to a veteran officer who sat next to him, that the sailors were obliged to Charles XII. for his liberality in taking so much of their wares. The officer said he certainly had a predilection for the countrymen of a prince, who was more a hero in self-restraint than in the command of armies. A lady asked in what the self-government of Charles XII. of Sweden was apparent, unless in sharing the hardships which an insane passion for war inflicted on his soldiery. Some of the gentlemen were heard to talk among themselves, concerning the well-known anecdote of Charles's resolute avoidance of a beautiful chambermaid, who at an inn attracted his notice. The veteran interposed, by assuring all present that he could give an instance of self-denied rectitude far more honourable to Charles; but he saw the juniors around him eager to renew the dance, and would defer his story, as a regale when we should be glad to rest under the shade of the trees, till the noon-day heat abated.

The sun, with resplendent favours, rose high in the cloudless firmament, and after dancing one little

hour, all the company withdrew to a wooded valley, irrigated by several streams, and shadowed by tall oaks, mountain-ash, and birch, waving their long arms in a gale from ranges of hills on the eastern side. The lady who did the honours of the day had procured the farmer's arm-chair from a neighbouring house: it was placed where several green mountlets and fallen trees presented seats for the auditory, and she prevailed with the veteran officer to occupy the chair, that they all might more distinctly hear his narrative; which we shall give in his own words, as nearly as the memory of almost sixty years can retain them.

"The wounds I received at the battle of Dettingen have often broken out at the time most inconvenient for me, and in 1744, the suppuration fever reduced me so low, that I could not embark for Flanders with my regiment. In some months I took a passage in a trading vessel bound for Ostend; but we were wrecked in a storm to the north of Rotterdam. The exertions I made to be of some service in this extremity, and to save my saddle and other dragoon equipments, caused a relapse of fever and discharge from my side, and I was with difficulty conveyed on board a yacht belonging to one of the owners of the unfortunate ship, who came to the spot to superintend the measures taken to recover part of the cargo. Mr. Von Oegel took me to his house at Rotterdam, procured for me every comfort and the best surgical attendance, and his own society was my most salutary cordial. He told me he was of Swiss extraction; but his mother was a Briton, to whose ample dowry he owed the foundation of his wealth, and to her

instruction and example, the attainments that procured for him a place in the magistracy of Rotterdam. Mr. Von Oegel moved in the summit of polished life; yet, whenever I could leave my bed, he devoted the evenings to amuse me. He told many anecdotes of remarkable persons, and I felt the deepest interest in his elucidation of the artifices employed by the queen-dowager of Sweden to detach her grandson from public affairs. One instance of her intrigues stamped Charles XII. as my favourite hero.

"In the end of October 1697, the master of a vessel from Rugen conducted to the house of a Swedish gentleman at Rotterdam, a figure closely wrapped up in a great-coat and furred cap. The Swede was resident partner in a mercantile concern which took consignments from Stockholm; and the stranger produced a letter of introduction, purporting that Madame Charlezal would give no trouble beyond directing her to some reputable family as a boarder, and her *pension* should be quarterly remitted by the merchant's correspondent who wrote the letter. In the dialect of Sweden, the lady informed Mr. Swardenbock, she had come ashore so early to allow time for seeking a permanent abode; but as she was much fatigued, she begged leave to repose a little, and to have her trunk sent to a bed-chamber. However, she did not go to bed; for she soon re-appeared in the elegant undress of a widow, and Mr. Swardenbock was struck by her youthful beauty and refined deportment. He had sent a note to a clergyman, whose daughters were far dispersed by marriage, and his son had a clerical charge in another pro-

vince of Holland. Both were happy to increase the domestic circle by a guest who could bring profit and pleasure. They came without delay, and the lady accompanied them to their dwelling. She had stipulated for entire seclusion in her own parlour, yet she would join the family prayers when no stranger was present. The pastor and his wife acceded to these terms, never doubting, that a lady so endowed with charms of face, person, and address, might soon overcome the sorrows of widowhood, and be as willing to exhibit her graces, as others were curious to see the fair creature, of whose attractions old Mr. Swardenbock spoke with enthusiasm. But Madame Charlezal persisted in avoiding every eye; never went out of doors except to church, and she was then covered with a long mantle, with a hood coming over the *bonne grace*, which concealed her features.

"In 1709, Madame Charlezal had a paralytic shock; her lovely countenance was distorted, and she lost the power of locomotion during several months. In 1711, she had recovered so far as to be able indefatigably to attend the worthy clergyman in his last illness. He was grand-uncle to Mr. Von Oegel, and his mother often shared with Madame Charlezal the melancholy duties of a sick-nurse. Thus an acquaintance commenced, and grew into intimacy. The clergyman's widow removed to Culemborg with one of her daughters, and Madame Charlezal became the inmate of Madame Oegel.

"About the end of 1713, it was evident that the amiable Swede could not be long an inhabitant of the earth. A nervous consumption preyed on her enfeebled frame, and op-

pressed her spirits. She had no sleep without opiates, and these drugs increased her debility. She perceived the approach of death, and said to her friend, 'The endearing attentions you have bestowed on me have a claim to the only return in my power—a disclosure of my unhappy history, so far as it is known to myself. It has been revealed to two persons only. The worthy pastor is gone to the regions of the blessed, and the survivor is far, far away. I have no recollection of my parents; no trace of a father's protecting care, nor of a mother's tenderness, dwells in my memory. My first impressions were awe and admiration of Madame Rouvaneau, who, if I happened to please her by proficiency in my studies, called me her niece; but when I incurred her rebuke, which was indeed almost every hour, she upbraided me as a beggar's brat, her purchased slave, and she treated me as the most abject of wretched beings. I cannot remember having passed a full year in one place; and I was habited sometimes as a girl, sometimes as a boy, receiving at once the education of both sexes.

"In 1697, I expected to leave Stuttgart, where we passed the winter, and I had been introduced to my aunt's visitors as a girl entering her fifteenth year. Many wondered at my size, and in compliment to Madame Rouvaneau, all were astonished at my accomplishments. One evening she desired me to dress for a splendid party she was to entertain, and said that, though to excuse my deficiencies she passed me for a girl not fifteen, I was now in my twentieth year, and must think of maintaining myself. I assured her of my

readiness to earn a livelihood in any way she was pleased to direct. She smiled, called me a dutiful niece, and bade me exert myself to console the handsome colonel who buried his wife on Thursday. The handsome colonel might have been my grandfather, and his affectation of youth made him ridiculous; yet to marry a person of rank, to have the command of magnificence, and to be exempted from abuse and blows, were temptations not to be resisted by a friendless girl. I therefore endured the fulsome adulations of the colonel, until I found he expected me to become his companion, unshackled by matrimonial engagements. Madame Rouvaneau inquired my objections to an arrangement so far above my deserts. I confessed, that when her physician took me to his house to shun the contagious fever, which so long confined her at Halle, his wife and he put books into my hands, and enforced the maxims they contained, until I was quite convinced I ought to prefer death to dishonour. Perhaps this remark bore hard on Madame Rouvaneau's conduct. In a transport of fury she beat me unmercifully; I fainted under her blows, and was several days confined to bed. When restored to health, my aunt laid two alternatives before me: compliance with the colonel's wishes; or, in male attire, to enter the service of a great personage as a page. I joyfully acceded to the last proposal. We travelled by indirect roads to Halberstadt, and at the first stage, I was transformed into a slender youth. My aunt took another name, representing herself as the widow of an English merchant, and me, her ne-

phew, as the son of a deceased Hanoverian officer.

"We proceeded to Dantzic, where I continued to learn the military exercise and the science of defence, and to renew my acquaintance with the language of Sweden. My hardest task was to fit myself for repeating with confidence and fluency a tale committed to writing by my aunt, and by which I was to give an account of myself to my employers. I was obliged to recite this fiction to her in different phrases, yet always coinciding in the main points, and at length I almost fancied I was speaking truth. Half the labour and expense misapplied in qualifying me as an impostor, might have placed me in a way to earn an honest subsistence; but I was a passive instrument, and durst not disobey. My feminine appellation had lately been Rhoda d'Elville. As a page I was destined to bear the name of Rodolph Koenclaur.

"I parted from Madame Rouvaneau with mingled emotions. She was the only human being that seemed to care for me, but I could not forget her tyranny; and though I shed tears in bidding her adieu, I felt as an emancipated slave. The glad-some feelings of liberation soon subsided, and I shuddered at the thought of detection, for I had learnt from the good physician, that false appearances always imply guilt. I was brought to a fine house at Stockholm, and closely interrogated. My examiners seemed to be satisfied, and in about an hour another person came to shew me the way to the palace. He left me alone in a hall, which I afterwards knew to be an anti-room. I was soon joined by a

young man. He asked if I was Rodolph Koendaur; and without waiting for a reply, inquired if I knew any thing of fencing. I said my name was Rodolph Koendaur, and that no Hanoverian of my age was ignorant of the science of defence. He answered by taking some foils from a recess. We were eagerly engaged, when several members of the royal household coming in, I understood my antagonist to be the young king. I fell on my knees, entreating pardon for the error of ignorance. Charles raised me, and, in a voice of kindness, said I was a brave boy, and deserved to tilt with kings. He took every opportunity of talking to me, an honour never granted to any other individual; and we fenced every morning, sometimes oftener, the king jocularly condescending to tell me, I must fight my way into his favour.

“‘It might be three weeks after I came to Sweden when I first saw the queen-dowager. She spoke most graciously, approving my behaviour hitherto, and warning me on no account to oppose any wish the king should deign to utter, for he never would brook the least contradiction. I humbly assured her majesty, I desired no greater happiness than obedience to my royal master. I spoke from my inmost soul, and felt my cheeks glow at the declaration, for then was I for the first time conscious of the danger I feared more than loss of life. Charles had won my devoted affection; but the sentiments I entertained for him were incompatible with a deviation from virtue, and the nobleness of his nature led me to abhor myself for wearing a disguise. I never had known kindness until I experienced all encouragements to familiar friendship from

this exalted person; and he seemed to prefer my comfort to his own favourite pursuits. He delighted in violent exercises; yet if he observed in me a symptom of fatigue, whether in going through military evolutions, riding, walking, or fencing, he insisted on our taking some rest. In those intervals he called me his *He-phæstion*, and bade me call him *Alexander*, and at times he expressed his surprise at my reserve. I ascribed it to profound respect; but his majesty said he wanted not respect, he had enough of it elsewhere, and from me he desired unconstrained friendship. I could only assure him, that I would hold my life as nothing compared to zeal for his service.

“‘I might have been happy, if dread of detection had not held me in continual alarm. My dormitory communicated with the king's bed-chamber. It was my duty to awake him at a certain hour, and having overslept myself one morning, he gently roused me, and I started up in affright. He soothed my terror with the kindest expressions, and seeing I had only laid aside my jacket before I went to bed, he said I was right to inure myself to the hardships of war, and he hoped to make me a field-marshal. At that moment I was almost impelled to throw myself at his feet and confess my imposture, but my courage failed.

“‘It may be supposed I became more vigilant, indeed my eyes seldom closed after midnight; but incessant anxiety destroyed my health. Charles noticed the change in my appearance, and when the cold season approached, had a couch for me put up in his own chamber: but this indulgence was the climax of my misery. I

passed one night on that couch in wakeful agonies of spirit, stimulating all my powers to make the tremendous confession of daring to come into the king's presence in disguise. I awoke him. He instantly observed my haggard looks, said I was ill, and would have summoned physicians, if I had not implored him first to hear me. On my knees I told him my unhappy story, and did not venture to raise my eyes to the king; but his voice was greatly agitated in bidding me rise. 'Poor girl,' he said, 'you are no more than a tool of'—he checked himself, and only added, 'I forgive you, on condition that your disclosure shall go no further. Go to Count Piper, and wait my orders; but make no communication to him. You know my hand-writing, and I shall send you instructions.'

"I left the room more dead than alive. In the afternoon I received a sealed packet, in which was inclosed a key, and a few lines, directing me to go on board of a ship, muffled up, and on arriving at Rotterdam, I should have only to change my dress, and deliver a letter to Mr. Swardenbock. The letter and a sum of money were sent in the packet. I punctually obeyed the injunctions of my royal benefactor; and, alas! I have felt that in separating from him, I bade adieu to happiness. His image has been continually before my eyes; and, O God! I am a sinful wretch, that mingled human passion with the most sacred offices of religion. I was bred a Catholic, and abjured that profession because the king of Sweden was a Lutheran: yet I humbly trust, I was ultimately a sincere convert to the reformed faith,

and on its doctrines I rest my eternal hopes.

"My heart exulted in the victories of Charles. I need not say how excruciating have been my sympathies in his sad reverses. You see the effects, and they will ere long bring me to the grave. My last prayer shall be for him that forbore to take advantage of my weakness. He banished from his sight an object the most dear to him, lest he should plunge her in ruin, and give a triumph to the usurper of his rights. I learnt from the pastor, that soon after my departure he assumed the reins of government, and the command of his armies. Amidst all his cares, he secured the regular payment of my pension; and, under Providence, I honour him as my deliverer from temporal and eternal misery. When I am no more, you will find in my trunk the boy's dress I wore in the service of my generous royal master, and the anonymous note he sent me after my dismissal. Let them, and the sword I received from his hand, be laid in the coffin with me. I have now done with the world, and give all my thoughts to the blessed Creator.' Madame Charlezal lived two months after this communication to Madame Oegel, who faithfully executed her last request."

The veteran officer appealed to his auditory whether the victory of Charles XII. over his most ardent inclinations, was not a more noble achievement than the defeat of the Muscovites at Narva. His soldiers participated in the glory of his battles; but the separation from Rhoda was an act of fortitude all his own, and far transcending the sacrifices made by the illustrious Roman.

Scipio was captivated by the charms of Panthea; but he knew her heart to be devoted to another, and had no experience of her fascinations as a companion. Charles, at the moment when Rhoda acknowledged her real character, must at one glance have discerned the excess of attachment

that occasioned her reserved behaviour, and he found her an associate with whom his soul could entirely assimilate; yet he would not be tempted to degrade her, and to involve himself in the chains of voluptuousness.

THE RING OF HALLWYL:

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

(Continued from p. 42.)

RUDOLPH of Habsburg, who was destined in the following year, as Emperor of Germany, to become the founder of the most powerful sovereign house in the western world, then held his court in the castle of Lenzburg. Being informed by one of his knights of the events which had taken place at Hallwyl, he sent his page, Egbert's brother, Petermann of Mülinen, to invite the travellers to pass the night at his castle. The knights gratefully accepted the unexpected invitation, which caused the heart of the timid Clementina to throb vehemently.

The count received the whole company in the great hall of his castle, kissed the lady respectfully on the forehead, and presenting her to his consort, the highly honoured Gertrude, familiarly observed, that God had not created such a charming damsel for a nunnery, but to confer happiness on some brave and worthy knight. He then welcomed the well-known warriors in his usual cordial and jovial manner; and while the glass was merrily circulated by the count and his party, the countess by her kindness and condescension won the entire confidence of Clementina.

The young lady spoke to her frankly of her dependent and uncertain situation, and requested her intercession with her husband, that he would be pleased to procure the restitution of a small patrimony at Winterthur, which had long been unjustly withheld from her by powerful enemies of her family. The princess promised to comply with her request, and offered her the appointment of one of her ladies of honour; but Clementina declined this proposal, for fear, as she alleged, of hurting the feelings of her generous protector; but probably also from another motive, of which she might not herself be aware.

Egbert had sent forward one of his attendants to his castle, to acquaint his sister with the unexpected coming of his lovely companion; and a few hours after the knights and the fair Clementina had taken leave of their illustrious entertainers at Lenzburg, and expressed due acknowledgments to the knights who had escorted them thus far, they were received with loud congratulations by the cheerful Bertha, who had wished for nothing so ardently as a companion of her own sex and age.

Neither of the ladies had yet enjoyed opportunities of cultivating the friendship of their equals, and this new sentiment gained with the greater ease entire possession of their hearts in a few days. They became inseparable, dividing between them, like sisters, all the domestic duties and the education of the younger orphans.

Meanwhile the rumour that Walter of Hallwyl was still living daily gained ground, and acquired more and more probability. Egbert, faithful to the promise he had given his friend, absented himself as much as possible from Mülinen, in order to avoid the fair Clementina. He attended his liege lord, the Count of Habsburg, in the frequent feuds in which he was engaged, and on his return home from them, the chase was his constant amusement; or, under pretext of superintending his labourers, he passed whole days in the fields, and would even guide the plough with his own hand for many successive hours.

It was only on those days when he was visited by the lord of Wildegg, that Egbert appeared less pensive and gloomy; for the seneschal was the confidant of his most secret thoughts, and his sympathy and friendly exhortations poured balm into his wounded heart.

The marshal of Rapperschwyl, the other friend of the family, also served to break the monotony which pervaded the castle. The two ladies were delighted with his poetic reveries; but Egbert was frequently obliged to defend him against the humorous and sarcastic sallies of the lively Bertha. When Bertha and Clementina were left alone, they

beguiled the time with conversation while spinning together, or embroidering a new doublet or a scarf for the beloved Egbert; or they instructed the children, attended to the domestic concerns, and fed the poultry and pigeons in the castle-yard.

In fine weather they strolled with the children through the neighbouring oak-forest, sometimes seeking blackberries, at others Roman antiquities. They frequently resorted to the ruins of an ancient temple, where a pious hermit, an old friend of the family, had constructed a cell. The peasants of the adjacent country venerated him as a saint; and the two young ladies often conversed with him on the disappointments and mishaps of this mortal life, and the never-ceasing joys of futurity. After these conversations, Clementina, who was disposed to melancholy, returned home more cheerful, and the frolicsome Bertha more serious and thoughtful.

One fine autumn day, when Egbert had been hunting with his friend the seneschal, he was slowly returning about sun-set from Brunegg to his castle, armed, according to the custom of hunters at that period, only with sword and spear. Two attendants, with spears, were each leading a couple of hounds, and the knight was talking over with them the sport of the day. In this manner they had nearly reached the hill on which the castle of Mülinen is seated, when they all at once heard a loud clashing of arms in the neighbouring forest. Egbert spurred his steed, and followed by his page, galloped towards the spot from which the noise proceeded.

Here they soon perceived two

horsemen armed at all points, valiantly defending themselves against eight assailants, one of whom at that moment fell dead on the ground. At the sight of Egbert, the combatants paused a moment; and the most stately of the seven, who appeared to be their leader, rose to meet him, saying, "Interfere not in our quarrel: my companions and myself have orders from the count, our master, to bring him these two murderers, alive or dead." Egbert, in an authoritative tone, replied, "Sheathe thy sword, thou varlet! Ye are in my territory and jurisdiction; and to whom justice is due, justice shall be done."—"Oho!" rejoined the stranger—"then thou art Mülinen!"—and immediately made a violent blow at Egbert, which he partly avoided, but which, nevertheless, severely wounded his left shoulder. Mülinen, with nervous and practised hand, thrust his spear through the visor of the assassin, who fell dead at his feet. With the swiftness of lightning he then flew with his page to the aid of the two strangers, and the conflict was immediately renewed with the utmost fury. But as Egbert and his page had no armour, and the two, whose cause they espoused, had already received several wounds, superior numbers would have triumphed, had not Egbert's huntsmen on foot come up with their dogs, which they slipped at the assailants, whose horses they frightened by their barking and biting.

At this moment the sword of the valiant Egbert extended another of the murderers on the ground; upon which the remaining five betook themselves to flight. Egbert immediately sprang from his steed, and approached the unknown knight,

who was just sinking insensible from his horse. "Who is thy master?" cried Egbert to his squire, who likewise hastened up to his assistance.—"We have travelled a great way," answered the latter, "to die here. It is the Baron of Hallwyl."—"Gracious heaven! my friend Walter!" exclaimed Mülinen, throwing himself down beside him, and loosing his battered helmet.—"My deliverer! my Egbert!" rejoined Hallwyl, in a voice scarcely audible, and extending his bloody hand to grasp that of his friend.

Night had meanwhile come on, and Mülinen and his attendants bound up in the best manner they were able the wounds of the unfortunate Hallwyl, and conveyed him, expiring as they thought, on a bier composed of branches of trees, to the castle. They were soon met by some of the servants, whom the ladies, alarmed by the noise in the forest, and the late absence of Egbert, had sent armed, and provided with torches, to look for him.

Egbert then hastened forward, and finding his sister and Clementina waiting anxiously for him at the castle-gate, he announced to them the arrival of a friend, who was severely wounded. "Is it the senechal?" cried Bertha.—"No, the long-lost Hallwyl," answered Egbert; and Clementina, on hearing these words of the knight, must have sunk, had she not supported herself upon Bertha's arm.

The train with the wounded Walter, who was quite insensible, soon reached the castle-yard. The knight was carried carefully to the best chamber, and put to bed. Egbert consigned him to the care of his sister, who was famous throughout all

the country for her skill in leechcraft, and the treatment of the sick. She washed and bound up the knight's deep and dangerous wounds; on which Egbert conducted her to the squire, who was also severely wounded, and to whom she paid the like attentions. He then threw off the cloak in which he had wrapped himself, and shewing her the wound in his shoulder, said, with a smile, "Now, my dear Bertha, it is my turn to require the exercise of thy wondrous skill"—and Bertha, while the big tears trickled from her eyes, again performed for him her healing office.

During the whole night the two friends alternately visited their patients, and next morning, when Bertha removed the bandages from Walter's wounds, it fortunately appeared that none of them was mortal, and that his swoon had been solely occasioned by the great loss of blood. It was not till then that Egbert remarked how much his friend was altered in look by his travels in the East. Hardship and the burning sun had wasted his cheeks, and embrowned his once blooming complexion; while a scar on his face contributed to disfigure him, so that no one who had known him would have recognised him at first sight.

The news of his return, and of the murderous attack made upon him, meanwhile spread rapidly over all the surrounding country. The seneschal hastened to welcome him, and he was soon followed by Arnold of Reinach and Hartmann of Wessenberg, two knights of the environs, who had learned the profession of arms with Walter at the court of the Count of Habsburg.

Through the skill and attention

of his lovely doctress, Hallwyl was soon sufficiently recovered to be able to gratify the curiosity of his friends respecting his adventures. He related to them that he had returned with Ulrich of Erlach from the East, and travelled through Italy and across Mount St. Gothard to Lucern, where he parted from his friend. There too he was informed of the death of his father, and of the occupation of all his estates by the monks of Cap-pel. He then deemed it most advisable to proceed with his faithful squire to his friend Egbert at Mü-linen: in hopes, however, of obtaining more intelligence respecting his affairs, he imprudently determined to visit Hallwyl, but sought to disguise himself at Lucern, by exchanging his own armour for an ordinary suit. Thus equipped, he alighted at a farm-house in front of his father's castle; but having soon remarked an extraordinary movement of men and horses in the castle-yard, he set out without delay for Lenzburg, where he stopped a few hours to rest the weary horses. Having arrived towards evening in the vicinity of Mü-linen, he saw a well-dressed man standing in the road, and on asking him whether the lord was at his castle, he replied, that Mülinen was hunting with some friends in the contiguous forest. Hereupon he rode unsuspectingly towards the forest, accompanied by the stranger; but no sooner had he entered it, than he was attacked by eight armed men, and he must have perished, with his squire, had not Egbert come up in time to their rescue.

After hearing this account, the knights assembled at Mülinen consulted what had best be done in Walter's business; and after much

discussion, it was resolved, that the seneschal and Reinach should proceed forthwith to Cappel, with Hallwyl's half of the ring, and demand in their friend's name the restitution of his possessions. Accordingly, on the following morning, the three knights set out, taking with them on purpose a numerous and brilliant retinue.

On reaching the convent they soon perceived that their arrival had been anticipated, for they were received with extraordinary demonstrations of honour, and conducted into the great hall of the abbey, where they found the whole fraternity assembled. The seneschal stepped forward with solemn dignity, and explained his errand. "These two valiant knights," said he, "representatives of the most ancient and noble houses of Aargau, are charged with me, in the name of Walter of Hallwyl, their friend and companion in arms, who has returned from the Holy Sepulchre to his native land, but now lies grievously wounded by the hands of assassins at Mulinen, to bring his greeting to the reverend the abbot of this house, and formally and solemnly to demand of him in love, restitution of the possessions seized by the convent in the belief of his death."

"I am rejoiced beyond measure," replied the abbot to the knights, "to learn that the son of the great benefactor of this house is, contrary to the general conviction, still living; and though I have been informed that the stranger who has arrived at Mulinen bears very little resemblance to the young knight, still I am ready, in case he can prove his identity, by producing the half of his father's ring, not only to restore to him all his patrimonial posses-

sions, but also to account to him for all the revenues derived from them up to the present time."

The two young knights were delighted with this liberal behaviour of the abbot; but the seneschal, a man of more experience, could not wholly trust to appearances. He drew Hallwyl's portion of the ring from his bosom; and the abbot commanded the other half, which was kept in the treasury of the convent, to be brought. A friar presently returned with a casket sealed with old Walter's seal. The abbot delivered it into the hands of one of the younger knights, and requested him to break the seal. The casket was opened, the half of the ring taken out, and held to the other, but, behold! the two parts had no resemblance to each other, and did not match at all. A general silence pervaded the hall, and astonishment and indignation were expressed in the faces of the knights. The seneschal cast a penetrating and contemptuous look at the abbot, who stood by with an air of deep devotion, folded hands, and downcast eyes, but yet could not wholly suppress a rising smile of malicious joy.

At length the abbot broke silence, and said, "he was sincerely sorry that knights so renowned for understanding should be the dupes of a shameless impostor; and he hoped to God that, as the matter was now decided, his holy house and its saints would be left in peaceable possession of their legitimate rights."—"My lord abbot," replied the seneschal, "a wicked spirit has been engaged in this business. A wicked spirit suborned murderers to dispatch my friend. May the Almighty punish the guilty, whosoever he or they be,

and procure justice for him to whom justice is due!"

The knights then withdrew in silent indignation, and all the monks attended them with low obeisances to their steeds; but as they rode away, their ears were assailed by peals of laughter set up by the crafty

friars, and they involuntarily clapped their hands to their trusty swords. It is impossible to describe the rage of Hallwyl and his friend Egbert, when the deputies on their return related the scandalous farce performed before them at the abbey.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ODDITIES AND ABSURDITIES IN LANGUAGE, &c.

WHAT a variety of expressions in our language are open to the charge of absurdity in one way or other; and yet they have been used for ages probably, and will, as probably, continue to be so used to the end of time. A lady says to her husband, whom she thinks not such good company as he might be, "*Come*, leave off reading, my dear." How can the man *come*? He is there already. You meet a friend, and ask after his health: he tells you that he *enjoys* a very bad state of health: now certainly a man who can *enjoy* such an evil, is more to be envied than the monarch on his throne. You dine with another friend, who, by way of giving you a pretty notion of some particular dish or dishes—a turkey and chine perhaps—seriously assures you that *nothing* is better: now I am such a plain old-fashioned fellow, as to deem the aforesaid dishes much *better than nothing*. You are continually advised to *take care* of your cold; when it would be much better to get rid of your cold, and *take care* of your health. An old lady of my acquaintance is perpetually inquiring of her maid Betty if *the kettle boils*: she is upwards of seventy, and surely ought to have known before her time of life, that though *water* may boil, a *kettle* never can. A jolly topper is frequently said to *take off* his

glass: nonsense, a man may take off his hat or his coat, but *take off a glass*—pshaw! Your good old dames of the Lady Bountiful breed, who can cure every thing, from the toothache to the tertian ague, are continually recommending to you some delicious medicine or other, of which you are to take so many *spoonfuls*—instead of *spoonsfull**. At a frumpish tea-party, you are bored with one, saying, "I'll take another *dish*, Mrs. Pattypan;" or, "Do let me send you *half a cup* more, Mrs. Fizzig." A *dish* of tea—a good deep pie-dish, I suppose—and *half a cup*! What have the cups done that they must be broken in twain to accommodate Mrs. Fizzig? At night there are divers inquiries made, to know whether the bed is *turned down*; when, in point of fact, it is the *bed-clothes* only that are meant. A person unable to quit his bed from illness, is said to *keep it*: in some cases a man had better *part with his bed*,

* Has not our correspondent's eagerness to censure the sex in this instance *run away* with his better judgment? An over-zealous advocate sometimes endeavours to prove too much. A little reconsideration of this point will convince the writer, that the prescription of the good old dames he speaks of is strictly correct, and that his amendment must of course *fall to the ground*.—EDITOR.

if health could be so restored, than *keep it* in this way. A very bustling, active, able, and willing young woman is called *notable*: whereas, if you ask a feeble worn-out creature to do any thing, she tells you, in the very same letters, only dividing them, that she is *not able*: and so again, any person or thing is said to be *in-firm* that is excessively weak; while a post driven in the ground, or a holdfast into a wall, is also said to be *in firm*. There is scarcely a door in London that is not *answered*, as the servants call it, many times a-day; and yet who ever heard of a door that *asked questions*? To *cut* any thing, it is generally understood you should have a sharp instrument: you may cut corn, or hay, or your finger; but to do any of these you must have a sickle, a scythe, or a knife: yet the feeblest and most *nervous* lady in the land can *cut* cards with her fair fingers without any difficulty. Here again is another queer word—*nervous*: a man's language is said to be fine and *nervous*—a blacksmith's arm is said to be *nervous*—and a poor hypped lady is said to be *nervous*! You are said to *break a window*, when, in all probability, a *pane of glass* only is broken. If a riot takes place, the *civil* power is called out to suppress it, who use their *battens* of office so freely upon the heads of the refractory, that if you were to ask *them* what they thought, they would say the *gemmen* were any thing but *civil*. Many persons are

in the habit of calling an untruth, telling a *story*; but surely there is many a pretty story that ought not to be stigmatized as a *lie*. *Lamps* are said to be *lighted*, when, in truth, it is only the wick, or the more modern stream of gas. If you are in the country, and inquire the way, you will possibly be told that the road *runs* through such a place and such a place: now, we have heard of *running* horses, and *running* footmen, and *running* streams; but who ever heard of a *running* road? Again, we talk of *dressing* a joint of meat: a lady indeed may be *dressed* either well or ill, but I apprehend a joint must be *cooked*. Another absurdity of cookery is, that in your Dutch oven you *roast* potatoes, and *bake* pies and puddings. We talk sometimes of *calling a coach*, which said coach it is quite clear could never hear us: however, as the coachman *answers for it*, that is all very well. The ostlers in town and country are continually *watering their horses*: you may *water* a plant, or *water* the road, and if you were to sprinkle a horse, you might call it *watering* him; but what is generally meant by the phrase in question is, to give a horse *drink*.

Many more oddities of this sort might be strung together, but I think I must have already tired the patience of my readers, and shall therefore conclude.

J. M. LACEY.

WORKS OF THE LATE ANTONIO CANOVA.

IN the biographical account of this eminent artist in our last Number, we mentioned our intention of giving an enumeration of his princi-

pal performances, with a statement of the places where they are at present deposited. They are as follows: *Psyche*, standing up, holding a

butterfly by its wings, which is resting on her hands. This is a graceful figure, of the size of life. Canova, speaking of this statue, observed, it was one of the sins of his youth. A lady, equally celebrated for her beauty, her benevolence, and her wit, immediately answered: "*Canova, questi non sono peccati mortali.*"

Venus and Adonis, engraved by Bertini, and to be seen at Naples. This most beautiful of all his works, now in the palace of the Marchese Berio at Naples, was finished at the age of thirty-six. It far surpasses the *Mars and Venus* which was executed for his present Majesty, and was intended to represent Peace and War, but is not sufficiently chaste or severe for such a subject. The expression is too voluptuous; a fault, by the way, with which the works of this great artist are sometimes chargeable: yet it is a beautiful group, and if considered merely as *Venus* hanging on the god of war, this expression is appropriate and faultless.

Mary Magdalen, a statue of a diminutive size, but one of the most celebrated of the sculptor's works. It is the property of Mons. Sommariva, and adorns the noble mansion he possesses in Paris.

Cupid and Psyche, standing up. This group was to be seen at Malmaison. Canova executed a copy for the Emperor of Russia.

Perseus holding up the Head of Medusa, which he has just cut off. This statue was dedicated to the Chevalier Joseph Bosio, a Milanese painter, who purchased it. It afterwards became the property of Pope Pius VII.

Ferdinand King of Naples, in a Roman dress, his helmet on his head,

his figure partially enveloped in a large mantle, which covers his left shoulder and arm. This figure measures in height seventeen palms.

Cressas and Damoxenus, champions. These two statues are placed in the museum of the Vatican.

Hebe pouring out Nectar. This statue belongs to the Emperor of Russia.

Hercules piercing Lycas. This colossal group is to be seen at Rome in the mansion of the banker Torlonia, Duke of Branciana.

Napoleon holding the Sceptre. This statue the chances of war have made the property of the Duke of Wellington.

Mausoleum of Maria-Christina Archduchess of Austria. This is one of the most masterly of Canova's works: it is placed in the church of the Augustines at Vienna.

Napoleon's Mother, an imitation of Agrippina seated, which is seen at the Capitol. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire.

Venus Victrix. The goddess is represented in a recumbent posture, holding the apple. When the English nobleman to whom it is dedicated beheld this statue, he persuaded the artist to undertake that of a *Nymph*, also lying, but in a different attitude. Canova did so, and the *Nymph* is now the property of George IV. It is worthy of remark, that *Venus Victrix* is represented with the features of Paulina Bonaparte, Princess Borghese.

Venus coming out of the Bath. The character and attitude of the head are nearly the same as that of the *Venus de Medicis*. This figure is well known by the common but wretched casts of it, which a little

time since were carried about our streets by itinerant artists. It would have made an excellent Musidora:

So stands the statue that enchants the world;
So, bending, tries to veil the matchless boast.

Theseus, Conqueror of the Centaurs. A colossal group, formed of two blocks, or more properly rocks of marble. It was destined for the city of Milan.

The three Graces. This group is no less remarkable for the graceful forms of the heads and faces, than for the elegance of the figures, and the suppleness imparted to their movements. It belongs to George the Fourth.

Religion, crowned and radiated, holding a cross and shield, upon which are seen, in relievo, the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. Canova had offered this statue to the pope, in testimony of his gratitude. Difficulties, however, having arisen with respect to the place best calculated to receive it, the artist sold all the property he possessed in the Roman states, retired to his own country, and there deposited his statue in the church erected by him, as mentioned in our last Number.

Mars and Venus, before spoken of.

Peace and the Graces, a group, which belongs to his Majesty.

Hector, bearing a naked sword.

Ajax, grasping his sword.

St. John Baptist, as a child.

Polyhymnia, seated.

Terpsichore.

Peace, winged, trampling on a serpent; in her right hand she holds the olive-branch, in her left a sceptre. This statue belongs to Count Romanzoff.

Concord, under the features of the Empress Maria Louisa. She is seated, holding a sceptre and a disk.

Piety, veiled, her hands joined, but only at the extremity of the fingers.

Gentleness, the figure of a woman seated.

A second figure of the same character, representing Leopoldina Esterhazy Lichtenstein.

A Dancer, a female leaning against the trunk of a tree.

Paris holding the Apple.

These two last-mentioned statues were to be seen at Malmaison: they now belong to the Emperor of Russia.

Two Dancers, females, one bearing cymbals, the other a crown.

Washington. This statue is destined for the Senate-House at Washington. Canova has dedicated it "*à la grande nation Américaine*."

Besides the mausoleum already mentioned, Canova executed one for the Marchesa de Santa Rosa. This tomb, which was constructed by the desire of that lady for her daughter, too soon became their common sepulchre, as the following simple but affecting epitaph testifies: *Mater infelicissima filiae et sibi*—(The most unhappy of mothers, to her daughter and to herself.) He also executed the tomb of Alfieri, in which Italy is seen weeping over the ashes of this eminent writer; and the tomb of Volpato, in which he represents himself bewailing the loss of his friend; those of Count Souza, ambassador from Portugal to the court of Rome, of Frederic Prince of Orange, and a cenotaph erected to the memory of Giovanni Fallieri, a Venetian senator; and, to conclude, the model of a mausoleum for Lord Nelson. Canova also executed a bust of himself, of colossal proportions, and a horse, intended for the equestrian statue of Napoleon. C.

THE LOVERS OF MERAN.

(By a recent Traveller.)

MERAN was formerly the capital of the Tyrol, and is situated near the conflux of the Passer and the Adige. It is a pretty trading town, and owes the regularity of its buildings to the frequent inundations to which it is liable.

When I was at Meran I was deeply interested by the history of a young female, whose melancholy fate was sincerely deplored by all the inhabitants of the place. Cecilia von W——, who belonged to a noble family, lived in retirement, from her early youth, at a delightful country-seat at the foot of Mount Tschegel. Born with an ardent soul, and an imagination which the beauty of the country contributed still more to exalt, nothing around her had power sufficient to captivate her heart. She was naturally disposed to meditation, and study became her favourite pursuit. Her mind was early adorned with those acquirements which were calculated to heighten its native elevation. At length she took no delight but in seclusion, so that when her parents went to Meran, she would stay behind. Every thing seemed to encourage this disposition, and to strengthen the profound melancholy of her soul. During the heat of the day, she would retire to a grotto not far from her residence, since called by the Tyrolese *Cecilia-höhle*, or Cecilia's grotto. Here, giving the reins to her imagination, she cultivated a taste for poetry, and, as I have been assured, with great success.

Thus did Cecilia happily pass her days, adored by her family, and re-

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spected by the peasants, who looked upon her as a saint; for with the honest Tyrolese to read and to pray are nearly one and the same thing. Her wishes never wandered beyond the stream that bounded the patrimonial possessions. This calm, however, was but apparent: Cecilia, endowed with a lively imagination, could not long retain that peace of mind, which is but too soon disturbed by the passions.

Lorenzo de M——, a young gentleman of one of the first families of Florence, was travelling for the purpose of gaining information, and proceeding to Germany, with a view to visit the most celebrated of its universities. On his way thither, he resolved to see the Tyrol, and came to Meran, where he had letters of recommendation to Cecilia's family, by which he was kindly received. A dangerous illness detained him for some time at their house; and during his long convalescence, the merits of that young lady made a deep impression upon him. So delightful did he find the society of this amiable girl, that he looked forward with dread to the complete re-establishment of his health. The idea of quitting her made him shudder. Lorenzo meanwhile devised a thousand pretexts to obtain opportunities of seeing her. Before he opened his heart to her, he resolved to acquaint his parents with his new plans, not conceiving it possible that they would oppose his felicity. Do not our passions always blind us to every thing that is likely to thwart our wishes? Thus two persons of elevated minds

abandoned themselves to the most delicious impulse of nature, and could not disguise from themselves the pleasure they experienced in the company of each other. Though the word *love* had never escaped their lips, their hearts were secretly bound by mutual vows, which a first passion always renders sacred to us.

In the intoxication of love, Lorenzo forgot his travels, when a letter from his affectionate mother informed him that his father was dangerously ill, and required his presence. What a trial for a dutiful son! He was obliged to leave Cecilia. Lorenzo had well nigh sunk under his grief, but his beloved promised to write to him, and this idea moderated the bitterness of his regret. On reaching home, he found his mother in the deepest affliction. The physicians gave no hopes of his father's life; and another still more fatal circumstance wrung his heart. He learned that his brother had fallen in a duel, and, O heaven! by the hand of Cecilia's brother! Overwhelmed with distress, Lorenzo could never think of her but with pain. The idea of his expiring brother racked his soul; and yet Cecilia's image was ever present to his thoughts. Love at length triumphed, and Lorenzo felt that he could not without injustice accuse Cecilia of the murder of a beloved brother.

When he had become more calm, he determined to write to his mistress. He expressed in energetic language the extreme pain occasioned by the death of so near and dear a relative. He did not conceal from her the name of his brother's murderer. This letter was a thunderbolt to the too sensible Cecilia. Gloomy presentiments took posses-

sion of her soul; and though endowed with a superior mind, she could never afterwards dislodge them. She feigned, however, in her answers, a tranquillity which she did not possess, and thus concealed from her lover the pangs that racked her tender bosom.

The illness of Lorenzo's father assumed a less alarming character, and he owed to the zeal and the affectionate attentions of his son his restoration to health. Lorenzo threw himself into the arms of his parent, whose life he had been instrumental in preserving. Availing himself of this moment of emotion, the count endeavoured to obtain from him a promise, that he would take a signal vengeance on the murderer of his brother. For the first time in his life, he ventured to disobey an inflexible father. He represented to him that Baron W—— had only acted as a man of honour, and that he could not attempt his life, without degrading himself into a base assassin. The count pushed away his son with indignation. "Coward," cried he, "it is not my blood that circulates in thy veins! I ask for revenge, not advice. Thy brother is dead, and the man by whose hand he fell still lives. I have nothing more to say to thee." Exhausted with the vehemence of his passion, the count sunk down insensible. Lorenzo was again filled with apprehension for his life; but his attentions at length recovered the old man. On coming to himself, the count was astonished to find himself in the arms of a son on whom he had just bestowed his malediction. He thrust him away, and commanded him to retire.

The suspicions of the father be-

ing excited by Lorenzo's hesitation, he strove to discover the reason of his disobedience. His emissaries informed him, that young Lorenzo, during his residence at Meran, had become enamoured of the sister of the young baron whose death he so ardently desired. Incensed by this intelligence, he resolved to marry his son without delay, and thus to separate him for ever from the object of his love. He cast his eyes on the daughter of the Duchess de M——, of one of the first families in Florence. He solicited her hand, which was readily granted.

Having made sure of this point, the count sent for his son, and told him, that in a week he was to be the husband of the young duchess. Those who have ever loved may form some conception of the effect produced by this intimation on the unfortunate Lorenzo. He was too well acquainted with the temper of his father, not to dread its violence: he durst not therefore oppose any open resistance. He represented to him, in the most respectful terms, that such a proposal required some consideration, and he hoped he would have the goodness to allow him time to think about it. "All I have to say to you is, that the marriage shall take place in a week," was the only reply of the inflexible count.

Young Lorenzo sought to profit by this short respite to appease his father, but in vain. During this interval, he wrote to Cecilia, and communicated to her his despair. He would have fled; but being continually watched, he could no longer act as he pleased. Dissembling the chagrin which preyed upon him, he affected an air of serenity, in order to

excite the less mistrust of his design. He sent off a trusty friend with his most valuable effects, with instructions to wait for him at Roveredo. His next care was to devise the means of escape. With a view to facilitate his plans, he feigned compliance with his father's wishes, and the young duchess did not fail to ascribe the change observable in him to the power of her charms. Thus does our silly vanity refer every thing to ourselves.

The wedding-day meanwhile approached, and Lorenzo had not yet formed any fixed plan. In this state of things, he opened his mind to a friend, who had been the companion of his boyhood, and implored him to furnish him with the means of escape. It was not without great difficulty that he obtained from Manazzo a promise of assistance. His friend, at parting, told him he might rely on him, and bade him be ready at the first signal.

Next day the two families met: from the numerous preparations, a spectator would have imagined that a more auspicious match could not have been concluded. Lorenzo, however, was on the rack; he knew not how to extricate himself from his wretched situation. A prey to cruel suspense, he was reduced to despair, when a note from Manazzo revived his hopes. "Walk away with the young lady," said he, "from the rest of the company into the alleys of the park, and when you are near the gate that opens into the road leading to the Tyrol, try to give her the slip." Lorenzo had some difficulty to prevail on the young duchess to accompany him. She agreed, however, to take a stroll in the park; when they had reached the end of

it, he left her on some frivolous pretext, requesting her to wait for him a few moments. He had taken the precaution to carry with him the key of the park-gate, and when once beyond its limits, he sprung upon a horse brought thither for him by the faithful Manazzo, and hastened to Roveredo, where he found his friend waiting for him.

His intended bride, finding that he did not return, at length lost her patience, and went back to the mansion, where the parents of both parties were waiting for the young couple. What was her astonishment on learning that Lorenzo had not been there! The rage of the old count was at its height, when he was assured that his son had quitted Florence. He formed a thousand plans for his apprehension; but he was still too much agitated to think of putting any of them in execution. The time passed away, and Lorenzo was soon out of his reach. Before he arrived at Meran, he wrote to inform Cecilia of his flight. He frankly acquainted her with the excessive tyranny of his father, and unreservedly offered her his hand.

This precipitate departure alarmed Cecilia: she was filled with apprehension on account of her lover, and in the simplicity of her heart besought him to write to his father, and to solicit his forgiveness. How ignorant was she of the character of the count! This letter only served to render him more inflexible.

Cecilia was anxious to learn the sentiments of her parents: full of confidence in the tenderness of her mother, she confessed to her that young Lorenzo had won her heart. Her mother did not dissemble the obstacles she was likely to experience

in persuading her father to consent to the match; but, swayed by affection for a daughter who contributed so much to the happiness of her life, she promised to endeavour to render him favourable to her wishes.

Lorenzo meanwhile remained concealed at Meran, avoiding every thing that was likely to lead to a discovery of his retreat. His precautions, however, were vain. By dint of researches, his father found him out, and immediately set about the work of vengeance. He resolved to wreak it on the unfortunate Cecilia, under the idea of punishing the more severely a son whom he considered as degenerate. The history of Florence presents many examples of a vengeance as cruel as that to which the old count had recourse; but the manners of modern Italy seem to be somewhat improved in this particular. Young Lorenzo enjoyed perfect tranquillity in his seclusion.—Wholly engaged with Cecilia, he read her letters, as he was obliged to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her. The affectionate girl at length found means to move her father, who consented to her union with Lorenzo. She heard with tears of joy these words from the lips of a parent whom she fondly venerated: “Be happy, my dear Cecilia! this is the only wish of my heart.” She carried this intelligence herself to her lover, who immediately went and threw himself at the feet of her father and mother: intoxicated with happiness, he knew not how to express his gratitude to the new parents by whom he was adopted. But how transient are our joys! how short-lived our felicity! Too soon were these ill-fated lovers convinced of this truth.

Cecilia's parents agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated without parade. This resolution, indeed, was taken chiefly in accordance with her own wish. She was afraid lest the indignation of the old count might be still more strongly excited, if too much publicity were given to the matter. There seemed to be no farther impediment to the happiness of the lovers: Heaven, however, had decreed otherwise. The day before that fixed for the wedding, Cecilia was seized with alarming symptoms. The physicians declared, that they could not speak decidedly concerning the probable issue of a disorder, the progress of which was so rapid. Those who were fetched from Botzen attributed her illness to poison: they endeavoured to counteract its effects, but it was too late.

Lorenzo never quitted his beloved Cecilia, to whom he administered all the remedies calculated to ease her pains. Tranquil on the bed of death, this excellent young woman, amidst all her pangs, strove to comfort her sorrowing father and lover. But Lorenzo's heart sunk within him, when he heard the words, "It is all over with Cecilia—she is poisoned."—"What hand," he exclaimed, "could wreak its fury on this angel of peace? Could it be—O God, forgive the thought!—could it be my father? But no—of what crime can he accuse Cecilia? Was it in her power to prevent my loving her? Horrible idea! the beloved of my soul is snatched from me, and perhaps by the hand of a father! Wretched son that I am, to be thus obliged to accuse him who gave me life! O father! to me no longer such, for thou hast broken the ties which bound me to thee—come, bar-

barous and cruel as thou art, triumph in thy work, and feast thyself on the sight of the expiring wife of my heart!"

Thus did Lorenzo give vent to his despair; nor did he enjoy a moment's composure but beside the bed on which his Cecilia was extended. "Alas!" said he, "since fate has decreed that I should survive thee, I will at least be thy husband before we part. This bond shall render my attachment to thee still more durable if possible, and shall render thy loss a source of the more inexhaustible regret."—"What, my friend," replied she, "wouldst thou make a nuptial robe of my winding-sheet? and wouldst thou have me vow everlasting love to thee, at the moment when my spirit is entering the presence of its Creator?"—"O Cecilia, grant the last request of thy unfortunate lover, and be assured, that of all the afflictions which overwhelm me, the most terrible is that of surviving thee!"

Before Cecilia complied with the desire of her dear Lorenzo, she extorted from him a promise, that he would never seek to revenge her death. "Deplore my fate," said she, "but do not render it more dreadful by accusing ——" With these unfinished words she expired; evincing, that to her very last breath the virulence of the poison had not been able to disturb the serenity of her soul.

Lorenzo continued to reside at Meran. The family of the unfortunate Cecilia was the whole world to him. Consumed by grief, he nevertheless strove to assume a placid countenance, to avoid distressing the hearts of her parents. His sorrow was too violent to allow him long to survive her. He lived in this state

a year, without complaining, and ever mindful of the promise he had given to the dying Cecilia. Twelve months had elapsed from the period of her decease, when he became the victim of his grief. His last word was for Cecilia, and his last sigh for his God.

The same tomb contains the re-

mains of the ill-fated lovers, who were not destined to be united but in death. The affection of their parents has raised a monument to their memory, and a pathetic inscription tells their misfortunes to the traveller, who knows not what destiny may be reserved for himself.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

It is frequently forgotten by the candid world, that no man can be equally able in all things; and that he whose life has been enthusiastically devoted to one pursuit, must be comparatively ignorant of every other. It sometimes indeed happens that people who ought to know much better, are betrayed into this vulgar mistake. I once heard a person of extensive literary attainments and great eloquence, avow his surprise at finding that an eminent artist could not utter his opinions with fluency; not recollecting, that the painter's language, a language in which the individual alluded to expresses himself with admirable force and facility, is that of the pencil.

Further than this, an inexhaustible source of mirth to the shallow and unreflecting exists in the inferior dexterity frequently manifested by men of the highest and most cultivated intellectual powers in the bargains and contests in which they are occasionally engaged with persons of ordinary capacity and acquirements. Abstruse studies undoubtedly disqualify those who are absorbed in them for the considerations of every-day occurrences, which are familiar to him who has never elevated

his contemplations beyond them. A profound algebraist, or a subtle metaphysician, always stands an excellent chance of being cheated in the purchase of a horse, or of paying twice as much as he ought to pay for the rent of a dwelling. But, however we may censure the knavery of the one party, the confiding simplicity of the other is no fit subject for ridicule.

Out of these errors another has grown, of an inveterate nature, which seems to be widely entertained, and which is certainly of very pernicious tendency. It appears to be a pretty general persuasion, that invariably in proportion to the obliquity is the perspicuity of a man's mental vision; that in the case of two persons, on a footing in other respects, of equal talents and information, the advantage is uniformly on the side of the one who has a touch of the picaroon about him. This is not the fact. When a man of honourable feeling, in consequence of the situation in which he happens to be placed, is constantly engaged in a busy intercourse with the world, he acquires as much shrewdness as the veriest sharper that ever scuttled through Change Alley, or lounged in St.

James's-street; although he will certainly employ that quality for defence alone, and not for assault.

Such a man is my old friend and schoolfellow Dick Gorget. From boyhood Dick has always been a fine, brave, open-hearted, lively, gentlemanly fellow; with little inclination to pore on books, but strongly disposed to study human nature; and never permitting the unpleasant discoveries to which that disposition sometimes leads, to sour the benevolence, or pervert the rectitude of his original character. At an early period of life an uncle presented him with a pair of colours. Engaged in all the brilliant actions of the Peninsular war, he gradually fought his way up to the command of a company. When the victory of Toulouse for a time closed the long career of glory in this quarter of the world, Dick embarked for America, and in the unfortunate conflict at New-Orleans behaved with such gallantry, that, on his return to England, a majority was conferred upon him, without his having been subjected to the humiliation of soliciting it.

There are few pleasanter companions than Major Gorget. The extraordinary variety of incidents which have befallen him during his military experience, have furnished him with an inexhaustible stock of interesting anecdotes, which he relates with singular vivacity. Dick has himself no talent for writing; but a most entertaining volume might speedily be compiled from his conversation. That, however, which seems peculiarly to distinguish him, and which I have often remarked with admiration, is the tact which he evinces in his commerce with general society. In per-

petual collision as he has for many years been with human beings of every rank and description, and accustomed by his professional habits to unwearied vigilance, and to imperturbable self-possession, nothing can embarrass him, or throw him off his guard; or if by chance he is even for a moment apparently overreached, he recovers himself with surprising quickness, and discomfits his antagonist, however wily. Of this expertness many instances occur to my recollection, from which I select the following, for the amusement of the readers of the *Repository*.

A small patrimony, aided by his half-pay, enables Dick to keep a gig; which, besides the social gratification that it affords him in the occasional accommodation of his friends, is personally serviceable at times when the shooting of an old wound received at Vittoria would render a long equestrian excursion painful. In this gig of his, Dick and I, on a fine evening in last autumn, were leisurely descending Shooter's Hill. What inhabitant of the metropolis or its neighbourhood has not enjoyed the delightful prospect which thence presents itself? The noble military academy in the fore-ground; the magnificent hospital of Greenwich, with its undulating and well-wooded park, in the middle distance; the majestic and splendid Thames, studded with vessels of every size and nation, enriching the whole scene, and conducting the eye in serpentine wanderings to the horizon, the long-continued line of which is broken only by the grand though hazy forms of the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the other faintly discernible features of the wide-spreading city. To confess the truth,

however, these picturesque beauties were not, at the moment to which I allude, the subject of admiration to my friend Dick and myself; for he was very busy in explaining to me in what way, if the Observatory were a fortress which he was ordered to attack, he would attempt the enterprise. Dick had just planted an imaginary field-piece on One-Tree Hill, and was about to open a tremendous cannonade on the poor unsuspecting astronomer-royal, when a vehicle, elegantly called a buggy, which had been rattling after us for some minutes, endeavoured to pass. By the unskilfulness of the driver, his wheel got entangled with ours. The shock threw both the horses on their knees, and we were all precipitated into the road. Fortunately no bodily injury was sustained by any of the party, man or beast, but one of our shafts was snapped in two.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Dick to the owner of the buggy, as soon as he had shaken off the dust with which his summerset had covered him, "this is a very pleasant affair. Of course you will pay for the repair of my gig."—"I don't see that I am called upon to do that," replied the other; "it was an accident. My horse was frightened by a scoundrel of a postillion at the door of the What-d'ye-call-it tavern above, and became unmanageable." Dick looked at the animal, whose quiet deportment completely belied his master's double calumny. "Come, come, my friend," he rejoined, "that cock won't fight. The least you can do is to replace my broken shaft, and on that I insist."—"There is something in Major Gorget's countenance when he 'insists,' which convinces

even an ordinary observer, that the word is not vaguely or unadvisedly used. This something caught the knight of the buggy's eye, and he changed his tone.—"Why, sir, if you think I ought—how much do you think it will be?—do you think it will come to a sovereign?"—"I really cannot guess," answered Dick; "I imagine to something more: but as I neither want to make any thing by you, nor will allow you to make any thing by me, if you will let me have your address, I will send you the coachmaker's bill when the job is completed." To this proposition, after a short demur, during which he cast another glance at the veteran's firm though tranquil visage, the hero of the buggy consented, and gave Dick a card, which the latter put in his pocket. Accustomed to expedients of all sorts, Dick soon contrived, by the help of a small cord that we obtained at a neighbouring cottage, so to splice the shattered shaft as to enable us to return to town in safety.

About a fortnight afterwards, the gig having been properly mended, and the bill, amounting to about five and forty shillings, having been regularly made out by the major's desire, he proposed, as I had witnessed the early part of the transaction, that I should accompany him with the said bill to the person by whom it was to be discharged. "I might send it," added Dick, "but I have some suspicion of the chap, and I like to meet an enemy face to face."

The address on the card was, "Mr. Mandamus, solicitor, 46, King's Bench Walk, Temple." As we were walking thither, Dick expressed his surprise that a lawyer had so easily

relinquished the point in dispute; observing, that Mr. Mandamus might have put him to a considerable expense, without incurring much himself. In this and other conversation the time passed until we reached Mr. Mandamus's chambers. On inquiring of a dapper clerk who opened the door, we were told that his principal was at home, and were ushered into a neat office, where we were almost immediately joined by a little old man, with green spectacles, whom neither of us had ever before beheld. After an interchange of the usual courtesies, "I wish to see Mr. Mandamus," said Major Gorget.—"My name is Mandamus," replied the host.—"But you are not the person I want. It is some other gentleman of that name—perhaps your brother."—"There is nobody else of the name of Mandamus in the Inn, and I have no brother."

The truth flashed on Major Gorget. He perceived that he had been imposed upon. It occurred to him, however, that the person who had thus tricked him might be an acquaintance of the solicitor's, whose card he happened to have about him, and had used in the deception. But it also occurred to him, that if he disclosed the purpose of his visit, he might effectually seal up Mr. Mandamus's lips, and fail in obtaining the information that was necessary to defeat the stratagem which had hitherto been so successfully played off. All this, as Dick afterwards told me, passed through his mind with the rapidity of an electric spark, although his features did not betray the least emotion. He as promptly decided what course to take; and the dialogue, which had

not suffered any sensible interruption, thus proceeded:

"There must be some mistake. This card was given to me by a very pleasant gentlemanly man, with whom my friend here and myself cracked a bottle a few days ago at Blackheath, and with whom we are very desirous of cultivating an acquaintance. At parting, he and I exchanged cards; but we had all of us a good deal of wine aboard, and I dare say he unintentionally gave me your card instead of his own. May be you know him?"—"What sort of person was he?"—"Tall and thin."—"Does he squint?"—"Yes."—"Has he a large reddish nose?"—"He has; and dark hair, with prodigious whiskers."—"It must be Jack Sly; I understand he has a country lodging in that neighbourhood."—"Jack Sly, was it? He's a fine fellow."—"Yes, a very droll dog."—"O! uncommonly droll. He entertained my friend and me amazingly. Can you tell us where he lives in town?"—"At No. 33, Incognito-row."—"Sir, I feel much indebted to you."

This last speech of Dick's was followed by a bow so profound, and a smile so humorous, that Mr. Mandamus evidently began to suspect that he had committed either himself or his friend Sly. However, it was too late to retract. Indeed we did not give him an opportunity to make the attempt; but, quitting his chambers, hurried, in a very chuckling mood, to the place to which he had directed us. A female servant informed us that Mr. Sly was within; and on entering a parlour, there sure enough was our man, seated by a table, and reading what appeared to

me, from the topsy-turvy view which I had of the book, to be *The Newgate Calendar*. On seeing us he started and grew pale, with the exception of his pimpled proboscis, which, maintaining its rubicundity, afforded a striking contrast to the ghastliness of the rest of his countenance. He soon, however, recovered his composure, and affected to treat the whole matter as a joke. Dick made no other reply than presenting the coachmaker's bill, and advancing into more distinct view a tough rattan which he grasped in his right hand. Again did Mr. Sly steal a peep at the major's face, and observing the same calm and inflex-

ible determination which appalled him on their first interview, he went to his bureau for his purse, and doled out the required sum with a reluctance which manifestly yielded only to the hopelessness of resistance.

Dick, although not a little elated by his success, had too much generosity to triumph over a fallen foe. He merely therefore, as we left the room, coolly addressed these words to the chopfallen buggy-driver:—"Friend Sly, when next thou attemptest this sort of thing, let me advise thee not to try the experiment upon an old soldier."

W. H. W.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

DURING the last occupation of Vienna by the French, an officer of that nation, a man equally amiable and brave, happened to be quartered at the house of Baron von ——. The baron had a charming daughter, who was scarcely eighteen. The young soldier, who had frequent opportunities of seeing this lady, was soon captivated by her beauty, and was solicitous to awaken in her bosom similar sentiments in regard to himself. All his attempts proved fruitless; the virtue of the young lady long triumphed over all that his vehement passion could suggest.

At length, at the very moment when, despairing of success, he was writing a last letter to the lovely girl, he received a note, intimating that she would give him a meeting. The difficulty was, how to accomplish this purpose, and to elude the vigilance of parents equally affectionate and suspicious. Many plans were formed, but all ended in disappointment.

What, however, cannot love effect? Taking advantage of a ball, to which the young baron was going, the lovers agreed to meet at midnight in his chamber.

No obstacle prevented the execution of this design: the time passed swiftly away, and when the baron returned home, they had not yet quitted the place of rendezvous. As her brother came up to his room without a candle, the lady, equally light and nimble, slipped away unperceived. The officer, being less lucky, hid himself for the moment in an adjoining closet, from which he could watch all the motions of the baron.

The latter, after lighting a taper, took up his pistols, which he carefully loaded, having an affair of honour to settle the following day. This preparation of the pistols at an hour when the baron might naturally have been expected to think of nothing but retiring to rest, alarmed the

Frenchman. Not doubting the baron was aware that there was some one in his apartment, he seized a mattress, and enveloping himself in it, advanced directly upon him. With a vigorous arm, he grappled him in such a manner as to throw him down, and to upset the table on which the light was placed.

As soon as the baron was extended on the floor, the officer decamped with all possible expedition, and retreated to his own chamber. Astonished and petrified, as it were, at not being able to discover by what means he had been overthrown, the baron at length rose, and though somewhat stunned by his fall, relighted his candle, called his servants, awoke all about him, and could not recover from his astonishment at not finding any person in his room. He awoke his parents, ascertained that no door had been forced or opened; and, puzzled how to account for the adventure, he came at last to the chamber of the officer, whom he found fast asleep. Having roused him, he related to him what had happened. The Frenchman, feigning utter ignorance of the matter, insisted on seeking the scoundrel who had played his dear friend the baron such a scurvy trick, and declared that if he was not discovered, it was for want of a proper search. Accordingly search was again made throughout the whole house, but to as little purpose as before.

It was now clear that the devil himself, or some malicious spirit at least, was concerned, and as there was reason to apprehend that he might take a fancy to repeat his tricks, the apartment was forsaken, and not a creature in the house durst afterwards set foot in it. It is said,

that the lovers, who alone were in the secret, continued to hold in it their private interviews, which for the future were not disturbed: but their happiness was not destined to be of long duration.

Honour summoned the young officer to the field, where he distinguished himself on that day, the memory of which will long be preserved in the annals of France, and which also wrung floods of bitter tears from the inhabitants of Vienna, who, from their steeples, beheld the flower of their youth combating and perishing for the independence of their country.

If this situation was most painful and deplorable for the generality of the people of the Austrian capital, how much more cruel must it have been for the young baroness, who had a brother in one of the hostile armies and a lover in the other! What wishes could she form, and what prayers could she address to heaven? Equally unfortunate, let victory declare for which side soever it would, she awaited in silence the termination of a conflict that could not fail to be disastrous to her.

Next morning, she was overwhelmed by the intelligence of the death both of a brother whom she adored, and of a lover to whom she had sacrificed what was a thousand times dearer than life itself. Unable to bear up under this double calamity, she lost her reason, and incessantly repeated a name, which she had never before confessed but to her own heart. Her strength and health gradually declined, and after lingering two years in a state of unexampled imbecility both of body and mind, the hand of death put a period to her sufferings.

ANCIENT VESSEL.

UNDER this name the hulk of an old vessel is now exhibiting in the Waterloo-bridge road, which has lately excited in the county of Kent the attention of several naval architects. If the accounts lately published respecting this vessel be true, she was discovered ten feet below the earth's surface, in a field adjoining the bank of an old branch of the river Rother, at Matham, in Kent. When some planks first projected through the soil, they were taken to be the remains of an old sheep washing-tank, but eventually was exposed the hulk of a vessel, 63 feet 8 inches long, and 15 feet broad. She appears to have been single-masted, with a round stern, flat-floored, and without a keel. She had two cabins. Her timbers and planks are remarkably solid, and with this singularity (if the specimen presented be genuine), that a sort of moss, or vegetable substance, is used for caulking, instead of hemp. She has some other peculiarities, which cannot be explained without a plan, and even with one, would only be intelligible to nautical readers.

An elaborate description, in the compendious form of a pamphlet, accompanies the exhibition, and every species of hypothesis is put forth to establish the antiquity of the vessel. Some "establish the fact," that she formed part of the Danish fleet that entered the Rother in the year 893; and Alfred's naval exploits from Hume are quoted at full length. Others assert, and the opinion is only

named by the proprietor of the exhibition to be reprobated, "that she was only a Rother barge, and sunk at Matham as a dam; and that the articles found in her, viz. one or two human and as many lower animal skulls, a few broken pitchers, broken bones, and some loose pieces of brick and wood having cracks and cuts upon their surface, were picked up and brought from some churchyard."

In her architecture there is nothing which takes her out of the ordinary class of barge-built vessels, nor does she bear any particular marks of antiquity in her formation—the high stem and stern, particularly in vessels of war, descended from the Carthaginians down so late as the Spanish armada, and even later in British ships of war; but that form is not preserved in this Rother exhumation. A very simple inquiry would set, if not the antiquity, at least the modern building of this vessel at rest. How long is it since the bed in which she was discovered was navigable for a vessel of her size? Though the stream of the river has been diverted, yet the depth and course must be a matter of traditional evidence, which would go a great way to settle the point. The ends of the beams near the part which sailors call "the cut-water" are inserted into a groove in the wood, which is said to be a proof of antiquity. This is not the fact: this plan of insertion is not unusual in naval architecture of late date.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. II.

A TRIAL OF TEMPER.

FIRMIN ABAUZIT, a celebrated scholar of the last century, who died at Geneva in 1767, at the age of eighty-seven years, was a man of such extraordinary serenity of temper, that it was said of him, that no one had ever seen him angry. Some persons, desirous of ascertaining the truth of this report, applied to a female who had been in his service above thirty years, and who declared, that during the whole time she had never once seen her master in a passion. They promised her money if she could but succeed in rousing his anger, and she agreed to do her best. Knowing that her master was very fond of lying comfortably, she omitted to make his bed for him. Abauzit reminded her the next morning of her neglect. She alleged as an excuse, that she had forgotten to make it; on which he said not another word about the matter. At night, the bed was again not made. Next morning he repeated his remark. The woman then offered some other excuse still more frivolous than the preceding. At length, on the third morning, he said to her, "You have not yet made my bed: it is evident you are determined not to do it. I suppose you find the job too troublesome: but it is of little consequence, for I begin to be used to it already." Moved by his kindness and goodness of temper, when, as her master, he might have treated her very differently, the servant confessed the sort of experiment which she had been prevailed

upon to make, and begged his pardon.

EXTRAORDINARY PROPERTY OF SILK.

Dr. Adam Neale, in his *Travels through Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey*, published in 1818, records an extraordinary instance of the efficacy of silk in repelling a musket-shot, in a case which came under his own observation in Spain.

"A very promising young officer of engineers," says this writer, "with whom I lived in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship, while employed in repairing the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo, consulted me respecting an obstinate head-ache and giddiness, which I found was principally occasioned by his wearing a stiff black leather stock. I earnestly recommended him to lay it aside, which he rather tenaciously declined; when, as a further inducement, I told him, that in the event of his substituting a black silk handkerchief, it might one day preserve his life, as silk would certainly turn a ball, which might penetrate leather. At length he complied, and, as I had predicted, his head-aches left him.

"We soon after separated, he going to the light division, and my station being with that of Lord Hill. The campaign commenced, and in a few weeks I learned, with the greatest grief, that my gallant friend had fallen at the head of the first storming-party at St. Sebastian's. I was then stationed at Reynosa, many leagues distant. As I believed him dead, my surprise and joy were great

on receiving a letter from him some weeks afterwards, acquainting me, that, when on the very glaciis, he had been wounded with a musket-ball by a man on the walls. He instantly fell covered with blood, which streamed in profusion from his mouth and nostrils: one of his own corps dragged him immediately into the trenches. He was carried to his quarters, and his wound, on examination, was pronounced mortal: the ball not being found, was supposed to have lodged in the vertebræ of the neck. He lived, however, for three days, and no bad symptoms coming on, the surgeons began to doubt the accuracy of their opinions. The sapper who saw him fall was examined, to ascertain whether he had seen the bullet, which he instantly produced from his waistcoat-pocket, saying, that on untying Mr. Reid's silk handkerchief, he found part of it carried into the wound, and using a little force in withdrawing it, the ball came out with it; not a single thread of the silk handkerchief having given way, as appeared on examination."

Mr. Reid recovered, and shortly before the appearance of Dr. Neale's work, was promoted to the rank of major in the Royal Engineers.

ARCHIBALD DUKE OF ARGYLE.

This nobleman took a parental interest in the youth of his clan. A young aspirant to favour, ignorant that his chief despised finery and discouraged extravagance, had a suit of clothes made and trimmed with gold lace, to wait on the duke. The guest happened to observe to a person near him, that the day was very cold. "Surely," said his grace, "a man who carries the produce of se-

veral acres on his back should be proof against this chilling weather."

A FRENCH HEROINE.

In the expedition of the British against Guadaloupe in 1759, a Madame Ducharme had thrown up intrenchments so formidable, that Major, afterwards General Melville, was ordered to oppose the female commander, who kept her ground, though the governor and many of the principal inhabitants of the island had taken refuge in the woods. Her annoyances were frequent, almost frustrating the vigilance and activity of Major Melville, so that it was found necessary to attack her in due form. She defended her intrenchments with the spirit and perseverance of an Amazon inured to the brunt of war. Ten of the assailants were killed and thirty wounded. The female commander escaped by night, but several of her ladies were made prisoners. Lieutenant Maclean lost an arm. He was a handsome young man, and though he had made such alarming announcements of his presence, the ladies admired his bravery, and the graceful Highland plaid, his regimental garb. They were the more inclined to appreciate his elegant manners, as they had formed terrible ideas of *les Sauvages Ecosais*, believing that they would neither take nor give quarter; and that they were so nimble, that as no speed could overtake them, so they were able to run down and mercilessly slaughter their enemies.

INDIAN CRUELTY AND GRATITUDE.

Mr. Schoonhoven, a veteran of eighty, who was lately, and may perhaps be still, living in the vicinity of

Lake St. George in North America, related to a friend of Dr. Silliman's the following remarkable instance of the cruelty and generosity of the Indians: In the last French war (in North America), he was taken prisoner, while travelling through the wilderness between Fort William-Henry on Lake St. George, and Sandy Hill on the Hudson, together with six or seven other Americans, by a party of Indians. They were conducted to a spot which is now an open place in the centre of a village since erected there, and made to sit down in a row on the trunk of a tree. The Indians then began with perfect *sang-froid* to cleave the heads of their victims, one after another, with the tomahawk; the survivors being obliged to sit still and witness the horrid fate of their companions, while awaiting their own in inexpressible agony. Mr. Schoonhoven happened

to be the last but one from that end of the tree at which the butchery commenced. It had come to his turn, and the murderous weapon was already brandished over his head, when the chief gave a signal to the executioner to stay his hand. He then stepped up to Mr. Schoonhoven. "Dost thou not recollect," said he in a mild tone, "how (on a particular occasion which he mentioned) your young people were dancing, and some poor Indians came and wished to dance too, and your young men said, 'No, Indians shall not dance with us!' But thou (for it appeared that he had recognised his features at this critical moment) saidst, 'The Indians shall dance!' Now I will shew thee that Indians can be mindful of a kindness." This accidental recollection saved the life of Schoonhoven, and that of his surviving countryman.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE HARMONICON, an Assemblage of vocal and instrumental Music; consisting of original Pieces by eminent British and Foreign Composers of the present day, and Selections from the best Works of all the great Masters: together with a Critical Review of new Musical Works; Notices of Operas, Concerts, and other Musical Performances, and a new Encyclopædia of Music. No. I. Jan. 1823. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Wm. Pinnoch, Strand.)

THE great increase of musical compositions, and the appearance of several periodical publications exclusively devoted to the art, afford at all events indubitable proofs of the wide range which music has of late

years taken in this country. But whether the art, even in its practical branch, has made great corresponding progress, is a question subject to considerable doubts, especially if we except the numerous class of votaries from the fair sex, which fashion and luxury have enlisted under the banners of harmony. Diffusion, like dilution, rarely produces increased vigour and perfection. We willingly admit that there are at this time hundreds of female amateurs, instrumental as well as vocal, who excel the best female amateurs of thirty or forty years ago, and that the numbers at both periods are out of all proportion. But this will probably be the extent of the concession which can fairly be insisted on.

Have we at this moment in England better theorists, better composers, more skilful instrumentalists, greater singers, and superior English operas?—These are questions which must be answered in the affirmative: if it be maintained that the art has arrived at a higher degree of perfection in this country; and the evidence to be produced must consist in a comparative view of the *first-rate* abilities of both periods; not of those of the second order, the numbers of which at this time, we equally admit, are infinitely more abundant.

Our opinion, we do not hesitate to assert, decidedly goes in favour of the past generation; but, prepared as we are to support it by argument and facts, the limits to which we are restrained, as well as the circumstance of such a discussion being beyond the immediate object of our labour, prevent our entering upon an investigation of the above question.

The work before us too is, in some respects, not within the direct scope of our functions; but its tendency, and the favourable opinion which its perusal has enabled us to form of the plan and its execution, as far as a judgment can be formed from a first specimen, appear to us to entitle it to a place in this department of our Miscellany.

The contents of the first number of "The Harmonicon" consist of,

1. Several miscellaneous articles on subjects relating to Music, including a critical notice of New Operas.

2. Review of New Music.

3. The commencement of an Encyclopædia of Music, or Musical Dictionary.

4. A well-executed copy of a bust of Rossini.

5. Sixteen pages of Music.

With regard to the miscellaneous articles under the first head, originality ought to be more attended to in succeeding numbers. The visionary and poetical declamations of Laccépède possess little real interest; the life of Haydn has been read nearly verbatim by almost every body; and as to the rules of the projected Royal Academy of Music, the plan is sufficiently known to have rendered any thing beyond the article on the *same* subject in the Encyclopædia quite unnecessary.

The critiques upon musical publications (if we be allowed an act of direct hypercriticism in giving our opinion) have our entire approbation and concurrence. They are written with fairness, and with a full knowledge of the subject. The author supports his objections with quotations from the works; and where he bestows praise, his opinion is founded upon grounds, which must exempt him from any imputation of undue partiality.

The Musical Encyclopædia promises to be a very valuable portion of "The Harmonicon." It is so arranged as to bind up separately, and consists of an alphabetical explanation of every thing relating to music in general, and is professedly—and naturally indeed—a compilation from Koch's *Musikalisches Lexicon*, Rousseau's dictionary, and other similar works. In the small portion before us, however, we observe several original articles; and many of these will naturally be required in the progress of the work, with the view of bringing the information down to the present time, and of including matter more particularly relating to this country. We recommend to the editor a constant reference to Sulzer's *Theorie der schönen Künste*, an al-

phabetical Cyclopædia of the fine arts in general, in which he will find many valuable articles relating to music. The proprietors intend to give a half-yearly supplementary number, exclusively devoted to the Encyclopædia; a measure which appears to us so desirable to bring this branch of "The Harmonicon" to a speedy conclusion, that even a more frequent appearance of such supplements will probably be welcome to most subscribers.

The selection of music is good, and ample as to quantity. There is an original song by Mr. Braham of considerable interest, with vocal and instrumental variations for every stanza. It is liable to several trivial objections, in point of harmony, such as the octaves between the voice and the treble of the piano-forte part at "stray'd o'er," bars 9 and 10—imperfections which we should not have noticed but for the critical character of "The Harmonicon." The music is printed with moveable types, which, we understand, have been expressly procured by Mr. Clowes of Northumberland-court, from Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig. This we deem a valuable acquisition for this country, in which the types hitherto used were of so wretched a description, that several theoretical works, in which moveable types are more particularly required, have been completely disfigured. The printing by Mr. Clowes of the present specimens is so good, clear, and correct, that we have been agreeably surprised at the proficiency which his establishment has acquired in so short a time. We sincerely hope it may meet with the encouragement which it deserves.

Vol. I. No. II.

In concluding this notice of "The Harmonicon," we presume to direct the attention of the editor to musical biography in general, by suggesting the propriety of regularly allotting a portion of its pages to this particular department, which is much neglected in this country. Each number might include concise notices of the lives and principal works of one or more musical characters of celebrity; and if the arrangement be not alphabetical—a mode liable perhaps to some objection—the means of easy reference might hereafter be furnished by a suitable adaptation of a future general index.

Twenty-five original Melodies, adapted to selected Parts of the new Version of Psalms; also two Sanctuses, a Dismission, Kyrie Eleison, &c. for the Use of Churches and Families; composed and arranged in Score, with an Organ or Piano-forte Accompaniment, by B. M. Swaffield. Pr. 7s. 6d. — (Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

From the dedication and the list of subscribers, we conclude Mr. Swaffield to be a professional gentleman at St. Austell in Cornwall, probably the organist of the place: in which case, we can only say that he does credit to his congregation. We have frequently had occasion to notice publications of sacred music from various parts of the country, which, with few exceptions, have afforded to us gratifying proofs of talent and abilities worthy of a more extended sphere of action.

Mr. Swaffield's Psalms, and the other pieces in this book, shew him to be a good contrapuntist; but the knowledge he displays in this re-

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spect is not of that dry, sterile kind which is unsusceptible of the charms of melody. His melodies, without being guilty of levities unbecoming sacred strains, are conceived in a graceful style. They combine softness with pathetic solemnity; and the musical diction is in most instances well adapted to the text. The rhythmical arrangement is in some few cases out of symmetry; an imperfection so general in sacred compositions, that any objection on that score will perhaps be deemed fastidious. But we really cannot see why a privilege should be accorded to these, in preference to profane music; on the contrary, we conceive that tunes which are to be sung by a whole congregation, ought to be of the most simple and regular rhythmical construction.

HEMPEL'S *Introduction to the Piano-forte; comprising familiar and concise Elementary Instructions, with a Series of Select Practical Lessons; the whole arranged in such progressive Order as will be found eminently calculated to facilitate the Acquirement of the first Principles of Music, and of the Art of Performing on that Instrument.* Pr. 7s.—(Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

Mr. Hempel's book appears to us to be a very good and eligible elementary guide for the piano-forte. It distinguishes itself from its numerous rivals by the brevity of the theoretical instructions, before it proceeds to the exercises and lessons. These preliminaries are disposed of in four pages, many matters being left to the verbal communication of the master; because, as Mr. H. justly observes, the piano-forte cannot be learnt without a good master, and

elaborate explanations are only tiresome and unintelligible to the young pupil. In the selection of the lessons, we also observe a conspicuous feature of recommendation. They are chosen from the *best* masters alone. Pleyel, Haydn, and Mozart predominate. The progressiveness of them, however (if we may be allowed the term), although carefully kept up, appears to us to be of rather a rapid description.

A Series of National Popular Airs, with Variations for the Violin, in a familiar pleasing Style, with an Accompaniment at length (ad lib.) for the Violoncello, calculated for public or private Performance; composed, and inscribed to P. Spagnoletti, Esq. by James Sanderson. Op. 51. No. II. Pr. 3s. — (Blackman, New Bridge-street, Southwark).

In our notice of the first number of these airs*, we stated our opinion of the work, and expressed a hope that their publication might be the means of infusing a new stimulus into the study of the violin, an instrument which is the soul of every orchestra, and the practice of which is evidently neglected by amateurs.

Of the present number we can only say, that it is fully equal in merit and interest to its predecessor. The themes are, "The heav'n's are telling," "Red, red rose," and "My lodging is on the cold ground." In the numerous variations upon these airs, Mr. Sanderson has displayed a fertility of invention, an elegance of diversified musical diction, and a consummate knowledge of the instrument, which ought to render them

* No. LXXX. of Second Series of the *Repository*.

true treasures to the zealous student of the violin.

Popular Melodies, English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, arranged as Rondos and Variations for the Piano-forte, by Joseph De Pinna. Nos. I. to VI. Pr. 2s. each. —(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

Limited as was Mr. De Pinna's plan of selection to the melodies of the United Kingdom, we do not know whether, taking all in all, any solid objection could be made to the preference which he has given to the half-dozen contained in the first six numbers; viz.

- No. 1. "Rule Britannia."
- 2. "When the hollow drum."
- 3. "A rose-tree in full bearing."
- 4. "Auld lang syne."
- 5. "A Highland lad."
- 6. "The yellow-hair'd laddie."

The treatment of these airs is throughout quite satisfactory. Wherever variations have been made upon them, the author's good taste and inventive talent are conspicuous: in the digressions the same merits are perceptible; and the modulations, although kept within a certain limit, are neither common-place nor trivial. The general arrangement, moreover, of these rondos, is conceived in an easy and familiar style, so as to render them very proper and eligible for the practice of the rising pupil.

Divertissement à la Rustique for the Piano-forte, composed by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. (Royal Harmonic Institution.)

An allegro $\frac{3}{4}$, and rondo pastorale $\frac{6}{8}$, both in G major. The composition is not of strong calibre, but both movements are in so natural and fluent a style, and present so much good melody, that we would willingly forego the absence of deep com-

binations. The divertimento is really very attractive, and sure to please the pupil, especially as he will find no appalling difficulties in the execution. The latter quality it possesses, we think, at the expense of the left hand. The bass might have been set a little less plain, with more variety, and an occasional sprinkle of counterpoint. *Rossini's celebrated Overture to his favourite Opera "Il Turco in Italia," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Violin, Flute, and Violoncello, (ad lib.)* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. —(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault. No. V. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s. —(Hodsoll.)

We have so frequently had occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the previous portions of this collection of symphonies and overtures, already grown to an extent which speaks for its success, that it is unnecessary to do more than merely notice the above two additions to the valuable series, which are in no way inferior to their predecessors. We are glad to see a beginning made with Rossini's dramatic overtures. That of "Il Turco in Italia," like all his overtures, is a complete fag when transferred to the piano-forte. Had Mr. Rimbault's plan been otherwise than rendering the accompaniments *ad libitum* accessaries, an infinitely greater scope would have offered for the assistance of the violin, which in these editions generally acts but second fiddle: whereas Rossini, not only is unmerciful to his violinists,

but gives them abundance of work, which scarcely any other instrument is capable of executing with the proper effect.

Select French Romances, No. V.

"Portrait charmant," with Variations for the Piano-forte, and Flute Accompaniments, composed, and dedicated to Miss Fanny Stone, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s. —(Hodsoll.)

The air of "Portrait charmant" is distinguished by the utmost classic simplicity, excellent rhythm, and the sweetest and most affecting melody. It is a little vocal *chef-d'œuvre*.

Mr. R. after exhibiting the theme in a very correct and pleasing form, has given three variations, which, partaking of the attractions of the subject, are written with tasteful ease and in a good style. They cannot fail, therefore, to interest the juvenile performer, to whose sphere of execution, moreover, they adapt themselves completely: the flute accompaniment is neat, and not difficult either; and where it cannot be procured, the piano-forte alone will be able to go on satisfactorily, without missing any very essential part of the score.

FINE ARTS.

PANORAMA OF THE CORONATION.

THE great improvements made of late years in this branch of painting in this country, justly entitles it to a place in a work devoted to the cultivation and improvement of the fine arts. Amongst those who have been eminently successful in panoramic painting, the Messrs. Barkers stand conspicuous; and the view of the *Procession of the Coronation*, by Mr. H. A. Barker, now exhibiting in Leicester-square, is for general effect, which is the great object in these productions, one of the best we have yet seen. The artist has judiciously selected the point of time best calculated to give a full idea of the splendour of the magnificent ceremony: the scenes within Westminster Abbey and Hall, however imposing in their effect, would have circumscribed the labour of the artist, and given only a partial idea of the pageantry of the day; but in selecting the external view—the return

of his Majesty after being crowned—the artist has had the opportunity of introducing upon the platform, in the order in which they occupied it, the whole of the personages composing the procession, and filling the whole space from the Abbey to Westminster Hall. We have here, in every thing but the locality of the spot, a beautiful illustration of the lines of the poet:

"Britannia's peers, in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant lead the way;
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain."

The imposing military array at each side of the platform—the bustle of the attending crowds, pressing upon the soldiers to participate in the splendid prospect; and again, the brilliant and variegated hues shed upon the passing scene from the numerous and elegantly filled balconies, which concealed with their gorgeous coverings the fronts of all the houses

that commanded a view of the platform. The spectator is supposed to stand in the central pavilion, which it will be recollected formed a conspicuous part of the extensive range of galleries erected in the garden adjoining St. Margaret's church; but a great portion of the scaffolding is omitted, with great judgment, for it would have obstructed a view of the Abbey; and the more agreeable parterre of the garden inside the rails, fills the space which the remainder of the pavilion would otherwise have occupied.

It is impossible for the most scrutinizing eye to discover a part of the procession out of place in this panorama; it is exact and minute to a single figure; and many attempts are made in the ranks of the personages of prominent distinction, to give individual portraiture: the King and Royal Family, the chief officers of state, for instance, and others, are so designated. But nothing more than the general contour of the figures can be conveyed in so extensive a panoramic view; for the aim of the artist is to give effect to the whole, rather than to mark with microscopic precision individual parts, although these in the present panorama are sufficiently distinguished. The platform, which extended from Westminster Abbey to the Hall, formed a serpentine line 1500 feet in length, and 24 in breadth, and this is entirely covered by the procession.

The most striking objects upon entering the panorama are the houses

in Palace-yard, and these furnish all the gay variety of colours which decorate the local scenery of a Venetian carnival; the military parade near Parliament-street is well composed; and the throng of the multitude in King-street presents, by its irregular and impetuous course, a good contrast to the regularity and order which characterize the groupes in the fore-ground. The venerable architecture of the Abbey presents an imposing object in the view; and the stillness which reigns in the area before the small avenues leading into Westminster Hall, and the plainness and simplicity of the pile of buildings on that site unoccupied and unadorned, present a repose to the eye, and at the same time give a breadth to the subject, which sustains the truth of the representation in all its parts. There is considerable art in the composition of the painting, a good deal of skill in managing and disposing the masses of light and grouping, and the architectural variety of the surrounding objects is very well brought in. Great delicacy of colouring cannot be expected in such a work: some attempts are, however, made to give brilliant touches to the dresses; but the effect in these minute details is not uniformly encouraging. On the whole, the panorama conveys a most complete and strictly accurate representation of the noble ceremony of the late Coronation, and is highly creditable to the skill of the artists employed upon the work.

WARD'S GALLERY.

MR. WARD, the royal academician, has finished the picture of *the Deer-Stealer*, which was in a sketch-

ed state in his gallery last year; and it is placed next his *Group of Cattle*, one of the finest pictures executed

by this master, for the delineation of animal beauties with all the truth and force of nature, and selected, combined, and contrasted with the most consummate skill of an artist. The bull, cow, and calf are inimitably pourtrayed. The *Deer-Stealer* has the same character of energy, combined with high-wrought finishing. The story of the picture is this: The deer is supposed to have been mortally wounded, but to have retained sufficient strength to give the depredator a long and anxious chase. At length, exhausted by the loss of blood, the poor animal has fallen in the agonies of death, and now lies shuddering in his last convulsive pangs. The poacher is hurrying to secure his prize; he leads a rough but well shaped pony to aid him in carrying off the booty. At a distance, and unperceived by the cri-

minal, the gamekeepers, with their dogs, watch all his movements, and seem eagerly to await the moment of the consummation of his offence, to rush forward and seize him. There is a good deal of boldness and intrepidity in the poacher's air and features, and at the same time, that scowling expression of anxiety, which marks his guilty sense of danger. The landscape has a good deal of depth and grandeur, and the large beech-tree is painted with uncommon labour and effect: the vegetable substance of the bark is imitated with extraordinary skill. The details of the landscape are well brought out, and possess a very striking interest. The picture is very highly finished, and cannot fail to confer additional celebrity upon the labours of an artist already well known for the high character of his productions.

INDIAN MUSEUM.

A NOVEL exhibition has been lately opened in Pall-Mall, called *the Indian Museum*. It contains a considerable number of Oriental curiosities, remarkable more for their variety, and the pleasing amusement which they impart for the moment to the ordinary observer, than for presenting to the historical or scientific inquirer any new lights to guide him in the study of Eastern arts. There are original weapons of all kinds from the East, models of agricultural and handicraft implements, musical instruments, some of which are curious, and all of them simple enough in their way; there are dried specimens of the flying fish, and a few natural curiosities. Besides these, are hundreds of small figures, which have been well com-

pared to Dutch toys, and which represent in regular classes the habits and customs of the Hindoos;—amongst them are also groupes of Indian deities, snake-charmers, and conjurers of equal dexterity, though moving in less hazardous pursuits: next to these are models of palanquins, boats, and other conveyances. There is also a Madras Massulah boat: it is made of plank, from two inches and a half to three inches and a half thick; the planks are sewed together with coir string, without the security of nails. Another boat, called a *cattamaran*, is shewn, with which it is said communications are maintained through the surf with ships, and letters conveyed between the straw caps of the navigators, who enjoy the humid exercise of this

coasting trade. The small articles in this exhibition are almost without number, and sufficiently amusing, though, we repeat, not remarkable for conveying any striking novelty to the curious, who have long since had repeated opportunities of seeing similar specimens of Oriental manufacture.

But that branch of the exhibition which principally arrested our attention, is the collection of drawings and paintings, containing an amusing variety of grotesque objects, executed in an equally ludicrous manner. Of these drawings there are about one hundred which relate to local customs, many of them bedizened with tawdry gilding, laid on as thick as it is seen in some of the older works of Francisco Mola, and with just the same taste as we find in the old fresco paintings in England of the date of Edward III.; and nearly one hundred others in the composition, of which the artists have revelled in displaying and distorting the monstrous and incongruous fantasies of the Hindoo mythology. It is impossible to conceive more whimsical assemblages of gods, demi-gods, human and half-human, than these drawings display; they are in the air, on the sea, and upon earth: some of the figures seem to

“ Ride on keen lightning, and disarm its flash.”

How tame to these would the series of Holbein's *Dance of Death* appear to a Hindoo artist! and how he would stare at one of Albert Durer's diagrams as being essential to the ground-work of a composition! As, however, in the rudest specimens of art some plan or system is discernible, so in these drawings there is a predominant and not unsuccessful

arrangement of the grouping, so as to cast the principal figures in full action upon the fore-ground, and to give them as much spirit as the artist could command. The attempt at relief is miserable, and can hardly be said to convey any faint resemblance of the effect of perspective. There are some exquisite tints of colouring, arising in great part from the purity and brilliancy of the material used; but considering the number of the pictures, these are not as frequently repeated, as we have seen them in drawings of costume occasionally transmitted from India. The drawing of the figures is throughout wretched; it would be difficult to find any thing worse, except the Egyptian idols painted upon the tomb some time since exhibited by Mr. Belzoni. A knowledge of anatomy could not have been expected; but the mere superficial action of the figure might be given by any *tyro* in art. In vain, however, can we trace in these productions the slightest adherence to the natural rules of proportion.

There are also some manuscript books, containing Hindoo histories and poems, written upon what is called the *cad-jau* leaf, with an iron pen; together with a number of Persian, Malay, and Javanese writings, including lives of poets, whose Muse appears to have been amazingly prolific. If the *Garden of Roses* by Zadi, which is here, is the same mentioned in Sir Wm. Jones's writings, and if the exhibitor has any idle Persian about him, he would be well employed in a translation of it; for our elegant scholar has described the works of this Zadi, or Sadi, as being of great repute at Constantinople and Ispahan; although, he

adds, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading with too strong a glare the light of liberty and reason: a strange recommendation one would think in Turkey at all events. But Sir William says—"Query, had he been deceived by his Pundicts upon this matter, as he clearly was on others?" Here, however, are original poems, if the exhibitor is to be believed, and they are open to the learned, for they are marked to be sold. If poetry could throw a light upon Persian manners, we are singu-

larly fortunate, at least in possessing originals; for in one manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there is a folio containing the lives of *one hundred and thirty-five* of the finest Persian poets, and there were it seems versifiers and moderate poets without number. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at Constantinople, containing the finest verses of five hundred and forty-nine Turkish poets. Here is a fresh stock in this Indian exhibition, which we now leave to the opinion of the antiquarians.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.

POMEGRANATE-colour *crêpe lisse* dress; *corsage* to fit. The stomacher is composed of double rouleaus of satin, rather more than an inch apart, and is continued over the shoulder to the bottom of the waist behind, and is trimmed with fine blond, the same as the tucker. The band, or sash, is of *crêpe lisse* edged with satin, and the ends of the rosette trimmed with blond. The sleeve is formed of three rows of small festoons of *crêpe lisse*, edged with satin and blond. The skirt is decorated with an elegant net-work of pomegranate and white chenille, surmounted with a row of steel beads; a steel bead is introduced at each angle of the net: beneath is a tasteful trimming of *crêpe lisse* in double reversed plaitings, intersected with ornamented semicircles of satin, united by a circlet composed of four satin rouleaus, with a row of small steel beads between each; a broad satin rouleau at the

bottom of the dress. The hair in very full curls, and a garland of deep and pale coloured roses. Ruby necklace, armlet, bracelets, and ear-rings. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes. Opera cloak of rich black satin, wadded, and lined with cerulean blue sarsnet, edged with a small rouleau of blue satin: it is made very long, and with arm-holes: plain collar and large hood, which draws with blue ribbon.

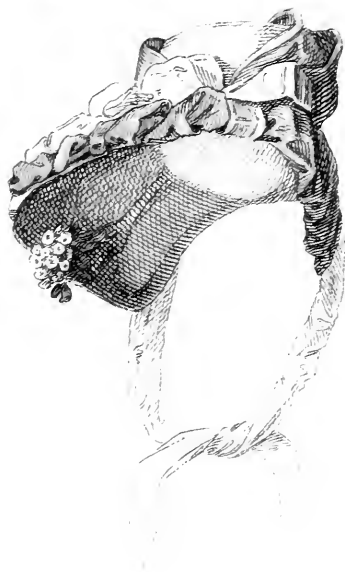
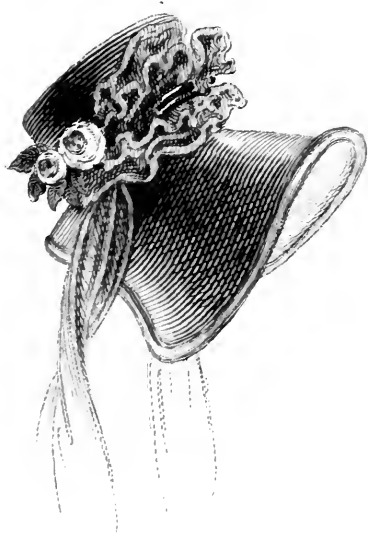
HEAD-DRESSES.

1. Bolivar hat of black velvet; the brim, narrow and of equal width, is continued from the right side above the satin band of the crown, forming a double front, which is finished on the left with a small gold tassel: the centre is pointed and tasselled: small gold beads entwine the edge, and form an elegant spiral ornament. On the left side is placed a *panache noir* Aladdin, which falls gracefully to the right.

2. Cap of *tulle*; the crown covered







with three satin tulip-leaves, edged with a small rouleau and double *crêpe lisse* and blond, beginning with a satin bow on the left side; between each leaf is generally introduced a demi-wreath of fancy flowers of a ruby or cherry colour. Our print has a convolvulus in the front, which is of the cottage shape, bound with satin: French folds of satin head the border, which is of blond, and double in the front.

3. Circassian turban of silver muslin, with a bird of Paradise, beneath which is a rich ostrich feather falling very low on the left side.

4. Bonnet of *ponceau* velvet; round the front is a rouleau of *gros de Naples* of the same colour; the velvet trimming is also edged with *gros de Naples*, and interspersed with variegated roses. This bonnet is very fashionable in black velvet and satin, with pomegranate-blossoms.

5. Bonnet composed of *gros de Naples* of two colours: the crown, which is round, and rather low, is of lemon colour; the front is of lavender colour, and very full, but confined by four flat straps, which are continued withinside, which is plain, and has a bunch of ranunculus on the right side. A high trimming, of lavender colour, nearly surrounds the crown, and is edged with a satin rouleau, as are also the three large puffs or *bouillons* in the front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

WE have nothing to remark in promenade dress; but we have seen some new and very elegant articles in carriage costume. One of the most striking is a pelisse of dark blue velvet, lined with white sarsnet,

Vol. I. No. II.

and trimmed with a mixture of lute-string and a beautiful new kind of *pluche de soie*; the lute-string is disposed *en bouillonné*, which is interspersed with crescents of the *pluche*: this trimming goes only round the bottom, the fronts being fastened up with knots of lute-string, formed with *pluche* crescents. The back is full; but the *corsage* is almost concealed by a large pelerine, which is cut out a good deal on the shoulder, and forms one deep scallop behind, and one also on each front. Falling collar, scalloped like the pelerine; both are finished by an edging of *pluche*, so also is the long sleeve. The epaulette corresponds with the trimming of the bottom. The hat worn with this pelisse is also of dark blue velvet; the brim, lined with white satin, is wide, and rather deep in front, but very shallow behind; it turns up a little before: the crown is in the form of a *calote*. The trimming is a garland of Marabouts of different sizes, so disposed as to form a crescent; they are white, tipped with deep blue, and are attached to the hat by a brilliant steel ornament. Another very pretty bonnet is composed of grey *velours simulé*, and made exactly in the form of a shell: it is lined with white satin, and has a narrow edging of grey Marabouts round the brim; a full plume of grey ostrich feathers is placed at the left ear, and droops entirely across the bonnet: grey strings.

We have seen some new full dresses made in watered satin, with a trimming which we considered very novel: it is of white gauze divided into compartments by bands of satin; they are alternately plain, and disposed in folds, and are rather more

R

than a quarter in breadth: in each of the plain ones is an embroidered *bouquet* done in chenille of different flowers coloured after nature; the flowers vary in each *bouquet*: the effect is very beautiful. White lace, gauze, and *tulle* continue to be very much worn, particularly for dancing dresses: one of the prettiest that we have seen for a long time is composed of *tulle* over white satin; the trimming consists of full *bouffants* of gauze, confined by rouleaus of satin; each *bouffant* is formed to a point, to which a gauze knot, with a Provence rose placed in it, is attached. Three *bouffants* of satin go from the left breast in a bias direction down the front of the robe; they are put at

some distance from each other, and have knots of gauze, to correspond with the bottom, placed on them at regular distances. This ornament, which has the appearance of a drape, has a most striking and graceful effect. The lower part of the *corsage* is tight; the upper disposed in folds round the bust and back. A quilling of *tulle*, which has some little resemblance to a wing, stands up on the shoulder. Sleeve, *en bouillonné*, formed of full bands of *tulle*, confined in a bias direction by narrow rouleaus of satin, and finished by a satin band. Fashionable colours are, dark slate, brown, purple, *ponceau*, and a good many different shades of rose, lavender, and green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

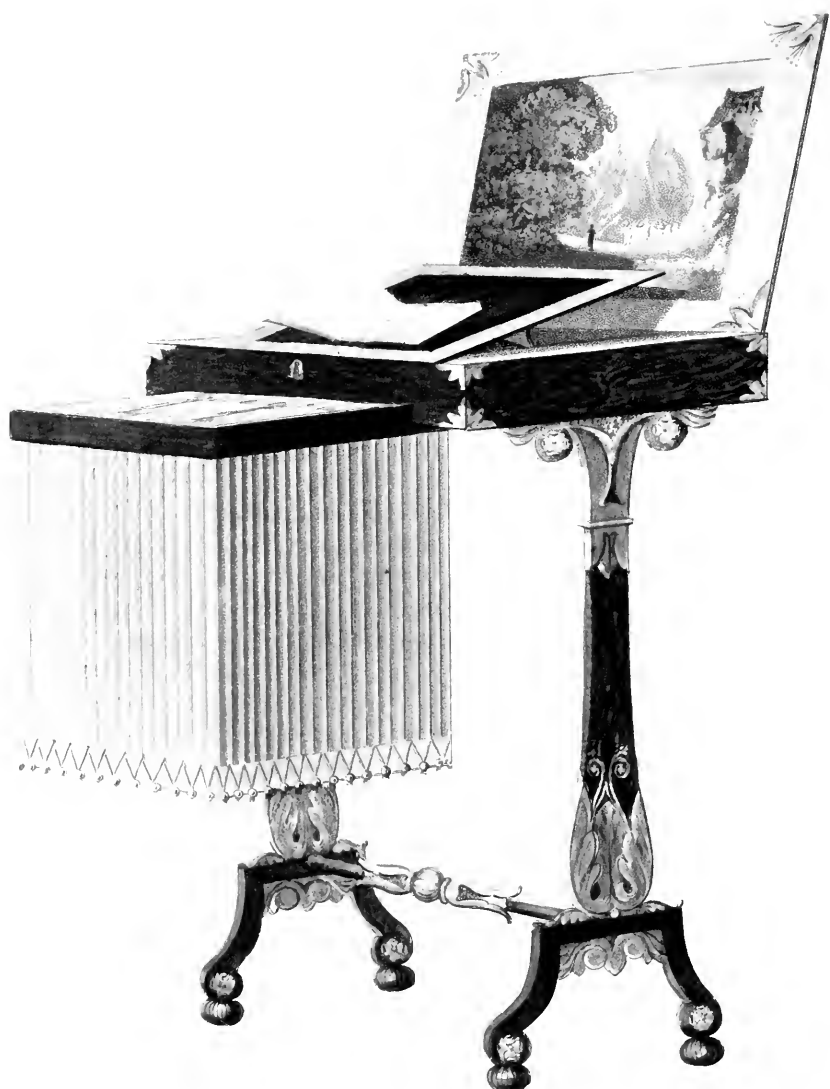
WE begin to exchange our pelisses for a cloak, nearly similar, except that it has no hood: it is made of a fine kind of cloth, which we call coating, and lined with levantine; the lining is frequently wadded and quilted. There are three different sorts of capes in favour: the one pointed, another cut in large scollops, and a third consisting of three capes; the cape and collar are frequently of velvet, to correspond with the *manteau*. A narrow edging of the lining is the only trimming worn to these *manteaux*.

Grey, pale brown, and lavender are the colours most in favour for these cloaks; the linings are rose, blue, and flame colour, but particularly the last. The few pelisses that we still see, are also generally lined and trimmed with flame colour: it is likewise much in request for the rib-

bons and feathers of promenade bonnets; and the knots of satin or velvet which adorn them, are frequently edged with it.

The most stylish *chapeaux* for the promenade are made of a new kind of *pluche de soie*: they are ornamented with knots of the same mixed with feathers: the brim is of a moderate size; it bends a little on the forehead, and is very wide at the sides. These *chapeaux* have no strings, but are worn over a small blond cap, which has strings of the same material, and a bouquet of flowers on each temple.

Gowns for home-dress, and also for the different exhibitions, are of velvet, Merino, and *gros de Naples*. Some are trimmed with a single broad band of fur; others have two, one narrower than the other, placed at some distance. These bands are also worn in *pluche de soie* and velvet; but the newest trimmings are



LADY'S WORK TABLE.

composed of the same material as the gown: if it is in silk, or Merino, disposed in folds so as to form demi-lozenges, two of these are joined; but the folds of each are turned a different way, and placed at regular distances, upon full bands of the same material. Gowns universally fasten behind, and waists are as long as ever.

Flowers are very much worn to trim full-dress gowns; they are intermixed in different ways with blond and *tulle*. One of the newest trimmings is composed of narrow satin rouleaus, so disposed as to form small pyramids; on the top of each is placed a flower. Clear muslin gowns are also worn over white satin slips: they are trimmed at the bottom with four or five very narrow tucks, put close together: there are four rows of this trimming, and between each a gold *chef*, disposed in a wave. The *corsage* has in general a narrow stomacher, *en bouillonné*, formed by gold *chefs*: the sleeves correspond. These dresses

are showy, but I do not think them elegant.

The most fashionable necklace is now the *negligé*: it is no longer composed of pearls, but of flowers made of precious stones: the bracelets correspond; and the ornaments for the head are frequently similar. Steel trinkets are now rarely worn but by young persons, with whom they are in very great request; and a complete set of them is one of the most fashionable new-year's gifts that you can offer to an unmarried beauty. The hair still continues to be worn very full on the forehead; in some instances large buckles of hair form a tuft in front. *Toques* and turbans are still worn; but the hair ornamented with flowers, feathers, or precious stones, is upon the whole more fashionable. The colours in request are those mentioned in the beginning of my letter, with *ponceau*, chesnut, and crimson. Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

LADIES' WORK-TABLE.

THIS elegant table forms a pleasing and commodious appendage to the sitting-room of mansions fitted up in a style of superior elegance. It is equally adapted to the boudoir and drawing-room, and answers the purpose of a drawing-table as well as a work-table, and a desk for writing and reading. The silk bag suspended from the desk is, in the engraving, of azure blue, with silk fringe of the same colour, but should be made to correspond with the colour of the apartment for which the table is designed. In order that it may harmonize with the rest of the

furniture, the frame-work should be formed of rose-wood of a rich dark colour, and varied in its grain. The ornaments are wholly of burnished and mat gold. The top of the table should be adorned with some rich design in water-colours, highly varnished, for the purpose of preserving it: this will be at all times a pleasing object to the eye. Fruit or flowers, well grouped, are particularly to be recommended. The interior may exhibit some pleasing landscape, or any other similar embellishment, according to the taste or fancy of the fair proprietor.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE fourth and last volume of the division of *The World in Miniature*, comprising Russia, which contains 72 coloured engravings, is just ready for publication. The Costumes, Manners, &c. of the People of the Austrian Empire will form the subject of the ensuing division, in two vols. with 32 plates; and this will be succeeded by China.

The extensive demand for the miniature edition of *The First Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, with reductions of all the original designs by Mr. Rowlandson, has induced the publisher to proceed with the Second Tour upon the same plan.

The author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart has in the press, *Memoirs of the Life of Rossini*, with an Historical and Critical Account of his Compositions; and an Historical Sketch of the State of Music in Italy, from the beginning of the present century to the year 1822.

Mr. T. Crofton Croker will shortly publish *Researches in the South of Ireland*, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, Manners, and Superstitions of the Peasantry; with plates.

On the 1st of February will be published, in 12mo. *Letters upon the Art of Miniature-Painting*, containing the most clear and at the same time progressive instructions in that art, and the processes for attaining perfection in it.

In a few days will be published, *Universal Stenography*, or a Practical System of Short-Hand; combining legibility and brevity, upon the general principles of the late

ingenious Mr. S. Taylor; with various improvements from the best modern writers on this useful science; by W. Harding.

Mr. Serres, the eminent marine painter, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription Four Marine Prints, engraved from his designs by Mr. Havell, of *his Majesty's Excursion to Scotland* in August last. They will represent his Majesty's embarkation at Greenwich; his departure off Woolwich; his arrival in Scotland; and his return to Gravesend; and they will be executed as highly finished drawings, in colours, measuring 34 inches by 13. The delivery of these prints will take place in April next.

Mr. Andrew Smith of Mauchline, in Scotland, has invented an instrument for the purpose of copying pictures, drawings, and maps; the great utility of which is attested by many eminent artists and scientific men, from their own experience. It is called the *Apograph*; and a circumstance, in which its advantages are decidedly superior to those possessed by any other similar contrivance, is, that for the purpose of using the instrument with success, it is by no means necessary to be acquainted with the art of drawing: so that a total stranger to that art may, by a few hours' practice, be enabled to copy with a fidelity unknown to any manual production. The price of these instruments varies according to their size, from six to eleven guineas. They may be seen and procured at Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Strand.

The great cheapness of apples this season renders it practicable to

use them economically in making jelly. Let them be pared, quartered, and cored, and put into an oven or a pot without water, having a close lid. When softened by the heat, put them into a cloth, and wring out the juice. To this put a little white of eggs, and add sugar. Skim carefully before it boils. Reduce it to the proper consistence, and you will have an excellent jelly.

At this season, says a humane correspondent, when the poor suffer so severely by sore-throats, the knowledge of a simple remedy will enable the higher orders to relieve the distressed. A strong decoction of the common orange carrot-root, used warm as a gargle every half-hour, will seldom fail in a few days to remove the complaint. A piece of flannel round the neck will promote a cure.

Mr. Cooke has opened in Soho-square an Exhibition of Drawings, Sketches, and Studies, on which we shall have some remarks to offer in our next Number.

About two years ago, two hundred and eighty acres of land near Flint, in North Wales, were planted with the common hollyhock, with a view to convert it into hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture it was found that this plant yields a beautiful blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the best indigo: a discovery which promises the most important consequences in a commercial and agricultural point of view.

Dr. McCulloch of Edinburgh has ascertained, that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve fish in the most excellent condition. He states that this substance is so active, that fish may be preserved in

a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon, cod, and whittings for an indefinite length of time, and by this simple method fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as when just caught. He adds, that if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called *kippered salmon*; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted and smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation. In the preparation, it is merely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar to the muscular part, placing it in a horizontal position for two or three days, that the sugar may penetrate. After this it may be dried; and nothing farther is necessary than to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness. A tablespoonful of brown sugar is sufficient in this manner for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a tea-spoonful, or more, may be added: saltpetre may be used instead in the same proportion, if it is desired to make the kipper hard.

The French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry has published an account of an invention of M. Clinchamp's, called a *hyalographe*, from its tracing designs on transparent surfaces. It is first done in perspective, with geometrical exactness, on a square of

glass, upon which has been laid a thin coat of gum-water, for which a blank point or pencil is employed. The square is then turned, and the same design drawn on the other side of the glass with a particular kind of ink, following exactly the lines of the first drawing. The latter may then be taken off the glass by an operation which gives a number of fac-similes perfect as the original design.

Poetry.

SONG.

By Miss MARY LEMAN REDE.

STAY, melancholy musser, stay,
And tell me all thy sorrow;
The rose that droops in tears to day,
May rise in smiles to-morrow.
Ah! yes, when only wet with dew,
Of nature's balmy breathing,
Its glories may awake anew,
While beams are round it wreathing.

But that o'er which the sullen blast
Has wildly, darkly driven,
And rudely scatter'd as it past
The charm it caught from heaven,
Too sadly feels the coming day,
That other's joy in viewing,
Will only bring a brighter ray
To smile upon its ruin.

EVENING.

By Miss MARY LEMAN REDE.

The silence, the sadness have wooed me to wander,

For nature is clothed in a mantle of gray;
And scarce the last ray that is now fading yonder,

Remains as a beautiful relic of day.

Congenial to woe are these shadowy hours;
They accord with the tone of a sorrow-worn mind:

They offend not the heart, like the sun and the flowers;

They approach it, like sympathy, soft and refin'd.

For day is a contrast too bright and too glowing;

'Tis splendour in presence of misery's view;

It recalls all the past down time's ebbing tide flowing,

Which, bright as the morning, once radiantly flew.

But evening so modestly rises around us;
Falls soft on the heart, like the dew on the leaf;

And though, like the flowers, it drooping has found us,

It soothes and revives the worn besom of grief.

Then hail to thee, goddess, in peace mildly dwelling,

To whom the lone nightingale sings from herspray;

Hail! hail to thy star-beam! to sorrow excelling

The sparkling light of the rosiest day!

SONG.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail;

The moon is constant to her time;
The sun will never fail;

But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea:

So love is with the lover's heart
Wherever he may be.

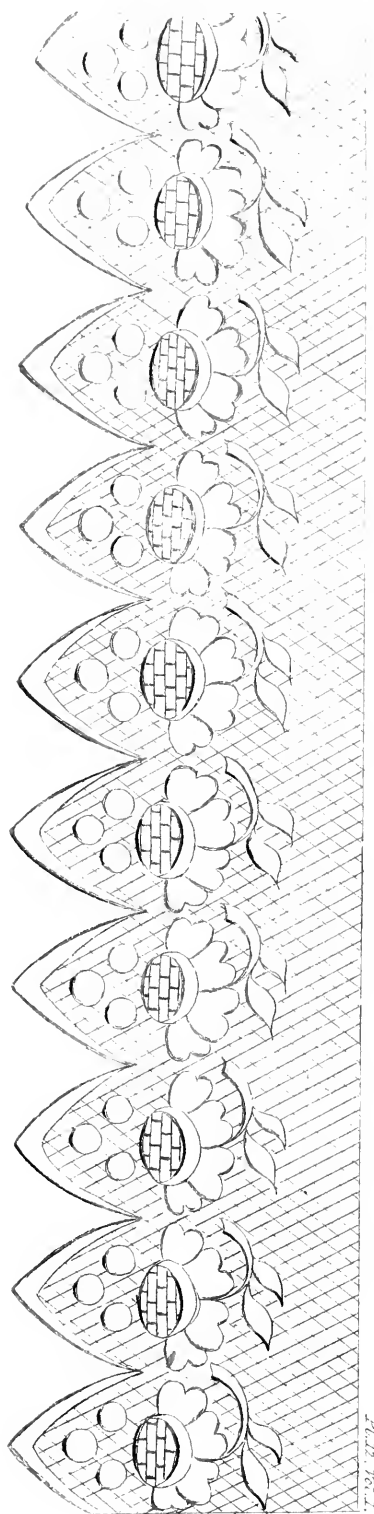
Wherever he may be, the stars
Will daily lose their light;

The moon will veil her in the dark;
The sun will set at night:

The sun may set, but perfect love
Will shine when he's away;

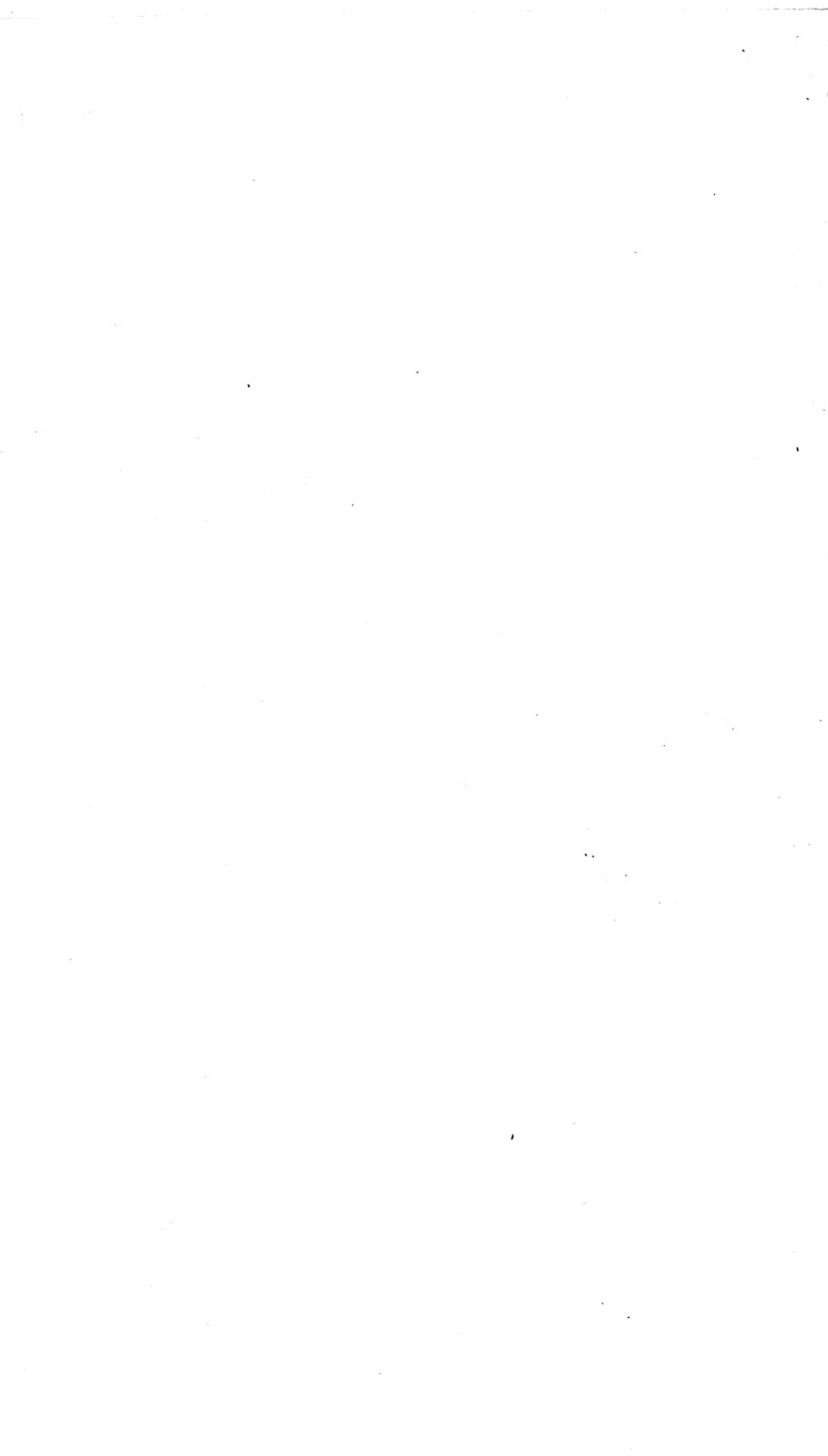
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

M.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

Published Feb. 28, 1881, by R. Ackermann, 17, Strand.



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

MARCH 1, 1823.

N^o. III.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

To A Querist we reply, that the second paper of The Loiterer will appear in our next publication. The Series will be continued in every second Number of the Repository.

Emma will perceive that her suggestion has been anticipated.

We shall feel gratified by a communication of the document to which E. T. refers, without which we cannot judge whether it is adapted to our Miscellany or not.

Q.'s letter has been handed to the gentleman who superintends that department of our Work to which it relates.

Clio—P.—R. S.—Lines to Celinda—H. H.—Invocation to Spain, are inadmissible.

Various poetical contributions are deferred till next month.

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.





FRONT VIEW OF FERGMORE HOUSE.

THE
Repository
OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

MARCH 1, 1823.

N^o. III.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

FROGMORE-HOUSE.

IN tracing back this estate, we find it at a very early period in the possession of the crown; but it was sold during the civil wars in the middle of the 17th century. After this alienation, one of the earliest possessors of note was George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, one of the natural sons of Charles II. Marshal Belleisle, after his imprisonment in the Round Tower, Windsor Castle, made Frogmore his residence; and it became subsequently the property of Sir Edward Walpole. In 1792, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, purchased the lease held under the crown by Mrs. Ann Egerton, united to it the grounds belonging to Mrs. Macartney, and made it her favourite retreat when relaxing from the state and ceremony of royalty. At her death she

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bequeathed it to the Princess Augusta, while she chooses to possess it. If given up by her Royal Highness, or at her death, it is to descend in rotation to her younger sisters.

Frogmore, situated a little to the south of Windsor, is a retreat worthy of such illustrious occupants, of whose talents, industry, and refined taste, it exhibits the most honourable and delightful specimens. The building is modern, and received considerable improvements from the late Mr. James Wyatt. The principal or garden front, represented in the annexed view, is partly of freestone, and partly cased. The house, with its uniform wings, has a pleasing effect, which is much heightened by the handsome projecting colonnade, that gives it an air of great comfort, and completely unites the wings with

the main building. Since the wings were added, it has changed its name of Frogmore-Lodge for that of Frogmore-House.

The pleasing impressions produced by the appearance of the exterior are strengthened by the aspect of the interior. The apartments are spacious; and simplicity, combined with elegance, pervades the whole. The Eating-Room is stuccoed. The marble chimney-piece, a beautiful specimen of Italian workmanship, represents Bacchanalian emblems. The furniture is simple. Besides a handsome chandelier, there are silver sconces round the apartment, which is adorned with fine portraits of her late Majesty's mother, sister, and brothers. Two of the latter are from the pencil of Zoffany. There is also a portrait of Lady Georgina Bathurst, painted in her childhood*.

The Queen's Library, forming part of the additions made by Wyatt, is elegantly fitted up. The bookcases are in imitation of satin-wood, and the doors of the room correspond with them. Busts of eminent persons adorn this apartment, and among others are those of Mrs. Siddons, who here frequently delighted the royal family with her readings and recitations, and of her equally celebrated brother, John Kemble. The books are judiciously selected, and many of them very rare.

This room is farther enriched by works from the hands of her Majesty and the Princesses, who, for their amusement in leisure hours, had formed a small printing establishment, from which emanated many

* An engraving from this portrait was executed by the late Caroline Watson, and published by Mr. Ackermann, with the title of *Adoration*.

useful little works, chiefly of a moral or religious nature. These the Queen and her royal daughters took delight in finishing with their own hands, as their establishment embraced every thing requisite for binding the books which they from time to time produced.

The Green Pavilion, like all the principal rooms, is on the ground-floor, and commands luxuriant though confined views across the lawn. A small island, amidst a canal which runs through the grounds, gives a pleasing variety to the scene over-looked from the windows. All the pictures in this room are portraits, with the exception of a marine piece, representing the Royal Charlotte yacht, in which, under the command of Lord Anson, her Majesty was conveyed to England in August 1761. The portraits are the following:

The late King, by Gainsborough Dupont.

George III. his present Majesty, and the Duke of York, at a review; a reduced picture from that by Sir William Beechey at Hampton-Court.

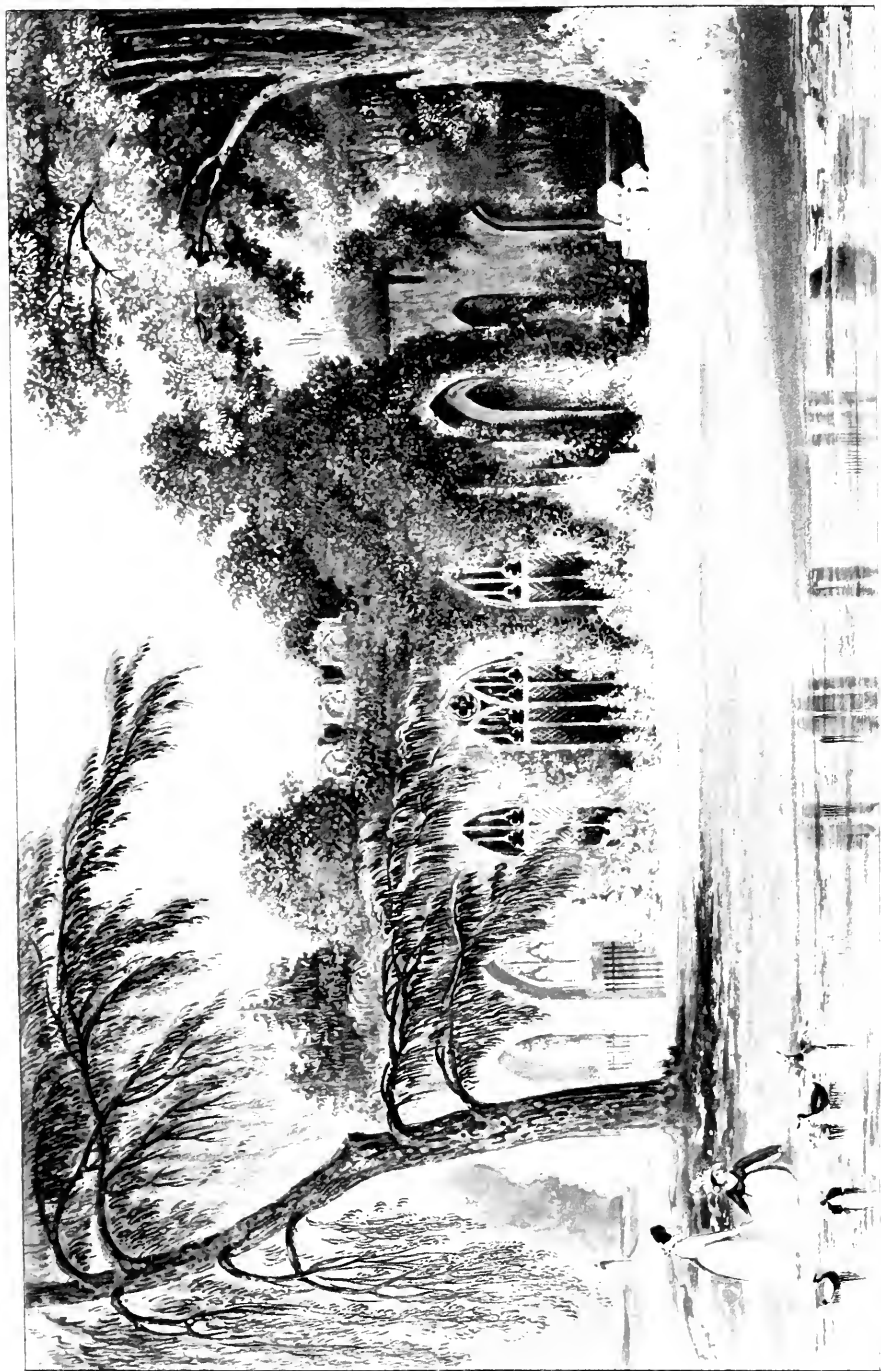
His present Majesty, by Buck.

Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta, and the Dukes of Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex, all by Sir William Beechey.

Duke of Cumberland.

Duke of Sussex, a whole-length, in Scotch military costume.

The First Closet of the Princess Royal is thus named from its containing many drawings by her Royal Highness, now Queen-dowager of Wirtemberg. These drawings are mostly after Reidinger, and possess great merit. This room, and several others, are chiefly indebted to the taste, talents, and industry of the royal sisters, for their embellishment.



THE BURN.
No. 15. 25.

The Red Japan Room was painted in imitation of Japan by the Princess Elizabeth, now Duchess of Homburg; and the furniture was tastefully ornamented by the same fair hand. The same observation applies to the Black Japan Room. The genius of her Royal Highness for original composition is happily displayed in various works, one of which, now at Frogmore, and dedicated to her royal mother, evinces fine taste in the choice of subjects and grouping, together with a knowledge of composition in the highest department of the art. The plates of this work were etched by the princess herself. Another performance, engraved by Thielcke, after the designs of her Royal Highness, and published, with original and appropriate poetical illustrations, at Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Strand, ranks deservedly high for superior taste and beauty of composition. The subjects contained in it represent *the Father's Return, Faith and Charity, the Pleasures of Childhood, Affection and Pleasure, the Warrior's Tale, and Resting after Travelling.*

The Drawing-Room is decorated with several pictures. Among others are, a small landscape, by the late Earl Harecourt; and a sea-piece, by William Cowden, Esq. Among the portraits are those of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Clarence, when children, and of Prince Octavius, who died very young.

Several of the other rooms, as the State Bed-Room, Dressing-Room, &c. are hung with paintings and drawings by various masters; and many valuable drawings by Edridge decorate the Yellow Bed-Room.

The grounds are as sweetly diversified as a space so limited can pos-

sibly be: art has given to them all that variety of scenery which nature had refused. The whole extent is thirteen acres. Exclusively of the trees and shrubs of different kinds, which throw their shade over a piece of water that is tastefully conducted through the grounds, various appropriate buildings embellish this beautiful spot.

Our second plate represents the *Ruins*, situated close to the water, partly embosomed in wood, and forming a pleasing object from many points of view, with its fractured battlements, buttress, and Gothic window, peeping out from the ivy which creeps over its surface. This erection was from Wyatt's designs: besides an open corridor commanding pleasing views, and a small but pretty vestibule, it contains one good-sized Gothic room, in which his late Majesty delighted to breakfast. Here are placed some busts of the Royal Family, and a sweet little model of a monument to the late Princess Charlotte. The ceiling is elegantly ornamented, and the furniture richly carved, particularly the chairs, some of which are of oak.

At a little distance from the Ruins is a small Gothic bridge thrown across the water, which has a pleasing effect.

The *Grotto* is pretty; and the *Temple*, dedicated to Solitude, has its peculiar characteristic features.

The next plate (for we have presented the reader with three subjects belonging to this interesting retreat,) is a view of the *Hermitage*, a small circular building, erected after a design by the Princess Elizabeth. It is charmingly situated in a retired part of the ground, embowered among fine trees; and it is so lovely

and sequestered, that the Princesses used frequently to take refreshment and spend part of the day in its shade. The Hermitage is roofed with thatch; the outside is covered with moss, and the interior is lined with the same material. It is furnished with such accommodations as a recluse may be supposed to want—wooden utensils, rude seats, and a rough table, covered with excellent imitations of fruit, while a picture of a venerable hermit graces one corner.

Many *fêtes* were given in the grounds of Frogmore by her late Majesty, who delighted in having the neighbouring gentry to join in the hilarity of the day: one in 1795, to celebrate her Majesty's birthday, may be said to have been public. The gardens were crowded with tents and booths. The former were presented to the Queen by Marquis Cornwallis, and had belonged to Tippoo Saib: they were extremely splendid, and, combined with the superb fitting-up, formed a magnificent scene. These were appropriated to the Royal Family and nobility, who partook of a rich banquet. Every sort

of amusement was to be found, such as exhibitions of tumblers, rope-dancers, theatrical, vocal, and instrumental performances, forming a truly joyous scene. One part of the grounds was laid out as a Dutch fair or wake, where toys and trinkets of all kinds might be procured; the purchasers dropping in a box whatever money they thought proper. The produce was devoted to a charitable fund. Several other *fêtes* were here given to the public, who were admitted by tickets. In 1817, at a *fête* given to the young gentlemen of Eton, five hundred in number, there were present the royal family, the ministers of state, and the foreign ambassadors and nobility, amounting to upwards of two thousand persons.

Some of our readers may possibly have taken a part in the festivities instituted at Frogmore on various occasions by her Majesty: in such the preceding account will not fail to awaken agreeable recollections; whilst it conveys to those who have never seen the place some idea, imperfect it is true, of the charms of this truly royal retreat.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN:

Written by an Officer in the French Service during the Campaign of 1810.

LETTER V.

(Continued from p. 72.)

I CANNOT close this letter and my observations on Madrid without giving you some account of the most agreeable evening that accident afforded me during my residence here. One day, tired of sauntering about, I had accompanied my painter home, when the whole family was invited to the name-day of an opulent acquaintance, which was to be celebrated with a ball. H—— asked me to ac-

company them, assuring me that I should be made most welcome; and I acceded the more willingly to his proposal, as I had long wished to attend a Spanish party, and especially a ball. On entering the house, we found a pretty large company assembled; but I was immediately struck by a singular custom: the ladies repaired to a separate room, and the gentlemen were shewn into another. At length the whole party met, and we now entered a saloon





decorated with equal splendour and taste, where the lady of the house had taken her place on the *estrada**, and received the congratulations of her guests. An immense quantity of chocolate, the favourite beverage of the Spaniards, confectionary, biscuits, almonds, and sweetmeats of various kinds, were handed round; fresh supplies incessantly poured in, and what was not eaten, the Spaniards pocketed, for it is a regular custom that almost every person leaves *there fresco*† with full pockets. While this was going forward but little was spoken, and had I not had my friends to converse with, I should not have known what to do with myself. At length, when the eating and drinking were over, the company began to be a little more animated; the sexes approached each other, and the former stiff reserve gradually gave way to a general lively conversation. The greatest licence, nay, even indecencies, which would not be forgiven in our polite circles, though so free and so fertile in *double-entendres*, filled me with the more astonishment, inasmuch as ladies not only listened to them without manifesting any displeasure, but even repeated them with bursts of laughter. H—, to whom I could not help expressing my surprise, intimated, that this tone prevails in all companies, and is owing to the faulty education of the Spanish females, who are accustomed from infancy to hear such expressions employed by the attendants, to whose

* An elevation at one end of the saloon, on which there is usually a sofa, and over that is suspended an image of the Blessed Virgin.

† *Refrescos* are entertainments of the kind described above: they are exceedingly expensive.

charge they are consigned till they grow up: hence they become so familiar with them as to find in them nothing indecorous—a circumstance which cannot but strike a foreigner, as the Spanish ladies are otherwise extremely reserved.

The signal for the commencement of the ball was at length given, and now I fancied that I should be indemnified for my *ennui*, for you know how fond I am of dancing. Here, however, I was again disappointed; the company danced scarcely any but Spanish dances, of which I was unluckily obliged to be a passive spectator. Tedious minuets alternated with entertaining *sequidillas*, danced by four couple, almost like our country-dances; and I was only fortunate enough to have Francisca for my partner in one of the former. These dances were continued but for a short time, when the music struck up the *fandango*. This air operated like magic on the whole company: all eyes glistened, and every gentleman sought to procure a partner of the other sex as speedily as possible: one very handsome couple in particular drew all eyes by their inimitable grace. I had long cherished an ardent wish to see the *fandango*, so renowned all over the world, executed for once in the highest style; and my wish was now gratified beyond expression. I must confess I never beheld any thing more beautiful; our Paris opera ballets are nothing in comparison with such a dance; and never yet did music and action excite in me such lively feelings. The eyes of even the oldest persons in the company glowed with youthful fire; and love, with all its varied feelings, was expressed not only in the looks of the dancers, but

also of the spectators. Mortal enemies would, I think, on hearing the *fandango*, sink reconciled into each other's arms. How strongly I, whose whole being was already penetrated with love for my Francisca, was impressed with this dance, I am unable to describe to you: she too looked at me more tenderly than ever, and overpowered with so many different emotions, I sunk on an ottoman beside my old painter, who also looked on delighted. Though in other respects so rigid, he could not refuse his approbation, and only coveted the ability to transfer it, with the full expression of all the emotions which it excites, to the canvas. Stoic as you pretend to be, I would lay any wager, that had you been in my place, had you seen how the dancing couple with sparkling eyes seem to challenge one another; how they approach each other with the most voluptuous turns and attitudes; how the lady, at the moment when in the highest ecstasy she seems to surrender herself to her partner, nevertheless suddenly slips away from him; how both alternately pursue one another; how all their looks, movements, and gestures express every shade of happy love, till at length the cessation of the music dissolves the delicious spell—your cold gravity would not have been proof against the sight. Universal plaudits accompanied the dancers, and it was but by degrees that the heated blood began to circulate more soberly in their veins. H—— related to me an anecdote respecting the *fandango*, which I must repeat to you.

The court of Rome, incensed that in a country standing so high in regard to the purity of its faith, the unhallowed *fandango* should continue to

be a favourite amusement of the pious inhabitants, determined to lay the dance under an interdict. Unwilling, however, to condemn it unheard, a couple was required to execute the dance before the council. The performers, accompanied by exquisite music, danced the *fandango* with the utmost beauty and grace. The gloomy countenances of the ecclesiastical spectators gradually brightened; their frames were replenished with the energy of youth; till at length, unable to keep their seats any longer, they all rose and joined in the dance. The *fandango* of course escaped the threatened anathema.

The company now began to drop off, and I also took my leave, heartily thanking my friend H—— for the gratification he had procured me.

You must not expect any more letters from me before I quit Madrid: the few days I have left I shall devote entirely to Francisca and her worthy father. My resolution is fixed: if I return safe from this destructive war, she and no other shall be my wife. Her father, who long since was aware of our sentiments, has cheerfully given his assent and blessing to our union; and he too will probably quit Madrid and return to France.

God preserve you, my dear friend! From the next place at which the vicissitudes of war afford me a few days' rest, expect farther accounts.

LETTER VI.

MÉRIDA, May 10, 1811.

Having rested a few days from the dreadful fatigues of the last march, I proceed, agreeably to promise, as we shall probably lie here

some weeks, with the narrative of my adventures.

The hour of parting arrived but too soon at Madrid, and the painful adieu still wrings every fibre of my heart. I never passed a happier time than the last week at Madrid. In the consciousness of approaching separation, Francisca's whole soul developed itself before me, and the remembrance was imprinted with indelible characters on my heart. Every day she presented herself to me in a more lovely, more fascinating form, and I found her innocent heart pure as the azure firmament of heaven. With her I shared the tenderness of her father, who now loved me as dearly as his only son, whom he had lost at an early age. Often did we sit together in the sequestered jessamine-bower in their little garden, and fondly anticipate the period when inexorable fate, which now commanded our separation, should reunite us in the land of our birth, and Francisca, as my wife, would sink, sweetly blushing, on my faithful breast. On one of these occasions, she gave me a lock of her hair and a ring which had belonged to her late dearly beloved mother. I wear them both next to my heart, and death itself shall not part me from these pledges of her love. The omnipotent word was given, and we were obliged to tear ourselves from each other: at this last trying moment, however, an inexpressible tranquillity pervaded my bosom; I felt a firm and thorough conviction of a joyful reunion, to which my beloved and her father also looked forward with the same confidence. Attended by their blessings and best wishes, and pursuing afresh my destination

through battle and slaughter, I proceeded out at the gate with a party of convalescents, across the bridge over the Manzanares, looking back every moment at the roofs of the royal palace, in the vicinity of which I had left behind objects so dear to my heart.

Of our first marches you must expect no details from me; for, gloomy and ill-humoured, mourning over my loss, recalling the past, or penetrating in imagination into the future, I took very little notice of what was passing around me.

At the village of Velvis de Monrey I rejoined my regiment, and here I was soon roused from my reveries by my duties, and by the meeting again with many of my comrades, who, like me, had risen from a sick bed, and whom I had given up for lost, which soon restored me to my usual flow of spirits. Here, however, I felt most painfully your absence; for to which of those around me could I pour forth my heart, and communicate my present and expected happiness? They are all but rough soldiers, in whom long familiarity with the scenes of war has extinguished the finer feelings; and I, with my ardent passion, should only have been a butt for their mirth in their jovial circles and drunken orgies. From the heart of my friend alone could I experience sincere sympathy; but you were far away from me, and I was therefore obliged to confine my most delicious emotions within my own bosom, till the present moment permitted me again to acquaint you, though but in writing, with my thoughts and sentiments. Now I am once more happy, and fancy that your spirit is ho-

vering near me. But forgive my overflowing heart this digression, and let me return to sober narrative.

Fortune was tolerably favourable to me at Velvis de Monrey, where all the inhabitants, who had been constantly quiet and passive, and therefore spared from pillage, had remained at home. I was quartered on the Signor Pastor. As I understand Latin you know, I was extremely welcome to my host. At first, indeed, he was exceedingly reserved, owing probably to the general hatred of the clergy to us; but we soon became better acquainted: he submitted to what he could not help, and began to converse freely and frankly with me. He conducted me about the village and its agreeable environs, and lastly to the very ancient castle which gives its name to the place. According to his account, this castle, which really commands a magnificent prospect, was chosen by a Moorish king for his *belvedere*, and thence received the appellation of Velvis de Monrey (fine prospect of my king); and it is said to have been fitted up with the utmost splendour. The castle is uncommonly strong and massive: on this account probably the Holy Inquisition in the sequel obtained possession of it, and transformed the otherwise agreeable edifice into a theatre of horror. Though the apartments of this castle are much decayed, and the whole structure is nodding to its fall, I could perceive, from various circumstances, how dreadful this place must have been. The great hall, in which the tribunal of the Inquisition was held, was also much decayed, and now served for the abode of owls, lizards, and serpents: yet there were still left

many vestiges of ancient places of torture, and still more in a vaulted apartment contiguous to the hall, in the walls of which several iron rings were still fastened. In the hall itself I observed a wooden block four feet high, with chains strongly attached to it, on which condemned persons were beheaded. This block, as my conductor told me, is still used for confining dangerous criminals. In the centre of the hall was a trap-door, which, with the utmost exertion of my strength, I succeeded in raising. I beheld a pit to which the eye could discover no bottom; a sepulchral smell issued from it; a stone which I threw in was a considerable time in reaching the bottom, and to judge from the sound, it must have fallen into water. Into this pit the carcases of the victims of intolerance were probably thrown, and thus withdrawn from all farther inquiry. I could not help thinking, that in later times many of our straggling comrades might have here found a grave, covered with everlasting silence. This idea had such an effect upon me, that I dropped the door, the jar of which in its fall resounded awfully through the empty apartments. In the lofty subterraneous vaults, which are still in tolerable preservation, were every where to be found vestiges of their former execrable destination, either to deprive unfortunate wretches for ever of the light of day, or to reserve them for the flames or the axe of the executioner. I had seen enough of these scenes of, thank God, past atrocities; and all the unhappy victims of monkish fanaticism seemed to issue from the dark corners of the vaults and of the lofty rooms. I began to feel uneasy in the company of one of

their former persecutors, who, as we walked round, could not quite suppress a secret smile of complacency; and I was heartily glad when we had again reached the village.

Much as I liked the picturesque situation of this place, and highly as my host entertained me many an hour, I was not the less pleased when we received orders to march, for the nastiness for which the Spaniards are notorious seemed here to have arrived at its highest pitch.

We had received intelligence that the enemy had taken post at Torrecillas, and went to meet them. Crossing the Tajo at Almaraz, we pursued our march by way of Torrigos to Torrecillas. Contrary to our expectation, we here found no enemy, and occupied a very agreeable position in a wood of oaks, at least so we called those trees, the proper name of which I do not know. They are of the size of our oaks, and have beautifully green but prickly leaves, and a fruit exactly like acorns, which has a very sweet taste. As to real acorns, there are none in all Spain.

On the road from Velvis de Monrey, I was particularly struck by a tower, which was extremely well built, and had probably stood for ages, detached on a hill, at the foot of which Almaraz is situated, and by which the road passes at a little distance. I should have liked to view it nearer, but on the one hand, I was obliged to remain with my detachment, and on the other, it would not have been advisable to straggle alone from the troops in so wild and bushy a country, which seemed peculiarly adapted for the haunt of banditti. The whole road to Almaraz was strongly intrenched; for in

the first campaign, the Spaniards had here had a strong camp, in which they were surprised and all made prisoners by our troops. In crossing the Tajo, I could not help noticing the ruins of the beautiful bridge, which has been destroyed during the war. From a print which I saw at my host's at Velvis de Monrey, it must have been remarkable as well for the beauty as the boldness of the architecture, since it consisted of a single arch, which extended from one bank of the river to the rocks on the other, and must have been of extraordinary breadth.

Though our position at Torrecillas was agreeable enough, on account of the beautiful shady trees, yet we were exceedingly annoyed, especially at night, by the prodigious numbers of large lizards and scorpions, which gave occasion to many curious scenes. One of our men one morning opened his knapsack for the purpose of taking out his loaf; but on peeping into it, he started back with affright, for a lizard had taken up its quarters close to the bread. Another, who had quickly clapped on his cap, snatched it off again as quickly, and threw it from him with a loud scream. A scorpion had nestled in the lining of the cap, and when he put it on, stung him on the head. The animal was caught and crushed, and the wound smeared with the juice, which, as we learned from the Spaniards, is the only antidote against the sting of the scorpion. Our soldiers often made a cruel but entertaining sport with these animals, which may give you some idea of the character of this reptile. They made a circle of red-hot ashes, and placed

a scorpion in the midst of it. The animal sought to escape, but was stopped on all sides by the hot ashes, and drew back. Finding that it could not get away, it turned up its tail, at the lower extremity of which is the sting, and stung itself under the scaly skin of the head, till it died from the effect of its own venom.

In this camp we passed eleven days, and all of us expected to remain longer. I too had made myself a hut of boughs, and scarcely had I furnished it with tables and seats of turf, when orders were given to march. Our route led to Merida, a town situated on the Guadiana. At first the march was tolerably pleasant, till we arrived at a plain six *leguas* and a half long, which extends to Merida. Here the heat, which had increased to an intolerable degree, fatigued us: there was not a shrub or tree to moderate the burning rays of the sun; we were parched with thirst, and not a drop of water was to be found. Two *vol-tigeurs* and seven carbiniers of my company died suddenly, and many others shared the same fate. Only figure to yourself the horrid scene—to behold these men, your comrades in every danger, now extended on the parched ground; to hear them

beg for God's sake for a drop of water, without being able to relieve them; to be obliged to leave them behind, and abandon them to certain death, attended with the most dreadful torments! Never was I so impressively taught to detest the horrid lust of war as in these painful moments; and we shouted aloud for joy, like the Crusaders of old on discovering the towers of Zion, when the walls of Merida appeared in view.

We at length arrived here totally exhausted, and as we neither saw nor heard of any enemy, we were quartered upon the inhabitants, but advanced posts were stationed as usual. My billet was addressed to an apothecary, a very polished man, but, as I soon perceived, extremely jealous; so that if I wished to avoid putting him out of humour, I durst scarcely exchange a word with his lively and loquacious wife, who was moreover watched by a dragon of a duenna. That this was no hardship for me, notwithstanding the enticing looks of pretty Mrs. Apothecary, you will easily believe.

More another time respecting the town and its environs, for I must take a few moments to write, according to promise, to Madrid.

JEMIMA AND WILLIAM.

(*An Event during the Struggle for American Independence.*)

A BODY of loyal emigrants from Cross Creek, in Pennsylvania, undertook the hazardous exploit of joining the British army in Carolina. Their leader, a gentleman of the name of Macniel, had been an officer in the Seven Years German war. His person was tall and athletic; his figure

commanding, and among the Highlanders and others whom he had conducted across the Atlantic, he maintained the authority of a patriarchal chieftain. His sagacity and agricultural knowledge assisted them in managing their affairs; his wisdom prevented or reconciled differences,

and his liberal kindness secured the confidence of all the settlers.

Mr. Macniel sent trusty messengers by different routes to propose to the commander of the British forces at Williamsburgh, that he and his followers should surprise the garrison. The governor and council assembled at Willisburgh; but soon after the departure of his envoys, Macniel received certain information that the success of his enterprize must depend upon prompt execution: therefore, with three hundred followers, one half native Highlanders, the others their descendants born in America, and some English and Irish soldiers, he came suddenly upon Willisburgh, carrying off the leading men and the garrison, without resistance. However, the country was alarmed, and Macniel with his band found it necessary to conceal themselves in forests or bye-ways by day, and to proceed by night. He knew all the country, and this knowledge enabled them to procure provisions.

When he had advanced two-thirds of the way, he found the republicans occupying a pass which he and his party must open by the sword, or perish in the swamps for want of food. At this time, he had more prisoners to guard than the numerical amount of his followers. He left these in custody of a division of his men, and charged the enemy with such impetuosity as they could not withstand. He and a few of his chosen friends were killed, and the survivors put themselves under the command of Richard Smith, an Englishman, who had been a soldier in the 55th regiment.

Smith was in all respects qualified to bring this exploit to a happy is-

sue. Intrepid, resolute, cool, and experienced in military duties, his conciliating manners, his uprightness, good sense, and intelligence made him highly respected by his neighbours. He represented to them, that by taking refuge in the swamps, they might, by a sure, though slow progress, join the British army; and all implicitly submitted to his opinion and guidance.

The British commander at Williamsburgh, excited by the arrival of Mr. Macniel's messengers, made such inquiries as procured information of his proceedings and fate. He sent Major Craig, afterwards Sir James Craig, and a strong detachment, to succour the adventurers, with orders to keep up a discharge of cannon on their approach to the swamps. The settlers from Cross Creek emerged in that direction, being aware that the Americans had no heavy ordnance. Half famished with hunger, and nearly exhausted by fatigue, they delivered up their prisoners. Having rested some days, a party of the settlers volunteered as guides for the British army in the march to Petersburg. Of the number was William, the only son of Mr. Smith, who so ably conducted his neighbours through the swamps. He endeavoured to convince William that he ought to leave the duty of a guide to men of more experience; that it was incumbent on him to hasten home, as his mother would never be assured of his safety until she saw him under her own roof. William took a letter from his pocket, saying, in a gay tone, that this voucher for his safety, written by his own hand, and delivered by the hand of his father, would undoubtedly remove all his mother's anxieties. Mr. Smith saw that

his son was not to be dissuaded, and he knew the attraction that drew him to Petersburg had far greater power than any motive he could urge. He likewise hoped that awe of the British army would effectually conduce to extricate from distressing restraints a young person in whom he had long felt a paternal interest.

When Richard Smith took up his abode at Cross Creek, Hezekiah Armiger and his wife shewed the strangers many civilities, and they in return were serviceable to Armiger. Mrs. Armiger, an amiable woman, much better educated than her husband, suffered much from his violent arbitrary temper and gross manners; but Mr. Smith's influence in process of time meliorated his domestic conduct, and, as Mr. Smith saw this unbounded confidence, he became attached to his rough neighbour. Mutual good offices cemented an intimacy between the families. Mr. Smith had been severely wounded at Ticonderago, and was in consequence often ailing for several years after he settled at Cross Creek. Mrs. Smith's health was also impaired by following her husband through different climates, and their only surviving child was delicate from the same cause. Mrs. Armiger was the tender assiduous nurse of all Mr. Smith's family when visited by sickness, and they esteemed and loved her in life, and proved their respect for her memory.

William Smith might be six years old when Mrs. Armiger bore an eighth daughter. Mrs. Smith had a son two months earlier; but he was a weakly babe, and notwithstanding her own condition, and a bad cough that hung about her all the spring, Mrs. Armiger attended her friend in

a tedious confinement, and could not be persuaded to desist from watching the fast declining child. He died two days after Mrs. Armiger was delivered of a girl, and as her strength seemed unequal to the anxious and fatiguing cares of a nurse, Mrs. Smith begged to have the infant, to console her for the loss of her dear little Dick. Hezekiah Armiger seconded this request to his wife, and she assented, adding, with a look of meek resignation to heaven, that she should die satisfied, since the most helpless of her children would be under such kind protection. Smith, wiping his long eyelashes, solemnly rejoined, "And God so prosper me and mine as we deal with this adopted daughter."

"Amen," said Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Armiger lived but ten days, and then Mrs. Smith took the child to her own house. Her motherly superintendence assisted the elder girls from time to time in regulating their father's household matters, and she often saved them from his rigorous and unreasonable exactions.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith reared and educated Jemima Armiger as though she had been their own daughter; and William loved her with more than brotherly love. Jemima returned William's affection with deep-rooted tenderness, and the fond lovers should have been united in 1779, if political discordance had not estranged Richard Smith and Hezekiah Armiger. Armiger was a vehement partizan of the republican cause, and took every opportunity for pointing out the advantages to be expected from joining the standard of freedom. His respect for Mr. Smith restrained him from making direct proposals for him to en-

gage with the patriots; but under various pretences, especially on account of Jemima's youth, he threw obstacles in the way of her union with William Smith. At length, having heard a surmise of Mr. Macniel's communication with the British commander in South Carolina, and that William Smith had been observed travelling in that direction, he called upon Mr. Smith, and expressed much chagrin at his absence from home, being come, as he said, on some particular business. Smith, when he returned, went to Armiger's house; who, in a blunt overbearing manner, asked him to say at once, whether he intended to join the sneaking adherents of Britain, or the manly defenders of freedom? Smith replied, he was not accustomed to be so rudely catechised; but since his neighbour had plumped the question, he would remind him, that England gave birth and nurture to Richard Smith. He was the sworn servant of King George III. and would die rather than break his oath of allegiance. But he could partly excuse Armiger for overlooking all ties, except those that bound him to America, since his forefathers, through several generations, were born in that country; and he thought that men in a private station might befriends in all other respects, though they could not agree in political views.

Armiger was at this time elated by the prospect of rising on the ruins of the British power in the colonies; and forgetting all his long accustomed deference to Mr. Smith, he swore that he scorned such a mean compromise, and all that could endure it, even if they could boast of laurels earned at Ticonderago, and watered with the blood of five wounds.

Smith, in a calm, but determined voice, said, he defied all mankind to say he ever had boasted of his military services or sufferings. Vaunting was not the characteristic of a British soldier; and it appeared to him best to change the subject of conversation. Armiger, emboldened by Smith's forbearance, swore he must either give up canting about his filial duty to England, and act as he should do to his foster-mother America, or that his Jemima should never be the wife of William Smith, nor darken the door of Richard's house. He had taken her home the preceding day, till that point had been decided according to his wishes; and though Richard Smith was a richer fellow than himself at the present moment, he might soon be in circumstances to settle his eight daughters more honourably than among hirelings of British butchery.

Smith was the tallest man at Cross Creek, and in his youth a dexterous bruiser. He felt his choler flaming, and scorned such a diminutive splay-footed antagonist as Armiger. With an effort of self-command, he said, he would not return railing for railing, as they had once been good friends, and that no man but Jemima's father should pass with impunity, if he dared so to insult him. So saying, he departed without seeing Jemima, lest her father might treat her harshly for admitting him.

Armiger saw his eldest girl passing the window, and told her to desire Jemima to be ready in half an hour, to visit her aunt at Petersburg. All the girls, except the eldest, were in a large out-house, assisting in the preparation of tobacco for a wholesale dealer; and as the eldest overheard her father speaking in a high

key to Mr. Smith, she had the prudence not to tell *Jemima* he had been at the house. *Jemima* was stunned by the order to prepare for a journey: indefinable forebodings saddened her mind; but she had never dared to ask a reason for any command of her despotic father. She was ready when he called for her, and was hardly seated in her aunt's house, when he told her, with little preamble, that she must think no more of *William Smith*, the enemy of America.

"No pouting, no tears," continued the brutal tyrant, "unless you wish to have love flogged out of you with the cart-whip."

Her aunt, a bold, masculine woman, from whom *Armiger* had considerable expectations, now interfered, telling him, in a peremptory manner, to leave *Jemima* to her management entirely, or to take her away instantly. If he had business to do in the town, she advised him to be gone and settle it. *Jemima* saw no more of him till next day, when he came to bid his sister farewell, and to repeat his denunciations against *Jemima*, if, at his return, he should not find her as much disposed to hate all the enemies of her country as became the daughter of a staunch republican. Her aunt, in real compassion, though with seeming displeasure, commanded the unhappy girl not to stand idle, but to go and finish the whitewashing of the walls.

Armiger set out without seeing his daughter again, and her aunt kept her at active employment, to prevent her from brooding over her sorrows. The day was too busy to allow the workings of imagination or memory to nurture the passion, which she felt had increased by opposition,

and which almost since childhood had mingled with every present impression, every recollection of the past, or anticipation of the future; but when retired for the night, her mind was filled with intense solicitude, mingled with faint gleams of hope that her father might relent, and the most perfect conviction of unchangeable attachment on the part of the upright, generous *William*. It was possible some propitious event might once more restore them to each other, never to separate: "But, oh! my father never yields," said she to herself; and again the agony of despair shook her frame, and sleep fled from her pillow. Her bloom withered; her brilliant eyes became dull and hollow; and when in a short time her father returned, with a suitor she had formerly rejected, both cried out, this was a spectre, a changeling, and not *Jemima Armiger*. In his coarse way, her father added, she was breaking her heart for *Josiah Rawlins*, and he had come to comfort her.

Jemima dared not contradict her father, and as all her chance of avoiding a detested marriage must arise from gaining time, she was civil to *Rawlins*. But she accidentally discovered that a clergyman was engaged to perform the ceremony next day; and in this dire extremity she took a suit of clothes that had belonged to the deceased son of her aunt, in which disguise she got out of the house after all were in bed. Before morning she had gained the shelter of a wood, and she travelled southward, for two reasons: her father would pursue her northward, supposing she had gone to claim the protection of her adopted parents at *Cross Creek*; and she had also

heard of William Smith having gone to make some communication to the British commandant at Williamsburgh. She hoped either to meet with her affianced spouse, or to throw herself upon the commiseration and honour of the good Lord Cornwallis. Any risk was less terrible than a forced marriage, and many were the perils she had to encounter. She had no food but the wild productions of the forests; and when she climbed a tree for a nightly retreat, she heard the savage prowlers in contest with a weaker species, or raising their horrid voices in yells of hunger or pain.

While the dearest object of his heart was suffering for her fidelity to him, William Smith, in his journey to the south, had been much hurt by the fall of a heavy arm of a tree upon his shoulder. He was several days unable to move, and the messengers who, by different routes, were sent to the commandant at Williamsburgh, were some of them returning before William could venture to leave his quarters: two neighbours waited for his convalescence, and they fell in with the emigrant expedition only a few hours previous to the engagement with the republicans, in which Mr. Macniel gained a victory at the expense of his life.

Mr. Smith took care not to afflict his son in the hazardous and painful traverse of the swamps, by telling him of the provocation given by Armiger. He merely said all at Cross Creek were well. However, some of his acquaintances informed William of Jemima's visit to her aunt at Petersburg, which induced him to offer his services as a guide to that place. Jemima could not foresee that her lover was on the verge of a wood

where, like a frightened bird, she cowered among the thick foliage; but she heard martial music, and knew the British troops must be at no great distance. Her heart fluttered with the most agitating hopes and the most appalling fears; yet, if she lost this opportunity, another might not occur, till too late. She was summoning courage to offer herself as a recruit, when four persons appeared. They were stooping down to gather plants and dig up roots, so that she could not discern their features.

Unhappily this was one of the days when the soldiers were allowed some hours of rest. They had made a long march the preceding day, and were now to halt till noon. A young assistant-surgeon, an assiduous student of botany, rose early, and accompanied by William Smith and two soldiers, went to the woods to botanize. The soldiers were left at some distance to dig the roots they marked; and still bending in search of new productions, the surgeon and William Smith came very near the tree where Jemima lodged. The surgeon, being nearest, heard a rustling in the branches, and saw a face nearly covered by a large hat. He concluded this must be a scout of the enemy. He gave William the concerted signal, which was "Marksman." In an instant William fired, where he saw the ruffle of a shirt more conspicuous than the darker habiliments of the supposed spy. The victim, with a faint shriek, fell to the ground: that voice struck on every agonizing chord of William's feelings. He raised Jemima in his arms. The fatal ball had entered her chest. She bled, but not copiously, for the effusion was chiefly internal. On

seeing the surgeon draw near, she besought him to use no means for prolonging her life. It would be in vain. She was dying, and wished to die. All she entreated was, that her corpse might be interred without removing any part of her dress; and that the surgeon would conceal from every one, that the victim was an unfortunate girl. She related the calamitous events that compelled her to assume a masculine garb: "And now, sir," said she, "I have only to commit my beloved William to your humane consolations. Speak to me, my love," said she; "your fixed eyes terrify me. Oh! speak to me, dearest William, while I can hear the blissful sounds! The greatest, the only benefit I could receive was death; and I bless God, that, without guilt to yourself, you have saved me from committing suicide. I have often since we parted, I mean since I came to Petersburg, been almost tempted to destroy myself; and I would have thrown myself into the water, or have stabbed myself, rather than submit to a forced marriage. Speak to me, O William! I shall soon speak no more to you."

William gazed on her with vacant looks. Petrified by grief and horror, his senses were suspended. But when she expired, he uttered a loud cry, and fell into convulsions, grasping her lifeless body so firmly, that she could not be separated from him. He was soon released from hopeless despair by the kind hand of death. One grave received the faithful lovers.

The soldiers supposed the unfortunate youth must have been a dear relation or friend of William Smith's; and the surgeon kept Jemima's secret during many years, except that, in a letter to his father, he gave the sad intelligence of William's tragical end, and its cause. This letter he intrusted to one of the guides on his return to Cross Creek.

Mr. M. has been heard to say, that during several years a day seldom passed without presenting to his mind's eye the lamentable catastrophe we have imperfectly related. After raising Jemima from the grassy sward, William Smith, with tender caution, seated himself, and took her on his knees. To staunch the wound, he tore from his neck a cravat, which her fingers had ornamented with needle-work; muttering, "She did this for me, and I have killed her!" This was his last symptom of rational self-possession. From that moment a vacuity more blighting than distraction pervaded his intellects. His face bent over Jemima, and hers was turned to him with the expression of a pitying angel, as her head reclined on his bosom, and her accents, almost inaudible, were employed to assuage his grief. Mr. M. had immediately dispatched the soldiers for a litter and proper dressings for the wound. Before they returned, Jemima had ceased to suffer; and William was in a state which prognosticated a speedy relief from his convulsive struggles.

B. G.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE FAIR SEX IN DIFFERENT
QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

No. II.

IN the wild and brilliant scenery of Africa, woman is ruled with despotie sway. If commanded by the lord of her destiny, she must attend him through rolling billows of sand in the desert, or assist his slaves in tilling the ground; and on the slightest suspicion or offence, the wretched creature is sold to more oppressive bondage in the West Indies, if not doomed to expiate her imprudence or her crime in a watery grave.

The king's wives must kiss the dust when they receive or communicate a message from their royal master—for consort he cannot be termed. The King of Dahomey has several wives, and three thousand females trained to martial exercises. They accompany him to battle, and surround his person in the fiercest combat. This peril of life is not all—a dying monarch often desires his favourite wives, his elephants and horses, and most splendid weapons of war, to be inhumed with his body.

Such was the last will of King Thoma, the great king of Dahomey, and conqueror of Whidah. The surgeon of a slave-ship witnessed this shocking ceremonial in the year 1752. An embassy from Dahomey was sent to the British factory in that kingdom, to call medical aid for the suffering Thoma. The factory is two hundred miles to the east of Cape Coast Castle. A physician accompanied the chiefs of the embassy, while a few proceeded to the nearest harbour in quest of another doctor. Mr. H. obtained leave from the commander of his ship, and

gladly undertook a journey to the interior, as he wished to see the territory of Dahomey, and understood the language.

The physician had been seized with a fever on his way, so that Mr. H. arrived at Dahomey before him. The king was several hours dead. The corpse, arrayed in many bales of silk, woollen and cotton cloths, was of enormous bulk. The outer garment was red velvet, and the head was covered with a gold-laced hat. Two of his favourite wives held him in an erect position, under the shade of a palm-tree. An immense multitude had gathered behind the female guards, who, at respectful distance, surrounded the royal remains; and when the crowd observed the English surgeon, who was come too late to be of service, they joined in a howl that seemed to pierce the skies. Mr. H. nevertheless, received every possible civility and attention. He was invited to witness the funeral rites; and in the mean time he informed himself of the Dahomean customs. The tall corpulent women who supported the royal defunct, took their station there whenever his remains were laid out in state, and they must neither eat, drink, nor move from the spot, until they walked into the grave, with the high honour of embracing the mortal relics of King Thoma; whence, covered with earth, and by the shades of night, he should ascend to the stars, where the faithful wives would also be assigned a place. Very early in the morning, the grave

was excavated by the female warriors. It was of a circular form, as the king must stand erect, supported by his wives. A pit of vast capacity was dug by men for the king's camels and horses.

The royal obsequies commenced by the women warriors singing, in wild, simple, choral strains, a paenegyric of the mighty deceased. Mr. H. wrote the words in short-hand; but an officer of the court was sent to inquire the meaning of his employment. He expected this interruption, and was prepared to obviate offence. He replied he was preparing charms, or *fetiches*, which must have particular efficacy, having the influence of a monarch so soon to beautify the stars of the firmament. Mr. H. had full leave to proceed.

When the voices ceased, the royal corpse, supported as formerly, was advanced to the brink of the grave. Profound silence reigned, and by a sloping path, the wives and their sacred charge reached the bottom. Here two of the Amazons extended on the point of a lance a green leaf rolled up, which each of the wives took into her mouth and swallowed. The women warriors poured the earth upon the grave, repeating the song of praise already copied by Mr. H. Mr. H. saw two camels and four fine horses staggering and drooping. He supposed that, like the inhumed wives, they had in mercy received poison. They were quietly led by a sloping way to the bottom of the pit, and whenever their leaders reascended to the surface of the ground, multitudes shoveled the earth over those animals. A flourish of drums, trumpets, and other noisy instruments, concluded the ce-

emony; and the new king entered upon his functions.

His first act was to send Mr. H. a present of gold-dust and ivory, at the same time claiming an exclusive right to the *fetiches*, of which Mr. H. did not doubt he would make a profitable traffic. He spent three days in tracing numberless duplicates of the *fetiches*, and with a proper escort returned in safety to his ship.

PANEGYRIC OF THOMA,
Great King of DAHOMEY, and Conqueror of
WHIDAH.

Thoma, great King of Dahomey, with a body like the trunk of the boabab, and limbs as the limbs of the elephant. The broad back of the hippopotamus is small compared to the shoulders of Thoma. His face as the beams of noon, a light of worlds; his teeth white as camel's milk, and his smile the joy of all nations on the face of the earth. In the doubtful contest for victory, his presence among warriors as the water-melon; the palm and date tree to the eye of a traveller escaping from the wild and lonely lifelessness of a sandy ocean in the desert, and passing from the short moss and scarcely living shrub, to plains and woods in all their beauty. The wrath of Thoma poured as a sweeping whirlwind, hurling destruction on armies, as a pillar of sand bursts over the insect tribes on the borders of Sahara.

The two eyes of the sky, Doomagra and Zolifala, were the grandsire and sire of King Thoma. He was born of his bright-faced mother the sun, and suckled at the far-hanging moon in cool shades of the night. He sparkled as a merry star in high-arched skies; but stooping over a

spreading *ensada*, to admire the purple-spotted stem and clear red figs, he tumbled on the golden and azure plumage of a *souï manga*, south of Arebo. The bird spread her glowing pinions, and the star held fast, while his shining rays left a track in the upper air: the coromantine monkeys sprung from tree to tree, to follow the streamy light; the antelope bounded over the rich herbage and flowers; the lion and tiger shook unbounded forests with their dreadful voice of homage; and the grunting hippopotamus rose from deep rivers to

gaze on the glory of Dahomey. The star descended to the east of Abomey, and gently rolling on the grass, new plants and trees shot up wherever it touched the soil. The star grew to a king, a conqueror of the terrible in other wars; and Abomey became the chief of cities. All men crawled on the earth before King Thoma, greatest of the great; and thousands of women bore arms for his service. But he is gone to give new beams to his mother the sun; he is gone to brighten all the stars, and to take his place, the first and brightest of the shining hosts.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

No. II.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Feb. 10.

Madame Belle-Taille rose to call the attention of the Chamber to the present state of walking dress. She observed with regret, that the shawl was no longer the exclusive envelope adopted by women of fashion, its use being now in a great measure superseded by the pelisse; a dress which had evidently no other recommendations than warmth and comfort, considerations which a woman of *ton* never ought to regard, when they interfered with the display of her charms. She trusted, therefore, that the Chamber would take the matter into that serious consideration which it deserved, and pass an act for confining the use of the pelisse to the middling and lower classes.

Madame la Grosse mounted the tribune with such precipitation, that it was some time before she could recover breath enough to commence her speech; a circumstance which occasioned some tittering among the juvenile members of the *côté gauche*.

She began by declaiming with great vehemence against the mask of patriotism which some members of that honourable Chamber adopted, in order to forward their own private ends; but she trusted that there was still too much public virtue left in the majority of the members, to permit their sacrificing the interests of the greater part of the ladies of France to the selfish views of a few. She, for her part, looked on the pelisse as a national dress, and should never consent to its being abandoned. (Cries from the left side, "No, to be sure, the pelisse suits the *gross dames*.") This allusion to her figure threw *Madame la Grosse* into such agitation, that the remainder of her speech was not intelligible.

Madame la Presidente interfered, and having, with some difficulty, procured silence, *Madame Médiocre* mounted the tribune, and in a very neat speech argued in favour of the pelisse, which she said deserved the support of those who had the good of their country at heart, as it was a garment better calculated than any

other to preserve the fair persons of his majesty's liege subjects from the inclemency of the weather; and to enable them to appear, as gentlewomen ought, in a style becoming their rank, without tempting them to the extravagant expense which the wearers of shawls commonly incurred.

Madame l'Ancienne-Mode followed on the same side; but she took a wider field for the display of her eloquence. She observed, that she was pleased to see the pelisse generally adopted, not only for the reasons which her honourable friend had just given, but because the garment itself had, from its antiquity, strong claims to be regarded with respect. (Here several members levelled their glasses at the fair speaker, in a manner that proved they applied the observation to her own pelisse, which was certainly none of the newest; but without appearing to notice their behaviour, she proceeded with admirable *sangfroid*.) "I repeat, that the origin of the pelisse is extremely ancient: all that can now be ascertained respecting it is, that it was originally of French invention, and first appeared in this country at the period when female dress began to assume a regular form; or to speak more definitely, it was the first garment which the ladies assumed when they threw off the skins of animals, with which till then they had, in common with the men, enveloped their lovely figures. It was afterwards adopted at different times and under different names by all the nations of Europe, until of late years, when it has been generally laid aside, till recently revived by ourselves. It is now, as I am informed, slowly making its way in other parts of the

Continent and in England. I move, therefore, that we continue it till it is generally adopted by our neighbours, when, for the sake of our own reputation, it will be necessary to substitute something else in its place."

Madame Bongout begged to correct the mistake of the honourable member. The pelisse was neither a French invention nor an ancient one; it was of Italian origin, and was first imported into France during the time of Cardinal Mazarine: it was then generally worn all over Europe, under the name of the *cardinal*: it continued during a long time to be a favourite envelope with ladies of distinction, but at last became the outdoor dress of the female peasantry of England, the majority of whom do to this day appear in red and grey cloth cloaks, differing very little in form from the cardinal or pelisse; which is probably the reason why English ladies will not adopt it even in the most expensive materials, except as a wrap for public places. "Thus," continued the honourable speaker, "it is very plain, that the pelisse has no claim whatever on the score of antiquity; and certainly as to the vulgar considerations of warmth, comfort, and economy, they ought not to weigh with a fine woman, when it is a question of being compelled to wear so odious a disguise."

Here the debate became exceedingly animated, and many ingenious arguments were urged on both sides. The *côté droit* expatiated on the economy, warmth, and convenience of the pelisse. The *côté gauche* treated these considerations with the keenest and most pointed ridicule. "What," asked *Madame Belle-Taille*, "what are those paltry motives to the grand object which a

French lady ought always to keep in view? I mean the glory of her country; and in what way can she contribute to it so effectually, as by the display of her charms? But will any lady tell me, that this can be done with a pelisse? No, I repeat that the thing is impossible: whereas a shawl, though apparently as complete an envelope, can be managed in such a manner as to give every advantage to the figure: if thrown carelessly back, it displays the bust; if disposed in drapery round the form, it adds to it a thousand graces; and when suffered to fall carelessly from one shoulder, and then hastily re-adjusted, it never fails to give an advantageous idea of the shape. It was impossible that these considerations should not have their weight with a legislative body so famed for wisdom and patriotism as that Honourable Chamber; and I trust that it will act upon them in excluding the pelisse." *Madame Belle-Taille* descended amidst loud applause.

Madame Parvenue then mounted the tribune, and having handsomely acknowledged that she could add nothing to the weight of her honourable friend's arguments, so far as related to the advantages which the shawl bestowed upon the figure, she begged leave to suggest another consideration in its favour, and one that she trusted would weigh with every woman of spirit; that was, its high price. (Cries from the other side, "The pelisse may also be made very costly.")—"I grant it might, but certainly it very seldom is: whereas the well-known value of the cachemire immediately denotes the rank of the wearer, who, consequently, can never be confounded with those women of the lower class who inso-

lently affect to ape the costume of their betters; and so powerful in my mind is this single consideration, that I should, if there were no other in favour of shawls, give my vote for them."

Madame l'Avare hoped that this last consideration would not weigh with the generality of the Chamber, few of the members having the same reason as that lady for desiring to be expensively habited, since they had not been equally lucky in filling their pockets during the Revolution. (Cries of "Shame! shame! no personalities!") "Nay, when I see the real interests of our body about to be sacrificed, that one lady may have an opportunity of shewing her shape, and another of displaying her wealth, I think it is high time to remind such people ——" (This last phrase gave so much offence to *Mesdames Belle-Taille* and *Parvenue*, that they rose in their places, and began speaking together with so much vehemence, that *Madame l'Avare* was overpowered by their united clamour, and it was a considerable time before harmony was restored.)

When we could again follow the progress of the debate, we found *Madame le Téméraire* in the tribune, who, in a speech of some length, endeavoured to demonstrate that shawls and pelisses had nearly an equally injurious effect upon the figure. She pleaded strongly for the adoption of the *rédingote*, made exactly to fit the shape, with a rich scarf tied round the throat.

A member in reply observed, that as this was the costume by which Englishwomen were generally distinguished, it could not with propriety be adopted by French ladies.

Madame le Téméraire. "It is for

that very reason I think it ought to be adopted." (Murmurs of disapprobation from all parts of the Chamber.) "I must repeat my words," cried she with firmness. "Is it not in effect a challenge which these English give us by appearing in a dress so calculated to display the figure? Do they not in fact defy us to compete with them, and thus brave us even in our very capital? Shall we then shrink from a competition, and by so doing, tacitly confess our inferiority? No, let us rather fight our antagonists with their own weapons, and shew that Frenchwomen excel

other nations as much in the beauty of their shape, as in the graces of their air and manners."

The honourable member descended the tribune amidst loud applauses; but after considerable argument on all sides of the question, her motion was negatived, as well as that of *Madame Belle-Taille*; and consequently pelisses will remain predominant till the next meeting of the Chamber, when their expulsion is confidently looked to, as it is reported, on good authority, that the *côté gauche* will take care to secure a considerable accession of votes.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING BRASIL.

A DESCRIPTION of Brasil, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, by Messrs. Taunay and Denis, natives of France, who have been some years resident in that country, has been just published at Paris. We shall present our readers with a few extracts from that work.

St. Sebastian, better known under the name of Rio Janeiro, was founded in 1567, and erected into a capital city in 1763: it is built on the seashore, between three mountains, which command it; their summits are covered with forts and batteries. When you arrive in the harbour, you find it very tantalizing, after so long a voyage, to have a good many formalities to go through before you are allowed to land. The inspectors of health, the custom-house officers, and the agents of police to receive your passports, arrive successively on board. The vessel is also speedily surrounded by boats filled with Negroes, who come to sell oranges, bananas, and water-melons. You are

struck on landing with a heavy and oppressive smell, which you fancy is musk, but it proceeds in reality from the number of Negroes, that are seen in all parts of the town. The first street in which the traveller finds himself, is called the Straight-street, though, by a contradiction rather ludicrous, it is perhaps the only one in the town that really is not so: this street is chiefly inhabited by merchants, and the principal entrance to the custom-house is in it. The houses in Rio Janeiro are usually from two to four stories high, and built in a pretty regular manner. They are of granite, with iron balconies, which are generally adorned with two balls of gilt lead. The best built street, and that which has the greatest trade, is called Rua do Ouvidor (Judge's-street.)

At the end of the Straight-street stand the metropolitan church and the palace of the governor, which the royal family were obliged to make use of for their residence on their first arrival, but afterwards the

king lived principally at a country-house. The excessive population renders lodgings scarce at Rio Janeiro, and both apartments and provisions are extremely dear. It is a general custom that those families who depend on the court should take a part of their salary in provisions.

The great number of troublesome and noxious insects with which the Brasils abound, render a *moustiquaire* very necessary about your bed. An excellent precaution against these insects is, to have a paper prepared with a kind of soap pasted on the wainscot: chambers, where this precaution is taken, are no longer subject to the visits of scorpions or other noxious reptiles; yet, strange to say, the inhabitants in general neglect a means of defence so certain, and, at the same time, so easy.

Furniture of a cheap and very simple description would best suit the climate of the Brasils, where heat, damp, dust, and fogs, all unite to destroy the most expensive moveables in a short time. One may easily be convinced of this by the fact, that the hardest and most polished steel speedily appears like old iron covered with rust. Notwithstanding this, say our travellers, luxury makes great progress: the coaches that were in general use on our arrival, even those of the court, were nothing but bad post-chaises, drawn by a couple of mules; two years afterwards, those sorry equipages were transformed into magnificent carriages, drawn by horses elegantly caparisoned. The same increase of luxury is observable in the furniture of houses, and particularly in the dress of the ladies. The brilliancy of the diamonds, which cover the

bosom or the hair of the Portuguese and Brazilian *belles*, is inferior only to the lustre of their eyes.

Two of the most lucrative professions at Rio Janeiro are those of the *coiffeur* and the dancing-master: the latter in particular is a personage of considerable importance; he has a carriage sent by his pupil to convey him to give his lesson, and he receives for each lesson twenty-five francs; while the poor teacher of languages trudges on foot, perhaps from one extremity of the town to the other, to give a lesson for two francs.

Some of the customs that still prevail in this country have been transmitted down from the time that the Moors had possession of Spain and Portugal: the manner, for instance, in which the ladies seat themselves with their legs crossed under them; and their common habit of taking repasts without a table, by having them brought in upon mats, which are called *esteras*.

One of the most indispensable articles for an European breakfast-table is not to be found at Rio Janeiro; we mean fresh butter: it is supplied with salt butter from Ireland. We find few of the vegetables of Europe, and butchers' meat is not of a good quality. They kill very little mutton; their pork is extremely good. Game is abundant and very fine, and fish excellent. Their choicest fruits are pine-apples, oranges, and the fruit of the *manguier*, which, when of a good kind, is exquisite.

They celebrate Good Friday in one respect as we do New-Year's day, by making each other annual presents. A troublesome and foolish custom prevails during the two

days before the beginning of Lent, of throwing wax-balls, made hollow and filled with liquid, at those who pass through the streets: formerly these balls used to be filled with scented water, but at present that is not the case.

There is nothing remarkable in their manner of celebrating marriages and baptisms. They bury their dead with their faces uncovered; and it is a strong proof of the salubrity of this warm climate, that notwithstanding they bury in churches, there are no epidemic distempers. The burial of an infant has more the air of a festival than of a funeral: they attire the little corpse in the costume of the *petit St. Jean* in the processions of the *fête Dieu* in France. It is under the name of *anginhos* (little angels) that mothers shew them to their children: "Come," they say, "come and look at the little angels: you would be like them if you were dead."

The manner in which families go to church has something in it very primitive: the oldest of the family walks first, and the other members follow according to their respective ages; their slaves close the procession, marching one by one.

The months when the heat is most excessive at Rio Janeiro, are December, January, February, and March. The houses are built so as to render the heat as supportable as possible, every means being taken to procure a free circulation of air. Each house has a corridor, into which all the chambers open. The greatest part of the windows have no glass, but merely wooden shutters, to fas-

ten at night. Many of the inhabitants place porous vessels filled with water outside the windows: this method keeps the water very fresh.

Our travellers speak thus of an excursion which they made into the country a short time after their arrival: "Vegetation assumes here a vigour both of form and colouring which we have no idea of in temperate zones: towards noon, when no cloud mitigates the intensity of the heat, the leaves of the trees appear to be of brilliant metal, painted with the deepest green, and burnished. We constantly met on our road Negroes carrying on their heads baskets full of charcoal, or conducting mules loaded with it. This valley is still covered with trees which have never yet felt the axe, and the first speculation of those who purchase land in it, is to make charcoal to sell in town. Nothing can be more majestic than those primitive woods, through which we were obliged to force a passage by felling here and there with a hatchet the *lianes* of every kind, which interlaced them, and which wound themselves even to the tops of the highest trees. It is dangerous to traverse these woods, from the number of venomous reptiles with which they are infested; and the traveller never thinks himself safe out of the frequented path. Accidents, however, do not happen very often; but it is enough that the danger threatens every where, to poison the pleasure one feels in contemplating the beauties which nature has lavished on the country."

(To be concluded in our next.)

GAELIC RELICS.

No. II.

RELICS of the olden time are presented to the readers of the *Repository*, not as exclusive characteristics of the Gael, but as general outlines of native heroism, fidelity, and manly virtues, inherent in a free people, unspoiled by luxury, and attached by affection and generous pride to the land of their fathers. The compositions of the bards, preserved by oral tradition in Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland, have transmitted to us many facts and customs that do honour to the innate dispositions of our ancestors; and it cannot be doubted, that if the warlike deeds of the Anglo-Britons had employed "the mouth of song," they would have rivalled their more sequestered neighbours. In this view, how exalted is the province of poetry! The fire of genius only can perpetuate "the blaze of renown." Heroes, who "covered fields of fame" in the rich and lovely vales of the south, are forgotten; while their contemporaries, in an isle of inferior magnitude, and in the Cambrian and Caledonian mountains, yet live in bardic celebrity. The lament for a piper slain by the invader for warning of danger the head of his people, and the traditional anecdotes of other "voices of battle," are but specimens of the British spirit of valour in all ages and conditions. A genuine Gael sincerely feels and avows this truth; and the interests and honour of all parts of the three united kingdoms are now so entirely blended, that every thought of rivalry should be abhorrent and extinct.

Vol. I. No. III.

The bard and harper were held in profound veneration; but the piper was allowed undisputed pre-eminence over the multifarious retainers in the establishment of a Highland chieftain. He was honoured as the "voice of battle;" and the office became hereditary, by his sons, or nearest of kin, qualifying themselves to "swell the notes of heroes in war." A certain extent of land, with a suitable domicile, was termed the piper's portion, and with the family-piper descended from generation to generation. The piper not only excited his clan to mighty exploits by spirit-stirring sounds, but he seized every opportunity for signalizing his own courage and self-devotion. A few instances will shew how they preferred death to the least dereliction of duty.

In the first feud between the men of Athol and Argyle, a piper, attending the Campbell knight of Ach-nabreck, rushed among "the crowding foe," and presenting his person in every direction to cover the wounded knight, he continued to peal the pibroch to encourage his clan. It was customary for warriors skilled in leechcraft to provide themselves with the leaves of a low-growing plant, in Scotland vulgarly called plantain major and minor, being of two kinds, with large and lesser foliage. In the Gaelic language both were termed *herb of healing*; and the sanative property is still resorted to for cuts or sores among the poorer classes, who apply the fresh leaf as a plaster. With the *herb of healing*

the piper staunched the wounds of his leader: he regained sufficient strength to assure the faithful adherent, that all applications must be unavailing; and he would die satisfied, with the piper's promise to reach, if possible, the castle of Achnabreck in time to place it in a posture for defence, and to save the life of his heir, yet a child. Then, and not till then, the piper transferred his attentions to his own wounds, while he remained with the knight till he expired. Though exhausted by loss of blood, he fulfilled his engagement, made a gallant resistance, and defeated the enemy. His son officiated as piper, for he was too much reduced "to swell the call of the burning soul," and though mortally wounded, he did not retire from the bartizan while one man of Athol kept his ground. The victory being completed, he bade his son restore the pipe to his hand; and holding the instrument in his dying grasp, composed an ode "To the fame of the departed knight of Achnabreck," concluding with lines never surpassed in heroic self-devotion. He says, that his only regret in death was, that "in the fight which bereft his tribe of a leader bright among ten thousand heroes, the piper could not be endowed with three hands, two for the pipe, and one for the sword." His last words addressed a sublime apostrophe to the pipe, which should never leave his hands while life endured, though he could no longer fill the echoes with those sounds that waft the souls of the brave to the long repose of their fathers.

A piper of the Macdonald kings of the Isles, being superseded by his son, on account of his great age, was left at home when the chieftain un-

dertook an expedition far to the north. The Island of Islay was invaded by a host of foes, and the old piper hastened from Finlaggan to the coast, to apprize the Macdonald king of the Isles, that an ambush awaited his debarkation. He saw the fleet of his chieftain pressing to his own shores, unsuspecting of danger or treachery, and "all the fire of his youth rekindled, to save the king of heroes from falling into the snare of little men." Under the potent impulse of clannish self-devotion, "his heaving breast again awakened the viewless son of the rock;" and he played extempore a pibroch, which warned the chief not to land without a reinforcement of friends and followers. It seems the language of the pipe was perfectly understood in those days: the chief profited by the counsel of his ancient servant; but the piper paid with his life a last tribute of fidelity. This pibroch now pertains to the family of Clanronald.

The Macdonald kings of the Isles held their court at Finlaggan, an islet in a lake near the centre of the Island of Islay, where vestiges of the houses and chapels are still extant. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests officiated at the august ceremony of his coronation, and he was at all public displays of his magnificence surrounded by a guard, called *Luchtaighte*, or chosen people. To such as are curious in ancient records, we beg leave to recommend Colonel Stewart's *Sketches of the Highland Character*, for the most authentic details on this head, and all others relating to the clans. In the first volume there is some account of the fraternal friendship of three Campbell families; one of whom,

afterwards distinguished by the designation of Duntroon, is spoken of in the following lament for a piper as Niel Oig, the patronymic pertaining to the chief of that tribe. A bond of friendship had long subsisted between the kings of the Isles and the family of Niel Oig; and when the redoubtable Alister-dhu, King of the Isles, ravaged all the western lands of Argathela, occupied by the Campbells, he not only spared Niel Oig and his vassals, but proved his unbounded confidence by coming to the castle of Duntroon with only seven of the Luchtaighte to protect his person. Three days of festivity were spent in the most cordial friendship. On the fourth morning, Alister-dhu departed; but, unhappily, one of his attendants had affronted a knavish fool who made sport for the guests. The revengeful Abhach Gorach, or idiot dwarf, went to the bartizan, and with an arrow shot the offender as he sat near the king of the Isles, steering his berlin out of the bay of Crinan. As he had not sufficient force to resent the outrage, he hastened home, and soon returned to call Niel Oig to a hostile account. Niel Oig's piper happened to be on the brow of a headland at some distance from the castle, and having learnt, when a prisoner with the men of the Isles, that they came as foes, he asked permission to sound the pipe, as his silence at that hour would create alarm. His arms being unbound, the piper composed a pibroch, intimating the purposed attack; and the intrepid performer was cut to pieces "as the splintered pine." Three turrets of the castle were burnt before a herald bard could arrive at the ship of Alister-dhu, and inquire the grounds

of his hostile procedure. An explanation was followed by a renewal of the bond of friendship.

LAMENT FOR A PIPER.

Mangled, cold, and low lies the echoing voice, the loud blast of warning, when fire-brands were kindled against the castle of Turrets. Stiff is the bold hand that proclaimed from hill to hill the coming sleep of the bright-haired chieftain of the skies, dropping to repose in his western wave. Lovely is thy course, O warm-bosomed chief of day! heroes stride in thy light, rejoicing in the clang of deadly weapons; and the feast of victory beholds thy rays of gold and crimson on smooth-faced waters; or if the keen edge of steel hath pierced a mighty heart, the failing eyes are turned to thee, since, long as thy rolling years, and far as thy shining steps, shall spread the sound of their deeds, and thou alone canst travel wide as the fame of the brave. A blue rock of renown speaks to future times of the faithful and true that died for the leader of his people. Future warriors shall listen to his name in the mouth of bards, and their fire of valour shall burn with ascending light on the hours of far-famed strife. Echoing voice of war, voice that unsheathed the fierce-gleaming sword, and led hosts of the valiant to renown! for thee all the warriors of the Turrets stand darkling, the sons of grief, with spears reversed, and the men of the Isles mourn over the rage of their steel. Aloud they wail for the voice of battle, the voice of joy, lost by the treacherous shaft of Abhach Gorach, and a bond of friendship, knit on fields of the great in arms, broken by the wrath of a moment; a bond of ages held

firm on fields, where the men of the Isles and the men of the Turrets, as the roar of winter floods, swept over thousands of their foes, and as tender shoots of the mountain-pine in the folds of squally winds, their foes were hurled to destruction. Alister-dhu, lord of the Isles and king of heroes, trod the halls of the castle of Turrets. He came to a tried friend, where all were foes, and of his hosts he brought only seven of the Luchtaighte; and had he come alone, unarmed, still he was safe, for the heart of Niel Oig was locked in the heart of Alister-dhu. All the coast had bent beneath the storm of his wrath; but no deathful weapon was drawn upon a follower of Niel Oig, no brand of fire passed over his lands. Alister-dhu came to the castle of Turrets, and Niel Oig spread his wide feast of friendship. In the open soul of friendship the king of the Isles came and departed; but as frost-rime from a barren marsh can blight the ripening berry of many forests that defy mighty tempests, so Abhach Gorach blasted the bond of friendship. Mouth of idle words and grinning mischief, the high-souled leader of Clan Colla saved thee from tossing on the tree of shame: but thy wavering path is broken up for ever; for on thee lies the wasting curse of a mournful people. Withered be the hand that stretched the bow-string, and darker than the gloom of night be the eye that guided the hissing dart! Thy ill-omened shaft stifled the voice which rung from cliff to cliff, as fast-following gusts of all the winds, yet pleasant as a gale of the west to the brow of the mariner. Chief of the sons of power to awake the ear of valour! edge of the two-edged steel! bravest to raise the

flaming spirit of answering shields, when onward rolled the fight to the heaving of thy manly breast, and the unceasing play of thy fingers! grey in the sounds of war, his locks wandered in the evening breeze, and mixed with the long-streaming ensigns of the pipe, as he strode along a dark rock of foamy tides. A war-boat draws near. He advances to salute the men of the Isles. As the tall fern of autumn whistles to the growing squall that soon shall tear her slender arms, so fearless replied the son of music to the scowling foe; for never had the head of Clan Colla broken the bond of peace and friendship with the castle of Turrets, nor had a scout of ocean watched for their sails.

"Come to our feast of shells," said the men of the Isles.

"I wait the evening call of Niel Oig," said the son of music.

"Our calls are first," hoarsely spoke seven riders of the leaping waves; "and our chief wills, that the son of music shall join our gladdening song of brawny-armed rowers."

They force the son of music to their bark. As stormy clouds tinged with the red gleam of lightning, every eye kindles to rage, while a vassal leader questions the strength of the Turrets.

"Since I must, I go with you," said the son of music; and though in bonds, his soul was strong. Calm he looked on the deathful steel, and bold spoke his tones, though he saw strife in every face. "The chief of Turrets will man his lofty towers and thick walls, if the voice of evening shall not ring from cliff to cliff a song of repose to the bright-haired orb, dropping among mountain shadows in the western main; all the power of

his vassals shall rush to aid, and their name shall not be unheard among the valiant."

His arms are unbound; but the pealing salute of his breath gives warning of danger. A hundred boats crowd in wrath, and a hundred swords are at his firm heart. Dauntless he smiles in scorn at the messengers of death, and with furious strokes his stately form is hewed as a splintered pine. The king of the Isles urges his tall ship, and leaping into the war-boats, cries shame on the dastard wrath which struck the brave unarmed—the brave, that rung the call to manly fights in his day of bonded friendship with Niel Oig. The benches of the rowers are dyed with the blood of a mighty heart: no billowy sea, no deep-flowing river can wash out the stains; and the king mourns the blemish of his renown. To appease his angry grief, the men of the Isles push hard for conquest on shore. The gates of the castle are fired. The blaze spreads on wings of the winds. Three turrets, scathed and unroofed, load with flame-crested smoke the face of night, and wrap the trembling stars. The bard of Niel Oig demands why a friend of the last moon has come with the fire-brand and battle-axe of a foe. Abhach Gorach, shrieking as the ill-omened owlet of night, thy deed of treachery is revealed, the tree of shame is thy doom; but the high-souled chieftain of Clan Colla disdains a poor revenge.

The warriors of the Isles and of the Turrets, with all their saddened friends, bewail the son of music, fallen as a noble stag of the wilds struck by a barren fragment dashing from the rugged brow of a hill. The ghosts of departed heroes, and the

spirits of the tumbling tides, have preserved the remains of the valiant and true; and as a grove fresh with the dew of heaven, his people have found the mangled limbs that strode stately to lift the voice of battle. Deep-bosomed in the lovely bay of ships, his scattered remains were gathered by the airy shades of warriors of old, long ascended to bright-skirted wreathing mists of rest, and living sons of fame placed a blue rock of renown over his mouldering bones. The mouth of song shall roll his name to ages far unborn; and the stars of valour, dim in the course of ages, shall leave their halls of repose, to hail the mighty ghost of him who died for the leader of his people. Future sons of renown shall hear how bards have sung in tears, and heroes have sorrowed over the voice of warlike awakening, that breathed out his flaming soul, unchanged amidst a host of foes. His bed of years shall be sweet, and dear to the musing sons of song shall be his name. Their mouth shall be filled with his deeds, and his spirit, dwelling in light, shall listen to the echoes resounding his fame.

As the sun with all his streamy rays bursting from a cloud, and hushing to peace the vapours of tempest, so the bond of friendship is renewed with the king of the Isles and the chief of the Turrets. Their people rejoice in a feast of peace, and the strengthening of their hands fills with dismay every foe. Like Fingal, first of heroes, the king of the Isles and Niel Oig of the castle of Turrets have grasped the sword, and their foes gave them fame on wide-skirted fields of the great in arms.

B. G.

MEMOIRS OF A LETTER.

"Blest be the man, his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast,
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey."—*Guardian*, No. 173.

REVOLVING in my mind the other morning which of my lucubrations I should send to the *Repository*, and pacing my library, first determining on this serious and then on that comic sketch, I happened to strike my foot against a *terme*, which supported a bust given me by the inimitable Chantry. I heard a rustling behind the books which lay underneath, and immediately before me flew an opened paper, bearing the resemblance of some epistle, which spread itself at my feet.

If I were amazed at the manner in which this paper seemed to be propelled before me, how much more was I astonished when I heard it address me in the following terms, but in a voice small and still as that of Conscience herself, whose whispers so often pass unheard among us: "Be not surprised, but listen," squeaked my new acquaintance. "Letters to be sure have until now been denied a vocal medium, but how many a quiescent inanimate object has become animate at the pleasure of your literary gentry! Atoms have uttered satires, pins have talked scandal, guineas have discovered the duplicity of politicians; and to go further, donkies have moralized, and coach-horses preached sermons; and as if the waking thoughts of authors were insufficient to swell our overgrown libraries, Johnson has described visions, and Addison dreamed dreams. But, *allons!* fear nothing; take me up, and lay me upon your polished library-table: it will give me much pleasure to have my story told

by a gentleman who writes with such perfect satisfaction to—*himself*, as you do; and I am sure, such ink as must be contained in that beautiful *or-molu* inkstand, with such beautiful transparent pens, must round a period much better than the clumsy ink-horn of Cervantes, and the musty worn-out stump of John Milton or Tom Chatterton." I was too much astonished to do more than I was bidden, when my new acquaintance roused me to action by the following commencement of his memoir:

"The first day on which I saw the light was the 1st of January, 1822, in an elegantly furnished boudoir. The authoress of my being was a lady of the name of Rhoda Temple, with whom it is necessary perhaps that you should be acquainted. Rhoda, at the period of which I am speaking, had reached that age when it behoves a woman, who almost despairs of being married at all, not to be too nice. Rhoda perhaps was too well aware of this, and fell into the other extreme. In her youth she was called bewitchingly handsome, at least so I once heard her say: of these earlier particulars of her life, of course, I cannot speak from my own experience; but I did hear Adams, her waiting-woman, who kept me in her pocket two days before I was put into the post-office, although she was ordered to attend to this point immediately; during this time, I say, I heard enough to be able to collect the following particulars of her history:

"Early in life Rhoda had fixed

her affections on a handsome and frank young soldier, by whom she was indeed adored; but this union being prevented by their parents, who feared that their pecuniary resources might not keep pace with their love, and he being killed in an affair of *honour*, she was indeed left desolate in a world which had not now a single charm worth living for. 'Tis dismal to see the aged sinking into death through the arrows of misfortune; 'tis more dreadful still to see the young a prey to despair: but though a love-letter, I do not profess to be a sentimental one. She was at this period scarcely twenty; from twenty to thirty is a long time to grieve. For a long time, it is true, she refused comfort; but what will not time effect? She met Sir George Sinclair at Cheltenham, whither she had been taken by her friends; and he, struck with a beauty which he thought grief had made uncommonly interesting, and provoked to a combat by the little chance he had in succeeding, after a year's constant assiduity to please, at length succeeded in gaining something like a place in a heart which for many years had been desolate.

"The sun once more shone on Rhoda with its almost wonted cheerfulness; the charms of nature imparted a joy to her breast, to which it had long been a stranger. If she loved not herself, she esteemed, and she felt that she was beloved; and she ventured to draw once more a little scheme of happiness in the magic lantern of her life, when, one evening, word was brought, that he who had once more taught her to live was no longer in life: he had been thrown from his horse, and instant death had ensued. Once more

were all her airy visions dispelled. If the misfortune of her early love had imparted to her breast a sad, a cheerless feeling, it did not injure her temper; she bowed to the stroke as the lily bends to the storm: but this second frustration of her plans caused her to become violent, irritable, and untractable. She never once gave it a thought, although she knew it, that Sir George was a determined and unprincipled gambler, who would soon have made her wretched, and that his love might only be like a ray of sun in the darkness of winter. She did indeed recover his loss sooner than she said she should, but she returned to the world dictatorial and arrogant; and in assuming to herself, at the age of thirty-eight, the charms and vivacity of twenty, insured no respect from the males, and set all the females against her. Poor Rhoda now felt all the mortification which a little self-denial might have saved her; and sat down before the other sex, as she singled each one out, with a firmness which seemed to say, 'I am determined you shall marry me;' and in acting on this determination, she was in fact removed further than ever from her wishes.

"At the time I was forming under her hand, she owned herself forty: her eyes were still full, black, and dazzling; but they owed something to the well-coloured and cultured eyebrow. Her nose was good, but beginning to be a *letel* red at the tip: her lips were red, and her teeth white; but had Spencer taken from the latter all that he had manufactured, one dreadful chasm must have yawned there. A 'browner hue' would also strive for mastery over her upper lip, in spite of the continual requisition with which her *etui*

was called into action; and though Vickery had done all he could for her hair, for she had paid for it, yet her *tout-ensemble* betrayed a very different appearance from the representation of that arch gossamer-like nymph who appeared in a superb frame in her aunt's dressing-room, painted by *young* Lawrence a *few* years ago. Her figure too, she said, was *getting* large: alas! the alliteration, fat, fair, and forty, was too much realized to make her feel it complimentary, whatever she might do twenty years hence. Her foot too was even larger than it was wont to be, at least so the stupid shoemaker had dared to tell her: nevertheless, when Gilbert's boots, laced nearly to strangulation, were starting on her feet, she fancied she had the same neatly turned ancle once the admiration of the *haut-ton*; and when attired for the Opera, which possessed not all the charms it once had, she was sometimes gratified by the flattering voice of Echo, who bore on the breeze, 'Devilish handsome creature!' without hearing its drawback 'still' or 'yet.' The precise amount of Rhoda's property she scarcely knew herself, but she did hope that, with it and the stock of beauty she still possessed, she might captivate some sprig of nobility, some lord or lordling, or she would marry even a baronet if a man of *haut-ton*, and then reform altogether.

"At the time she was fabricating me she was angling for the twentieth time, and you may guess, hackneyed as she was in Love's high-ways, the agitation of her mind after penning such an epistle as your humble servant. Read me and judge.

"My dear Scudamore,—Were I to consult the formal whispers of pru-

dence, I should probably treat your cruel negligence with the contempt which it deserves: but, alas! when I would do this, your former tenderness to me disarms my anger; and I should hear from your lips what I know might perhaps agonize my too young and susceptible heart. Tell me then, and murder while you tell it, the wretch whose love is the only excuse for this tender avowal; and let the haughty marchioness, who has not a particle of affection, but plenty of dissimulation, pride herself that she keeps you from me, and has robbed me of all I ever held dear.

"But recover yourself, my dear Scudamore, I will be alone any evening you appoint; or dread the vengeance of an injured female, but one who yet loves you too well, the wretched

'RHODA.'

"Having read me, or at least having read as much of me as she thought proper to her waiting-woman, who applauded me to the very echo, she folded me up carefully: but what was my astonishment, after she had written on my back 'Colonel Sir Frederick Flugleman, Antler-Lodge, Leicestershire,' on beholding her seize a lighted taper! She dropped several particles of hot wax on my front, and pressing hard upon me some little golden bauble, which gave an impression of *Vive l'Amour!* she then delivered me with twenty cautions to Adams. At the end of two days the waiting-woman gave me to Mr. Corkscrew; Corkscrew after dinner gave me to William. William, putting me in his best coat-pocket, forgot me till the following evening, and gave me next morning to black Jem. Black Jem handed me next morning to dirty Dick, with a penny, some ham and cold chicken; but he, being

detained until the post had gone out, with Sam the butcher at chuck-farthing, at length jammed me through a crevice in a window, whence I tumbled down among a number of my own species.—Oh! what a change, Mr. Jenkins! for I think I have heard you called Mr. Jenkins,” continued my manuscript friend, “what a change did I undergo! I who was born amidst a thousand aromatic odours, most of which, it is true, I was robbed of in my transmigration from Adams to dirty Dick; but after being dropped in this gulph profound, I became no longer a letter of quality. We were in a grave which levelled all: never surely were *intelligent* beings crowded into such a place. What sounds of woe, what exclamations of joy, burst upon my ears, as we related at least the beginning of our several contents! Here was ‘Divine object of my soul’—interrupted by ‘Sir, my little account of

so long standing’—with ‘Yours of the 12th ult. came to hand’—‘Lines to Miss Jane Finch’—and ‘If you run in debt, you may rot for me, your affectionate father, J. Miles’—with much other matter as incongruous; some subscribed, ‘Your humble servant,’ while refusing to obey their wishes—‘Dear sir,’ to persons unknown to each other—and ‘I have the honour to be’ set at the foot of a letter calling the correspondent a ‘rascal.’ I had just prided myself in the height on which I reposed, when our cell-door was lifted up, and a thundering storm of newspapers came raining on our heads, and thrust me edgewise between a cheese-monger’s order and a warning to a country curate to quit. Here I lay not long: a thumping parcel, tied with red tape, kept us at a distance; and once more quietness, though not order, was restored.”

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE LATE KING'S LIBRARY.

It is universally known that his late Majesty, George III. collected, with equal judgment and liberality, at Buckingham-House, during the course of his long life, a library, which, for value and magnitude, is scarcely surpassed by any in the kingdom. This library the present King has, with truly royal munificence, presented to the British nation. The motives which actuated this donation, developed in a letter which may be regarded as the deed of gift, are most honourable to his Majesty’s character, to which we cannot pay a higher tribute than by subjoining that document. It is as follows:

Vol. I. No. III.

Dear Lord LIVERPOOL,

The King, my late revered and excellent father, having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive library, consisting of about 120,000 volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British nation.

Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the literature of my country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a parent whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue. I have great satisfaction in making this communication through you. Believe me, my lord, your sincere friend,

G. R.

PAVILION, BRIGHTON,
Jan. 15, 1823.

The Earl of LIVERPOOL, &c. &c.

Y

Since the purport of this letter was made public, much speculation has been afloat as to the place where the library is likely to be deposited—a point which will of course be left to the decision of the representatives of the nation. A notion seems to be entertained by some, that it will go to augment the copious literary treasures already amassed at the British Museum. This course, however, seems liable to objections. The respect due to the royal founder of this library, and to his illustrious successor, should, in our opinion, forbid the idea of blending it with any

other collection; in which case, perhaps, it might run the risk of being dismembered by the disposal of many of the works which it contains as duplicates. Had our voice any influence, we should say, let it be kept whole and entire; and since new buildings must be erected at the national expense for its reception at the British Museum, why should not a distinct edifice be raised, as a special monument of the patronage of literature, and the truly royal munificence of our Third and Fourth George?

THE PATRIOTIC CONVICT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

EVERY one who has paid any attention to the character of the French, must know how strongly they exemplify a proverbial expression of their own, and with what admirable self-possession they can *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*. Such is the effect of this quality on the senses and the understanding of our volatile neighbours, that what any other nation would regard as a signal defeat, they exult in as the most glorious of triumphs; and that a deed which would overwhelm a native of any other country with shame and despair, is with them a subject of boasting and a title to merit.

A curious story, which serves to illustrate this subject, is given in the *Narrative of Freycinet's Voyage*, by M. Arago*, the draughtsman to the expedition, in which the author,

* Just published, in English and French, by Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. Soho-square, in a thick quarto volume, with twenty-five spirited lithographic designs.

avoiding all nautical details, describes, in a lively, familiar style, the men and manners of the countries which he visited. This story I have transcribed for the amusement of your readers.

"I cannot," says the voyager, "resist the inclination of giving you an account of a Frenchman of the name of Morand, whose son, a perfectly honest man, is now the possessor of a magnificent establishment at Sydney, and who cultivates in the interior an immense tract of land, acquired by the labour and economy of his father. This Morand did not reproach himself with any crime: he was desirous, he says, of becoming a partner in the Bank of England, without advancing any money; and he took a pleasure in boasting of his courage and address to all who went to see him. His story, related in his own words, is as follows:

" ' War had broken out between Great Britain and France: the forces of the two nations were pitted

against each other; but it appeared to me easier to destroy our rival by sapping its finances than by force of arms. I resolved therefore, *like a good patriot*, to take upon myself this work of destruction, and to accomplish it in the heart of London itself. If I had succeeded, France would have erected altars to my memory; and on how little did it depend that I was not proclaimed the avenger of my country, instead of being treated as a felon! Scarcely had I arrived in England, when I began my labours, and they succeeded beyond all expectation. Seconded in particular by an Irishman, not less able than myself, and who, prompted like me by a noble *patriotism*, displayed still more eagerness for the ruin of England, I was soon enabled to counterfeit bank-notes with such perfection, that we found it very difficult ourselves to distinguish those that issued from our presses from the genuine notes. Already I exulted: all my arrangements were made for inundating England with the produce of our manufactory; I wanted only some particular information relative to the numbering, when my companion, whom I had hitherto regarded as an honest man, took it into his head to steal from our store a few of these notes, which still wanted some formalities, trifling it is true, but indispensable. He was taken up almost immediately; and as he had not hesitated in one instance to act *dishonourably*, so on this occasion he did not hesitate to behave as a poltroon. He made a full confession: I was taken up and carried to prison with him: all the implements, all the produce of our manufactory were seized,

and Great Britain was saved from the ruin which I had prepared for it.

“ ‘ Evident as the proofs of our project were, I did not despair—thanks to the nature of the criminal laws of England—of escaping death; but such were the weakness and terror of my confounded partner, that I had no doubt of the destruction of both, if I were to be confronted with this pusillanimous fellow before a court of justice. To prevent my own fate, which could not have retarded his, I resolved to persuade him to rid me of himself. Indeed, as the author of our misfortune, it was but just that he should suffer the punishment of it. Accordingly I endeavoured to convince him, in a very pathetic discourse, that, our death being inevitable, we had nothing to think of but the means of escaping the pain and ignominy; that setting one mode of death against another, it was better to die like men of honour, than to perish by the hands of the hangman. The Irishman was moved, but not resolved: I then pointed out to him, that, if his own infamy did not affect him, he ought at least to spare his children the disgrace of being treated as *the offspring of a man that was hanged*; and that, if he were unable to bequeath them wealth, he ought by a generous sacrifice to save them from shame and disgrace.

“ ‘ These last reflections inflamed the Irishman with a noble courage. We procured some corrosive sublimate. I pretended to take a dose; he took one in reality, and died; and thus, freed from the imbecile rascal, I escaped the gallows that awaited us both. I was let off for transportation to this colony, where I am con-

demned to spend the remainder of my days. Here I carry on with advantage two of my original trades, those of a goldsmith and watchmaker. The two *rascals** who work with me triple my profits. In a few years I shall be one of the richest landholders in the settlement, and already I should be one of the happiest, if I were not incessantly tor-

* Thus M. Morand called such of the convicts, goldsmiths or watchmakers, whom he employed in his work at home, and whom he treated with the most sovereign contempt. "Those rascals," he said sometimes in speaking of them, "would risk their necks for a watch."

mented with the regret of having so unfortunately miscarried in such an *honourable* undertaking, and seeing myself on this occasion considered as a vile criminal even by those among you, my countrymen, who cannot be acquainted with the noble principles of my conduct, or who do not properly appreciate them.' "

Does not this anecdote, asks M. Arago, afford an interesting episode for a melodrama? And, I would farther ask, might not our manufacturers of Toms and Jerries profit by this hint? I am, &c.

A GLEANER.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1823.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

RAMBLING last autumn among the delightful scenery of Richmond, I was struck with the variety of denunciations against trespassers and depredators, which are exhibited in the front of almost every house, and at the corner of almost every paddock; and which certainly do not bear any very flattering testimony to the honesty and good disposition of the inferior classes of the inhabitants of that town and its vicinity. Among them was one, the whimsical singularity of which appeared to me to be such, that, "in order to prevent mistakes," as the Speaker of the House of Commons would say, I took a copy of it, which I here present to my readers.

"*Steel traps and spring-guns are placed in these grounds to catch rogues and thieves; and, if they escape the traps and guns, persons with loaded fire-arms are always on*

the watch to fire at them. It is hoped all persons will take kindly this notice, and not trespass on these premises."

This friendly intimation is evidently the production of some ingenious humourist, who, besides the protection of his property, probably intended to raise a laugh at the expense of the style of terror, as it may be called, so universally adopted by his neighbours. In this object he has eminently succeeded. It is impossible not to be entertained at the image excited by the declaration, that, should the rogues and thieves be so fortunate as to keep their legs out of a steel trap, or to avoid the trigger of a spring-gun, they will still be exposed to the destructive hostility of persons who are "always on the watch" to fire at them. The reader fancies he sees a couple of sturdy, fierce fellows,

each with one eye shut, and a cocked blunderbuss up to his shoulder, presented day and night towards the most assailable point of the "premises," and ready to pour wounds and death on any unhappy wight who may venture to shew his cabbage-stealing countenance. Nor is the sly concluding expectation that all persons will "take kindly" the caution, the least amusing part of this droll effusion.

When, however, the mirth which the perusal of a *jeu-d'esprit* of this description must occasion has subsided, the mind turns with feelings of a painful nature towards the contemplation of a state of society in which it is thought necessary to have recourse to such menaces for the security of that, which the laws, and the implied compact by which both rich and poor subsist, ought sufficiently to protect. This reflection naturally leads to the consideration of the existing character of the great mass of our population.

Putting out of the question the propensity to plunder, by which they are not distinguished from the indigent all over the world, it is generally asserted, that there is among the common people of England, more than among the common people of any other country in Europe, a boisterous, encroaching, mischievous spirit, which renders perpetual vigilance requisite on the part of those who are liable to suffer by their misdeeds. For instance, it is said that there is no reflecting Englishman who has visited the superb public gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, and who has there observed the nice order of the parterres, decked with flowers of every scent and hue; the unsullied trans-

parency of the basins, filled with gold and silver fish, sporting in the sunbeam; and the perfect condition of the fine marble copies of the most celebrated works of antiquity, which ornament every terrace, and terminate every vista; but must feel persuaded, that if, by the aid of an enchanter's wand, those splendid and royal domains could be transported to the neighbourhood of London, and the population of the metropolis were to be permitted suddenly to pour into them, the most uncontrollable and uncontrollable devastation would immediately ensue; that not a rose or a carnation but would be either plucked or trampled upon; not a fountain that would not be polluted by all sorts of impurities; not a statue every extremity of which would not be mutilated, and the pedestal of which would not be scrawled over with the names of accomplished connoisseurs, such as *Bill Robinson* and *Jack Smith*.

Without admitting that this is not an overcharged supposition, and even with a suspicion that if such a scene were actually to occur, some of the participators might possibly be of a rank superior to that which is the subject of our censure, let us inquire a little to what the imputed barbarism of the English people is attributable. I will not at present attempt to investigate any of its more deeply seated causes—causes which are perhaps productive of at least as much good as evil—but I will ask the better informed part of the community, if it is not worth while to consider whether, paradoxical as the notion may appear, a portion of it may not result from extreme rigour of restriction. Every regulation in England is prohibitory and

penal. We are continually saying to the lower orders what an injudicious mother is continually saying to her child, "Don't do that." It would almost seem as if the rich were averse to the gaiety of the poor, and thought it an infringement on their peculiar privilege. For the sufferings of their unfortunate fellow-creatures, whether in "mind, body, or estate," the opulent and the dignified evince the warmest and most generous sympathy. Workhouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums abound, and private benevolence indefatigably supplies whatever deficiency may be discovered in public charity. But, however desirous to alleviate the pains, there appears to be at least a great indisposition to contribute to the pleasures of the people, if not a positive wish to repress them. A splenetic friend of mine declares, that when any magnificent spectacle is to be exhibited in public, the first anxiety of the leading authorities is to prevent as many persons as possible from witnessing it. This is exaggeration. But it may fairly be asserted, that on such occasions there is not a due solicitude shewn to afford to the assembled multitude every accommodation compatible with order. We have no games, like those of the ancient world; we have no festivals, like those of modern continental Europe. Nay, the few athletic contests, and the few rude sports in which the commonalty of England formerly indulged, are sensibly diminishing. Of cricket and quarter-staff little is now heard; and the outrages which have recently been committed at some of the wakes and fairs, especially near the metropolis, have led to the absurd intention of endeavouring to abolish what de-

mands only superintendence. It is a vulgar surgery which precipitately amputates a limb that skill and patience might cure. Such, however, is too much the prevailing practice. Private combines with public austerity to check popular enjoyment. On every side we behold and hear admonitions to the people to abstain from some pastime of which they are fond; while no attempt is made to promote their gratification in any other less objectionable manner.

When a certain fair voluptuary, after assuaging her thirst with a draught of cool lemonade, expressed, in the words "What a pity it is not a sin!" her regret that the pleasure did not acquire a zest from prohibition, she unconsciously furnished the legislator and philosopher with materials for profound reflection.

No one can venerate more than myself the laudable efforts which have of late years been made to improve the education of the people. It is impossible to doubt, that the most beneficial consequences will be the result. But it may not be inexpedient for the meritorious individuals who are the most earnest in this humane and liberal undertaking, to recollect that man is a compound being: that he has a body as well as a mind: that as, in those classes of society to which they belong, the mind preponderates in value; so in those for which their benevolent anxiety has been awakened, the body is of the more importance. Of course, I speak of intellect, and not of morals. Let them guard themselves from the error of expecting, that "hewers of wood and drawers of water" (for so the inferior ranks of society must, with whatever comparative increase of information, con-

time,) can indulge, or ought to indulge, in the mental pleasures which are so gratifying to persons of refined taste, whose whole lives have, on the other hand, been passed in a manner that in a great measure incapacitates them for vigorous corporeal exertion.

If the current of animal hilarity is dammed up, and prevented from running in its native and legitimate channel, is it wonderful, that as soon as, by accumulation, it can surmount the obstacles thrown in its way, it should rush downwards in a course, and with an impetuosity, destructive of the tranquillity and dangerous to the very existence of society?

How simple and how admirable was the declaration made by the present Earl of Huntingdon, on laying formal claim to the estates of his illustrious ancestors at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, as it is reported by his able and enthusiastic friend, Mr. Bell! "Nothing should give a landlord greater gratification than to see a happy and flourishing tenantry around him. As for the boys here, if it please God that I recover these possessions, I promise to keep a pack of the best dogs in the country for their amusement; and as for the girls, they shall all have husbands without hunting for them." This is a tone that ought to be universally taken. It ought to be taken, were it solely with reference to the enjoyments of the great majority of human beings; but political unite with social considerations to recommend it. If any one proceeding could more effectually than another defeat the designs of those traitors who are endeavouring to engraft revolution on

discontent, it would be this. Let the people be amused, let them be pleased; let them be rendered sensible that their superiors wish that they should be amused and pleased, and how many existing murmurs would speedily be silenced!—Every thing has a tendency to produce its own species; and kindness is no exception to the general rule. What would be our notions even of the Deity himself, if the means of positive delight were omitted in the scheme of his providence, and we knew him only by his interdicts?

I do not despair of the arrival of the day when such notices as the following, if they should not supersede, will at least be mingled with those of a harsher nature, described in the early part of these observations:

"Any body may fish in this pond."

"This park is open thrice a week for such persons as choose to play at prison-bars. If they like football better, there is a capital one at the hall, which Mr. Jolly the butler is desired to lend them on asking for."

"Squire Merryheart will give a new fustian jacket this evening to the winner of a foot-race; the best of three half-mile heats, to be run on the lawn before his house.—N.B. All neighbours may come in and see the sport."

"There will be a dance on the common at seven o'clock. The ladies of the village will send a barrel of ale for the young men, and the gentlemen another of cider for the young women. Old Tom, the blind beggar, is to play the fiddle."

W. H. W.

THREE SPOONFULS OF EXPLANATION, RECANTATION,
AND VEXATION.

T O T H E E D I T O R.

SIR,

WITH your permission I hope to be allowed to give you and your readers a *dose*, consisting of *three spoonfuls*, or *spoonsful*, as you please, of *explanation*, *recantation*, and *vexation*; which *dose* is called for from me by your note to a part of my string of trifles, light as air, entitled "*Oddities and Absurdities in Language, &c.*" and inserted in your last Number. I will endeavour to make my physic as pleasant and as palatable as possible, and trust that there will be no wry faces made by those who are to swallow it.

Spoonful the first, being *explanation*. Now, sir, I assure you, that I should never have introduced amongst my farrago of oddities (*silly* farrago would perhaps best designate it), the case of *Spoonfuls* v. *Spoonsful*, but from the circumstance of a lecture I have frequently had read to me by an excellent young lady in the country, for using, what she was pleased to call, the very vulgar term *spoonfuls*, in speaking of a prescription, or something of that sort, instead of *spoonsful*, which she said was the orthodox word; and as she reads the *Repository*, and knew of course that I dared presume to be an occasional writer in that work, she used always to wind up her little speeches on these occasions with something of this sort: "I really wonder, Mr. L. that *you* should use such an expression, *a man of letters!* fie, sir!" After being called *a man of letters*, what could I do? I must either have gone on arguing against a lady, and that you know is,

at best, rude and unseemly, which lady, though censuring and smiling at me, had yet popped in the aforesaid compliment by a side wind, or fairly given up the point. So, after trying it by such compounds as *glassfuls*, *tureenfuls*, *basonfuls*, and several more of that tribe, which I did not seem to like, I yielded at once to my fair opponent, and surrendered at discretion. This will be rather a large *spoonful*, but as it is a *spoonful of explanation*, it belongs to it to say, that I principally introduced this amongst my other oddities to raise the question, for I believe most of them are open to attack; but now, backed by your opinion, when I go again into the country, I can deal about my *spoonfuls* of whatever I please, in any *given* or *taken* quantity.

Spoonful the second, being *recantation*. This shall be a small modest *spoonful*, just full enough to allow me to abjure an error, for such I am bound to believe it is, by the decision of so great an authority as the Editor of the *Repository**; and I

* In return for this ironical compliment of our good-humoured correspondent, we would recommend to him to be in future a little more scrupulous in the adoption of authorities in regard to orthoëpical matters, and not to pin his faith on the sleeve of the editor of a periodical work, or even of a "lady," however "young," however "excellent," and though residing "in the country;" since a reference to Johnson, or to any of our later lexicographers, would so easily settle a doubtful point.

We are sorry to learn from the last paragraph of his letter, that our remark

do therefore recant the aforesaid expression of *spoonsful*, and mean in future to take quiet possession of my old (and in many cases useful and valued) friend, *spoonfuls*; for it shall never be said of me, that when I have committed an error, I dogmatically adhere to it.

Spoonful the third, being *vexation*. Now, sir, I really am a little vexed with your note: in the first place, because it has been necessary for you to write it at all; but principally, because you have said, that in my "eagerness to *censure the sex*," I had done this thing. Indeed, sir, I had no such feeling; for I assure you, that when writing the article in question, I was neither thinking of *mas*-has caused him vexation; nothing was farther from our intention: but we hope he will think himself amply indemnified in the opportunity of making such a public declaration as that which concludes his epistle.

culine nor *feminine* in particular, and might just as well, the ladies will probably say much better, have given the credit of writing *spoonfuls* to an ignorant country apothecary, if there be such a thing in the learned profession of medicine, as to the kind, well-meaning, and very often well-doing *Lady Bountifuls*. However, I humbly beg pardon of the whole race, whether maids, wives, or widows, young or old, handsome or not handsome: for believe me, sir, I love womankind (some vile player on words will perhaps say I only mean a *kind* woman) better than you think for; and could almost go the length of wishing, with the rough but honest tar in the song, towards the unprotected part of them,

"Lord love 'em! I wish I could marry them all."

I am, sir, yours and their humble servant,

J. M. LACEY.

THE RING OF HALLWYL:

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

(Concluded from p. 91.)

WALTER now resolved to solicit the protection of his liege lord, the Count of Habsburg; but that prince was absent, being engaged in a distant war. As the Abbot of Cappel had also transmitted to him his own report of the affair, he ordered Baron Rudolph of Aarburg, his bailiff in the Aargau, to summon a general feudal court, to meet in the usual place appropriated to that purpose at Rohre, in order to decide this important question.

On the appointed day, the numerous vassals and dependents of the

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house of Habsburg assembled accordingly. Hallwyl appeared with his friends, and the abbot with a numerous escort of the principal nobility from the environs of the lakes of Zug and Zurich, whom he had found means to persuade of the justice of his cause.

The Baron of Aarburg, as the representative of the sovereign, was seated, agreeably to ancient custom, under a venerable linden-tree; the noble members of the court formed a wide semicircle before him, and behind them stood an immense con-

course of spectators, attracted by curiosity, or attachment to one or the other of the parties. Walter and the abbot stopped at the barriers at either extremity of the semicircle, till the youngest of the knights called them to assert their respective claims. They then advanced, and Walter boldly addressed the court. He narrated the circumstances of his whole life, touching lightly upon the foibles of his father, but giving no quarter to the sanctimonious parasites who had taken advantage of them. He related all the particulars of the attempt which had been made against his life, and offered to produce evidence, that the three assassins slain by him and his friend Egbert of Mülinen had been seen a few days before at Hallwyl, where the abbot then was; and plumply charged the latter with an infamous fraud in regard to the ring. He then appealed to a great number of witnesses who had known him in the East as the Baron of Hallwyl, and to others, who had recognised him as such since his return home. He concluded with beseeching the members of that honourable court not to suffer their judgment to be biassed by the specious artifices of cunning and fraud; and finally invoked the divine vengeance on his unjust persecutors.

The abbot then spoke in a cool, deliberate manner. He extolled to the skies the virtues of the old lord of Hallwyl, deplored the death of his valiant son, and expressed his astonishment that the noble assembly should give credit to the fictions of an unknown adventurer, rather than to the most evident proofs of so atrocious an imposture. In answer to the charge respecting the ring and the attempt at murder, he needed

but appeal to the sacred dignity with which he was invested. He then required the judges to decide according to the evidence adduced, and, from a spirit of Christian charity, besought them to pass a mild sentence on the impostor, who had no doubt been instigated by poverty to prefer his fraudulent claims.

The parties then retired, and after some consultation with the court, the president ordered them to be again summoned. He informed them, that human wisdom was incapable of deciding their quarrel; that this decision must consequently be left to the judgment of God, in an honourable combat for life or death: that he, therefore, as umpire, invited them to appear for this purpose in three weeks and three days, at the same solemn place where the court was then sitting; the complainant in person, and his adversary, whose profession forbade him to fight, represented by a champion of equal rank with the former.

Walter, confident in the justice of his cause and in his courage, thanked the judge for the opportunity afforded him of asserting his right, and threw down his gauntlet in the midst of the assembly. The abbot, trusting, as he said, to the protection of his saints, also returned thanks, and observed with affected regret, that no knight or noble would take up the gauntlet, as none knew who the challenger was, but that a tenant under the convent, who was no doubt equal in birth to the stranger, would enter the lists with him. Hereupon an unarmed peasant, of athletic stature, advanced, and stooped to pick up the gauntlet. Vehement murmurs arose in the assembly, and many of the knights indignantly drew their

swords; so that the rustic champion was obliged to retire precipitately, and place himself under the protection of the abbot's retinue. In vain did the president enjoin silence; tranquillity was not restored till the seneschal, with Egbert and five other knights of distinction, came forward, and attested by a solemn oath, that the complainant was a man of noble birth, and consequently entitled to carry arms, and to all the prerogatives of a true and veritable knight.

The abbot was still urging objections, when Marquard of Rüssegg, a young knight, celebrated for his high spirit and intrepidity, and nephew to the old castellan of Cappel, ashamed of the base insinuations of the abbot, stepped forth and took up the gauntlet. Walter immediately gave him his hand, and both solemnly pledged themselves before the judge to appear on the appointed day, and at the place fixed for the combat, three hours after sunrise. The court then broke up, and Hallwyl and his friends joyfully returned to Mülinen.

The rumour of the approaching mortal combat soon spread over all the adjacent country. The name of the lords of Hallwyl had for ages been so illustrious, that the fate of the last descendant of that house excited great and general sympathy. All the nobility and gentry, for the space of many days' journey round, prepared to attend the remarkable conflict, which had already become a circumstance of more rare occurrence than formerly. Those who had any acquaintance with Hallwyl repaired to Mülinen to escort Walter to the field. The castellan of Erlach, who had been his companion in arms in Palestine, quitted his re-

sidence on the banks of the lake of Biel, to act as second to his friend. Mülinen's hall was daily filled with guests, and Bertha was obliged to exert all her talents in housewifery to entertain them in a suitable manner.

At length the important day arrived, and Walter, attended by his seconds, Erlach and Mülinen, and by a numerous train of barons, knights, and esquires, rode to the appointed place near Aarau. The retinue of Rüssegg, nevertheless, surpassed his both in number and splendour. The abbot was not present, as ecclesiastics were not permitted to attend such combats: one priest only was at hand, for the purpose of administering the consolations of religion and extreme unction to the dying*.

The Baron of Aarburg, as representative of the Count of Habsburg, had caused all the requisite preparations to be made for the combat. The field of battle was encompassed with barriers, outside which, on a raised scaffold, was placed the chair of the umpire, decorated with the banners of Habsburg and Lenzburg: on each side of him, and somewhat lower, were the seats for the assistant knights and witnesses. Before the judge was planted a lance, to which was attached a shield, bearing the arms of Hallwyl; and at the entrance of the opposite extremity of

* In the castle of Hallwyl is still to be seen an ancient picture representing this combat. Rüssegg and Hallwyl, on horseback, are engaged within the lists. Erlach and Mülinen are standing without them on Walter's side. All four are in complete armour, with their respective coats of arms, and decorations on their helmets.

the circle were the shields of the combatants, fastened to lofty poles; Rüssegg's with the unicorn *or*; Hallwyl's without arms, but with the motto *Suum cuique*—To every one his own.

The sound of trumpets having announced the hour of the combat, the judge and his twelve assistants, selected from among the oldest and most distinguished knights of the Aargau, took their seats. Four heralds, splendidly adorned with the colours of Habsburg, conducted the combatants into the middle of the circle. Hallwyl and Rüssegg drew their swords, and placing them crosswise, swore a solemn oath to God and the saints, to fight without enchanted arms, and according to the laws of chivalry, till one of them should fall. The attendants then brought a coffin into the ring. The heralds proclaimed the combat, and enjoined silence and peace upon pain of death. Their lances, shields, and chargers were then brought to the champions, who mounted, and moved off to some distance from each other; the sun was divided between them, and the judge gave the signal for engaging.

The Almighty blest Walter's just cause: his adversary, after an obstinate conflict, fell mortally wounded to the ground. The heralds proclaimed Hallwyl conqueror; and the judge, in the count's name, reinstated him in all the rights of his house, and solemnly delivered to him, amid the acclamations of the multitude, the coat of arms of his ancestors.

The victor was heartily congratulated by his friends and all the nobility of the Aargau, and the utmost care was bestowed on him at Aarau, where the wounds which he

had received compelled him to remain a few days. When he at length found himself sufficiently recovered to set out, in order to take possession of his paternal domains, Egbert and the seneschal accompanied him.

The monks had already quitted the castle, and left that and all the buildings belonging to it as empty as if they had been pillaged by a hostile force. An old servant of his family joyfully received the knights into his humble abode, and entertained them to the best of his ability. The two friends, after assisting to re-establish Hallwyl, immediately returned home. At their departure Walter promised, as soon as he had completed the necessary arrangements, to hasten to Mülinen to fetch his bride, and to invite them both to the wedding. Egbert was unable to reply, and pressed his hand in silence.

On his return, Mülinen was gloomy and thoughtful. His soul was overwhelmed by the idea that he was now about to behold for the last time the beloved of his heart in a state of freedom, and he looked forward with anguish to the moment when the happy Walter was to part him from Clementina for ever. At the same time, his sentiments were far too honourable and too generous for him to harbour a thought of the possibility of possessing the lady. Notwithstanding the long absence of his friend, he had never considered himself in any other light than as the guardian of this inestimable jewel; and he would have deemed the slightest wish to appropriate it to himself as a base violation of the sacred duty of friendship. Perhaps, the firm confidence which he felt in his own integrity had tended to

strengthen his passion. He knew, that when duty commanded, no sacrifice would be too severe; and with this consciousness he had not opposed his rising passion with such vigilance and energy as he might otherwise have done.

Meanwhile Bertha, who had long been aware of Clementina's love for her brother, now strove, though with a bleeding heart, to inspire her friend with resolution. She implored her to submit with resignation to the dictates of honour and duty; and Clementina was too deeply impressed with Walter's long-tried constancy, and with her own obligations to the house of Hallwyl, to think of refusing to fulfil her engagement.

In a few weeks he repaired with a joyful heart and a splendid retinue to Mülinen. Unaccustomed as he was to observe mankind, still he could not help being struck by the solemn and melancholy tone with which he was received, and by the pensive and absent air of Egbert, and the pale look of Clementina. After dinner, during a walk into the wood, accompanied by the seneschal, who chanced just then to be at Mülinen, he frankly confessed to him his surprise at this alteration. The noble friend of his house availed himself of this opportunity to make Walter acquainted with Egbert's secret sentiments. He related to him in the warmest terms with what scrupulous delicacy he had guarded the pledge committed to his care; how daily intercourse with the lady had kindled a vehement passion in his heart, but which he had nevertheless not ventured to betray even by a look; how he had quitted his castle to avoid her, and tried all possible means to stifle this unhallowed love; and how

much reason there was to fear, that this violent constraint would precipitate him into a premature grave. "Clementina's sentiments in regard to Egbert," continued the seneschal, "are unknown to me; but it can scarcely be supposed, that she has lived so long in his family without admiring his virtues, and being moved by his kindness towards her."

Walter walked along for some time in silence and absorbed in thought. "My dear Brunegg," said he at length to his friend, "how do you imagine that Egbert would act in my place?" The seneschal durst not reply. Walter suddenly changed the subject of conversation; and they returned almost immediately to the castle. Under the lofty linden-tree in the court they found the two young ladies, with downcast eyes, busily engaged in needle-work, while Egbert sat in profound silence at the other extremity of the bench.

"Dear Clementina," said Walter, after surveying her for some time in silence, "it seems to me that you would be glad to prolong your stay with our friends here at Mülinen." A sudden flush crimsoned her cheeks, and a ray of joy and hope animated her tearful eye.

"Perhaps, my dear," continued Walter, after a short pause, with a tremulous voice, "perhaps you would rather stay for good at this castle, in which you have passed such happy days, than remove to mine, which could only awaken unpleasant recollections. Why should you not still be happy with our Egbert, who loves you so tenderly?"

Egbert, on hearing these words, sprung from his seat, and covered his face with both his hands, exclaiming with vehemence, "In the

name of God, Brunegg, what have you done?"

"Clementina," continued Walter, "what would you say, if I were to relinquish the character of bridegroom, and to employ the authority which I possess, as your legal guardian, to join your hand and Egbert's?"

Who can describe the surprise, astonishment, and joy, which ensued when, with these words, the generous Hallwyl took Clementina by the hand and led her to his friend. Egbert sunk into Walter's arms, and tears of emotion coursed down the manly cheeks of the seneschal. Clementina, in speechless ecstasy, beheld only her Egbert; while Bertha skipped, sung, kissed Walter's scarred hand, and was beside herself with joy.

Soon after these first lively transports, excited by Walter's generosity in the inexpressibly happy inhabitants of Mülinen, as they were seated in the evening around the hospitable board, Hallwyl thus addressed them: "I am now going to speak to you, my friends, with the same frankness as ever: I wish not to be thought more noble and magnanimous than I really am. So highly as I prized the felicity of calling my fair kinswoman my wife, so much did I dread the monotonous life of a country gentleman, even though passed by her side. Arms have hitherto been my sole delight, and I am resolved to bear them again under the banners of our illustrious sovereign. You, my friends, shall meanwhile manage my domains, and keep the monks within proper bounds; and in a few years, when my blood begins to flow more soberly, I shall return to plant cabbages, to hunt the hare, and to take care that Walter of Hall-

wyl's shield and helmet be not deposited along with him in the grave."

The brave knight kept his word, and longing for a more active life, he spent but a few more days in the bosom of that family which owed to him so much felicity. Immediately after the nuptials of the lovers, he embraced them, and hastened to the camp of the Count of Habsburg, who was just then engaged in the siege of Basle, where he was apprised that the choice of the electors had elevated him to the imperial throne of Germany.

Grateful to Divine Providence, esteemed by their prince, beloved by their friends, and honoured by their dependents, Egbert and Clementina lived, if not in opulence, yet happy and content in the little castle of Mülinen. Their fortune, however, was soon augmented: they learned that, through the intervention of the new empress, the claims of Clementina to the estates of her family near Winterthur, had been investigated and confirmed, and that she was consequently to be put in possession of them.

The noble seneschal passed more of his time at Mülinen than at his own castle of Brunegg, for he felt a truly fraternal affection for Egbert and his lovely consort. But though he was pretty far advanced into middle age, he could not dissemble from himself, that the lively Bertha was the most powerful magnet which attracted him to Mülinen. Bertha had long been aware of his sentiments. He had about a year before lost a wife, whose unhappy disposition had made him miserable; and she cheerfully consented to compensate the amiable knight by her gaiety, good sense, and excellent temper, for the

vexations and disappointments of his former marriage.

Walter of Hallwyl, tired of a restless life, at length returned, covered with glory and with scars, to his paternal domains, the produce of which had meanwhile doubled under the able management of his friends. He married successively two ladies of the noble families of Hünenberg and Sumiswald, and by them became the progenitor of a long line of illustrious descendants.

Uninterrupted harmony prevailed among the three friends as long as they lived. Before their death, it

was rumoured that a friar of Cappel had penitently confessed on his death-bed, that he had engraved an imitation of Hallwyl's seal, which had been employed for the purpose of introducing into the sealed casket of the old baron a different half ring from that which he had delivered to the abbot. The knight had no wish to trace this rumour to its source; and the monks found means, by asserting that the friar was in a state of mental derangement, to throw doubts upon the subject, which was in process of time forgotten.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Music of the Legendary Opera called "MAID MARIAN, or the Huntress of Arlingford," performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Poetry written and selected by J. R. Planché, Esq.; composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 18s.—(Goulding and Co.)

ACCORDING to a practice now become quite universal, Maid Marian is taken, and in a great degree selected, from a novel bearing the same title, written by Mr. Peacocke. But in its dramatic concoction and distillation, Mr. Planché has used a considerable portion of skill and good tact; and the piece has met with much applause on its repeated and frequent representations.

The interest would have been greater, had Ivanhoe, in the closet and on the boards, not rendered us too familiar with a fair portion of the incidents and characters (or something extremely like them) which are introduced in Maid Marian: such as the doings and sayings of the jolly

friar; the exploits of Robin Hood; the appearance of Richard *Cœur de Lion*, &c.; and had it been possible to consign the part of Matilda to a lady combining with the vocal abilities of Miss Tree a greater degree of romantic energy, bordering upon masculine prowess. Her feminine gentleness received but little impulse in the male attire; and in the girt huntress of the forest, we still could discern nothing else but the delicate, the meek, the pleasing Miss M. Tree.

The music, to say the least of it, has imparted to the drama a due share of its attraction. Mr. Bishop's pen is so constantly put in requisition, and, we believe, so hard driven as to time, that the leisure necessary to produce an opera quite and throughout worthy of him, has probably not fallen to his lot for many years; and were it known in what precise time he contrives to produce such voluminous scores as we constantly see issue from his publisher's, that circumstance would probably

create absolute astonishment, and tend to heighten the opinion which the public justly entertains of his talent. It would also afford, if not a justification, at least a powerful excuse, for the various loans from the works, or rather ideas of others, as well as of his own, to which Mr. B. often finds himself thus compelled to resort, to complete the quantum of staves required; more particularly as no one borrows with greater judgment and better effect: for in the grand and constant display of metropolitan harmony, there is nothing truly original and decidedly pretty and effective brought forward, which Mr. B.'s good taste and memory do not seize and store up, and readily yield again when a suitable occasion presents itself.

Rossini himself does no better; he takes from others and from himself: he cannot therefore complain if Mr. B. make free with Rossini, as he has done in this music, beginning with the overture, the allegro of which embodies that quintessential portion of Rossini's alternate chords of the tonic and dominant, increasing in quickness and loudness towards a climax, which, from *Tancredi* down to his last work, forms a prominent feature in almost all his overtures, finales, and other pieces of force. Mr. Bishop's overture, with this admission, will, however, be found very interesting, and it has become a great favourite in musical circles.

Of the rest of the music, consisting, even in the piano-forte extract, of more than 130 full pages, we can only give a very brief sketch. A duet between Miss Tree and Master Longhurst, "Come hither, thou little foot-page," has, not without reason, received great applause: the

melody is full of fascinating *naïveté*, particularly clear, and singularly well adapted to the text. The *a due* parts are good, and the page's continued accompaniment upon one note has its due attraction. A song of Miss Tree's, "A damsel stood to watch the fight," also struck as a happy effort: some of the ideas are very fine; there is a good deal of originality in certain portions; and the accompaniments are rich and effective. That lady has two or three more songs, which, although less prominent, are not without their merits. The bravura, p. 113, is as interesting and showy as bravuras generally are.—"The love that follows fain" is in a peculiar conversational style of musical diction, requires vocal skill and flexibility, and with such advantage will not fail to please. There is another song of Miss Tree's, "Let us seek the yellow shore," in a more remote, but not unattractive style of writing, quite that of the English school, with the exception of some Rossinisms.

Mr. Pearman has two or three songs, of which, however adapted to plain singing, he did not make much.

Of concerted pieces, quartetts, quintetts, glees of all sorts, there is an unusual abundance. The opening glee, "Listen! he must be near," is the best, according to our judgment; indeed, we hold it to be very creditable to the author: it has a store of rich harmony, and is replete with striking dramatic effects. Some of the other glees resemble, more or less, previous compositions by Mr. B. of the same description. Three of them, for *men alone*, are of considerable mutual similarity. We always feel uncomfortable in hearing a

stout portly-looking gentleman, with full face and goodly whiskers, pipe out an effeminate falsetto, from beginning to end; it is so *musico* like; it is in bad taste, and not done any where but in England. Let us get rid of this eye and ear sore as soon as we can. 'The Villagers' March, p. 65, is pretty, and quite characteristic. *The popular Overture to Maid Marian, composed by H. R. Bishop, arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte* by D. Bruguier. Pr. 3s. — (Goulding and Co.)

Referring to the opinion we have given of this overture in the preceding article, we have only to add, that Mr. B.'s arrangement for four hands is unexceptionable. The piece, in this form, produces an effect of fullness we could scarcely have anticipated; and is the more sure of becoming a favourite, as it offers many attractions of melody, and, notwithstanding the strong support of harmony thrown into it, the execution may be mastered by players of moderate advancement.

Bishop's popular Duet, "As it fell upon a day," arranged as a Rondo, and dedicated to Miss Emma Davidson, by Ferdinand Ries. Op. 104. No. II. Pr. 3s. — (Goulding and Co.)

We do not exactly see what striking encouragement this air could have held out for engrafting a rondo on its theme, which appears to us of a plain cast, and, unless the three first crotchets of its beginning be left out of consideration, of uneven rhythm.

Under Mr. Ries's hands, however, the rondo has assumed an air of decided interest; attractive variety of classic thought and sterling mo-

dulation being happily united to an almost constant succession of intelligible and good melody. In this latter respect, it is our opinion that Mr. Ries's late productions have gained a decided advantage.

In the digressive parts, the author has ably modulated through various accumulations of flats: p. 4 presents a fine part in D b; and an equally good portion in A b occurs in p. 6. Some elegant passages offer themselves in the 7th page; and the conclusion is conducted in a style of originality and vigour peculiar to Mr. Ries. *A Valce Fantasia, with a Pastoral Introduction for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Nicholson,* by Thurston B. Clough. Pr. 2s. 6d. — (Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Clough, we believe, has never before engaged our critical pen, and the above fantasia, we feel pleasure in adding, constitutes a favourable *debut*. It shews, indeed, that he is not a novice in musical writing.

The andante pastorale is smooth and melodious, the air and the amplifications are well conducted, the motivo appears aptly in the bass, and the concluding cadence is neat.

The motivo of the waltz is not new: it is but a variety of what is called the Queen of Prussia's Waltz, and in the second part greater simplicity would have been desirable. The *minore* is properly devised; the same may be said of the modulations, p. 5, which lead to the resumption of the theme. In the whole composition, good keeping, proper connection, and a laudable attention to harmonic purity and executive facility, are observable.

"Lullaby," a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte,

A A

and an Accompaniment for the Flute, dedicated to Miss Bertha Browne, by R. A. Firth. No. V. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

The nine variations which Mr. F. has made upon "Lullaby," are entitled to our approbation. They contain pretty nearly all that can be said upon the subject, expressed in good language and in proper style. The neat combination of the triplets in var. 6, and the arrangement of crossed hands in var. 9, claim favourable notice: in the last-mentioned variation Mr. F. modulates too near the conclusion. But what has more particularly engaged our attention, are the two variations in the keys of G minor and B \flat minor, Nos. 4. and 7. In these, and the latter especially, we observe, not only a display of good harmonic knowledge, but a vein of sentiment and inward strong feeling, which impress us with a very favourable opinion of the author's general qualifications as a musical composer.

The flute accompaniment is well devised.

"*When the wind blows,*" Bishop's favourite Round in the Miller and his Men, arranged for the Harp, with an Introduction, composed, and dedicated to Miss Weeks, by N. Ch. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Bochsa's compositions for the harp have long established his rank among the first writers for that instrument in this or any other country; and numerous as his works are, every new production of his pen brings with it so many new claims on our favour, that we should hesitate in deciding which to admire most, his compositions for the harp, or his practical performance. The above

arrangement of Mr. Bishop's round, "When the wind blows," is a piece of great merit, but it requires a player of considerable experience and of a cultivated taste. These qualifications are particularly requisite in the introductory slow movement; a lento of exquisite beauty, replete with touches of exuberant fancy, feeling, and classic harmonic combination. It is modelled upon the spirit of Mr. Bishop's theme, and constitutes a fine preparation for the ensuing allegro, which exhibits such a diversity of elegant ideas under the most natural connection, such a fund of excellent harmony, graceful passages, and select treatment, as to ensure the partiality of those amateurs who are sufficiently skilled to do them justice themselves, or meet with an opportunity of hearing the composition correctly and tastefully executed.

Select French Romances, No. IV. for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rim-bault. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

These little romances of Mr. R. or rather of his adaptation, are neat and very pleasing. There is always a good theme, and the superstructure is of a nature to be accessible to performers of no great proficiency. In the present number, the French air "Ce que je desire" has been selected, and the three variations made upon it are very satisfactory, and certainly not difficult.

"*The billows swell, the winds are high,*" a favourite Hymn, the Words by Newton, the Music composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s. —(Hodsoll.)

The melody is proper, chaste, and pious, without presenting any traits of decided originality.

GERMAN WALTZ,

BY

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

This musical score is for a German Waltz by Ludwig van Beethoven, Op. 9, No. 3. It is written for piano in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The piece includes repeat signs with first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the notes. The notation is clear and typical of early 19th-century musical manuscripts.

“ *Oh ! turn those dear, dear eyes away,*” a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, respectfully dedicated to the Senora Donna Clementina de Onis, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

Sung with due erotic warmth, *con amore*, this composition of Mr. De Pinna cannot fail in producing all the impression the anonymous poet intended. The impassioned melody, the elegance of its diction, the judicious and varied embellishments, and the good accompaniment, combine towards its success. The piano-forte part is particularly effective in its support of the voice by an almost uninterrupted flow of semiquavers, and in its increasing activity towards the conclusion.

We do not approve altogether the

repetition of “ with love” (p. 1, l. 3), especially at the outset; it was not necessary, and it has thrown the cæsure of the poetry into disagreement with the musical cæsure, inasmuch as “ blushing” and “ gushing” have fallen upon different parts of the bar.

Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Cresswell, by Joseph de Pinna. Op. 2. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

Evidently intended for the junior class, and well calculated for the purpose. There is a good deal of pretty melody, exhibited in a simple and clear style, such as to be easily seized by the rising musical intellect; some easy passages are intermixed, and a little grandezza comes on towards the conclusion to wind up the matter with *éclât*.

GERMAN WALTZ BY BEETHOVEN.

THE publisher having been favoured by a friend from Germany with a few new and very favourite waltzes, which are probably little or not at all known in England, conceives it will be acceptable to the readers of the *Repository*, if he occasionally present them with a transcript.

The fine waltz of Beethoven inserted in the present Number, has at the same time afforded an opportunity of introducing a speci-

men of the moveable musical type of Mr. Clowes’ printing-establishment, Northumberland-court, Strand, adverted to in the Musical Review of the last Number of the *Repository*. The superiority of this type, compared with every other hitherto known in this country, and its applicability to purposes where the usual mode of plate-printing is impracticable, or highly inconvenient, seemed to render it deserving of this notice.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE new year introduced as usual a new Exhibition of the works of living masters in the Gallery of the Bri-

tish Institution. The collection is in general good, and it contains some very superior pictures, which are

seen to great advantage in the places assigned to them. It also possesses some creditable specimens of the increasing proficiency of the students in art, for whose especial patronage and encouragement this Institution was chiefly designed. The present Exhibition consists of between three and four hundred pictures, and a few sculptural specimens. We shall take them in their numerical order.

The first picture, and what does not always follow, the best in the catalogue, is Mr. Ward's *Group of Cattle*. It has been previously exhibited in the artist's private collection. It possesses every merit which ought to be sought for in such a subject. The animals are drawn with inimitable force and truth: there is a character and feeling in the composition which display great taste and judgment. The landscape is also natural and striking, and the general effect admirable. It is one of Mr. Ward's best pictures.

Landscape.—J. Stark.

This is a very pleasing and agreeable landscape: the drawing of the trees and the colouring are clever and natural.

A Banditti Chief asleep, watched by a Woman, painted at Rome.—C. Eastlake.

There is a good deal of character in the composition of this picture, and it is well painted. Mr. Eastlake has several other works of equal merit in this Exhibition.

Arethusa.—W. Willes.

Some sparkling tints of colouring, and a poetical landscape.

View on the Riegate Road, near Dorking.—Ph. Reinagle, R. A.

A well selected and tastefully coloured view, in a charming part of the country.—*The Cottage Scene, Fore-*

noon, by the same artist, is an equally pleasing picture.

Interior of the Gallery at Castle Howard, the Seat of the Earl of Carlisle.—J. Jackson, R. A.

The artist introduces portraits of the noble earl and himself: the former a good likeness. The picture is very well painted, and has some very delicate and skilful touches of the artist's pencil.

A Mother and Child.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

Every body admires this picture for the softness and delicacy of expression which characterize the figures; but there is a cold monotony in parts of the colouring, which diminishes the general effect.

Landscape.—J. Constable, R. A.

One of the best landscapes in the gallery: it has every thing to recommend it: there is a beautiful tone of colour and spirited execution.

Prospero releasing Ariël.—*Caliban plagued by the Spirit of Prospero*.—H. Howard, R. A.

Mr. Howard's poetical subjects are always good: his fine classical taste, the buoyancy and delicacy of his pencil, the exquisite judgment he displays in the selection of his models, give him advantages which can never fail to render his pictures interesting. It is impossible, where such real merit predominates, to cavil at careless execution in minor details.

Royal Banquet at the Coronation of his Most Excellent Majesty King George IV.—Geo. Jones, A. R. A.

The artist has selected for the display of his skill a magnificent and very difficult subject. The real splendour of the coronation, the beauty and brilliant elegance of the figures and costume, their variety

and richness, formed a combination of so matchless a character, as to defy an adequate representation of their general effect. Individual parts of the pageantry of the day might be selected with taste, and managed with effect by a clever artist; but the general appearance of Westminster Hall on the day of the coronation baffled all the attempts which were made to reduce it to pictorial representation. Mr. Jones has made the most of the subject, and the picture conveys a clear and intelligible outline of the magnificent pageant which it professes to delineate.

Morning after a Storm, a Scene near Linton, on the Coast of Devon.—Win. Linton.

This is a striking and well-finished picture: it has great boldness of execution and truth of character.

A Scene from "Les Precieuses ridicules."—A. E. Chalon.

Some sparkling tints of colour, and corresponding liveliness of expression in the figures: the flesh is more poetically than naturally coloured: the general effect is spirited.—*Le Billet*, another picture by the same artist, is equally good.

Love among the Roses.—Mrs. Ansley.

A sweet picture, very tastefully and cleverly composed.

An Attack on a French Convoy and Escort in a pass in the Mountains of Guadaluara, Castile, by the Guerillas under Don Jean Martin, the Empezinado.—D. Dighton.

This is an interesting sketch of that sort of local skirmish which gives the full idea of all the terrors of a conflict, without that crowded intermixture of bustle on a large scale, which obscures by its confu-

sion: here the distinct struggles of individual prowess are given, and enough of the horrors of battle portrayed, to embody an idea of what must be the shock of such scenes. There is an immensity of bustle in the picture: it is very well painted: the expression of some of the figures is perhaps too highly charged.

A Bacchante.—T. Stewardson.

This picture has considerable merit: the colouring is firm and good.

The Prodigal Son. This picture obtained the gold medal in the Royal Academy, 1821.—J. Graham.

A calm, fine, and interesting subject; chaste colouring, and plain and unaffected expression.

Adam and Eve entertaining the Angel Raphael.—J. Martin.

"Son of heaven and earth,
Attend: that thou art happy owe to God;
That thou continuest such owe to thyself."

This meritorious artist has on this occasion employed his genius upon a composition from Milton's sublime poem: his imagination has fancied, and his pencil embodied, a sparkling and beautiful gem of colouring, but without, we must say, real magnificence, or any pretensions to sublimity of conception. We repeat, there is genius in the composition, but there is little of the higher qualities of art in the execution of the work.

Dead Game.—G. Miles.

A very well finished picture: it is clear and delicately touched.

Greyhounds resting.—Edwin Landseer.

A very clever animal picture: the dogs are inimitably executed.—*The Boy and Donkey*, by the same artist, is also a capital picture.

Henry VIII. and Francis I. crowned Victors at the Tournament

of the Cloth of Gold.—F. P. Stephanoff.

This is in the artist's usual style; lively colouring and gorgeous display form the predominant merit: the figures are full of bustle.

Market-Place at Orleans.—

G. Jones.

We have lately had to praise several French sketches of this description: they are full of life and character. This picture is well finished.

The Bullfinch in Danger.—Mrs. Carpenter.

The features of the child are soft and tenderly expressive: there is sentiment and taste in the composition and execution.

The Battle of Naseby.—A. B. Cooper, R. A.

This artist's battle-pieces are admirable: his extraordinary skill in equestrian painting, the life and animation which he infuses into his figures, the spirit and action which every where predominate, stamp his subjects with the hand of a master. Cromwell's energy is conspicuously displayed.

Girl with Fruit.—J. Graham.

Mr. Graham has several good pictures in this collection: they are remarkable for the plain and unaffected expression of the figures.

The Lady Carlisle's Visit to Lilly, the Astrologer.—J. Cawse.

There is a good deal of character about the figure and features of Lilly, and the arrangement of his study is excellent. Her ladyship is not much flattered in the representation.

Besides the above pictures, which we have taken numerically, there are several others well entitled to praise, did our space admit of much detail.

Among them are, Mr. Pickersgill's *Cupid*, Mr. Bigg's *Landscapes*, Mr. Nasmyth's *Select Views*, Mr. Etty's picture, and some others by Mr. Burnett, Mr. Bone, Mr. Linton, Mr. Ross, who has a sweet picture in the Exhibition, and other artists of rising celebrity in our school of painting.

It is gratifying to find that our young artists are, in each successive Exhibition, displaying not only an extraordinary proof of industry, but of taste in their compositions, and the variety of subjects which they select. The taste for historical and poetical subjects appears more generally diffused, and cannot fail to disseminate more widely the merits which belong to the British school of painting.

In the Sculptural Department there are only seven works: the principal is by Mr. Baily, R. A.; the subject *Eve at the Fountain*, from Milton's beautiful lines:

“ I laid me down

On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I started back.”

There is exquisite delicacy in this figure, with all the softness and undulating lines of real life: the form has Grecian symmetry; but the effect is impaired by the dark line of a vein in the marble; one of the embarrassing and unavoidable vexations to which sculptors have frequently to submit in the progress of their work.

A Bust of the late Lord Nelson.—

Charles Rossi, R. A.

A good bust, and faithful likeness.

The other works are, *the Panathenaic Procession*, from the frieze of the Parthenon, by Mr. Henning, which is clever; and some poetical subjects by Mr. Cundy, Mr. H. Rossi, and C. Moore.

COOKE'S EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THE second annual Exhibition of Drawings and Engravings by British Artists is now open in Soho-square; and it is due to the proprietor, Mr. W. B. Cooke, to state, that his efforts have been successful in bringing before the public view, some admirable specimens of the skill of our engravers and talents of our drawing-masters. It is not a little singular, that, in a commercial country like this, where, in the language of the poet,

"Britannia's commerce cultivates her arts," so important an art as that of engraving should have been so long permitted to force its own way under the influence of individual professors. The value of the art to the fame of painters, and the permanent preservation of that delight and instruction which their principal works are calculated to impart, is great and incalculable. How many of the finest works of fancy of Greece and Rome would have been preserved from the destructive ravages of time, were the art of engraving coeval with their execution! Struck with the immense importance of this art, Titian and Rubens and Vandyke were the munificent patrons of Edelinck, Pontius, and Bolswert; and to the talents of our own early engravers we are in no small degree indebted for a full knowledge of that grace, air, and elegance, which Sir Joshua Reynolds infused into the fine arts of his country. The history of engraving is well known, and also the immense improvement it has received since the time of Albert Durer. The comparative fate of the art at different times exhibits those singular vicissitudes which result from the operation of human caprice in

matters which are thought to involve fame and self-interest. The old masters themselves cultivated the art of engraving. Albert Durer and Andrea Mantegna, two of the greatest painters of the age in which they lived, practised it in an eminent degree, and by the elegance of their compositions, acquired the friendship and admiration of Raphael. Many painters of the Roman school, among them Parmegiano and Salvator Rosa, were distinguished alike in the arts of painting and engraving. In the Bolognese school, Agostino Caracci, Guido, Guercino, and others, were equally celebrated. In the Flemish and Dutch schools, similar instances are found. At the establishment of the Royal Academy in England (we can now speak of it historically, for the men and their passions have alike passed away,) this attention to the art of engraving was disregarded: its professors were placed upon a comparatively disadvantageous footing, and instead of that warm and coequal confidence which existed between the Continental masters of the two departments of art, mutual bickerings and jealousies, injurious to the great object of the institution and character of its professors, were the inevitable result. It was not creditable to this country, that an invidious distinction should have been first taken in it to the respective rank and talents of these members of nearly similar professions, and more particularly at a time when it possessed some eminent native engravers, who were calculated, if duly encouraged, to preserve the reputation of their art from the reproach of foreigners, who had pre-

viously, in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. been invited to make engravings from works in our royal collections, for which they were munificently rewarded. We have touched upon the importance of the art of engraving in a commercial point of view. A very advantageous commerce was for many years carried on in prints exported from this country; and though no favourites to the mere mechanical multiplication of copies without reference to original value, yet it is impossible to overlook the commercial importance of this art, and its reaction in favour of painting. We know it has been said, that the rigid pressure of commerce deteriorated the character of some of our engravings, and the galleries of Boydell, Macklin, and Bowyer have been referred to in illustration of that opinion; but of this there cannot be a doubt, that the speculations of Boydell in particular tended more to give vigour and popularity to the fine arts, and to call the talents of their professors into action, than those of any other individual within the last century.

The success which has attended the Exhibition which we are now for the second time about to notice, is a gratifying proof of the growing taste of the public for the fine arts; and it is with equal pleasure we notice, that the discrimination which marks the selection is well calculated to secure a continuance of that patronage, so essential to the great object in view.

The present Exhibition consists of *four hundred and forty-seven* drawings and engravings: the collection, like all others capable of attracting public attention, is miscellaneous, and contains every variety of subject, historical, poetical, landscape,

architecture, still life, and portraiture. It is calculated we even think to undeceive the French writer, who observed, when speaking of the engravings in Stuart's *Ruins of Athens*, that "*le crayon et le burin Britannique n'ont point assez de netteté pour rendre les lignes si pures des monumens de Pericles*:" here we have the clearness, the neatness of precision, the delicacy of touch, denied to us by Du Bos and Winkelman, by the ridiculous operation of atmospheric and physical obstacles. One-half of the Exhibition consists of drawings, the other moiety of engravings: in both we are furnished with specimens of the works of masters who have long since passed away, and which are in many of the examples before us entitled to consideration, rather as objects of antiquarian curiosity and cherished trifles, than as conveying any striking record of useful proficiency. This collection could afford space for such works, as it is replete with specimens of living genius. Mr. W. B. Cooke's engravings are excellent; Mr. Sharp's are very fine. Mr. Thomson's portraits are characteristic; Mr. Ward has the same merit. Mr. Higham's local scenery is well touched. Mr. Scott's groupes are very spirited. Mr. Bromley's engravings from the Elgin marbles are tastefully executed. Mr. Heath has some good classical subjects; Mr. Woolmoth some good architectural drawings; Mr. Landseer the same. Mr. Collyer and Mr. Dawe are very successful in their portraits of British Amazons and Russian warriors. Mr. Young has a good engraving from *Chery Chase*. Mr. Say has a beautiful plate from Fradelle's *Mary Queen of Scots*; and Mr. Rolls has some humorous subjects.



WALKING DRESS



EVENING DRESS.

There are in this crowded collection many other beautiful examples of the delicacy and skill which our artists have attained in every branch of engraving, and which must be seen to be appreciated. We regret we have not more space for a description.

The engravings by deceased masters are too well known to require any detailed enumeration. They are chiefly by Bartolozzi, Vivares, Woollett, Watson, Schiavonetti, Cromek, and several others of equal celebrity, and preserve and illustrate the works of some of our most distinguished artists.

The drawings are chiefly in very good style, and deserve equal commendation. We shall overlook, without undervaluing, those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hamilton, Wilson, Gainsborough, and other deceased academicians; because we have before us those of Lawrence, Turner, Stothard, and other living and equally

celebrated models of our royal school of painting. Turner's coast scenery has been sufficiently praised. Stothard's sketches must continue to be admired while a poetical taste is fostered in the arts of design. Lawrence's drawings and Westall's are full of grace and delicacy. Besides our established names in modern art, there is a crowd of other candidates for public patronage, whose claims have been deservedly admitted: Messrs. Martin, Prout, Hayter, Havell, Mackenzie, Fradelle, Landseer, and Fielding, are among the number; with several ingenious and industrious competitors, whose increasing proficiency is observable in the collections of our periodical Exhibitions. This rapid glance at the Exhibition is merely intended to invite attention to a gallery, which cannot fail in its institution to prove useful and advantageous to the fine arts and their professors.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

A DEEP amethyst-colour silk pelisse of *gros de Naples*, wadded, and lined with pink sarsnet; a little wrapt, and fastened down the front with hooks and eyes: *corsage*, made plain and high, ornamented with tasselled chevronelles: circular projecting collar of velvet, of a deeper hue than the silk; two rows of velvet are placed down the front and round the bottom of the skirt: sleeve nearly to fit, with velvet cuff, and full epaulette, intersected with velvet straps.

Vol. I. No. III.

Ruff of Buckinghamshire lace; cap of the same, fastened under the chin with button and loop. Bonnet of the same silk as the pelisse, bound with broad velvet, and lined with pink satin: the front bent *à la Marie Stuart*; the crown surrounded with inverted conical rouleaus of velvet, equidistant, commencing with a silk knot: plume of ostrich feathers, of a bright amethyst colour, placed on the right side, and falling low on the left shoulder.

Gloves the colour of the pelisse;

B B

corded silk boots, the colour of the velvet; and swansdown muff.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of pink *gros de Naples*: corsage to fit, edged with pink satin, and slashed to the form of the stomacher; the interstices, or scollops, are filled with pink gauze, connected by circlets, and forming a tasteful chain, which continues to the waist behind, and gives the shape of the back: full court sleeve, confined with straps, bound with satin, satin circlets fastening the ends: a band of satin and full trimming of fluted gauze finish the sleeve, which is of a moderate length. The skirt is decorated with a fanciful trimming of double gauze; each division of the puff *derobé* is supported by a satin rouleau, and the lower part projects as far again as the upper: sprigs of the *lonicera sempervirens*, or great trumpet honeysuckle, are disposed at regular distances above, and beneath is a satin rouleau; and the hem wadded. Broad pink satin sash, double bow and long ends. Blond lace scarf. Bracelets, ear-rings, and necklace of that beautiful stone, the pink topaz, set in embossed gold, to which a cross is generally suspended. Head-dress, a gold tiara, ornamented with brilliants. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

WE know not how far the attempt will succeed to bring mantles into fashion, but a few very elegant ones have appeared during the last month, both in *gros de Naples* and fine Merino. The first were very well calculated for a plain walking-wrap, being made wide, lined, wadded, and

simply trimmed round with a broad velvet band; high-standing collar, and a large square velvet cape. One of those composed of cloth is more showy: the trimming is an embroidery of braiding in a very striking pattern; a round moderate-sized pelerine, embroidered to correspond, but in a smaller scale, has a good effect, as the mantle, being much gored, falls very gracefully round the figure. Another of these mantles had a trimming which we thought very neat: it was an embroidery of braiding, of a broad scroll pattern.

Our fair pedestrians now rarely envelop themselves at once in a shawl and pelisse, though the latter have lost nothing of their attraction; but they present no peculiar novelty at present. Shawls are confined entirely to high dresses: the Angola shawls begin to decline; but those of India are as fashionable as ever. Promenade gowns are still principally of tawnet or silk: black is much worn in the latter. Black bonnets are still in favour both in velvet and *gros d'hiver*; but these in colours, particularly *ponceau*, deep blue, and lavender, are more fashionable. Feathers are universal, and the plumes are worn large, especially in beaver bonnets.

Scarf-shawls are much in favour in carriage dress; as are also white Siberian fox tippets: the latter have a Palatine back and broad fronts, which reach low. The newest carriage bonnet that we have seen is of fancy silk plush; the ground is in plain *gros de Naples*, and small lozenges are thrown up in plush. This material is novel and pretty. The bonnet is of deep blue: the crown is decorated with a *bouffant* of white satin, placed across it in a bias di-

rection; the puffs are separated by little polished steel ornaments: small brim, standing a good deal off the face, lined with white satin, and finished inside with a row of blond, put plain in the middle of the brim and full at the sides. A *bouquet* of white roses formed of Marabouts is placed considerably to the left side, and attached to the bonnet by a brilliant steel ornament: bands of blond net edged with blond lace, placed on the inside, form the strings.

Cambric muslin has been for some time getting very much into favour for morning dress, and is now become very general; the favourite form is the *blouse*: although the trimmings of the greatest number of these gowns are edged with coloured braiding, yet we have seen some finished round the bottom of the skirt with full *crêpes* of clear muslin, let in between medallions of French work; a single fall of French work finished the bust, and the double ruffle corresponded. When the trimming of the *blouse* has a mixture of colour, the *ceinture* corresponds: many ladies adopt the French fashion of a band of coloured leather.

Irish poplin, striped satin, and various kinds of fancy silk, are worn in dinner dress. Fancy velvet trimmings are still in favour, though not,

we think, so much so as a mixture of satin and *crêpe lisse*.

White lace gowns, of our own manufacture, over coloured satin slips, are much in favour in full dress: the ground of the dress is generally sprigged, and the bottom presents a rich and beautiful pattern, fully equal to the choicest productions of foreign looms. The *corsage* is in general a mixture of white lace and white satin. *Crêpe lisse*, and a new gauze of French invention, called *gaze sattinée*, are also worn over white or coloured satin. If the slip is white, the *corsage* is sometimes coloured satin, intermixed with the material of the dress, and vice versa.

Coloured gems are at present much in favour in full dress, particularly when mixed with pearls. We have recently seen a very beautiful set of ornaments of this description: that intended for the hair was a *bouquet* of lilies, the flowers of pearls, the foliage emeralds. The necklace was three rows of pearls attached by emeralds, placed at short distances. The bracelets and armlets corresponded: the ear-rings had an emerald drop set round with pearls.

The favourite hues are, puce, lavender, *ponceau*, purple, deep blue, and rose.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE the disappearance of the late severe weather, white gowns begin to be a good deal worn for the promenade; but little more of the dress than the bottom of the skirt is visible, as our fair pedestrians are almost invariably enveloped in velvet

or fine coating manteaus: those of velvet are trimmed with fur, and the others with velvet. Ermine, chinchilla, and white fox are most in favour. Grey squirrel is worn, but not so much. Velvet is not in the same estimation as fur: however, it is adopted by many *élégantes*. There are four or five different sorts

of capes worn to these manteaus: some are round and very large; others small, and pointed behind and at the ends. A third sort are cut out on each shoulder, so as to form a scollop behind and at each front. Others have false edges, to give the appearance of from three to five capes. *Brun solitaire*, lavender, purple, and puce are favourite colours for the manteau; they are lined with either rose, white, or *flamme de punch*: the latter is particularly fashionable. Blue, rose, and citron manteaus are worn by *dashers*, but more for the carriage or spectacle than the promenade.

Spencers begin to be in favour for very young persons: they are of satin; the pelerine, *mancheron*, and bottom of the sleeve, bordered with fur. The collar of an embroidered muslin or *tulle* habit-shirt falls over that of the spencer, and covers almost all but the trimming of the pelerine. The head-dress is a small otter skin, or sable cap: the former has a gold tassel and acorn; the latter an ermine band.

Velvet flowers and Marabout plumes are equally fashionable for promenade bonnets: knots also continue in favour; and we see a good many hats trimmed with small rosettes. Flowers correspond either with the hat or the lining; in some instances the *bouquet* offers a mixture of the two colours. Black hats are mostly lined with the material they are made of; those in colours are either lined with satin or plush: a novel article has appeared in the latter, the ground of which is gold colour, and the down *massaca*.

Fancy satin and black velvet are greatly worn in dinner dress, or for the *spectacle*: the latter is generally

trimmed with black lace: the garniture of the former consists of flounces; there are either three or five, the edge of each finished by a band of flat gold wove in the satin. Tight bodies are now all the rage; the *blouse* is only seen in dishabille. The bodies of gowns for dinner or the *spectacle* are mostly made high, but not always.

Black velvet, with steel or pearl ornaments interspersed in trimmings of blond or white satin, is much in favour with matrons for full dress. White satin and *gros d'hiver* are also worn. Ball dresses are of plain or figured *tulle*. Plain *barèges*, either white or coloured. Satin-gauze, either striped or in diamonds, or rings interlaced. *Crêpe lisse* and *gaze Iris* are also worn, but not so generally. Trimmings consist of rouleaus of satin entwined with flat gold bands; flowers and embroidery in pearl or steel beads. Flowers are always employed to form *bouffants* or draperies: the most novel of these trimmings consists of three rouleaus disposed in waves, which are formed by *bouquets* of moss-roses. The embroidery in steel beads is always very broad; it is spotted in the middle, and bordered by a wreath of leaves or flowers at each edge. The bodies of dress gowns are always cut very low round the bust, and are a good deal ornamented: some have blond or *tulle* let in full round the bosom; the fulness gaged by narrow satin piping. Others have a novel stomacher formed by folds of satin on each side of the bust; they are confined to a point in the centre of the waist by three rows of pearl, and clasped with a similar ornament on the shoulder. The *ceinture* is either white satin, or to correspond

with the dress; it fastens behind in four small bows and short ends. The hair is still worn full on the temples, and much higher behind than for some time past. Turbans are in great favour, particularly the Turkish turban in white gauze, with the round confined by bands of citron colour, disposed in lozenges, each lozenge finished at the corner with a ruby and emerald alternately. Turban caps are just come into fashion:

the crown, in the form of a *calotte*, is bordered by a puffing of gauze: a bunch of red roses, with a good deal of foliage, is placed at the left ear: long gauze strings, which hang as low as the shoulder.—The favourite hues are, puce, *ponceau*, and grey, for dinner gowns; and white, blue, citron, and rose, for full dress. Adieu!

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, a Series of twelve Lithographic Drawings of *Celebrated Horses*, from pictures painted by James Ward, Esq. R. A. and drawn on stone by himself. This series will appear in three numbers, containing four plates each, at regular intervals in the course of the present year; and the first number will be ready for delivery in April next. The most interesting feature of lithography is its power to multiply actual fac-similes of the painter's work, thereby diffusing the results of his labour precisely as they issue from his own hand; and thus aiding, to a vast extent, the progress of the arts, by communicating to hundreds, at a moderate expense in comparison with such drawings in chalk, the identical touches of the master; for every line that he draws upon the stone becomes the precise means of transfer by which every following likeness is produced. To artists this peculiar excellence is well known; and it will doubtless add to the attraction of the work here announced, that those who possess it will have acquired a collection of drawings illustrative of Mr. Ward's powers of execution in the portraiture of the horse. The animals from which the pictures are painted, are of the most interesting character, either from the celebrity they have

acquired for beauty of form, extraordinary qualities as racers, or in the sports of the field, or for some peculiar circumstances connected with their history. Among the subjects of these drawings will be presented the portraits of Monitor and Soothsayer, the property of his Majesty; Copenhagen, the favourite charger of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, on which he rode on the field of Waterloo; Cossack and Persian, the property of the Duke of Northumberland; Primrose (a brood mare) and Foal, the property of the Duke of Grafton; Phantom and Walton, celebrated racers, the property of Sir John Shelly, Bart. M. P.; Leopold, the property of John G. Lambton, Esq. M. P.; and Doctor Syntax, belonging to Ralph Riddell, Esq. Size of the plates, 18½ inches by 13½.

Mr. Ackermann has also in great forwardness three series, each comprehending four coloured prints of *Hunting, Coursing, and Shooting*, after paintings by Wolstenholme.

Mr. Scoresby, who is already favourably known to the public by his Description of the Arctic Regions, and by various scientific papers in the Transactions of learned societies, has now in the press an *Account of his Voyage to Greenland in the Summer of 1822*. In the course of this voyage, he explored the eastern

coast of West Greenland, to the extent of between 700 and 800 geographical miles, the greater part of which may be considered as original discovery. He has constructed a chart, founded on about 500 angles or bearings, taken at fifty different stations, most of which were determined by astronomical observations. This, we understand, is to accompany the work; and it will constitute the first and only accurate map of that remote and all but inaccessible region. The fate of the *lost* colony, said to have been established in West Greenland in the beginning of the 15th century, has long excited great interest. There is reason to think, that the descendants of the colonists may still exist; for traces of recent inhabitation were found in different places.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a *Memoir of her Father, the late John Aikin, M. D.*; together with a selection of such of his Critical Essays and Miscellaneous Pieces as have not hitherto appeared in a collective form. Improved editions of several of the most popular of Dr. Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

A translation of Bonterwek's *History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature*,

translated from the original German by Miss Ross, is just ready for publication.

Major Bell, the editor of Professor Bredow's *Tables of History and Literature*, has ready for publication a *Chronological Chart of the most celebrated Painters*, from the revival of the art to the close of the 18th century, translated and arranged in schools and ages, from the private French notes of Sir Matthew Van Bree, professor of the Royal Academy of Arts at Antwerp; with the addition of the English painters, and notices of some of the foreign artists who have painted in England. This chart will exhibit at a single view the distinguishing character of each school, the names of all the eminent masters, the period in which they severally lived, the subjects for which each was most noted, or the excellence for which each was most famed. The utmost reliance may be placed on the accuracy of the notes on which the chart is founded, as Sir Matthew Van Bree assured the editor, that he had employed the leisure hours of three winters in critically examining and comparing the various authorities from which they are extracted.

Poetry.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

By J. M. LACEY.

SIMPLE pledge of spring's returning,
Pleasing 'tis to see thy bloom,
Winter's rudest terrors spurning,
Peeping forth from nature's tomb.

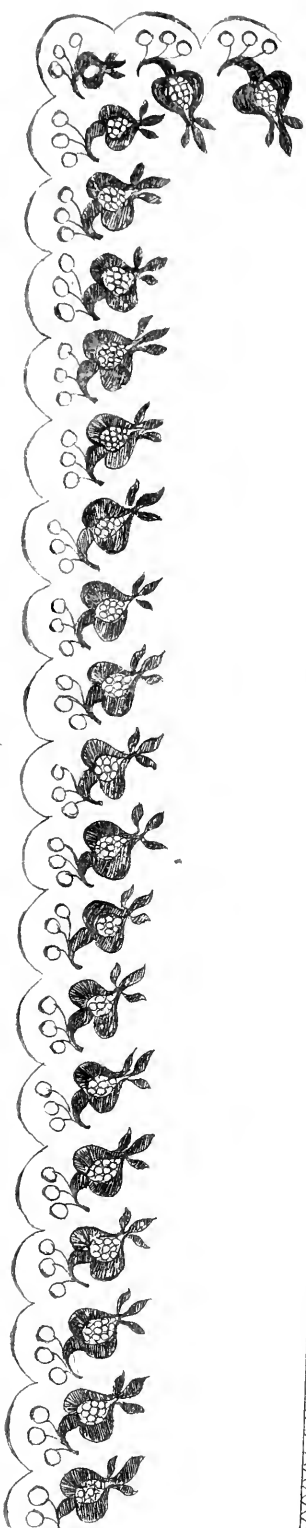
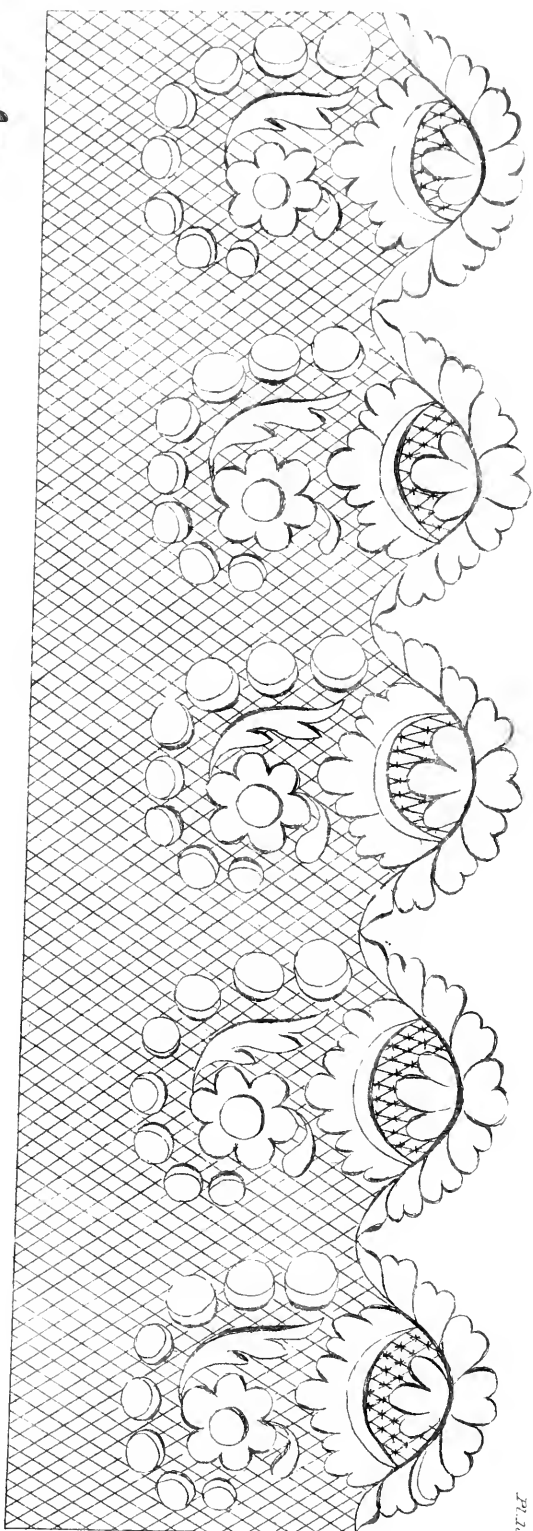
Thy appearance gives us pleasure;
Though now piercing winds assail,
Spring, creation's brightest treasure,
Soon will breathe a warmer gale.

Yet, mild flow'r, thy fate too often
Emblem is of infant woe;
When warm airs stern winter soften,
Thy pale petals burst and blow.

Soon, on frosty pinions flying,
Roars the blast with angry breath,
Whilst around deep snows are lying;
Then, mild flow'r, you sink in death!

So it is with human sorrow:
Some fair infant smiles in joy;
Expectation gilds the morrow;
Bliss then knows no keen alloy.

Soon, alas! stern illness seizing,
Sinks the sufferer to his doom;
Whilst the soul, with prospect pleasing,
Mounts to realms beyond the tomb!



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1, 1823.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

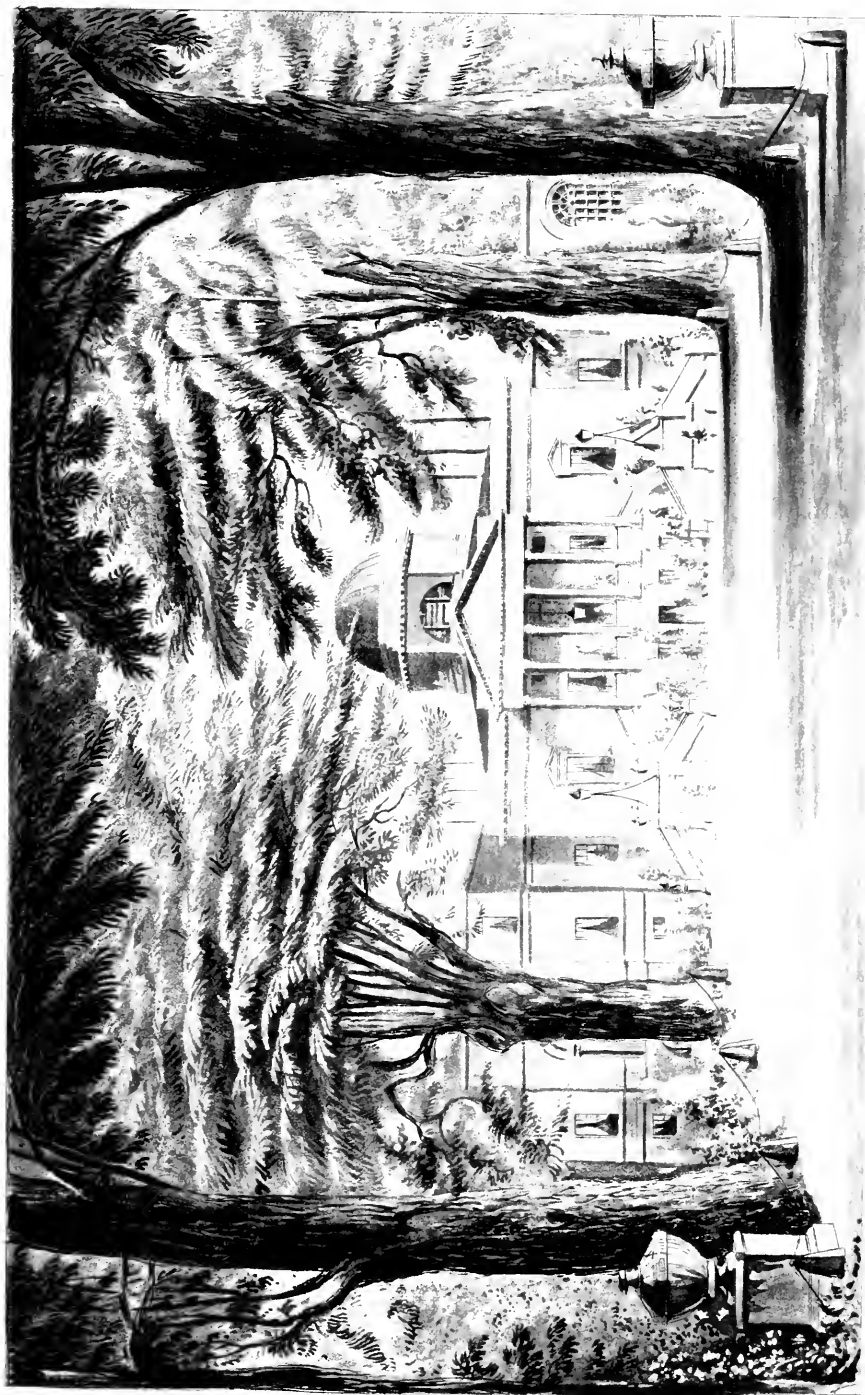
The Castle and the Farm is received; but, owing to its length, we shall be obliged to defer its insertion till our next Volume.

Peter's communication has already appeared in another periodical work.

To our lively Correspondent who observes, that she can "see no reason why the ladies of England should not have their Parliament as well as those of France, whose proceedings are detailed in the Repository," we would recommend to bring her plan for such an assembly fairly before the parties most interested in its institution. She would doubtless receive all the attention she deserves.

Account of a new Asiatic Savage Tribe—The Condition of Women in America—The Way to be happy—Ballad-Singers—Different Manners of different Nations—Canova's Monument for the Stuarts, shall appear in our next 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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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1, 1823.

N^o. IV.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

CHISWICK-HOUSE.

THIS beautiful and celebrated villa, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, is situated in the pleasant village of Chiswick, on the banks of the Thames, about six miles from London. It was erected near an ancient mansion once the residence of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his profligate countess, who here ended her days in disgrace and misery in 1632, as did her husband, under similar circumstances, in 1645. At the marriage of their daughter Ann to Lord Russel, afterwards Earl of Bedford, the estate was mortgaged, and the family plate and jewels sold, to furnish the marriage portion of 12,000*l*. This place afterwards became the property of the celebrated Earl of Pembroke, from whom it passed to Lord Powlet, an active royalist, who, through the interest of General Fair-

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fax, was in 1647 permitted to compound for his estates. It became subsequently the property of Lord Crofts, Lord Gerrard of Brandon, Viscount Ranelagh, and Edward Seymour, Esq. who, in 1682, sold it to Richard Earl of Burlington, from whom it descended to the last earl, whose only child and heir, Lady Charlotte Boyle, having married the Duke of Devonshire, conveyed the whole of the Burlington estates to that family, in which they still continue vested.

Chiswick-House is one of those superb and chaste buildings that reflect honour on the country, and it displays in an eminent degree the fine taste and great abilities of its illustrious builder, the Earl of Burlington. Kent, the architect, was employed to carry on the work un-

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der the earl's immediate directions; and it would appear to have been built more as an architectural study, than as a dwelling. It has been justly observed, that for a design so superb the building should have been much larger, being only 70 feet square, exclusively of the portico. Subsequently it was found to be more beautiful than convenient, from its diminutive size, which induced the late noble proprietor to add wings, as shewn in the annexed Front View, but seen to more advantage in the second plate, exhibiting the Garden Front.

The Hon. Horace Walpole, who wrote before these improvements were undertaken, describes Chiswick-House in the following terms:

"This building, the idea of which is borrowed from a well-known villa of Palladio, is a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many corresponding doors in spaces so contracted; chimneys between windows, and which is worse, windows between chimneys; and vestibules, however beautiful, yet little secured from the damps of this climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner Drawing-Room are beyond measure massive; and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb, than a library in a northern latitude. Yet these blemishes, and Lord Hervey's wit, who said, 'that the house was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch,' cannot depreciate the taste that reigns throughout the whole. The larger court, dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic scenery of the small court, that

unites the old and new house, are more worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur, which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages." The old house here mentioned by Mr. Walpole was pulled down in 1788, to make room for the subsequent improvements.

The addition of the wings has no doubt increased the commodiousness of the building as a residence, but by no means improved its appearance. The original structure, from its beautiful proportions, and rich and careful decorations, produces a most magnificent and powerful effect; but the wings, from being too large, give to the centre a diminutive appearance, which otherwise would not strike the observer, though it is in reality small. A simplicity has been observed in these additions, in order to throw the centre out by its richness; but the effect produced is that of their not appearing corresponding parts.

The entrance to the grand story is by a double flight of steps, which is adorned with the statues of Palladio and Inigo Jones. The portico is extremely rich, supported by six Corinthian columns: it is surmounted by an octangular dome. The richness of this front, seen with its accompaniments of exotics in bloom and flowering shrubs, contrasted with the noble cedars of Libanus, in all their glory of rich, dark, and solemn tints, has a truly grand and magical appearance, which is greatly assisted by the termini, vases, and other pieces of sculpture, that are arranged in the avenue. The stately cedars which form this dignified avenue are perhaps the finest in the kingdom.

They were planted by Lord Burlington.

The interior of the house is extremely beautiful, and abounds in works of art, antique busts, and noble pictures, a few only of which will be noticed, as our limits will not permit a particular description of all, being chiefly rare productions of the respective masters.

The principal entrance leads to the Dome-Saloon, adorned with valuable antique busts, which are arranged in niches round the apartment. The ceiling is highly wrought in stuccoed compartments. The East Saloon joins this, but embraces more extent than the original building allowed. The ceiling is very rich in stucco-work, gilded on a white ground. Among other valuable paintings in this room are, *Portrait of the Duchess of Somerset*, by Vandyke; *Christ in the Garden*, by Guercino; *the Virgin*, a rich though small picture, by Parmegiano; *Portraits* by Rubens, in his best style; and *the Interior of the Jesuits' Church at Antwerp*, by Steenwick, a fine specimen of this master's peculiar power. Here is also a collection of minerals and marbles, formed by the late Duchess of Devonshire. A small apartment attached to this saloon is fitted up with fine tapestry: in circular frames over the doors and chimney, are *Portraits of Lady Burlington, Alexander Pope, &c.*

The West Saloon joins the Dome-Saloon, and has, as well as the East Saloon, been considerably enlarged by the late improvements. This ceiling is painted in compartments. Besides a number of cabinet pictures by Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Poussin, Veronese, Caracci, Carlo Bassano, and Borgognone, which grace

this room, it contains the celebrated picture of *Belisarius*, several times engraved, and long thought to be the work of Vandyke, but with more justice attributed to Murillo; a highly coloured and rich picture, *Acis and Galatea*, by Luca Giordano; *Lord Clifford and his Family*, painted in 1444 by Van Eyck, who is regarded as the inventor of oil-painting; a superb picture by Salvator Rosa; *Landscape, Figures, &c.*

The Drawing-Room, which occupies a portion of this wing, is a noble, elegant, and finely proportioned apartment. Among the pictures is *the first Earl of Burlington*, by Vandyke; *Madona della Rosa*, by Dominichino, procured from a convent at Rome by the earl, who gave a set of marble columns for the conventual church in exchange for it; *a Magdalen's Head*, by Guido; *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Zuccherro; *a Holy Family*, by Parmegiano; *a Venetian Nobleman*, by Rembrandt; and *a Chemist's Laboratory*, by Teniers, very highly finished.

The Dining-Room possesses, among other fine pictures, *Susannah and the Elders*, by Paul Veronese; *Women at the Cross*, by Bassano; *the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche*, by Andrew Schiavone; and a very highly finished picture, *Rembrandt in his Painting-Room*, by Gerard Douw.

The Gallery embraces the entire north side of the original building, and is a sweet specimen of the Italian style of arrangement. It forms a centre with two recesses, and an octangular division at each extremity. The sides and ceiling are richly ornamented in stucco; the ornaments, mouldings, pateræ, &c. being gold on a white ground. An oval *Battle*

Piece, by P. Veronese, is inserted in the central compartment of the ceiling. Here are but few pictures, the exuberance of the ornaments leaving but little space for them; but the room is rich in statuary and other works of art.

In the other apartments and dressing-rooms are many fine paintings; and by the late additions, comfort and elegance pervade the whole of this delightful abode.

Our second View represents the Garden Front: its elegance and sweet proportions will speak for themselves. It has no pretensions to the richness of the south and principal front, but is equally beautiful.

The gardens are rich in wood, and ornamented with statues, temples, grottos, obelisks, &c. Here is a delightful serpentine river, with its

bridge and statues, grotto and cascade, with a number of pleasant walks, one of which leads to a terrace that commands a charming view of the country, with the noble river Thames urging his silent way.

The pleasure-grounds comprise about thirty-two acres. They embrace a flower-garden of considerable extent, in which is a delightful conservatory and an extensive range of forcing-houses. Attached to these grounds is a small park, stocked with deer. Several improvements are said to be in contemplation by the noble proprietor, the chief of which is the removal of the public road further from the house, to add to its retirement. His grace has obtained an act of Parliament for the avowed purpose.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

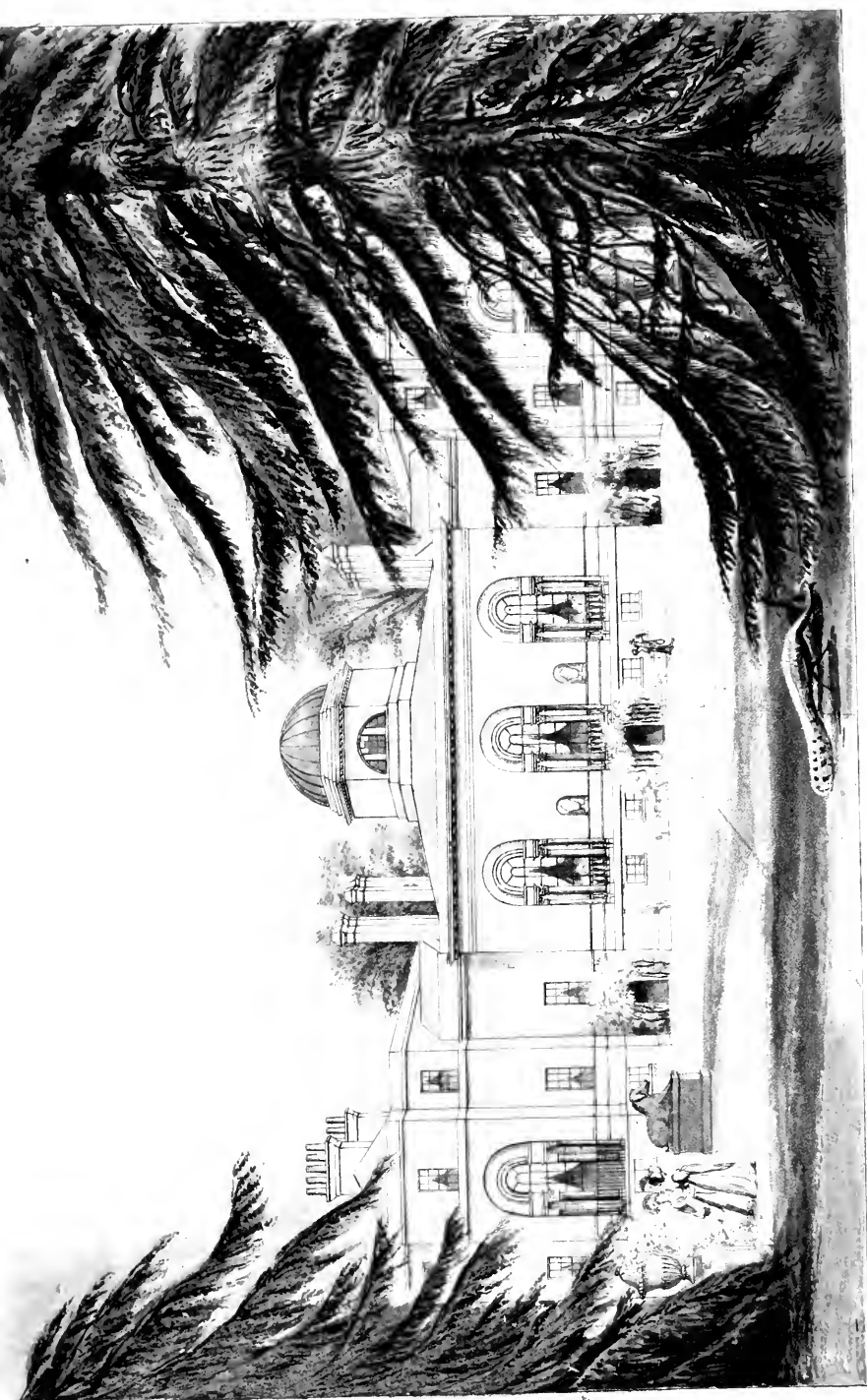
SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS.

It is not in vain that the citizen of Paris beholds daily and hourly the luxuries of all the five divisions of the globe spread out before him; that he witnesses the most extravagant profusion; that he sees his old schoolfellow, once as poor as himself, now become a *millionaire*, rolling along in a splendid equipage; that he goes every day past the Exchange, to learn by means of his own eyes and ears the rise or fall in the *rentes* of the state: the sight of all these things is sure to excite in his bosom a desire to participate in them. Hence his solicitude for wealth; hence his wish to possess government *rentes*, or property in other funds; a wish that manifests itself even in the cobbler and the porter.

But the Parisian is too sensible to

seek wealth in any other than its proper and true source, industry and economy. Hence he resembles the ant, which does not take a single step but for some useful purpose, and is temperate to real self-denial. The more indefatigable the Parisian is in his business, the more he enjoys rest. Thus Sundays and holidays furnish a spectacle in the life of the Parisian, which, I verily believe, has no parallel on the face of the civilized earth for bustle, cheerfulness, and abstraction from all external considerations.

The Sunday and holiday of the Parisian artisan commences before the day itself: there is a holy eve (*veille*) for him to these days of rest. Saturday assumes with him a character of peculiar vivacity. The ma-



jority of the working class enjoy it not merely by anticipation, but likewise in reality, as also in the preparation for the following Sunday. When the clock strikes five, all work is at an end; they put on their coats, and proceed to the barriers, where the plans for the amusements of the ensuing day are projected.

We will now suppose it to be between the hours of two and four on Sunday afternoon. If you would wish to acquire an adequate idea of the population of Paris, come and traverse with me not only the centre of the city (for here the crowd is equally great every day and every hour of the day), but also the *fauv-bourgs*, inhabited exclusively by mechanics. The opening of a beehive furnishes but a faint comparison with the spectacle which then presents itself to the observer in the streets of Paris: the hundreds of thousands of bodies which fill the streets of the city seem to have but two legs and one head, so unanimously do they all hasten to the barriers of the capital. I am confident that out of the eight hundred thousand inhabitants which Paris contains, including foreigners, at least five hundred thousand repair on Sundays, when the weather is favourable, to the barriers, for the purpose of amusing themselves.

By five o'clock the scene is changed: the stunning and inexpressible tumult has given place to the silence of the grave. All the shops are shut; not a carriage rolls along the street; not a cry of any kind is to be heard; nay, the very coffee-houses are empty. A stranger, if he were then to be set down in Paris for the first time, would imagine that all its inhabitants had been swept away by

some contagion. Let us follow the crowd to the barriers, the limit of the excursions of the citizen of Paris. Before he reaches this point he must in fact have performed a longer or a shorter journey; and who then can find fault with him because he has no inclination to proceed farther, and makes this his resting-place? For this reason all the places of amusement of the Parisian populace are situated close to the barriers of the city.

As in all other indulgences, the citizen is moderate in his demands upon the places where he seeks amusement on Sundays. Acacia-trees afford him shelter, and a wooden bench, which rarely has more than two legs, serves for a seat. There is nothing of a house near it, but a kitchen, where the hostess prepares her eatables, and a cellar, where the landlord keeps his wine. Should a shower unluckily fall, a Babylonish confusion ensues: some find a scanty shelter under the trees and along the side of the building; but the greater number get wet to the skin. In spite of this the citizens of Paris continue their visits to the barriers; in spite of this the *marchand de vins* does not, for eight or ten years, that is to say, not till his kitchen and his cellar, his acacia-trees and his moveable benches have made a rich man of him, exchange his hut for a house in Paris.

In the whole wide world the female sex belongs to the male, but nowhere so much as in France, and especially in Paris. A Parisian citizen, particularly one who wears silver shoe and knee-buckles, and who has his powdered hair wrought into a queue and a pair of *ails de pigeon*, would but half enjoy himself were he deprived of the society of his

better half. She must accompany him and hang upon his arm. He is likewise fond of children, as all the world knows. What wonder then that he should lead two of his girls with the left hand, while the eldest walks so immediately before him, that he can tread in her footsteps. The son, a half-grown lad, would never loose his mother's right hand if he could help it: but to this rule an exception is made whenever the lady has occasion to pick up her gown, to arrange her shawl, to pull down the front of her large Italian straw hat over her face, or to take a pinch of snuff, all which she does pretty often. The nurse follows with an infant in arms, and the dog closes the procession. As the man, for security's sake, is accustomed to carry his money and his bank-notes along with him, and the wife is tricked out in all her valuables, it may be asserted with truth, that the Parisian takes wife and child, maid-servant and beast, and all that is his, with him to the barriers.

All the citizens of Paris, however, are not married. The bachelor has in general a *bonne amie*, whom he is obliged to conduct on Sunday to the barriers, upon pain of being turned off betimes on Monday morning: for in their mutual contract, he is understood to pledge himself in the first place to the barriers, and in the next to constancy. A violation of the latter point would perhaps be more readily forgiven him than the neglect of the former.

It may happen too that he has no professed *bonne amie*. In this case he goes out, like all the rest, into the street, and looks round among the daughters of the land, of whom there is never any scarcity. When he

espies one who takes his fancy, he goes up to her, pulls off his hat, and says, "*Mademoiselle, puis-je avoir l'honneur de vous offrir le bras pour vous mener hors des barrières?*" Mademoiselle does not give him the trouble to repeat the question; she immediately lays hold of his arm, and replies, "*Monsieur, il est impossible d'être plus honnête que vous.*" Herewith the bargain is struck, and both appear as familiar as if they had been acquainted for many years. Now the young man has a lady, he makes it his business to pair others, which he has in fact opportunities of doing: for I forgot to observe, that a Parisian mademoiselle cannot stir a step on a Sunday without having half a dozen more mademoiselles about her. With such reciprocal wishes, the said half dozen mademoiselles must have been treated very scurvily indeed by Dame Nature, if each of them cannot be provided with a beau before they have got out of the city.

In this manner they travel on in troops till they are beyond the barriers, where, like locusts, they fall upon the *marchands de vins, traiteurs*, and other dealers. The first thing they do is to select a place in the garden suitable to the company, and then a deputation is appointed, and sent to the kitchen. Here all the provisions laid in by the host for the day are exposed to view. A public sale commences: an egg is put up to auction just as well as a leg of mutton, or a sirloin of beef, and whoever bids a *sou* more than the rest, obtains the prize. I am not prepared to assert, that this auction of viands always passes off without quarrels; nay, in some instances, roasted pigeons have been seen literally flying

into people's mouths. On such occasions, the *marchand de vins* restores peace by some witticism, perhaps something like the following, which I have heard myself: "*Allons, messieurs, courage! Gâtez, gâchez, fouillez aux pieds, tant qu'il vous plaira! Alors vous mourrez de faim, comme nos braves à Moscou.*" The mention of *starving* produces a panic, and the auction proceeds more peaceably.

When the deputy has obtained what he thinks requisite, he takes post as sentinel beside the spit, for most of the articles of food are sold raw, and afterwards cooked according to the fancy of the purchaser. They are then boiled or roasted, and served up under his direction. The company fall-to, and the wine of the preceding year, the best of which costs about fifteen *sous* a quart, gradually removes all the inequalities that have hitherto lain in the way of that universal human weakness which accompanies even the Parisian artisan beyond the barriers. And in-

deed why should it not? Are all the shawls in the world of the same value? Is not one ear-ring dearer than another? And, above all, may not Mademoiselle Caroline be plainer than Mademoiselle Aimée; and is it therefore right for Monsieur Thomas, the *bon ami* of Mademoiselle Caroline, to steal a sly glance from behind the *serviette* at Mademoiselle Aimée, or even to make this observation to her *bon ami*, Monsieur Pierre: "*Que vous êtes heureux, Monsieur Pierre, d'être le cavalier d'une aussi jolie personne que Mademoiselle Aimée!*" All these clouds in the firmament of the barriers are dispelled as soon as the sun of the juice of the grape begins to irradiate the faces of the company. All personalities then cease; wit takes the place of material discussions, and *calembourgs* are made, such as for instance the following: *Quel étoit celui des empereurs Romains qui avoit le nez le moins pointu?—C'étoit Néron (nez rond.)*

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

No. II.—(Concluded.)

CHAMBER OF PEERESSES.

Feb. 10.

SEVERAL petitions were presented from husbands in different parts of France, praying that the rights and privileges of wives might be distinctly and speedily defined, as, since the late deliberations on that subject, many wives had shewn a desire to establish a domestic government wholly despotic; and the petitioners humbly hoped that it was not the intention of the noble Chamber to sanction measures so evidently unjust. Our limits will not permit us

to give the substance of many of the petitions. The *Marquis Sans-Souci* offered to bring proof, that he had never in his life controuled his lady, or interfered in the domestic management of his family in any way whatsoever: notwithstanding which, ever since the last meeting of the Chamber, his lady has tormented him incessantly with remonstrances on the disordered state of his affairs, and entreaties that he would contract his expenses. The wife of *M. Le Joueur* had taken upon herself absolutely to forbid him deep play. *Madame*

Clairvoyant, who had hitherto been extremely polite to all her husband's female acquaintance, now positively refused to receive at her parties the wife of his most intimate friend. *Monsieur Pigeon* in a very humble petition prayed the Chamber to define the exact number of morning, afternoon, evening, and curtain lectures that a lady was to be allowed to deliver to her husband; as he hoped in that case he might occasionally obtain a little respite from the now incessant scolding of his wife. The *Comte Sans-Esprit* begged that the Chamber would be pleased to affix certain limits to the expenses of a lady's toilet, as since the late debate, his wife, who formerly used to content herself with laying out one half of his income in dress, now insisted upon appropriating three-fourths of it to that purpose.

These petitions and several others were ordered to be referred to the committee now engaged in framing the matrimonial code.

La Marquise Très - Doucement begged to call the attention of the Chamber to certain rules and regulations for the card-table: it was really a reproach to a nation justly considered as the politest in the world, that ladies should lose their temper with their money; and that even the most polished should indulge themselves in certain expressions, which they would blush to use at any other time. She therefore prayed that the exact limits should be marked out, which a lady's chagrin might be allowed to extend to; and a positive interdiction laid upon all phrases, however softened or mutilated they might be, that could tend to bring her good-breeding in question.

La Comtesse Colère protested very vehemently against the adoption of any such measures: it was easy for ladies who always won to preserve their temper; and she did not wonder at one of them proposing measures which would shield her in future from the reproaches of those who had not the same means of insuring good fortune.—(Here the *marquise* interrupted the *comtesse* by exclaiming with great violence, "*Means, madam! what, do you talk of means? Do you dare to call my honour in question? Is it my fault if my superior skill*"——She was unable to proceed, for a significant sneer from the *comtesse* disconcerted her so much, that she sat down convulsed with passion, and her antagonist continued).—Instead of proposing laws to regulate the temper at play, the noble member would have done better to propose some to keep ladies in bounds during the discussion of business in the Chamber, where temper is of rather more consequence to a lady's dignity than at the card-table. "I for one," continued the *comtesse*, "shall always resolutely oppose every innovation on the present system of play: the liberty of saying what one pleases when one has a bad run of luck, has been a privilege of Frenchwomen time immemorial. I regard it as one of the most valuable of our privileges, and I never will consent to restrict it in any way whatsoever." (Cries of "Right, right; nothing can be conceded on that point," from several parts of the Chamber.)

La Duchesse de la Scrupuleuse begged that the noble members would believe, that none of them had the privileges of the sex more at heart than herself: however, she wished that they would in their wisdom de-

fine to what lengths honour obliged a lady, strictly speaking, to go in the payment of her gaming debts, as at present the laws of play appeared to her very severe. In all other cases, so long as a lady acknowledged the debt, it was a matter of very little consequence whether she paid it or not; but if she loses her money at cards, she is obliged to make, if not immediate, at least very speedy payment in one coin or other. Now this she considered extremely hard, as it might and often did place ladies in very awkward predicaments. What she wished to propose therefore was, that a lady so situated might be allowed to claim the forbearance of her creditor (more especially if the said creditor should happen to be a gentleman) for a certain length of time.

This measure was feebly supported by a few members, and very strongly opposed by several others. The first argued, that it might be a means of preserving the chastity of several ladies, who were now actually obliged to barter it in order to redeem their honour. The latter insisted, that even this necessity, hard as they allowed it to be, could not justify an

encroachment on that strict principle of justice by which the payment of debts of this kind had always been regulated. Women of fashion had long been reproached by the vulgar herd with being devoid of principle, but in this one instance at least they could refute the charge, since even those who made it a principle to pay no other debts, always faithfully discharged their debts of honour: but if any sort of subterfuge were once admitted on so sacred a point, heaven knows where the abuse might stop. They considered it better therefore to risk all the consequences which the loss of money might occasion, than cast a stain upon the national reputation, by giving a lady the power to evade the payment of debts which had till now been held so sacred, that it was well known French ladies would make any sacrifice sooner than it should be said, they had neither the power nor the inclination to discharge them. These arguments were found so conclusive by the generality of the members, that the motion was negatived by a very large majority.

THE LOITERER.

No. II.

I FIND, from several letters which I have received, that some of my readers conceive that I now occupy in some respect the place in the *Repository* which was lately so ably filled by Mr. Sagephiz. I must protest against this conclusion, for several reasons: first, I hate to give advice; and secondly, with all my respect for this second Solomon, he is not exactly the model I should choose

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to follow. I find that when I expected assistance in the conduct of my paper, I did not calculate too much upon the writing mania of the present age. My table is filled at this moment with offers of aid, and letters of advice how to conduct *The Loiterer*. If I availed myself of the first, my office would be a mere sinecure; and if I tried to follow the last, my paper would present a *me-*

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lange such as never before met the public eye: but I am afraid I have little chance of deriving benefit from this profusion of both, as my readers may judge from the following specimen.

Frank Freeheart counsels me to avoid the prosing course pursued by the *Adviser*, whose paper, he says, was good for nothing but to make prudes of fine women, and stupid puppies of sprightly fellows. He assures me, if I expect to be read, I must keep clear of religion and morality, and shew, by my utter contempt of all old-fashioned maxims, that I know how to write for people of spirit.

Mrs. Grimsby believes that Mr. Sagephiz was a well-meaning man in the main, but his papers were not half grave enough. She has no patience with people who try to throw instruction into the form of amusement; and she is sure that I shall find my advantage in choosing none but the most serious subjects.

The fair Amanda complains that the *Adviser* was a bitter enemy to all refined and tender sentiments, and was barbarian enough to make a jest even of love itself, which she thinks ought to be the principal subject of a periodical writer; and in order to qualify me to treat of it properly, she advises me to study the old romances, particularly *Clelia*, *Cassandra*, and *Oroondates*; promising, if she is satisfied with my style, to transmit to me some love-letters which have never been published, and which she assures me are models of tenderness and sublimity.

Sam Sneer considers that a periodical paper must be as insipid as a boiled rabbit without sauce or salt,

unless it is enlivened by a little dash of scandal. He assures me that he took the trouble of telling Mr. Sagephiz so repeatedly; but, he observes, that old Solomon was a testy pragmatical fellow, who liked better to give advice than to take it. He hopes that I have not the same failing; and promises, if I attend to his instructions, to send me some clever pieces of secret history, which will raise the reputation of my paper.

The widow Bustle thinks the *Adviser* would not have been amiss but for one great fault: he never tried to impress his fair readers with a proper sense of the duties of housewifery; and, in her opinion, that is the one thing needful for women. She expects therefore that I will do all I can to decry the present flimsy mode of female education, and to bring back the good old days when ladies studied cookery-books instead of French and Italian, and knew more about making shirts and puddings, than about playing on the piano or drawing landscapes. This lady seems particularly desirous to enlist my pen in the cause of notability; for she offers to bribe me, or rather to reward my services, when she has seen how she likes a few papers, by a present of a famous old family receipt for collaring brawn.

Mat Mendenham fancies that mine is altogether an assumed character, and that I pretend to be an idle disengaged man, only that I may with greater security disseminate liberal principles. He approves my stratagem, and promises to aid it with all his powers, by sending me some very well written political papers, which, under the mask of moderation, will forward the good cause amazingly. I find that he would have done my

predecessor the same favour; but it was evident, from the very commencement of his paper, that he was a narrow-souled fellow, too strongly tinctured with the principles of the old school to derive any benefit from Mr. Mendem's assistance.

Bill Brief, in a note of four lines, tells me that he never reads but at breakfast; and then he don't care much what the subject is, provided it is not too long. He hopes I will take the hint, and confine myself to a couple of pages, which the *Adviser* so rarely did, that he hardly ever read that paper.

Lawrence Longphrase's great objection to periodical papers, the *Adviser* among the rest, is their brevity: he hopes I shall not confine myself to just skimming the surface of a subject, but enter into it at proper length; in which case he promises to be a constant reader of, and sometimes a contributor to, the *Loiterer*.

Clarinda never read the *Adviser*; the characters were always of the ordinary class, and the details so stupidly natural, that she could not endure them. She hates common life and manners, and hopes I shall soar a flight above them. She adds, in a postscript, that as she supposes I mean to draw characters from life, she hopes they will always be those of people of distinction.

Frank Frolic thinks the essayists altogether a queer set, who had little notion of life, and old Solomon the queerest among them. He hopes I am a fellow of more spirit, who will treat my readers now and then to a bit of fun. He thinks a part of my paper might be advantageously devoted to anecdotes of boxing, under the title of *Flowers of the Fancy*; and promises to send me some

bons-mots of the Cat and Magpie Club, which, he says, will make my readers split their sides with laughter.

Such are the hopes and expectations to which my first number has given rise; but as every succeeding one, by tending to destroy them, would perhaps be the means of bringing me fresh remonstrances, I think it is as well to rid myself at once of the host of pilots, who are each confident that no one but themselves can tow my little vessel safely into port, by a declaration that I am determined not to follow any advice whatsoever. I might give many good reasons for this declaration, but I shall only offer one: my natural indolence renders it impossible for me to pursue a settled plan; I shall consequently choose my subjects either as they present themselves to my fancy, or as they may arise from the situations in which I find myself. Thus much for my advisers: now for those who would honour me with their assistance.

I am afraid I shall never be sentimental enough to suit the taste of Amanda, for which reason I must decline the love-letters she offers me. Unfortunately I have as little liking for secret history as Mr. Sagephiz himself; therefore the kind proffer of my friend Sneer will be of no service to me; and as my notions on political subjects are terribly fettered by my having early imbibed a profound reverence for that old-fashioned motto, *King and Constitution*, it is very clear that I cannot make the *Loiterer* a medium for forwarding the desires of Mat Mendem. Neither can I accept the offer of Lawrence Longphrase, as I consider myself bound in conscience not to bestow a great quantity of dulness on

my readers at once. I am greatly indebted to Frank Frolic; but I cannot avail myself of his assistance, because I am afraid that the good things of the Cat and Magpie Club would be too highly seasoned for the generality of my readers. I have some other offers of assistance to

acknowledge, and perhaps avail myself of; but as I am ambitious to be read at least for once by Bob Brief, and I think this paper is about the length he requires, I shall reply to those correspondents in my next Number. N. NEVERMOVE.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING BRASIL.

(Concluded from p. 148.)

BAHIA, the ancient capital of the Brasils, bore formerly the name of San Salvador. The street of la Playa, by which you enter the town, disappoints you; it does not answer at all to the idea you had formed of the city when seen from the harbour: but you are struck with the bustle which appears to prevail, and with the activity of the people. Here you see a group of negroes lifting heavy loads, and disputing among themselves who shall carry the lightest; there a number of seamen issuing in all the noisy merriment of inebriety from an alehouse: farther on are negro-women crying fruits, dried meat, salt fish, and a variety of other eatables for sale. In fact, a more busy scene cannot well be imagined.

The Cathedral, the Palace of the Governor, the Mint, and the Theatre are built in the upper town, and it is also the quarter in which the coffee-houses are situated.

The carriages generally used are chaises drawn by mules, or *cadeiras* (palanquins). This last is a commodious, but very effeminate mode of conveyance; two negroes carry it on their shoulders. Europeans in general prefer riding on horseback; but it is indispensably necessary for a man of a certain rank to have one of those

cadeiras, which follows him, though perhaps he never uses it.

The travellers give us a ludicrous idea of the *cadeira*, in telling us, that it is in the form of a mushroom (*champignon*), surrounded with curtains. There are hackney *cadeiras*, in which you may be carried from one end of the town to the other for four francs.

The palace of the governor is any thing but magnificent: the immense rooms which it contains are whitewashed; the window-curtains are of red damask. The entrance to the interior of the house is closed, in the Oriental manner, by a door covered with scarlet cloth, with the arms of Portugal embroidered in colours in the middle. There is no other furniture but large benches. Private houses are far from being so destitute of ornament.

The houses in the town of St. Paul are in general whitewashed on the outsides, and usually consist of four stories. This town, like most others in Portuguese America, is not much indebted to the industry of its inhabitants: properly speaking, they have no manufactures of their own. All the coarse cloth which the negroes and country people make use of for clothing, is fabricated with cotton spun by hand.

The men wear a mantle of a very glaring colour, and boots made of the skin of a serpent. The dress of the ladies consists of a woollen petticoat, bordered with plush, velvet, or gold galloon, according to their fortune. For old or married ladies the petticoat must be red; black is worn by youthful *belles*: these latter frequently cover their beautiful black tresses with a round hat. The ladies of St. Paul are distinguished for their beauty and sprightliness, so much so, that the term *Paulista* is almost an eulogium in other parts of the country. These sprightly dames are passionately fond of dancing, and they take all possible pains to appear to advantage in the numerous assemblies which they embellish with their presence. Their dancing dresses are composed of the finest stuffs, and they wear a profusion of gold chains, which they dispose in a most graceful manner on their necks and bosoms.

The town of Pernambuco has not much in it worthy of notice; there are but few remarkable edifices. The ancient College of the Jesuits, which serves at present as a residence for the governor, is of so sombre an appearance, that the general who was governor during the stay of our two travellers had hired another house.

The following trait shews the character of this governor in a very amiable light. M. de C——, a young French officer, related to a Spanish family, whose name he bears, had just arrived at Pernambuco, and attracted by a representation at the theatre, he hastened thither with some of his countrymen. He had hardly seated himself, when some persons of the lower class came and insolently demanded his place. Wish-

ing to act with circumspection, M. de C. repressed the natural fire of his temper, and retired without any contest to a back seat. Soon afterwards an aide-de-camp delivered him a message from the governor, begging that he would go and speak to his excellency in his box. M. de C—— immediately went, and on entering the box, was requested by the governor to take his place by the side of *Madame la Gouvernante*. "I have witnessed," said his excellency, "the rude behaviour of some of my countrymen, and it is my duty to make what reparation I can for the offence which they have given you."

Villa Rica is the most considerable town of this district, which is regarded in Europe as the source of all the riches of Portugal. The *lavages d'or* are situated at some leagues distance. The particles of gold are found in general disseminated in a bed of pebbles and gravel, covered with an earthy substance. If there is a current of water, the level of which is found at a sufficient elevation, they cut in the soil banks twenty or thirty feet long, and a foot high; a ditch two or three feet deep is dug at the bottom and on each bank. Nine or ten negroes are occupied in stirring the ground while the water is descending: the particles of gold, disengaged by their weight, fall into the ditch; after a few days' washing, they carry this sediment to another current. Each workman then makes use of a sort of wooden bowl, in the form of a funnel, which is two feet wide at the mouth. The sediment, being mixed with a certain quantity of water and stirred, allows the gold to disengage itself, and falls to the bottom of the funnel.

Speaking of diamonds, M. Denis

says, they are found in the centre of the mountains, in the beds of the rivers, and in such parts of the river-banks as are formed by the continual bearing down of the soil. The negroes generally work at the washing of the matter, which they call *cascalhaon*, during the dry season, in which they collect a sufficient quantity to occupy them during the winter, and it is placed in heaps of from fifteen to sixteen ton. When the time for executing the work arrives, they construct a shed, which may be 120 feet long, and 45 feet wide. They turn into this shed a stream, which they pass through the middle of it by a gutter covered with planks, on which they place the *cascalhaon* in heaps two or three feet deep. A plank, which reaches the whole length of the shed, is then placed by the side of the gutter, and parallel to it are others placed at little distances: these planks form a kind of cases, and are so disposed that the water is introduced in the widest part between them, while it runs out by a little opening at the smallest extremity. The blacks do not enter into those divisions till after the inspectors are placed on seats elevated at equal distances above the heaps of *cascalhaon*. Each negro being provided with a short-handled rake, lets fall into the case fifty or sixty pounds of this substance, and stirs it continually, after having introduced the water into it, which soon clears it from the earthy parti-

cles; the largest pebbles are then thrown away, and the others examined with the most scrupulous attention. When a negro has found a diamond, he gives notice of it by striking his hands together, and presents the stone between his finger and thumb to an inspector, who, as soon as he receives it, puts it in a vase suspended in the middle of the building.

The most formidable of all the wild beasts of the Brasils is the jaguar, a species of tiger: it is found in great forests and in marshes, and also in the neighbourhood of rivers: in fact, it appears to give a preference to this last situation; and it is so good a swimmer, that it crosses the largest rivers with ease. This animal preys in general upon calves, heifers, and smaller beasts; but he sometimes attacks oxen and horses, and almost always remains conqueror. The means which he employs for the destruction of these animals are very singular: he jumps at the neck of a bull, places his fore-paw on the head, seizes the snout with the other, and thus twists the neck, which he breaks with a facility truly astonishing. When he finds that the animal is dead, he drags it into the woods, to devour it at his leisure. The jaguar is remarkably swift, and climbs with wonderful agility: when pursued by dogs and huntsmen, he ascends the highest trees in order to escape them.

THE POLITICAL SHOEMAKER OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
ENCOURAGED by the insertion in your last Number of the eu-

rious piece of auto-biography, under the title of the *Patriotic Convict*, extracted from " Arago's Voy-

age Round the World," I venture to request a place for the following portrait, sketched by the same lively hand, and have no doubt that it will prove as amusing to your other readers, as it has done to

A GLEANER.

I must give you a few particulars concerning an eccentric character well known here (Cape of Good Hope), and as duly appreciated by strangers as by his fellow-citizens. The person to whom I allude is the *Political Shoemaker*. This extraordinary man has acquired not less notoriety by this title, than by the capital shoes which he makes. From the fishing-boat to the ship of the line; from the jolly churchwarden to the half-starved scribbler of melodramas; from the tragedy-queen to the humble washerwoman, he knows every body and every thing that occurs, either in the harbour, the town, or the country: he would hang himself, if he were to remain ignorant for twenty-four hours of any circumstance, however trivial, that happens in the colony. With a telescope constantly pointed to the Lion's Head, he watches the signals, runs to the landing-place, examines every face, seeks such as are strange to him, begs scraps of news, accosts and follows passengers, and does not quit them till he is certain of learning more elsewhere. There he is sure of fresh news, fixing upon new victims, and quitting them only to return to his seat, convinced that it will not be long before he shall have fresh visitors.

On the day of our arrival, he was very early in the morning on the top of the Table, looking for stones and plants. He perceived us. How un-

fortunate! He should be too late for our landing. Away he throws what he has collected, runs, tumbles, rolls down the hill, and arrives breathless at the beach. Heaven must for once have been pleased to baffle his designs. The *Political Shoemaker* could not be there when we paid our visit to the governor. On the most frivolous pretexts he called upon all his customers, and manufactured news expressly that it might be contradicted, in order that he might get at the truth. Before the day was over, he knew the christian and surname, age and rank of every officer on board.

I heard mention made at my lodgings of this original, and desirous of becoming acquainted with him, I requested my landlord to accompany me to his house. By the way, I inquired what had procured this disciple of St. Crispin the title of *political* rather than that of *inquisitive*. "Come along, sir, you will soon know, here is the house."—"It is remarkably clean."—"Don't stop about trifles at the door: walk in." The smell of leather conducted me into the room on the right. A man, apparently between forty-five and fifty, of a most prepossessing countenance, seated on a high stool, was giving directions to two slaves, who will some time or other perhaps become pupils worthy of himself. He rose, took off his spectacles, untied his apron, and saluted us. "Good day, M. Arago!"—"Good day, sir: how do you know my name?"—"The Uranie is arrived; M. Arago, draughtsman to the expedition, lodges at M. Rouvière's; he has a dark complexion, animated eyes, a portfolio under his arm. You are come with M. Rouvière; your complexion is not fair;

your eyes are animated; this portfolio completely establishes your identity: good day, M. Arago!"—"You are a conjurer, sir, and a physiognomist."—"Oh! I have seen a great deal, run about a great deal, and observed a great deal. I am never wrong, sir; never wrong——But I beg pardon: a chair for the gentleman: though you had better walk into the parlour, you will be more comfortable."

This parlour is adorned with enormous dried specimens of *fucus*, stags' horns, ostriches' eggs, fans of peacocks' feathers, and large fragments of rock. "So," cried he with a triumphant air, "you are already astonished at my penetration. What then would you say, sir, if you knew, that more than fifteen years ago I predicted the fall of Napoleon (there it is!) the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors, the marriage of the Duke de Berry to a Sicilian princess, and the exploits of his sons? We received intelligence a month ago that his illustrious consort was brought to bed. How fortunate for my prediction!"—"His child is dead."—"Indeed! it would have been a hero."—"It was a girl."—"That is extraordinary! this is the first time I have been out. I would lay a wager that some fall, some——"—"The infant died in the birth."—"Oh! then I need not be surprised that I was wrong: it is impossible to answer for such events."

Tired enough already of the political pretensions of the shoemaker, I was going to acquaint him with the motive of my visit, and to ask for some shoes, when he suddenly resumed. "*A propos*, sir," said he with a doleful look: "Europe has lately been the theatre of a very

dreadful event. The battle of Waterloo has deprived France of many of her brave fellows. I foretold, sir, that those guards would die rather than surrender."—"That was no difficult matter."—"Certainly not; but it was Columbus's egg—say beforehand what will happen, and don't wait for events before you pronounce. But let us wave that subject, and proceed to an affair almost as terrible, and much more glorious for you, the battle of Toulouse. Long live Soult, sir! long live Soult! there's a general for you! O that I had been there!"—"I was there, sir."—"Why did you not tell him to exterminate that odious race of islanders?"—"He did."—"Some of them, however, escaped. But then, with so small a force, it was impossible to effect more. So, you were at the battle of Toulouse! (N.B. I was not). As a draughtsman, probably? I know that country well."—"I dare say you do."—"I have been all over it."—"That is very clear."—"And at this distance I have detailed the action, and drawn an accurate plan of the battle. You shall judge, sir, whether I have misconceived the thing."—He immediately fell to work, and in a trice the two armies were drawn up on the parlour floor. Some stout lasts are the French; a new shoe is a substitute for Soult. Wellington is represented by a bootstrap, and his troops by scraps of leather. A chair is the hill where the carnage takes place; a calf-skin the Garonne; a pail the canal: nothing is forgotten. The shoemaker gives the word: every thing moves and acts. With one touch the rapid historian overthrows columns, causes our troops to advance, puts to flight the Portuguese, tumbles them into

the river, and *leathers* the English. Here one of his divisions falls back; he hastens up, and order is restored: he is himself the commander-in-chief. "Quick! open a battery there!" and it is instantly represented by two brass candlesticks. "Come, my lads, charge with bayonets!" and he rattles away with his awl. The fire flashes from the eyes of the narrator; he rolls about with enthusiasm; and when the action is over, he claps Soult under his arm, throws the French upon a sofa, flings the English aside among the rubbish, puts a general in his pocket, gives Wellington a kick, and rises breathless and proud of his triumph.

"Excellent, sir, excellent! one would swear you had been at that battle, your representation of it is so correct."—"I was there, sir; yes, I was there; and from this place I directed all the movements, for I foresaw this engagement. Stop a moment: look at this map of the conquests of the French; observe all these dots; they are so many cities taken by them."—So saying, he shewed me a paper quite black with dots. "There is Vienna, and there Berlin."—"Where then?"—"Yonder;"—and his finger, covered with wax, stuck to the map, and tore off the surface of the paper. "This map is rather the worse for wear; but I

keep it, for I made my first campaigns with it, and we ought not to be ungrateful to our old friends. Will you do me the honour to take a glass of wine? The ungrateful man has but one fault; all the rest may be accounted virtues in him. You will take a glass of wine, sir?"—"No, I thank you, sir: I came to——"—"To-morrow, sir, I will measure you, and we will resume the conversation."

Next day it was my turn; and I am certain that, without being displeased with my stories, he was not a little astonished by them. What absurdities he had the politeness to listen to and to believe! How many gulls he must have made in the succeeding days!

You see this man with astonishment the first time, with pleasure the second, but it is wise to avoid a third interview: so *striking* are his gestures, so animated his politics, and such is the danger of being in a field of battle where he is executing his manœuvres. I was assured that he lately seized one of his auditors by the hair, and dragged him about the room in the midst of his glowing narration, under the idea that he had taken prisoner one of the enemy's generals.

N.B. The *Political Shoemaker* could never be prevailed upon to make shoes for English feet.

THE THREE WISHES:

A POLISH POPULAR TRADITION.

THE Starost, Vincentius Czernowolski, being destined for the church, was placed for education in a college of the Jesuits. On the death of his elder brother without issue, he

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was suddenly removed from the monastic seclusion in which he had passed his youth, into the tumult of the great world, just in those years when youth is advancing to manhood.

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Endowed by nature with robust health, a vigorous constitution, and a very handsome person, and being moreover the heir to extensive possessions, he was every where courtously received. His every wish was gratified by his fond parents, whose sole hope he now was; and every mother of daughters would have felt proud in an alliance with him. The only fault found with the young man was an extraordinary bashfulness, owing to his former solitary way of life. His parents frequently admonished him to shake it off; and many a female, under pretence of rallying him out of it, indulged in provoking pleasantries, which soon swept away all traces of his original shyness, and urged him by degrees into illicit gratifications. The impressions of early education, and the reproaches of conscience, would sometimes disturb him in the career of vice; he would then form resolutions of amendment, but owing to the want of firmness, and the intercourse with young men of his own age, mostly educated by French preceptors, these resolutions were soon forgotten, and pleasure became the sole object of his pursuit.

His deluded parents rejoiced at the polish which his manners were daily acquiring; and they determined that a visit to Paris, for which accident furnished an opportunity, should give him what was still wanting to form the finished gentleman. A brilliant embassy, destined to solicit the hand of the beautiful Maria Louisa Gonzaga for Uladislaus, King of Poland, was just at this time about to be dispatched to the French capital. This embassy was joined by youths of the first families in the kingdom, and among others by Vin-

centius. The opportunity which he thus enjoyed of being introduced at court, and becoming acquainted with the young nobility of France, was highly gratifying; and an emulation to rival them in all points plunged him into the most expensive pleasures. In this manner he passed two years at Paris: his father died during the first of them, and all the ready money which the frugal old gentleman had amassed, was sent by the fond mother to her son, and speedily squandered. Considerable sums, obtained on bonds, followed; and when his mother at length informed him that her credit was exhausted, he returned, peevish and ill-tempered, to the embarrassed estates. The solitude of a country life was rendered still more irksome by the importunities of creditors: mother and son had recourse to convivial indulgences to cheer their spirits; but the means of prosecuting this course of life soon failed, and it was proposed that a marriage with some rich heiress should furnish a further supply. Prudent parents, however, refused to give their daughters to a man who was known to be a spendthrift and debauchee; and journeys to Warsaw, undertaken with a view to deceive by a brilliant appearance, and thus to attain the proposed aim, drained the last resources, and hastened the end of the previously ailing mother, who, in the last days of her life, sought and found comfort in religion.

The Starost was now left to himself. The recollection of the past was accompanied only by remorse, and a dreary prospect was before him. He strove to forget both. The reading of French works, which served to confirm his levity, and the

society of young men of neglected education, whose supreme enjoyment consisted in the gratification of sensual appetites, at length stifled every virtuous sentiment which he had still retained from his early years; and the chase, to which he had not previously manifested any partiality, was now followed by him with ardour as his only remaining diversion.

There was upon his estate an extensive forest, where one day, when in close pursuit of a stag, he was parted from his attendants. It was autumn. A heavy rain soon began to fall from the gloomy atmosphere, and contributed to prevent him from finding his way home. Completely drenched, he involved himself more and more in the mazes of the forest, often breaking forth into the most vehement execrations. Thus did he continue wandering about till near midnight, when all at once he espied a distant fire. He urged his weary steed through the wood: the flame appeared brighter and brighter.—Three blasts of a horn were suddenly heard, and he found himself surrounded by a number of ragged fellows, each armed with a gun or a large club; and by the light of the fire, he could distinguish them to be gipsies. He knew that a strong band of these people was wandering about in those parts. He was sensible that to oppose them by force would be the height of imprudence, and that he had no other course than to try the effect of persuasion. He mentioned his name, told them by what accident he had come thither, assured them that he had neither valuables nor money about him, but promised a liberal reward to any of them who would conduct him out of the forest, and put him in the right

way to his castle. The gipsies then consulted together in their own language, and afterwards desired him to dismount, and seat himself by their fire. Men, women, and children were cowering round it, and some of them were engaged in cooking victuals. They set before him a large piece of broiled meat, which, as he was hungry, he ate with a relish, and then repeated his request.

“Grandmother Zulebebbe!” cried the gipsies, respectfully rising to make way for a hideous old woman, who went up to the Starost. Though bowed by the weight of years, she was still remarkably tall: her meagre body, covered with tatters, resembled a skeleton; and her gray hair, which floated loosely, heightened the sallowness of her complexion. Her small animated eyes seemed to disagree with the wrinkles of her face; and a ghastly smile gave a peculiarly horrible expression to her features. “Not only,” said she, “shall my children conduct thee out of the forest, but I will reveal what is to befall thee: I will predict from thy hand thy future prosperity and misfortunes, and teach thee important secrets.” She took his hand. “Thou wilt be elected deputy to the diet, and obtain money for thy journey. Ah! what success among the ladies! and a wife, exquisitely beautiful and very rich. Luck, good luck, but—let that pass.” She loosed his hand. “What is to be our reward?”

“Name it,” cried the Starost, regardless of all her prophecies, and only solicitous to get away. “If it be in my power, your terms shall be complied with.”

“Well then,” replied the hag, “thou shalt permit us to dwell here unmolested in thy forests; thou shalt

take Gurreck, my grandson, who shall conduct thee home, and is an excellent shot, for thy huntsman; and shalt send word to us by him when the neighbours complain of us, and insist on our apprehension. If thou wilt swear, after our fashion and in our language, to perform these conditions, thou mayst return home in safety as soon as thou wilt; and we will moreover be ready at all times to serve thee with our secret arts, which are not so contemptible as thou mayst imagine."

The Starost was rejoiced to get off so easily, and cheerfully assented to these terms. Gurreck then stepped forward, and embraced his knee. He was a robust well-looking youth; but yet his sallow complexion and roguish smile had in them something repulsive. "When can I set off?" asked the Starost.—"As soon as thou hast taken the oath," replied the hag. He assured her that he was ready to do so immediately, on which she made a sign to her hand. They instantly struck up a wild kind of song, and whenever the singers paused, horns, that yielded howling tones, filled up the intervals. The old woman then mounted upon a high stone, round which were laid four fire-brands towards the four cardinal points. Two gipsies laid hold of the arms of the Starost, and knelt before the stone. They recited words in an unknown language, of which he understood nothing but the names of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and desired him to repeat them slowly after them. When he had finished, the witch burst into a loud laugh; and this laughter was repeated by all present. A secret horror pervaded the Starost; but when Gurreck rode up on a stately

steed, and offered him his services as a guide, all his fears vanished. The beldam drew forth from her basket a well-sealed parchment. "Beware of breaking it open," said she; "it would bring upon you great misfortunes. It contains nothing but a copy of the oath which you have taken. Preserve it with great care." The Starost promised to comply with these injunctions, put it in his pocket, bade adieu to the gipsies, and galloped away.

On reaching his residence, he found his people in great alarm respecting him: he told them that he had met with the gipsy-lad in the heart of the forest, and promised to take him into his service, if he would conduct him home in safety. No one objected to this arrangement, especially as Gurreck, who was an arch wag, was daily playing all sorts of diverting pranks, by means of which he soon became a favourite with all the household. Father Protasius, chaplain to the Starost, alone shook his head doubtfully, because Gurreck never went to church; and when he asked the youth whether he was a Christian, and had been baptized, he would reply, that he could not tell. The pious monk then strove to teach him to pray, and to make the sign of the cross, but without success; for Gurreck seemed so impenetrably stupid, that his reverence could not always suppress a smile; and at last he rather angrily sent him about his business, declaring that he would not cast pearls before swine.

Meanwhile the valet of the Starost, finding the parchment in the pocket of his coat, carried it to his master, who, without taking any further notice of it, locked it up in his bureau. Not a creature had the

least idea that a diet was about to be assembled; but when, in a few days, circulars were issued, convoking the nobles and gentry for the purpose of electing deputies, the Starost recollected the prediction of the old gipsy. He had never yet felt any desire to be a deputy; but now he could not suppress a wish that he might be elected. He gave entertainments to his neighbours, in order to solicit their votes; but he received upon the whole so little encouragement, that, to his severe mortification, he was soon convinced that he had no chance of obtaining a seat.

Vexed at his disappointment, he went out a-hunting, and had no ears for the merry tunes which Gurreck, who rode after him, whistled and sung. His attendant at length took the liberty to inquire what was the matter, and why he appeared to be so low-spirited. "That does not concern thee," replied the Starost; "thou canst not do me any good."—"If I cannot," answered Gurreck, "perhaps my grandmother can." All present laughed at this answer, regarding it as one of his usual sallies. It made, however, a profound impression on the Starost; and having, on some pretext, sent off the rest of his people to a little distance, he asked Gurreck if he really believed that his grandmother could be of service to him. The youth replied, that he was certain of it; on which his master ordered him to fetch his grandmother to the castle. Gurreck remarked, that her appearance there would be sure to attract the notice of Father Protasius, and of the whole household; and suggested, that it might be better to go out about midnight, when they were all asleep, to meet her on the high-road. The

Starost approved this plan. Gurreck rode off into the forest; and on his return, after an absence of about two hours, informed his master in private, that he had arranged every thing for the interview. The Starost sometimes felt ashamed of himself for being so weak as to expect assistance in such an affair from an old woman; but when pride and hope regained their sway, and especially when Gurreck was about him, he felt as if attracted to the hag by some secret spell. The same afternoon, he was informed by an acquaintance, who accidentally called upon him, that the Castellan Lipkowski, with whom he was at law, was expected to be the deputy for their district; and this intelligence rendered him quite impatient for the appointed interview.

When therefore all the household had retired to rest, he quietly quitted the castle. Gurreck was in readiness with the horses, and they hastened away to the forest. They discerned the fire at a distance; and Gurreck, pointing to it, told his master that this was the preconcerted signal, to denote that Zulebebbe was waiting for them at the cross-road. There they accordingly found the old woman seated by the fire.

"I am already acquainted with your errand," said she to the Starost; "and I can do for you infinitely more than you desire. Mention any three wishes, and if you agree to the conditions which I propose, they shall all be fulfilled."

"Well," said the Starost, "if such be thy power, give me honours and distinctions, as much money as I want, and the favours of every female to whom I take a fancy."

"Trifles!" exclaimed Zulebebbe,

"you shall have them all: but you must, in return, promise me to comply with three wishes, which you have it in your power to grant."

"What are they?" asked the Starost.

"I know not," answered the old woman, "what the spirits will require of you."

"Spirits!" repeated the Starost, who now began to be somewhat staggered.

"What!" rejoined the hag with a horrid grin, "do you suppose then that an old gipsy-woman can perform wonders? I will call up three mighty kings of the spirits; each will confer on you a gift, and you must give each of them something in return."

"But, perhaps, they may require my soul."

"You will have a right to except three things, which the spirits cannot demand: but if you refuse any of the things demanded, the spirit who claims it may then substitute in its stead any one of the excepted things that he pleases. I will not hurry you: take three days to consider of the matter: you will then find me at midnight at this place; or if you do not come, our bargain is at an end."

The old woman rose and went towards the forest: the Starost called after her, but she heard him not, and presently disappeared among the trees. The Starost rode home in silence, and not without a vehemently throbbing heart. He tossed all night in sleepless anxiety on his bed; and when he awoke in the morning from a short unrefreshing slumber, it seemed as if he had been under the influence of a fearful dream, till his memory recalled all the circumstances that had happened, with such

force as to convince him of their reality.

At first he had thoughts of communicating the affair to Father Protasius; but as he determined to have nothing more to do with it, this step soon seemed unnecessary, more especially as he had so frequently ridiculed the weakness of asking advice of priests and confessors. On the second day it occurred to him, that he might except his soul and his body, and then the three gifts need not be rejected. On the third he farther considered, that he might exclude the lives of all his fellow-creatures; and then there could be nothing very objectionable in the business. The same day he received two letters from creditors who threatened to institute legal proceedings against him, and whom he was quite unable to pay. He had nevertheless still come to no decisive resolution; but when Gurreck, whom he had not set eyes on during these three days, came to him on the evening of the third, and asked if he should saddle the horses against midnight, he replied in the affirmative. He would afterwards have countermanded this order, but Gurreck was nowhere to be found; and when, towards the appointed hour, his imagination represented to him all the promised prosperity, and the signal was given by Gurreck, he hastily wrapped himself in his pelisse, and posted away to the place of rendezvous.

They soon saw the fire, and found the old woman sitting by it as before. She ordered Gurreck to retire to a little distance with the horses, and desired the Starost to stand by her in the circle which she traced

upon the ground with a stick. He was about to speak, but she motioned him to be silent; and drawing forth a black book from under her garments, read in a mumbling voice. A tempest instantly swept through the forest, so that the sturdy oaks cracked again; murky clouds overcast the moon; not a single star remained visible in the firmament; and a sound was heard like the rumbling of distant thunder. "Machiel," cried the hag, "appear!"

A gigantic figure, clad in a complete suit of black armour, richly adorned with gold, over which flowed a purple mantle, advanced from the contiguous forest. He was mounted on a black horse, decorated with trappings of purple and gold: on his arm he bore a sable shield, on which were three deaths' heads in gold. In his right hand he carried a long lance, which he extended towards the circle, and cried in a voice of thunder, "Vincentius, what wouldst thou with me?"

The old woman jogged the Starost. "Honours and distinctions," said he in a tremulous voice.

"Granted," replied the spirit, "on condition that I have a gift from thee in return. Thou mayst except three things."

Prompted by the hag, he answered, "I except my body, my soul, and the lives of my fellow-creatures."

"Be it so!" rejoined the spirit: "but if thou refusest the gift which I demand of thee, then I shall have a right to choose any of the exceptions I please. Answer!" cried the terrific voice.

"Yes," stammered the wretched Starost.

The spirit threw a small book into the circle. "Open that," said Ma-

chiel: "whenever thou desirest honours and distinctions, it will shew thee how to attain them."

He then turned his steed and bounded away. The witch repeated the words of her incantation, and called the name of Apiel. Subterraneous thunders rolled; the earth shook; an abyss opened close to the circle, and from it issued the figure of an aged man. Upon his head he wore a diadem of gold and precious stones, and he was covered with a royal mantle. The questions and answers were exactly like the preceding, except that the Starost now desired money.

Apiel drew a ring from his finger, and threw it into the circle. "So long," said he, "as thou wearest that ring, any one will trust thee with all that he possesses: but if what thou canst thus obtain be insufficient, knock thrice with the ring upon the table at midnight, and demand whatever thou mayst want. There will, however, scarcely be occasion for this, as thou wilt be able to borrow enough to supply thy wants."

The incantation was repeated for the third time, and the name of Asmodi invoked. A youth, half enveloped in a cloud, descended to the earth. The same questions and answers ensued: the Starost demanded reciprocity of love, and Asmodi threw a phial into the circle.

"Whoever," said he, "swallows nine drops of the liquid in that phial, will be inflamed with the most ardent passion for thee. But no more than nine drops, or I am not answerable for the consequences."

He disappeared.

"Take the three infernal gifts," said Zulebebbe, "thy wishes are fulfilled."

"And what am I to do in return?" asked the trembling Starost.

"That you will learn in due time," replied the old woman.

At this moment Gurreck came up with the horses; the Starost wiped the perspiration of terror from his brow, and hurried back to the castle.

Next morning, bethinking himself of the approaching election, he opened his book, and there found the speech which he was to deliver, on standing forward as a candidate. It was admirable. The electors were exhorted to give their votes to a man who was acquainted with the true interests of his country, who deeply felt its embarrassments, who would undauntedly do his duty, reckless of consequences, and who was ever ready to sacrifice himself for the public weal. It concluded with a promise that the country should find all these qualities in the speaker, if he were

so fortunate as to be chosen the representative of those whom he was addressing. The Starost delivered this speech: all who heard it were enraptured. Men, who had before despised him as a worthless debauchee, now shook him cordially by the hand. His election was carried by universal acclamation. With the utmost self-complacency, he returned home, where he was congratulated by the overjoyed Gurreck. "I am elected, it is true," said the Starost, "but where am I to get money for the journey, and to defray other expenses?"—"Does not Gerson, the rich Jew, live in the next town?" replied Gurreck, pointing to the ring, which the Starost had already put on his finger. His master gave an approving smile, and resolved on the following day to make the experiment.

(*To be continued.*)

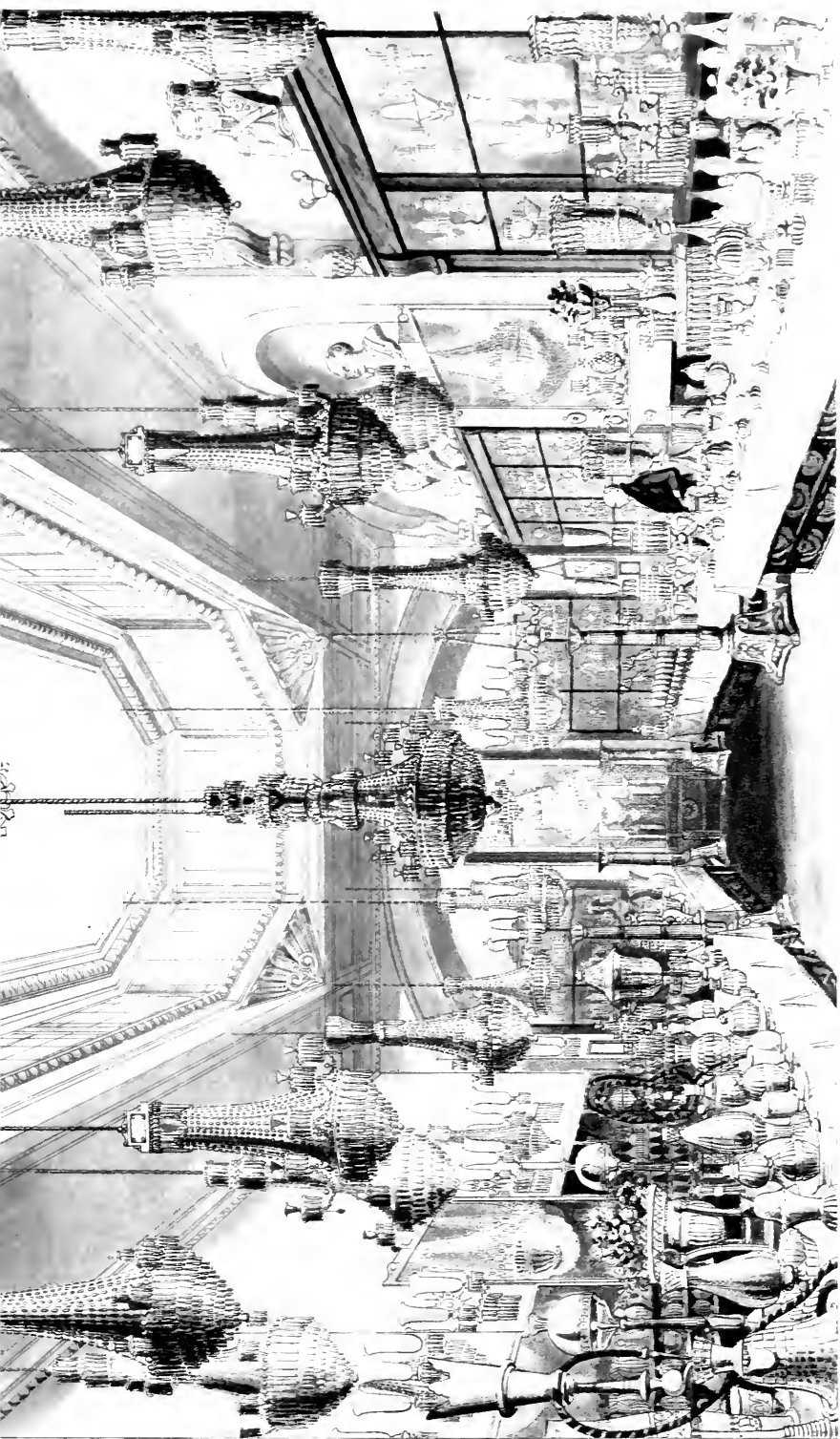
OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROGRESS OF THE MANUFACTURING ARTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MR. BLADES'S SHOW-ROOM OF ORNAMENTAL GLASS, LUDGATE-HILL.

To a people whose interests are so intimately connected with commerce and trade as those of our own country, every proof of the advancement of its manufactures must be interesting: on this account the subject is more welcome to a prominent station in the pages of the *Repository*, than such as merely illustrate its success; and as much of the reputation that our manufactures have obtained, is the result of our assiduous application of the sciences and arts to their perfection, the subject is consistent with its views.

The great variety and number of purposes to which glass is applied,

combining elegance and splendour with usefulness, have obtained for it a patronage infinitely exceeding that of most other ornamental materials; and perhaps there are none, not dignified with the name of *precious*, that can at all compete with it in producing splendid effect: even gold and silver, when applied to many articles destined to the same purpose, fail in the comparison. By every class, from the cottage to the throne, glass is in some way patronised: hence, when its manufacture requires the perfection necessary to the luxuries of elevated life, the chemical knowledge of the scientific



is applied, and the result is a substance, not surpassed in purity even by crystal itself; and to which the arts of design are now added so successfully, as to make such furniture as gorgeously or as chastely beautiful, in point of artist-like merit, as any other; whilst it yields to none in the striking qualities of its brilliant nature, and in its power of creating that endless profusion of prismatic colours, the means of producing which are now so well understood, and the effect so highly appreciated.

Perhaps those who have not visited Mr. Blades's magazine of this furniture can form no just estimate of the decorative powers of glass, or of the perfection to which it has arrived. This perfection it has chiefly attained during the last thirty years, in which time it has been making an uninterrupted and rapid progress; owing in a great measure to the discriminating judgment and example of our present Monarch, who long ago gave to it his cheering patronage, and to whom also the present state of the silk and other manufactures in England (as heretofore noticed in the *Repository*) is eminently indebted.

Our revered sovereign, the late king, also did much for the encouragement of this art, making it an object of his attention when presenting British works to foreign princes. In 1800, his Majesty George III. by the hands of the Earl of Elgin, presented a noble service of lustres and candelabra to the Grand Signor, from Mr. Blades's manufactory, that gave to it in the eastern part of the world a reputation so favourable and lasting, that so lately as the last year

he executed a commission for the present Pasha of Egypt, of a most costly equipage of sherbet services, cut-glass tables, and a pair of nar-guillettes (a magnificent appendage to Eastern luxuries of the hookah kind), nearly five feet high, embellished with gold, silver gilt, and jewels.

There need not be greater proofs of the power of glass to produce a sumptuous effect, than the attention bestowed on this collection by the Eastern ambassadors and other visitors from those nations, and particularly by his Excellency Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, the late ambassador of his Majesty the Shah of Persia. These rooms, one of which is represented in the annexed engraving, and containing perhaps the most splendid show of glass in Europe, were his favourite lounge; and so impressed was he with the importance of glass to the creation of powerful effect, that, at his instance, suits of candelabra of uncommon magnitude, lustres, &c. were ordered for his Majesty the Shah, of such extent and value, that it was deemed necessary to send an experienced person with them, to arrange them in his palace. This was done of course at considerable expense, and shews the interest taken in them by his Majesty, and his desire that they should be placed and perfected according to British judgment.

The person intrusted with this commission is not yet returned; when he has, we shall endeavour to obtain for our readers a portion of the very interesting information relating to his travels and reception, promised by the communications already received from him, and wherein he states, that as an "expression of his Ma-

jesty's pleasure and satisfaction," he was pleased to forward, with other commands for glass furniture, his royal firman or patent to Mr. Blades, appointing him his glass-manufacturer in Europe, and to bestow, with more solid tokens of approbation, upon his agent the order of the Sun and Lion.

The gorgeousness of Eastern magnificence, in which the most showy colours unite with gold tissues, must receive a great augmentation by contrast with the lustre and sparkling brilliancy of such glass accompaniments; nay, it is scarcely possible to produce a greater display than as they are brought together in the palaces of Persia, where the countenances and manners, and the costume of Asiatic luxury, are united with the most costly glass-works of England: of this effect the Eastern princes are perfectly aware; this house has therefore furnished them with many suits of ornamental glass, in lustres, candelabra, services, &c. A very costly one was in 1812 sent to the palace of the Nizam of Hyderabad; and in 1815, another to Homerjee Bomanjee of Bombay; and a new one is now in preparation for the Prince of Shiraz, one of the royal princes of Persia. Indeed, there are few palaces of India, or any other part of the world to which the arts have travelled, where the produce of this establishment is not known, and consequently to which they have not been conveyed. To the Emperor of Russia a very fine dessert service of peculiarly cut glass has been sent out, mounted on chased or-molu snake-stands, wherein gold knives and forks with glass handles were introduced, to the order of Michael Hoy, Esq. a few years ago a sheriff of the city

of London, and for many years a very zealous promoter of the manufactures of this country, for which he has long possessed ample means in the confidence reposed in him by the Russian government, and the personal favour of the emperor.

The extensive suits of lustres, &c. sent to Spain, and also to Portugal, in 1815, for Baron Josephus Fernandes Bandeira, have obtained a reputation for English glass in those parts of Europe that will probably be lasting; and its superiority, which stands so unquestionably eminent in France, will not lose its distinction by the service of glass prepared for a nobleman of high rank, and which is now on view in this show-room: for it is esteemed to be of a quality never surpassed in England, and therefore never equalled in any other country, for all are considerably short of possessing the perfection acquired by the British manufactures in ornamental glass.

The most extraordinary effort of this art was executed in 1795, by Mr. Blades, for the Nabob of Oude, and sent to Lucknow: it was a mausoleum of glass, in colour of an emerald green, prepared to be erected, to the memory of his mother, in one of his sacred edifices, in the manner of the brass tomb of Henry VII. in the chapel at Westminster Abbey: its style was a mixture of the Persic and Hindostanee, upon a plan seven feet square and fourteen feet high, every side being a perfect elevation, which, when viewed with the sun on its opposite side, presented an object most imposing, and certainly, from the association of ideas, of a very interesting kind.

The subject of the annexed plate is the upper show-room of the pre-

mises, and is fitted up with the characteristic liberality of the establishment: it was erected from the designs of Mr. J. B. Papworth, architect to the King of Wirtemberg, and is calculated to display with advantage its valuable contents. The mahogany cases, tables, &c. are glazed with plate glass, and lined with looking-glass, which of course reflects the furniture within them. There are also four large looking-glasses, so placed as to produce the effect of avenues in an endless perspective, in which the lustres suspended from the ceiling and arranged on the tables are infinitely repeated.

In a niche over the fire-place is a bust of our late revered Monarch by Wyatt; and ranged on each side, those of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson. There is also a beautiful *bijou* medallion portrait in wax of the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, by Rouw, that is much esteemed for its likeness, and for the delicacy and finish of its execution. Altogether, the effect is unique and striking, but it is beyond the power of the pencil to depict it on any scale, much less to represent it with justice in a plate so small as necessarily accompanies these observations.

MEMOIRS OF A LETTER.

Part II.

ERRATUM.

In the first part of these Memoirs in the last Number of the *Repository*, at page 156, col. 2, line 30, for "*Colonel Sir Frederick Flugleman*," read "*Colonel Sir Frederick Scudamore*."

"WE had not long remained thus, when I heard a violent bustle overhead. The prison-door soon again opened, and we were hauled out, and thrown indiscriminately upon a broad table, while a short gentleman in black, with a squinting eye, parted us into several lots. I was now much more amused in being brought to light, than when in the gulph profound, particularly with the various inquiries which were made over the hatch of the post-office by expectant visitors. Some seized their letters with avidity, and began to read before they had paid for their contents; others quietly pocketed their claims; some bit their lips, others frowned, and some faces betrayed no emotion whatever. Here was the anxious mother obliged once more to leave that door at which she had hoped to receive tidings of a rambling but be-

loved son. Here was the purse-proud alderman viewing with delight the expected cheque on a good house. There were pert misses, who durst not suffer their letters to be brought to their own homes, calling for billets sent by their *lovers*; while many an A B C superscription, or an X Y Z, were claimed by those whom pride or prejudice kept from telling their real names. Here was the country solicitor receiving the advice of his London agent, and the farmer notice of a visit from his London landlord. Besides these, were the loud voices of vituperation. One old woman complained that they gave a letter to every one but her; and another, in bringing an epistle to the post, insisted upon its being sent off immediately, and then had the modesty to demand a wafer. All this, however, was treated with the

greatest *sang froid* by the squint-eyed gentleman, who proceeded to place us in several bags with the utmost composure*.

"Those to whom letters were of little or no consequence, received the delightful newspaper; and many a one put the epistle from London into their pockets, while intent alone on the *Courier* or the *Times*: they unfolded the ample sheet, and having just glanced at the price of stocks, turned to the *leader*, which having read and mentally commented upon, they doubled it up again, placing it in their pocket as a reserved treat with their wine and walnuts. Besides all these communications, I saw a few letters doomed to be stuck up in the windows, with directions either to persons unknown, or written too unintelligibly to find their owners. A stop was soon put to these observations, for I was seized by Mr. Clerk, and placed with many more in a leathern bag. We hot-pressed gentry kept ourselves as close as we could, and looked at the common-paper rabble with silent contempt; for we had to go a cross-post in another coach, and a post-bag, like death, levels all distinctions. Again we heard a thousand noises, of blowing of horns—cries of 'God bless you!'—'Good bye!'—'Take care of little Jerry'

* Perhaps an humble contributor to the *Repository* may here be allowed to state, that through the gentlemanly arrangement of F. Freeling, Esq. the civilities which a stranger receives on attending the lost-letter office in London, are hardly to be credited. The writer had once an occasion to attend respecting a letter, and no means were left untried, and no politeness unexpressed, while the arduous task was, as it at length was, accomplished, of tracing the letter, and no fee was accepted.

—'Write to us as soon as you get there'—'Have a glass of brandy?'—'Mind you drink nothing but water'—'Where's my trunk?'—'O ma'am, don't squeeze that parcel'—'Allow me to put in this box'—till at length a tremendous crash, a blast from a horn, and 'All's right!' told us we were once more on a journey.

"After a long interval, during which I was at one time at the top and another at the bottom of this moving black hole, the coach again stopped; the same questions were asked and returned, but much fewer, and we once more saw the light, and were thrown by a quantity of dead game. I was soon after delivered to a servant in a blue frock, who, putting me with a few *gentlemanly-looking* epistles into a leathern pocket, carried us with a much quieter motion than I had been used to, to Antler-Lodge. Here I found myself lying on an elegant damask breakfast-cloth, in company with three duns, a love-epistle from a little lace-maker, the *Racing Calendar*, Accum's *Culinary Chemistry*, and three newspapers. A beautiful or-molu clock had struck the hour of twelve before a gentleman in an elegant undress entered: he yawned, rang for breakfast, threw himself on a sofa, took me up, threw me down again, as he did my companions; ordered Pero to be tied up and Dasher to be bled, inquired after the gray mare and his new boots, caressed an Italian greyhound, and then proceeded to take his marmalade and coffee; and tearing open the envelopes of the newspapers, he seemed for a time perfectly engaged.

"At length the perusal of the papers was finished, and he now vouch-

safed to read his letters, none of which seemed to cause a different sensation, although our contents were widely different. Having read us, while he hummed an opera tune, he then put me and two others into a pocket-book, rose up, took a flute, and while the breakfast things were remaining, played an air of Bochsä's. Perhaps a portrait-painter could not have picked out a better companion to the portrait of the lady delineated in the first paper, than the head of Sir Frederick Scudamore, for whom, finding she had but little success among the *beaux garçons* of quality, she had drawn an arrow to the head. She was observed to have talked much of late, and with great contempt, of young lordlings, sprigs of quality, and railed most bitterly at precocity of talent. Sir Frederick Scudamore had been a forward plant; he had long run through the routine of a fashionable high life, and although he continued to change his dress and the style of it as frequently as formerly, yet every fresh adoption of fashion which he flattered himself contributed to make him look young, did not in the least tend to make him feel comfortable; and he never now attired himself, but he cursed his tailor, or rather his tailor's customers, who had from their youth been enabled to adopt fashions so little in unison with his comfort.

"He had now arrived at a time of life when dressing became very troublesome. The first horror which he had felt on ceasing to be a *young man*, was at the bulkiness of his figure: 'tis true he could yet see his knees; but he could scarcely promise himself that this might be the case long. Putting on a new pair of boots

gave him more than a fever; it suffused him with a violent perspiration: to stoop was the devil, and if ever he forgot himself so far as to *run* up stairs, a violent puffing and blowing told him long afterwards of his imprudence. 'Tis true he continued to make his waist as slender as his waist could be made, to the evident dilapidation of button-holes, and the not unfrequent starting of buttons; but, alas! he found, that while he girted in one part of his body, the excess only forced its way to some other, and he never ventured to view his figure at more than a bust, lest he should be shocked at its inelegance. His teeth were neither so white nor so regular as they had been, and while his cheeks rather hung upon his shirt-collar, time had also thinned his flowing hair, and where the old gentleman forbore to steal any, he had laid his hand of iron gray upon that and his whiskers, leaving an aged hue, which all the Macassar oil Sir Frederick had poured on it had failed to remove. He durst not resort to powder, that sovereign friend to bald heads, who, with his sister pomatum, used so kindly to varnish over our *olden* pericraniums, to make *as if* hair grew thereupon: though he was often heard to hold forth in praise of the cleanliness of its appearance, as well as the respectability of the thing; still, however, he durst not as yet become respectable. But the greatest drawback which he felt in his progress through life, was the want of that elasticity of spirits which he was wont to possess.

"He talked much of *old* and *very old* people, but friends of his own age would die; and though he attri-

buted it to their being fond, without discretion, of wine, &c. yet he was once so unwell himself, as to be more alarmed than he had expected. Nay, on his recovery he was seen to enter the shop of an obscure bookseller, and purchase a certain old-fashioned thick volume, which, when it came home and lay in the drawer of his dressing-table, was really bound so little like a Bible, that Fripon believed it to be some *recueil des bonnes choses*, from which his master gleaned before he attended the dinner-table. Twenty times he had sworn to marry and reform: but how could he do this? for whenever he visited Boulanger, she looked so charmingly, and dealt in such delightful flattery, that he dared not talk of withdrawing the paltry sum he had almost settled on her; and if he married, he was not sure of having a wife who would love him like the little Boulanger, one who had so sweet a foot and ankle! Marry! whew! the perspiration coursed down his cheeks. Rhoda he never dreamed of for more than a *chère-amie*; she was much too old for him, and the marchioness had too much *embonpoint*. Youth and beauty he had ever doted on, and he found, that the older he grew the more he loved the opposite quality. Again he took me out of his pocket, read and laughed, hummed, looked in the glass, frowned and smiled, pulled up the collar above his neckcloth, and pulled it down again, for it cut his ear, cursed the seamstress, and ringing for writing materials, wrote as follows; at least as far as I can recollect, and I think you will say with me, that, from the diction of the epistle, he was upon a tolerably familiar footing with the once proud Rhoda Temple.

“ ‘Why will you, my dear Rhoda, torment yourself unnecessarily, or fancy slights which are never intended? My love is equal to your own; and for jealousy of the share which the marchioness has in my regard, look but in your glass, draw a just comparison between her and yourself, and be satisfied. I would readily attend your appointment, but a cursed business here with my steward prevents my as yet seeing you. The marchioness, to console you, has left my neighbourhood. In the mean time, I send you my darling greyhound, which Cipriani has procured for me with great trouble. Sylvia is an excellent creature, and as faithful as your

‘SCUDAMORE.’

He then threw this composition on one side, and began another. But perhaps, Mr. Jennings, you are not aware that we epistolary non-existents have the power of reading our fellow non-entities: if we had not, Scudamore would readily have let me into his secrets, by reading aloud this second letter, which, when he had finished, he did as follows:

“ ‘Yes, my dear Shadwell, I am, or have become, heartily sick of this world; for I have enjoyed it to satiety, and I really begin to envy the jog-trot life of you and your spouse, a life which I was once used to quiz you upon so unmercifully. Will you then receive a penitent under your roof? and were you as old-fashioned as Adam himself, and as moral as Æsop, I should at least hurry from myself by coming to you. Here I am getting into some confounded scrape, and in spite of all your warnings, have so entangled myself with that Rhoda whom you once knew, that the father of lies himself will scarcely save me from her fury. I have but just written a letter to her, quite in her own style; but I verily believe she expects I should marry her—marry her! as soon would I unite myself to the veriest abased of her sex.

Without the smallest feeling of delicacy, has she not run the gauntlet through all the marriageable gentlemen on the *paré*? Do not compassionate her, I beseech you; she has drawn all this on herself, and I can assuredly say, that she cares no more for me than I for her: but I know her, and abandon her for ever. Will you then receive a prodigal at the vicarage, and thus release me from all my peccadillos? Promise that you will not be too hard with me: promise that you, or your good lady, will not give yourselves any trouble in receiving me: promise that you will not put me into the best bed; that you will treat me without ceremony, and I am with you on the receipt of your compliance. I remain, dear Shadwell, yours faithfully,

‘FREDERICK SCUDAMORE.’

“‘Lest you may think me a gayer seducer than I really am, I send you Rhoda’s letter; and if you, knowing what you do of her, take it all for gospel, or think I ought to marry her, why you shall unite us.’

“The intolerable fatigue of writing these two letters obliged Scudamore to throw himself exhausted on the couch, where he ruminated on what he had been writing: he fancied he was sincere in beginning to amend his life; but still his little operadancer tugged at his heart: he dared not mention her to Shadwell. What then must his life have been, when an actress was the only charm that linked him to it? yet so it was; and Scudamore, in pronouncing the name of Boulanger, fell into a doze. He started as if under the impression of some frightful dream, and beholding the letters before him, he sealed them hastily: but, alas! in his hurry, he put me up with his letter to his friend, which he directed to *Miss Rhoda Temple*; while the one written by him to *Miss Temple* was

dispatched to the Rev. William Shadwell, Vicarage, Essex.

“The mystery was soon unravelled to his clerical friend, I presume, while I once more travelled to London. On my reaching the metropolis, I was delivered to a man in a scarlet coat, who, having tied me up with a parcel of others with a piece of dirty packthread, took us to his home, and after detaining us some time, paced with us up and down a long street, stopping at several doors, at which he made a double rap, sufficient to wake the dead, and then left many of our companions. It was impossible that we should get away; for though he had somewhat loosened the string by the absence of our brethren, yet the heavy pressure of a big dirty thumb kept us safe in durance. At length it became my turn to depart: soon did I recognise the door from which I had been taken by dirty Dick. I was released from my confinement, and conveyed by Adams to the authoress of my being. When she beheld me, and had read my companion, her rage knew no bounds. She immediately wrote to upbraid Scudamore with falsehood; and, I presume, this affair passed off in mutual recrimination; not, however, without leaving a sting in the bosom of Rhoda, whom, I firmly believe, it reconciled in the end to her fate; particularly as she lost me and my companion, who, while she saw us before her, reminded her of her folly. She had left us one afternoon on her desk, from which she had been called suddenly away, when the abrupt entrance of Adams, the window being open, produced such a gust as to waft us out into the street.

“What became of my companion,

I know not; but I lay for two days on a box of mignonette on a veranda over a door; from thence I was beaten down into an area, covered with dirt, picked up, and commented on by various persons. I at length became the property of a begging gentleman, with whose petition I entered your apartment; and your friend Betty, who so often puts your room to rights, in spite of your orders to the contrary, crammed me, with a Catalogue of the Royal Academy, a sale of *bijoux*, and other matters, into the little book-receptacle, out of which I escaped by an elastic spring, occasioned by the weight of your footsteps. All I now ask is, that

whatever use you may make of the information I have given, you will respect me. Recollect that I am a letter of quality: spare, oh! spare me from another inhumation in a letter-bag! prevent me from embracing a pound of butter or a dozen of candles; but, above all, preserve me from paste and scissars! Let me for ever repose in that elegant blue morocco portfolio which I see on your table; and if ever you receive a letter from a right honourable, grant, oh! grant, I may repose beside him!"

It then folded itself gracefully up, and has never spoken since.

JOHN.

COCKNEYS AND THEIR GARDEN-POTS.

WHAT is there to laugh at in the poor cockney garreteer's garden-pots, or their contents? Certainly nothing. And yet many, who ought to know better, have scornfully derided their two-penny roots of *southernwood*, *sweet-william*, &c. &c. stuck in fine red pots at the window of the room in which they labour. On the contrary, I have been often pleased to see them, and have deemed the circumstance so much involuntary homage at the throne of Almighty Nature, paid by the poor artisan in his attic, who has no means of worshipping her

"By hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade," as the more fortunate sons of affluence have. He watches his *geraniums* in spring putting forth, first their leafy buds, and then their flowers, with quite as much interest (excepting indeed pecuniary interest) as the farmer watches his rising grain or grass, or as the rambling enthusiast discovers the first

"Hedge-born roses on the briary bough."

The poor cockney makes his plants his pets; he waters them with constant care; he takes them in when the night-air is too chilly or frosty: in the parching heat of summer, if a kindly shower comes, he will contrive to get them a more open spot, to receive the genial moisture in, than his confined or covered window. On such occasions, you will frequently see plants set out at a street-door to catch every "dulcet drop;" and yet some folks, "wise in their generation," laugh at all this; but I am not aware that it is laughable in any point of view: indeed, there is one point—not of view, but of *descent*—which is rather a serious matter; I mean the danger there is of the pots falling on some luckless passenger in the street, in consequence of a high wind, or from any other chance; and this is perhaps the greatest objection that can be made to the cockney's moveable garden: for certainly a

broken head would be nevertheless a broken head though inflicted by a pot of the sweetest roses.

How refreshing it is for any man who is fond of the country, and of Nature in all her loveliness, when confined in London by necessary and unceasing avocations for a length of time, to pop, in his occasional walks about town, upon a fine old tree in full leaf, perhaps in some particularly close and confined place, or even the dusty, flat, and insipid gardens of the squares and inns of court! And why is this pleasing to such a man? Precisely for the same reason that the garreteer enjoys his garden-pots: it reminds both of the country, and its finer trees, plants, flowers, and prospects.

Such a feeling as this has often induced me to take a leisurely stroll round Covent-Garden, if in summer-time, with that exquisite treat, a six-penny pottle of strawberries to munch as I go, with perhaps some little urchin dogging at my heels, waiting for the happy moment when the pottle shall be empty, that he may beg it of me, and make a halfpenny by it, or at all events that value in fruit. There we see brought together, as if by magic, almost the whole produce of the country, except its woods and forests: there are its luscious fruits in every possible variety: there are its choicest and most blooming flowers, very tastefully disposed, and fairly taking you by the nose with their delightful perfumes, and dragging sixpences and shillings out of your pockets, that you may decorate your windows or your mantel-pieces with them. There are its finest and earliest vegetable productions (the finest perhaps in the world), giv-

ing you at once an idea of the useful and agreeable: the delicious pea, which brings to your fancy its pretty blossom; the summer-cabbage, the cos-lettuce, the fresh salad, all so finely antiscorbutic, and indeed the almost innumerable others that might be named: there are its various roots for the use of man, amongst which the most widely beneficial, though certainly rather inelegant in its coat of dirt, is the potatoe: there are its herbs both for food and medicine, many of them gathered from the field, the wood, and the wild heath: there are its glowing red berries, its holly, its laurel, its mistletoe, and other ever-greens for Christmas: there are its very weeds even, its water-cresses, dandelion, chickweed, groundsel, and I know not how many more; and last of all, the despised, but by no means despicable, nettle.

In Covent-Garden too may be found some of the most delightful inhabitants of the country, its birds; especially its singing birds: but, ah! how changed! how unlike, in their miserable wiry prisons, to the same creatures in a state of liberty, wildly yet beautifully darting from tree to tree, chanting their untaught hymns of happiness! Take them away! take them away! I like them not; at least I like them not in cages*. But whither am I rambling? Covent-

* Connected with Covent - Garden, but by no means with the sylvan world, are one or two establishments, which, however useful in themselves, and in some places, such as a manufacturing town, even agreeable, yet have *no business* here (though the proprietors perhaps would tell you they have a very *good business*): they do not mix well with the

Garden has made an enthusiast of me I think; I have forgotten the poor cockney and his garden-pots, flowers and the fruits. I allude to the stalls where rusty locks, keys, and other nick-nackery in old iron, are to be bought; and to the immense spread of earthen-ware plates, dishes, &c. &c. with their deep stone-blue prospects without perspective, their puddling stumpy Chinese figures, and all the other *beauties* of that never-to-be-forgotten, and seemingly never-to-be-changed, *willow-pattern*, so well known to every notable housewife and every good trencher-man within the sound of Bow bell. All this is *art*, useful art certainly, though not of the most elegant sort; but it does not mix well with the productions of *nature*, for which only Covent-Garden used to be famous, and ought so to continue. Send these away with the birds.

for whom and for which I meant to make an apology: however, I can do as greater men than I have done, when they have gone a little too far—beg pardon, make my bow, and retire. All I ask for the poor garret-er is, that when any reader of this, who has good opportunities of enjoying nature in the country, should see him smelling at a few scarlet runners, which are decorating to the best of their ability, with their fine green leaves and really beautiful blossoms, a three or four-pair-of-stairs window, he or she will check the aforesaid smile, and pass soberly on, remembering, that it is only the poor cockney endeavouring to enjoy *nature in London*.

J. M. LACEY.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. III.

LAMENT FOR A BOY HERO.

IN terms of a bond of friendship, commencing at a period of too remote antiquity for precision in the date, the heirs of the chief of Breadalbine were fostered at the castle of Turrets. Tradition says, that after this custom had been religiously observed through a long line of generations, the chief of Breadalbine, incensed by an affront from the chieftain of Catthu, resolved to inflict a signal chastisement, and at the same time to extort payment of debts due to his ancestors by the chief of "the cold-frowning north." Niel Oig of the Turrets armed to assist the Dalt on this expedition; but his youth and vigour had failed, and all his sons were engaged in foreign wars, except one, "tall as

the oak of many summers, but lovely in blooming boyhood." This "budding hero joyfully assumed the duties of a leader to men at arms, amounting to thirteen multiplied by thirteen—a number supposed by the Gael to have cabalistic influence in superinducing good luck; and therefore the volunteers sent by Niel Oig were levied by the mystic reckoning recommended by sages of olden time." The youngest hope of the Turrets performed achievements that might have graced maturer years; but his brilliant career soon terminated. The bard introduces his mother lamenting his untimely fate, yet consoling herself with the victory and renown of the Dalt.

In the days of the battling king,

darkly sad in her bower, sits the spouse of Niel Oig of the lofty Halls and far-seen Turrets. Her red eye turns to the east. There, in a land of strangers, stiff and cold in his blood, lies the young wanderer of the woods, called from the sports of childhood to brighten as the leader of men. In the daring steps of dreadful joy, he strode to the deadly fray. His beamy spear is a signal of the fight for men grown gray under the helmet and ringing mail. As the tumbling rush of waters dashing from the highest hills to a steep black glen, his valour pours on the foe. They sink in the flood of his might; but the lance of Catthu has struck the youth that wasted his people. The early blaze of renown is quenched in death. Dark is the meteor of war; but in a path of fire his fame hath marked the fields of his strife. He is mixed with the phantoms of the hill. Robed in mist, he unsheathes his airy brand, and his mother hears his war-cry in moaning winds. She weeps for the last ten-

der joy of her high bosom—her rising star in a cloud of years: yet a smile is on her quivering lips, to behold the Dalt of her soul returned a shining beam of victory. He returns a storm of terror to all that dare to frown on his friends; and he mourns for the son of Muime—not with the sadness of little men, nor the wailing tears of women, but with the grief of a hero, with the red gush which follows weapons of war on plains of death. He shall darken the light of the orb of noon to the foe. The war-steed gives his feet to the winds of all the hills; but the Dalt, terrible in speed, shall overtake him, and lay the rider in dust. The wet cheek of the Muime, the spouse of Niel Oig, is dried in the light of his fame. His deeds are in the mouth of bards, far as the course of the sun; his fear is on every foe. The droves of Catthu are lowing on his green-headed hills and in his streamy valleys, and their heroes grow pale at the sound of his name.

B. G.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF M. SONNINI AT VIENNE.

(From his unpublished Manuscripts)

SONNINI, a celebrated French naturalist, who died a few years since, was appointed in 1806, on the recommendation of Fourcroy, to be Director of the College at Vienne, in the department of the Isère, whither he immediately repaired with his family. As he had always spoken very freely on the subject of religion, and been favourable to the Revolution, he was received very coldly at Vienne, where religious impressions were not yet effaced, and where the inhabitants were still strongly attach-

ed to the former system. On his arrival, all kinds of reports were circulated respecting him; and it is not improbable that he increased the number of his enemies by his own indiscreet conduct. The director, whom he superseded, had some adherents in the town; and hence ensued a kind of conspiracy against Sonnini, which was attended with the most extraordinary circumstances.

Irritated at the contemptuous behaviour of the inhabitants towards

him, Sonnini wrote, soon after his arrival, to several friends at Paris, and received their answers: but what was his astonishment on receiving from an unknown hand copies of all the letters he had written, accompanied with the remark, that he could not but be thoroughly convinced, that none of his motions was unknown to the spirits which pursued him! Sonnini determined to send the letters addressed to him to Paris, and therefore directed his son to make copies of them. When the copies were ready, he laid them on a bureau in his study, and being just at the moment called to dinner, he locked the door of the apartment to attend the summons. After dinner, he returned to his study, the door of which was locked as he had left it; but the copies of the letters were gone—nor could he ever recover them.

In the succeeding days, he received several anonymous letters, containing threats and challenges. Similar letters were sent to Sonnini's son, and to a youth whom he had taken as a boarder. One day they found a small billet with a challenge upon the mantel-piece in one of the rooms. "The gentlemen are very stingy of their paper," jocosely observed one of the youths to the other. On going soon afterwards into another apartment, they found the small challenge written upon a large sheet, with this addition: "You see that we are not stingy of paper." On another occasion, the same two young men were conversing together, and immediately afterwards found all that they had said written down in another room.

One evening a boy came to inform them, that a person wished to speak

with them in the market-place. They went thither, and met with a well-dressed young man, who, placing himself between them, forbade them, with the most dreadful menaces, to continue to reside in the college; adding, that if they failed to comply, he and eleven others had vowed to take their lives. He then proceeded with them to the post-house, and got into the stage-coach that was setting off for Lyons. The young boarder was so terrified by this circumstance, that he quitted the college, and went home to his parents.

In this manner the first year passed away. Sonnini had, during this period, experienced so much vexation, that he began to think of resigning his office, and returning to Paris. The parents of his pupils, however, urgently entreated him to stay, and to wait with patience, as his enemies would soon be tired of persecuting him. Sonnini yielded to their persuasions, and remained. His invisible persecutors now became quite furious, and gave him almost daily proofs of their hostility. Bills were posted on his door, filled with calumnies, accusations, and threats; and similar papers were introduced into rooms locked up with the greatest care. Upon one of them it was written, that his enemies could open any door. On another he found the following words: "Why, truly you are in good earnest! three balls in your pistols! but they are not there now: they shall be used against yourself. We have not meddled with your double-barrel gun; it is only charged with shot." Sonnini hastened to his chamber, where his pistols lay beside his bed. The charge was actually drawn, and the double-barrel gun contained nothing but

shot, according to the statement of the mysterious paper.

Sonnini determined to send his son to Paris, when he received a note with these words: "Whether near or at a distance, your son will still be in our hands. Unhappy father! renounce thy son: his destruction is certain!" This young man had formerly employed himself at Paris in painting upon ivory for picture-dealers. On his return thither, he was closely watched by his invisible attendants. His father was regularly informed of what he did, what houses he visited, to whom and at what price he sold his pictures. Sonnini's correspondence was completely in the hands of his enemies. The contents of every letter he received, as well as of every one he wrote, especially if they related to private concerns, were instantly known to the whole town. The anonymous letters sent to him had accumulated to such a degree, that at length, to get rid of them, he directed his son to burn them. A packet was made of them, and his son intended to destroy them in the evening; but on taking up the packet for that purpose, he thought he felt something move about within. He opened it, and, behold! it was full of gunpowder.

Sonnini, on leaving Paris, had taken his library along with him; but on reaching Vienne, he observed that several works were missing. He therefore wrote to some friends at Paris, requesting to be informed whether he had lent them the works in question. Shortly afterwards he received an anonymous letter, acquainting him that his invisible tormenters had purloined them, partly at Paris, and partly at Vienne; and in a few

days a parcel, containing some of these books, was thrown down before his door. In some of them was written, "Taken at Paris," — in others, "Taken at Vienne."

Sonnini conceived a natural mistrust of all about him. He discharged his porter, but had great difficulty to procure another; because it was currently reported, that it was very dangerous to live in the college, and that extraordinary things were likely very soon to happen there. Sonnini had several times solicited the protection of the municipal authorities; but as it was rumoured that he was himself the contriver of all that he complained of, and affected to be a persecuted man merely to give himself consequence, very little attention was paid to his applications. On the contrary, considerable suspicion fell on him, and the magistrates were by no means prepossessed in his favour. He therefore determined to repair to Grenoble, to solicit the assistance of the prefect. While he was at Grenoble, several bomb-shells were fired in the night before his wife's windows, and one of them burst with a tremendous explosion. A few days afterwards, a pistol was fired at his son, in one of the passages of the college. The balls fortunately missed him, and were found next morning in the passage.

Soon afterwards a packet of anonymous letters was picked up at the door. It was wrapped in blue paper, and sealed with a large seal, upon which were the words, *Kingdom of Hell*. In these letters he was informed that the invisible beings persecuted him by the command of a very important but distant personage; that they would be constantly

about him, whether he remained at Vienne or removed to Paris; that they had nothing to fear from the police, for if they were taken, they would be immediately liberated on pronouncing the name of the personage alluded to. From this unknown personage himself Sonnini received a letter, stating, that he was under the necessity of attending his sovereign to the army; but had enjoined his people to persecute, to seize, and perhaps even to put him to death. In another letter this pretended great personage declared, that he was his brother; that Sonnini had murdered his mother and sisters; and therefore he should not rest till he had taken full revenge.

By his journey to Grenoble, Sonnini induced the tribunal there to undertake the investigation of the whole affair; and it actually commenced its proceedings for that purpose. Matters, however, soon took a very different turn from what he had expected. The investigation, instead of being directed against his enemies, was turned against himself. Witnesses were sought up, and among others an Italian barometer-maker. Endeavours were made to extort from this man the admission that he

had sold to Sonnini the bomb-shells found in front of the college; but the Italian protested everywhere that this was false, and the examinations were suspended.

Sonnini, who, by this time, had reason to apprehend not only an everlasting persecution, but even a melancholy end for himself and his family, was now firmly resolved not to continue any longer in such a detested place, and accordingly made preparations for his departure. In packing up his effects, he paid particular attention to let no person approach, to purloin or destroy any of them. On his arrival at Paris, he, nevertheless, found that his pictures had been cut with a knife; but he met with nothing further unpleasant. His removal from the college had been the object of his enemies. He wrote to the Minister of the Police, complaining of the persecution which he had undergone; but instead of obtaining the satisfaction he hoped, he was enjoined to be silent respecting the past. Here the affair ended. Immediately after his departure, the college was granted, for a period of twenty years, to a religious society, called the *Fathers of the Coast*.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

THE flames of discord kindled by the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines raged in most parts of Italy, before they extended to the happy Florence. So early, however, as the commencement of the 13th century, sparks of that fire which was in the sequel to ravage the most flourishing city of Italy glimmered there, and it was a female who was destined to fan it into a flame.

One of the most illustrious of the noble families of Florence was that of Buondelmonte, and Ottavio was the head of this family. It was proposed that an alliance with the powerful house of Amidei should heighten its splendour, and Ottavio yielded to the wishes of his relations, though the lady whom they selected for him was not remarkable either for beauty or accomplishments. With charms

greatly superior to what she possessed she would scarcely have captivated Ottavio, for his whole soul was preoccupied with the image of another. The lady who incessantly engaged all his thoughts he had hitherto seen only at church, and no otherwise than veiled; and she had always contrived to elude his inquiries so successfully, that all his endeavours to gain any intelligence respecting the fascinating stranger proved ineffectual. From her majestic figure, the exquisite symmetry of her whole person, and the grace of all her motions, he inferred that she must be extremely beautiful, and her dress indicated high birth and opulence. Ottavio nevertheless stifled the passion with which the unknown had inflamed him, and seemed determined to sacrifice the wishes of his heart to the ambition of his family, when an unexpected circumstance all at once overturned this resolution.

A few days before that fixed for his nuptials, he was riding through one of the less frequented streets of the city. A matron in the balcony of a stately mansion called him by his name, and politely requested him to come up to her for a few moments. Ottavio dismounted; a servant came out to hold his horse, and from him he learned that the house belonged to a family of the name of Donati. He was ushered into a richly furnished apartment, where he found the lady who had called to him from the balcony, and asked what were her commands. "I wished," replied she, "to congratulate you on your approaching marriage;" and with these words she launched out into such a satirical invective against his bride, that Ottavio was for some time too much astonished to reply.

At length collecting himself, he reproved her for her rudeness with all the delicacy due to her sex and rank. "Why, you are seriously angry," rejoined she smiling, "at the liberties which I have taken with your bride. Her charms, her talents, and her accomplishments are certainly of so high an order as to deserve that you, like a true knight, should throw down the gauntlet to any one who may presume to regard her as plain rather than handsome, and ignorant and ridiculous rather than agreeable and intelligent. But you should not take this amiss of me, sir—of me, whose sentiments towards you are not unfriendly. See," cried she, throwing open the door of an adjoining room, "what I have reserved for you!" Ottavio looked, and in the middle of the apartment, whom should he discover but his adored *incognita*!

Overpowered by surprise, and hurried away by his feelings, he threw himself at her feet, and seizing her trembling hand, he covered it with ardent kisses. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he ventured to raise her veil, and a sudden spell bound all his senses. So fair, so rich in every charm and every grace, his fancy itself had not painted her. "And is this angel to be mine?" cried he, when the speechless astonishment of the first transport had somewhat subsided, to the aunt, who had watched him with a smile of exultation.—"She shall be yours," replied the lady, "if you will deserve her love."

Ottavio looked dubiously at the silent charmer. Her downcast eye, and the deep blush that crimsoned her cheeks, betrayed to him that he was not indifferent to her heart.

Again he fell at her feet, and solicited her love. The contract was concluded, and in a few days the nuptials were solemnized.

The house of Donati was as warmly attached to the party of the Guelphs as that of Amidei to the Gibellines. It was nevertheless personal animosity against the head of the latter family that instigated Vittoria Donati to prepare for him so well-planned and so keen a mortification. The affront which the father had in his early years offered to her by his inconstancy, she determined to revenge upon him in more advanced life, and upon his daughter also, whom Vittoria hated equally with himself. It was easy for her to foresee, that in the execution of her scheme she should sacrifice the happiness of her niece; that she should expose Ottavio's life to the daggers of the incensed Amidei; and that the violation of his promise would not fail to blow the party-antipathy of the two families into a raging flame—but all these considerations weighed as nothing against the gratification of her revenge.

As soon as the Amidei were apprised of the insult which Ottavio had offered to their honour, they assembled all their friends, to concert a plan for avenging it. The animosity excited by the misconduct of an individual, they extended to his

whole house; and in this, as in all other cases, private pique kindled party hatred. The Uberti, in those days the most powerful and wealthy family of Florence, and zealous Gibellines, warmly espoused their cause; and Mobeia Lamberti first proposed to wash out the affront with the blood of the faithless Ottavio: His proposal was universally approved; and when, a few days after his marriage, Ottavio had one morning quitted the arms of his lovely wife, to ride to a country seat which he possessed near the city, the assassins fell upon him at the bridge over the Arno, and plunged their poniards into his heart.

The high rank which Ottavio held among the nobles of Florence, his personal merit, the heart-rending anguish and complaints of his young wife, and the outcry raised by his family, all concurred to heighten the interest felt for his unhappy fate. All Florence was divided between the Buondelmonti and the Uberti; and these parties were soon engaged in open warfare, as Guelphs and Gibellines. It was not long before the former split into two factions, of which that of the Bianchi built their hopes on Pope Boniface VIII. and that of the Neri, on Charles of Anjou, and each of them persecuted the other with the most inveterate rancour.

SCHEME

For establishing, by means of STEAM-NAVIGATION, a Communication with CALCUTTA and the EAST INDIES generally, viâ the Mediterranean, Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea: the Voyage out and home to be completed within 120 days.

I DEEM it unnecessary to dwell on the efficiency of steam-vessels to navigate on the open seas, and it would be superfluous to attempt to demon-

strate that which is in itself evident; I mean, the very great advantage that would derive to merchants individually, and to the public gene-

rally, by the means of speedy communication with our Asiatic dominions.

The difficulties to be surmounted are of different degrees, and present themselves in a natural succession, in which I propose to discuss them.

And, 1st. The route up the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez on camels, up the Red Sea, round Ceylon, and up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, appears the most direct.

2d. The convenient places to touch at for the purpose of replenishing fuel, with the distances between each, are probably as follows:

| | | |
|--|--------|-------|
| Sailing from Plymouth (to which port passengers may be conveyed from London by the Plymouth steam-packet) to | Miles. | Days. |
| Gibraltar about | 1150 | 7 |
| From Gibraltar to Malta . . | 1000 | 6 |
| From Malta to El Arish . . | 1000 | 6 |
| Across the Isthmus to Suez, on camels, 120 miles | — | 6 |
| From Suez to Mocha, or the Island of Perim | 1200 | 8 |
| From Mocha to the Isle of Socotra | 600 | 5 |
| From Socotra to Cochin . . | 1350 | 8 |
| From Cochin to Trincomalee* | 600 | 5 |
| From Trincomalee, touching at Madras, to Calcutta . . | 1020 | 6 |

Making the whole distance by sea 7920 57
In round numbers 8000 miles, of which 3200 are on the north and west side the Isthmus, and 4800 on the south and east.

We have next to consider the capability of a vessel to carry fuel for the greatest distance, that between Socotra and Cochin, of 1350 miles. And although in calculating the expense of coal, I shall assume that a vessel of 400 tons, with an engine of 100 horse-power, may obtain nine

* It is supposed that a passage may be found over the Devil's Bridge, through Palk's Straits, which will shorten the distance 6 or 800 miles between Cochin and Calcutta.

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miles of speed from the consumption of nine bushels of coals; or that the expense of coals will on an average be equal to one bushel per mile: still I think the vessel should at each depôt complete to at least sixty chaldrons, which, on the greatest distance, would admit of their making as little as five and a half miles per hour for the whole passage; and on the distance between Plymouth and Gibraltar, where at some seasons the greatest resistance may be expected, sixty chaldrons would be sufficient, at the rate of four miles and a half per hour. And if the calculation be made on ten complete voyages in the year, at the greatest consumption, *i. e.* supposing sixty chaldrons to be supplied from each depôt at each demand, we shall arrive at a quantity that may be considered as sufficient for the first supply to the different depôts, to be afterwards kept up according to the actual expense. And it will be,

| | Chaldrons | s. | £. |
|-------------------------------|--------------|------|----|
| From Plymouth 10 of 60: | 600 at 40: | 1200 | |
| Gib. 10 out 10 home 20 of 60: | 1200 at 90: | 5400 | |
| Malta, do. do. 20 of 60: | 1200 at 100: | 6000 | |
| Syria, 10 home 10 of 60: | 600 at 100: | 3300 | |

Making 3600 £.15,900

Or take the average at 4*l.* 10*s.* per chaldron, or 2*s.* 6*d.* per bushel.

On the south-east side of the Isthmus there will be required,

| At Suez for 10 voyages out, | Chaldrons. |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| 0 home 10 of 60: | 600 |
| Mocha 10 do. 10 do. 20 of 30: | 600 |
| Socotra 10 do. 10 do. 20 of 60: | 1200 |
| Cochin 10 do. 10 do. 20 of 30: | 600 |
| Trincomalee 10 do. 10 do. 20 of 60: | 1200 |
| Calcutta 0 do. 10 do. 10 of 60: | 600 |

Making in all 4800

Which may be calculated to average at the different depôts 2*s.* 4*d.* per bushel. The price of coals at Calcutta, brought from Burdwan, exchanging 2*s.* per rupee, is 8 anas, or 1*s.*

II II

per maund of 84lbs. equal to one English bushel; or it is 36s. per chaldron.

Next is to be considered the passage of the Isthmus; and, until negotiations are entered into, and arrangements actually made, we must be contented with a calculation of the expenses on a scale which will certainly exceed the reality.

A camel capable of travelling a distance daily of 30 miles, with a load of 4 cwt. may be procured for from 10 to 12 dollars; say 3*l*.

Estimate keep and attendance, at per ann. say 3*l*

Present to the pacha, for escort, &c. each caravan, 400 dollars.

Buxis to attendants, &c. 50 dollars; and suppose 50 tons of cargo, and 30 persons with baggage, 400 camels would be the least number required, at 3*l* each 1200*l*. } 2400*l*.

Their food and keep for 12 ms. 1200*l*. }
Interest 5 per cent. wear and tear, 20: 25: 600*l*.

600*l*. divided by 20 (the number of passages across) is for each passage 30*l* 0s. }
Buxis 450 dollars, at 5s 112*l*. 10s. } 142*l*. 10s
Or, in round numbers, 150*l*.

The wages of seamen may be estimated at 2*l*. per month; their victualling at 2*l*. more; and although the wages of seamen and the expense of victualling them are much less in India than in Europe, yet, as a larger number is required in those seas, it will be fair to calculate on the same expense in making an estimate. Commanders and artificers, employed on the south-east side of the Isthmus, must receive more wages than those employed on the home station.

It unfortunately happens, that the three fairest months in the British Channell and Atlantic are the worst in the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and *vice versa*; the south-west Monsoon being strongest from the middle of June to the middle of August; whilst December, January, and February bring fine weather in those seas. I am of opinion, how-

ever, that vessels may make passages for ten months in the year; the steam-boats, during the prevalence of the south-west Monsoon, leaving the Hoogly by Larcom's Channel, and keeping the Orixia and Coromandel coasts close on board.

To perform the contemplated service, it will be necessary to have at least three, and perhaps four, vessels on each side the Isthmus. They should be of 400 tons, of the strongest build, and of 100 horse-power, with latteen sails, or lug fore-sail, and schooner-rigged abaft. But the experiment of the latteen sails should be made; because, when the yards are down, the masts present less surface to the wind, than those of any other rig.

The vessels should be fitted for the accommodation of twenty-five passengers, and from 50 to 100 tons of cargo; to be manned with a crew of twenty men, including mates and artificers; to be completed to twenty days' provisions and water; and to sail on the first day of every month from Plymouth and Calcutta.

The vessels may readily be contracted for, and built under inspection, for 20*l*. per ton; and the engines will cost probably 5,000*l*. each; or, in round numbers, the vessel may be completed for 14,000*l*.

The estimate of the outlay and receipt for the first twelve months may be,

| | |
|--|--------|
| Six vessels of 400 tons and 100 horse-power, at 14,000 <i>l</i> . each | 84,000 |
| Invested in coals at the dépôts | 36,060 |
| Invested on camels | 1,200 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| Capital invested | £121,260 |
| Insurance on 121,260 <i>l</i> . at 10 per cent. | |
| | £12,126 |
| Wear and tear of engines 30,000 <i>l</i> . at 20 per cent. | 6,000 |

| | |
|---|--------|
| Wear and tear on wood and iron 51,000 <i>l.</i> at 15 per cent. | 8,100 |
| 160,000 miles of fuel at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> p. mile | 20,000 |
| Grease, stuffing, and packing, for 6 engines | 1,000 |
| 6 principal engineers, at 70 <i>l.</i> per an. | 420 |
| 36 engine-men & stokers, at 35 <i>l.</i> p.an. | 1,260 |
| 6 commanders, at 200 <i>l.</i> | 1,200 |
| 12 mates, at 48 <i>l.</i> | 576 |
| 70 seamen, at 24 <i>l.</i> | 1,680 |
| Victualling 106 men at 20 <i>l.</i> per an. | 2,120 |
| Port charges, a rough estimate; the Calcutta pilotage being exceed- ingly heavy, a great reduction may be expected: say each voyage 50 <i>l.</i> for 20 | 1,000 |
| Passage of the Isthmus | 3,000 |
| Mess | 10,000 |
| Commission 2½ per cent. | 1,712 |

Total outlay £70,194

It is not being too sanguine to suppose that the number of passengers will be complete every voyage from the three Presidencies: those from Bombay may join at Cochin by an auxiliary packet; and the price fixed at 200*l.* is the lowest usually paid for an inferior accommodation on board a ship trading to India. To the individual, a great saving in equipment will result, from the shortness of the passage, and the necessity of limiting the quantity of baggage; whilst the gain of time, and the pleasing prospect of setting foot on land once in eight or ten days, will be strong inducements for preference to this route.

| | |
|---|---------|
| 25 passengers for 20 voyages will yield, £ at 200 <i>l.</i> each | 100,000 |
| Less commission 2½ per cent. | 2,500 |

£97,500

| | |
|--|--------|
| 50 × 20 : 1000 tons of cargo at 15 <i>l.</i> } Less commission 2½ per cent. } | 14,625 |
|--|--------|

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
| Net proceeds of 20 voyages | 112,125 |
| Amount of outlay | 70,194 |

Profit on this estimate £41,931

Which I do not think exaggerated; and I feel convinced, that after one or two voyages, the rate of passage may be lowered to 150*l.* fixing the interest at 12 per cent. and setting apart a sum for redeeming the capital, for experimental purposes, and for constructing a carriage-road across the Isthmus, with proper halting places; a point which, by the judicious application of 1 or 2000*l.* might be effected through the Pacha of Egypt.

In the foregoing prospectus, I have calculated on an expense which would be adequate to the establishment of a number of vessels sufficient to keep up a constant communication with India. But as prejudices are to be overcome, it will perhaps be prudent to begin with only two vessels, one on each side the Isthmus, and to increase the number as the confidence of the public becomes established.

In making this estimate, it would have been unfair to calculate on contingencies: but there can be little doubt that the expense for fuel might be very considerably reduced. Ships proceeding to the Mediterranean, and which now frequently go in ballast, would, if a demand existed, be glad to deliver coals at an advance of from 10*s.* to 15*s.* on the shipping price in the river.

The insurance and wear and tear are also estimated at a very high rate; whilst, on the other hand, no profit has been anticipated on the carriage of letters and dispatches, which would certainly accrue, since the post-office could never afford to establish an independent conveyance.

JAMES H. JOHNSTON.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. III.

FATE OF BOOKS.

Books are in some respects like children: at their birth and during their first circulation they are objects of intense anxiety, but few care about them when they have attained a certain age. A couple of recent examples illustrate this remark.

In one of the most considerable buildings at Metz in France, there was a few years since a public library, and in another part of the same building a magazine of charcoal. During the government of Buonaparte, orders arrived to clear the building in order to its appropriation to a military purpose. As it was then the fashion to affect extraordinary dispatch in every thing, the prefect gave directions that the whole should be cleared in twenty-four hours, and that the prisoners of war in the town should be employed in this operation. The books, like those of old at Alexandria, could not have had any advocate; for no sooner was it found that the books were much heavier than the charcoal, so that two porters with baskets of equal size would have had to carry, the one too much and the other too little—perhaps also with a view that the large books should prevent the small coal from falling off, the prisoners were enjoined to fill every basket half with coal and half with books.

In Holland books fared still worse. During the continental embargo, the French government for some time allowed the exchange of English commodities for native productions of

the like value. The merchants, availing themselves of this licence, purchased at a very low rate vast quantities of old Dutch books, which, owing to the total revolution in all kinds of property, could scarcely find a market. These they rated at the custom-house at the regular selling price, and shipped as for England. These chests, so cleared out, were then exchanged at sea for others full of English merchandise; but none of these books found their way to this country, where they would have had to pay a higher duty than the price they would have fetched as waste paper: they were therefore heaved overboard without ceremony. In this manner many of the older works, which were formerly very common, have become extremely rare in Holland.

SINGULAR ANTIPATHY OF A DOG.

A large poodle dog—we quote the words of Professor Pictet of Geneva—belonging to a friend who lives in my immediate vicinity, and which I have therefore daily opportunities of seeing, manifests upon the whole a perfect indifference to music either vocal or instrumental. But no sooner does any one begin to sing or play an old song, in a soft and pathetic strain, commencing, "*L'âne de notre moulin est mort, la pauvre bête,*" than the dog first looks ruefully at the singer, yawns repeatedly with increasing demonstrations of uneasiness and impatience, at length sits down on his rump, and begins to howl louder and louder, till he com-

pletely drowns the voice or the instrument. If the performer ceases, he ceases too. To try him, persons have begun with other airs, and then digressed, without interruption, into the above-mentioned tune: the dog seemed to take no notice of the music till they came to the obnoxious air, to which nothing can reconcile him: he then went through the series of actions already enumerated, without any deviation. Hundreds of persons have witnessed the circumstance, as it is a matter of general curiosity in the neighbourhood.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Some years ago, Sir John C—— was the commander of a military district in the north of England. He was a martinet, and a nice observer of propriety in military dress. Noticing one day a yeoman of cavalry much out of order in his accoutrements, he called out, "Here, you fellow! come here! Do not you know who I am?"—"Noa," said the man, "I know nought about you."—"What!" rejoined Sir John, "not know that I am commander-in-chief of this district?"—"Be you so?" replied the yeoman; "then, by gosh! you ha gotten a good place on it, so take care and keep it, and be civil to every body."

ADVANTAGE OF BLINDNESS.

A wealthy man had a daughter who was so plain and deformed, that notwithstanding the large portion she was likely to receive, not a single offer of marriage was made to her. At length her father united her to a man also of considerable fortune, but blind, and they lived a long time happily together. An eminent oculist once chanced to pass through

the place, and went to the lady's father, and expressed his confidence that he could restore his son-in-law's sight. "I would not have it done on any account," replied the other: "you shall have your fee and welcome for letting it alone; for if he sees my daughter, she would lose her husband to a certainty, and you can't imagine what trouble I had to procure her one."

ANAGRAMS.

This species of trifling may afford some amusement for want of any other pastime, though that which is found seldom repays the trouble of seeking. The result may, however, occasionally please a company for a moment. Maria de la Terre (or de la Tour), sister to Marshal Turenne, certainly felt herself much flattered, when some one made out of her name this very natural anagram: *Amor de la Tierra*—The Love of the World, —Henry IV. of France characterized this art, as an occupation, with great justice. Some one presented to him an anagram. The king asked the author what was his ordinary employment. "Sire," replied the man, "I am a maker of anagrams by profession; but I am miserably poor."—"No wonder," replied the king, "when you follow such a miserable profession."

THE FORBIDDEN PUDDLE.

A gentleman, being about to go a journey, desired his wife, in his absence, to take care of the house. She answered, "My dear husband, whatever you command me I shall obey."—He continued, "I have also to beg, dearest, a favour very easy for you to grant, which is, that you will never wash yourself with that

water," at the same time pointing to a nasty puddle in the court. After his departure, the lady often looked at the puddle, and as often wished to know the reason why her husband had forbidden her to wash in this water. She soon began to think, that there must be something very important in this injunction. At last, the temptation overcame her, and she went and washed, or rather dirtied herself all over. Looking in her mirror, she perceived what a sad

figure she had made of herself, and had some difficulty, after the toil of many days, to remove the filth from her clothes. On her husband's return, he found his dear wife in a violent rage; and, upon questioning her, she could not contain the secret. "What!" said he to her, "could you not refrain from doing what you knew would injure you? Is it likely then, that you would have obeyed me in any thing that would have given you pleasure?"

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Buchwald, by J. Moscheles. Op. 54. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

MR. MOSCHELES has again visited this country, and two or three of his performances at the present oratorios have spread his fame over the whole metropolis. We have again heard him with absolute astonishment, especially in quick movements. The study which could produce such rapidity of execution, with such a precision in touch and tone, at his age (which appears to be little more than thirty), must have been immense, and was probably aided by physical advantages of conformation, as well as by a buoyant vivacity of spirits, and an extreme sensibility of the nervous system, qualities not uncommon in the Hebrew nation, to which this gentleman belongs. Mr. M. is the Kean of piano-forte players, and, like this great actor, has a good share of mannerism in his performance. When he plays, he seems to be in familiar converse with the keys, leans towards them in various ways,

snatches off his fingers as if he had burnt them, and bounces them down again in a manner peculiar to himself. At first these practices strike the spectator as if they were tricks, but on reflection, he soon becomes convinced that they are mechanical expedients, the result of experience, without which the things that are done could not be achieved. Be this as it may, Mr. Moscheles is the Phoenix of "Pianistes," and we doubt whether the world will ever produce such another.

But Mr. M. is likewise a composer of the first rate, and of the best school. His harmonic combinations are, like those of Beethoven, profound and original, and his melodies, when he gives them, fresh and fascinating. A reference to the above rondo will fully bear us out in this assertion: it is every way a classic production; not without its difficulties, but when these are overcome, the labour will be amply repaid. It is preceded by a slow movement of considerable depth and grandeur of expression. The rondo (in E b) sets out with a subject of great vivacity and neatness, which is

propounded and developed with due regularity and simplicity in pp. 4 and 5, when the author begins to manœuvre his disposable force of all arms, especially the light infantry of semi-quavers and triplets, with the skill of a consummate tactician. In these evolutions we shall decline to partake here, lest we might share the fate of Dr. Syntax at the review, and be hurried along beyond our limits, and no doubt beyond the wishes of our readers. Such masters as Mr. M. the critical pen is as unable to follow, as the aides-de-camp of Napoleon were incapable to keep up with him on horseback. We have said quite enough in stating, that this is excellent music, calculated for the sphere of matured players.

Military Rondo for the Piano-forte, dedicated to Miss M. Wykeham Martin, by F. Kalkbrenner. Op. 62. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Many of the above observations will apply to this rondo, the production of another great master in his art, practically as well as theoretically. We have placed both together, as we derived much pleasure in comparing their different styles, and saw how excellence may shew itself in different ways. Mr. Kalkbrenner and Mr. Moscheles are both writers of vivid conception, brilliant imagination, matured experience, and great depth of harmonic combination: their compositions present about an equal share of attractive melody; and yet the diversity is to us so striking, that we would wager to ascribe any one page to its right owner. In the present case, Mr. K.'s rondo, from its military character, exhibits an accidental feature of variety, as being of a decisive energetic tenor. It is animated by a vein of spirited

vigour from beginning to end, without being of extreme difficulty. The passages, some of which bear the stamp of true originality, lie aptly to the hand.

We beg to direct the player's attention to the metronomic signature, lest he take the rondo too slow. It is gratifying to see such men as Messrs. Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Ries, &c. persevere in the use of that valuable invention, the Metronome, which, with very few exceptions, is neglected, only, by composers of inferior pretensions.

A favourite March and Chorus in "Pietro l'Eremita," arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by F. Latour, pianiste to his Majesty. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The march and chorus which Mr. L. has thus arranged is a splendid composition, which gained rapturous applause at the King's Theatre last season. The subject is the same as in the quick movement of the duet between Signor Curioni and Mad. Camporese, the originality of which, both as to melody and time, struck us very forcibly. The present piano-forte extract is sufficiently strong, as to harmonic colouring, to convey a fair idea of the nature and effect of the piece, and by no means difficult. As the flute-part proceeds generally with the melody, its support is not absolutely essential, although it tends materially to augment the force and brilliancy of the piece.

March for two Performers on one Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Colonel Hawkes, by John Henry Griesbach. Op. 5. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)

This is the first composition we have seen of Mr. J. H. Griesbach,

the member of a family whose musical talent shines conspicuously in our best orchestras. Allowing for one or two slight tinges of the style of Rossini, which it will soon be difficult to avoid—saturated as we shall be with his works—this march (in C major) is a composition of great merit and of striking effect. The melody is good, and the harmony is of the richest kind, well diversified by occasional very select modulations. The trio in F is also pretty. In the *secondo* we could have wished for a little more independent responsive treatment: it generally merely accompanies the primo. One or two bars, in the trio form, laudable exceptions to this remark.

“*The Sun and the Dew*,” composed by Guillaume Trousson du Coudray. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The text of this song is stated to be from the novel called “*The Mystery*,” its music is by a gentleman, probably French, of whose name we had not heard before, but whom the present specimen of his talents renders us willing and desirous to introduce again to our readers. The melody is very tasteful, well proportioned in its parts, and perfectly suitable to the words. There is a captivating ease and clearness in the air, and the transient modulation, at “*Who trembling reflected*,” is particularly graceful.

The accompaniment is very effective: at the same time we think it works too much with thirds, &c.; the lower notes of the right hand are almost always upon the dominant. The continual striking of chords broken into semiquavers produces monotony; more variety in the system of instrumental support would have been desirable. There are

some objectionable accentuations, such as in “*bramble*,” “*promised*,” and the bar containing the latter word, as well as some corresponding phrases, are too crowded with syllables to be sung with any fluency.

All these are minor imperfections, which do not detract from the intrinsic merit of the composition; but which we thought it proper to notice, as Mr. Du Coudray is a foreigner, and, as we are informed, intends composing some further English songs, in which our remarks may possibly be of use.

Rondo for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced Henry R. Bishop's admired Duet in the Opera of “Maid Marian,” composed, and dedicated to Madame de Champs Louis, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The duet here referred to, has been noticed in the account of the opera of “*Maid Marian*,” in our last Number, as having been sung with great and deserved applause by Miss Tree and Master Longhurst. It forms here the entire groundwork of a very fine rondo, in which the elegance of the subject seems to have called forth the best exertions of Mr. Kalkbrenner, and this in a manner which renders the composition accessible to a numerous class of performers. On this occasion, Mr. K. has introduced a new musical symbol of expression, of the shape of an inverted V, to direct the player “to stop a little longer, and to give more expression to the note over which it is placed.” The sign has our entire approbation, as being in analogy with characters already in use, and certainly desirable. Indeed, in the music of the present day, so much depends on peculiar expres-

sions of various kinds, for which we have as yet no signs, that there is room for many new ones in musical notation. We should be glad if a certain number of composers of celebrity in Europe, would agree upon the introduction of an additional limited number of signs, to remove many doubts which must ever prevail as to a variety of expressions required in the performance of music, not only with students, but with professors of matured experience.

"*Young Ellen,*" *Romance, sung by Miss M. Tree, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by Henry R. Bishop.* Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

A lightsome, airy, and highly graceful little ballad. The melodic outline is of chaste simplicity, and the *risforimenti*, which are superadded, impart to it a peculiar elegance of expression, which, from the lips of Miss Tree, cannot but have derived a heightened interest. That lady is improved in style and execution whenever we hear her. The strides she has made in the art since we first saw her in almost walking parts at the King's Theatre are really surprising. But that was the best school she could have had; and such an advantage, cultivated as it became by the instruction of a master like Mr. T. Cooke, and the susceptibility of the pupil, could not fail to produce the happiest results.

"*Thou art the giddiest youth alive,*" *Canzonet, written by Mrs. Opie, composed, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by G. Kiallmark.* Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

A tasteful melody, exhibiting some points of playful expression quite in
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accordance with the *naïveté* of the text. The accompaniment is charged to the brim with semiquaver triplets, which certainly throw activity into the performance; but a little change in the system of harmonic support would nevertheless have produced a desirable variety of expression. In the composition of the third stanza, this effect is in some degree attained by the intervention of some bars deviating from the rest of the instrumental colouring, and which operate very advantageously in the general keeping of the whole. *Select Airs from "The Beggars Opera," arranged as Duets for the Piano-forte by J. F. Burrowes.* Books 1, 2, 3. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.—(Goulding and Co.)

Our personal dislike to this opera shall not prevent us from giving an unbiassed opinion of Mr. B.'s labour before us, which puts us in mind of the story of the man whose touch changed every thing into gold, and in a great degree belies the vulgar saying about the manufacture of silken purses from ignoble materials.

As "The Beggars Opera" will probably maintain its footing on the stage for many years to come, this unaccountable relish of the public will tend to preserve a record of the musical taste of our grandfathers; and thus far the music is a matter of historical curiosity, more especially as the tunes for it were collected from all available sources. Some of them certainly possess a high degree of melodious simplicity, but a great number are as crude as the text to which they have been fitted.

The arrangement of Mr. B. while it has lulled our aversion to several of the airs, has placed those few

which are in favour with us, in a very advantageous light. Their style admitted of considerable contrapuntal treatment, and in this respect Mr. B. has done full justice to his task. In other cases, where melody is predominant, a colouring of modern taste has been administered. Thus the present publication is likely to satisfy those that, like ourselves, feel no great partiality to the opera; while to those amateurs who delight in it—and the number is by no means small—it is sure to prove a most valuable treasure.

A favourite Spanish Air for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Lyndon, by H. G. Nixon, Organist to the Bavarian Embassy. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Rutter and Mc'Carthy, New Bond-street.)

The title clearly states that this *Spanish* air is of Mr. Nixon's composition, and although we have heard tunes not unsimilar to it, we cannot say that this has come to our ears before. It is a lively and pretty waltz movement, clear, regular, with a certain ease of expression, and indeed of execution, which cannot fail to engage the favourable attention of the pupil. Mr. N. has been rather partial to the upper keys, and a little sparing of modulations, the tonic and dominant being seldom departed from. A greater resort to occasional transitions into other keys would have afforded more variety. But this may have been intentionally avoided, to render the lesson more generally accessible to moderate proficients, for whose practice we think it in every respect well calculated.

A Waltz, composed for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Nightingale, by Joseph

de Pinna. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

A light, easy, agreeable waltz, regular in all its successive parts, and throughout conceived in good style. There are no ideas of very striking invention, but the whole proceeds in an even and very satisfactory manner, and deserves the notice of amateurs, especially of the junior class, to whose powers it is completely adapted.

"The Rose's Legacy," a Song, the Melody and the Words by the author of "The rosy-cheeked Boy," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

The melody of the anonymous author, who, if we mistake not, has engaged our notice on one or two former occasions, possesses a vein of interesting simplicity, and flows in proper connection. Here and there the accompaniment is susceptible of improvement, but it is conceived in a proper manner, especially in its varied shape in the second stanza, where it proceeds with considerable freedom and in well-linked succession.

Trio for two Violins and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to J. Jay, M. D. by his Pupil, J. Maltass. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Viewing this trio as a contrapuntal essay of an incipient votary in the art of composition, we should be sorry to damp the zeal of the writer by critical fastidiousness. Mr. M. has evidently taken great pains to raise a score of three parts, exhibiting a short overture, with a few bars adagio by way of preparation. His motivo is not novel, nor are its style or the ideas elicited from it in mo-

dern taste. They remind us of the plain homely labours of earlier times; more bowing than melody. But we accept the work as an earnest of future efforts, and we make no doubt, with the knowledge which its production required and evinces, Mr. M. will successfully proceed in his studies, and ere long gratify us with productions of a higher order.

"*The Blue Bells of Scotland,*" a favourite Scotch Air, with Variations for the Violoncello, and Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by H. J. Banister. Pr. 4s.—(Royal Harm. Institution.)

Although our opinion of the above production is unfortunately, but necessarily, founded upon ocular examination only, the violoncello not being our instrument, we have sufficiently proved Mr. B.'s labour, to warrant us in pronouncing these variations to be any thing but commonplace writing. Their merit is conspicuous, whether we consider the striking diversity of character, the elegance of melodic combinations and divisions, or the selectness of the harmonic support of the piano-forte. The introductory slow movement also claims distinct favourable notice. Publications of this kind are the more praiseworthy, when really good, as the confined sale which the

limited practice of the instrument holds out, conveys the conviction of their not being written with a view to emolument, but from a love for the art, and a desire for its advancement.

"*No longer the sound of the lark,*" a popular Ballad, written by Walter M'Gregor, arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp by Wm. Fitzpatrick. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Fitzwilliam and Co. New-street, Covent-Garden.)

The title leaves some doubt as to the author of the melody, which is regular and attractive, especially if accented according to direction. The accompaniment is adequate, without being overloaded, and the symphonies present some neat points.

"*Les Carillons,*" a favourite Set of Quadrilles, with proper Figures, composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin, and dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lady Suffield, by John Baker. Pr. 3s.—(Fitzwilliam and Co.)

The tunes are well calculated for active service, and not uninteresting in a mere musical point of view. They are quite in the French style of quadrille writing, generally with a trio in the minor key. The accompaniments are satisfactory upon the whole.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WEST'S GALLERY.

THE Gallery of the works of the late Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy, is now open in Newman-street, with the addition of sixty-one new subjects, the prin-

cipal of which are, *the Death of Lord Nelson, Death of General Wolfe, Battle at La Hogue, and General Johnson's Rescue of a wounded French Officer from the*

Tomahawk of a North-American Indian. A considerable number of Mr. West's drawings are now for the first time exhibited, so that the collection may be said to comprise the fullest materials for estimating the merits of our late distinguished historical painter. The Gallery is admirably constructed for the display of pictures, and they appear to the best advantage.

It is nearly sixty years since the late Mr. West first became an exhibitor amongst our artists, and for upwards of the following half century, he was not only a constant contributor to the public Exhibitions, first at the Spring-Gardens Room, next at the Old Academy in St. Martin's-lane, and afterwards at Somerset-House, but also exhibited at his own Gallery in Pall-Mall. He was in the arts what Voltaire was in literature, ever active, diffuse, and industrious, and, like him, preserved to the latest moment of an unusually prolonged life, his zeal for his favourite studies, and died with the ruling passion strong upon him. Unlike, however, the French wit in the main tendency of his labours, Mr. West's whole life was devoted to the promotion of the true principles of religion and morality, and there exists no trace of his pencil among his multifarious labours, which does not tend to please or edify the mind by the purity or spirit of the subject. Were Mr. West alive, he would probably (and who would not?) be content to accept this tribute as his warmest panegyric. He was also universally esteemed for the meekness and inobtrusive habits he practised, and the happy temper with which he passed through the early divisions of the Royal Academy.

As an artist, however, Mr. West was not without rivals in the British School, to say the least of some of his competitors. The style at which he aimed was that of the chaste composers of the Florentine and Lombard Schools; a style which appeals to the mind with a force and dignity of expression, and purity of outline, rather than by those brilliant and desultory dashes of colouring and sportive action, which often dazzle the senses, and eclipse, if not redeem, subordinate imperfections. From the principles of drawing, in which Mr. West must necessarily have been well skilled, we find occasional and striking deviations in some of his works, and not unfrequently a crudeness and hardness of colouring which impairs general effect. The Gallery now open in Newman-street contains upwards of two hundred works of the late President, among them are his two last great works, *Christ Rejected*, and *Death on the Pale Horse*. Many of the other historical works are, we believe, duplicates executed by the artist; and the chief addition to the present Gallery consists, as we have already said, of sixty or seventy of Mr. West's drawings: these are more curious, than remarkable for the display of any extraordinary pretensions in this essential branch of study. That of *the Departure of Regulus from Rome* is a dignified and imposing composition; from it the artist painted his most chaste and finished work, which, if we mistake not, is at Buckingham-House. The drawing of *Death on the Pale Horse* is curious and spirited; and many of the others are remarkable for a freedom of hand and firm touch, which has an exceedingly correct effect, without, at the same time, evin-

cing any peculiar style of finishing, even in the outline. The great historical works in this Exhibition have been so often enumerated, and so repeatedly before the public during a series of Exhibitions, that we are precluded from the necessity of reiterating their merits on the present occasion; but we cannot overlook the merit of some of the smaller, and, from their position, the least ostentatious sketches in the Gallery; such as, *the Death of Sir Philip Sidney*, *Epaminondas*, and *Chevalier Bayard*; besides others of the same small size, which are liable to be overlooked in such an assemblage of larger works, many of them of greater parade and display, both from their

subjects and the situations which they occupy. The Gallery is well worth a visit, from the instruction and gratification which so large a collection of works is calculated to convey. We find that the collection of the old masters accumulated by Mr. West is on sale: it is select and valuable. If the late President's own works are also intended to be sent forth to the public, we trust that the disposal of his property will not prove an exception to the ordinary observation, that upon the grave is poured with enthusiasm that portion of approbation and reward, which was, in a degree at least, withheld during the lifetime of the object.

MR. HAYDON'S RAISING OF LAZARUS.

MR. HAYDON is now exhibiting his large picture of *the Raising of Lazarus*, the last, and in the opinion of many, the best, of his historical works. It is needless, after naming the picture, to announce that the subject is taken from the awful and sublime act of our Saviour's raising Lazarus from the dead, as it is recorded in the simple and affecting narrative of the Evangelist St. John. In the centre stands the divine figure of our Saviour, his right arm uplifted, beckoning and commanding Lazarus to rise from his tomb. Lazarus appears in the act of tearing back the grave-clothes which encompass him, and instinctively looking towards the great author of his resurrection; his mother, on the left, seems to press forward to grasp her son, but is withheld by his father, who is, at the instant, astounded by the supernatural appearance of his child. In the fore-ground are the

grave-openers, starting with astonishment and dismay from the figure which has just been exhumed before them. On each side of our Saviour kneel the two sisters, Martha and Mary: the expression in each is different; Mary is musing in total abstraction on her loss, and unconscious of the impending miracle; while Martha, with a more active expression of features, is partly conscious of the wonderful event. Behind them is St. John, with an expression of fervent piety at this fresh proof of his divine master's omnipotence; while St. Peter is bending forward in an attitude of reverential awe. Between St. John and Christ are a Pharisee and a Sadducee: the Pharisee, who believed in resurrection, regards Lazarus with singular attention; while the Sadducee, who denied resurrection, turns away his head with disregard and indifference. Immediately behind is a young woman bearing a

jar of water on her head, unconscious of the sublime event; in the foreground, and next to St. Peter, is an old woman, with the fixed expression of age, reproving a young female, who is absorbed in grief. A father and two sons are above these, who survey with the different emotions of youth and maturity the performance of the miracle. Above the Pharisee is a young man steadily contemplating the appearance of Lazarus. The site of the fore-ground is rocky; of the back, architectural, with a sky enveloped by a thunder-storm; and the figures are supposed to be lighted by a sudden flash before the foreground.

Such are the figures and character of the composition of this picture: to give a palpable representation of an event, the mere description of which in the New Testament is so full of sublimity, was a very arduous task; and to succeed in the attempt is a proof of the high powers of the artist. It is true, that in works of this description, the artist can avail himself not only of a great latitude in his composition, to suit his particular taste, and style and attainments, but also apply the experience of the past efforts of distinguished artists who have selected from holy writ subjects of similar character. Still, however, he who excels in a range of composition, which is open to all, must be admitted to possess very considerable genius; and it would be in vain to deny this praise to Mr. Haydon.

The principal figure in the composition before us is necessarily that of our Saviour, upon which the artist has bestowed great pains. There is certainly what is described to be, "an erect and tranquil majesty" in the position of the figure, and great

dignity of action; but all these attributes we are accustomed to behold in the historical representations of the Saviour, and the time has gone by when originality of invention can apply to their composition. The figure has great benignity; the drapery is exceedingly grand and appropriate; the folds are broad and well arranged. The figure of Lazarus is appalling, and perhaps a little overcharged: it is true, that to the suddenness of the action is ascribed the invigorating energy of the features; and what is impossible in a miracle? The various positions of the family group, who are suffering under the mixed passions of fear and grief, and who start with amazement at the awful exercise of the divine command, are most judiciously taken, and fill up the fore-ground with deep and pathetic action. The faith and piety of St. John are expressed with fervent force; and there is great contrast and relief in the heads, which give expression to the group behind him. Perhaps the gay and fresh buoyancy of the girl bearing the jar of water (notwithstanding that she is unconscious of the passing scene), is rather unsuitable to the subject: she would make a fine figure in one of Rubens's Market-Groupes; but she disturbs the imposing solemnity of an occasion like this. No doubt the artist wanted relief for the deep tone of colouring and impassioned expression of the surrounding figures, and sought it in the bloom of health of such an object. The muscular energy of the grave-diggers, so forcibly displayed in the fore-ground, presents a remarkable contrast to the mild and placid form of the Saviour, and the Grecian smoothness with which the artist has invested his principal

figure. The tranquil air of divinity which breathes around our Saviour is also in a distinct class of expression from that of any of the other figures who survey the miracle. The figures are all larger than life, and the subject composed and executed in what may be called the grand style. The back-ground is enveloped in a thunder-storm, not remarkable

for any peculiar sublimity of tone. The whole merit of the work rests on the expression of the principal figures; all of difficult character in the execution, from the dignity and mixed passion which they are intended to pourtray; and we think the artist, as a whole, has been very successful in his mode of treating the subject.

LE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

THE celebrated portrait by Rubens, which bears this name, from the hat and feathers on the head, has at length found its way into this country, and is now exhibiting in Old Bond-street. The history of this remarkable picture is fully given in the Exhibition Catalogue, and possibly nothing is omitted which could shed an interest upon the picture. After the lapse of two centuries, every thing must have its "tradition;" and the *tradition* of this picture is, that it represents *Mademoiselle Lundens*, a lady of whom Rubens was enamoured, but whose premature death extinguished the prospect of connubial happiness with her. Rubens, it is said, kept this portrait during his life, and by a complaisance, we hope not unusual among ladies, the artist's widow withheld it from the private sale, and preserved it in her cabinet, until death dispersed the remnant of Rubens's private collection. It then passed through the collections of several private families at Antwerp; and in the sale of the last of those, it was purchased on account of a conjoint Dutch and English speculation, and clandestinely removed, it would appear, to avoid the risk which must have attended the removal of "the pride of the

city" to England. Something like a substitute was, however, left in its room, in the solid form of 32,700 florins (about 3000 guineas); and as this seems to have been a mere speculation for sale, we are of course to understand that a much larger sum is required for the picture in this country.

Whatever be the history of this picture, or whatever be the price affixed to it, it is undoubtedly a beautiful specimen of the splendid colouring of Rubens. The portrait is that of a lady in the prime of youth and health, elegantly attired in a dress of black velvet with crimson sleeves, over which, with airy negligence, is thrown a scarf; she wears a black Spanish hat, ornamented with feathers. Nothing can be more beautiful than the transparency of colour in the complexion; it is soft and delicate, and has all the exquisite tone of flesh which nature exhibits in her finest mould. In the immense range of Rubens's works, it is difficult to select any single picture for pre-eminence; they are all full of glowing beauties, but not one of them altogether faultless. Magnificence of colouring redeemed many subordinate improprieties, and shed such a radiance upon his pictures, that it

would be almost presumptuous to touch upon their faults, which were not seldom observable in the drawing, and often in the too rapid nature of the execution. This *Chapeau de Paille* has been often praised, and by the most eminent and competent judges; among them by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who saw it in the summer of 1781 at Mr. Van

Harveren's, at Antwerp. He says, "that, upon the whole, it is a very striking portrait; but her breasts are as ill drawn as they are finely coloured." There is great truth in this remark; but the colouring is so exquisite, so true to nature in her happiest carnation, that there is neither room nor relish for critical acumen.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

HIGH dress of Cyprus crape, of a pale lavender colour, fastened behind; from the throat, nine narrow bands of *gros de Naples*, bound with satin of the same colour, descend to the waist, confining the reversed plaiting that forms the front of the body; from the shoulder, on each side, is a triple wave of satin piping, with small satin leaves with corded edges: the long sleeve easy; neat cuff, with wave trimming and leaves: the upper sleeve is rather long and very full, with bands to correspond with the front: broad *gros de Naples* band, bound with satin round the waist, fastened behind with a steel buckle: three rows of minaret bells of *gros de Naples*, bound with satin, decorate the bottom of the dress, which is finished with a satin rouleau. Square collar of worked muslin, and worked muslin ruffles. Round cap of sprigged bobbinet, and a single border of British Lisle lace, set on with equal fulness all round, and trimmed with shaded gauze ribbon of azure and rose colour. Cache-mire shawl, and jonquil-coloured gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white figured *gros de Naples*; frock front, without ornament, but rather full, and finished with a twisted rouleau of ethereal blue and white satin: the sleeve short and full, and set in a band of white satin: epaulette of white satin vandykes, bound with blue: the lower half of the sleeve is surrounded with a lozenge trimming of white satin bound with blue; the bottom of the skirt has five double rouleaus of blue and white satin, placed at equal distances, and is finished with a white satin rouleau: long sash of blue and white gauze ribbon: Sicilian scarf. The hair parted in front, with full curls on each side *à la Vandyke*, confined by two rows of pearl and a gold comb; a full plume of blue feathers, falling tastefully towards the front, and shading the left side of the face. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of pearl. Long white kid gloves, white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The heavy garb of winter begins now rapidly to give way to the light-





THE END OF THE WORLD

er attire of spring. Cloth pelisses have disappeared; velvet ones are still partially worn, but they are more generally adopted in silk. Beaver bonnets are seldom seen; Leghorn and silk are very general. Swans-down muffs and tippets begin to be substituted in carriage dress for ermine and chinchilla. Among the novel articles for spring fashions, we think our fair readers will find the following most worthy of their attention. A pelisse of bright grass-green lutestring; the back full, very narrow at the bottom of the waist, and finished by acorns of the same colour: the sleeve is cut low on the shoulder, so as to give all possible width to the bust. The trimming consists of a row of tulip-leaves of the same colour, but corded with satin a shade darker; the pelisse fastens on the right side, and the trimming, which is very much raised, goes round the bottom and up that side to the throat. The collar and the bottom of the sleeve are cut at the edge to resemble a leaf-trimming: the epaulette consists of a fulness of satin confined by three tulip-leaves, which meet in the centre of the arm. The bonnet worn with this pelisse is of the same material, lined with white satin, and finished by an intermixture of white satin and green gauze at the edge of the brim, which is small and rather of the cottage shape: low round crown, surrounded by a wreath of white blossoms, placed high, and to form a diadem in front: strings of white and green figured ribbon.

A carriage hat and spencer of azure *gros de Naples*: the spencer fastens behind; a satin cord, which goes up the middle of the back, renders the fastening imperceptible: a similar cord goes at each side of the

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back, and the hips are finished with satin rosettes, having a wrought silk button in the centre of each. The bust is ornamented with satin and *chenille* in a very striking manner: the trimming issues from the point of the shoulder, and is interlaced down the front. Full epaulettes, fastened with satin ornaments to correspond with the bust: tight long sleeve, slightly figured at the bottom with *chenille*. The crown of the hat is of the shape of a melon, and consists of *bouillons* divided by bands of *pluche de soie*, broad at bottom and pointed at top; these bands meet in the centre of the crown, which is adorned by a tuft of white marabouts, that fall over it: the brim is narrow, placed rather to one side, and partly turned up; it is lined with *pluche de soie*; a plume of marabouts, longer than those which adorn the crown, is placed at one side, so as to fall over to the left ear.

A cambric muslin morning dress, of the robe form, struck us more from its novelty than its elegance: the trimming, which is excessively broad, is composed of three rows, each containing six narrow corded tucks; a band of letting-in lace is placed between each of the three rows: this trimming goes up the front, and is the entire breadth of the bust; it is rounded at bottom: the trimming of the petticoat corresponds. Muslin is expected to be much in favour before the end of April for dinner dress. We have seen some gowns trimmed with flounces set on in waves, with muslin *bouillonné* between each wave; the *corsage* formed of an intermixture of work and *bouillonné*; the latter as small as possible.

Cornettes of different forms, but

K K

all with low cauls, are generally worn both in morning and half dress: in the former they are composed of English lace; in the latter, of blond net trimmed with blond lace: they are ornamented with flowers of the

season, satin and flowered gauze ribbons: these latter are of a new and really beautiful description.

Fashionable colours are, primrose, lilac, blue, rose, pale lavender, and different shades of green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dresses at present offer a good deal of variety, but little novelty: manteaus and pelisses are still worn; but they are not so fashionable as *rédingotes*, without any other envelope than a palatine of chinchilla, or in some instances of swansdown. *Rédingotes* of black velvet, trimmed with satin scollops, and edged with black blond, are much in favour; they are made tight to the shape, and the waist is as long as ever. If the *rédingote* is of silk, the *corsage* and skirt are in one, with the fulness principally drawn to the middle of the back. I must not omit to say, that the hoods of pelisses are now ornamented with embroidery and knots of ribbon: this style of *capuchon* is, however, only used for those pelisses that are worn as evening wraps; for parties or the theatre, and when the *capuchon* is drawn on the hood, it has very much the appearance of a dress bonnet. Early as it is in the season, we already begin to use light materials for our *chapeaux*; not only white satin and white *gros de Naples*, but gauze and *crêpe lisse* are worn. Bonnets are something smaller than during the two last months. Flowers are now the favourite ornaments, particularly roses: in many instances they are mixed with knots of the material of the bonnet, but sometimes they

form the only decoration. Velvet *toques*, with gold bands and tassels, are much worn: one long white curled ostrich feather is placed at the back of the *toque*, and droops over to the right shoulder.

Full dress offers a mixture of light and heavy materials: velvet is still very fashionable; it is trimmed with black lace or rich black fringe, interspersed with brilliant steel ornaments, or else with gold fringe and *torsades*. Velvet dresses are made either *à la vierge*, and with a narrow *ruche* of tulle round the bust, or else with a low *corsage*, which fastens before, and which, sloping down on each side of the bosom, crosses in the centre at the bottom of the waist.

White and coloured gauze, and tulle over satin to correspond, are also much worn. The newest form is a tunic, called a *sultane*. I shall describe one of these, which has just appeared: a gown, composed of blue gauze, and short enough to shew the broad white satin rouleau of the slip: the trimming of the skirt is formed by a fulness of blue gauze entwined with pearls: the *corsage* is cut very low. The *sultane* is an open robe, considerably shorter than the gown: it is cut very low behind, slopes down at each side of the bust to the waist, where it nearly meets; it then goes off at each side in a gradual slope, and is rounded at each corner: a rouleau of gauze twisted

with pearls, to correspond with the bottom, goes all round the robe. Short full sleeve; the fulness is confined round the arm by a pearl band and tassel, in such a manner that the lower part of the sleeve forms a full rouleau.

It is only at balls, or on very young people, that we now see head-dresses of flowers, *toques* and turbans being universally adopted by all our most dashing *élégantes*: the former are very generally adorned with plumes of the bird of Paradise; and in some instances, the folds of the *toque* are clasped by jewels. Turbans are generally composed of two materials, one of which is usually gold or silver gauze; the other velvet or satin, of a colour strongly contrasting with that of the gauze. Caps are worn also in evening dress, but they are not yet so generally adopted as *toques* or turbans: they are always in blond, are made without ears, and the most

elegant are ornamented with two diadems of flowers, one placed over the forehead, the other on the crown of the head. Here and there one sees a *merveilleuse* with a small blond cap, with a diadem of flowers in front, and a bunch of marabouts falling on one side; but this ridiculous *coëffure* is very rarely adopted. The hair still continues to be worn in very large full curls on the temples, but it is now more divided. Coloured gems of every description are greatly worn: they are intermixed with gold, and always correspond with the colour of the dress; if that is white, the jewellery is then of the colour of the trimming, or the *coëffure*.

Fashionable colours are, *ponceau*, gold colour, cerulean blue, mignonne green, rose colour, and a particular shade of yellow called *Ipsiboe*. Adieu! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has nearly ready for publication *Hints on Ornamental Gardening*, by J. B. Papworth, Esq. architect to the King of Wirtemberg; illustrated with twenty-eight coloured engravings. This volume will form a companion to that on "Rural Residences," by the same author.

The same publisher has in the press, in one volume duodecimo, illustrated with plates, *The Green Mantle of Venice*, and other interesting Tales, explanatory of appearances considered as supernatural, and tending to counteract the belief in ghosts and apparitions.

The seventh division of *The World in Miniature*, containing a Description of the Manners, Customs, Character, &c. of the Inhabitants of the Austrian Empire, in two volumes, with thirty-

two coloured engravings, is just ready for delivery. The eighth division will embrace "China," in two volumes, with thirty plates.

Mr. Pugin has completed the second volume of his *Specimens of Gothic Architecture*. It contains fifty-four engravings, and ten sheets of letter-press. The latter is by Mr. E. J. Willson of Lincoln, and embraces, besides historical and descriptive information, a "Glossary of old Terms" used in Gothic architecture. The work is now finished in 2 vols. 4to.

Mr. Britton's *History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral*, in 1 vol. 4to. with twenty-six engravings, is just ready for publication.

The same author's *Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey*, will appear early in April, and will contain

twelve engravings, instead of nine, as originally promised.

The first number of *Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London* will appear on the 1st of April, and will contain seven engravings, of St. Paul's Cathedral, the New Entrance to the House of Lords, the Temple Church, and the Custom-House, with two sheets of letter-press.

Mr. Rutter's intended publication on *Fonthill Abbey* is nearly ready to appear. It has been a little delayed by a final revision of the manuscript and plates, accomplished by the aid of a well-known architect, during several days' free access to the abbey, in the beginning of March.

Mr. Bird, author of "The Vale of Slaughden," &c. has a volume in the press, entitled *Poetical Memoirs*.

The Geography, History, and Statistics of America and the West Indies, as originally published in the American Atlas of Messrs. Cary and Lea, of Philadelphia, are reprinting in this country, in 1 vol. 8vo. with much additional matter relative to the New States of South America; and accompanied with several maps, charts, and views, so as to concentrate, under the above heads, a greater fund of information respecting the Western Hemisphere, than has hitherto appeared.

Mrs. Holderness has a volume in the press, entitled *New Russia*, being some account of the colonization of that country, and of the manners and customs of the colonists; to which is added a brief detail of a journey overland from Riga to the Crimea by way of Kiew, accompanied with notes on the Crim-Tartars.

Mr. Oliver, surgeon, has in the press, *Popular Observations upon Muscular Contraction*, with his mode of treatment of diseases of the limbs associated therewith. He proposes also to illustrate his system of the application in particular cases of mechanical apparatus by graphical delineations, more particularly

where the knee, elbow, and ankle joints are affected.

Dr. Meyrick's *Treatise on Ancient Armour*, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right understanding of the early historians, and to throw much light on the manners of our ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next month. The chronological arrangement of the whole, the illuminated capitals illustrative of the subject, and the more picturesque representations of the armour of different periods, render this publication unlike any that has preceded it; which is on a plan so comprehensive, as to make it an important acquisition to every extensive library.

In the press, *Points of Humour*, illustrated in a series of plates, drawn and engraved by George Cruikshank.

A reprint of Southwell's *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour*, in royal 16mo. with a portrait, will shortly appear.

Proposals are circulated for publishing, in two folio volumes, a *Selection* from the most admired works of the late Dr. Callcott, including several manuscript pieces never before presented to the public, and a memoir of the author, written by Mr. Horsley. As it is to be published for the benefit of the doctor's family, the patronage of the friends of musical genius is confidently expected.

Memoirs of General Rapp, first aide-de-camp to Napoleon, written by himself, are preparing for publication in French and English.

Mr. J. M. Duncan, of the University press, Glasgow, author of "A Sabbath among the Tuscarora Indians," is preparing for publication, *an Account of Travels through Part of the United States and Canada in 1818 and 1819*, intended chiefly to illustrate subjects connected with the moral, literary, and religious condition of the country.

Mr. Frederick Clissold, who made the next ascent of Mont Blanc after the fatal

accident which befel the guides of Dr. Hamel, by the fall of an avalanche, in 1820, is about to publish an Account of this Journey, for the benefit of the guides of Chamouni.

Mr. George Hayter has just finished for exhibition a large historical picture of the late *Queen's Trial in the House of Lords*. It represents exactly, in the form and manner of its occurrence, that historical event, with two hundred portraits of the peers, learned counsel, and personages engaged in the proceedings, arranged in their respective places.

Mr. Bowditch has made arrangements for the speedy publication of a *Sketch of the Portuguese Establishments in Congo, Angola, and Benguela*; with some account of the modern discoveries of the Portuguese in the interior of Angola and Mozambique, with a map of the coast and interior.

Sir John Leicester purposes opening his Gallery of the Productions of British Art for a limited number of days after Easter, under the direction of Mr. Young, Keeper of the British Institution.

To some of our readers it may be a useful piece of information, that plaid stuffs neither shrink nor lose their lustre, if washed with soap and cold water, and starched and ironed before they are dry.

The swallowing of pins, fish-bones, &c. has frequently been attended with fatal consequences. In these cases, the patient should immediately take four grains of tartar emetic dissolved in warm water, and then swallow the whites of five or six eggs, which will generally cause the substance swallowed to be brought up with the coagulated mass of eggs. A case of the successful employment of this method is mentioned by Dr. Turnbull. A maid-servant of the Hon. Mr. Baillie, of Millerstone, in Scotland, went to bed with twenty-four pins in her mouth. In the night the family were alarmed with her cries. The emetic and the eggs were given as directed above, and all the pins came up.

A variety of the succory, improved by cultivation, is much employed in France. The young leaves are used in salad; and for procuring them successive growings are kept up in gardens. When the plant is raised in fields, the outer leaves are plucked at different periods of summer and autumn, and given to milch-cows, by which, it is said, they afford about a third more milk than when fed on common fodder; but it at first acquires a slightly sour taste. The butter is also more easily obtained from it. At the approach of winter, the roots are dug up, and laid in a cellar horizontally in alternate layers with sand or light soil, with their heads outermost and uncovered. In this situation they are kept excluded from frost, and also from light, during which they afford the blanched roots, called *Barbe de Capucin*, used as winter salad. The roots are also put with sand into barrels, having numerous holes in their sides, through which the shoots very easily push, and are cut off when required. Barrels thus packed are sometimes taken on board vessels about to sail, and afford fresh salad for many months.

A few drops of any *perfumed* oil will secure libraries from the effects of mouldiness and damp. Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London-docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

An appeal has been made to the feelings of the lovers of the arts in behalf of the son of that celebrated engraver Vivares, whose prints from the landscapes of Claude Lorraine are so well known. His son, who has meritoriously pursued the same profession, is now at the age of seventy-nine, from increasing infirmities, and a total failure of business, reduced to such distress, that, with a wife in her seventieth year, he has no prospect of protection but that of a workhouse.

unless some measure be adopted by the humane and charitable for his relief. Old as Mr. Vivares is, he executed for Mr. Ottley's History of Engraving that exquisitely delicate and surprising facsimile of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, from the original of Finiguerra; and he also engraved a number of curious fac-

similes in Mr. Dibdin's Tour. His late want of employment therefore has not arisen so much from inability to work, as from a backwardness and even bashfulness in stating his own claims. Messrs. Colnaghi have consented to take charge of contributions for his relief.

Poetry.

STANZAS :

From the German of KLEIST.

O THOU who through the silent air
Dost sail on fragrant pinion by,
Say, Zephyr, hast thou seen my fair?
And dost thou waft to me her sigh?

And ye, clear streams, as on ye flow,
From me the lovely maiden greet;
And murmuring whisper all my woe,
Whene'er your waters kiss her feet.

O say, that since she sped her flight
From these sad scenes, so gay before,
Nature is robed in gloomy night,
And wears her wonted charms no more!

O where does she delight to stray?
What plains with her loved presence smile?
Where does the dance her limbs display?
Where does her voice the hours beguile?

LINES from BÜRGER.

So great his passion for his bride Louisa,
Sir Robert cannot talk of her enough;
He vows he would do any thing to please her,
But—absolutely cannot leave off snuff.

LINES

Upon seeing an Infant asleep in its Mother's Arms.

Sleep on, no cares thy couch molest,
No terrors yet alarm;
Now, little stranger, thou art blest,
Thine empire is a mother's breast,
Thy shield a father's arm.
The early rose-bud hid in leaves,
That form for it a fragrant bower,
In stormy nights no ill receives,
But woe awaits the full-blown flow'r.
Sleep on—no worldly blight is near;
Sleep on, secure from danger,
I whisper to thee with a tear;
Thou knowest all the bliss that's here,
To sorrow yet a stranger.

May he who shelters the distress,
Secure thy soul from guile;
And mayst thou ever sleep to rest,
And ever wake to smile!

LINES

*Sent with a couple of Ducks to a Patient,
By the late Dr. JENNER.*

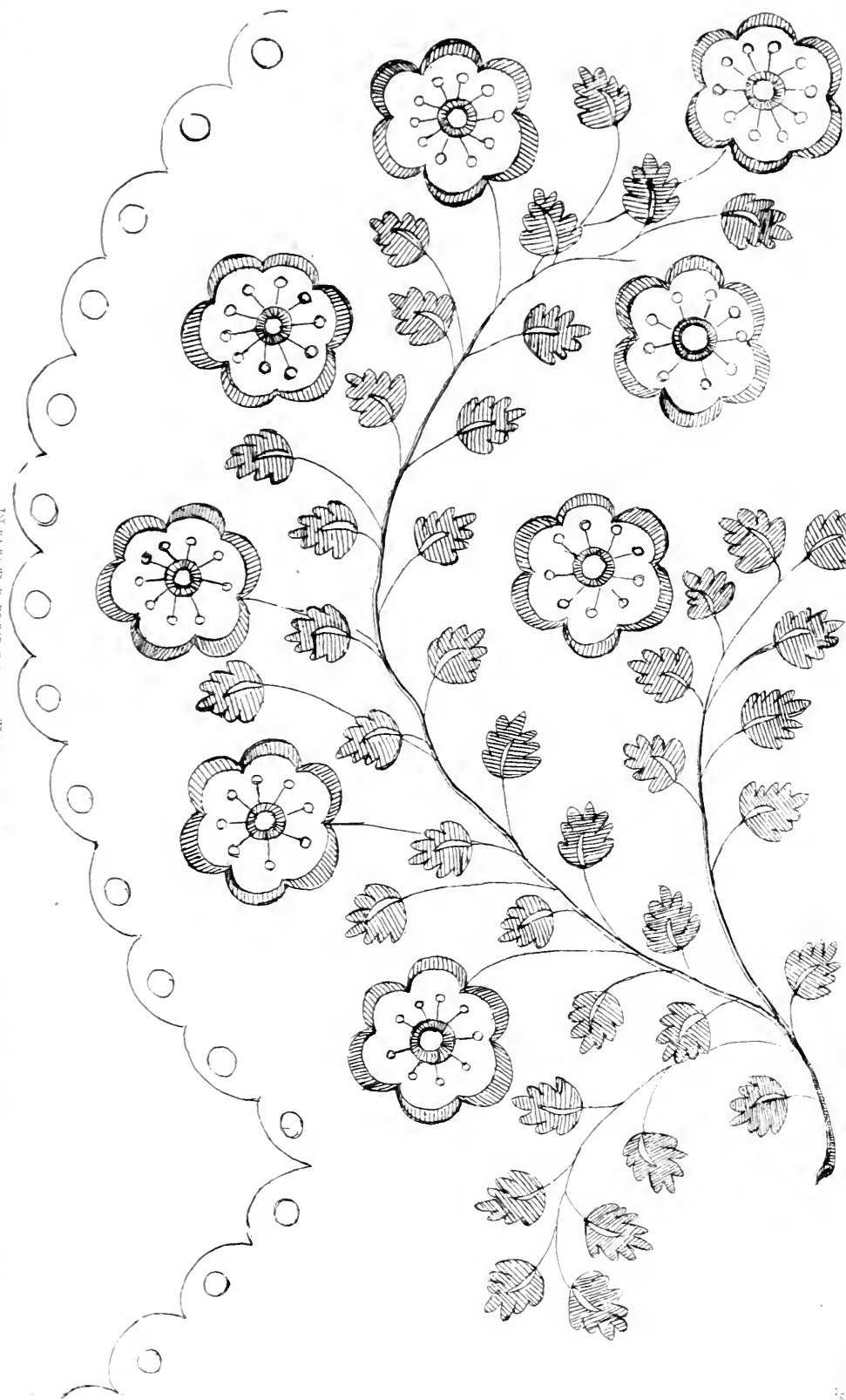
I've dispatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap
of a letter,
To say that Miss — is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of
quacks.

THE EXILE.

The swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas;
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit the trees,
And the vessel before it
Her ports will contain;
But—ah, me!—I shall never
See England again!

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone;
For the tears that are falling,
So far from her own—
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain,
Whether death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cliffs recline
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy those white cliffs,
And dream, love, of thee;
But the cloud spreads its wings
To the sea wind, and flies:
Are we never to meet, love,
Except in the skies?





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Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

MAY 1, 1823.

N^o. V.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Architectural Strictures of Criticus are in rather too pointed a style to suit our taste.

Senex, who would proscribe our Fashions, on account of "the temptations to extravagance which they hold forth to young Females," seems not to be aware, that on the same ground he might require half the shops and manufactories in the kingdom to be shut up.

To A Housewife we reply, that we shall be thankful for the communication of approved recipes in any branch of domestic economy.

The article on the Game of Chess is received, but it came too late for insertion this month.

Translations of Kleist's Birthday and Funeral—Alhompra, the Deliverer of Burmah—Emily—Precautions against Scarcity of Grain, in our next.

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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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

MAY 1, 1823.

NO. V.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

SION-HOUSE.

THIS noble mansion, an ornament to the banks of old Thames, on which it stands, is one of the magnificent seats of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. It is situated near the village of Isleworth, about nine miles from London. King Henry V. in the year 1414, founded in the parish of Twickenham a convent of Bridgetines, of the order of Augustines, and in reference to the holy mount, bestowed on it the name of Sion. The establishment consisted of sixty nuns with the abbess, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay brethren, to correspond with the number of the apostles and the seventy-two disciples of Christ.

In 1432, by permission of King Henry VI. the order removed to an extensive edifice constructed by them on their demesne, on the site of the

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present stately edifice. Scarcely a vestige of the ancient monastery but the name now remains. It was richly endowed by the founder, and valuable additions were made to it by subsequent monarchs, till the reign of Henry VIII. when it was one of the first religious houses pounced on by that rapacious king; its revenue at the time being valued at 1731*l.* 8*s.* 4½*d.* per annum. On account of its fine situation, the estate was retained by the crown. In this house the king confined his unfortunate queen, Katherine Howard, while preparations were making for her trial, which was from the 14th of Nov. 1541, to Feb. the 10th, in the following year, when she was removed, and three days afterwards perished at the block.

The Protector, Edward Seymour,
L L

Duke of Somerset, obtained a grant of the estate from his nephew, the youthful Edward VI. in the first year of his reign. After demolishing the convent, he commenced the present noble structure; but notwithstanding all possible celerity used in the building, he did not live to perfect his designs, being led to the scaffold in 1552, when the property reverted to the crown. It was shortly afterwards granted to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and became the residence of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, and his wife, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. It was here that the misfortunes of that accomplished female commenced, for here she was prevailed on to accept the crown, and from this house she was removed to the Tower, not to mount the throne, but the scaffold, with her unfortunate husband. The bold but imprudent duke met the same fate, when the estate again became crown land, and remained so under the reign of Queen Mary, till 1557, when it was restored to the Bridgetines, who had some difficulty in providing nuns, the former occupants being either dead or in the arms of their husbands. This order was again dissolved by Queen Elizabeth, with many others established by her deluded sister; and a few years afterwards, she granted Sion and the manor of Isleworth (which Mary had conferred on the Bridgetine order,) to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland.

Under this deserving but unfortunate nobleman, the estate was improved and the house finished. — Great improvements were made in the edifice by his son, Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, who called in the assistance of Inigo Jones. It was to this nobleman that

the House of Commons deputed the care of the children of the unfortunate Charles I. and it was to this house he conducted them August 27, 1646, treating them with parental care, and the respectful attention due to their high birth and tender age; the Duke of York being fourteen, the Princess Elizabeth twelve, and the Duke of Gloucester seven. The noble earl obtained permission from the Parliament for the king to visit his children: in consequence, the unhappy monarch was allowed to break through his restraint at Hampton and dine with his family. The royal children continued happy under the care bestowed on them at Sion-House till 1649, when they were resigned to the earl's sister, the Countess of Leicester.

In 1682, Charles Duke of Somerset having married Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving daughter and heiress of Josceline, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland, Sion-House became his property, thus returning into the family of the former possessor. The noble pair lent this house to the Princess of Denmark (afterwards Queen Anne), as a residence during the misunderstanding with her sister Queen Mary. Algernon Earl of Hertford, only surviving son of Charles Duke of Somerset, succeeding to the titles and estates, gave Sion-House to his daughter Elizabeth, by whose marriage to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart. Sion-House became his property, and he having taken the name of Percy, was created Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Northumberland. The present noble proprietor is the offspring of this alliance.

The annexed View of Sion-House shews the southern and eastern fronts

of this quadrangular and extensive building. The east side is supported by arches, forming a handsome piazza, which ranges along this front. The building forms a hollow square. It is three stories high, embattled, and has a flat roof, with embattled turrets at the four angles. The entrances to the house from the principal fronts are by flights of stone steps, by one of which you ascend into the Great Hall of Entrance, which is a magnificent room, 66 feet in length by 30 in width, and nearly 33 in height. The ceiling is highly wrought in stucco, and the pavement of marble: it is adorned by colossal antique marble statues of Cicero, Scipio Africanus, Livia, and a Priestess; but what is particularly striking as you leave this hall, is a fine bronze cast of the Dying Gladiator, which is placed so as to produce a fine effect as you enter the Vestibule, an apartment of such peculiar richness as to command the highest admiration. The floor is of scagliola marble: the ceiling and sides are richly ornamented; but in the immense quantity of verd antique adornments to this vestibule, it is thought to excel any thing of the kind in the world. The principal of these consist of twelve fine Ionic columns and sixteen pilasters, all of verd antique, rich in its variety of lovely tints: the capitals are gilt, with twelve statues, also gilt, over the twelve columns. A table of great beauty, brought from Egypt, deserves notice. The room is nearly 37 feet by 30, and 21 in height.

This leads to the Dining-Room, 62 feet by 22; a room of extreme elegance and classical effect. The ceiling is stucco gilt, and the sides painted after the antique in chiaro-scuro.

In recesses are six beautiful marble statues. There are circular recesses at each end of the room, separated by Corinthian columns, which support an enriched but chaste architrave. The whole is finely contrasted, though in unison, with the Great Drawing-Room, about 45 feet by 22. The sides of this room are hung with satin, presenting a variety of beautiful warm colours and semi-tints, from the peculiar quality of its manufacture with three-coloured silk, the first of the kind wrought in England. The ceiling is coved and divided into compartments, containing admirable copies of antique paintings. Two noble Mosaic tables are formed out of beautiful pieces found in the baths of Titus: the chimney-piece, of statuary marble, is finely executed, and inlaid with or-molu. The whole is reflected in glasses of immense size, measuring 108 inches by 65.

The Drawing-Room leads to the Great Gallery, which constitutes the Library: it occupies the whole of the eastern front, being 136 feet by 14: the bookcases are well contrived in recesses, appearing part of the embellishments, which they certainly form; to complete which, at the end of the room on the folding-doors opening to the garden, the bookcase is imitated, and, by a happy thought, the inventor of this deception inscribed on the mimic volumes the titles of the lost Greek and Roman authors: thus solacing the disappointment felt at the pleasing deception by a curious catalogue of the *autores deperditi*. The ceiling is painted in compartments, and highly ornamented in stucco, which is continued over the sides, modeled from the most attractive remains of classical antiquity:

these were the first embellishments in stucco executed in England. The upper divisions contain portraits of all the Earls of Northumberland in succession, and other principal personages of the houses of Percy and Seymour. They form a series of medallions, and are all from original paintings. The handsome chimney-piece is adorned to correspond with the enrichments throughout the room.

Connected with this apartment are small pavilions, finished in the most exquisite taste. The whole of these apartments, for state purposes, were arranged under the direction of Messrs. Adams.

The apartments appropriated to family use are capacious and numerous, fitted up with becoming splendour, and contain many valuable pictures by Vandyke and other eminent artists. Among them are the following:

King Charles I. by Vandyke.

King Charles I. and one of his Sons: his majesty holds a letter, directed "*Au Roi Monseigneur.*" His son (probably the Duke of Gloucester) is presenting a penknife to cut the strings. This picture was painted by Sir Peter Lely during the king's visits to Sion-House to see his family; the receipt for it is in the Duke of Northumberland's possession: the price charged was thirty pounds.

Queen Henrietta-Maria, by Vandyke: the queen's hand rests on roses, the flower of beauty, which are spread on a table; the crown is seen a little to the right: a beautiful picture.

Two other portraits of the king's children, *the Princess Elizabeth*, the only portrait of her extant, and *the Duke of Gloucester*, are placed, with

the above portraits of the unfortunate Stuart family, with interesting propriety in the apartment where so many tender interviews took place between the king and his family.

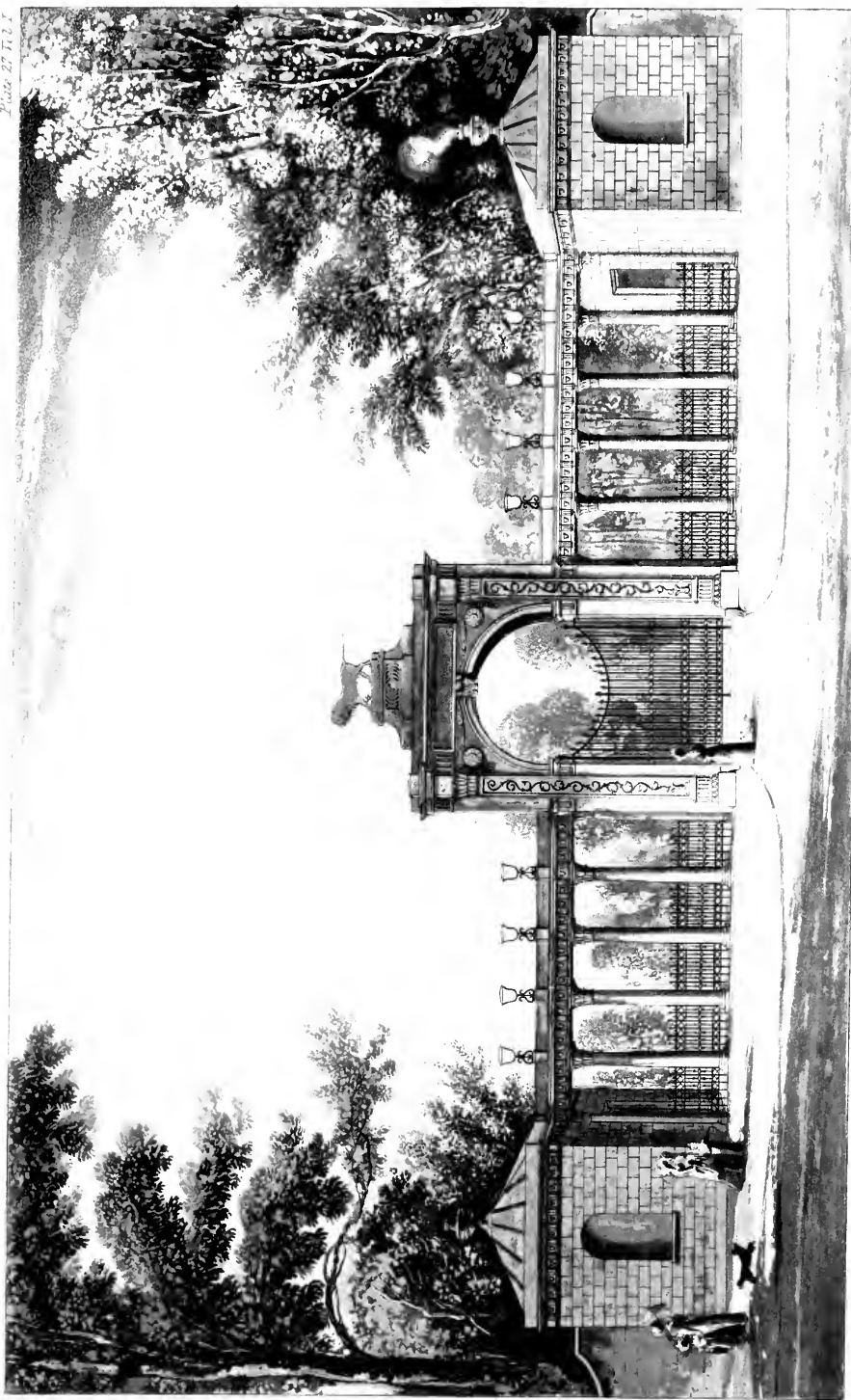
In another room is a fine portrait of *Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland*, represented in a meditating attitude, with deep reflection expressed in his countenance. During his long confinement in the Tower, he was cheered by literary pursuits and frequent conversations with Sir Walter Raleigh, also a prisoner there.

A fine portrait of an exceedingly beautiful woman, *Lady Lucy, Countess of Carlisle*, deserves particular notice: she was one of the most admired beauties of her time, of an ardent mind, an active disposition, and joining in the politics of the day, was one of the first supporters of General Monk.

From the flat roof of the house and turrets the views are extremely beautiful, comprehending the grounds, which are admirably laid out, and the delightful scenery from Kew to Richmond.

Our second plate exhibits a View of the principal Park-Entrance from the Great Western road. It is an elegant structure, comprising a central arch, adorned on each side by an open colonnade, and terminated by the porters' lodges; the centre is surmounted by the lion passant, the crest of the noble house of Northumberland. The whole forms a fanciful open screen, through which the park is seen to great advantage, and has a pleasing effect: it is the work of Adams.

The Grounds possess great beauty, for which they are much indebted to Brown. Besides the noble river Thames, which washes the boundary



of the demesne, a small tributary river is conducted through the grounds in serpentine forms, with great effect, and is embellished with several bridges in its course, adding considerably to the beauty of the scene.

The Flower-Garden is laid out with infinite taste, and enriched by a handsome column, which supports

a statue of Flora. The Green-House is of ample dimensions, with a rich Gothic front: the walls are part and the only remains of the ancient monastery. The Kitchen-Gardens are spacious, with extensive forcing-houses, and are completely shut out from the house by rich woods.

BALLAD-SINGERS.

" I'll sing you a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie."

It is a maxim with many well-conducted inhabitants of this metropolis, to avoid crowds; and whenever they observe any occurrence near them that attracts an assemblage of the populace, to cross the way, or turn down another street. This is certainly a very safe, but it is also somewhat of a selfish practice. Unquestionably, such prudent persons escape harm to themselves, but they shrink from the opportunity, in many cases, of averting harm from others. The presence of two or three decent individuals in a minor mob may frequently rescue helplessness from insult and outrage, and repress at their commencement disorders which, if allowed to increase, might lead to some fatal catastrophe. But, waving the inducement of duty, one should think curiosity would sufficiently stimulate a human being, not tutored and pampered out of the best sympathies of his nature, to avail himself (with due caution) of every means that offered of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the varieties of character exhibited by his fellow-creatures, under all the singular complication of circumstances in

which they are necessarily placed in a great city.

For myself, I confess that I never spy a cluster of people, such as I have alluded to, without feeling an inclination to ascertain for what purpose they are collected. In nine instances out of ten, and especially in the evening, I find that they are drawn together by the power of harmony, and are standing with profound attention around some ragged vocalist, who has just obtained a fresh assortment of St. Giles's poetry. The lovers of frugal merriment can seldom lay out a halfpenny with more advantage than on these occasions. As a specimen of the kind of entertainment that they are likely to receive, I subjoin a verbatim copy of a ballad, which I bought the other night at one of the corners of Leicester-square from a little female songster.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER,

Or Hero rewarded.

Near to St. James's there liv'd a lady;
She was of birth and high degree,
The fairest beauty in London city;
Five hundred pounds a year had she.

But she was of a resolution,
That no man her husband should be,

Unless it was some man of honour
In the wars by land or sea.

There was two young squires, two young
brothers,

Came this lady for to view,
With a double resolution
This young lady to pursue.

The one had a captain's commission,
Under the command of Colonel Carr;
The other was a lieutenant
On board the Tiger man of war.

O! then bespoke the youthful lady,
"I can but be one man's bride;
Come to me to-morrow morning,
And the matter I'll decide."

They went home till next morning,
Thinking on their fatal doom;
On their beds they lay musing,
'Till the morning it was come.

When the morning it was coming,
To this lady they did repair;
The next morning very early
To this lady they went so fair.

O! then she bade her coach get ready,
And to the Tower away drove she,
There to spend one single hour,
All the rarities to see.

Lions they were fiercely roaring,
Which put this lady in a swoon
For the space of three long hours;
But when she had her senses found,

When she had herself recover'd,
Into the den she threw her fan,
Saying, "Which of you will wed a lady?
O! which of you will fetch my fan?"

Then bespoke the faint-hearted captain,
"Of your offers I don't approve:
Madam, there are so many dangers,
I will not venture for your love."

Then bespoke the bold lieutenant,
With a voice so loud and high,
"Madam, here is a man present
Will fetch your fan to you, or die."

Into the den he straightway enter'd,
Where the beasts they look'd so grim;
But still the man he grew more bolder,
And he look'd as grim as them.

But when they saw the man was loyal,
Down before his feet they lay;
Then he stoop'd, and the fan he gather'd,
And he brought it safe away.

When she found the man was coming,
And no harm to him was done,
Then she said, "My dearest jewel,
Come and take the prize you've won."

Then bespoke the faint-hearted captain,
Like a man that's disturb'd in mind,
Saying, "Into some shades I'll wander,
Where no mortal shall me find."

The above, however, is a favourable sample of the ware in question. It is seldom that a story is so consecutively told; that the language is so intelligible; that the absurdities are not more frequent; and that the whole is not seasoned with an indecency or two. It has frequently therefore been a matter of surprise and regret to those who know the powerful impression that may be made by the most gentle influences, if perseveringly reiterated, and who are aware of the importance, both to their own happiness and to that of the country at large, of endeavouring to diminish the ignorance and mitigate the brutality of the common people, that, among the various benevolent associations which have been formed for various purposes in this country, no one has ever arisen with the object, humble as it is in appearance, of reforming our street-minstrels.

Milton, in his "Treatise on Education," exquisitely describes the ameliorating effect of music on the human character, when he says, that the intervals of rest, after exercise and before meals, may by youth, "both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and

grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions."

If there be any persons whose "dispositions and manners" it is peculiarly desirable "to smooth and make gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions," they are the ruder classes of the population; and although they may be unable to relish those "solemn and divine harmonies" so delightful to the initiated, who can easily disentangle and justly appreciate "the well-studied chords of some choice composer," impartial Nature has bestowed on them a perfect capacity for enjoying the beauties of "the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties." At present, their "travailed spirits" are seldom thus "recreated;" but they are compelled to listen to strains as remote from real melody, as the productions which those strains either accompany or render vocal, are from common sense.

Were such a hint as that which has just been thrown out, adopted, the execution of the project would not be difficult, as it regards either instrumental or vocal music. The latter, however, being by far the more important, a few suggestions may not be inexpedient with respect to the course which promises the most successful result.

Let there be formed then a "Society for the Suppression of Discord." It need not be very numerous; and

a small original contribution, and a still smaller annual subscription, would furnish funds amply sufficient for the purpose. A professional man, not of high rank, but of competent ability and judgment, must be engaged. He must be directed to perambulate the metropolis at stated periods; and whenever he heard a female ballad-singer (for on many accounts it would be advisable to limit the plan to females) with a good voice and ear, to offer her gratuitous instruction. In most instances this offer would be gladly accepted. The pupils should be taught in classes; and there is no one, qualified by nature as I have described, who might not, by the application of a single hour every day, be enabled, in a month or six weeks, to sing twenty or thirty popular airs with correctness, and, in many cases, with a considerable degree of taste.

While the above is doing, let the members of the society and their friends amuse themselves in their leisure hours—and a high amusement they would find it—by writing a number of little songs and ballads on all the various topics of human interest, to be printed, and sold at a cheap rate to the pupils of the institution, when adequately instructed by their music-master. It must be quite unnecessary to observe, that the style of these compositions, although accurate, ought to be simple, and on a level with the capacity of those for whose use they are intended. But it may not be so obvious, that entertainment ought to be the principal object in view. Any attempt at direct moral inculcation would assuredly defeat the purpose of the well-meaning persons by whom it might be made; and who should reflect,

that if they merely supersede, by the substitution of their lively but harmless effusions, the grossness and barbarism which have so long been permitted to stultify the people, and thereby to expose them unresistingly to the tyranny of vicious habits, they will effect a most desirable improvement of the popular character. They must consider themselves as little more than the pioneers of cultivation, and be content with removing weeds and brush-wood, and preparing the rich but fallow soil for future tillage and fertility. At the same

time, they would of course select such themes for their poetical pleasantry as might indirectly, and without awakening the slightest suspicion that they were designed to do so, excite and confirm generous and estimable feelings.

Would this be an unimportant or undignified occupation? The great Lord Chatham shall answer: "Let me," said that profound and enlightened statesman, "let me make the national ballads, and let who will make the laws."

W. H. W.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A BRAMIN, seated before the door of his hut, blessed a European missionary, who was just departing, and cursing him in a low tone; and behold, an Indian of the tribe of the *Vasya*, who are engaged in trade, and have much traffic with strangers, stood before him. "Reverend teacher," said he, "I am exceedingly troubled on account of the evil which so often stifles in me that which is good. I have been an upright tradesman, began with little, and have acquired wealth by industry and economy; but with wealth cares have come upon me, and the greatest of them is to keep a good conscience, for that is not to be purchased with all the gold of Orixia or the diamonds of Golconda. Brama is my witness, and Vishnu and all the gods, that my intentions are upright, and that it is the warmest wish of my heart to be always just and virtuous. Tell me then, my friend, how happens it, that sometimes in one and the same hour I am both good and bad; and that in one day, I am twenty times good and twenty times wicked?"

"Yesterday a poor but honest man of my tribe, who is starving with his wife and children, came to me to solicit relief. I assisted him, and this act rendered me pleased and satisfied with myself. An hour afterwards, I received information from Madras, that an Englishman had defrauded me of a considerable quantity of goods. I cursed him, though he is my brother too, and presently beat a servant for some trivial fault. Towards evening, I went out a-walking with my children beneath the palm-trees. They sported and frolicked about me; the evening sun threw his kindly rays over us, and my heart expanded with joy. There we met with a tattered stranger; I took him home with me, and entertained him hospitably. We talked of one thing and another, and at length of the wicked Englishman at Madras who has robbed me. I began to abuse all the English with vehemence: now my guest was himself an Englishman, and that I well knew. I saw him drop a silent tear, not daring to reply. This tear wash-

ed away all the kindness I had shewn him. At night I could not sleep for thinking of my inhumanity; this morning I dismissed him with a handsome present, and he pursued his way with gratitude and joy.

"Now tell me, venerable Bramin, whose shoulders are covered with sacred cow-dung, am I a good or a bad man? What spirits are they that contend for mastery in my bosom? What makes me to-day so susceptible of all that is good and generous, and to-morrow closes my heart against all such impressions?"

"Come again to-morrow morning," replied the Bramin with a benevolent smile, "and I will answer thee as Brama shall direct me."

The Indian went, and could not close his eyes all night. Next morning he returned, and found the old man before his hut, and around him were placed a number of bowls filled with clear water. At the bottom of each bowl there was a quantity of sand and mud.

"Look at these bowls," said he to his visitor; "the water is pure and limpid, and the image of the sun is reflected therein. Thus is the image of God reflected in the soul of man. If a tempest arises, or if I stir the water with this stick, the sand becomes mixed with it, and renders it turbid. In a short time, the sand sinks again to the bottom, and the water is pellucid as before. Thus it is with our passions. Beware of characterizing any man as good or evil. The man whose heart is tranquil is good; he who is agitated by passions is wicked. Every one has impurities at the bottom of his heart, and there they lie like the sand at the bottom of one of these basins, so long as it is not shaken or agitated.

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Shouldst thou witness a good action, rejoice; but imagine not, that the doer is invariably a virtuous man. If thou seest any thing evil, lament it; but condemn not him who did it, for it may be unintentional, and perhaps in the very next hour he performs a good and virtuous action. Happy he who has learned to steer his bark amid the raging tempest! Go, learn that art, my son, for no mortal can escape tempests."

The Indian, with deep emotion, then raised his eyes to the minister of the gods, and said, "Teach me that art, that my soul may not be doomed to inhabit the body of some impure animal."

"Labour and temperance," replied the Bramin, "impart health, and in a healthy body dwells a healthy soul, which vigorously resists that which is evil. I can teach thee nothing more; but I will give thee a salutary piece of advice. Man has in his power the means of avoiding most of the storms that would disturb the serenity of the soul, and raise the sand from the bottom of his heart. Thou hast as much as thou needest for thy support. Seek rural retirement; the inhabitant of the country is better than the inhabitant of the town. There thy days pass in peaceful uniformity; the serene atmosphere promotes a serene disposition; the interests of others do not there clash with thine; no circumstance is important enough to disturb the tranquillity of thy soul; like a child, thou takest delight in trifles, and art happy as a child."

And the Indian went his way, and followed the advice of the venerable Bramin. His life passed on in sweet tranquillity, and the image of God was reflected in his soul, like that of the sun in pellucid water.

M M

CANOVA'S MONUMENT FOR THE STUARTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN the enumeration of the works of the late eminent Italian artist Canova, inserted in your Number for February, I am rather surprised to find, that no mention is made of one of his performances, which, from the connection of its subject with this country, ought not to have been overlooked. I allude to the monument erected at the expense of his present Majesty, while Prince Regent, to the memory of the last three Stuarts, which is certainly remarkable on several accounts.

This monument, finished and set up in 1819, in the cathedral of St. Peter at Rome, is understood to have cost two thousand guineas. It is a pyramidal basso-relievo of white marble, twenty-seven palms in height. In this pyramid, terminating in a Roman sarcophagus, there is a door; over it are the busts of the first Pretender and his two sons, with an in-

scription, in which, all circumstances considered, courtesy seems to have been carried to an unusual length. It is as follows:

"JACOBO III. JACOBO II. *Magn. Brit. Regis Filio*, CAROLO EDUARDO, *et* HENRICO, *Decano Patrum Cardinalium*, JACOBI III. *Filiis, Regiæ Stirpis Stuartiæ postremis. Anno 1819.*"

"To James III. Son of James II. King of Great Britain, and to Charles Edward and Henry, Dean of the College of Cardinals, Sons of James III. the last of the Royal Race of Stuart. Anno 1819."

Two angels of death, placed one on each side of the door, suggested to Pasquin this remark, that "the Prince Regent had placed them there as sentinels, to prevent the Pretenders from slipping out of the mausoleum, in which they had been shut up at such a great expense."

I am, &c. C. C. C.

DIFFERENT MANNERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

CHANCE once brought together a number of persons belonging to the different nations of the world; and Chance had also taken care, that they should all be such as passed in their respective countries for models of good breeding and politeness. Nevertheless, the first word that was heard in this assembly, was the exclamation of a Mexican: "What an unmannerly clown!" which was levelled at his neighbour, a Brazilian.

"And why so?" asked the Brazilian.

The Mexican. Because you have not saluted me.

The Brazilian. Did I not immediately press your head against my stomach?

The Mexican. Yes, and in so doing you nearly broke my neck. You should have touched the ground with your hand, and then kissed it.

A Siamese. Begging your pardon, gentlemen, you are both wrong. Mr. Brazilian, as a well-bred man, should have stripped off his under garment, and wrapped it round his body.

A young Indian Woman from the coast of Malabar. What do you talk of, sir? Do you suppose we are come to see you strip off your undergarments? Whenever I meet a man to whom I owe respect, I uncover my bosom; and that, I think, is as much as he can modestly require.

A Native of Madagascar. Wherefore so much ceremony? It is quite sufficient if one softly lays his hand on that of the other.

A Cochinchinese. You seem to be very ill-bred, sir; otherwise you would have added, that as people pass one another, they should raise their rush-hats a little.

A South-Sea Islander. I wear no rush-hat, but I respectfully take off my crown of parrots' feathers, and put it on the head of the person I meet.

An Arab. Crowns and hats! all stuff! It is compliment enough to say, *Salam Aleikum*—"Peace be with you!" and the other must reply, *Aleikum Essalam*—"With you be peace!"

An Arab of Yemen. For shame, countryman! when you would appear very polite, you should try to kiss the other's hand, while he endeavours to do the same to yours. Then you must keep moving your hands about to prevent this, for at least a quarter of an hour, till the elder of the two at length permits the other to touch the ends of his fingers with his lips.

A European Woman (to the Arab). You talk a great deal about politeness, but you have not so much as made your obeisance to me.

The Arab. Because it would be the height of rudeness to take the least notice of a female abroad.

A Japanese Woman. I don't know what you mean by it. You see that I am standing before you as stiff as a poker, and you must admit, that nobody could salute you more respectfully. If you were a person of great distinction, I should even sit down to you.

A Persian. And then I should tell you that you knew nothing at all about politeness. You ought to stand up, nod your head, and clap your right hand to your lips.

A Morlackian Woman. By no means; you ought to receive a stranger with a kiss.

A Russian Woman. Very right, sister!

A German Woman. But I should hope only on the forehead or the hand.

A Moor. Quite the contrary, madam: it is you who ought to kiss our hands.

A Woman of the Island of Moraly. Kiss indeed! why, I should be highly affronted if all the people I meet were not to turn their backs upon me.

A Spaniard. "Go with God, senora!" is all that I should say to you.

A Californian. What occasion is there for a single word, or for any kind of salutation?

An Otaheitan. Neighbour Californian, you would be extremely uncivil if you did not uncover the upper part of the body at least to the hips.

An Ethiopian. Have you all forgotten, that it is necessary for one to untie the other's girdle or scarf that surrounds the waist, and to tie it again himself, while the other has the politeness to stand there half naked?

A Greenlander. Nonsense! you

should point to a place where the stranger is to sit down, without saying a word.

A Kurile. What, without having the manners to bend your knees?

A Lapland Woman. And without touching noses, and presenting each other with a reindeer's tongue?

A European. What an unmanly crew ye must be! Would none of you pull of your hat?

The Asiatic. O fie! that would be ill-bred indeed.

I had listened thus far with attention, when a friend, who was at

some distance, beckoned to me. I immediately pushed through the crowd, thrusting my head into the pit of the Brazilian's stomach, and upsetting him; stealing a side glance at the full bosom of the Indian girl; giving a hearty smack to the Morlachian woman; turning my back to the Moaly islander; saying, "Go with God, sennor," to the Spaniard; pulling the scarf from the body of the Ethiopian; and leaving behind me the character of a most accomplished gentleman.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. IV.

THE MOONSHINE TREASURE.

TRADITION tells us, that at Bannockburn the Macgregor chief carried a relic of St. Fillan, enshrined in a silver coffin, to the field, the day before the battle, and committed it to the care of the abbot of Inchafferey, that, in case of defeat, he should secrete the relic, and exhibit the empty casket. Robert Bruce, while at his devotions over this precious shrine, imploring the aid of St. Fillan, was startled by the casket opening and shutting again of its own accord. The priest, hastening to inquire the cause of alarm, was struck with holy awe and amazement to see that the arm of the saint had left its place of concealment, and again occupied the shrine of silver. This marvellous event was, by the king's command, immediately made known to the Scottish army, and had a mighty effect in enkindling the enthusiastic ardour which led to victory. In gratitude to the saint, Robert caused the priory at St. Fillan to be erected in 1314.—*Old Annals.*

LEGENDARY accounts of the silver chest accord with the superstitions of earlier times than the era of Robert Bruce. We shall endeavour to make a brief sketch of a beautiful poem, to which they gave occasion, representing the "moonshine treasure" as the gift of a beneficent fairy chieftainess. Intent on promoting the enterprize of the gallant Bruce, the chieftainess fawned on him as a stag-hound of the finest form and singular magnitude. Without any suspicion of her supernatural endowments, the royal adventurer caressed her, and she became a great favourite. But a mighty necromancer from "the snowy Kader Idris of the Galles," or Wales, accompanied a

warrior of that country to serve in the English host. By his art, the necromancer discovered the nature and the designs of the fairy chieftainess; and a few hours before the battle of Methven, he took the shape of an enormous wolf, to intercept the fairy, who "nightly in the woods met her elvish powers." The wolf pursued the stag-hound "through forest, brake, glen, and mountain;" till happily the Macgregor chief, returning from a secret embassy for his royal master, saw the imminent peril of the hound, and drawing his sword, rushed upon the wolf, and thrust the "gleaming point" into his open jaws. The wolf fell dead; and the chief arrived, while the foe press-

ed hard on Bruce. He saved the king from "a stroke of deathful steel;" but the battle was lost, and the Macgregor led him and his principal followers by "hidden paths to the fastnesses of his land of hills." The fairy chieftainess, overcome by excessive fatigue in flying from the wolf, had slept during the engagement, and, on awakening, was by intuition apprised of the unfortunate issue; and that Rivandona, or the brown-haired beauty, daughter to the Macgregor chief, was in "the dark hour of danger." The fame of her charms had brought a warrior of clan Ferrachar, or Farquarson, from a distant country, to seek her love. "He came, he saw, and his soul flamed for the maid." She had no heart to bestow—her heart, since the dawn of youth, was given to a hero of clan Colla, or Macdonald.

After the battle of Methven, a deceptive message was sent to Rivandona, that her father had received a dangerous wound, and desired to see her. She set out with three attendant damsels, and on the second night fell into the hands of Farquarson. He hastened with her to the nearest coast, where a ship waited his commands; but the fairy chieftainess, supreme "over all the elves of mountain and forest, river, ocean, and air," ordered the chieftainess of the sea to rescue the maid."

The soul of the aged dwells in the returning thoughts of times long flitted away, as dim shadowy ghosts, or as lovely clouds floating before a gale over the unruffled brow of a wide-spreading and sheltered lake. As dreams in the still hour of darkness, the warrior king arises before him, terrible to the foe, but the mildest joy of his friends. The chief-

tainess of ten thousand green Tomhans crouches at the feet of Scotia's shield, foreboded by seers of old. He caresses the hound, in size and grace of form surpassing Bran, that awoke the echoes of the dawn with Fingal, king of heroes—Bran, that lives in all his fleet steps, his feet of wind, among the voices of Ossian, sounding even to latter days. Nightly in the woods the chieftainess meets her powers of air, earth, and sea; but with the foe comes a necromancer from snowy Kader Idris of the Galles: his horrid eye pierces all covered recesses of design; and as a wolf, larger than the wild bull of the desert, he pursues the hound of beauty through forest, brake, glen, and mountain. In my soul I behold the leader of clan Alpin, Shallagar, first in the chase as in the ranks of battle. He returns single and alone from an embassy to the west. The moonbeams are bright on his sword: one moment, and the steel is plunged into the open jaws of the wolf: the tempests of Kader Idris are roaring from peak to peak: the groaning oaks respond a dreadful lament; for the mighty necromancer yells the last pang of death. Deep into her Tomhan springs the chieftainess. A slumber of nights has sunk on her weary frame; and the field of Methven is drenched with the blood of Scotia. Shallagar leads the king by hidden paths to fastnesses in his land of hills; while Rivandona, the sunbeam of his life, is in the snare of clan Ferrachar. The loveliness of her smile, and the white waving of her arms in the light bounding dance, are praised in every hall: he came, he saw, he loved the maid; but the star of the fights of clan Colla had shone, and dwells in her

bosom. In hidden fury of love, the chief of clan Ferrachar seeks his northern forests, and comes back with the foe. A messenger of deceit calls Rivandona to give leechcraft for her wounded father. With three damsels she hastens from her bower; and the moon had not twice looked lovely on the lakes of clan Alpine, when the maid of their boast is hurried to the distant shore. But the chieftainess has broken from the necromancer's dying spell of sleep. Her vassal elves of mountain or wood, air, river, and ocean, are summoned for the rescue of Rivandona; and the moonshine treasure of their power shall spread a shout of victory for the great in arms, to place the battling king on the seat of his mighty fathers. Chief of clan Alpine, it shall be thine to give the moonshine treasure to a hand that strikes but once to turn the tide of battles.

Sec, the chieftainess of the deep obeys the call of the high ruler of ten thousand Tomhans. She rises from her crystalline bowers beneath the billowy ocean: her rapid car is of glittering foam; and the many-coloured arch of the sky overhangs her lofty head. Her waving hair brightens the skirts of the bow, as streaks of golden light break through curling mists of the dawn. Two stars, darting amidst the blue clouds of midnight, are her rolling eyes. Two heaps of new-fallen snow on swelling mossy hillocks are less fair than her bosom; and as two bending curving wreaths of snow, embracing a tender young tree, her white arms inclose the benumbed lovely daughter of Shallagar. Among the race of man, Rivandona rose superior in stature; but on the bosom of the genii of the waves she lies, as the

babe of yesterday reclines for support on the mother. The soft glow of her cheek alone reveals that yet she lives.

The maid, with fixed eyelids, is laid in a grove of mountain-ash, birch, and budding broom, where the sweet flowrets, that hide their beauties in the shade, spring up to adorn her couch. Woodland goblins hover near, to drink delight from her features of beauty. The warmth of noonday penetrates her calm retreat. Quick throbbings heave her gentle breast; for Luach na Cuan* visits her dreams. Flocks of birds crowd the air with flapping wings: she looks on all sides; the osprey and the sea-pye are clamouring for their young in overhanging cliffs, and deep-voiced caverns return the shrill discordance. Intervals of silence are filled by the splash of waves and the slow trickling of a shallow stream. Trackless thickets are on mountain and vale; but unlike the daughters of little men, the high-descended huntress had the soul which grows in hours of terror or amazement. With unruffled brow and tearless eyes she climbs the shaggy side of a hill, and descries the uttermost boundary of her islet, laved by restless billows, and defended by a stony girdle, rising pile on pile, as the massive walls of her father's castle: one curving embayment opened to the sea; but no sail gave animation to the currents near or remote. Descending to the coast, a waveless Lochan† reflected her lovely image; and pale is the berry of the mountain-ash compared to the blush of Rivandona, when the still waters gave back her form, accoutred as a young warrior, with the loved tar-

* The hero of currents of ocean.

† A small lake.

tans of clan Colla compressing her heart. At a short distance a gleaming half-unsheathed sword, a pole-axe, a shield, a bow and arrows, await her flash of valour; and a harp invites her slender fingers. She conveys the gifts to her leafy bower; and the vibrating strings of the harp swell in gratitude to the high chieftainness, the never-failing friend of her race.

“Hail, guardian of the maid distrest! avenger of wrongful love! thou comest as a moonbeam through tempests of night to aid the unhappy; or as the blood-gushing steel of Fingal, to decide the strife of men, and to snatch the feeble from the gripe of oppressors. The vivid glances of thine eyes deal death to the base and cruel, but the kindest dawn of joy and peace to the captive. The furious Torgar, chief of clan Ferrachar, from beneath his sullen drooping eyebrow shot a glance of surly fire upon the daughter of Shallagar; but Luach na Cuan, of the falcon eye, manly stature, and generous deeds, was, from the morn of youth, the secret sigh of Rivandona. Knitting his stormy brows, Torgar departed. The chief of clan Alpine and his men of might meet the shield, the two-edged sword of Scotia. A messenger of deceit called for leechcraft from Rivandona, to restore her wounded sire. With three damsels she journeyed in the folds of disguise: no host, no warrior appears. We sat on a headland jutting from the briny strait, unknown to our sight, when Torgar, lurking in a dark berlin, tore Rivandona from her maids. She looked back for the land of her kindred and the ships of her hero: all, all was a pathless sea. But thou, O chieftainness of

power! to the ensnarer of virgins terrible as the raging of thy own deep, or the bursting peal of thunders; but to the weak or sorrowful, refreshing as the spray of the waterfall to the soft green moss, the flowers, and budding trees! thou, mightiest in compassion, didst call for the eddying, fierce, and wayward blasts, and tumbling, dashing, yawning waves, to overwhelm the ravisher, and send him to the sunless, moonless, starless chasms, appointed to confine the pitiless mariners that tear the weeping virgin from her native halls. Mother most kind, and guardian most tender of clan Alpine's maids, thou didst snatch Rivandona from death, and worse than death; and thy large hand has dropped bounties on her path in a land of wonders. The skins of thy own bright-eyed, fearless seals have been fashioned into armour, that hides her swelling bosom; and the plumes of birds that await thy behests in caves of ocean, are nodding over her brow, to shade her blushes when smooth waters reflect her image in warlike garb. This brand, gleaming in the noontide rays, this pole-axe and sounding shield, are new to the grasp of the daughter of a chief; but her bow and arrows have been messengers of death on the firm-skirted hills of roes, and among the deer of rustling forests. Hail, genii of the maid distrest! avenger of wrongful love, and protectress of the true! To thee I look for again beholding the hero foremost in the shock of battles; the last to stay his arm in the strife of renown; the skillful ruler of currents; the song of bards; the love of virgins; the enlivening soul of mirth in the dance or feast of shells. Ye fleet-footed,

soft-eyed dwellers in woody steeps! ye swift-winged singers of the sky! gather ye to the music of the delight-breathing harp! Too sure Rivandona is alone in this wild: had ye ever mingled with sons or daughters of man, ye would fly from the destroyers of your race. Yet happier far is the maid of clan Alpine with you in solitudes, than with boisterous makers of mirth in the crowded halls of Torgar. Mild caressing comrades of my lonely day! never shall a shaft from my bow draw the tide of life from your agile limbs or plummy bodies. Enough for the daughter of Shallagar, the ripe berry of the lowly bush, or the nut of the quivering twig. Rest thy fondling head on my shoulder, thou kind confiding doe! perch on my fingers, melodious warblers of the thicket! Night rolls down her shadows. Ye shall retire to accustomed haunts; and Rivandona makes her pillow where son or daughter of man never sought repose!"

The sun thrice ran his course in the sky while Rivandona fed on the fruits of the earth, and slaked her thirst at the living spring of the rocks. Her harp discoursed sweet numbers to the red-streaked, nimble herds of the forest, and to the songsters of the air, alighting on her lap and arms, and joining their notes to the harmony of faithful love, describing the heart-impressing smile or mighty deeds of Luach na Cuan.

Themorn with balmy breath drinks sparkling dew from the glossy leaves. Rivandona hies to the mountlets, where ripen the juicy purple berries of early autumn. Passing the wood, how panted her thrilling heart! how fluttered the tartan plaid round her trembling arms, as she gazed on her

hero asleep on the long whistling grass!

"Sunbeam of my soul!" in low accents spoke the maid, "thou must not know that these vestments conceal thy own Rivandona. She must not yield to thy voice of love without a father's benediction; a Mooma's* words of power, while spreading the bridal couch; and the glad-some Choalt†, on lucky errands, providing a bridal feast. Luach na Cuan with ready ear must not detect the sounds which he oft has said fell on his soul as the shower of evening on a thirsty plain: therefore no word shall pass the lips of the maid who watches over thee, and waits on thee with secret joy."

Rivandona collects fresh berries of the mounts; but her eyes, with unwearied glances, turn to the sleeper. She leaves the stores beside him, and hardly restrained the language of delight as in slumbers he spoke of Rivandona; but she thought of the guardian chieftainess of her father, of the Mooma, the Choalts, and her kindred, and strength returned to her heaving bosom. The hero awakes; he looks up: a warrior, in the softest bloom of youth, stands near.

"Who art thou, whom, at first sight, my soul yearns to clasp in the inmost folds?" he said, as springing on his feet, he extended his arms to embrace the stranger; but the seeming stranger fled as a meteor before vehement gusts from the cliffs. He pursues. She points a brand unsheathed to her own breast.

"Stay, stay thy rash hand, youth of the bewitching mien," continued

* Nurse.

† Foster-brothers.

the chief; "I feel thy life dearer than my own. Wherefore dost thou fly from the arms that would protect thee with every warm drop that gives them motion? Hath language never opened thy soul to past or future times? or hast thou lost the use of speech in these wilds? Let me slowly win thee, to meet the friendship which glows in my soul. Peradventure thou art here to please a Lennean shi*, jealous of thy bloomy graces; and mortal hands must not touch thy spell-enveloped form. I never will invade thy secret bowers. Let me but see thee near me, and let me feel thy balmy breath, sweeter than flowers of spring, sweeter than all, except the love of Rivandona!"

The maid gave her leafy retreat to the hero; but in vain he implored her to share the heath spread for repose, nor would he dare to follow her paths to the Lennean shi. A cavern hid the joy of his eyes from Luach na Cuan; and sad for his absence, Rivandona recalled the sunshine of his aspect to her thoughts,

* An enamoured fairy.

till sleep laid her heavy locks on a moss-covered stone.

A fleet crowds to the pebbly beach. They bear among the white sails the ensigns of Shallagar. The robust chief leaps to the shore. The spirit of her that gave Rivandona to his wishes, the meek-eyed Snarcha, came in the mists of early dawn to bid him seek their daughter in islets of the northern sea. Rivandona rushes to the arms of her father. Luach na Cuan, with quick-breathing joy, claims the kiss of faithful-plighted love.

The son of many kings is in the seat of his fathers. The moonshine treasure had scattered his foes; and the chief of clan Alpine, that fought by his side, is bright among his warriors of fame. Luach na Cuan and his clan had lifted their arms of might for Scotia, and his race shall be great in his deeds. Clan Colla and clan Alpine are joined in Rivandona, and their names shall be known in ages far to come; for theirs was the love of heroes, the love of beauty in tender joy.

B. G.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SURKACOLES,

A SAVAGE ASIATIC TRIBE.

By an Officer in the Bengal Army.

THE Surkacoles, a western Asiatic tribe, are considered to be a wandering horde from the west. The religion they profess has not been ascertained: however, they have no Mahomedan or Hindoo scruples with respect to food. They say that they are of the same *caste* with the Sanilag, or English; and eat every thing but horses, dogs, cats, and elephants. Their nearest territory, a part of

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Singhbhoom, abounds with villages, some of them large. Their houses are built entirely of wood, and are kept very clean. They have cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry in great abundance, and their fields display industry and skill in agriculture.

Their country is a fine valley between two ranges of hills, watered by the rivers Roroa and Therky,

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and others of inferior magnitude. Each village has its burying-ground, where the ashes of the dead are interred; and stones of large dimension, formed of a species of slate, are placed over the graves, some horizontally, some in an erect position. The scenery of this district is beautified by groves of various trees, and fertilized by streams in every direction.

The people are an active, robust, intrepid race; and, like all semi-barbarous nations, they are prone to violence and cruelty. They wear no garments except a small covering about their loins. They are expert in using their weapons of attack or defence: these are chiefly bows and arrows, and battle-axes, which they call *tangies*. The tangies are of a size for wielding with full effect. Their heads are sometimes convex, sometimes concave. The convex are reckoned most efficient, and the powerful arm of the Surkacole has been known with this weapon to cut off the head of a horse at one stroke. Their bows are of bamboo; the bowstrings fabricated of the same material, so that the moisture of the atmosphere has no effect on them. The construction, though rude, seems well adapted for the purpose, and they require a vigorous exertion of muscular strength. Such as are intended for distant execution have iron angular heads, but are not barbed; those prepared for close engagements are always barbed, and capable of inflicting very severe wounds. The first will reach their object at the distance of 200 yards; the last are formed to strike a mark not more than 30 yards distant. The shafts are of bamboo, light and slender, only those with barbed heads

being furnished with close-cropped feathers, to guide their flight. None of the heads have been discovered to be poisoned.

The turbulent and formidable annoyances of the Surkacoles had for some time struck terror into their sable neighbours; and outrages became so frequent, that the British government found it necessary to interpose, with a force sufficient to shew that all opposition must be hopeless. The measures were wisely calculated for this end, yet with the utmost attention to humanity. The Surkacoles resisted all proposals for accommodation, and desperately encountered the troops, until their provisions began to fall into our hands, and they clearly perceived that further warfare could only bring destruction on their villages and other possessions. They were attacked on all sides by strong detachments from different corps under the command of Colonel Richards. On the advance of our soldiers, all the villages were deserted; the inhabitants removed their principal effects, taking refuge in the fastnesses of the hills, and beyond different *nullahs*, or rivers, where they would throw up stockades in front of their retreats. When pursued to those places, they made a bold and persevering defence, exhibiting individually the most resolute contempt of danger and savage eagerness for revenge. In many cases, therefore, it was impracticable to spare the lives of these poor fellows, who scorned to yield, even though severe wounds left them hardly any power of annoyance. When they found resistance quite unavailing, and that the capture of their granaries deprived them of subsistence, they submitted, and came to

our camp, in compliance with the pacific invitations which they formerly spurned. They now acquiesced in the terms prescribed, swearing, according to their custom, on the tiger's skin, to abide faithfully by the agreements for a future regulation of their conduct. In the progress of the campaign, several subterranean asylums were discovered, where the women and children remained in concealment. They were treated with the utmost forbearance and conciliation.

W. G.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

March 15.

THE sitting was opened by *Madame l'Ancienne-Mode* with a handsome panegyric on the constitution of France, as established by the female part of the nation. After several protestations of her entire devotedness to it, and the utter impossibility that she should ever infringe any article of it, "None of the honourable members," continued she, "are ignorant, that each Chamber has its respective duties: it is peculiarly our province to deliberate upon the weighty affairs of the toilet, and upon the minor questions of *les mœurs*. In short, the laws of fashion and taste come always in the first instance under our cognizance; whilst questions of rights, privileges, and morals, are invariably discussed in the Chamber of Peeresses before they are submitted to us. But a case has just occurred, which calls very loudly for the immediate intervention of both Chambers; and as this case had not been noticed by, and probably was not known to, the peeresses, I move that a deputation from this Chamber may instantly wait upon their ladyships, praying them to take such steps as they in their wisdom may deem necessary, to bring to condign punishment the author of a false, scandalous, and malicious libel upon the female part of the inhabit-

ants of la Perche, who are represented as devoid of the true spirit of Frenchwomen, submitting with the utmost pusillanimity to the most unheard-of oppressions." She then read the petition to the peeresses, and a copy of the libel; but as the subject of the latter is given in the extract translated by Constantia, from the work of Monsieur Dureau de la Malle, which appeared in the *Repository* for May last, we do not think it necessary to repeat it.

Madame la Parvenue opposed the motion, on the ground of its being an affair in which neither Chamber had any business to meddle: it respected only farmers' wives and servant-maids, and was consequently decidedly beneath the dignity of French female legislators to notice.

Madame de Vieux-Chateau could not express her surprise at such a declaration proceeding from the quarter it did. What, was this the boasted liberality of the *côté gauche*, of those who were so ready to bluster about the rights of women—that is to say, the rights of women who have become rich nobody knew how? Were not farmers' wives and servant-maids French citizens? and as such, was it not the duty of both Chambers to defend the national honour wounded in their persons? She, for her own part, seconded the motion with all her heart; and she called upon every

member of that Chamber, no matter of what party, who wished well to France, to do the same. She descended the tribune amidst loud applause.

After some further discussion, the motion was put to a show of hands, and carried by a very great majority: the whole of the centre supported the right side, and even several members of the *côté gauche*, forgetting on this occasion all party feelings, voted with them. A deputation, consisting of ten members, at the head of whom was *Madame la Presidente*, proceeded directly to the Chamber of Peeresses: they were most graciously received, and the petition promised to be taken into immediate consideration.

CHAMBER OF PEERESSES.

March 16.

The petition presented yesterday by the deputation from the Commons was read with the customary forms.

La Duchesse de Haute-Voix. "I rise to express my high sense of the injury and insult which has just been offered to the females of France, an insult rendered doubly galling by the quarter from whence it comes. What! is it really possible, that a Frenchman, whose sword ought to start from its scabbard to repel any charge derogatory to his countrywomen, should himself be the first to bring forward such humiliating accusations? should presume to assert, that in France, the only country where, in fact, woman was always lady of the ascendant, some of the sex were kept in a state of absolute vassalage? Such an outrage is not tamely to be endured: our fame as legislators would be tarnished for

ever if we passed it in silence. I move, therefore, that means be immediately taken to punish this daring libeller with all the severity of the law."

La Duchesse de la Scrupuleuse wished, before any decided steps were taken, that inquiry should be made into the actual manner in which the sex were treated in that district.

As this was deemed reasonable by the majority of the Chamber, orders were issued to summon such of the members as had estates in la Perche, to give their evidence in this case, on the following day; which was done accordingly.

The Chamber sat on the 17th, and the depositions of these ladies were taken, the substance of which is as follows:

That the report of M. Dureau de la Malle, touching the manner in which women are treated in la Perche, is totally false. It is well known, that not only in la Perche, but in every other part of France, women rarely sit down to table with the men at the beginning of the meal; but this did not arise from any sense of inferiority, but from their being occupied in preparing one part of the dinner, while their husbands and labourers eat the other; as soon as that is placed upon the table, they seat themselves. As to the word *creature*, the man who should presume to use it in speaking to or of one of the females of his family, would have bitter reason to repent of his temerity, as the women know very well how to take their own part: but to the knowledge of the deponents, no such word ever was used; nor were the women held in any respect below the men; on the contrary, there, as well as in every other part of France,

they exercised the most sovereign sway over their husbands and their houses.

La Duchesse de la Scrupuleuse believed, nevertheless, it would be proper for the Chamber to be informed, whether those customs ever had prevailed in la Perche, as she thought that in the ages of feudal darkness they might possibly have subsisted.

La Baronne O'Gralaghan was surprised to hear, that the noble *duchesse* could wish to carry on the business in such a roundabout manner: why, at that rate, they might be trying the man for a month, and not come to the point at last. Now, in her mind, the shortest way of doing business was always the best: she moved, therefore, that they should first find M. Dureau de la Malle guilty, and punish him accordingly; and then, for the ease of their consciences, they could look into particulars afterwards*. (A laugh from different parts of the Chamber.)

La Comtesse Très-Violente could hardly credit, that the noble *duchesse* seriously wished to extenuate the foul offence which M. Dureau de la Malle had been guilty of. "Even supposing," continued the *comtesse*, "that there may be a little truth in the illustrious lady's supposition, which, however, I don't know that there is, as ancient records make no part of my studies; still, I must ask, by what right did this gentleman rake up these old abuses, or rather falsify the fact, by representing them as existing at present?" She thought, with her noble friend *la Duchesse de Haute-Voix*, that it was a crime

* It may be proper to mention, that *Madame la Baronne* is of Irish extraction.—*Reporter of the Debates.*

deserving condign punishment, and she prayed the Chamber to take speedy measures for bringing the offender to justice.

La Comtesse Très-Douce thought, before any measures were taken, the offender should be heard at the bar of the Chamber, as, though it was not possible for him to say anything in his own vindication, yet he might, by a proper degree of sorrow and contrition, make some reparation for his fault.

La Comtesse Colère. "Reparation indeed! what reparation can he make that this Chamber will deem sufficient? Ladies, ladies, this is not a time to compromise our dignity by tamely submitting to an insult, which is, in effect, only the commencement of an attack upon all our rights and privileges. Yes, ladies, I see further into this affair than other noble members appear to do; I see that this book is intended to sow the seeds of the most pernicious doctrine; to pave the way, in fact, for the downfall of female supremacy, by giving to the male sex a clue to the manner in which they may effectually subjugate the lower class; and need I say, that if the work of revolution once begins, heaven knows where it will stop? But putting this selfish consideration out of the question, a nobler motive bids us make common cause with them. Frenchwomen must stand or fall together. The rights of the sex ought to be as much respected in the cottage as in the castle; and if once they are abolished in one, let us not flatter ourselves we shall be able to preserve them in the other. We have yet time, and barely time, to destroy this revolutionary spirit, by making a public example of the

first who has dared to shew it; and I move, that the utmost severity of the law be exercised against him."

La Baronne l'Impartiale. "I am as warm a supporter of the rights and privileges of the sex as any member present, but I am sorry to see ladies needlessly alarm themselves, and make much ado about nothing. I have not the least personal knowledge of M. Dureau de la Malle, and never saw nor heard of his book before yesterday; but, from the very slight perusal I then took of it, I am quite sure, that he is in effect entirely innocent of the wicked intentions imputed to him. The fact, in my opinion, is, that, like all authors, he was very desirous of being read; and being perfectly aware that *Membre de l'Academie des Inscriptions* added to an author's name, however imposing it may seem to foreigners, is not enough to make a dull book go down in Paris, he very naturally had recourse to a tolerably feasible expedient, that of saying something that had not been said before; and in this he has succeeded, as every body must admit. His pretty discovery, that women are oppressed in France, has novelty at least to recommend it; but even this bright thought has not had the effect of making his work generally known or admired, and I think it will be giving it an undue degree of importance to take any notice of it."

La Duchesse Sans-Clémence. "I agree with the noble lady who spoke last, that the work itself is very little known in France or elsewhere; but unfortunately, the extract containing the libel will be in every body's hands, from the circumstance of its being translated in an English magazine, which is in general circu-

lation all over the Continent. I think that that circumstance gives it a high degree of importance, and I move for the immediate prosecution of the offender."

The sense of the Chamber being unanimous on this point, a member rose to move, that the statutes of the constitution be examined, in order to ascertain what punishment the law inflicted on offenders of M. Dureau de la Malle's description; when, to the great discomfiture of the noble assembly, it was discovered, that no provision had been made for cases of libel. The effect of this discovery was so astounding, that silence actually prevailed in the Chamber for the space of nearly three minutes.

La Baronne de Bonne-Volonté professed herself at once glad and sorry (a laugh from several members). Ladies might laugh at the manner in which she expressed her feelings, but she was sure they would participate in them. She was glad that no provision had been made for punishing libels, because it implied a belief that such cases would never occur; and she was sorry to be obliged to seek for a precedent in the male part of their own legislature, or in that of their English neighbours, where, it must be owned, the frequency of libels of all kinds had rendered the gentlemen of the law very learned in that particular.

Comtesse le Sage agreed with the noble lady who spoke last; and thought it would be wise to seek a precedent in the English law.

This motion being carried, *Vicomtesse de Rusé* rose and said, that in that case the delinquent must escape with little, if any, punishment. (Cries of "How so?" from different parts of the Chamber.) Because it

is a maxim in the English law, that the greater the truth the greater the libel: now, as it is the unanimous opinion of the illustrious Chamber, that there is not a word of truth in the assertions of M. Dureau de la Malle, it follows, that the libel cannot really be of a gross description.

This speech created considerable confusion; but on *Madame la Vicomtesse* clearly proving, that such was the opinion of a noble and learned English law lord, the Chamber abandoned the idea of searching a precedent in the English statutes.

La Marquise Sans-Peur rose and said, she could not conceive that there was the least necessity to search for any precedent; the wisdom of their ladyships was fully equal to the most arduous calls that could be made upon it; and she saw no reason why they might not take upon themselves to decree such punishment as the offence merited. She moved, therefore, that the Chamber do immediately form itself into a committee of the whole Chamber, to take into consideration the nature of the punishment proper to be inflicted on M. Dureau de la Malle.

After some discussion, this motion was carried, and the Chamber adjourned till the following day; when it met at the usual hour, and continued sitting till late at night, when an order was issued for the immediate arrest of M. Dureau de la Malle, who is to be imprisoned during the next seven years in his chateau in

la Perche, and there debarred from all female society, even that of a *bonne* or *gouvernante*: he is to employ himself, first, in writing a most humble apology for the crime which he has committed against his countrywomen; and afterwards, in composing memoirs of those illustrious females, whose influence in literature and politics has always upheld the female supremacy of France.

Such is the decree of the Chamber; and it is further added, that should M. Dureau de la Malle, by flight or otherwise, endeavour to escape it, a writ of proscription will then be immediately issued against him, by which he will be deprived, during the remainder of his life, of all title to the kind looks, sweet smiles, and good offices of his fair countrywomen.

This important business being finally settled, *la Comtesse le Sage* rose and said, that sensible of the extraordinary fatigue which the illustrious members had undergone, she would detain them only to propose a vote of thanks to the Chamber of Deputies, for the zeal which they evinced for the honour of their country in calling the attention of the peeresses to the libel in question.

This motion was carried without a dissenting voice; and the Chamber then broke up at an hour which marked the sacrifices they were willing to make for the public good, for it was too late for admittance to even the most fashionable *soirée*.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE FAIR SEX IN DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

No. III.

In every known region of the globe, the condition of woman is elevated and happy, or abject and miserable, in degrees commensurate with a development of the higher faculties in their lords. We have seen

the extremes of female subjugation among the semi-barbarians or barbaric nations of Asia and Africa; and in the New World corresponding effects were produced by a parity of circumstances. The chiefs of Mexico and Peru, being comparatively enlightened and humanized by the arts, which multiply the comforts and sweeten the intercourses of society, had established customs eminently favourable to the weaker sex; but in Northern America the savages treat their wives with less consideration than a well-disposed Briton exercises towards domestic animals.

An eye-witness of the repulsive contempt, the toil, hardship, and violence suffered by the women of those wandering tribes, has given a melancholy picture of their helpless degradation. For this communication the writer was indebted to a gentleman who, as a lawyer, had access to the papers of an ancient family. Having acquired a competent acquaintance with the penmanship of the 16th and 17th centuries, he was employed to examine a confused heap of letters, in hopes that they might afford some evidence respecting a claim to very valuable property; and his client was not disappointed. The lawyer found, in the course of his weary research, much information on topics of more general interest; and often regretted he had not begged permission to copy the correspondence of several persons who were actors in the great political struggles that convulsed our government in the reigns of Charles I. and James II. A series of letters from a gentleman, whose ancestor fled from religious persecution in 1686, contained many striking descriptions of the difficulties incident to sudden emigration,

and the strange scenes presented to settlers on the verge of Indian territory. The Anglo-American had become an expert hunter, and, in the eager pursuit of game, made frequent encroachments on the boundaries of his copper-coloured neighbours.—They remonstrated that the white man, surrounded with plenty, came to deprive them of their scanty means of subsistence. His father admonished him to be more scrupulous; but young, impetuous, and bold, he disregarded the hazard. The Indians, exasperated, laid an ambush, and seized him in the act of trespassing on their grounds. He was doomed to torture, when an aged chief, hearing his name, recognised in him the grandson of a white man who had shewn him many kindnesses. The influence of the patriarch mitigated the punishment into detention for two moons, and sent a Squaw to inform the father that his son was safe, and would be restored to him when the term of his confinement expired. The promise was faithfully fulfilled.

The old chief introduced the prisoner to his spouse, informing him, she was “of the race that came from beyond seas.” In fact, she was born of English parents, and fell into the hands of the Indians when the inhabitants of Quebec sought, in every direction, a refuge from the terrible earthquake of 1663. In a mixture of English and of savage phraseology, his countrywoman pourtrayed to the youth this appalling concussion of nature, and her own subsequent condition.

“I was then,” said she, “in the spring of my years, and light of heart, though I had no near relation, except an uncle, who made me work

hard, and never was kind to me. I was busy at the wash-tub, when a rushing noise filled me with terror that some of the wooden houses were on fire. In one moment I was in the street, and unknowing where I went, darted amidst a crowd of Indians, who called aloud that the forests were drunk with the wrath of the Great Spirit; and that they had come to make their habitation with the white men, that dwell secure in houses of stone. No mercy, no mercy settled the woods, the hills, or valleys, or calmed the leaping hearts of men. Sometimes the solid earth heaved in swells, like the waves of a wide lake in a storm, or shook as a tall ship dragging her anchor; and I was sick to death, as if tossed on the face of ocean. He that has been my spouse and companion for moons I have long ceased to reckon, took me in his arms; and I yet seem to hear, as we passed through the streets, the bells ringing, from the motion all around, and the doors flapping; furniture falling with a horrid crash, and the buildings rocking, as though they were to overwhelm us. The chief carried me into the country to shun this danger. There we saw ice, thicker than the height of the tallest man, shivered into little fragments; and fathomless chasms yawning before us, and poisoning the air with sulphureous steams. At short distances we met with heaps of mud and sand, or were obliged to take a long circuit to avoid the palisades of parks and gardens, that, dancing up and down, threatened to obstruct the path. Multitudes of men, women, and children jostled us on all sides; animals running, intercepted us; and fowls on wing filled

our ears with hideous screams. Mountains torn from their base, and trees uprooted, stood, in frightful confusion, pile on pile, so that no one knew the roads most familiar to their sight. Before the deep darkness closed over us, the earth was at rest, and the quaking forests were lulled to quiet; but still the chief plunged further and further into trackless woods. As he journeyed, I slept in his arms; and before I awoke, he had gone far, far beyond any object that could help me to return. He asked me to be his wife: ah! well he knew I durst not refuse; for no white people could hear my cries. He was more indulgent than the men of his tribe were to their wives; yet fatigue and hard usage have, in secret, wrung from me many bitter tears. All the labours required by my uncle might be called a pastime, in respect to the duties I had now to perform. To support the dignity of my husband, I must attend him to the chase, and carry home his game. If the hunters were successful, they made a feast of plenty. Their wives prepared the food, waited on the men, and though ever so hungry, not a morsel fell to their share, except the refuse left by their spouses and fathers. We poured out the liquor for them with trembling hearts, each fearfully foreboding the rage that should ensue. The men quarrelled while intoxicated; the women interfered, and seldom escaped a severe beating for their anxiety to prevent bloodshed. My spouse did not employ me in tilling the ground; but all the rest of the women turned the soil, sowed the seed, and reaped the harvest, and fainting with toil, saw their men basking in the sun at full

ease. You must have observed that we are slaves. No respite from work do we ever know. Without and within doors, we have all to execute: we never are spoken to, but to be rebuked and abused. Now that I am old, I am a despised thing. The chief has pity for me, and gives a bone to pick, if I am very much in want; but I am useless and feeble, and the strong and helpful have supplanted me in ruling the wigwam. They have mouthfuls when my stomach craves, and my hand has no relief to offer. Where all have little to eat, the weak are half-famished."

Several of the Gaelic relics have preserved sketches of the distress which, in ancient times, occasionally fell to the lot of the fair sex, in a country remarkable for kindness of heart, and for respectful behaviour to every female, relative or stranger. Even more wretched is the thralldom of woman in some parts of Europe at this day. May it please the Supreme Father of mercies to hasten the progress of civilization, and to dissipate the gloom of superstition: so shall "mind-illumined" man diffuse happiness wherever his influence extends! B. G.

THOUGHTS ON OLD AGE.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUE.

THOUGH Formey has written a work expressly *On the Advantages of Old Age*, I still maintain that it is better to be young. What sort of an advantage is that which deprives us of the enjoyment of all other advantages?

Age is a gift of nature, but conferred on hard conditions—a gift for which very few feel at all grateful.

Let a man be as young as he will, he quickly reaches the abode of age, if he travels thither along the road of pleasure. Whoever has observed the way of life of the young, cannot but be astonished that men should live to be so old. But what kind of old age is it? They reach the port with leaky ships, worn-out rigging, and tattered sails. The pilot, the soul, sits sick and enfeebled at the broken helm.

Why do people pluck all the flowers in spring? Winter is sparing of flowers, and the few which the exhausted soil then produces have but

a faint odour. These few must moreover have been planted early, and tended with care.

Age is the period of helplessness, of wants, and of sterility. Happy he, who, mindful of the future, has derived from temperance a healthy stomach, from exercise strength, from experience wisdom, and, finally, enriched by reading the storehouse of memory. Such are the best supports of the crazy edifice; with such auxiliaries, age may contend with its infirmities, and drive away its most tremendous enemy, *ennui*, which is the offspring of cultivation.

An old man, with such resources, is venerable as the ruins of an aged temple. Here lies a broken column, there stands a mutilated statue; but broken and mutilated as they are, still they delight the eye of the connoisseur. Such was Fontenelle. His spring bore ripe fruits, his age still produced blossoms.

Sometimes it even appears as if

the fruit of the mind cannot attain maturity till the blossom of the body begins to fall off. It is almost as though the eyes of the body were blinded by the light of the mind; as though Nature designed to bestow a compensation on age.

The first acts of the drama, man, are usually destitute of interest; in the third and fourth Passion ties the knots; and happy is it for us if Virtue looses them in the fifth. Age is a part that it is not so easy to play as may be supposed: most consider it as a comic part. Age, observes Montaigne, imparts more wrinkles to the soul than to the face—the soul becomes mouldy. Nay, he even goes so far as to conjecture, that Socrates purposely caused himself to be sentenced to death, because he perceived, at the age of seventy, the decline of his mental powers. Montaigne bore no good-will to age. He relates, that when he was young, he received many a rap on the knuckles on that account: but raps on the knuckles prove nothing.

Lucretius drew thousands of years since a picture of age, which Erasmus copied some centuries ago. "Nothing but the wrinkles which the aged man bears in his face, and the years that he carries on his back, distinguish him from the infant. In other respects, both are alike: the hair of both is light; both are without teeth, both are feeble, both are fond of milk, both stammer, are talkative, awkward, forgetful, thoughtless. The old man quits the world a complete child, without being weary of life, and without feeling death."

Age is certainly not the epoch of great achievements. Whomsoever

Fortune destines for a great man, says Philip de Commynes, she always leads *young* to the temple of Renown. The infirmities of age, and the loss of the relish for praise and fame, are not favourable to the acquisition of either. Drusus, Hannibal, Scipio, and a hundred others, gathered their laurels before their thirtieth year, and Augustus was but nineteen when he became the ruler of half the world. "You cannot, at least," said the younger Cato to those who wished to dissuade him from suicide, "find fault with me for quitting life too early;" and he was then scarcely forty-eight.

How comes it then that the savage in general pays much greater respect to age than the civilized European? I should conceive it to be owing to this, that the savage has greater need of the experience of the aged than we. A comet appears. The Indian has no Fontenelle to demonstrate to him, in pleasing dialogues, the plurality of worlds. But yonder cowers a toothless old man before his hut, with a short pipe between his lips: men and youths assemble round him, and he relates to the listening throng, that five times ten years ago such another moving star appeared in the west; that, soon afterwards, their nation took up the tomahawk against their restless neighbours, and it was not till after many a sanguinary conflict, that they smoked the calumet.

The savages have no Brinckenhoff to teach them tactics, no Tempelhoff to record the history of past wars, no astronomer-royal to leave behind him meteorological observations: the oldest of his tribe is its Encyclopædia. For all that we find

in books, the savage must have recourse to those who have perused before him the great book of nature and experience.

For this reason alone the Indians obey the commands of their leader only when those commands coincide with the counsels of their aged men. For this reason alone the young savage disregards the advice of his father, and follows that of his grandfather. For this reason alone, the Arabs are silent while their Sheik is speaking, rise when he appears, and allow him the privilege of wearing garments of showy colours. For this reason alone the Chinese, from the emperor, who styles himself the Son of Heaven, to the page, who carries his fan after him, bow respectfully to the aged: for there, where every expression in writing requires a peculiar figure; where that Mandarin is deemed a learned man who can write his mother tongue; there very few can enjoy the privilege of seeking the source of experience in books. The Chinese, like the savage, must have recourse to the aged. Upon this principle I account for the etiquette, which, in China, allots the place of honour to foreigners, and among foreigners to those who come from the greatest distance, and among these to the eldest. The foreigner—so it is imagined—possesses more ex-

perience than the native; and the aged more than the young.

For this reason alone did Minos inculcate in the Cretan youth respect for old age: for this reason alone did the laws of Lycurgus give to every old man the right of a father over youths and children. The writings of the philosophers and moralists were only copied, and hence but few could derive benefit from them. In modern times the art of printing has done away with the respect paid to age: every printed book is an ancient man, whom we can consult without being obliged to endure his caprices.

Thus then, ye aged, the days are gone by when ye received the tribute of respect merely because ye could look back upon three quarters of a century. It is not your silvery hair, a shaking head, or a back bent by the mighty arm of Time, that confers on you a right to the reverence of your younger brethren. Complain not that they hold you up to ridicule, when your heads are like bottles that once contained generous liquor, the spirit of which has long since evaporated. He who would bask in the evening of his days in the sunshine of love, or repose in the refreshing shade of respect, must sow in youth, and reap in maturer years, and in old age he will be sure to enjoy the fruit of his labours.

THE THREE WISHES:

A POLISH POPULAR TRADITION.

(Continued from p. 210.)

GERSON, a venerable Israelite, was respected both by Jews and Christians; for he daily studied the Talmud, and most conscientiously ful-

filled the precepts of the Rabbis. The poor who solicited his charity he never sent away unrelieved, and he distributed a tenth of his income

among the needy, without inquiring what religion they professed. He had long been a widower; his children too already reposed in the grave; a grand-daughter, named Seba, alone survived. Seba superintended his domestic concerns, and was the prop and delight of his age. The most distinguished of her people, induced by her personal charms, and no doubt also by the large fortune to which she was heir, had solicited Seba's hand; but she had rejected every proposal of this kind, and declared, that while her grandfather lived, she would never leave him.

In all his dealings Gerson was content with a moderate profit, and was therefore not to be drawn, like many rapacious usurers, into precarious speculations, by the flattering prospect of great gains. The agents of the Starost had therefore repeatedly applied to him in vain, when their employer himself was unexpectedly ushered into his presence. Gerson, who was at the moment engaged in collating the Targum Onkelos with the Targum Geruschaleme, hastily rose from the table to receive his visitor, who briefly solicited a loan of three thousand ducats. Gerson, without the least hesitation, agreed to advance that sum, and was satisfied with a written acknowledgment of the debt from the Starost. The eyes of the latter were meanwhile riveted on the beautiful Seba. She modestly answered the questions of the Starost, and, on observing his ardent looks, cast down her eyes and retired; but the image of the lovely blooming damsel was not so easily erased from the soul of the debauchee.

Gurreck, now the favourite of the Starost, soon became acquainted with his sentiments, and advised him to

try the effect of Asmodi's gift; but as this could not well be done while she remained in her grandfather's house, he proposed that she should be carried off. Gurreck, however, begged to be excused from any share in the execution of this plan, on account of his striking physiognomy, and his being so well known in the little town; the Starost was therefore obliged to employ other agents. The task was not difficult, for Seba frequently went to the burial-ground, to pray, agreeably to the precepts of her religion, at the tomb of her parents, and sometimes proceeded thence with her companions for a walk to the neighbouring wood. Here the Starost's people lay in ambush, and rushed with drawn sabres on the unsuspecting damsels, who shrieked and ran away. Seba alone was seized, and the others were suffered to escape. One of the villains took her up before him on his horse, and galloped away with her, as it had been concerted, to a distant mansion of the Starost's, where every thing was already prepared for her reception.

The poor girl wept and moaned, called incessantly upon her grandfather, and would neither eat nor drink. At length the Starost appeared: the innocent creature regarded him as her deliverer, and implored him to take her back to her grandfather. He promised to do so, and her gratitude was boundless. Some caresses, upon which he ventured, blasted her hopes, and gave her a glimpse of the purpose for which she had been brought thither. For two days she had not tasted food. She turned pale, trembled, and was near swooning. "Take some wine," said the Starost, "for thy refreshment." He hastened to the wine,

and opened Asmodi's phial; but, in his hurry, forgot to count the quick-falling drops. The unfortunate Seba drank the wine, and the effects of the infernal potion soon manifested themselves. With glowing lips she returned the kisses of the Starost, she clasped him in her arms, and he imagined himself at the term of his wishes, when, with a hideous shriek, she sprung from his knee. She talked incoherently; her eye rolled wildly; and, in a few moments, she was in a state of raging madness. In vain did the Starost summon all the aid that was to be obtained in so retired a situation; and Gurreck, whom he sent to the forest, brought back word from Zulebebbe, that all his efforts were useless. In three days Seba expired. The same man who had carried her off received orders to bury her. With a view to save trouble, the brutal ruffian stripped the corpse, and threw it into the neighbouring river.

The intelligence of the abduction of his grand-daughter had meanwhile plunged old Gerson into the deepest affliction; and to no purpose did he employ all possible means to obtain tidings of her. At length, on the sixth day, some fishermen came, bringing a body, which they had found in the river, and which, from the description, they supposed to be that of Gerson's lost grand-daughter. The unfortunate old man soon convinced himself, on inspection of the corpse, that they were right. His grief was inexpressible: he, nevertheless, placed his trust in heaven, caused the body to be interred, and on the tombstone these words of Job to be inscribed: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken

away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

For two days the Starost was extremely gloomy; but on his departure for the diet, Seba and her fate were soon forgotten. The journey was prosperous, excepting that, one day towards evening, a wheel of his carriage broke. A mansion appeared at a distance, and thither Gurreck posted away to solicit a night's lodging for his master. The owner of the mansion and his family received their distinguished guest with the utmost hospitality; and notwithstanding the simple attire and the reserved deportment of Veronica, the daughter of his host, her beauty soon attracted the notice of the voluptuary. Her mother informed him that she had, by a vow, devoted her daughter to a monastic life, and that she was to remove in a few weeks to a Carmelite nunnery. The Starost regretted that so much loveliness should be lost to the world; he flattered the vanity of the inexperienced girl, and was so condescending, so agreeable, that, after he had been conducted to his chamber, the whole family concurred in the warmest commendations of their guest. The Starost, for his part, could not sleep; Veronica haunted his imagination. He took up Asmodi's phial, but Seba's spirit seemed to hold his hand: this, however, had soon no other effect than to render him more cautious; and he carefully dropped nine drops into a small glass, with a determination to employ them on the first occasion.

Next morning, as it was found that the repair of the wheel would require time, Drebinski solicited his guest to stay with him for that day.

Some of the neighbouring gentry, who were invited to make up a party, soon arrived, and among them, Drebinski's brother, with his son Ignatius and his daughter Francisca. This lady, who had been educated at Warsaw, was not a beauty; but the fire of her rolling black eye, and a solicitude to captivate by the display of her vivacity and accomplishments, proved that the manners of the capital had not always made the most favourable impression upon her. Her father had shortly before been obliged to fetch her from Warsaw, on account of an unpleasant love-affair. She rejoiced in the opportunity of going again into company, and exerted all her powers to captivate the Starost, who paid her particular attention, in order the more completely to disguise his views in regard to Veronica. He remarked, that instead of Hungarian wine, with which the rest of the family indulged themselves, she drank nothing but water, which no one else touched. At night, when the whole party were loud and merry, perceiving a glass of water standing in the window, he emptied into it, unobserved, the nine drops of Asmodi's liquid; but, to his no small mortification, when the company broke up, the glass still stood there untouched.

The Starost retired vexed to his chamber, under the impression that he had missed his aim. He had not been long in bed before he felt himself wakened by the most ardent kisses. He congratulated himself on the success of his plan, and it was not till morning he discovered that he held Francisca in his arms. Being accustomed to take a glass of water before she retired to bed, she had drunk off that which she found

in the window. Scarcely could he prevail upon her to leave him, and she declared, in spite of all his efforts to dissuade her, that she would follow him to Warsaw. Convinced by experience of the efficacy of his infernal preparation, the Starost resolved, on his return, to execute his design upon Veronica, which had been thus accidentally baffled for the present.

At Warsaw, where he consulted his book previously to every sitting of the deputies, he did nothing himself, but thwarted many a fair project by his eloquence and bold assertions, by which he acquired consequence: at least every one feared his opposition, and therefore courted his friendship. He had, nevertheless, made in reality many enemies; and hence, when he one day took up his book, he angrily said to himself, "Talk alone will never confer honours and distinctions!" and, to his astonishment, he found in it these words: "Solicit the hand of the Countess Radinska, who is beautiful, rich, and of a powerful family." Scarcely had he yet ventured to raise his eyes to this young widow, who was surrounded by admirers, though her equivocal reputation would have authorized some boldness. He now sought her company, and at a ball, to which he attended her, made use of Asmodi's present, obtained a decided preference to all the other suitors of the countess, to whom he was formally betrothed, and who, at his request, hastened the nuptials, on account of the approach of Lent. The festivities given on the occasion opened with a masquerade. A harlequin kept constantly close to the Starost, and at length begged him to step into an adjoin-

ing cabinet. He complied. The harlequin locked the door, and unmasked: it was Francisca! "Faithless man!" cried she, straining him in her arms, "you have deserted me, who, through you, am about to become a mother!" The Starost was in a terrible situation, for the ardent passion of his wife manifested itself in excessive jealousy. He offered Francisca his purse, which she dashed to the ground. "It is your love that I want," exclaimed she, "not your money!" She was at length pacified by soothing words; but not till she had extorted a promise of private visits from the Starost, who hastened back thoughtfully to the festive hall.

Next morning one of the most eminent advocates called to see him. This artful limb of the law, as soon as he heard of the intended marriage of the Starost, bought up his numerous bonds and engagements at a low price, and now demanded the immediate payment of a large sum. The name of Gerson, which, at the first glance, met the eye of the Starost, awakened the painful recollection of the unfortunate Seba. This demand threw him into great embarrassment, and he solicited the delay of a few days. He beheld with vexation the large amount of his debts. His pride forbade him to think of applying to his wife to pay them; and to raise new loans to discharge them, seemed merely to be putting off the evil day for a short time. He angrily resorted to the ring, and on knocking with it, Apiel appeared. "Pay my debts," said the Starost.—"Pay them thyself," cried the spirit, throwing a large packet on the table: "here are cards and dice; play with them, and thou wilt win plenty of

money." The Starost complied, and before the conclusion of the Carnival he was enabled to satisfy all his creditors.

One day, he was keeping the bank, when he observed among the gamblers a young man whose face seemed familiar to him. It was Ignatius, Francisca's brother, who had been sent to Warsaw in quest of her. He played high, lost every thing, and then asked, if he could have credit. The Starost replied in the affirmative. Ignatius played still higher, and lost a considerable sum. "Call upon me to-morrow," said the Starost, who fully intended to surprise him with the remission of the debt. The proud Ignatius, however, regarded this as a dunning admonition, which completed his despair. Next morning a letter from him was brought to the Starost. "All the money," he thus wrote, "that my poor parents could command, they scraped together for me. I have lost it all, and, besides, owe you a sum which I never shall be able to pay. To live dishonoured, and to hear the reproaches of my parents whom I have ruined, is more than I can bear: therefore, before you read this letter I shall have put an end to my misery. You are, though unintentionally, the cause of my death: if you would ease your conscience, and afford some consolation to my unhappy parents, fulfil the commission which brought me to Warsaw—seek my sister Francisca, who, according to information received by us, must be here, and restore the infatuated girl, who has fled from the paternal roof, to the arms of her wretched parents. Then may God forgive you, as I forgive you my misfortune!"

The Starost was deeply shocked;

he hastened away to prevent the fatal catastrophe, but arrived too late. He had never loved Francisca; the sight of her roused his slumbering conscience. The fascinated creature insisted on seeing him every day, and when he failed to visit her, she found her way to him in various disguises. Anxious to get rid of her, he offered her a large sum, and advised her to marry, as she would not find it difficult with this money to procure a husband. Reproaches and tears were her reply. Her figure began to betray but too plainly her situation, while rage and vexation destroyed such charms as she had possessed; and from her importunities and her ungovernable temper, the Starost's aversion daily became more and more vehement.

He one day dropped a few words on this subject to Gurreck. "How," said the latter, "can the fool care about a life that is a burden to herself? It would be doing her a kindness to rid her of it." The Starost stared in astonishment; but Gurreck explained his meaning so plausibly, as to make a convert of the Starost; and the only consideration then was, how the atrocious scheme might be best carried into execution.—"O!" said Gurreck, "the woman with whom she lodges is fond of money; five hundred ducats must be given to her to purchase a dose suitable for the purpose, and five hundred more as soon as the passing-bell tolls for Francisca." The Starost stepped in silence to his escrutoire, and handed him a thousand ducats. "No," said Gurreck, "such an errand as this should not be intrusted to any agent, who might perhaps betray you; but when a man of consequence, like

yourself, expresses his wishes, a covetous woman is sure to understand him." The Starost followed this advice, and next day Francisca was in her coffin. The voice of conscience was drowned by obstreperous pleasures, feasting, and debauchery.

The only virtue that yet dwelt in his soul, was love for the twin-children with which his wife had presented him in the first year of their marriage. This lady, fond of dissipation, paid no attention herself to the infants; but when little Vincentius and his sister Maria began to lisp the name of father, when they fondled him with childish innocence, his heart was filled with pleasingly painful emotions; and when old Protasius taught them to say their prayers, he felt a strong impulse to pray too. At such times the sense of his manifold crimes racked his soul, and to stifle the reproaches of conscience, he plunged afresh into his usual debaucheries.

His wife, who loved him to distraction, and who for that very reason was disposed to jealousy, soon convinced herself that she had but too good reason to suspect his fidelity. The Starost was continually surrounded by her spies; he was daily tormented by her upbraidings; and when he seemed for a few moments to forget every thing, then the thought of what the three spirits would demand of him covered his brow with a cold perspiration. The approach of the midnight hour therefore filled him with horror, and after he had passed it in wakeful agonies, his slumbers were disturbed by hideous dreams. Thus did he pass a miserable life, and all the pleasures of sense in which he indulged,

imparted neither tranquillity nor real enjoyment. His two children had now completed their third year, and he gave a brilliant festival to celebrate their birthday. He had just finished a dance, and gone to a side-table, but his hand trembled as he extended it to take some refreshment: for the appalling hour struck, and he had nearly swooned, when a stranger with ice-cold hand grasped his. "I wish to speak with you in private," said he, conducting him to one of the most retired apartments. "Are we safe from interruption here?" asked the stranger; "see, if you please." The Starost went into the adjoining rooms, examined them, and locked the doors; but what was his horror and consternation, when, on his return, he beheld the figure of the stranger transformed into that of Asmodi, whose cloven foot, however, as he was not now enveloped in clouds, was distinctly visible! "I am come," said the spirit, with a malignant grin, "to demand my gift of thee—thy twin-children."—The Starost mustered courage. "Have I not excepted the lives of my fellow-creatures?" cried he.

"Do you suppose then that I intend to kill them?" rejoined the spirit: "no, they shall live. Bring them to me within three days at midnight, to the cross-road; or, shouldst thou fail, thou art mine. Thy children thou shalt deliver to the gipsies, who shall bring them up, and make not a great and enterprising robber, but a petty thief, of thy son, and of thy daughter a common strumpet."

With a diabolical laugh, Asmodi vanished; while the father, whose state, notwithstanding all his crimes and vices, was truly pitiable, and

who was now required by the infernal spirit to consign his children to infamy and ruin, sunk senseless on the floor.

The absence of the Starost was perceived in the festive hall. It was known that a stranger had called him out; the jealousy of his wife was excited. She sent servants in search of him: the door was found locked; they rapped to no purpose: the impatient mistress ordered them to break it open; and there lay her husband insensible at her feet. He was revived, and conveyed to bed: the music ceased, and the party broke up. The Starost would not have any other attendant to sit up with him than Gurreck, and to him, when all had retired, he poured forth his heart. "O the poor dear young gentleman and the sweet little lady!" exclaimed Gurreck, "do not give them to the gipsies; when I think how ill I was used by them when a boy, I cannot help shuddering."—This served but to aggravate the distress of the Starost. He frequently determined not to give up the children, and to disclose the whole affair to Father Protasius: but he was deterred by the consideration that this could not save him, and by the apprehension of what should then befall him. In this state of indecision, the third night approached.

"Gurreck," said the Starost, "canst not thou steal away with the children, and carry them to the appointed place?"

"I could not find in my heart to do it," replied Gurreck; "and, besides, did not the spirit insist that you should deliver them yourself? I will have the horses ready."

The agony of the Starost increased with every moment; for Gurreck,

the gipsy, refused to participate in a crime, which he, the father of the children, was ready to perpetrate. The clock already struck eleven. Concealing his face with a mask, he crept softly to the chamber where the infants with their nurse were fast asleep. He lifted the little creatures out of their bed: Maria uttered a cry. "I'll murder thee," said he, in a feigned voice, "if thou makest the least noise." He hurried with the trembling children out of the castle, and Gurreck, muffled up, was waiting for him with the horses. The innocents wept piteously, but were again quiet when the unnatural parent repeated his menaces. He mounted his horse, holding them before him wrapped in his mantle, and away he posted to the cross-road, where a fire was already blazing. Zulebebbe was seated by it, and Asmodi stood by her side. The Starost silently uncovered the shuddering infants, and placed them on the ground.

"Thou hast kept thy word," cried Asmodi with a grin: "but a priest has hung holy symbols about the necks of the children; take them off."

"I have merely promised to deliver them to you. Here, take them."

"And thou must remove every impediment," replied Asmodi, "as far as lies in thy power, or——"

The Starost then untied the ribbon with an *agnus dei*, which Protasius, in pious confidence, had hung about the neck of each of the infants. But when the poor little things saw the ghastly beldam approaching, they folded their innocent hands, and ejaculated the prayer, by which Father Protasius had taught them, on going to bed, to

commend themselves to the protection of their tutelary saint. A tremendous peal of thunder suddenly burst overhead, two white doves descended, and alighted one on each of the children. Again the thunder rolled awfully, and a stern voice from the clouds pronounced these words: "Avaunt, ye accursed, for angels of God protect innocence!"

Zulebebbe and Asmodi fled with hideous yells; for the third time the thunder crashed, and the Starost, overwhelmed with consternation, sunk to the ground. On recovering his senses, he found himself alone with the two children at the cross-road: he would gladly have returned with them, but he feared Asmodi's threats. He tarried therefore on the spot; but when the cock began to crow, he loudly exclaimed, "I have fulfilled my promise!" Enveloping the infants again in his mantle, he carried them home to the castle, set them down at the door of their chamber, bade them go in, and hastened away. The children waked their nurse, and related the whole affair; but she regarded it as a frightful dream. Protasius alone, who missed the *agnus dei* worn by each of them, thought that there was some foundation for the story, though he could not reconcile the particulars. He therefore not only replaced the consecrated symbols, but did all that lay in his power to bring them up in the fear of the Lord and the love of virtue.

When the Starost had, with lightened heart, proceeded to his chamber, Asmodi stood before him. "I have performed my promise," cried the Starost: "what wouldst thou with me?"

"Nothing more," replied Asmodi,

"than tell thee that we are quit. Thy children are saved; but thou needest not rejoice, for the predetermination to do a bad action is equally criminal in the sight of the Almighty Judge with the perpetration of the deed." A blue sulphureous flame burst forth, and the spirit vanished in it: a stench of brimstone filled the apartment, and prevented the Starost from sleeping the rest of the night. The recollection of the past

tortured him exceedingly; and the idea that the two other spirits might impose on him still more severe demands, racked him incessantly. At every noise he started with horror, and though possessing wealth equal to his utmost wishes, and the means of gratifying to their full extent all his appetites and passions, still he enjoyed not a single happy moment.
(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE SPECTRE OF PADERBORN.

At a period when the illusions of phantasmagoria were little known in Ireland, two half-pay officers, in a half-intoxicated frolic, went on board a ship bound for Dantzick, and when sobered, would gladly have put on shore in the British dominions; but the wind blowing strongly from the north-west, they were forced to proceed, and as they had a relation at Stettin, they determined to pay that gentleman a visit.

They found the climate and the hospitality of the Saxons so agreeable, that they undertook a pedestrian tour through Germany, being furnished with cash and with letters of introduction by the wealthy merchant of Stettin. Wherever the Hibernian cousins appeared, they engaged the favour of their entertainers. They could not indeed enter much into conversation, as the language of Germany was unknown to them, and they seldom fell in with interpreters: but they pushed the bottle with glee; they laughed, they sung Irish melodies, that charmed their auditors, though the words were not understood; and they danced

with the ladies, or discoursed with them in the language of the eyes.

They had a very amusing hunting match at Paderborn, and in one of the huntsmen, Ensign O. fancied he recognised a man who had been in the music-band of his late regiment. He was confirmed in this opinion by perceiving that the huntsman understood English. The fellow assured him that he was mistaken; that he was born and bred at Paderborn, and learnt English at school, being intended for trading to the British Isles; but his parents falling low in pecuniary circumstances, he was forced to betake himself to a meaner occupation. After the hunt, a large party dined together, and when the glass had circulated for some time, the huntsman was called in to interpret for the strangers. He told them that the company were disputing the long-contested question, whether this earth could, at any time, be subject to apparitions from the grave, and that they wished to hear the opinion of the island guests. The young Hibernian vehemently asserted, he was so convinced that no spirit could

walk the precincts inhabited by mortals, that he would go to any church-yard or haunted tower at the dead hour of midnight, and remain till day. His countryman advised him not to make such a rash engagement, for though well assured that no spectres were permitted to annoy the living, he would not trust his own imagination in a dreary solitude and darkness. Opposition, however friendly and gentle, only increased the bravado of the young man, already flushed with wine. Through the medium of the interpreter, all preliminaries were settled, and it was with some difficulty that the elder stranger prevailed on his companion to permit him and the interpreter to look after him within the space of half an hour.

Lieutenant M. did not fear any injury from the dead, but he was not without some apprehension from banditti, as the experiment was to be tried in a copse of beech, interspersed with underwood, about fifty yards from the house. The church-yard was four miles off, and no tower or castle of terrific repute was so near; but the wood was a scene which the old legends of Germany had celebrated as a resort of spirits. Lieutenant M. examined the pistols, which his friend placed in his belt. They were duly primed and loaded, and he insisted that O. must take his sword. He drank two bumpers of mountain wine, and set out for the wood just as the clock struck twelve.

His friend repeatedly looked at his watch, and it seemed to him that half an hour was lengthened to a solar day. The given time elapsed, and, attended by the interpreter, he speeded to the beechen copse; called on Mr. O.—no answer was returned.

The night was wrapt in gloom; and after searching for some time, the young man was found cold and speechless. They carried him to the house—he was in a convulsion—medical assistance was at hand—he was undressed, and laid in bed. When recovered a little, he imputed his illness to being overheated when he encountered the keen air; and the next day he treated the whole affair as a jest. He was quite well, he averred—yet his look was disturbed, and at times pale and languid. However, he laughed, frolicked, and danced, nor could Mr. M. prevail upon him to be more abstemious in wine. Soon after midnight he again fell into a fit, and continued very ill the ensuing day. Mr. M. prudently forbore to question him respecting his adventures at the wood; and by a sort of tacit compact, or perhaps because the Germans had more interesting topics to discuss, no mention of goblins, mountain-kings, or fairies, recalled the event of the preceding night.

As soon as the ensign was able to travel, he proposed returning to Ireland by the most direct route. The convulsive spasms frequently recurred during his life, which terminated in less than four years. Lieutenant M. resided near, and saw him almost every day. During his illnesses, Mr. M. seldom failed to attend, and at all times endeavoured, by lively conversation, or by reading aloud to him, to divert the melancholy he laboured to conceal. Two years passed before he made any reference to Paderborn, and the subject was accidentally introduced. Among the books sent by a friend for O.'s amusement, came De Foe's stories of apparitions. Mr. O. shuddered when

he looked at the title—became absent and pensive, and, like a person startled from a reverie, suddenly asked Mr. M. if he recollected his rash presumption at Paderborn. “But it was punished,” continued he wildly; “for as sure as the saints are in heaven, I saw Maddy Calaghan on the bier, and her little baby stretched beside her. The night was dark, but a trembling light rose among the trees, and passed over the corpses, and they blasted my sight, while I was trotting along, singing a ballad, which I have since recollected poor Maddy liked to hear.”

Mr. M. to no avail employed all his ingenuity and kind solicitude to efface the impression on Mr. O.’s mind. After the decease of that unfortunate young man, he went to Stettin, and laid before his relation the above circumstances. He wrote to Paderborn, and learnt that the

huntsman had left the country, and was, with some others, exhibiting phantasmagoria in southern Germany. On further investigation, it appeared that the fellow had been in a British regiment; and as the corps was in Ireland when Maddy Calaghan fell a victim to an amour with Ensign O., he could represent the corpses, with such vestments of the dead as had been given to the poor girl and her still-born infant.

Some years ago the consort of a British peer was accessory to an exhibition of the same nature, in hopes of correcting his infidelities; but the nobleman was aware that a phantasmagoric scene was to be presented to him, and he came forth from the darkened apartment with a serene countenance. After all, no human being should unnecessarily expose himself to the workings of fear on his nerves and imagination.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS.

(Concluded from p. 193.)

AFTER the company have eaten and drunk their fill, the remainder of the afternoon is devoted either to a walk or a dance.

The walk is confined to the shorter or longer street, or to the alley running along the Boulevards, in which the *marchands de vins traitants* reside. Here the concourse is sometimes so great, that pedestrians are obliged to creep along like snails, or even to walk backward like crabs. The dust is at the same time so thick, that you can scarcely see before you. Here each cares so little about incommoding others, that if one takes it into his head to stop and

chat with his company, all who are behind this party are compelled to halt till the foremost is pleased to move forward again. All these inconveniences might be remedied, if people would only go a few steps farther, and disperse a little on the superb *chaussées*, or in the charming lanes and paths across the fields. But no; the Frenchman, and the Parisian in particular, is a gregarious animal—he is never better pleased than when he is in a crowd. These walks therefore are not so much bodily exercises as public conversations, in which all who are within sight and hearing bear a part. Here it fre-

quently happens that a question put to some one on the right, is answered by another on the left; one assists another to find a word for which he is at a loss; a third joins in conversation with parties who are utter strangers, and explains, modifies, or amplifies the witticisms, which a fourth addresses to his own company. A fifth takes it into his head to place a rose in the bosom of the *dame* of a sixth, repeating the well-known proverb: *Ce qui se ressemble s'assemble* (Like loves like). A seventh holds his burning cigar to an eighth, whom he sees preparing to strike a light; while a ninth hands his *bonbonnière* to a tenth, with the request that he will present it to his *dame*, &c. In short, they all appear to form but one party: not an angry word is to be heard, for all seem to love one another. Here, however, as all the world over, there is always one who takes the lead of the rest. This character in the company the French designate by the appellation of *Coq du village*, for which the more refined Parisians substitute *Coqueluche*. Such a *Coqueluche* is a man, who, presuming upon external advantages, no matter how deficient he may be in internal, puts on a certain amiable impudence, always talks first and loudest, treats all females with indifference, because he knows that none of them can resist him; but, in other respects, is an honest fellow, who would not offend any one; nay, who would even, on occasion, resign his own *dame* to his friend, with the observation, "*Va, va, mon ami, j'en puis avoir d'autres quand je veux.*" Such a person is to be found in all the parties beyond the barriers: indeed it would almost appear that, without him, they could not enjoy themselves. His office is

not only the most difficult, but, looking to the present moment, the most unthankful of any in the whole company. He must constantly have *le mot pour rire* at hand, say flattering things to all the ladies, but not give the preference to any of them, terminate all disputes that may arise with witty sallies, be every where the first and the last, be always talking without ever listening, and maintain a show of generosity, that is, present the ladies with *plaisirs* (a kind of cakes) and macaronis. To him Sunday is the busiest day in the week; but, on the other hand, he may keep holiday every other day with the *dames* in whose company he has been at the barriers. It not unfrequently happens that the *Coqueluches* of different companies, like the birds from which they take their name, attack and challenge each other out as they pass. The pedestrians then form a ring round the combatants; signs of disapprobation are given when the champion flinches, and he is applauded when he shews bottom. The victor is greeted even by the adverse party with the loudest bravos. As to the vanquished *Coqueluche*, it is at such a time that an aspirant to his dignity would find it no difficult matter to oust him from his post.

Should the company not feel disposed to walk, they repair to the dancing-rooms—I should say, *dancing-grounds*. The formation of these places costs the owners no great sum: they are merely open places in gardens where the ground has been levelled and rammed down hard. Let not the reader imagine that the citizens of Paris are obliged to dance in the open air, because the host does not derive sufficient profit from them to be able to build a real danc-

ing-room: in summer they dance every where, at Tivoli, at Ruggieri's, and at all the public gardens, large or small, in the open air. The dancing-places of the *marchands de vins* are larger or smaller, according to the dimensions of the gardens. Here the *Coqueluche* is in his element, for among the qualities of this important mortal, that of being a graceful dancer holds the first rank. If, in walking, he has opportunities of displaying the superiority of his understanding, the dance furnishes occasion for shewing off the lightness of his heels; nay, there are cases in which the latter quality is far more highly prized than the former. Here too friends and foes form a circle round the *Coqueluches*, for the purpose of admiring and applauding their agility. The most common dance is, as every body knows, the *contredanse*; and in this our hero must excel all the males of the company. If he can execute a *pas seul*, or a *pas de deux*, his party look down with contempt on the rest of the public. When the dance is over, the great man is borne away in triumph to a bench; the ladies vie with each other in wiping the perspiration from his brow, and she who fancies that she has been that day honoured by him with more notice than the rest, even goes so far as to order a *ver d'eau sucrée*, which she presents to him with such words as these: "*Rafraichissez-vous, mon ami. Mais ne buvez pas trop vite—entendez-vous.*" It is a regular thing that in return for this attention, he must formally embrace her, and kiss her on both cheeks.

After the evening has been thus passed in walking or dancing, the company prepare to return home.

The regular hour for this is eleven o'clock, which, as every thing is an hour later in Paris than in other towns, is there equivalent to ten, or in the smallest to nine. Hence it is evident that the Parisian is fond of order and of good hours: it puts him out if he is obliged to go to bed later than twelve, or to lie longer than eight in the morning. That there are boon companions here who turn night into day, and *vice versa*, is true enough; but they are found in much smaller proportion among the citizens of Paris, than elsewhere. As they saunter back to the city and to their respective habitations, another trait of character, which distinguishes the French, and the Parisian in particular, above most of the other civilized nations of Europe, presents itself to the spectator.—Whilst, among the latter, the pedestrians returning home at night exhibit living pictures of weariness and fatigue; whilst the tongues of all, and the legs of at least three-fourths, refuse their office; the people of Paris seem, on the contrary, to have recruited their powers, and their bodies are as active as their tongues. On their return home, the company in general amuse themselves with satirizing the persons whom they have fallen in with during the day. Each individual contributes his share: here too the *Coqueluche* gives the *ton*, and is expected to communicate a fresh impulse to the conversation whenever it begins to flag.

My readers will by this time probably be disposed to wish the honest folks good night, and to send them in peace to their beds. I must, however, solicit their patience a little longer: the third act of the *divertissement* which we have been at-

tending, yet remains to be performed. On reaching the city, some one of the party complains of thirst: the ladies, in particular, cry one after another, "*Je n'en puis plus*;" "*Je meurs de soif*." Accordingly they enter the house of some *marchand de bierre*, to get a draught of beer, *pour se raffraichir*, as they say. A Parisian, were he to be prevented from washing down on a Sunday evening with a glass of beer the dust which he has inhaled beyond the barriers, would probably not be able to sleep a wink all night. Here the *Coqueluche* acquits himself of the last of his duties for the day: he has to run over a newspaper, and to communicate the contents to the party, taking care, however, in his report, to avoid every expression or remark that might clash with the opinions of any individual. It may easily be conceived that no small delicacy of tact is requisite for the due performance of this ticklish task.

Two small bottles of beer among seven or eight persons—for temperance is, next to industry, a chief virtue of the Parisian—are far from resembling the widow's cruise of oil in the Scripture. Besides, it is now near twelve o'clock, and one or other of the company—but this must not be the *Coqueluche*—begins to say, "*Mais, mes amis, il faut nous en aller, il est tard*." The party accordingly break up, and each repairs to his home, after it has been mutually agreed to meet again the next Sunday beyond the barriers.

I cannot conclude this sketch of the Sunday of a Parisian without subjoining a few words concerning some of the principal places of public resort of the lowest class of the in-

habitants of that capital. Those *marchands de vins* whose houses are frequented by the better class of the *bourgeoisie*, and to whom the foregoing observations apply, reside beyond the north-west barriers of the city, that is to say, beyond that part of Paris which comprehends the most genteel quarters of the town, and belong of course to the most opulent of their profession. Hence the most respectable public-houses are situated near the barriers on that side.

From the *Barrière St. Denis*, northward of the city, to the eastern part of it, and beyond all the barriers of that part of the city which lies to the north of the Seine, are to be found the *cabarets* where the populace of Paris are accustomed to amuse themselves on Sundays. Here every house is alternately a public-house and cook's shop. The commodities of both are in exact proportion with the means of their customers. Among these places, there are two of vulgar notoriety, *la Courtille* and *la Rapée*. Both lie in the easternmost part of the town. Their names are collective denominations for all the *cabarets* situated there, or rather appellations for the places themselves. The former is the street which commences just beyond the *Barrière du Temple*, and runs to the village of Belleville. The latter begins at the barrier of the same name, and runs along one of the banks of the Seine.

La Courtille may be styled the classic ground of the offscouring of Paris. In the upper part the company are confined to street-sweepers, purchasers of broken glass, and dung-hill-rakers; and the lower part is frequented by the people who sleep in

the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. To be a *Coqueluche* of one of these societies, a man must have served at least ten years in the galleys.

La Rapée is a branch of *la Courtille*: such as cannot find room in the latter, repair to the former. The company in *la Rapée* are perhaps not quite so accomplished, but still of such a character, that people would do well to take good care of their pockets. Respectable persons go thither in the week-days to eat *matelote*, fish dressed in various ways, in the seamen's fashion, with very strong spices.

It is calculated that there are ten thousand persons in Paris who have neither house nor home. These are not poor people, for a provision is made for such, but downright vagabonds, who are ready enough to steal, but will not work. In order to draw these rascalions from the markets, and from the niches of houses in which the shutters of shops are kept in the daytime, where they were formerly accustomed to pass the night, and thus to keep them more under *surveillance*, the police has authorized an establishment, which is probably not to be paralleled on the face of the earth. This is the

Hôtel d'Angleterre. The whole rear of the ground-floor of this building, which stands exactly opposite to the *Palais Royal*, has been fitted up as a vast lodging-house for mendicants and all sorts of vagabonds of both sexes, where each, according to their means, may hire for the night a whole bed or part of one, or a bundle of straw, or a place on the bare floor. The most necessary articles of provision are also supplied; but every thing, the floor not excepted, must be paid for immediately. Whoever does not choose to sleep, may game or chat with his neighbour. Not much attention is paid here to morals; but the law of *meum* and *tuum* is so much the more strictly enforced by Vidoc, the notorious thief-taker. This man, who has escaped the guillotine merely to occupy the chair of president of police in the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, appears among the company in all sorts of characters: to-day you see him as my lord, to-morrow as a beggar soliciting a *sous* of passengers. He might truly say with Abellino, "Seven times I will change my appearance, and seven times you shall not know me again."

MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

Plus alôes quàm mellis habet.—Juv. Sat. vi. 180.

The bitter overbalance the sweet.

It does not signify talking, Mr. Editor; I'll bear it no longer. You have, it is true, abolished your Office for Complaints; the voice of Sagephiz is heard no more; but still you are bound in common compassion to attend to the grievances of your subscribers, and I insist upon your interference between me and my—

wife! Yes, sir, start not—you must interfere—or at least you must hear my complaint, whether you relieve it or not. Oh! sir, why was I born with all *my* sex's weakness? Why did I marry a wife, who, "smiling only to betray," caused me to promise to live with her longer than I chose?

You *must* know then, sir, that two years since I took unto myself a helpmate, because I deemed that I had found a companion; one who would weep when I wept, and laugh when I laughed, not at my own joys or sorrows, for I never expected to have any, but at the joys and sorrows of fictitious life. I am a great reader, in consequence a great writer. I can touch you off an ode in the twinkling of an eye, and hit off an essay before you can say Jack Robinson. Talk of Byron—but of this another time. Being, as I said before, a great writer, I naturally wanted some one who would praise every thing I promulgated, and so I married Elizabeth—Bessy, as I now call her. I dare say, sir, you have heard the song, “Oh! fly from the world, my Bessy, to me:” the words are said to be by Moore; but I could say something about some people borrowing from other people, but I won’t. In our courting-days, we strolled and read, and then we strolled and read again. Oh! sir, how often have the sparrows of Bagnigge Wells listened to my strains! How often have the breezes that fanned the trees of White Conduit-House conveyed to the vagrant air of Primrose Hill my sweetest notes! Here also I read to her *The Sorrows of Werter*, and other such affecting incidents, but more particularly poetry. Yet, best of all, did I recite to her all my own productions: she approved of every one, and I married her; “the very head and front of my offending.” My twelve sonnets to a Rose, my “Farewell to Aura,” my “Return to Julia,” &c. &c. were all admired by her, although they had been rejected by the editors of all the magazines. To tell the truth,

her praises were not, I believe, very disinterested; for she well knew, that, in all the changes from Delia to Julia, or Vanessa to Mary, she, and only she, was the inspirer of my song.

For some time after our union the same amusements were continued, though still the house affairs would call her away; but of late nothing but the house affairs engage her attention, or at all interest her; and it having pleased heaven to give us a lovely boy, I am not only doomed to read the works of the day to myself, but also my own productions.

I am naturally a kind-hearted man when pleased; and when I say so myself, you must believe me. But, sir, she is enough to provoke a saint; and though she pretends to be as fond of old pursuits as ever, I don’t believe a word of it. It was but yesterday morning that I once more endeavoured to chain her attention to a book which I thought would delight her; it could be no pleasure to me, though, I confess, I think I have rather a musical voice. She acquiesced in this, and declared she would prepare herself accordingly, that no interruption might occur; and truly I rubbed my hands in the hope of a delicious morning. Well, sir, the breakfast-cloth was cleared, the hearth swept up, orders given that if any body called, no body was at home; the dinner was ordered at four; the beef was to take two hours in cooking, potatoes were substituted for greens, the dab wash was even put off till the next day, and little Bobby, our son, allowed, for fear of disturbing us below, to scrawl over twenty sheets of paper in the nursery. Well, sir, at length all was silent as death. I wiped my specta-

cles, for I am weak-sighted, as clear as spectacles can be wiped, hemmed three times, and was commencing, when Bessy begged pardon, she had sat down without her scissors; she would just step up stairs, where, she thought, she had left them: she did step up stairs, but, alas! she found them not. "Never mind, my dear," she said, bribing my rising pet with a smile, "I can bite my thread off till you have finished." "Till I have finished!" so, thinks I, in the mean time you will work in purgatory, and wish the book finished, to get out of it. I told her she had better get every material for her work ready before I began, striving, at the same time, with the impatience of my temper: but no, she could not think of disturbing me again. It was so good of me to read out, she should be so delighted, quite a treat, had not heard a book for a long time.—I at length interrupted the string of compliments by some more preparatory hems, and at length began. "The Pirate:" she likes not prefaces, and so I began, "That long, narrow, and irregular island——" —"I beg pardon, my dear," said she, interrupting me, "but really I have left my pocket-handkerchief in the kitchen. I believe I caught cold last night coming from the Coburg. I have been trying to do without it as long as I could; but——"

I am a bit of a snuffler myself, sir, ever since I took so much Prince's mixture, and knew the misery of being without a handkerchief myself; so the bell was rung, and at last the relief procured. "I think, my dear," said my wife, "now the servant is here, she had better throw on some coals, and then we shall not be disturbed again; and as you are

so good as to read out, I would avoid any thing like an interruption." This was done; but Sally thought an hour and a half would be plenty for the beef; her mistress thought not; but after ringing the changes twenty times on its having plenty of fat, and its having no fat, taking longer because the weather was frosty, and not so long because it was not frosty, I gently interfered, and Sally was dismissed with a "Well, you must do as well as you can:" but not, however, without a supposition on the part of my wife, that if my dinner was not cooked properly, I should be the first to complain.

Hannah now entered with Master Bobby, who having, as he said, written a letter to *ganma* and *ganpa*, wanted more paper. Mamma said, he should have no more; he strove hard to make her change her mind; for once she was positive; a hubbub ensued; at length the young gentleman was ejected from the room, but not without compounding for a halfpennyworth of ladies' fingers. "I am glad he is gone," said my wife.—"Indeed so am I," said I sighing, and beating the devil's tattoo with my foot, beginning to get fidgety, while I exclaimed, putting on a sort of questionable good-nature in my face, "I now hope I may be permitted to proceed." This had nearly provoked a second altercation; but I recommenced *The Pirate*, rather, however, in a subdued tone, and actually managed to read a dozen pages uninterrupted. Warmed by the genius of the writer, and the unlimited attention given by my wife, I read on in my best style. I had forgotten every thing but the blue-eyed daughters of Thule; when, at length, my better half exclaimed, "Good gracious, my dear! it has

just struck me, that I have never answered the kind invitation of the Goslings for to-morrow evening. To send a verbal message, you know, would be very rude; and you, my dear, want rest; you have read yourself rather hoarse."—"I! I never read better in all my life."—"Well, a note must be written;" and I paced the room while my deary was employed in signifying that she should do herself the honour of accepting "the kind invitation."

This note took some time to write and to send off; and when she again took up her work, my patience was sufficiently exhausted. I got through two more pages, when Sally came to know if we wanted any water-cresses: I answered bluntly, "No!" Again I read—thump, thump, thump, it went overhead.—"Good gracious, my dear!" said Bessy, "Bobby has certainly tumbled off the nursery-table;" and away she flew.—"Twas a false alarm—this I pretended I knew, although, I confess, I was hugely frightened. The servant now wanted soap. The tax-gatherer called for the poor-rates, and he was succeeded by a blind man begging. I always give to the blind, so he added to the loss of time. The fire was poked, and I most philosophically reopened the book. I was some time finding the place, for the paper I put in had been snatched out, to wrap up a penny for the blind man, which she had thrown out of window. I had, however, just got Mordaunt on the giddy cliffs, when my wife begged I would pause for a moment, to recollect I had promised to pay a man to-day for the last dozen of wine. I, however, succeeded in getting Mordaunt on *terra firma*, when she was "obliged" to leave me

for her milliner; and when she returned, the clock had struck one. At four the book was to be returned. For another quarter of an hour I gained a fresh audience, not, however, without fancying, from the restlessness of Bessy, that she was thinking more of Brussels lace, than of the Trail family and the whale-fishery.

"Twas now my turn to be the interrupter, for Tom Varnish called with the picture I had bought for a Rembrandt. When I had dismissed him, I found Mrs. Skurry deeply engaged with a purchaser of second-hand apparel, and a dissertation on washes, black revivers, and every one their own dyer. It was now time that Bobby had his dinner; at the end of which entered two friends, who, having more time on their hands than we had, were determined to get rid of it, and declared most facetiously, that, though the servant had denied us, they *presumed* on old acquaintance, and would not lose the pleasure of seeing us. They, however, did at last depart, and I endeavoured to recover resolution to read on.

As some blockhead of a school-boy, who, having twice brought up his task to his master unaccomplished, with heavy heart has returned again; so I resumed the adventures of the Trails, which were to be concluded, at least the volume, by four o'clock. But now my wife had more work to get; the scissars *must* be found; they were found, and down she sat, and we arrived at the words, "When the vessel upset, and went to pieces"—"If you please, ma'am," said Hannah entering, "had I not better take Master Robert into the park, now it be fine?" This intro-

duced a conversation on cloaks and coats, and shoes and spencers: at length, after a thousand "Good bye, dears," I endeavoured to proceed: but now, indeed, a storm arose—the washerwoman called—she was dismissed; and I was going on, but Mrs. Corsage was announced. This was more than I could bear: I threw the book on the sofa, and uttering a thousand incoherences, swore never to read out again.

Is not then such conduct, sir, scandalous? And has not many a woman been divorced for a less crime than this? But, sir, she has a hundred others; and I am determined never

to live with her again. She knows not a Wilkie from a Gerard Douw. The books I am filling her rooms with she never condescends to read; the *vertu* which I purchase for her is unheeded, and be the price ever so great, she values it not. To attend to her children and her household concerns is all the enjoyment that seems to enter into her narrow comprehension; nay, she had even the effrontery to tell me but the other day, that as long as she saw myself and her children in health, she cared not, though Byron wrote no more, or that Raphael had never painted.

TIMOTHY SKURRY.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Loyal and National Songs of England, for one, two, and three Voices, selected from original Manuscripts and early printed Copies in the Library of Dr. Kitchiner; most humbly inscribed, and, with gracious permission, dedicated, to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by Wm. Kitchiner, M.D.—(Hurst, Robinson, and Co.)

AN amiable vein of originality, joined to a comprehensive and varied range of literary and useful pursuits, have rendered the name of Dr. Kitchiner conspicuous and respected among the public characters of the present day. Few men, perhaps, can boast of having rendered greater and more varied services to their fellow-citizens. To cook, cure, and compose for one's country, appear to us at least a combination of triple talent, a *tria juncta in uno*, of which the annals of mankind furnish few, if any, parallel examples.

On the present occasion, Dr. K.

appears before the public in the latter of the three characters above-mentioned: rather, however, as a collector of music, than a composer; for of the multitude of tunes he has catered, there is but one, the very last, from his own pen. All these tunes, at the same time, are, in point of text, of such similar import, that it is not improbable but the learned collector had the twofold object of combining his therapeutic vocation with his musical talent. He no doubt remarked the spreading effects of a disorder, endemial to this country, and, at various periods of our history, designated under different appellations; but, in our days, principally known by the name of radicalism; and observing the ill success of the numerous formulæ of professional men, and of the nostrums prescribed by quacks, Dr. K. imitating, it seems, the remedy used against the bite of the tarantula, has endeavoured to fiddle his Majesty's liege subjects

into a little more loyalty than they have chosen to display of late years. These fifty-seven loyal compositions therefore, the loyal effusions of various successive generations, from the beginning of the 17th century to the present age, are very appropriately ushered into public "in commemoration of the coronation of King George IV."

Dr. K. in his preface, takes pride in being the first to proclaim, that "no nation in the world has half so many loyal, nor half so many national, songs," as the English. As far as regards loyalty, we should have admitted the truth of the assertion, without the ample vouchers produced in its support. But, with regard to the more comprehensive class of strictly national songs of all kinds, we apprehend that the Germans, French, Italians, and Spaniards, would be quite prepared to enter the lists with England, and probably be able to bring into the field a larger number of tunes, bearing a more forcible stamp of decisive national originality, than those which we might be able to marshal in opposition.

Be this as it may, we cannot, in justice, withhold from Dr. K. the merit of having concentrated in this splendid publication, a most curious and highly interesting collection of loyal songs, many of which are now little known, and but for this undertaking, would probably soon have sunk into unmerited neglect and oblivion. The specimens of Purcell particularly deserve the connoisseur's attention. He will find in them a flow of fine melody, a digested rhythmic clearness, and a justness of verbal expression, which must still delight the ear of true unsophisticated musical taste, and which, making

certain allowances for the mannerisms of the different ages, few English composers of subsequent times, down to the present day, have united with equal success.

It would by much exceed our limits to present our readers with merely a catalogue of this extensive and interesting collection. We must refer them to the book itself. In perusing it, they will, like ourselves, be impressed with the lamentable conviction, that our forefathers took more delight in singing of their king and country, than their descendants of the present enlightened, discursive, and sceptical age. We remember the time when the festive parlour, the tap-room, nay, even the streets, re-echoed strains similar to those in Dr. Kitchiner's book. Our singing days seem to be nearly gone by. Englishmen's voices have become woefully prosaic; jollity is fast on the decline, and ere long, perhaps, the principal sphere of their vocal exertions will be the meeting-houses of sects of all descriptions, which, like mushrooms, emerge from innumerable spots of waste ground in all parts of the London suburbs, and throughout the country.

We sang more, and were happier when we knew less; but instruction, instruction is the general cry. National schools, too, spring up in every corner of the empire, or rather along every high-road, for they are paraded in the most conspicuous situations. Instruction and learning is universally dispensed by mental machinery, the common methods not being sufficiently expeditious to teach the tender mind to—DOUBT. Reading is already the universal food for all classes; the lowest rank in society has its literary cravings provided for, pamphlets and

periodicals of all contents, sizes, and prices, including ribaldry, treason, and blasphemy. Every street—but we are waxing warm, and wandering out of our province moreover, which, happily, is still of a musical nature, however short the spirit of the age may render its duration. Let's take up a merry tune, to compose our wayward mood. Mr. Potter's "Chi dice mal d'amore" will set us to rights again.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte on the favourite Cavatina, "Chi dice mal d'Amore," composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Cuming, by C. Potter. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

This fantasia commences with an introductory *moderato* in G major. The pretty air "Chi dice mal d'amore" is then exhibited as simple theme, and followed by three variations on the same; an instrumental recitativo of a few staves now intervenes, and the whole concludes with a rondo upon "Ragazze a me credete." All is good music, and has afforded to us a quarter of an hour's real pleasure to hear it. There is one merit in this composition, which we frequently miss in works of great pretension. Mr. P. by no means puts restraint upon either his imagination, or the store of his harmonic knowledge; he occasionally revels luxuriously and deeply in the mazes of fancy and chromatic colouring; but he never loses his thread, because he goes no further than the boundaries of good taste. His labour possesses a clearness, a lucid intelligibility, a flow of good melody, which constantly keep the interest alive. The whole is written in excellent style, replete with variety of thought, and, we may add, not very intricate

in point of execution. Such music is sure to bring the pupil forward.

No. I. Grand Concerto for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his Imperial Majesty Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 61. Pr. 8s.; accompaniments, 4s.—(Clementi and Co. and Chappell and Co.)

The movements in his concerto are three in number, an allegro in D minor, an adagio in F major, and a rondo in D minor, all which, in the piano-forte part, occupy an extent of nearly forty pages of close print. In surveying these, and casting a glance at some of the many original and fancifully elaborate ideas which they contain, we were struck with wonder at the perfection and ingenuity of our system of musical notation, which is capable of expressing faithfully all that the fertile and luxuriant imagination of Mr. K. could conceive and execute. It has been asserted, that we can only conceive in idea that which can be expressed in language; but *that* language must be rich indeed which can give utterance to the infinitely varied and delicate musical combinations to be met with in the concerto before us. What if the alphabet should ever be lost, and one of our descendants, ages hence, stumble on a miraculously preserved copy of Mr. Kalkbrenner's Op. 61!—What else would it be deemed but a collection of hieroglyphics incapable of solution! What discussions of the learned! What hypotheses!!

But, to return to the work at our side: we have to observe, that, like the best concertos of Mozart, its merit does not solely consist in the selectness and excellence of the solo-

parts; the aggregate effect of the piano-forte in conjunction with the accompaniments, and the fine *Tutti* which intervene, give to the concerto the character of a symphony in full orchestra, and exhibit the author as a harmonist of first-rate talents and skill.

The most cursory and superficial notice of the prominent parts of this extensive and grand composition, would fill a great portion of the space allotted for the whole of our monthly labour. We therefore abstain from entering into fractional detail, where the whole lies beyond the compass of our limits. But, before we leave Mr. K. we cannot refrain from congratulating him upon the exquisite slow movement in F major. It not only breathes deep feeling and delicate sensibility, but presents an accumulation of original ideas, uttered with a classic chasteness, and supported by an harmonic colouring, which place the author in the highest rank of compositorial eminence.

The concerto, of course, is not to be mastered by common executive abilities; but if it is taken in hand as a study, to be conquered by portions, by degrees, and by dint of indefatigable diligence, it will not be found insuperable, and furnish an almost inexhaustible source of improvement.

A Grand Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Mary Atlee, by Charles Neate. Op. 6. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

A slow movement in C minor, and a rondo, $\frac{6}{8}$, in C major. In the former, we observe a succession of impressive, and indeed mournful, ideas, fine in conception and enunciation,

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and supported by an harmonic treatment, replete with good science; but they appear, generally speaking, of too detached a nature, not of sufficient mutual connection. The subject of the rondo, although not of strict originality, is in good style; and some of the digressive passages are of a select cast, and shew that Mr. N.'s study has been directed to the best models. At the same time, the successive portions, as in the slow movement, do not appear to us to be in proper mutual keeping; they do not seem to grow out of each other, so as to present themselves as children of the same family, and combine into a whole of clearly perceptible unity in plan. The left hand is rather plainly set; we see little of contrapuntal dovetailings and entwinings: hence the harmonic treatment is not so rich and varied as we could have wished it to be from Mr. Neate.

"Les petits Delassements," consisting of Select Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by G. Kiallmark. No. III. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co. and Goulding and Co.)

The theme of this number of Mr. K.'s "Delassements" is an old well-known tune, of strict rhythmical construction, and simple good melody. We always took it to be French, but Mr. K. assigns it to Italy. The four variations are pleasant, and lie well under the hand. They do not deviate from the common routine of variation-composition, each being constructed upon the same plan, without any other diversity of character than that which is derived from mere amplification, by means of a greater or less number of notes employed to express the text of the theme.

R R

A Second French Air, by J. J. Rousseau, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Albertina Badger, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

An adagio, setting out in B minor, merges into an andante in B major, which, in its progress, fixes itself in the key of G major, as preparatory to Rousseau's air in the latter key, and to six variations and coda reared upon it. One or two of these are rather in a trifling style; but casting a general glance over the whole book, we can freely declare, not only that none of Mr. Jay's works have given us greater satisfaction, but that this composition is of a nature to deserve an honourable place in the library of the tasteful amateur. It is written with care, and it displays a variety of classic ideas, and many traits of excellent and bold harmonic combinations. The thoughts are not always uttered with all the fanciful freedom of the musical diction of the present school, but their substance and intrinsic value are not the less to be prized. Many ideas, as well as their treatment, remind us of the style of Haydn, without, however, being copies or imitations of that master. In short, the composition does the author great credit.

Introduzione ed Aria all' Inglese for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend Thos. Broadwood, Esq. by J. B. Cramer. Op. 65. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

This "Aria all' Inglese" must mean a tune composed by Mr. C. in the style and manner of an English air; and if this interpretation be correct, we are free to say, that he has fully succeeded in giving us a fair and

faithful specimen of the style he proposed to himself for imitation. For our parts, we feel no great predilection for the style in question: one of our objections to it lies against the continual modulation through which either the melody or harmony winds itself; and Mr. C.'s air, especially in the second part, is strongly tinged with that species of colouring: although we must admit, that the air runs on with the smoothest cantilena, and that its harmonic treatment is so apt, so mellow, and yet so simple, as to steal our applause.

Indeed, Mr. Cramer's piano-forte harmony appears to us, in every thing we see from him, to be quite unrivalled. There are composers of greater novelty in ideas, and greater depth and originality of harmonic colouring; but Mr. C.'s manner of harmonizing his melodies, and of blending melody and harmony, so as to produce the greatest effect with the least expense of notes, with the least affectation of parade, and the most consummate chasteness, places him foremost among all the composers of the present, or perhaps any other, time. On this account, we should select his works, before any others, as models for studying both piano-forte composition and execution.

All this is forcibly exemplified in the publication before us, which sets out with a most beautiful introduction in two flats. Of the "Aria," we have already made mention. It is first propounded in the manner above alluded to, and afterwards expanded into a few excellent variations, with intervening episodical portions. All is truly masterly, and invaluable to the musical student, earnestly bent upon his advancement in the art.

"*Cède à l'Amour,*" a favourite French Air, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Chignell, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 66. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

If we allot less room to our notice of these variations than to some of the preceding publications, the cause

lies solely in the circumstance of our space drawing to a close. The theme, a waltz subject, is particularly attractive; and most of the ten variations are replete with interest, and of a superior order. Good melody predominates, and a due diversity of character and treatment is a distinguishing feature in them.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

MR. GEORGE HAYTER is now exhibiting at Mr. Cauty's Great Rooms, Pall-Mall, a large historical picture, the subject of which is *the Trial of her late Majesty Queen Caroline in the House of Lords*. It is the object of the artist to represent a complete interior view of the House of Lords, as it was fitted up for the remarkable occurrence alluded to, together with portraits of the peers, counsel, principal commoners, and others in attendance upon the occasion. The subject was selected by the Hon. George Agar Ellis, for whom Mr. Hayter has executed the work; and the artist appears early to have been struck with the numerous difficulties which attended a faithful representation of the trial, and to have adopted the best means which a deep knowledge of his profession suggested, of obviating them as much as possible. In the first place, the House of Lords, as a building, is ill adapted for the display of architectural beauties. There are six opposing lights from the windows at the top; the tapestry is worn, and its ornaments obliterated; the peers' benches are arranged more

for convenience, than pleasing effect; the scarlet covering and drapery are monotonous; and the general effect is decidedly unpictorial. The artist, by a skilful selection of his point of view from the bar of the House, has combatted the disagreeable effect which would have attended a central view taken parallel to the base line; and by treating his perspective diagonally instead of parallel, he has avoided the inconvenience of so many straight lines, and given a greater variety to the crowded grouping in the left side of the picture.

The principal figure in the work is that of Earl Grey, who is in the act of interrogating one of the witnesses in support of the Bill of Pains and Penalties: it is a dignified and imposing figure, and the likeness remarkably accurate. The other portraits of the peers in different parts of the House are equally remarkable for accuracy; the positions are natural and characteristic; and the lines of heads upon the several benches are broken, so as to give to the composition of the grouping a pleasing and varied effect. The manner in which the artist has admitted his

light, is really beautiful; and the painting of the ceiling and accurately drawn chandeliers, the bright tone of which adds a warmth to the upper part of the picture, entitles him to the highest praise. The judicious arrangement of the light, which falls on the floor, and leads the eye from the bar to the spot on which Lord Holland stands, is very picturesque; and the subdued tone of the colouring of the throne at the extremity, is quite in keeping. The magnificence of the throne would have made a splendid fore-ground for a picture, but became difficult of management in its present position at the end: the difficulty here was, to preserve the tone of the decorations, without permitting them to overpower the plain colouring which belonged to the objects and costume necessarily occupying that part of the work. The artist has succeeded in portraying with minute accuracy, even to the distinction of the metallic colouring, the decorations of the throne; while he has, with great address, shed around them a thin veil of air, which prevents them from obtruding their splendour injuriously beyond the remote situation assigned to them.

The fore-ground of the picture, below the bar, is occupied principally by the counsel engaged in the cause, and the portraits are mostly excellent. Mr. Brougham is in the act of turning to answer a question from his colleague, Mr. Denman; whilst Dr. Lushington is intent upon watch-

ing the progress of the witness Majocchi's examination, which the Italian interpreter is explaining with his usual force of gesture and proximity. Next to her Majesty's counsel, are the King's Attorney and Solicitor Generals, with their assistant counsel: the Attorney General is, with the Solicitor, steadily attending to the examination; and the counsel near him, who are seated, particularly the learned civilian, Sir Christopher Robinson, are excellently painted. The portraits are chiefly from life, and when it is considered that they are nearly two hundred in number, some idea can be formed of the labour of a work executed with such elaborate details. Objections have been made, and not without cause, to the colouring of the flesh in some of the portraits; it wants transparency: but the beauty of the general effect supersedes any cavilling upon parts of the detail.

The picture is treated altogether as an historical subject, and its fidelity is not the least part of the merit of the composition. Without, however, denying to any artist, or patron of art, the choice of his own subject, we are still ready to express our coincidence in opinion with some of our cotemporaries, that the Coronation would have furnished a more glorious subject for an artist so capable of display, from the greater magnificence of the scene, and more splendid combination of glowing materials.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

THE admirers of British genius were gratified on Monday, April the 7th*, with the opening of Sir John

* It will be open on the four succeed-

Leicester's Gallery. Much has been, and deservedly, said on the truly interesting Mondays. Tickets are issued to visitors, as last year.

liberal and social feeling that gives to the public so high a treat: we are always gratified in having to repeat our congratulations on so praiseworthy an act; and have only to hope, that so kind and public a spirit may long enjoy the rich reward such sweet associations beget.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION.

MR. GLOVER has reopened his Exhibition of Oil and Water Colours for the season, at his Rooms in Bond-street. Considerable alterations have been made from that of last year, by a change of works: we dwelt with great pleasure on a valuable addition of about twenty of the latest productions of this admired artist, a few of which we shall particularly notice, as they add considerably to the excellence of the present collection.

Nos. 81 and 86. Two *Views in Dovedale, Derbyshire*, admirably executed, crisp in the touch, with a fine tone of colouring, and possessing all the freshness of nature, combined with beautiful scenes in a copse-wooded and hilly country, in spring. These pictures, from their close resemblance to nature, have evidently been painted on the spot: they are the subjects in which this artist seems to delight, and in which we certainly think he excels.—No. 63. *Byland Abbey, Yorkshire*. The fore-ground of this picture is very fine; the cattle are judiciously arranged and naturally reflected: the whole harmonizes well with a beautiful clear distance, in which is seen the abbey.—No. 80. Another *View of Byland Abbey*, and a charming companion to the above.—There are two other *Views of Byland Abbey*: No. 68, in which the artist has admirably expressed in the foliage a blowing day; but the building is perhaps too warm in colour to coincide

with its desolate appearance, and the cold blue sky to which it is opposed: No. 82, *Byland Abbey, Morning*, is, in composition, colour, and effect, all that can be wished.—No. 61. *View in Vallombrosa, Italy*: a sketchy but elegant picture.—No. 64. A bird's-eye *View of Rivaux Abbey, Yorkshire*: a clear, open, and brilliant painting; the distant well-wooded undulating country is delightfully marked.—No. 87. Another and close *View of Rivaux Abbey*: this and No. 64 form a fine pair of paintings of these celebrated ruins.—No. 70. *Ruins of Adrian's Villa, in the Campagna, Italy*: a beautiful tone pervades this picture, which strongly reminds us of the works of the celebrated Wilson.—Nos. 76 and 77. Two *Views of Sneaton Castle, near Whitby, Yorkshire*, the seat of — Wilson, Esq. in which the artist seems to have played with the sunshine: it is so partial in No. 76, by dividing the building too equally, as to have an unpleasant effect. We could wish the blue roof subdued of the fine-toned castle in No. 77.—No. 88. *Entrance to Helmsley Castle, Yorkshire*. There is a gloom and wildness thrown over this well-wooded rude entrance to a castle now no more, that well accords with the times that have been, and indicates the strength that so long resisted Cromwell's power.—No. 93. *Middle Hill, Worcestershire*, the seat of Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. A charm-

ing country, carefully defined.—*Durham Cathedral*, No. 96, must be admired, if for its composition alone.—No. 95. *A Landscape, with Cattle*: a sweet cabinet picture.

We also noticed several other recent productions. The quiet feeling and delicate execution which per-

vade most of this artist's works, would alone entitle him to the praise so liberally bestowed by the frequenters of the Exhibition. We trust Mr. Glover will reap the reward of his extraordinary industry and well-earned reputation.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE present Number of the *Repository* will have gone to press before this delightful collection of drawings will be open to the public. From the works intended for the Exhibition, which we have seen, we are justified in saying, that it will be a great mental treat. As caterers for the gratification of the public in works of art, we shall notice a few, which will be found of the highest class, reserving a general description for our next Number, when we have had an opportunity of viewing the whole together.

Christall has a few, which are truly beautiful. One, which we shall call *a Fountain*, is a fine composition, comprising a number of females drawing water: it is a sort of village *conversazione*, delightfully drawn, and powerful in effect, with a charming breadth of colour. Two small drawings, *a Cottage-Girl Spinning*, and *a Girl at the Well*, are truly enchanting, from the sweet simplicity that pervades them. This artist's pictures are justly admired for well-selected accessories; and his distances, as in the present instances, are of the most natural and charming description.

Cox shines most pre-eminently: his scene, *the Embarkation of his Majesty from Greenwich*, we venture to predict will be found one of the most splendid drawings of its

kind that has adorned any Exhibition. We cannot trust ourselves, from our present impressions, to dwell on its merits, but must wait until an opportunity offers of contrasting it with other works of merit in the rooms. The scene is Greenwich Hospital, with the river Thames; the water seemingly alive with the admiring multitude that adorn the gay barges, rich in gold and the many-coloured banners that sparkle in the sun.

Prout, whose drawings were so much admired in the last Exhibition, will have many beautiful foreign scenes in the forthcoming collection: among others, will be found some *Market-Places*, rich in old Gothic architecture, for which this artist is so eminent, combined with all the bustle and glitter of a many-coloured foreign market-assemblage. Hills too contributes largely some of his most happy efforts in *Cattle Scenery*, for which he is justly esteemed. Robson sends many a beautiful *Mountain Scene*. The much-admired Barrett will be found to have excelled himself this year, from the superb productions contributed by him. Of Pugin, Fielding, Richter, and other contributors, we must defer speaking until the opening of the Exhibition, at the Society's new and spacious room, Pall-Mall East.

MR. WARD'S LITHOGRAPHIC DRAWINGS.

THE rapidity with which the art of lithography has passed through the several stages of improvement opened to it by scientific and ingenious artists, has been of late a topic of considerable interest, from the close connection of the art itself with the general business and embellishments of society. A few years have only elapsed since this art might be said to have been in its infancy; the information respecting it was scanty, the experiments for its practical development were made under many disadvantages, and exposed to consequent risks; but thanks to the energy and perseverance of Alois Senefelder of Munich, the great inventor of lithography in its present process, he succeeded at length in asserting the utility of his discovery, and developing the great variety of its powers, in his interesting and complete *History of Lithography*, published in the year 1819 by Mr. Ackermann. It was unlikely that this invention should fail to obtain the usual tribute which attends successful efforts for the expansion of human skill; and accordingly, as its advantages became more manifest, the inventor was honoured by a competition for the originality of his discovery, which was, however, soon dissipated by his plain and simple narrative of the labours from which this invention sprung. Our purpose is rather to state results, than to describe the manner of their attainment, as detailed in Mr. Senefelder's valuable work, or the particular improvements which characterize the present state of the art in the various parts of Europe where it is practised on an extensive scale; but we cannot forego the gratifica-

tion of observing, that the greatest improvements in the art of lithography hitherto attained, have been effected by British artists in the metropolis; and that the most remarkable proof of our superiority is established beyond all question, in the series of drawings now publishing at Mr. Ackermann's, by an eminent artist, James Ward, Esq. of the Royal Academy. The series consists of three numbers, containing twelve lithographic drawings of celebrated horses, from pictures painted by Mr. Ward, and drawn on stone by himself for publication. The first number contains the portraits of *Monitor* and *Soothsayer*, two celebrated horses, the property of his Majesty; of *Primrose* (a brood mare) and foal, the property of the Duke of Grafton; and *Doctor Syntax*, belonging to Ralph Riddell, Esq. The second and third numbers will contain, among others, portraits of *Copenhagen*, the favourite charger of the Duke of Wellington, on which he rode at Waterloo; of *Cossack* and *Persian*, from the Duke of Northumberland's stud; of *Phantom* and *Walton*, from Sir John Shelley's; and of *Leopold*, the property of Mr. J. G. Lambton, M. P.

From the names of the horses we have mentioned, the sporting world are at once apprised, that Mr. Ward has selected for his pencil animals of the most interesting character, either from the celebrity which they have acquired for beauty of form, extraordinary qualities as racers, or in the sports of the field, or some other peculiar and striking circumstances connected with their history. The heavy expense, as well as necessary

delay, of engravings from animal paintings by eminent artists, has hitherto limited the multiplication of such works; but our great improvements in lithography have opened a new source of production, to which it is gratifying to find our most eminent artists resort for the extension of their professional fame. The most interesting feature of lithography, and that in which it peculiarly excels, is its power to multiply actual *fac-similes* of the painter's own work; thereby diffusing the results of his labour precisely as they issue from his own hand; and thus aiding, to a vast extent, the progress of the arts, by communicating throughout the world, at a moderate expense in comparison with such drawings in chalk, the identical touches of the master; for every line he draws upon the stone becomes the precise means of transfer for the production of each successive likeness. Of the facility of preserving great examples of graphic excellence by this mode of multiplying at will *fac-similes* of original paintings, it is most gratifying to find such an artist as Mr. Ward availing himself; and we trust his example will

be followed by others, to whom it cannot fail to be equally advantageous. We have seen the valuable lithographic copy, published by Mr. Ackermann in 1817, of the illuminated Missal, from the royal library of Munich, which preserves the celebrated emblematic designs and drawings of Albert Durer, and the well-executed drawings which illustrate Mr. Senefelder's History; but unquestionably the most complete illustration of the perfection of this art is displayed by Mr. Ward's animal drawings: they possess all the firmness and force of drawings, with the softness and delicacy of engraving. There is an air of nature in the execution, a clearness and a strength of expression, superior to any thing which we have before seen from the lithographic press. It is impossible to overrate the merit of Mr. Ward's new series of drawings, which are so well calculated to disseminate, at small expense, the celebrity of this artist's skill, and particularly in the department of animal painting, in which he has so acknowledged a pre-eminence.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

CLOAK or mantle of levantine silk, of *flamme de ponche* colour: at the bottom are four narrow satin rouleaus, and also round the hood, which is drawn with white satin ribbon: small square standing collar. The cloak is lined with white sarsnet, and for cool mornings and chilly evenings will be found appropriate

and comfortable. The dress is of English twilled sarsnet, of pale primrose colour, made high: the body full, but drawn to fit the shape by several longitudinal rows, and fastens behind: the epaulette and cuff are full, and arranged *en bouffants* by the drawings: at the bottom of the skirt is a trimming of gauze, formed into *bouffants* by perpendi-





EVENING DRESS.

cular satin straps. Leghorn bonnet, with a plume of white ostrich feathers, fastened by a small bow of *flamme-de-ponche*-coloured levantine: strings of the same. Cap of British lace. The colour of the gloves, primrose, and of the shoes, *flamme de ponche*.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of bright Spanish green *tulle*, trimmed with the same material and with satin, and worn over a satin slip of the same colour: the *corsage* is made plain, with a Farinet tucker of white *tulle*; the folds tastefully confined by six small rosettes of satin ribbon, equidistant, one being placed in the centre of the bosom, another at the back, and the remainder at the front and back of the shoulders; the band is of satin, and the waist is rather short: the sleeve is moderately long, and very full, and has four satin rouleaus, ornamented half way with a circlet of French folds, where the fulness of the sleeve is collected: at the bottom of the skirt is a very full trimming of *tulle*, in reversed plaitings, set in a satin frame; to the upper band are attached satin spikes, which extend rather more than half way, and give it a rich and lively appearance. The hair is divided in front, and confined by a garland of anemones; the hind hair plaited, and disposed *à la couronne*. Ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace, of topaz. White kid gloves, white satin shoes, and small ivory fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress affords more variety than is usual at this season of
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the year: pelisses, spencers, and shawls are all worn. Pelisses are now no longer closed in front; they are generally of light colours, lined with white, and trimmed with satin, or a mixture of satin and *gros d'été*, or *velours simulé*. Some trimmings are composed of satin rouleaus disposed in various forms, as crescents, demi-lozenges, and in a scroll pattern: we have noticed some made with falling collars in the pelerine style, that is, rounded or cut in scollops; but these are not general, high collars having as yet the preference.

Leghorn bonnets are much in favour for plain walking dress; they are also worn in the promenade, but not so generally as silk or satin. In the first case, they are ornamented only with ribbons; in the last, with flowers or feathers. Silk bonnets are variously ornamented: some have a drapery cut in five points, disposed across the crown; it is edged with blond; the points are tacked down, and the spaces between filled with small bouquets of spring-flowers. Others are ornamented with knots of gauze intermixed with flowers or marabout plumes; and some are trimmed with gauze only. Spencers, particularly for carriage costume, are made to fasten behind, some with buttons, but the major part with hooks, which fasten in the buttonhole. The busts of these spencers are much ornamented with trimmings composed of wrought silk, disposed in the stomacher form, and finished by Brandenbourgs at the sides. *Velours simulé*, *gros d'été*, and satin, are also employed to ornament the busts of spencers. Some few of the most novel and elegant carriage spencers

that we have seen, were of white *gros d'été*, with two satin rouleaus disposed on each side of the bust, and a row of blond between each; the rouleaus are placed in a serpentine direction, and the blond is so arranged as to form an epaulette: there is no collar to the spencer, but its place is supplied by a collarette of blond: the long sleeve is tight, and finished at the hand to correspond with the bust. The *barèges* scarf and shawl, so fashionable in France, begin to be used in carriage costume. We mean those finished at the ends or the corners with flowers wrought in silver or gold: they are worn in blue, lilac, straw colour, and cherry; but white is most in favour. Silver is more prevalent than gold. We have seen

in a few instances metallic gauze bonnets worn with these scarfs: they were trimmed with marabouts, and had a band either of gold or silver net round the crown, with an ornament in dead gold at the base of the plume.

The prettiest and most elegant of the novel head-dresses that we have seen, is the turban *à la Flore*: it is composed of transparent gauze, disposed *en bouillonné* in a serpentine direction, and intersected with small bouquets of flowers tastefully arranged, and partially shaded by the gauze. Gauze turbans spangled with steel are also much in favour.

Fashionable colours are, mignonette, azure, different shades of rose, lilac, straw colour, and dove colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR out-door costume is still regulated by the new fashions which appeared at Longchamp during the last week of Lent. Though the dresses were more than usually light, owing to the uncommon fineness of the weather, there were, nevertheless, some *manteaux* both in satin and kerseymere: the only novelty in their form was a triple cape, edged with deep silk fringe to correspond, and a pointed collar, which, being thrown open at the throat, formed an additional pelerine. The few spencers that were seen, were either of blue silk with hard silk gimp trimming, disposed in the military style, and finished at the ends of the bands with lozenges, also of hard silk; or of white Merino, ornamented in a similar manner with coloured satin. Long sleeve, extremely tight; and a

full epaulette, intersected with bands and lozenges. These spencers were either made without collars, or with falling ones, which had the shape of small pelerines: they buttoned behind, and were finished at the bottom by a full knot of satin, clasped in the middle by a brilliant steel ornament. Those ladies who wore silk gowns, had them made in the style that I have just described, and trimmed with *ruches* of the same material, or else a broad rouleau at the bottom of the skirt, surmounted by a narrower one, disposed in festoons, the point of each festoon turning upwards, and finished by a satin ornament, resembling the shamrock. This latter trimming is the shallowest I have yet seen, it not being quite half a quarter in depth. *Barège* scarfs, fastened on the bust with gold sliders, or *sautoirs* of the same material, carelessly tied at the

throat, were prevalent, but not so much so as lace pelerines, rounded behind and at the ends; they reach the knees, and fall nearly as low as the bottom of the waist: these pelerines are mostly in white lace; they are genteel, but not very tonish in black.

Gowns are, silk, muslin, *bourre de soie*, *barèges*, *crêpe des barèges*, and *crêpe des Merinos*: these two last materials are transparent, and are worn both in white and colours; the latter is most prevalent in outdoor costume, the former in full dress. There is a great deal of variety in the patterns; diamonds, flowers, scroll and running patterns, are all in favour. The bodies are made either high, or else *à la vierge*. Trimmings are *bouillonné*, or flounces of the same material, or else satin rouleaus. I must not omit to mention that some of these dresses are of a white ground, striped perpendicularly with rose colour, and trimmed with flounces, also edged with rose colour. Waists are still as long, or indeed rather longer than ever.

Bonnets are of gauze and *crêpe lisse*, white and coloured satin, *paille de riz*, and different sorts of metallic gauze. The crowns are somewhat higher, and the brims still shallower and wider, than when I wrote last. The bonnets most in favour are those composed of citron and lilac, or else trimmed with these two colours. They are also the favourite hues for gowns and ribbons. Certainly they form a most glaring and inelegant contrast; but, in this respect, French taste is very bad. *Chapeaux* of rice-straw are trimmed round the top and bottom of the crown with bands of either lilac or citron satin; two or three of the same bands also go round

the edge of the brim: a bouquet of flowers is placed to one side, or else a *panache*, consisting of a mixture of marabout and ostrich feathers; or the *panache à la Grecque*, composed of five plumes of curled ostrich feathers. For crape or gauze bonnets, the most fashionable ornament is a crown of flowers placed half upon the left side round the bottom of the crown, and the other half goes up the crown in a bias direction. The flowers most in favour are, anemones of cherry-red, yellow narcissus, violets of Parma, and small sprigs of Persian lilac. I must not forget to say that *capotes* begin to be very much in favour; but as yet they are worn only in *gros de Naples*. The brim is deeper than that of any other bonnet: if the *chapeau* is lilac, a rouleau of citron ribbon goes round the bottom of the crown; if citron, it has the same ornament in lilac. The half-boot is laid aside for the kid or silk shoe, which always corresponds with the colours that predominate in the dress. The newest reticules are of silk net trimmed with silk fringe; they are small, and of the basket shape, fastening with a button at the side. The only change that has taken place since I wrote last in evening dress is, that it is less splendid; blond, beads, and artificial flowers being now more used than gold or silver. The hair is also more exposed, particularly by young ladies: it is ornamented with flowers, or with small crowns of marabouts intermingled with gold or silver ears of corn.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, citron, *vert Isiboe* (*Anglice* pea-green), cherry-red, and cerulean blue.—
Adieu! Always your

EUBOCIA.

LETTER FROM BRUSSELS;

With an Account of a splendid Fancy Dress Ball given by the Prince of ORANGE.

BRUSSELS, March 5.

My dear FRIEND,

WE have had very gay doings here since I wrote to you last. On the 5th Feb. the Prince of Orange complimented his mother the queen with a fancy dress ball, to which all the English of distinction were invited. A large party of them determined to go in the dresses of the characters in Walter Scott's novel of "*Ivanhoe*;" and her majesty was so much delighted with the dresses of this party, that she invited them to appear in the same habits on the 10th, when the king was to give a fancy dress ball in honour of her majesty.

The ball was given in the *salle* of the great theatre, which was beautifully decorated and lighted with gas. This theatre is on the same model as the Odeon in Paris, but smaller. When the company assembled, the scene really reminded me of those brilliant and fanciful descriptions in the Arabian Tales, which we have so often read together with pleasure. The brilliancy of the lights, the splendour and variety of the dresses, and the blaze of jewellery which every where met the eye, might well have made one imagine that it was a hall of enchantment. The whole court of Holland, all the principal nobility, and all the English who had been presented at court, were present at this magnificent ball.

The court had adopted the costume of the ballet of *the Death of Tasso*, which is equally rich and elegant. The Princess of Orange, sister to the Emperor of Russia, was *Elinor*, and was dressed exactly like the picture which represents her. Her robe, of scarlet velvet, and very long, had a trimming of six inches broad in diamonds; her neck, arms, *ceinture*, head, in short, her whole person was one blaze of jewels. A long veil, light but extremely rich, flowed grace-

fully behind her, and gave to view the fine turn of her shoulders. The Queen was dressed in crimson velvet, with a cap *à la Princesse Renée*. The young Princess Royal, Mary-Ann, only fourteen years of age, was simply dressed in white, with her hair arranged *à l'enfant*, and a diadem and *ceinture* in emeralds: nothing could be more interesting than the appearance of this charming princess, whose air is as innocent and ingenuous as infancy itself. The Princes had tunics of gold cloth. The *cortège* was altogether royal; there were nearly one hundred persons belonging to the court, splendidly dressed in velvet, satin, and ermine. Eight ladies, and as many gentlemen, dressed in crimson velvet trimmed with swansdown, walked first, and were followed by eight others in scarlet satin, eight in deep blue, and eight more in light blue satin, with long veils; twelve in white, with crowns of pearl. This suite were ranged, in the form of an amphitheatre, behind the royal family on the stage. The behaviour of the royal family enchanted every body; nothing could exceed their affability, and they entered into the spirit of the scene with the most graceful condescension. I must now speak to you of the *dramatis personæ* of *Ivanhoe*, which, by the bye, it will not be amiss to subjoin a bill of, that you may have the better idea of the splendid effect which such an assemblage, habited as described in the novel, must have. The actors were as follow:

Wamba, Mr. Carrol.

The Black Knight, Mr. de Jante.

Cedric, Colonel Dyke.

Gurth, Mr. Berkeley.

Ivanhoe, Lord Dunlop.

Lady Rowena, Mrs. Berkeley.

EIGHT SAXONS.

Miss J. A. Pocklington.

Miss Pocklington.

Lady Boyd.

Miss Dyke.

Miss Gould.

Miss Bonham.

Lady H. Trench.

Miss Byam.

Robin Hood, Sir John Boyd.

EIGHT ARCHERS.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. Edgecumb. | Lt.-Col Gardener. |
| Baron de Vrinty. | Mr. Goold. |
| Baron de Meyendorff. | Mr. de Kaisersfeldt. |
| Mr. Brown. | Mr. de Kull. |

Isaac, Colonel Perceval.

Rebecca, Mrs. Perceval.

EIGHT JEWESSES.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Miss Crawford. | Mrs. Cunynghame. |
| Miss Bowyer. | Miss Parker. |
| Miss Campbell. | Miss Elton. |
| Miss Louisa Parker. | Lady Louisa Trench. |

Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, Maj. Pocklington.

EIGHT SARACEN SLAVES.

| | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Mr. de Sundt. | Mr. Elton. |
| Mr. Eyre. | Mr. de Barbosa. |
| Mr. Dyke. | Mr. Fielding. |
| Mr. Trench. | Marquis de Grace. |

PAGES.

Master Blundell, Mast. Evelyn Pocklington.

Alice, Mrs. Fielding.

Waldemar Fitzurse, Mr. Cunynghame.

Prince John, Mr. J. Searle.

Beaumont, Baron de Tuyl.

De Bracey, Mr. Blundell.

Front de Bœuf, Mr. Corbally.

EQUERRIES.

Mr. Augustus Master, and Mr. Byam.

The Princess of Orange first gave her hand for the promenade called the *polonaise*, to the lords and ministers; afterwards to Prince John Lackland; and perceiving that the Black Knight (Richard) was behind, she stopped and insisted on his going first. After supper, the Princess desired the Master of the Ceremonies to inform the Templar, that she wished to take a walk with him; and he had the honour of accompanying her twice round the hall. It was impossible to look or dress Bois Guilbert better than the Major did; he really seemed the very Templar that the glowing fancy of Scott has portrayed.

I do not describe to you the dresses in *Ivanhoe*, because you know them so well; but I must observe, that the two pages were habited in the same style as at the coronation of George IV.: they are not, as you know, mentioned in the story of *Ivanhoe*, but were added to the party by the maternal love of Mrs. Pocklington, who wished to give her young son an op-

portunity of assisting in the pageant. Mrs. Pocklington herself took no part in it: she was, however, elegantly and strikingly dressed in a robe of silver lama, with an emerald-green satin tunic, embroidered round the border in silver, and the bust ornamented with a superb diamond stomacher. Her head-dress was a diadem of emeralds, and a *panache Anglaise*, composed of twelve long white ostrich feathers, with a long veil of green and silver Indian tissue, fastened to the back of her head. I do not describe to you the dresses of Rowena and Rebecca, because you will find them in "*Ivanhoe*;" but I must say a word of the Jewesses and the Saxons. The first had white satin petticoats with red tunics, embroidered round the border in gold, as well as the bottom of the petticoat; the turban corresponded with the tunic, and a long veil of gold net finished the dress: no, I had forgot the sandals, to match the tunic, and laced with gold cord. The robes of the Saxons were silver tissue, bordered with red satin, striped with silver. The *corsages* were light blue, finished by *rosaces* of blue and white beads: the *ceintures* also were of beads, the ends of which fell in a pyramidal form in the front of the tunic. The turbans were of pale red, with pearls, and black, blue, and white feathers.

Nothing could be more admirably got up than this representation, with which their Majesties have had the goodness to express themselves much satisfied. The Prince of Orange has received it as a mark of gratitude for the constant invitations and numerous attentions bestowed by the court upon the English, who, on this occasion, were honoured with permission to use the private entrance of the Royal Family. The court entered the theatre to the sound of music. As soon as they were arranged on the stage, the bugle-horn of Robin Hood announced the gay troop of *Ivanhoe*; it advanced in order to salute their Majesties, and then divided to dance a quadrille.

There were two suppers, one for the ladies, who were invited into the queen's *salle*; and another, which was served in the great *salle*, for the rest of the company. You may think how large the party was, when I tell you that in this last there were thirty tables. All the ladies of the English party had the honour of being invited to the queen's *salle*. The ball was commenced with fresh spirit after supper; and the royal

host had the pleasure, seldom enjoyed by the giver of a feast, of sending every body away delighted with the manner in which they had been received.

The ball is still the principal topic of conversation at Brussels; and I assure you, that the inhabitants do full justice to the splendid spectacle with which the English graced it. Adieu, my dear friend! Believe me always yours,

* * * * *

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

CABINET BOOKCASE.

THIS elegant piece of furniture forms a useful appendage to the boudoir or drawing-room. It is calculated to contain all the books that may be desired for the sitting-room, without a reference to the library. The doors may be wrought as represented in the design, or in a rich open metal scroll, shewing a coloured silk within; or they may be composed of a chaste lattice-work, with glass, to display the books, which,

in this instance, should be elegantly bound, to add richness to the whole. This cabinet should be formed of a deep-toned wood, varied and rich in its grain: rose-wood is preferred. The ornaments are metal gilt. The top is formed in shelves, and lined with looking-glass, to display vases, or any fancy articles that may be required, or that will add to the splendour of the apartment.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has ready for publication, a *Second Series of Designs of Household Furniture and Decorations*, designed as well for the use of upholsterers, as of those who have occasion to employ them.

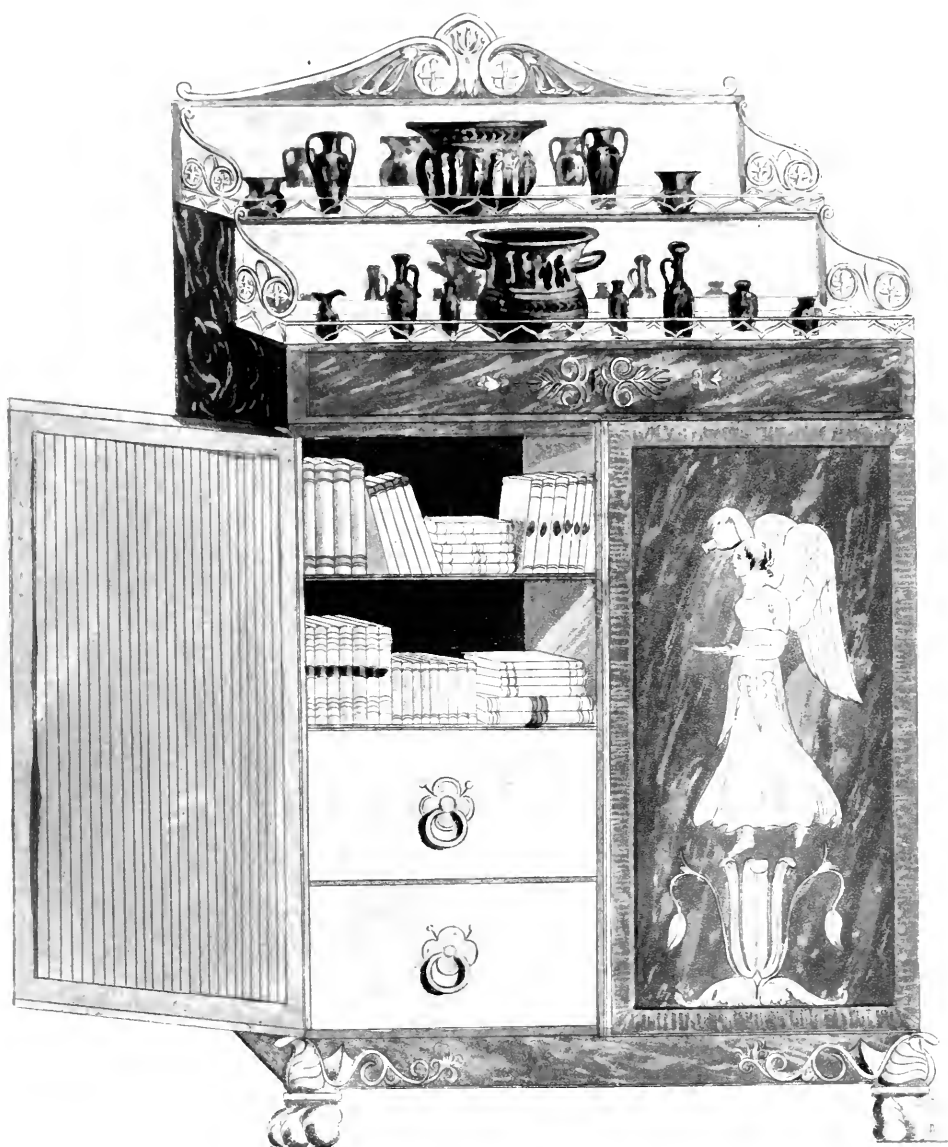
The division of *The World in Miniature* containing China, in two volumes, with thirty coloured engravings, will appear on the 1st of June next.

The new novel preparing by the author of "Waverley," to succeed "Peveril of the Peak," entitled *Quentin Durward*, is nearly ready for publication, in three volumes.

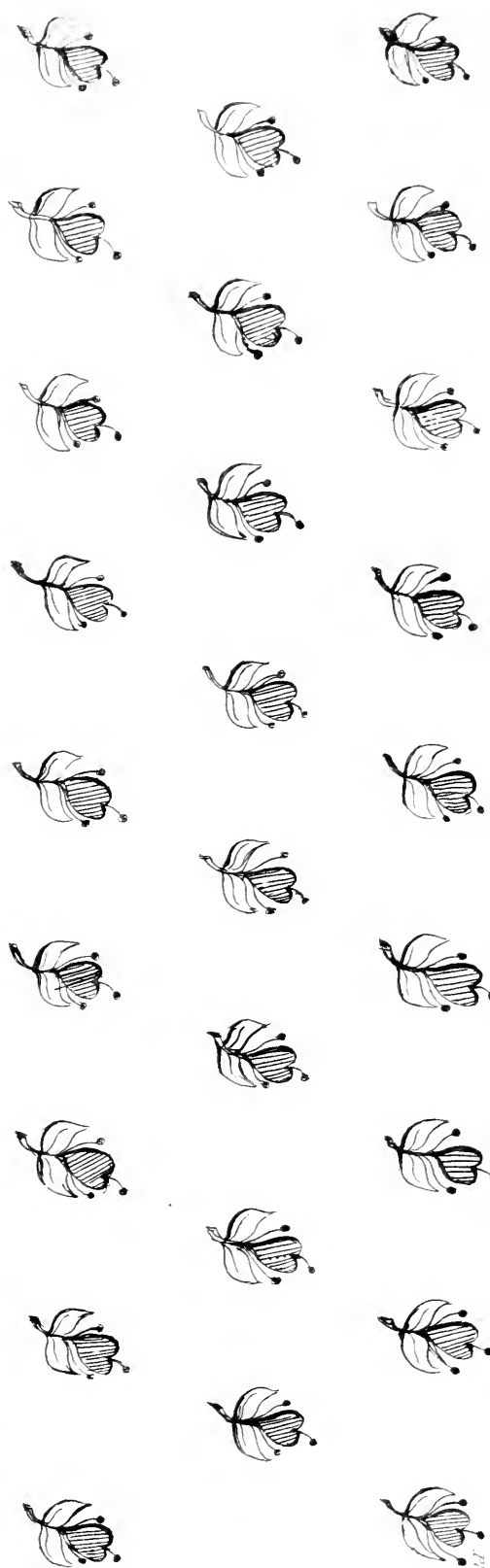
A new novel, entitled *Willoughby, or the Influence of Religious Principles*, by the author of "Decision," "Caroline Ormsby," &c. in 2 vols. 12mo. will appear in a few days.

The octavo volume, entitled *Dissertations introductory to the Study and right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse*, by Alexander Tilloch, LL.D. announced as at press some time ago, will be published early in May.

The renowned physician, Dr. Struve of Saxony, who, by his establishment of artificial mineral waters at Dresden and Leipzig, and by the many extraordinary cures performed by the combination of the virtues of the various springs on one spot, has attracted great notice all over Germany, is about to undertake a similar establishment in England, and has, for that purpose, sent over a skilful chemist. In our next Number we hope to give more particulars of this new and salutary speculation.



PAULET E. JACOB



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

JUNE 1, 1823.

N^o. VI.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th 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; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

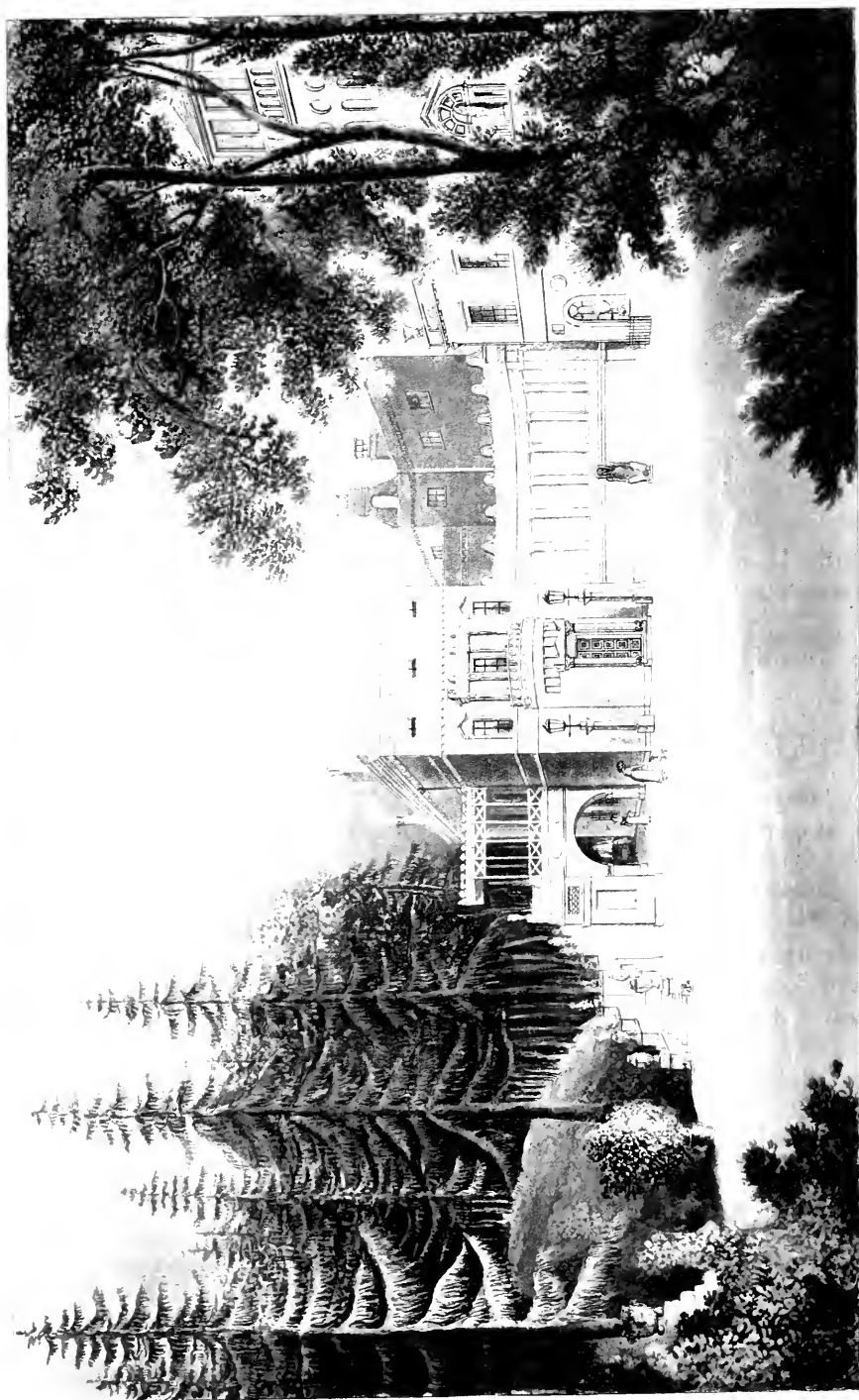
The unexpected length to which some of the articles in the present Number have extended, has obliged us, notwithstanding we have given half a sheet beyond the usual quantity of letter-press, to reserve several communications.

The Three Brothers—W. H. H.—Worcester in 1823—The Horrors of a Hackney-Coach—The Castle and the Farm, shall appear in our next Number.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the FIRST VOLUME.

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



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. I.

JUNE 1, 1823.

Nº. VI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

DEEPDENE.

DEEPDENE, thus named from its situation in a valley surrounded by steep hills, was, in the troublesome and dangerous times of Charles I. the residence of the Earl of Arundel, the celebrated collector of antique statues, and of the marbles known by his name. In the early part of the 18th century it was the retreat of the Hon. Charles Howard, who gave it the name of Long Hope, "that is," says the *Magna Britannia*, "deep valley; where, in a most pleasant and delightful solitude, he hath placed his house, gardens, orchards, and boscares. The house is not built for grandeur, but retirement—a noble hermitage, neat, elegant, and suitable to the genius of the proprietor, a christian philosopher, who lives up to primitive piety. The Hope he hath cast into the form

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of a theatre, having six narrow walks, like benches one above another. In the garden, which may seem a second Eden, there are twenty-one sorts of thyme, many rare flowers and choice plants, as myrtles, syringas, orange-trees, &c. In the hill is a cave digged thirty-six feet long, through which, as through a tube, there is a visto over all the south parts of Surrey and Sussex, as far as the sea. On the south side of the hill is a vineyard of many acres; and on the west, a laboratory and a neat oratory. Where, under heaven, can be a sweeter place?"

This romantic spot descended to the predecessor of the late Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down the old house, erected the present mansion on its site, and made great improve-

T T

ments in the grounds. The late duke sold the estate in 1791 to the late Sir William Burrell, Bart. who died in 1796; but his lady continued to reside here till her death. It then came into the possession of Sir Charles Burrell, Bart. of whom it was purchased by Thomas Hope, Esq. who here displays his refined taste and superior powers, as well in the improvement of this lovely spot, as in the walks of literature and the arts. His *Anastasius*, or *Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, for intensity of feeling and eloquence, for bold imagery and glowing representations of historical scenes, and for acute and energetic delineations of vice and frailty, is a work that alone would stamp Mr. Hope's literary fame, and rank him among the most elegant and fascinating writers. His volumes on *Ancient and Modern Costume*, and his fine outline work on *Internal Decorations of Houses*, as connected with the fine arts, have had no small share in correcting public taste.

Deepdene is at present undergoing considerable improvements. That part of the house represented in the annexed view is entirely the creation of Mr. Hope, being an addition to, and at the back of, the mansion, a part of which, as shewn in the plate, is connected with, and judiciously surrounded by, a chaste screen, which balances an elegant flight of steps that communicates with Mrs. Hope's apartments, consisting of a boudoir, bath, bedroom, &c. fitted up with a delicate attention to simplicity combined with richness. This connects with the principal apartments in the main building. In the rear of this elegant portion of the edifice, Mr. Hope is forming a conservatory and

statue-gallery; and to his honour be it here recorded, that to him the celebrated sculptor, Thorwaldsen, owes, in a great measure, his support and patronage. The gallery will be adorned by the valuable collection of statues from the town-house*.

The interior of the house is fitted up in the most chaste style, combining elegance with simplicity and comfort. It is not in the house alone that Mr. Hope's fine taste is displayed; for the romantic grounds abound in embellishments, unique in their kind. Not a seat but bears the mark of a master hand, to say nothing of the ornamental bridges, entrance-gates, lodges, green-houses, orangeries, pineries; all have some elegant peculiarity, and all, even the dairy, stables, and outhouses, are made to add grandeur to this enchanting spot, which may justly be termed a fairy region. It possesses its caves, grottoes, hermitages, and subterranean passages. The flower-garden, blended with this, extends along a beautiful dell or vale, still called the Long Hope; while the acclivity on either side is clothed and crowned with overhanging woods; the whole forming a glorious living amphitheatre.

Salmon, on visiting this delightful place, observes, "If we were to search through the island for a place to perform the religious rites of the Celts, nothing comes up to the amphitheatre of Deepdene, adjoining

* This splendid mansion, situated in Mansfield-street, and containing a superb collection of pictures by the old masters, may be inspected, through the courtesy of the owner: the wish of the visitor, expressed in a note, is graciously and instantly attended to.

to Cotmandene: I will not say there are any vestiges of their sacrifices; but the place by nature is so surprisingly contrived for worship or theatrical entertainment, as if it had been cut out of the hill by human hands. The figure of it tempted the Hon. Mr. Howard to turn it into a vineyard, and to grace it with all the variety that planting and gardening could add. It is at present woody on the north side to the top, and probably was such anciently on the concave side. No Druid could see this beauty neglected, nor doubt that nature had formed it for the adoration of the Deity, where sacrifices might be performed with the greatest solemnity; the scene commanding the veneration of the people, and the capacious theatre containing a greater number than ever attended a show of gladiators. On both sides of this romantic place stand hills of vast height and beautiful aspect."

Serpentine walks and drives through the woods are continued to a charming terrace, lined with fine beech-trees, on the brow of the hill, where a view, scarcely to be conceived, opens to the eye of the delighted spectator. Chart park* lies imme-

* Chart park is now the property of Mr. Hope, who pulled down the house and offices, and annexed the grounds to the Deepdene estate. This park was formed by Henry Talbot, Esq. a son of Dr. William Talbot, Bishop of Durham, brother of Lord Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of England. The last owner and resident was the late Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. by whose devisees it was sold to the present proprietor. This estate was long eminent for its vineyard and delightful scenery. From an emi-

diately at his feet, sloping down in lawny undulations, and uniting as it were with the beautiful and extended valley of Reigate, backed with the distant blue wood-covered hills; while the classical Deepdene, through which you have ascended, forms, with the Guildford hills, Box-hill, Norbury park, and the Denbighs, a lovely panorama.

An elegantly proportioned architectural embellishment, a memorial of fraternal affection, graces the centre of this terrace, and has a pretty effect from the grounds beneath. It is a simple pediment, supported by two columns, beneath which is a stone seat. On the pediment is inscribed, "FRATRI OPTIMO."

In traversing these ever-varying, ever-beautiful grounds, will be found a spot where repose two youths, sons of Mr. Hope, who constructed here a mausoleum: it is capable of containing twenty bodies. A noble simplicity pervades it, and the scene is such as tends to heal the wounded feelings of the heart, and to make it bow with resignation to the decrees of Providence. This feeling, this fondness for shrubberies and gardens, have marked the expiring wishes of some of the greatest, wisest, and best of men: indeed, it is perfectly natural that they should desire their mortal remains to be deposited in scenes and among objects, which, while living, they loved to contemplate and to admire.

nence, on which is a fine clump of firs, called Dorking's Glory, the views are very delightful and extensive, commanding not only the vales of Leatherhead and Dorking, but a long tract of the southern parts of Surrey, quite to the border of Sussex.

THE ROOKERY.

THE Rookery, situated near Dorking, was formerly a farm-house called Chert-gate, and, for a considerable period, the property of the Comber family, one of whom sold it to Abraham Tucker, Esq. of Betchworth Castle. In 1759 it became, by purchase, the property of Daniel Malthus*, Esq. father of the celebrated political economist of that name. The beauties of the situation, possessing in itself hill, dale, overhanging woods, a delightful stream of water—all the requisites for a display of good taste in landscape-gardening, induced Mr. Malthus to convert the farm-house into the present genteel residence. He turned, at the same time, his active talent to the improvement of the natural beauties of this his retreat, which he denominated the Rookery. To him it is mainly indebted for its present delightful arrangement. The house stands in the vale of Mereden, about a quarter of a mile from the main road, and is now the residence of Mrs. Fuller, though the property of her eldest son, Richard Fuller, Esq. It has no pretensions to architectural beauty or character, but has some affinity to the Gothic, from its Gothic pinnacles, and being surmounted with embattled parapets. Its appearance is comfortable, and consistent with the surrounding sylvan scenery, as shewn in the annexed view. The boldly rising hill in the rear of the dwelling is charm-

ingly covered with overhanging beech wood, imparting a rural solitude to this sequestered retreat. The birch and beech here seem to attain an unusual height, forming, with other varieties of luxuriant trees, a zone of forest scenery around the demesne, of remarkable beauty. The woods extend a considerable distance, and are delightfully intersected with serpentine walks, which, at intervals, skirt the water, and, at other places, penetrate the umbrageous gloom to the tops of the surrounding hills. The estate is charmingly watered by a stream, which rises at the upper end of Mereden vale, at the base of Leith-hill, whence it winds its way to the delightful sloping lawn in front of the house, where it forms a sheet of water, in the bosom of which is a small island clothed with exotic and late-flowering shrubs. Connected with this water is what may be called a lake, which, with its accompaniments, is romantic in the extreme. A ruinous fishing-house, partly hidden by wood, imparts wildness to a small island.—The water is shaded on all sides by fine wood, which rises from the very margin. Several rude structures, a rustic boat-house, a corn-mill, and a picturesque ice-house, add to the embellishments of this enchanting spot. The rivulet, after forming the glassy lake, and gurgling among broken precipices, glens, and nooks, takes its course parallel to the town of Dorking, where it assumes the name of Pipbrook, supplying, in the course of two miles, six corn-mills, before it empties itself into the river Mole under Box-hill. A public foot-path winds through the Rookery

* Mr. Malthus was not unknown in the literary world as a man of taste and learning. Among his productions are, an *Essay on Landscape-Gardening*, and elegant translations of *Paul and Virginia* and *The Sorrows of Werter*.



grounds up the vale to a farm belonging to the hospital of the Holy Trinity at Guildford, founded by Archbishop Abbot. In a copse upon this farm is a spring, called Mag's Well, celebrated in the neighbourhood for the extraordinary cures attributed to its water, which is extremely pure, and when applied outwardly, is detergent. The notion of its salutary properties is of high antiquity; for Aubrey and Camden

describe the spring as possessing powerful medicinal qualities in scrofulous and cutaneous disorders, in man or beast. Accordingly there is a convenient place for the immersion, not only of bipeds, but of quadrupeds, which are frequently brought from a distance to be cured at Mag's Well. It is said to have been found, on accurate analysis, nearly to resemble the Malvern water.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE FAIR SEX IN DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

No. IV.

THE Negroes on the west coast of Africa, near the river Gambia, have a festival, which falls in the month of April or May, and is called *Tampcara*. This festival is distinguished by the appearance of a personage to whom they give the same name. He is considered as a supernatural being, to whom they pay the most profound respect. He never appears but at night, when every door is thrown open to him, and he has free access to the women. Their husbands must not manifest the least sign of jealousy; the slightest murmur would draw upon them the displeasure of Tampcara, who would not fail to make them feel it most severely by his emissaries. Such is the influence which this Tampcara possesses, that he is not afraid to defy the authority of princes themselves: in short, he is allowed to do whatever he pleases, as will appear from the following account, given by a French gentleman, formerly resident on the Gambia.

"In 1776," says he, "I was at the factory of Albreda with five Negroes only, who were attending me, when,

at two o'clock one morning, Tampcara, accompanied by two hundred men, made his appearance. My people, who, on any other occasion, would have attempted some resistance, fled at the name of Tampcara, and I was left by myself. The troop was armed with javelins, muskets, and daggers, and their chief had a sabre. Nothing but the greatest firmness could save me at this juncture. The pretended demon audaciously demanded a great quantity of goods out of the warehouses committed to my care; and, on my refusal, he made two cuts at me with his sabre, which I parried with my sword. I told him in bad Wolof (the language spoken by the natives of those parts) that I would call my people, and order them to fire at him, if he did not instantly depart; and, after some discussion, I gave him to understand, that, out of regard for his person, I would agree to present him with three muskets and some brandy. He then retired quietly, and by this small sacrifice I got rid of him. As these assemblages are held only at night, I caused some of

Tampeara's companions to be apprehended the following day, and put in irons, till my property should be restored. They admitted the violence and robbery, but alleged, in their justification, that they had but obeyed the commands of Tampeara. I succeeded, however, in recovering my muskets, and took the best precautions for preventing similar outrages in future."

To counterbalance the power of Tampeara, who seems to favour the women, the Mahometan Mandingoes have their Mumbo Jumbo, whose mysteries also are celebrated only in the night-time. About the middle of the year, a great noise, proceeding for several successive nights from a certain wood, announces his visit, and gives notice to the men to go out to receive him. Mumbo Jumbo at length appears. He is a hideous figure, dressed in the bark of trees, and provided with a stick. He is preceded by his band. The women meanwhile assemble in the midst of the village, range themselves in a circle, and with trembling await his arrival. Songs, accompanied by the sound of instruments, are presently heard; and Mumbo Jumbo sings a

pleasing air, to which the men and women answer in chorus. Profound silence ensues. Mumbo Jumbo takes a seat, and points out such of the women whose conduct during the preceding year has not been satisfactory. They are dragged away, tied to a post, stripped and scourged with more or less severity, according to the nature of their offences, by Mumbo, who is furnished with a rod for the purpose.

This formidable personage is supposed to be no other than the husband of one of the culprits, or a friend of his: but the secret of the institution has been so carefully preserved, that a king, who was coaxed by a young wife to communicate it to her, was afterwards prevailed upon to put to death all his wives, to prevent their betraying what their companion might have imparted to them. It is asserted, however, that the contrivance is not designed merely for a check upon the conduct of the women, but that Mumbo Jumbo has more than once braved the power, and curbed the ambition, of a despotic prince. The dress which he wears may be seen in many places hanging up in trees.

THE BIRTHDAY AND THE FUNERAL.

Freely translated from the German of E. C. VON KLEIST, Author of "The Seasons."

WHILE perusing the Birthday and Funeral Odes of Kleist in the original, it appeared to possess strength of idea, and novelty in the manner of treating the subject: how far these recommendations have been preserved or impaired by the translation here offered, must be left to the reader to decide. In the Birthday Ode no part is omitted; but, it is right to observe, that some of the passages

are amplified, and those lines marked by inverted commas are not in the original German.

TRANSLATOR.

THE BIRTHDAY.

Alas! that thou art born! the busy world,
That vast receptacle of madness, waits,
With treacherous invitation, to betray
Thy trusting heart: Wisdom, her virtue here,
Can shield thee from impending ills; for know
Here merit is a crime, high treason deem'd

Against the majesty and power supreme
Of Folly : should'st thou dare incur her ire,
Thou art adjudg'd a criminal, to whom
The dungeon's depth and chains are mild
decrees.

Hast thou a fault? One fault its shade will
cast,

Its lengthen'd line, athwart thy hundred
deeds

Of good or glorious character: these deeds,
Thy very worth, will rouse the fiercest cry
Of vulgar souls: turn back with brow of
scorn

Upon the dastard crew, and all is dumb;
The pointed finger falls; the nod, the wink,
Will sudden cease; no gesture dares com-
plete

The mockery commenced. Resume thy way,
The senseless shout again resounds: if then,
With thund'ring voice, thou canst not awe
the crowd,

Thou art denied all claim to reverence,
Thou art too tame to own a hero's soul.
Canst thou not bow, with dancer's grace,
before

The Phryne of the day, thou art proclaim'd
A churl too rude to humanize. Again:
Canst thou not game, and hazard all
The frenzied gamester stakes, and seize the
spoil

Capricious Fortune grants; canst thou not
hear

Thy ruin'd adversary's groan, his curse,
When, from his short and fever'd dream, he
wakes

To sad reality; thou must not hope
To shine among the great. And dost thou
dare,

Uncourteous, to resist when pleasure woos,
And ere it binds thee, snap her rose-turn'd
chain;

Thou art condemn'd, thou hast incur'd the
ban

Of high society; thy star is set

In that horizon, to appear no more.

Nought, nought but varied woe can life pre-
sent:

While countries fly before the fiery sword
Of War and her fell train, gaunt Famine
comes,

And purple plague, and earthquake's yawn-
ing gulf,

Entombing peopled plains and woods and
groves,

The living and the dead. Nor these the worst:
Dark Hypochondria rears his dreadful form;

"That Vampyre of the human intellect

"Shakes, from his baleful wings, a countless
host

"Of Hydra-headed shapes, which ever grow:

"His with'ring breath consumes the springs
of life:

"See high-soul'd Honour bends, and Science
falls:

"In helpless dotage lost, the victims pine;

"Start from the air-drawn sword or poison'd
bowl;

"Whisper mysteriously of crimes conceal'd,

"Or some disease too dreadful to be nam'd:

"Without a wound, they feel th' assassin's
blade,

"And, in averting fancied deaths, they die."

All this must thou behold. Stay, Muse!
forbear,

Nor tear aside with hand abrupt the veil

Which Mercy has extended, to conceal

Th' enormous mass of human misery.

Check not the op'ning bud of youth's fair
bloom

With age's nipping frost. No, let the hand
Of slow experience gradually unfold

The scroll of life; let blessed hope illumine

Its darkest line, and, like the glorious sun,

Dart a light beam upon the stormy cloud.

Oh! lead us now to scenes where Nature
fair

Still lives unspoil'd by human crime, still
smiles,

As when creation first arose—the world

Of ever-flowing bounty. Lead us now

To sights of peace: the glassy lake's repose;

The ruminating herds, with half-closed eyes,

Cool shades shall shelter from the noontide
heat:

There may'st thou thread the peaceful vale
among

A labyrinth of sweets. The butterfly,
Capricious in its flight, shall lead thee on

From flower to flower. The pheasant, pacing
proud

In clover'd field, shall curve his painted neck,
Now brown, now blue, now green, in chang-

ing light,

Or flashing in the sunbeam living gold.

Again: thine eye may rest upon the mead,

Rich with the rainbow's hue and sparkling
rills,

Where Phœbus shines in floods of light; or
trace

The lark, whose wing, with quick vibrations,
floats

Along the clear expanse; "e'en when her
form

"Eludes the aching sight, her descant blithe"

Swells loud in upper air full cadences.

Nor yet is Virtue banish'd from the earth;
For Frederic lives, beneath whose gracious

sway

Mercy, fair charity, and gratitude,

And high heroic virtues, find reward:

These foster peace, and peace is happiness.
Thou may'st be rich in faithful friends, to
sooth

The pangs of sickness, poverty, and grief.
Rise then on eagle's wings, and drink the
light

Of solar beam, nor heed the raven croak
Of Envy and her brood. Defy the storm:
Life may afford thee joys, o'erbalancing
The scale of woe.

'Tis well that thou art born.

THE FUNERAL.

Alas! that thou art dead! thou can'st no
more

See golden-hair'd Aurora peeping forth
From out the crimson cloud: no more thine
eye

Shall contemplate the dewy pasturage:
The sun's broad disk no more shall seem to
float

Reflected in the stream, which takes its hues
From overhanging woods: the perfumed
breath

Of violet no more shall charm thy sense:
No more thine ear rejoice in murmuring
flow

Of rivulet, which gently laves the rose,
Or curls, by zephyr breeze, its rippling wave:
No more shall Philomel entrance thy soul,

As pouring forth her lays in Krausen's* lyre,
She seems to tell anew her mournful tale.
Yet, let us not lament: thou shalt no more
See Virtue in adversity repine,
Dragging a tedious life; or sink at length
Unpitied, unrelieved, while Vice looks on
With hard indifference. No more shalt thou
Be tortured with that soul-abasing sight,
A free-born nation bowed beneath the yoke
Of tyranny, exacting tribute hard,
Not for protection paid. No luxury,
Nor fool, nor servile parasite, again
Shall vex thee with his knaveries: no foe,
With wolfish sidelong glance, shall watch
thy steps;

Nor storm, nor war, nor plague, nor earth-
quake, more

Assail thy mortal sense. This little speck,
Our globe, shall sink far, far beneath thy
feet,

With its attendant ills, involved in clouds
Of sulph'rous exhalation. Thunders now
Shall roll unheard by thee, for peace and
rest

Shall guide thy soul to realms of blessedness.
Submissive bow we then to the Supreme,
And own the fiat just, nay merciful,
Which bade thee hence.

'Tis well that thou art dead.

* Kleist here introduces a compliment to
Krausen, a great practical and theoretical
musician, who wrote on musical poetry.

ALHOMPRA, THE DELIVERER OF BURMAH AND CONQUEROR OF PEGU.

THE hand of more than mortal
power that rent the chains of Bur-
mah, and riveted link by link on
the giant neck of Pegu—the feet
that trample on the mighty of every
land—the disposer of kingdoms—
the lord of earth and air—the pos-
sessor of precious stones, in a trea-
sury heaped with diamonds, rubies,
emeralds, amethysts, chrysolites, jas-
pers, and all sparkling gems, abund-
ant as pebbles on the beach of the
river Irawady—the ruler of gold and
silver in mines of boundless extent,
or purified from the furnace—the
master of red, white, and mottled
elephants, whose praises are echoed
far as the light of sun or moon—the

emperor of all warriors, clothed in
the sacred disguise of a Talapoin,
penetrated with his keen eye the se-
cret misdeeds of his civil officers,
and the manners of his subjects, in
the vast city of Umerapoodra and
the environs. As the tropical gust
suddenly dismays the unwary mari-
ner, so the great, the just Alhompra
burst in wrath upon the oppressors
of the helpless. The morn arose in
cloudless serenity, when royalty, veil-
ed under the mysterious garb of a
priest of Boodh, was hastened to a
lowly abode by the cries of infancy,
and beheld a boy cruelly chastising
a child of the same sex. The sacred
guest expostulated, and rescued the

trembling sufferer. Hardly had the boy desisted from wielding the scourge when a woman, armed with a large switch, appeared, and seizing the late agent of intemperate castigation, belaboured him unmercifully, without explaining the cause of her wrath. Alhompra for a few minutes permitted the boy to experience the severity he had inflicted, and then interceded for him, inquiring likewise the nature of his offence. The mother said he had neglected to secure the gate of the rice-paddock, which had been trodden by cattle. The boy sobbed out his defence, which indeed was exculpatory. He reminded his mother that he was sent from home, and had not been ten minutes returned from executing his father's commands, in a direction quite different from the paddock. The master of the family now entered, impatiently calling for breakfast. The Talapoin was reverently invited to share the repast, which consisted chiefly of fruits, and the husband scolded and threatened his helpmate with punishment, for neglecting to gather them before sunrise; nor was he softened by her humble apologies, and the plea that she had been out of bed all night with their sick baby, and slept insensibly after his distress abated. The scene of discord was presently heightened by a man, who rushed in, commanding the peasant to repair instantly to the banks of the Irawady, where, in the evening, he must deliver a certain quantity of teak-wood, ready felled, and prepared for the king's collector. The peasant, in a surly tone, said, he should have had notice the preceding day, that he might have repaired to the spot, and been fresh for begin-

ning his task by the dawn; but now, after a wearisome journey, he must commence his labour without taking a moment to rest, or else it would be impossible to cut the number of trees required of him; and he was sure the great Alhompra never intended such hardships for a poor man. He muttered some words about the oppression of little folks in power—but the messenger silenced his complaint, by applying a cane to his shoulders, and driving him off to his toil.

“ Thus do the strong, in all relations and degrees, commit injustice against the feeble,” said Alhompra to himself; “ and the prince who seeks to reform those evils, must begin by reforming the nature of his people—for he cannot be omnipresent, to prevent or rectify abuses.”

With these thoughts Alhompra followed the peasant, and, at a certain point, intercepted him, by taking a cross-road. As they walked, the peasant exclaimed against the despotism of the messenger, who owed him a grudge for telling the honest truth to the king's collector of teak-wood, a great and good man, whose pagoda would soon be visible through the trees in near view.

“ He retires to these shades,” continued the peasant, “ to conceal from Alhompra a treasure of more worth than empires.”

“ Can a good man desire to hide any possession from the sovereign?” questioned Alhompra.

“ Yes, if the treasure is a beautiful wife, whom the sovereign may wish to entice from her duty. Lo! in yonder grove of the pagoda I see Zaglara, the rigid superintendent of Bemoinda's women: she will hail

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thee with pious joy, and can tell thee more than I know of the fair recluse. Her story is said to be full of marvels: but the sun is high; I must kiss thy feet, and speed to my labour."

Alhompra stood some minutes reflecting upon the communication made by the peasant. He proceeded to the grove with the solemn step of a Talapoin, and accosted Zaglara with an impressive benediction. The devotee, in religious transport, bent her head to the dust, and besought the priest to remember in his prayers the lady Bemoinda and her humble attendant Zaglara. As the waiting-dame was not aware of his design, the king drew from her some information concerning Bemoinda. The lady had been many months confined to bed by a wound, which, it was affirmed, had been received in defence of Albarapoorah, the favourite warrior of Alhompra. On her recovery, Albarapoorah married her. She was now asleep, after coming out of the bath; and during two hours, no one, except her lord or Zaglara, had permission to approach the apartment. Albarapoorah was from home, and, in the interval, Zaglara had time to perform her pious ablutions.

"I knew the young Bemoinda sleeps," said the wily prince, "and I am come to waft over her couch, and on all the hours of her existence, the choicest blessings of the Omnipotent. Lead me to her. Softly as the noiseless track of a bird in the air, I shall pass to her retreat. Thou shalt leave me there to ejaculate the soul-fraught words of prayer for her welfare."

Zaglara submitted to the behest of a Talapoin, whose seeming mul-

tiplied years forbade all doubt of his sanctity. The breath of evening zephyrs pass not more smoothly over the flowers of summer, than the paces of Alhompra drew near to the pillow of the unconscious Bemoinda. A muslin drapery, of the finest texture, covered the matchless symmetry of her person, so far only as to give scope for the luxuriating imagination to finish her enchanting perfections. The heat of noon flushed her lovely countenance, partially shaded by glossy ringlets; and on her half-exposed bosom hung a massive gold chain, of exquisite workmanship, which Alhompra immediately recognised to be his own gift to a youth who saved his life, and whom he had long sought without success. He stooped to examine more narrowly this token of royal gratitude; and, at that moment, would have renounced all his conquests, power, and grandeur, to become the chosen spouse of Bemoinda. In moving the gold chain, he broke her repose: she fondly extended her arms, uttering the name of Albarapoorah; but having opened her eyes, and beholding a stranger, she started up, and with the ever spontaneous impulse of female delicacy, snatched a mantle of crimson taffety, in which she enveloped her agitated form. The venerable Talapoin, in accents low, tremulous, and deliberate as the voice of age, soon reassured her of his pious zeal in her service, and she allowed him to occupy a cushion at her side.

"I am commissioned to select a bosom-companion for the great Alhompra," said he; "thou shalt ascend to that pinnacle of glory——"

"I! I, the fond devoted spouse of Albarapoorah!" interrupted Be-

moinda: "death only shall part us. I fear not to die. I have encountered danger in all the chances of warfare; and no peril can appal me, but separation from my beloved."

"But, fair Bemoinda, thou hast never beheld the royal features, the stately port of Alhompra."

"I have beheld the conqueror of Pegu. This female arm warding from his breast the dart of a traitor. These arms supported him when wounded in a less vulnerable part; these hands bound up the gash; and those eyes, that turn upon thy sacred person, watched the King of Burmah till his attendants arrived."

"And did Alhompra bestow no remuneration for thy services? And how camest thou, a feeble woman, to perform them?"

"Before Alhompra fainted, through loss of blood, he gave me a chain of gold from his imperial neck. I wore the vestments of the other sex, whenever the warriors joined their king. I strained every sinew to rejoin Albarapoorah and his father, who rallied the Birman troops, discouraged by the supposed death of their royal leader."

"But wherefore disguise thy graceful form in manly garb?"

"When the Peguers ravaged the Birman country, my mother clothed me in masculine attire, as the surest defence for my honour. I was taken prisoner; but soon rescued by the father of Albarapoorah. My father and brothers were killed fighting for their country. My mother died of grief in a few years; and while she lived, she managed the household of our brave deliverer. He had been severely wounded. My mother's skill in herbs effected his cure. She continued my disguise, and, at her de-

cease, enjoined me to employ the same means for my security from licentious snares. I was trained to manly exercises with Albarapoorah. Our souls were knit in the tenderest ties of friendship. I bore arms under his command, and had the happiness to save the life of Alhompra. On the close of that eventful day, I found Albarapoorah's father among the slain; and when I reached the spot where the lord of my affections and vows stood victorious, I drew him aside, to impart to him the fate of his parent: but while we were deeply engaged in converse, a lurking villain sprung from a thicket, and aimed a lance at his heart. I interposed, and the weapon pierced my shoulder. Albarapoorah cleft the skull of our assailant. He saw me pale, and covered with blood. He took me in his arms, and would have removed my vest, to ascertain the extent of my injury; but with my undischarged hand I held the clasps, saying, 'Spare, noble Albarapoorah! spare an unfortunate maid! she dies more happy in this first and last embrace, than if raised to the throne of a conqueror.' Hardly could I pronounce these words, for a mist came over my eyes, and my senses failed. When my recollection was restored, I found myself in this house, which was nigh to the fatal spot. Months wore away before I recovered; but Albarapoorah's love gave me new life. Health and felicity came in his smiles of tenderness. I recovered, and became his spouse. In recompence of his valour, he was appointed the king's chief collector of teak-wood. Alhompra is mighty; but he is also merciful and just. He, whose redoubtable arm shields the weak from the oppression of the

strong, will not bereave Albarapoorah of the cordial of his heart, nor tear Bemoida from the source of all her happiness."

"Be at peace," said the Talapoin: "Alhompra will not invade the joys of two worthy hearts. Be thou fruitful as the fig-tree, and thy course brilliant as the stars of heaven.—Farewell!"

The Talapoin departed without

revealing his royal dignity. He appointed Albarapoorah to the government of a distant province, to remove from himself the temptation of Bemoida's charms. In this conquest over his passion, he was more an exalted victor, than in all the battles he gained to unite the vast empires of Burmah and Pegu.

B. G.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST SCARCITY OF GRAIN.

ONE, two, or more rigorous winters never fail to be followed by autumnal rains and frosts. The first or second year of hibernal storms may not produce this effect; but the third or fourth always occasions a defective harvest; consequently a high price and scarcity of grain. We hear frequent complaints that, at present, the scope for speculation is contracted, to the great detriment of enterprizing monied men; and it is surprising they are not stimulated to vest a part of their funds in storing grain; since there is a moral certainty, that, in a few years, they will be remunerated with the principal and high interest on the sum so disbursed. But, say they, humidity will corrupt, and vermin devour, the corn. We beg leave to suggest, that the stores may be deposited in perfect security from those evils. The price of timber is greatly reduced; labour is at a moderate rate, and grain yet lower. Let the quantity desired be procured, whenever it is ready for removal from the field where it grew. It is hardly necessary to say it must be of the best quality. Let it be dressed; the moisture exhaled by the gradual operation of kiln-drying, and when

again carefully dressed, and thoroughly cooled, let it be laid up in large chests, previously prepared. These may be ready before the next crop is fit for reaping. They should be constructed of massive rough deals, closely joined by grooves, and plastered on the inside and outside with fine lime-plaster. The lid should be formed and plastered in the same manner; and when the chest or chests are filled, and the lids shut down, every crevice should be plastered. It would be proper to examine the chests often, and to repair any crack in the plaster; and in a store-house much infested with rats, each chest should receive a coat of new plaster externally, and over this a covering of broken glass. The chests would be serviceable during half a century, without any additional expense or trouble, except fumigation, and airing them duly when emptied; or perhaps in the course of several years, the internal coat should be scraped off, and the plaster renewed. The grain destroyed by corruption, and by rats, mice, and weevils, in the common method of warehousing grain, would overpay the expense of safe receptacles; and the health and comfort of the public

secured. Let us consider the sufferings of Europe and America in 1816-17, and the recent calamity of Ireland, and we must perceive the wisdom of taking measures for preventing a recurrence of privations

so deplorable. Savage nations pay great attention to this object; and with the wealth, the science, and perseverance of Britons, the preservation of grain may be carried to perfection.

THE LOITERER.

No. III.

THOUGH I do not find it mentioned in the annals of our house, yet I am tempted to think that my ancestors had the honour of introducing the custom of breakfasting upon tea and bread and butter into England. A *déjeuné* of that sort is so peculiarly favourable to our habits, from the little trouble with which you may take it, and the length of time you may, without its being spoiled by waiting, be about it, that I am secretly persuaded it must have been brought into fashion by some branch or other of my family; and I shall be obliged to any of my readers who can give me information upon the subject. They will please to observe, that the introduction of tea is nothing at all to the purpose; what I want to ascertain is, the precise time in which this favourite beverage of the idle displaced the smoking beefsteak, or the cold chine of pork, with their substantial accompaniments of peck loaves, and massy silver tankards filled with strong beer. I can't help looking back with a sigh of commiseration to those days when it must have been actually a laborious undertaking for a man to make a hearty breakfast.

I had got just thus far, for, to say the truth, I was writing at one corner of my breakfast-table, when I was interrupted by the entrance of my old acquaintance Bob Bustle,

who professed great surprise at finding me breakfasting at so late an hour, and assured me, that he was never later than seven, winter or summer. "But to be sure," continued he with a smile of self-approbation, "a man who is so much occupied as I am, must begin his business early in the morning: he can't afford to lounge away so precious a part of the day."

I felt a great desire at that moment to convince this busy gentleman that he was in reality as idle as myself, but I desisted, from an idea that the attempt would be very troublesome, and most probably unsuccessful; for he is as obstinate as a mule, and talks so long and so loud, that nobody, who has not the nerves of a Hercules and the lungs of a Stentor, can cope with him. I did not, therefore, attempt to interrupt his harangue upon the proper employment of time, in which he proved, perfectly to his own satisfaction, that nobody used it so well as himself; but I was heartily glad when, after a monologue of two hours upon this subject, he at last took his leave.

His departure, while it relieved me from one difficulty, plunged me into another. I intended as soon as I got rid of him to go on with my paper, but his tiresome harangue completely broke the chain of my ideas; at least, I tried to quiet my

conscience with the belief that this actually was the case, when I found it impossible to get on. At last, having pished and pshawed, and even taken the trouble to shift my chair, in a vain attempt to recall my vagrant thoughts, it struck me, that the busy idlers of my acquaintance might be of some use for once to eke out a *Loiterer*; and as I think my friend Bob, with his airs of activity and utility, deserves the precedence, I shall begin with him.

Bob is one of those indefatigable people who make it a rule to fill up every moment of their time; but if he was to reckon his days, like the Roman emperor, by the good he does, I am afraid few nights would come without giving him occasion for the exclamation, "I have lost a day!" He resides in general at his country-seat, which he has employed himself during the last twenty years in improving. There is not a spot in his grounds that has not been altered and re-altered, and the last alteration is sure to be every thing desirable till it is completed; when some good-natured friend or other is always kind enough to tell him how it may be improved. Fresh workmen are directly procured, and he sets them to plant or pull up with as much eagerness and spirit as if his life depended on its being completed within a given time.

With all this, he himself never really does any thing; he has not a head to invent, or even to understand, plans for laying out ground; but they enable him to talk of having something to do, and that is a great point gained. He rises with the sun, and passes the day in running from one part of his grounds to another, to see that every body is occupied: it is

particularly his object to ascertain, that his labourers do not exceed the regular hours for meals, and that they do not rest themselves a moment longer in the heat of the day than the time allowed them. He once turned off a labourer whom he had employed for many years, only because he found that the man had not quite finished his dinner when the bell rung for the people to go to work. Yet, while he exercises in some respects the severity of a slave-driver, those who know how to fall in with his humour, contrive to have a pretty easy life with him. A well-timed question often leads to a reply of half an hour long, which the gardener or labourer, who cannot be rude enough to work while his master is addressing him, listens to, leaning on his spade; and I have known him more than once, if he has detected any of the younger men whom he employs relaxing for a moment in their labours, to take them, by way of a lesson, to one of his glass hives, and station them there for an hour or two, to watch the motions of the bees, just, as he expresses it, to make them ashamed of themselves.

When the weather is too severe to permit him to run about his garden, he employs himself within doors in talking of what he intends to do in the ensuing season. Propose cards to him, and he is shocked at such a waste of time; mention books, and he is sorry he is too much occupied to read, though he does, he says, now and then steal an hour from his bed to peruse works on gardening and agriculture, from which, after all, a man learns nothing: practice, practice is the only thing; he is no friend to theory; and in truth he

proves it, for it would be difficult to reconcile his practice with any sort of theory. Thus he goes on, passing his life in walking and talking, and fancying himself amazingly busy, because he is never quiet a moment.

There is more variety in the manner which Dick Dareall employs to kill time: he is fond of the turf, piques himself upon being a famous rider, and has just enough of the science of coachmanship to be able to drive like the devil. Dick has scampered over every county in England in search of what he calls useful information, that is to say, to see which produces the best breed of dogs and horses. He is besides an amateur of the *fancy*; plays a famous game at billiards, and understands to perfection the art of betting on the safe side. Nobody can express a more sovereign contempt for your lazy, lounging, nothing-to-do dogs, than Dick; he protests he would not be idle for the world, and he would think you were actually hoaxing, if you attempted to persuade him that his life passes in the worst of idleness.

Nat Nicknack is the most elaborate of idlers; he calls himself a collector of rarities, and nothing is too great or too little to be included in his catalogue, provided it be rare. He threw himself into a fever during the very hot weather last summer, by taking a long and fatiguing journey to purchase a fan, supposed to be the first that was imported into this country from China. When he arrived at the lady's house in whose possession it was, he found that she had gone fifty miles farther up the country, to the wedding of her granddaughter, and was not expected home for a week. This was a terrible dis-

appointment to Nat: however, as he could not think of remaining idle for a whole week, he set off, fatigued as he was, and with strong feverish symptoms, for the house of the bride. He was lucky enough to procure the fan, but his search for it cost him a large sum to his physician, and a month's confinement to his chamber. He comforts himself, however, with the reflection, that he was not to blame; it would have been a shameful waste of time to have waited her return. If you say that you imagine he could not have had any thing important upon his hands, he tells you with a grave look that you are mistaken, he is always occupied; and so he is, in doing nothing.

Tom Trinket's passion is to be considered a first-rate beau; he keeps two valets, one to assist the other in dressing him, and both to assist himself in inventing new fashions; or rather to invent them for him, for his own genius never reached to the extent of altering the cut of a collar or the shape of a button. Nobody can be more constantly occupied than Tom: he rises early, that he may have time to deliberate with his two privy-counselors upon the projected alterations and improvements in his clothes, before he begins to dress; and he retires to bed late, in order to be able to go every evening to the most fashionable parties or public places. As for the middle of the day, that is fully occupied in running from one fashionable tailor to another, to try if he can obtain the first sight of any new invention. This year, however, I think that his labours are a little relaxed, owing to a cold which he caught by going open-breasted at Christmas, from the wish, as he told me in confidence, to bring up a fa-

shion that would not easily become common.

It is not the men only who are possessed with the fancy that they are very industrious, while in reality they do nothing; the ladies, with all their perfections, are not exempted from this foible. I know no one more deeply tainted with it than the widow Saveall, whose life is passed in trying to get every thing at the cheapest rate. This good lady thinks nothing of a walk of three or four miles to buy half a dozen yards of ribbon; and she is sure to be at every auction that is advertised, not that she actually wants to buy any thing, but because she thinks she may chance to find a great bargain of something that will be useful some time or other. There is nothing of which this lady professes such an abhorrence as idleness. She protests, that three-fourths of her acquaintance might as well be dead, for any use they are of in the world, and never fails to contrast her industry with their indolence: it would be difficult, however, to tell what benefit the world derives from her passing one half of her time in running about in search of bargains, and the other in scolding her two servants for not doing the work of four.

The idleness of Mrs. Teachall is of a nature more annoying to some of her acquaintance. This lady has a mania for education, and as she

has no children of her own to exercise her talents upon, she torments all who have with her plans for the good of their families. She does not go upon the modern system of indulgence; no, young people must be made to work. I was present the other day, when she fastened upon a young mother, whom she detected in the fact of granting a holiday to her son, a fine boy four years old. After an harangue of an hour long, on the dreadful consequences of such an indulgence, she concluded by asking, with a triumphant air, "What is the first requisite for the acquirement of knowledge? Industry. What is the second? Industry. What is the third? Industry. In short, it is the one thing needful; and I make it a rule always to recommend the practice of this admirable quality." It is a pity that we cannot reconcile her theory and practice; for no one ever heard of the smallest instance of her industry. There are a few instances of persons who contrive to impose upon the world and themselves, by covering their indolence with a show of activity; and I have no doubt, that the worshipful body of idlers would be found much more numerous than is generally imagined, if all those whose time is employed in doing nothing, were, as in justice they ought to be, compelled to acknowledge themselves belonging to it.

N. NEVERMORE.

EMILY: A TALE.

A YOUNG West-Indian, of the name of Hartley, had recently arrived in England: his only intimate acquaintance was a gentleman about his own age, of large fortune and very seducing manners. He was

what is called a man of pleasure, and did his possible to initiate our young West-Indian in the ways of the town; but his endeavours appeared to be completely thrown away. Hartley, though gay and high-spi-

rited, seemed to be strictly moral: he could neither be prevailed upon to risk his money at the gaming-table, nor his health in convivial parties; nor could he be drawn, by argument or ridicule, to accompany his friend to the haunts of dissipation which he visited.

Notwithstanding this difference in their dispositions, Bellair became attached to Hartley; and when, after a few months, he found that his new friend was about to return to the West Indies for a short time, he regretted his departure. One morning as he was walking near Hyde-Park Corner, he overtook Hartley, who was proceeding very slowly, and, apparently, lost in thought. "Why, where in the name of wonder, are you going with that face of perplexity?" cried he.—"Truly," replied the other, evading the question, "if I wear a face of perplexity, it is expressive of the state of my mind."—"And from what cause?"—"A cause that has perplexed you very often."—"You speak in riddles."—"I will explain them: I have a couple of women on my hands, and I do not know what the deuce to do with one of them."

"A couple of women!" almost shouted Bellair. "Oh! you unconscionable dog! But you can't be serious."

"Too serious, faith: I wish you would take one of them off my hands."

"A modest proposal truly, and the last I should have expected from a man of your morality. What the plague, is this the end of all your squeamishness, to have two wenches at once, and, at the same time, to pass yourself upon the world for a saint?"

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"Leave off bantering," cried the other, "and tell me whether you will accept of my proposal, that I may give you a sight of the charmer."—"Why, as to that, I am determined to have a sight of both charmers, that I may see how you mean to treat me."

"With all my heart; and if you are the warm-hearted fellow I think you, I have a notion you won't quarrel with my taste: so come along."—"But hold, Ned," cried Bellair, "there is one circumstance to be considered: will this charmer of yours consent to the transfer you talk of?"

"Oh! I take all that upon myself," replied Hartley. "Besides, without compliment, a fellow like you has no reason to despair."

"No," said the other with a sigh: "a full purse is, generally speaking, a sufficient recommendation to this sort of *bonnes fortunes*."—"I must, however, make one condition," cried Hartley, "which is, that you will not, at the first interview, betray to either of the ladies what has passed between us on this subject." The other readily consented, and in a few minutes they came to a small house, at the door of which Hartley stopped, with the information that it was the dwelling of one of his innamoratas. On being admitted, he inquired for Miss Bury, and was informed that she would be with him in a moment. Bellair saw that the furniture, though neat, was of the cheapest description; and he began to congratulate Hartley on finding Dulcineas whose habits of expense were so extremely moderate, when the door opened, and a woman, apparently blind, but of the most venerable appearance, entered the room. Hartley addressed her with the affection and respect of

a son; he presented his friend as a gentleman who might perhaps be useful to her during his absence from England. Bellair was so astonished, that he could scarcely stammer out a wish to be allowed the pleasure of serving her; and he cast upon Hartley a glance of such rueful reproach, that the other restrained himself with difficulty from bursting into a loud laugh.

However, as Bellair was not really void of feeling, when the first moments of surprise and mortification were passed, he listened with interest to the conversation which took place between the old lady and his friend. It was easy to see in the respectful and affectionate manner in which Hartley addressed her, that he felt a real interest in her situation; and her manner to him shewed plainly, that this interest was returned with the utmost warmth of gratitude of which a sensible and feeling heart is capable.

When they rose to go, she inquired, in a tremulous voice, whether he would not come to see her again before he left England. "I hope to see you three or four times at least," replied he, "for I shall not go for a week." It was easy to see the pleasure which this promise gave to the poor old lady.

"Well, Hartley," cried Bellair, as soon as they were in the street, "I forgive you the trick you have played me, and I am willing to extend my protection to the charmer whom we have just left, though I will not promise to be quite so gallant an humble servant to her as you have been. As to the other, whom I imagine to be a beauty of a similar description, I will spare you the trouble of introducing me to her."

"I should, however, wish you to see her," said Hartley; "because, to speak frankly, it is principally for her that I want your assistance. If she were in any other circumstances, you would be the last man in the world to whose protection I should confide her; for she is very young, and if she were not the victim of a cruel distemper, would, I am sure, be extremely pretty. It is now about a month since I first saw her: I was coming home one evening when I perceived a woman, who walked before me, suddenly reel; I stepped forward to support her, but I had hardly reached her, when she fainted in my arms. I carried her into an apothecary's shop, which happened to be very near: the master of it humanely exerted himself to bring her to her senses; but when she recovered, she appeared so weak, that I insisted on seeing her home. A sentiment of pride, which the unfortunate girl could not conquer, made her for some time oppose it; at last she yielded, and I took her in a hackney-coach to a miserable lodging, where she was welcomed with rapturous joy by a lovely little girl, something more than two years old. The repeated demands of the poor child for bread revealed to me the extremity of their distress; and it was plain, from the appearance of the mother, that poverty was not the only evil they had to struggle with, for the poor girl was evidently in the last stage of consumption. I am sure she has not long to live, and, for her sake, I have done all I could to delay my voyage, but in vain. I feel myself the more necessary to her, because, as far as I can learn, she has not a friend on earth. Should that really be, as I suspect it is, the

case, I shall take upon myself the charge of providing for her little Emily: but I shall be absent for a twelvemonth, and this poor girl cannot, I think, live many weeks. Will you then, Bellair, charge yourself with the care of making her last moments easy, and of placing her child at school till my return?"

"I wish, with all my heart, you had selected any one else for this sombre commission."

"Why, you know very well I have hardly an acquaintance in England except yourself."

"Well, I have not the heart to refuse you."—"Allons then," cried Hartley, and a brisk walk of a quarter of an hour brought them to the habitation of his second *protégée*.

He left Bellair in a small parlour, while he entered an adjoining bed-chamber, which the poor girl had not quitted for a fortnight. She was then in a dose, but her nurse told him in a whisper, that she thought she was going very fast. At that moment she awoke, and perceiving Hartley, "How good you are," said she, "and how fortunate your coming is just now! I wish much to open my heart to you, and I think that my time will be very brief, for I feel that the end of my sufferings is near."

"I hope it is," cried Hartley in a soothing tone, "but not in the way you suppose. You must not indeed, my dear madam, suffer yourself thus to lose all hope."—"I have but one hope, one wish," replied she; "that is, that my child may find in you, if necessary, a protector when I am gone." Hartley had no need of assurances on this point; the unfortunate sufferer could read in his coun-

tenance all she wanted to know, and she proceeded in the following words:

"I am the daughter of a country curate, of whom, I shall only say, that his life was a perpetual illustration of those blessed doctrines which he taught. He loved me as never father loved a child before. I lost my mother while I was yet an infant, but her loss was amply compensated by his incessant cares. Ah! my God, how little did he think that this excess of tenderness was lavished on an ingrate, who would one day bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"I attained my eighteenth year in innocence and happiness. I might before then have married to what the world calls advantage, but I said, and I then believed, that I could find happiness only in cherishing the declining years of a father whom I loved almost to idolatry. Soon after I had attained my eighteenth year, a young gentleman, whose father mine had known in his youth, came to spend some time in our neighbourhood. I was struck with the graces of his manner, and my poor father unfortunately confirmed my prepossession by the praises which he lavished upon his temper and disposition. On his part, he seemed to regard my father with the fondness and veneration of a son, and to look on me as a sister. Soon, however, his manner towards me assumed more softness: marriage was professedly his aim; but he owned that he had no prospect of making me speedily his wife, my father's strict principles forbidding the hope of his consenting to a private marriage, and his parent being too ambitious to yield to his union with a woman cir-

cumstanced as I was. But he represented to me, that as his father's health had been declining for some time, it was probable that a short period only could elapse before he should be free to make his election; and he urged me incessantly to promise to be his when circumstances would permit him to make me so. In a fatal moment I consented; and soon afterwards he informed me, from time to time, that his father was gradually recovering his health, and he then proposed to me a private marriage, which, at first, I resolutely refused. He represented, however, so artfully, that my father loved me too fondly to cast me off for one fault, that he at last prevailed upon me, on the condition that he would, speedily after our marriage, restore me to the arms of my parent. I left my home on pretence of paying a visit to a female friend. My emotion at parting was contagious: my dear father shed tears as he pressed me to his bosom; but, rallying his spirits, he bade me go, and bring home a more cheerful face than I had lately worn.

"The moment in which I quitted the paternal roof, my punishment began. We soon reached London, and were immediately married: but not all the transports of my husband could stifle my self-reproach, or banish the terrible forebodings which took possession of my mind. At the end of a fortnight I insisted upon returning home; but, by the most artful delays, our departure was procrastinated for another fortnight. I then declared my resolution to return alone if my husband would not accompany me. Then it was that the dreadful truth broke on me: he owned that I was not his wife; that, in

order to gain possession of my person, he had had recourse to a sham marriage, which had been performed by his servant. I could not believe this dreadful tale, till its truth was confirmed by the appearance of the wretch who had profaned the sacred ceremony. The mask now thrown off, my betrayer dared to urge me to live with him as his mistress; and mistaking the silent despair with which I listened to him, for a sign of acquiescence in his infamous proposal, he left me, as he said, to reflect upon it. I heard him soon afterwards go out, and, stealing softly down stairs, I quitted the house unobserved, and in a few moments reached a coach-office, where I found a vehicle just setting out for my native town.

"I reached home safely, but in a state of mind which I cannot describe. It was my intention to conceal what had passed from my dear deluded parent; but, in a few hours after my arrival, I was in a violent fever, and my ravings informed him of my fatal secret. I recovered to have my heart stabbed by the tender, the entire forgiveness which I received from this best and most affectionate of fathers. He tried to rouse me from the despair in which I was, by the hope that the father of my betrayer, who was a truly just man, would prevail upon him to do me justice; but his sudden death rendered this hope abortive, and very shortly afterwards I found myself with child. This was the climax of my misfortunes: from that hour my dear father never raised his head; the open shame of his darling was more than his spirit could bear: for six weeks I saw him suffer without complaint; his sole solicitude, his

only care being to console the wretch who had destroyed him. He died in my arms, and spent his last breath in calling down blessings on my head, and in prayers, that in eternity we might be happily united. Oh! my father, cheering to my spirit in this awful moment, is the hope that this thy last petition will be granted!"

She paused, and Hartley, whose tears had accompanied her narrative, begged that she would rest. "I have little more," said she, "to say. When I had committed the remains of my parent to the grave, I hastened to London, where I buried my shame in an obscure lodging, in the hope that a few months would terminate my life and my sufferings: but the birth of my child gave me a new tie to existence; for her sake I struggled to procure a subsistence with my needle, till my increasing illness threw me into that state of destitution in which——"

"Not a word more," interrupted Hartley; "indeed I will leave you if you persist in saying another syllable on this subject."

"You shall be obeyed, my kind friend. But tell me, will you, when I am no more, seek out the father of my poor Emily, deliver to him a letter which I have written in behalf of his child, and tell him that I forgive him, as I hope to be myself forgiven."

"You may forgive him, but heaven never will," exclaimed Bellair, rushing into the room, and throwing himself on his knees by the bedside. "Oh! Emily, dear injured girl, say

not that my repentance comes too late; say not that I am indeed your murderer!"

For a moment her senses fled, but speedily recovering, she extended to him a hand on which the icy dews of death had already settled; and faintly murmured, "I do forgive, and pray to heaven, with all my heart, to pardon you. Be a father to your child." As she uttered these words, her head sunk upon the pillow, and she expired.

Who can paint the feelings of the conscience-stricken wretch as he gazed upon his victim? Years have passed since the scene I have described. He has so far performed his promise as to settle a competence on the child. He tries to stifle the voice of self-reproach by flattering himself that he has thus made retribution; but conscience will be heard. She pursues him even in the orgies of riot and intemperance, in which he tries to drown her voice. In the silence of night he still feels the icy touch of that hand extended to him in token of forgiveness; he still sees the emaciated form of his victim. How different is the existence of Hartley! Happy in the performance of his duties, conscious that no gratification of his has ever endangered the honour or the peace of another, he steadily pursues the course of unostentatious benevolence with which he commenced the career of life, blessed in himself, and a blessing to all around him.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY RESPECTING A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BEING an old acquaintance of Mr. Sieber's, I am happy to be able

to furnish your correspondent *Humanus*, in answer to his *Inquiry respecting a Cure for the Hydropho-*

bia, inserted in your Number for January last, with a few particulars relative to Sieber's pretended discovery.

Mr. Sieber, on his return from Candia, Syria, and Egypt, where he passed several months in the search of plants and antiquities, asserted that he had met with a specific for hydrophobia. His government—he is a native of Bohemia—rejecting his proposals for the sale of his collections, as well as of his arcanum, and treating him in a manner not consistent with his merits, he repaired to München, where the King of Bavaria purchased his collections for the Royal Academy. He there published a pamphlet, on the *Principles of a Radical Cure for the Hydrophobia**, and offered his arcanum for a certain sum, or an annuity of some hundred pounds. The Bavarian government, ever ready to remunerate any service conferred on science and mankind, proposed to Mr. Sieber to cause a trial of his specific to be made under the authority and inspection of a medical committee: but he returned to Bohemia, where he afforded cause for severe animadversion on his character, by refusing his assistance to a poor girl afflicted with hydrophobia, though urgently solicited by his friends to interfere in her behalf. He set out last summer for the Cape of Good Hope, with the intention of afterwards visiting the Isle of France, and thence proceeding to New South Wales. I have not received any letter from him since he embarked at Marseilles; and, from being asked in a letter, dated Lyons, March 26, whether it be true that he did not

reach the Cape, but died on board the ship, I am apprehensive that I shall have to lament the loss of an indefatigable traveller and botanist, whose ardour for natural history embraced the whole globe.

But, friend as I am to Mr. Sieber, I never approved of his arcanum-mongery. It is, according to my sentiments, the duty of every man, and particularly of every physician, not to conceal or keep secret any thing—should he even be able to gain mountains of gold and diamonds by it—which could save the life of a single human being, and much more if it could save the lives of thousands, and exterminate one of the most dreadful calamities that afflict mankind. Nay, I venture to go still farther, and to assert, that if a man is acquainted with a secret, by means of which the lives of thousands might be saved, it is his bounden duty to publish that secret, even though he should be lashed for his good services. What, in the name of humanity, would become of mankind, if that class of persons who devote themselves to the peculiar services of the sick, were to drive as hard a bargain as possible with their patients before they attempt to render them assistance? What, if your immortal Jenner had acted in regard to the cow-pox, as Sieber has done with his specific for hydrophobia! Surely the latter, as well as the former, would have received the thanks of every future generation, and rewards from his country also, had he published his specific.

The very same words which I here take the liberty to address to you, were more than ten times repeated to my good friend Sieber in my study; but, alas! in vain.

Should I be allowed to close these

* The title is, *Ueber die Begründung der Radicalcur ausgebrochener Wasserscheu*, von F. W. SIEBER. 8vo. pp. 128.

lines with a conjecture, I would observe, that in consequence of some expressions which Sieber dropped, I cannot help supposing that the poor fellow deceived himself with his arcanum; and that he rather flattered himself with the expectation of discovering a remedy for that dreadful disease, than was actually in possession of one: for it is certain, ac-

cording to his own repeated admissions, that he never put to the test the efficacy of his specific or method in any case of hydrophobia.

Let this suffice to prove to you, that I am, with the sincerest respect, your obedient servant,

ALETHOPHILUS, M. D.

BANKS OF THE ISAR, BAVARIA,
April 7, 1823.

EXTRAORDINARY VIRTUES OF THE EXTRACT OF BRASS. A CARD.

THAT there is no getting on without either gold or brass, is a fact within the experience of every one who has been for any time an inhabitant of this globe. Much, however, as the former metal is valued, and great as is the importance which it confers on the possessor, it is a question whether, in the present state of society, the latter be not of more general utility. A brazen countenance is a never-failing passport, and one for which the fortunate possessor is indebted to nobody. It is a sure resource in all situations of difficulty; for "to put a good face upon a thing," *i. e.* to put forth one's brass, is half the battle at any time, and will secure the victory, where talent or merit would fail. Brass is the master key of this world*; it opens the door to preferment, to riches, to honours, and to fame. The *se faire valoir*, which, in English, means neither more nor less than *to have brass*, is the paramount ingredient in the character of

the man of the world. Without this gift, one may possess all the riches of Lombard-street, and yet be an insignificant creature. Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant might have *booed and booed* till his back ached again, had not his face, like the battering-rams of old, been fortified with a good coating of brass.

In love-affairs, the power of this metal is unrivalled. "A faint heart never won a fair lady," is a saying as old as the hills, and proves the acknowledged influence of brass in the *affaires de cœur* from time immemorial. To this, the *garçon de bonne fortune* owes his title. While the timid possessor of gold essays to overcome the garrison by bribery, his more manly rival, with the brazen countenance, storms the citadel at once, and carries it by a *coup de main*.

Why is Fame represented with a brazen trumpet, but as emblematical of the power of that metal over the opinions of men, as well as of its more immediate influence on the organs of hearing. He who is fortunate enough to have both face and lungs of brass, may officiate as his own trumpeter; while his richer but less gifted neighbour must be con-

* Our fellow-countrymen of the county of York seem to be so thoroughly sensible of this fact, that they do not say of a rich man, he has plenty of *money*, but, he has plenty of *brass*.

tent to act by proxy: he may at any time command the ears of an audience; and from the ear to the heart the road is neither long nor difficult. Every one knows how the passions of the many-headed monster are worked upon by brass. To this alone do our Hunts and our Cobbetts owe their influence on the public mind. Why are the statues of our great men cast in brass, but to shew, that unless that metal had entered into their composition, they never could have risen to eminence? In war this metal is also of infinite use; and to this our immortal bard bears testimony, when he sings of "the brazen throat of war." Its superior value may also be inferred from this well-known fact, that brass is frequently mixed with gold, to render it more profitable; but gold is never added to brass for the like purpose.

Every adventurer from north of the Tweed, before he sets his face southward, never to return without riches, takes care to have his broad cheek-bones well cased in brass; and our fortune-hunting brother of the Emerald Isle, while, preparatory to his voyage, he rubs his tongue on the *blarney stone* (which, by the bye, Sir Humphrey Davy has lately ascertained to be a compound of brass and mercury), does not forget to have his potatoe-face varnished with a strong solution of this wonder-working metal. Thus Sawney succeeds in his schemes of ambition, and Pat in schemes of love.

While gold and silver lurk ignobly in the breeches' pocket, brass holds its seat conspicuous in the face. It is an impenetrable shield against the darts of satire or of envy. It is the best defence for a weak heart or a soft head. It shines in

the senate, in the pulpit, and on the hustings. In short, it is, and ever will be, predominant in a world, where impudence floats triumphant on the surface, while modesty, more solid, sinks into obscurity at the bottom.

Having thus proved incontestibly the incomparable virtues of this metal, Messrs. *Bareface* and *Bluster* beg to inform the public, that they have invented a liquid, for which they have received his Majesty's patent, termed *the Imperial Extract of Brass*, and which they most respectfully recommend, in full confidence of its merits, to such of the nobility, gentry, or others, as are not by nature gifted with a sufficient portion of the original metal. B. and B. confidently predict, that this wash will be found to surpass any thing hitherto invented, for the improvement of the "human face divine." Under this impression, they recommend it to persons engaged in any undertaking to which they do not feel their powers of countenance altogether adequate. To bachelors about to pop the question, or to all who are engaged in affairs of love, it will be found of singular benefit; and for persons so situated, B. and B. have a particular preparation of their extract, termed *the Hibernian Extract of Brass*, the raw article of which they have imported from the lake of Killarney. A slight application of this wash will enable any gentleman or lady to go through the most difficult scenes in the serio-comic drama of love with perfect ease and self-possession.

For persons anxious to push themselves on in the world, or who are in the habit of dancing attendance on the great, B. and B. have also

prepared a particular mixture, the chief ingredients of which they have been at great pains and expense to procure from the other side of the Tweed. This incomparable lotion, which they call *the Caledonian Extract of Brass*, will, when properly applied to the countenance, carry a timid gentleman through a great man's levee in the most becoming manner; qualify him for presenting a letter of introduction with grace; and for asking a favour with that mixture of abjectness and self-conceit, almost sufficient to ensure success.

B. and B. have also prepared, what they beg leave to recommend to the particular notice of ministers of state, or men high in office, namely, a *Double-distilled Solution of their Extract*. This most superior preparation will empower them to meet any emergency with confidence.

To all orators, lay or divine; to all statesmen, in or out; to all patriots, high or low; in a word, to all who wish to distinguish themselves in church or state, B. and B. most respectfully recommend this invaluable solution. A gargle of the same will enable any orator to go through a sermon or speech of two or three hours' length, without taking breath or a glass of water, and to express himself with fluency, if not with elegance, in spite of the hisses of a mob, or the snores of a congregation. To noblemen or gentlemen whose purses do not bear any proportion to the length of their tradesmen's bills, it is a most indispensable article, and, if duly applied, will prove impenetrable to any dun, however clamorous. It will also be found abundantly useful in resisting the imper-

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tinuous intrusions of country cousins, early friends, and poor relations. In claiming acquaintance with a peer, or in cutting a commoner, it is equally serviceable. Persons desirous of holding forth at public meetings or dinners, will derive great benefit from the use of this extract. It will enable them to deliver a common-place remark with an emphasis and manner sufficient to attract applause; and, in proposing the health of a great man present, to make the *toast* more palatable, by adding to it plenty of *butter*.

To authors of all descriptions this extract will prove of great use. It will assist them wonderfully in the composition of a dedication; and what is of more consequence to such sensitive beings, it will render them totally callous to the lash of the critic. Poets, whose *attic* taste has been the means of confining them to a scanty subsistence in a *garret*, may, by dipping their pens in this extract, rely on descending in an equal ratio with their rhymes, so as in time to occupy an apartment on the second floor; perhaps to put their legs under the mahogany of some well-bespattered *Mecænas*; and, eventually, B. and B. will venture to predict they may, by the continued use of this recipe, obtain that *summum bonum* of poetical ambition — the laurel-wreath.

To the members of St. Stephen's, B. and B. would also most respectfully and particularly recommend the use of their extract. It will give them fortitude to go through a maiden speech with *éclat*; to change sides as often as they like, or to vote without knowing what the question is.

Taken internally, it is a sovereign

Y r

antidote to *blue devils* or *vapours*. It will even confer *animal* spirits where they did not previously exist; and qualify any hitherto sober gentleman for performing the part of an *ass* in company without difficulty. Persons of either sex afflicted with bashfulness, weakness of nerves, qualms of conscience, fastidiousness, delicacy, or the like, should never be without this extract. A slight wash of the same will enable a shy gentleman or lady to enter a room with confidence, and to take their part in society with becoming self-possession. It is an indispensable article in the toilet of every votary of fashion. The free use of it will capacitate any lady, however modestly brought up, for dressing in the extremes of the fashion, for going through a newspaper without skipping, or for braving the corners of a street on a windy day without flinching. Any one, whose eyes have been washed with this liquid, may safely venture to stare out of countenance any person who has not submitted to a similar operation. It will therefore be found particularly useful to ladies who are at all *passées* in putting down any juvenile pretenders to admiration. To young ladies just coming out it will also prove of infinite service. It will give them that air of confidence and familiarity with the world, so much admired, and so much sought after by persons desirous of possessing a fashionable wife. It will inspire them with courage to swim through a waltz with becoming grace, by suiting the gesture to the action; to hustle themselves into the best place in a dance; or to refuse without hesitation any partner whose appear-

ance or purse may not exactly come up to their expectations.

To gentlemen of the long robe, B. and B. deem it useless to make an offer of their extract, as it is presumed they are by nature gifted with a sufficiency of brass, or they would not have ventured on so difficult a profession. As it may happen, however, that these gentlemen find themselves occasionally dashed by the superior effrontery of a Carlisle or a Hunt, B. and B. beg to inform them, that, by application at their manufactory, Seven Dials, St. Giles's, they may have their faces retouched, and their native brass effectually restored, at a small expense.

Without particularizing the individuals who have risen to eminence through the means of their extract, B. and B. triumphantly appeal to the experience of a candid and discerning public for a proof of its success. Among the numberless benefits it has conferred on society, B. and B. may, however, be allowed to boast of the wonderful effects produced by the use of the *Imperial Extract of Brass* at the late Congress at Verona, where Messrs. *Bareface* and *Bluster* had the honour of supplying their Imperial and Royal Majesties and their ministers.

Noblemen or gentlemen dealing largely with B. and B. may have the faces of their porters and footmen daubed at half-price, with a preparation of their extract kept for that purpose, which will qualify them for the better discharging their duty in excluding all impertinent intruders, &c.

As the public are liable to be imposed upon by counterfeit preparations of this extract, which spurious

attempts will be found to fail at the critical moment, all persons desirous of obtaining the true *Extract of Brass*, are requested to be particular in noticing whether the bottles are stamped with the initials B. and B. and sealed with a Medusa's head on yellow wax.

N.B. *Valets de chambre* are informed, that the best price will be

given for the washings of the faces of the most eminent special pleaders, particularly of such as are notorious for cross-questioning in cases of *crim. con.*; and should our radical demagogues permit their faces to undergo the process of ablution, B. and B. will be happy to supply them with soap gratis, and to treat with them for the suds. B.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

SIR,

THE royal game of chess having of late years become so fashionable an amusement with both sexes, the following account of its origin, from a learned French author, it is hoped may not prove uninteresting to the numerous readers of your valuable and elegant *Repository*. I am, sir, yours, &c.

A I.

In the beginning of the 5th century, there was in the Indies a very powerful prince, whose kingdom was situated towards the mouth of the Ganges. He assumed the proud title of King of India. His father had forced a great number of sovereign princes to pay tribute to him. The young monarch soon forgot that kings ought to be the fathers of their people; that the subjects' love of their king is the only solid support of his throne; and that in this love consist all his strength and power. The Brahmins and Rajahs (the priests and nobility) represented these things to the king; but he, intoxicated with the idea of his grandeur, despised their wise remonstrances. Their complaints continuing, he was offended, and caused them to be put to death. This ex-

ample affrighted others; they were silent, and the prince, abandoned to himself, and given up to the pernicious counsels of flatterers, indulged in the greatest excesses. The people, oppressed by the weight of such insupportable tyranny, loudly testified how odious an authority was become to them, that was exercised only to render them miserable. The tributary princes, persuaded that the king, in losing the love of his people, had lost the very essence of his power, were preparing to throw off the yoke, and to attack his dominions. A Brahmin, named Sissa, touched with the misfortunes of his country, undertook to open the eyes of the prince to the fatal effects which his conduct was likely to produce. Instructed by the example of those who had preceded him, he was sensible that his lesson would not prove of any service, unless the prince should apply it to himself, without thinking it given by another. With this view, he invented the *Game of Chess*, where the king, although the most important of all the pieces, is both unable to attack or to defend himself against his enemies without the assistance of his subjects. The new game soon became famous; the king heard of it, and was desirous

to learn it. The inventor was summoned to teach it him, and under the pretext of explaining the rules of the game, and shewing him the skill required to employ the inferior pieces for the king's defence, he taught him to perceive and to relish those important truths which he had hitherto refused to hear.

The king now applied to himself the lessons of the Brahmin, and became convinced, that in the love of his people consisted all his strength, and, by a change of conduct, prevented the ruin that impended over him. Sensible of the service rendered by the Brahmin, the king left to him the choice of his reward; and Sissa desired so many grains of corn to be given him as the squares of

the chess-board should produce, reckoning one for the first, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling to the sixty-fourth. The king, astonished at the seeming modesty of the demand, granted it immediately, without any examination; but when his treasurers had made the calculation, they found that the king had promised a grant, for which all his wealth and his vast dominions were inadequate. The Brahmin then availed himself of this opportunity to enforce of what importance it was for kings to be upon their guard against those who are always about them, and how careful they ought to be that their ministers do not abuse their good intentions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CELEBRATION OF ST. JOHN'S-DAY, *Or the Ducasse of 1822, at Dunkirk.*

(In a Letter to a Friend.)

My dear FRIEND,

IN complying with your request of describing the *Ducasse*, I shall enjoy the consciousness of giving pleasure to your intelligent mind, ever active to gain information, virtue, and knowledge.

St. John the Baptist's is the day celebrated at Dunkirk with enthusiasm, and, agreeably to my wish, I arrived in time to witness its festivities. That the French love gaiety, and are susceptible of high delight from social enjoyment, the celebration of their saints' days, their carnivals, and their new-year's day, fully proves. The poor submit to many privations that they may feast on *Ducasse* cake. To select one proof from among many, I observed at a poor weaver's cottage at Wormhoudt some very coarse flour in a trough

in the window: not thinking it fit for human food, I asked what it was for, and was answered, for their bread, but that they had some finer for their cake; and the boys' eyes glistened with joy as they uncovered the pan containing the treasured feast; nor did the mother seem indifferent to the result of her prudential care. The father and elder brother were at the loom, and poor and coarse and scanty as was their daily fare, they yet contrived to get eggs and currants and fine flour for their cake. I inquired of my intelligent friend the meaning of the word *Ducasse*, and was informed it was the Flemish corruption of *Dedicace*, signifying the dedication of St. John as the messenger or forerunner of the Saviour.

A fair invariably adds its charms

and its invitations at this season; it has neither theatricals, shows, nor swings. Booths, containing articles of dress, jewellery, prints, toys, confectionary, and fruit, very similar in appearance to our English fairs, are arranged in the town-house and principal streets, the proprietors calling out to passers-by, "*La boutique à dix sous*;" another, "*Boutique à vingt sous*;" a third, "*Boutique à deux francs*;" and so on, according to the value of their humble stock: but the superior *boutiques* have articles of different value.

On Saturday there was a confirmation at the great church, which was so crowded at seven in the morning as to preclude visitors. Children at the early age of seven and eight years were confirmed, and thus prepared for their first communion: they learn a long catechism, and are expected to know the first principles of religion.

Sunday, the 24th of June, was the principal day of the *Ducasse*. The weather was remarkably fine; the sun shone with unclouded splendour; all was bustle, joy, and anticipation. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were to form a public procession. A universal holiday prevailed for all ranks and for all ages: poverty forgot its wants, and grief its sorrows, to join in, or gaze on, its pageantry. Flags, and the colours of various nations, the trophies of Dunkirk's naval prowess, were suspended across the principal street leading to the church; and some glass ornaments and coloured beads, strung very long, and hung in a circular form, appeared, as the sun shone on them, like splendid chandeliers: these had been arranged in honour of the Bishop of Cambray's arrival among

his flock. Five years had elapsed since the town had been so favoured.

Many breakfasted on coffee and *Ducasse* cake: my sister and self hastened to *la grande église*, which was so crowded, that we could not penetrate half way down the left aisle; and the heat was so oppressive, that we determined on retiring, but passing the grand entrance, we found room, with the advantage of air, the portico being spacious and lofty; and though we joined the lower class, we were less incommoded, and soon found politeness and accommodation. A respectable woman edged herself a little closer to the *sergent de ville*, appointed to keep order on one side of the door: he removed a couple of sturdy boys from before us, and offered his protection if we would stay till the service was over. Here we remained above an hour and a half, entertained by various ceremonies, such as taking on and off the mitre, presenting the crosier, and offering incense; the view not being interrupted by any of the congregation, as they were entirely excluded from the nave of the church, in the centre of which was a splendid canopy of crimson and gold, which cost ten thousand francs: it was decorated with five superb plumes of white ostrich feathers. The richly adorned altar was seen beyond it, and the bishop and clergy officiated to the left: the music and singing were delightful. The bishop having blessed the people, the procession began to leave the church; the priests in their white lace surplices over black silk dresses, some with white satin albas, embroidered in gold, or in flowers of various coloured silks. The bishop was distinguished by wearing the

mitre, and carrying the host, which was enshrined in a superb chalice of silver, richly ornamented with precious stones. There not being a sufficient number of clergy in the neighbourhood, men were hired for the day to wear the dress, and swell the procession.

When they had all passed to proceed to the little church, we were joined by the rest of our party, and, to avoid the crowd, went directly to the *Hôtel de Flandres* in *la rue de Capucins*, which, being very long, afforded a commanding view. On our way we passed a temporary altar, which had been raised by the devout, at the corner of the street: it was carpeted, and splendidly decorated. When the bishop arrived here, the procession stopped, while he ascended and blessed it. In about half an hour, music proclaimed the approach of the spectacle. Immediately after the band came between two and three hundred charity boys, who lined the street on each side: they are under the care of six masters, called *Frères Barbets*, who keep their eyes constantly fixed upon the ground, and are supposed to be quite estranged from this world, and devoted to the religious instruction of their charge. Many of the creditable townspeople are anxious for their children to profit by their care, and some of their sons had this day mingled with the humble objects of charity. Little girls, dressed in white, and veiled, with small baskets held between two, strewed flowers and *verdure*. They were followed by a great number of the images of saints, carried on altars, variously decorated, and the images gaily dressed: Saint Ann in raiment of pink and gold, and the Virgin in

pale blue and silver. St. John wore a vest of brown silk with silver trimming, and was attended by a lamb. Each image was preceded by a banner, on which was painted some appropriate subject, as the Nativity, the Preaching in the Wilderness, the Lord's Supper, the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Purgatory, Paradise, and many others, which, like the images, are too numerous to mention. The approach of the canopy was indicated by four long white streamers, elevated high in air, each supported by two men, who looked heated and fatigued by their weight. Six priests, bareheaded, and walking backwards, perfumed the bishop, who walked within the canopy, carrying the host, and attended by the two chief clergymen of the parish. The canopy was supported by eight strong men. The civil authorities followed, and the military closed the long parade. The *coup-d'œil* was certainly enchanting; its length, its variety, its gay colours, the enlivening music, the universal holiday, and the bright sunshine, all contributed to its advantageous display; and even the red and yellow dresses of the multitude, and the flags extended from house to house, harmonized well with the splendid show. The procession continued its progress through different parts of the town, and finally closed on the bishop's return to the great church, about an hour afterwards, when all quietly separated.

The evening was beautiful, and the public gardens more than usually crowded: the lower class, having one appropriated for them, never think of intruding at the Rosendale. There was not much dancing. I thought of Cowper's apostrophe to Continental Sabbaths: my mind was strongly im-

pressed with the value of the institutions of my native country; and though

"God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital breathes there must be
joy:"

yet I wanted that intellectual ac-

knowledgment of his omniscience, which alone can give the soul enjoyment, and which the quiet celebration of our English Sabbaths is so calculated to inspire in your ever faithful

ELIZA.

HOW A LAPDOG MADE A MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE anecdote related by a traveller in your elegant *Repository* for January (page 44), of the Russian lapdog yclept *Comme vous*, or *Comme votre Majesté*, calls to my mind a similar, but more ludicrous, or if you please more serious story.

The Empress Maria Theresa, in one of her tours, proceeded in a vessel down the rivers Inn and Danube to Vienna. When she got on board at Braunau, the master of the ship, an illiterate peasant, presented his arm to assist her majesty. The lapdog, which the empress carried on her other arm, barked incessantly at the master, who at length cried to the dog, "Peace, your excellency! peace, your excellency!" The empress, tickled with the expression, asked the fellow laughing, why he gave that title to a dog. "Why, forsooth," quoth the peasant, "when all about your majesty are styled excellency, that which you bear on your imperial arm must needs be an excellency too." The empress could scarcely cease laughing at this whimsical induction, and went on board in a very good humour. "What is your name, master?" said she to the pea-

sant.—"Taugnichts," answered he.—"A vile name,*" rejoined her majesty: "you shall be called Thugut (Do good) by my authority. Have you any children?"—"A boy of mine is now with the Jesuits at Linz."—"I'll make his fortune," said the empress, "if he be a clever fellow. Send him to Vienna."

The young *Faurien*, now transformed into *Do-good*, was accordingly sent to the capital, where the empress caused him to be placed in an academy, and after finishing his studies, gave him an appointment in the Chancery of State. The youth possessed talents, and finally became the well-known minister for foreign affairs, Baron Thugut.

Thus the four-footed favourite returned the compliment of excellency paid him by the peasant, by making the son of the peasant an excellency and a minister of state—a proof that politeness, even to a dog, is not always thrown away. I am, &c.

J. A. S.

* *Taugnichts*, in German, signifies a scoundrel, literally good-for-nothing: the very reverse of *Thugut*, do good.

FASHION.

La mode assujettit le sage à sa formule ;
La suivre est un devoir, la fuir un ridicule.—BERNIS.

WHERE reason and inclination concur in recommending any thing for our adoption, inclination so far outstrips her companion, that, in our eagerness to embrace the desired object, we leave the arguments to urge themselves; and should some logical friend hold us by the button while he expatiates upon them, his words are as much lost upon us, as Chesterfield's advice is upon him. In this manner, the ranks of Fashion are readily filled; but many, volunteers as well as regulars, who compose them, are unable to say wherefore they range themselves under her parti-coloured standard: a defect attributable to the indiscreet zeal of her friends, rather than to any impropriety in the lady herself. It has, however, afforded many cynical persons a pretext for assailing her reputation, and denying the legitimacy of her potent influence.

To transcribe all the unhandsome things that have been spoken and written against fashion, would take more time than is necessary for their refutation; and, as I hate useless argument, I shall only hint, *en passant*, at the arrogance of those who take upon themselves to despise that which, more or less, governs all mankind, from the beau to the savage, and the importance of which is attested by those scholars and antiquaries who have thought their talents well employed in gleaning particulars of the dresses, manners, and habitations of the ancients. Taking the fashions of a people for what they really are, the index of its mind, such researches are far from contemptible, inas-

much as they supply the best materials for illustrating the rise and progress of civilization. They shew that in the infancy of states, or in times of ignorance and barbarity, the mutable requirements of fashion are very little understood; and that the elegance, purity, and predominance of fashion, are concomitant with the brightest eras of national celebrity. It may not be unpleasant to the rational votaries of the goddess, to quit for a moment her altar, the toilette, and reflect a little upon the nature and properties of one to whom they cheerfully offer daily sacrifice.

Fashion is the genius of order and uniformity; she prompts us to follow that example which is generally deemed the most worthy of imitation, either for the eminence of the exemplar, or for the utility and agreeableness of the example itself. Her province is with those formalities which are indispensable to the well-being of society; but which it would be invidious and pragmatistical for laws to interfere with. Modes of expression, of dress, and behaviour are, in free states, regulated by the feeling of the people, varying with the temper of the age, and the growth of refinement. A discriminate deference to fashion is, therefore, a compliment to the majority of our cotemporaries, offered as a token of good-fellowship, rather than as an impost of authority. In short, fashion is a sort of minor and transitory custom, which, not having settled down into the common law, we are under no positive obligation to obey: at the same time, by running counter to it,

we are liable to be accused of eccentricity, and sentenced to perpetual banishment from the regions of *haut-ton*. I am far from maintaining, that fashion should be allowed to exert an arbitrary influence in morals, in taste, or in literature: these have a standard of their own, established by immemorial prescription, or by supreme authority, from which neither vanity, nor laxity, nor innovation, has a right to pervert them. To array one's-self against a good or a harmless fashion, is nothing but a churlish non-conformity; but to stand out against a vicious fashion, to be firm in an age of frivolity, or temperate in the midst of luxury, is a noble heroism, acknowledged and applauded by after-ages, and very often admired by the present. Such an opposition adds dignity to the character of a Socrates or a Cato.

Those grave and gorgeous habits, which fashion has assigned to persons of rank and to the learned professions, are not only conducive to that respect which is due to the station of the wearer, but to a befitting circumspection in his own deportment; for, as Spenser says, "the person that is gowned is by his gown put in mind of his gravity, and also restrained from lightness by the very inaptness of his weed." On the other hand, that apparent equality which fashion ordains in mixed companies, by no means confounds the distinctions of rank and talent. The finery of a simpleton is of no avail when he has once committed himself, nor is the affected gentility of a low fellow regarded after he has betrayed his vulgarity. While the sensitive man of genius, whose besetting sin is a depreciation of his own ster-

ling worth, finding himself equal, at least in externals, to his company, expresses himself without apprehension, and at once discovers his native superiority. But let him appear where he is unknown in an old-fashioned or a threadbare coat, and, though it be put on in the true style of literary negligence, his reception is cold, and he has to contest his way into the favour of the company through a host of petty prejudices: a disadvantage which the poverty of many great writers of the last age exposed them to, and which in a great measure accounts for the contempt expressed by a few of them for fashion and outward distinctions. But since it is natural for all men to be struck by appearances, and since an agreeable appearance very much depends upon a becoming dress and a modish air, it is not beneath the fairest of the finer sex, or the most erudite of the baser, to render themselves in these, as in all other respects, as agreeable as they can.

The complaisant disposition thus engendered is obviously favourable to the tranquillity and happiness of the community. If we wear any thing or do any thing not exactly to our own mind, we are admonished that we are not alone in the world, but are surrounded by fellow-creatures, who have irresistible claims upon our regard. The habit of foregoing trifles of convenience or caprice for the pleasure of others, will, with the ingenuous, induce greater sacrifices for the good of others. But fashion is the means of great and extensive good whether we will or not, turning the vanity of the idle to the advantage of the industrious. The world of fashion cannot adopt a single su-

perfluity without contributing to the employment of thousands, who, in populous countries of small territory, would otherwise be destitute of support. Not that I would recommend that species of excess which obtained in the time of Richard II. and which Chaucer, who, by the way, was no political economist, so pathetically complains of. "Alas!" he exclaims, "may not a man see, as in our days, the sinful costly array of clothing, and namely, in too much superfluity of clothing, such that maketh it so dear to the harm of the people, not only the coats of embroidering, the disguised indenting, or barring, ounding, platting, winding, or bending, and semblable waste of cloth in vanity; but there is also the costly furring in their gowns, so much pouncing of chisel to make holes, so much dogging of sheirs-forche, with the superfluity in length of the aforesaid gowns, trailing in the dung and the mire, on horse, and also on foot, as well of man as of woman, and all that trailing is verily in effect wasted, consumed, and threadbare, and rotten with dung rather than given to the poor." Now seeing that this same trailed cloth must have been bought, and, I hope, paid for, the industrious poor must thereby have been relieved, in a mode much more congenial with independence, than is that of almsgiving. The volatility of fashion is another stimulus to the ingenuity of the manufacturer, as well as to the advancement of the fine arts, which are, now-a-days, invited to assist in, what is by no means beneath them, adorning the human form, and embellishing the residences of intellectual beings. Many a clever artist gains a livelihood by composing patterns for laces

and trimmings; and in some instances they have shewn, even in these trifles, a purity and elegance sufficient to evince the refinement of the age. The pattern of that bodice, whose lovely wearer I have just caught a glimpse of "in my mind's eye," is after a design that would not have disgraced a Benvenuto Cellini. The vicissitudes of fashion prevent stagnation in these several arts, and at the same time give a turn to the different interests. If foreign manufactures are in vogue, the shipping interest is alive, marine stores are in demand, artificers are employed to equip vessels, and hundreds of honest tars are set afloat, who think themselves well paid for braving the dangers of the sea, if they can procure wherewith to enhance the beauty of their peerless countrywomen. If articles of home production are the order of the day, then we have the satisfaction of witnessing the clatter of looms and the silence of radicalism; and as silk may be in demand one day, and cotton another, steel ornaments to-day, and *chenille* to-morrow, the dealers in each are kept to their good behaviour, and urged to present exertion and economy by the uncertain duration of their employment.

If these variations look a little like caprice, no matter; they are much more like nature, which abounds with variety. The hills wrapt in their snowy mantles, and the trees decked with icicles,

"The frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures
rise,"

are nature's winter fashions, which are cast aside for the modest bud, the tender leaf, the blushing blossom, which constitute "the splendid

raiment of the spring:" next, the meadows are clad with luxuriant verdure, interspersed with gay wild flowers, and the groves are invested with the liberal foliage of summer, while the sun "lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven." These, with a thousand other equally delightful appearances, have not time to pall upon our senses, ere the rich tints of autumn are assumed, and almost as soon discarded, to make way for the returning winter. Nor is this a monotonous repetition, for the very changes are themselves changeable, at least in this island, where nature delights to exhibit a dozen aspects in the course of a single day. And while what we please to call inanimate nature is thus for ever varying, it would shew the worst of insensibility in the living population, if their garb were as perennial as the pelisse of an Egyptian mummy. The variety, or caprice if you will, of fashion, is one of the most agreeable things in the world. Beauty itself would become uninteresting if it were not occasionally represented in new costume; a skilful alteration of the shapes and colours of habiliments imparting a novelty to the person, which, if it be not the renewal of beauty, is certainly the best means of developing the endless treasure of its attractions. How very delightful is it for those lords, whose avocations require a daily absence from their wives, to find them on their return no longer shrouded in the close dress of the breakfast-table, but adorned with gay and rich

attire, profuse in jewels as in charms, prepared to hail the return of their good man with hearts responsive to the gaiety of their exterior! Besides, what would become of such ladies as would strenuously oppose the fashion of blue stockings, should any thing half so preposterous ever be *set on foot*, if they were debarred those felicitous cares and refined solitudes about fashion, which agreeably diversify the leisure of the better sex, and, with a little light reading and a few morning calls, leave no space for the intrusion of *ennui*, even during the long continuance of a fashionable morning? What would become of us, if their inexhaustible wits were not sometimes posed to devise new blandishments, or diverted in making the tour of their picture-galleries, where, reviewing at a glance the modes of several ages, they can cull and blend and revive them at the suggestion of their sportive fancies? Why, if, in these contentious and book-making days, Fashion did not reserve to herself a chosen band of this playful and vivacious turn, our homes, instead of being retreats from perplexity and disputation, would become petty tribunals for the trial of our argumentative powers. If, in short, it were possible to banish fashion from society, passion would be curbed by no decorum, eccentricity would play its fantastic tricks without restraint; we should relapse into a state of nature, with every thing tasteless, disorderly, and chaotic.

© Φ.

SINGULARITY IN ANCIENT VESSELS DISCOVERED IN
ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE writer of the observations on the ancient vessel dug up in a field on the bank of an old branch of the river Rother, at Matham in Kent, inserted in your *Repository* for February, notices "the singularity (if the specimen presented be genuine), that a sort of moss or vegetable substance is used for caulking, instead of hemp."

I can assure you, that in some an-

cient vessels deterred in December last, on a bank of an old branch of the Danube, near Straubing in Bavaria, the caulking is of the same material, moss, and not hemp. The Royal Academy of Munich, which sent one of their members to the spot to examine these relics of antiquity, will, it is presumed, give an accurate and detailed description of them.

ANTIQUARIUS.

LANDSHUT, March 25.

THE THREE WISHES:

A POLISH POPULAR TRADITION.

(Concluded from p. 284.)

A YEAR had thus passed, when the Starost, on the recommendation of his physicians, who thought that a change of scene might prove beneficial, went to Warsaw. He was sitting one evening at the gaming-table, and playing with Apiel's cards. He won every game. All present were astonished at his luck, and he himself surveyed with more than ordinary satisfaction the heap of gold that lay before him. A stranger joined the company, and in a short time won all the money of the Starost, who at length requested the favour of his name.

"What!" replied he, "have you forgotten an old acquaintance, who even gave you the ring you wear on your finger as a memorial of him?"

He staked all his winnings on a single card, and lost the whole. But the horrors of hell now seized the Starost. He could play no more, for he was filled with apprehension

of the nocturnal visit, which actually awaited him. Apiel appeared.

"I am come," said he, "to demand a trifle of thee. Thy tenant Wiernicki—dost thou not envy him? Is he not a happy man? He has an industrious wife, seven dutiful children, abundance of every thing, and has always punctually paid thee his rent."

"That he has," said the Starost.

"But," continued the spirit—"thou hast given him no receipts. He has no witnesses to the payments he has made?"

"No," said the Starost, "for he came punctually to me in my room the very day his rent was due, and I received the money. This had become a regular practice, and no receipt was ever thought of between us."

"Excellent!" cried the spirit.—"Now then thou hast nothing to do but to deny the payment of the mo-

ney, to demand five years' arrears of rent, and to throw Wiernicki into prison, if he refuses to pay a second time."

"How can I do that?" rejoined the Starost; "I have received the money."

"O thou man of honour! thou fraudulent debtor! thou cheating gamester! is it possible that thou canst still have any scruples?"

"But the courts of justice will take the part of the innocent farmer——"

"Bribe! bribe!" cried the infernal demon—"money shall not be wanting. Swear, in case of emergency, a false oath. If not——" Throwing back his mantle, he extended a pair of hideous claws towards the trembling villain, and vanished.

The Starost punctually obeyed—to him who would have sacrificed his own offspring, it was not likely that any thing would be sacred. In vain did the wife and children of the unfortunate Wiernicki embrace his knees; in vain did Protasius interfere with friendly warmth in behalf of the farmer. Convinced of the honesty and integrity of the latter, the good friar could not account for the cruel conduct of the Starost. He then applied to his consort, who was so affected by his representations, that she delivered to him the sum claimed as due from Wiernicki, but on the express condition that the matter should be kept a secret from the Starost. Protasius carried the money to the latter, took his receipt for it, and the prisoner regained his liberty.

"He is saved!" cried the Starost when he was alone, "and I am heartily glad of it. I have committed one crime less, and yet fulfilled

my promise——" A hellish laugh interrupted him, and Apiel's well-known voice exclaimed, "Sooth not thy soul with such consolation; a predetermination to do evil is as criminal as the deed itself, though prevented by circumstances."

Though his conscience was incessantly repeating to him this self-condemnation, yet he derived some satisfaction from the reflection, that he had already complied with the demands of two of the spirits. — Peace, however, was far from him; he sought new amusements in order to divert his mind, and conceived the idea of forming a collection of pictures. But, at the sight of virtue and innocence, he was reminded of his early years, when he was destined for the ecclesiastical profession. When he contemplated the pictures of our Saviour and the saints, his heart sunk within him at the thought, that he was undeserving of their compassion; and when he found representations of the great and good deeds of antiquity, he was shocked by the conviction of his own baseness. This pursuit therefore he speedily relinquished. He now had recourse to horses and hounds, the chase and the bottle, to stifle the voice of the inward judge, but in vain. About this time he received intelligence that the King of Poland was about to send an ambassador to Paris. He wished for the appointment, opened his book, and there found this direction: "Dispatch the following letters to thy patrons and friends." He sat down and wrote. The clock struck—he counted twelve—and would have pushed back his chair from the writing-table, but it would not stir. He looked round to discover the cause, and sprang up in

affright; for behind his chair stood Machiel. "Art thou alarmed at the sight of an old acquaintance?" said the spirit. "I merely come to ask a little service of thee. The festival of Corpus Christi will be here in three days; they are already preparing the decorations for the church. Set fire meanwhile to the high altar, that the consecrated wafers may be consumed by the flames. Here are brimstone, tinder, and all the requisite materials. At the first stroke of the steel thou wilt have plenty of sparks. I wish to give thee as little trouble with the job as possible."

"How can I outrage what is most sacred?" cried the Starost.

"Stupid wretch!" rejoined the spirit, "didst thou imagine that I should conduct thee into the paths of piety?"

He then drew up the visor of his black helmet, and exhibited a diabolically hideous physiognomy,

"Obey!" cried he, gnashing his teeth; and the apparition vanished, leaving behind the implements for striking fire.

When the Starost had somewhat recovered from his consternation, his eyes fell upon his mother's picture. She had often repaired at break of day, especially on the anniversaries of the death of her husband and children, to the chapel of the castle, to pray for the souls of the deceased; and under her portrait still hung a key, which she used, and which belonged to a door that opened immediately out of an apartment of the castle into the chancel. He looked first at the picture, then at the key. It seemed as if his mother was gazing at him with a look of deep melancholy, and the tortures of hell

racked his bosom. "Oh!" cried he, in his despair, "of what benefit to me are all the advantages I possess! The meanest beggar is happier than I am, for he still has hope, prayer, and tears!" He gnashed his teeth, and threw himself in agony on the floor. By this time the day began to dawn. His state was rendered more dreadful by the pains which he took to conceal it.

Thus did he torment himself for two days: the third night at length arrived. "Now or never!" said he. He placed the light in the ante-room, shut his eyes close, that he might not see the portrait of his mother, and covered them with one hand, while with the other he groped for the key, and as soon as he had found it, he precipitately quitted the room. The silence of midnight aggravated the horrors that came over him. He entered the chapel, which was faintly illumined by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. He was obliged to pass over the vault in which reposed the bones of his parents and ancestors. He struck fire as he went along; the brimstone was already burning, when a deep groan seemed to proceed from the vault, and the match was extinguished. He paused a few moments. The figure of Machiel stood before him in imagination: he rushed forward, and struck fire a second time. He had to pass the confessional, where Protasius had said to him after his first confession, *Go in peace!* Another groan issued from the confessional, and again the sulphur was extinguished.

Deeply shocked, the Starost would have turned back, but the recollection of his manifold crimes darted across his mind, accompanied with doubts of the divine mercy, and fear

of the spirits of hell. He hurried, as if frantic, to the altar, struck fire a third time, and high ascended the flame of the burning brimstone. He tore open the *ciborium*, with the intention of throwing the match into it. At this instant the cry of "Woe to thee!" resounded through the chapel, and a third time the match went out. "Ha!" said he to himself, "the design is as bad as the deed!" A fourth time he attempted, with the resolution of despair, to strike a light, when the steel broke, and the flint and matches dropped from his hand. He fled with precipitation from the chapel, leaving the door open behind him, and hastened to his chamber. Here he presently heard the footsteps of several persons approaching. An officer of the tribunal entered the room. "You are my prisoner," said he.—"I am a Polish nobleman," cried the Starost, "and as such cannot be apprehended until convicted by law."

"You are convicted," rejoined the officer, delivering a paper to the Starost, who trembled while he read it. The old woman whom he had employed to poison the unfortunate Francisca, tortured by remorse, had confessed her guilt. The apothecary who had sold her the poison for one hundred ducats, had also acknowledged that fact. The physician whom Francisca sent for before her death, had found her speechless, and he declared, from all the circumstances of the case, that she was certainly poisoned. The old woman coincided with him in this opinion; but observed that Francisca, the victim of an unhappy passion, had probably poisoned herself, but that attachment to life had induced her, now that it was too late, to apply for the

aid of the physician. The expiring girl was unable to contradict her; the physician opened her body, and found evident proofs of poison. The physician, being summoned before the tribunal in consequence of this statement by the old woman, had confirmed its accuracy. "And yet," cried the Starost, "it is all false!"—He ordered his carriage, but gave directions that his wife should not be waked, but merely told in the morning that he had been obliged to leave home on urgent business, and would write to her shortly. He got into the carriage, and escorted by the officer and his men, and followed by Gurreck, took the road to Warsaw.

Protasius, who was accustomed to perform his matin devotions at the foot of the altar, was alarmed on entering the chapel by the smell of sulphur, and still more when he found the *ciborium* open, and the flint, steel, and matches on the floor by the altar. He looked fearfully about the chapel. At this moment one of the Starost's domestics entered the chancel. "How came you here?" asked the monk. The servant told him that the door, which had been kept locked ever since the death of the late Starosta, now stood wide open, that the key was in it, and that all the doors up to his master's apartment were likewise open. Protasius, who well knew where the key had hitherto hung, followed the servant, and convinced himself of the truth of his statement. He proceeded to the chamber of the Starost, of whose departure he was informed by his valet. Here he observed the key, which the Starost, in his confusion, had left in his writing-desk. He opened the desk, to see whether it contained money or valuables, which

it might be advisable to lock up. A small phial caught his eye. A label upon it had this inscription in gold letters: *Love-potion, the gift of Asmodi, the Prince of Spirits*. Beside it lay a book, bound in flame-coloured velvet. He opened it, and on the first page were these words, inscribed in blood-red characters: *Advice given by Machiel, the King of Spirits*. With horror he now recollected the story related by the two children, which the Starost had always treated as a frightful dream. He questioned them again upon the subject, and both of them gave him the same account, without the slightest variation. With a heavy heart Protasius committed all the circumstances of the extraordinary case to writing, and transmitted his report, together with the phial and the book, to the bishop.

The very same morning, the Starost perceived that he had forgotten his key, and ordered his trusty Gurreck to gallop back with all possible speed, to fetch the key, the book and the phial, and to give them to him privately. Gurreck returned, and having reached, about dark, the inn where the Starost and the officers halted for the night, he went, upon pretext of undressing his master, into the Starost's room, at the door of which a sentinel was posted. Gurreck delivered to him the key. "The book and the phial," said he, "I could not find, but while I was looking for them, I laid my hand on this." It was the sealed parchment which Zulebebbe had given to the Starost after he had taken the oath. Perhaps, thought he, I may here find the way to extricate myself from this dilemma. He broke the seal: but every hair of his head stood erect,

and every joint shook, when he read this title: *Latin Translation of the Oath of Allegiance taken in the Chaldee Language to Beelzebub, or Zulebebbe*. He now saw how he had with the most blasphemous expressions renounced his Saviour and all the saints, and sold himself as a slave to the devil. His horror and despair increased with every moment. When he had reached Warsaw, where he was immediately conducted to prison, and found himself alone in a gloomy cell, he cried, in the agony of his soul, "O that I had but something to occupy me!"—"Take this!" said a hollow voice; and a mirror was put into his hand. He looked into it, and beheld himself in his boyhood: the circumstances of his early life and all his misdeeds passed before him in rapid succession, like the figures in a magic lantern. Frantic with rage, he dashed the mirror on the ground, howled in wild despair, refused to take any sustenance, cursed his existence, but durst not terminate his life by his own hand.

At this juncture, Protasius unexpectedly entered his prison. At the request of the Starosta the friar had followed her husband, to inquire the cause of his apprehension; for she had learned from Gurreck, when he was sent back for the book and the phial, the fate of the Starost, and the fright had made her ill. Protasius had undertaken this commission the more cheerfully, in the hope of saving, if possible, the soul of the wretched culprit. He beheld the distorted features, he heard the furious imprecations of the despairing Starost: he exhorted him to turn to God, whose mercy is infinite, to confess all his sins, and, as a proof of his repentance, to submit with resig-

nation to the sentence of his earthly judges. The sight and the words of the reverend friar seemed to soften his obdurate heart. He related to him his whole history, and authorized the monk to communicate it to the judges: but Protasius admonished him to withstand every new temptation, to fix his thoughts on God, and to commend his soul to the divine keeping. At his departure he promised to return the next morning.

The Starost was now comparatively tranquil, when about midnight Gurreck entered the dungeon. "Sir," cried he, "I have heard dreadful news: you are to be tortured with red-hot tongs, and then burned as a sorcerer. Hasten to make your escape; here is a file and a cord." He drew both from under his garments. "File away the bars of the window, and let yourself down by the cord. I will go and fetch two saddle-horses; every thing is prepared to speed your flight—make haste!" The Starost would have required explanation on several points, but Gurreck precipitately withdrew. His abrupt appearance and departure seemed very strange to the Starost; but Gurreck had always served him faithfully: there lay the file and the cord, and the thought of the tortures that awaited him served but to strengthen his attachment to life. He took up the file. The iron bars were soon filed asunder: he fastened the cord, and looking through the small window, he perceived by the light of the moon a man with two horses below. "That," said he, "must be my trusty Gurreck," and let himself down. He now perceived that the cord was too short, and that there were sharp-pointed palisades beneath. "Help

me, good Gurreck!" cried the Starost.

"Call the princes of hell to your assistance!" replied Gurreck.

The clock struck twelve: the affrighted Starost loosed the cord, and down he fell upon the palisades. Gurreck burst into a loud laugh: his whole figure turned black, and wings like those of a bat sprung from his shoulders. "We shall soon meet again!" cried he, and away he flew in the exact shape of the devil. The moans of the impaled Starost called the sentinel to the spot. He was lifted off the spikes, and a surgeon being fetched, immediately declared the wounds to be mortal. Protasius, who had charged the gaoler to send for him in case any thing should happen, also hastened to the prison. The Starost related to him this last adventure: regardless of his admonitions, he cursed himself and his fate, and expired in the most frightful convulsions.

The unfortunate widow, to whom every thing was communicated in as delicate a manner as possible, took the veil, and passed the remainder of her life in penance and mortification. The education of the children was committed to old Protasius. The bishop exhorted him to pay particular and incessant attention to the orphans. "It shall be my constant endeavour," replied the venerable friar, "to convince them, by precept and example, that neither honours nor distinctions, neither wealth nor sensual gratifications, can confer genuine happiness; and that nothing but the consciousness of having walked uprightly before God and men can impart joy and peace of mind in life, and hope and consol-

tion in the hour of death." On his application, the remains of the Starost were interred in silence, but not in consecrated ground. The ring was previously taken from his finger, and thrown, with the phial and the book, upon a pile, which the bishop ordered to be made for the purpose; and he himself stood by, with all his clergy, till the three infernal gifts were consumed to ashes.

An obscure rumour nevertheless goes about, that the gold ring was not burned, but that it has fallen into the hands of a distinguished personage, who, however, might knock with it till doomsday before Apiel would appear to discharge his debts, but who is said to have verified by experience the property possessed by it of facilitating the contracting of debts.

Protasius resided with the children in the castle, but nobody could live in that part of it which the Starost had occupied, for it was haunted at night, and sometimes sighs and

groans, and at others howling and hideous outcries, were heard there. The whole building, therefore, soon fell to decay, and every one who now passes the ruins, crosses himself, and makes a circuit to avoid them after dark: although, with a view to check the wanton pranks of evil spirits, a cross has been erected there, at the foot of which the children of the Starost, in their latter years, with their offspring, frequently prayed for the soul of their unfortunate parent, at least for some alleviation of his sufferings. On the spot where the roads meet, they built a chapel, and down to a recent period a priest said mass there, agreeably to the intention of the founders, on the anniversary of the day on which they were to have been delivered to the infernal spirits, to thank God for that he, in his grace and mercy, sends his holy angels, though not always in a visible form, for the protection of innocence which putteth its trust in him.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE fifty-fifth Exhibition of our artists has just opened at Somerset-House. The subjects are necessarily various, and the crowded state of the rooms at this season almost precludes a fair opportunity of detailed examination. It is a generous custom for the frequenters of our annual Exhibitions, to pronounce that each successive year's is better than the last; and we do not wish to bar the present from the possession of such comparative tribute. We are,

however, obliged to say, that the foreigner who would decide upon the merits of *all* our principal artists, from the specimens of their graphic talents now on view at Somerset-House, would do them an injustice: we understand that a number of works were rejected for want of room, and possibly some for want of merit: the selectors were doubtless under the necessity of exercising

"The last and greatest art, the art to blot."

This Exhibition contains one thou-

sand and fifty-eight pictures, drawings, and miniatures: the Sculpture-Room contains seventy-three works. Among the former, we do not find, as usual, that portrait-painting predominates; nor even that, generally speaking, the execution equals that in the best style of the same artists; for instance, where are the works executed on the Continent by the President, under the munificent patronage of his Majesty? They have been pronounced throughout Europe to be the finest historical portraits of our times. Few, very few of them, have been at Somerset-House: perhaps the President has reserved them for a private or distinct gallery; a practice which, though not censurable for the artist, as he ought to enjoy, if he please, the exclusive advantage of his own labours, yet is injurious to our collective Exhibitions, by its tendency to deprive them of that national aggregate character, so essential to their popularity, if not utility. It was well observed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when stating the principal advantage of an academy (and the observation has also its reference to the effect of an exhibition upon the public), that, besides furnishing able men to direct the student, it would be a repository for the great examples of the art; that by studying these authentic models, that idea of excellence which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages, might be acquired; and that the student should receive, as it were at one glance, an insight into the principles, which many artists have spent their whole lives in ascertaining. Every thing which tends to deteriorate from the general attraction of the Royal Academy Exhibition, and thereby diminish its

public value, must eventually impair the growth of the arts; and nothing can have so direct and inevitable a tendency, as the practice, should it prevail among our higher artists, of establishing, for standard works, separate exhibitions from that which ought to be the public organ of communication between the corporate body of artists and the public; namely, the Royal Academy. We are aware, with Mr. Shee, who has adorned his profession alike with his pen and pencil, that there are some who consider the fine arts as little better than a sort of vagrants, a kind of wandering gipsies, without home or settlement, who must be content to glean the stubble of society for a precarious subsistence, and to whom the claim of commonage is allowed as a favour: that number we believe is at the present day few, and we wish to lessen it by securing a general and permanent interest to the Royal Academy. Reynolds has somewhere observed, that every Exhibition might be said to be surrounded with an atmosphere of floating knowledge, where every mind may imbibe something congenial to its own conceptions; and he praised the popular advantages of such a medium of instruction. The present Exhibition has all the advantages of variety which the most miscellaneous curiosity can desire, without that decided predominance in any department which is calculated to awaken the jealousy of a rival. The portraits, as we have already hinted, do not excel this year, because Sir Thomas Lawrence has not exhibited his best. He has seven in the Exhibition, all fine likenesses, but not equally good. *The Earl of Harewood's* is rather too juvenile, if we can venture to as-

cribe such a peculiarity as a fault to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits. *The Chancellor of the Exchequer* has the agreeable blandness of the original, but might have more characteristic expression. *The Countess of Jersey's Portrait* is good; the back-ground quite in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds; but the drapery not in so pure a taste. *Lord Francis Conyngham's Portrait* is the best painted: the colouring and the execution are in the artist's peculiar style: it is really an admirable portrait.

The other portraits are chiefly by Sir W. Beechey, Sir H. Raeburn, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Shee, Mr. Howard, Mr. Northcote, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Lonsdale, &c. &c.; with several others of merit by students, in their respective styles of excellence.

We notice the following works in the order of our passing glance, amid the pressure of the usual Exhibition crowd:

The Solar System.—H. Howard, R. A.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."
* * * * *

—————"wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song."

From Milton's *Paradise Lost*, that all-inspiring source of sublime conception, Mr. Howard has drawn his subject, and almost embodied the poetical vision of the author. The sweetness, delicacy, and ærial buoyancy of the figures, are beautifully expressed; they are angels of light, awakening glowing sympathies, to administer the purest intellectual gratification. These are the works which have a direct tendency to elevate and refine the mind; to purify it from the grosser qualities of our imperfect

nature; "to harmonize the elements of man," and, in the language of a living poet,

"To raise in generous breasts a glow divine,
And polish every gem of virtue's mine."

The next picture is,

The Dawn.—H. Fuseli, R. A.

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
What time the gray fly winds her sultry
horn."—*Lycidas*.

It is in the venerable artist's peculiar style, which retains in the vale of years its originality and energy.

John Knox admonishing Mary Queen of Scots on the day when her intention to marry Darnley had been made public.—W. Allan.

The name of the picture sufficiently expresses the subject: it suggests the striking contrast between the beauty and delicacy of the impassioned Mary, and the coarse and rude ferocity of her turbulent but useful admonitor. Knox, as might be supposed, is full of reckless energy; whilst Mary listens with a sobbing and indignant emotion, which she is yet anxious to suppress, as she interrogates the spiritual intruder in the words, "But what have you to do with my marriage? What are you in this commonwealth?" Knox, like all enthusiasts, who, in addition to the inspiration of their own inflamed zeal, have the public credulity and fanaticism to impel them, gives his rude but wholesome rejoinder; the effect of which it requires all the courtierlike address of the queen's attendant, John Erskine, to allay. The side-face of the lady in waiting (probably one of Mary's French attendants), upon whom Knox's presence and demeanour appear to have made a comic impression, is excellent. She no doubt thinks either Knox's person or advice a bad substitute for a gay and handsome hus-

band; and the oddity of the obtruded association of such matters, which naturally awakens the indignation of the principal, who is most to be affected by it, only excites the humour of the attendant, who is an accidental witness of the rude and uncourtly scene.

The Village Coal-Merchant.—

W. R. Bigg, R. A.

There is a good deal of common-life character in this picture.

Walmer Castle, a Seat of the Earl of Liverpool.—W. Collins, R. A.

Besides this picture, the artist has two others in the present Exhibition: one, *a Fish-Auction on the Coast of Devonshire*; and the other, *a Scene in Cumberland*: but though the others are beautiful, yet we think the *Walmer Castle* is the best. It has, in a pre-eminent degree, the charming truth and light touches of nature, which distinguish the style and execution of Mr. Collins. The evanescent flickering of the summer shadows upon the sand is exquisite: he has caught that gliding air as if by a happy and rapid glance, and transferred it to his canvas with all its original transparency. The sea-line of the horizon might perhaps have been more advantageously defined; but the picture is superior to criticism.

The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

“Waft me to sunny Baiæ’s shore.”

The long-established and admitted perfection which Mr. Turner has obtained in landscape-painting renders the praise of his works superfluous. The sunny character of *the Bay of Baiæ*, though splendid, is yet almost overpowering: it glows with an Asiatic warmth, which consumes rather than refreshes. There

is a somewhat monotonous effect produced by the unclouded richness of the landscape, undisturbed as it is by grouping, to arrest the attention, or relieve the languor of so intense an atmosphere. Mr. Turner’s answer, and perhaps a sufficient one, may be, that he has painted the landscape as nature and the poets have given it.

The Parish Beadle.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

“And an officer giveth sufficient notice what he is, when he saith to the party, I arrest you in the king’s name; and in such case the party at their peril ought to obey him.”—*BURN’S Justice*, vol. I. p. 108.

A picture from *Burn’s Justice*! a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery! Whoever before heard of such a thing? But, ye incredulous, here it is, and from a Royal Academician! To add that it is full of a humour and lively interest not to be found in the book, but always in the artist, is only to repeat what every body must know who ever opened a page of *Burn’s Justice*, or caught a glance at a picture of Wilkie’s. Here we have a gipsy and an Italian *hurdy-gurdy*-player, a boy and a monkey, a bear and a beadle. The last-mentioned of the pack, and no blame to him, for he follows the example of his betters, is engaged in the pious pursuit of hunting “the vagrants,” as Fielding would say, and into the watch-house, to the terror of the boy, the grief of the man, the rage of the gipsy, the surprise of the monkey, the indifference of the bear, who longs for a rest, and the astonishment of the boys, who prefer sport to coercion—into the watch-house the beadle is conducting the motley group. “A dog’s obeyed in office,” why not a beadle? It is impossible to speak in terms of too much praise of the admirable mix-

ture of character which the artist has infused into this subject. It is from nature, at moments of most humorous excitation, and the expression caught with infinite dexterity, and displayed to the utmost advantage. As if in derision of these petty exercises of village authority, the only expression of philosophy in the piece is in the features of the monkey, who seems anxious, by an inviting look of candour and confidence, to avert the beadle's lash from his back; which the others, in despair of mercy, from the experience of previous castigation, defy in the rage of their execration. The picture, as a work of art, is admirably painted; and the same merit is eminently conspicuous in Mr. Wilkie's small *Portrait of the Duke of York*, in this Exhibition. In the latter, the light is exquisitely introduced: the colouring is equal to the best touches of the President.

Arthur Lord Capel defending Colchester for King Charles I. in the year 1648, in which are Portraits of his Lordship, &c. painted from an original Picture.—A. Cooper, R. A.

Mr. Cooper has several other pictures in Somerset-House, remarkable for his knowledge of animal painting, and for the display of that anatomical vigour and energy which he gives to his figures.

Dutch Market-Boats, Rotterdam.—A. W. Calcott, R. A.

A sweet-toned picture, in this artist's best style. The water is clear and transparent; the boats well touched; the figures lively and characteristic; and the town view extensive and accurate. Mr. Calcott has often painted more showy pictures, but none more correct.

Comus, with the Lady in the enchanted Chair.—W. Hilton, R. A.

“one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and
taste.”—MILTON'S *Comus*.

A fine poetical picture, rich, and full of a glowing luxuriance, without the grossness of voluptuousness. Like Howard, this artist is gifted with a vivid poetical imagination, regulated by a pure taste. The figures in this picture are admirably drawn; and the bustle and animation of the grouping fill it with glowing incident. The colouring is rich and appropriate; in some parts it emits astonishing brilliancy.

The Child exposed by Antigonus on the Seashore found by the Shepherd.—H. Thomson, R. A.

The subject from Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, from which the artist has composed a clever picture.

The great Cavern of the Peak of Derbyshire, and the ancient Castle of the Peverils.—T. C. Holland.

“The brook, which, from one mighty spring,
does flow

Through a deep stony channel, runs below.”

This artist has some clever pictures in the present Exhibition. The cavern view is solemn and majestic; the sky finely coloured, and the foliage and fore-ground very well painted. *The Ulswater* is also a pleasing picture.

A Cottage.—J. Constable, A.

A simple and pleasing picture.

Shakspeare's Jubilee, with Portraits of the Performers of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden.—M. W. Sharp.

This is not the first picture in which Mr. Sharp has successfully delineated the principal characters and personages of our drama. The

interest which is generally felt in the portraiture of such a work often constitutes the principal motive of the artist to paint it; and he consequently applies himself to attain the merit which is most popularly attractive. The likenesses of the Covent-Garden performers are here very well portrayed, and there is a good deal of spirit in the composition.

Mr. Stothard's *Muse Erato* is worthy of the artist.

The Deer-Stealer.—J. Ward, R. A.

We have already noticed this elaborate work in Mr. Ward's private gallery, and it looks to still greater advantage in the Exhibition. The portraits of Mr. Allnutt's *Horses*, Mr. Baxter's and Mr. Arbuthnot's *Horse and Dog*, by the same eminent artist, in this Exhibition, are also excellent. They display the astonishing perfection which Mr. Ward has acquired in the study of animal painting.—In our last Number we took occasion to notice the excellence of Mr. Ward's *Lithographic Drawings from Animals of celebrity*, now in course of publication at Mr. Ackermann's. We have since heard with pleasure, that he means to comprehend in a new lithographic series, after the completion of his present work, an extensive range of drawings of domestic animals generally, which cannot fail to be a great addition to that department of art.

The Paphian Bower.—J. Martin.

"The Graces there were gathering posies,
And found young Love among the roses."

The genius of this artist has been long admired, and his labours have been deservedly praised: but there is in art, as in every other study, a limit which marks the boundary between success and satiety; and we fear that Mr. Martin, in the exu-

berance of his imagination, sometimes outsteps it. There are some exquisite touches of composition and colouring in this picture; but there are also extravagances in parts of both, and particularly in the figures, which deteriorate from the general effect.

Mr. W. Daniel, R. A. has, amongst others, some good marine views; and Mr. P. Reinagle, R. A. some pleasing landscapes. Mr. Linton is also successful in that department.

The Reconciliation.—J. P. Stephanoff,

has a good deal of pleasing character, and the spectator (unless he be a cynic) is disposed to partake of the gratification which pervades the objects he beholds. The colouring, though not deficient in brightness, is yet not equal to that in Mr. Stephanoff's other works.

Mr. R. Westall, R. A. has some subjects from Scripture, which have considerable merit in the composition. The colouring is in some parts objectionable.

Mr. T. C. Thomson has some good portraits; that of the *Marquis of Anglesea* is the best.

Portrait of Colonel Nugent, formerly of the East India Company's Service.—J. Green.

A full-length portrait; the attitude natural and unaffected; the table and maps well painted, and the tone of colouring in the furniture of the chamber and carpet, managed with pleasing effect.

Mrs. Green has some very tasteful miniatures in the Exhibition: that of *Mr. Law. Peel* is finely finished. Others, which we have not space to enumerate, are equally creditable to this lady's skill in the particular de-

partment of art to which she has applied her talents.

Portraits of Count and Countess Munster—P. E. Stroehling,

are very well executed. The attitudes are dignified, the drapery tastefully arranged, and the colouring pleasing.

Portrait of T. Bayley, Esq. Author of the Poetry attached to the National Melodies.—G. F. Joseph, A.

This is a spirited and well-painted portrait.

A Scene from "The Spoiled Child," Mrs. Harlowe, Mr. Tayleure, and Miss Clara Fisher, as Miss Pickle, Tag, and Little Pickle—G. Clint, A.

is a very comic production: the figures are full of character.

View of the Coliseum, from the Campo Vaccino.—C. L. Eastlake.

A very clever picture, painted at Rome by an artist who appears not to have misspent his time in studying the works of the old masters.

Mr. A. E. Chalon has some pleasing miniature portraits; and Miss M. A. Chalon is also successful in this department.

Mr. W. H. Watts has a small *Portrait of W. H. Budden, Esq.* remarkable for that spirit of composition, and delicacy of execution, which characterize this artist's works.

Mr. W. Ross's *Portraits of Captain Wilbraham's Children* are natural and agreeable. The portraits are full of expression.

Miss H. Gouldsmith's *View of Hampton, Middlesex*, is a pleasing landscape. Mrs. Pearson's *Portrait of Mr. Milliken* of Dublin is good, but hung in too strong a light.

A Girl Reading—Miss J. Ross, is a beautiful miniature. The colouring is transparent and delicate,

and the soft texture of the drapery sweetly touched.

Amongst the enamels, it is impossible to withhold our unqualified admiration from the works of Mr. H. Bone, R. A. The value of this department of art, from its permanent durability, cannot be too highly appreciated. The difficulty and danger of the process of execution render the work, when finished without comparative injury, of the greatest value. Mr. Bone's enamel of the *Countess of Dysart*, after the original by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is beautifully executed. The figure is full length, in the costume of the time: the back-ground, like that of most of Reynolds's female portraits, is rich and luxuriant. Mr. Bone has preserved all the softness and delicacy of expression in the original, and given a permanent value to a graceful subject. The enamel of the *Countess of Powis* is also fine.—The same merit is exemplified in that of *Lord William Russell*; and the enamel from Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Portrait of the Duke of Wellington*, in last year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy, is an exquisite work of art.

We should be doing an injustice not to take particular notice of Mr. Nass's beautiful, we should say splendid, enamel of *Duncan Gray came here to woo*, after a picture by Wilkie. It is full of merit, and rich in the feeling and touch of the painter; qualities which impart a delightful brilliancy and truth to all this artist's works, combined with the most exquisite finish, force, and truth of character. The same happy combination is observable in a beautiful and expressive *Portrait of Canova*, in enamel, by the same artist.

In the architectural department

are several subjects of classical merit, the principal of which are by Messrs. Soane, Wilkins, Gandy, and Papworth; the last of whom has a design of great excellence, a *Summer Palace* for the King of Wirtemberg: it combines purity, elegance, grandeur, and picturesque effect. There are, however, others by students, who give promise of future excellence. The building of so many new churches has given an impulse to this branch of the arts. We should like to see some pains taken to make the interior, as well as the exterior, of our churches worthy of the state of our arts; to see some

"Gospel glories grace religion's walls;"

and we hope the time is not far distant when we shall see true taste accomplish that which perhaps a pardonable prejudice has in modern times withheld.

THE SCULPTURE.

The public encouragement of this delightful art seems to slumber among us. We give thousands for the antique collections which travellers of rank transplant from the shores of Greece. We do not complain of such purchases; through them we have acquired splendid remains of ancient art, which have furnished models for the study and imitation of the artists of our times, whose lot is cast in an age less propitious for the development of exalted powers, than that which produced these splendid originals. We are engaged in extensive architectural alterations (some of them cannot be called improvements) in our public edifices; but the aid of the sculptor is seldom sought for their embellishment. We are not, therefore, to wonder that the art of *bust-making*, an art

brought to the highest perfection among us, absorbs the study of our ablest sculptors. There are still some artists who adorn the present Exhibition with works of a higher range. Mr. Westmacott has an alto-relievo of *Horace's Dream*. Mr. E. H. Baily's *Affection* is finely emblematic of maternal tenderness. Mr. Flaxman has a fine basso-relievo. Among the younger artists, Mr. Heffernan, Mr. Gahagan, and Mr. Behnes are distinguished. The busts are, as usual, good. Mr. Smith's bust of *Mr. Allan Cunningham* is clever. Mr. Deville's busts (portraits they are called in the catalogue) are very well executed: that of *Mr. Scarlett* is so completely hid in a corner, that we are indebted to accident for its discovery. This artist we understand has invented an ingenious and rapid mode of taking casts. One of the finest busts in the Exhibition is Mr. Gibson's bust of a *Nobleman* (as the catalogue states): it is a capital likeness of Lord Colchester, full of characteristic expression, and composed in the purest taste.

There is a *Danzatrice* by Canova: it is full of life and *naïveté*; but the air is theatric, and more suited to the Continental taste, than to that of this country.

We do not pretend to give more than a rapid glance at this Exhibition. There are in the several departments a number of works we have not room to notice, that reflect the highest credit upon our artists. The students generally evince a progressive improvement, the particulars of which we regret we have not an opportunity of more fully detailing.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE nineteenth Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, to which we briefly adverted last month, is now open at the new Gallery, No. 6, Pall-Mall East, which is far better adapted for the purposes of the society, than any of their preceding places of Exhibition. When we first saw this gallery, and before its fitting up, we were apprehensive that it would be found too large for an Exhibition of this nature, and that the vacant space which such lofty walls must necessarily afford, would impair the general effect of the pictures, and oppose a nakedness difficult to be surmounted. The taste of the arrangements has, however, subdued this difficulty. The pictures are all admirably hung, and completely fill the gallery; and the plain and simple drapery surmounting them, decorates and occupies that space which might otherwise have produced an unpleasant effect.

We predicted the advantage which the society would derive from the exclusion of oil paintings; and the two Exhibitions which have followed since the new arrangement, or more properly speaking, since the recurrence to the original object of the institution, have completely verified our most sanguine anticipations. There is no necessary connection between these two branches of art, and the oil and water-colour paintings, when brought too much into contact, have a mutually injurious effect: the separation then was a wise measure, and since it has been carried into effect the Water-Colour Exhibition has decidedly improved. The art itself is almost new among us: it was,

vented in England; and here, of late years, it has attained an astonishing degree of perfection, considering the materials at the artist's disposal. The rapid advances it has made to a strict and faithful imitation of nature since the time of Paul Sandby would exceed belief, if the drawings of Sandby and Turner did not exist to attest the demonstration. The clearness and delicacy of the latter evince the capabilities of this branch of art, and they are developed with a still greater variety of character in the present Exhibition.

There are now in this Gallery upwards of three hundred works; and the numbers contributed by individual artists display a creditable industry, and, we would fain hope, a progressive and suitable encouragement. The chief exhibitors are, as usual, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Barret, Mr. Prout, Mr. Cox, Mr. Cristall, Mr. Hills, and the other principal members of the society.

We shall enumerate some of the works in the order in which they met our observation in the Exhibition, and not with reference to the numerical arrangement.

Twilight.—G. Barret.

Mr. Barret has been this year eminently successful. The rich purple light and transparency of the water in the picture of *Twilight* display the hand of a master. The *Evening* is a calm, still, and rich drawing; but the *Retirement* is a truly grand and elaborate composition. The solemn tone of the work, the grandeur of the back-ground, the stillness which breathes through the luxuriant richness of nature, the tall trees which overshadow without

obscuring the fore-ground, form together a composition most imposingly descriptive: it was amid such scenery that the poet exclaimed,

—————"Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber."

There may be some defects in the too positive colouring of the sky and water, as has been remarked, but the general execution displays great skill, and the conception of the subject is, we repeat, a proof of the finest feeling. Mr. Barret has some smaller works of high merit in this Exhibition.

Sheep.—R. Hills.

There is a good deal of nature in this picture: the landscape is very pleasing. But the *Stag and Hind* is fine, and in a different style: the back-ground is full of that wild grandeur which suits the pasturage of such inhabitants of the forest. The animals are drawn and coloured with great truth. *View of the South Downs and Bramber Castle, Sussex.—Copley Fielding.*

Mr. Fielding displays his usual industry, and exhibits the variety of his powers in the delineation of scenery in the different aspects of nature's works. Sea views and landscapes, levels and wilds, are alike the subjects of his pencil, and equally illustrative of his taste. There is a clearness of tint in his execution, and at the same time a body and force in some of his minutest touches, which produce astonishing effect, and render the imitation of nature complete. Can there be a happier drawing than that which we have prefixed to his name? The transparency, the air which pervades it, give to it the sweetest attraction: then in the details, the sheep are painted with such

inimitable skill, that we are at a loss which to admire more, the general composition, or the perfection of the minutiae of detail. The *Distant View of Venice* is also beautiful. The *Passengers going off to a Packet* is a capital sea view: the storm, the overcast sky, the agitation of the waters, the tossing of the small craft, remind one of Lord Byron's lively description of a similar view in the Archipelago. The other sea views by this artist are also good; and likewise his views of Welch scenery, which convey a suitable representation

—————"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills
Whose heads touch heaven."

Receiving-Ships, Portsmouth.—

S. Prout.

Although Mr. Prout has been of late so much engaged, and with such advantage to his professional reputation, in making architectural drawings upon the Continent, and conveying, with the illustration of local grouping, all the spirit and variety of such scenes; yet we turn with renewed gratification to his drawings, like the above, which are full of more domestic interest. The Portsmouth scene is admirably depicted: the large ship is very finely drawn. The architectural pieces by this artist are numerous in this Exhibition: they are principally taken from the most interesting points of view in the French and Flemish towns, and convey a very perfect and interesting representation of the endless variety of ornamental and sometimes grotesque domestic architecture, for which the old Gothic towns are remarkable. The effect is heightened by the humorous bustle and costume of the population, appropriately in-

roduced by the artist in his market-places, quays, &c.: a great merit indeed in giving liveliness and spirit to the subject, but in one or two instances almost carried to excess; for instance, in the *View of Maline, Flanders*, where the intense sparkling of colours, from such a number of glittering objects, rather overpowers than gratifies the sight. These drawings, particularly the *Hôtel de Ville at Louvain*, are, however, very beautiful, and will deservedly add to the artist's reputation.

Solitude, a Scene in the interior range of the Grampian Mountains, on the Banks of Loch-Avon, Aberdeenshire.—G. F. Robson.

Mr. Robson has several views of mountain scenery in his best style in this Exhibition: the one which we have named is quite a superior production. This artist's taste seems to have led him

“Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound.”

The *Solitude* is certainly a superior production, and the composition has all the charm of poetic feeling; it breathes a calmness and repose finely characteristic of such a subject. Some of Mr. Robson's smaller pictures are drawn with equal taste, and the colouring given with delicacy and correctness. The *Stirling Castle* is a fine landscape.

Scene at a Fountain, Inverary, North Britain.—J. Cristall.

This artist has some sweet drawings in this Exhibition: there is a natural and unaffected simplicity of expression in his figures which inspires a tender interest, and redeems them from occasional crudities of colouring, a fault into which the artist

is betrayed from a natural solicitude perhaps to copy faithfully the dresses (such as they are), as well as the features, of his rustic models. The *Welch Girl*, near Dolgelly, is a sweet figure; the *Mountain Peasant* equally natural. All the single figures are indeed interesting, for they are faithful copies from well-selected nature. The drawing which we have prefixed to his name is in his best style: there is a bustle of grouping which is full of village character, and a tone of colouring remarkable for its purity and taste.

Embarkation of his Majesty King George IV. from Greenwich, August 10, 1823.—D. Cox.

Mr. Cox's drawings in this Exhibition are all good, and denote, we should hope, the progress of successful industry; but that which we have just mentioned is pre-eminently good. The subject was a superb one, and it inspired the artist with a kindred feeling for rich and gorgeous display. The Thames, on the day of the King's embarkation at Greenwich, reflected in sparkling hues the golden tints of the flotilla which glittered upon its surface, and which, in the language of the poet, might be said to have been

——“bright around, with quivering beams
beset.”

—The gorgeous display of the corporation barges, the chaster and lighter style of the royal yachts, the bustle and variety of the small craft of the river flickering its plain contrast on the surface of the water, furnished splendid materials, which, under the hand of Mr. Cox, have produced a very splendid drawing.

A Picture of Youth, or the School in an Uproar.—H. Richter.

This is a clever picture, full of ju-

venile and truant character. The light through the window is managed with considerable skill.

Interior of the Church of St. Sulpice at Paris.—A. Pugin.

Mr. Pugin, who is a very clever architectural draftsman, is always successful in drawings of this nature: the perspective is admirable, and the management of lights very scientific. The manner in which the roof of the church is illuminated by the upper windows is really beautiful.

The Ceremony of the Recognition, at the Coronation of his Majesty King George IV.—J. Stephanoff.

The figures in the picture are by Stephanoff, and the architecture by Pugin; both are suited to the respective studies of the artists, and the work is an interesting record of a most solemn part of the august ceremony of his Majesty's coronation. Mr. Stephanoff's *Cloth of Gold* is an exquisitely coloured drawing.

View in the East Transept of Worcester Cathedral.—C. Wild, is a good architectural drawing; and so is the *Chapel at Antwerp*.

The Vale of Gloucester, from Robin Hood's Hill.—W. Turner, is a pleasing and well-drawn landscape.

Thomson's Tomb.—J. Varley.

Mr. Varley has several drawings in this Exhibition, which have considerable merit, but we do not think he has succeeded in illustrating by his pencil the simple and tender strain

of Collins's Muse. The lines to Thomson,

———"in yonder grave your Druid lies,"

it would indeed be difficult to impress with adequate feeling by any other illustration than that of the poet.

We have now enumerated the most prominent works in this pleasing Exhibition; but we must always guard ourselves from being supposed to include in our hasty sketch, *all* the works of merit which an Exhibition contains. There must always be in large collections of this nature, the productions of meritorious persons, which, from a variety of causes, are liable to be accidentally overlooked. Our miscellaneous arrangements necessarily assign, or rather impose, limits to the notice of that department, which yet we most admire, and to the promotion of which we are most anxious to contribute. Amongst the other works which we have not room to notice more in detail are, Mr. Gastineau's *View near Dolor, Scotland*, Mr. Nessfield's *Swiss Scenery*, Miss Barret's *Luncheon*, Mr. Harding's *Views*, Miss Byrne's *Deserted Garden*, Miss Scott's *Flowers*, Mr. T. H. Fielding's works in the same department, Mr. Mackenzie's *Cathedral Drawings*, &c. &c.

The private view this season was attended by a greater number of personages of distinguished rank, than we ever remember on any former occasion.

NEW COSMORAMA.

THE panoramic Exhibition of the *Cosmorama*, introduced some time ago to public notice in St. James's-street, has been lately removed to Regent-street, to a handsome build-

ing erected for the purpose by Mr. Pugin, the architect. The heat and obscurity so unpleasant, but unavoidable from the construction of the former Exhibition-room, are here

obviated, the present edifice having the advantage of daylight. The Cosmorama is one of the innumerable, though recently well known, examples, which art has borrowed from science, of the boundless means of augmenting and gratifying human curiosity, by the ingenious application of a few simple principles from the study of optics. The views in themselves small, are enlarged by magnifying powers, so as to convey complete panoramic effect. They represent excellent views in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: they

are chosen with judgment, and executed with considerable taste and skill. The present Exhibition consists of fourteen views, some of them of the rarest and most romantic interest. *The Ruins of Palmyra, Mount Libanus, the Passage of the Quindia in the Andes, Mont Blanc, the Moorish Scenery, &c. &c.* present a combination of attractions, which cannot fail to secure public patronage for so novel and interesting an Exhibition. The gallery is fitted up in the most tasteful manner.

MR. BACKLER'S STAINED GLASS.

MR. BACKLER has just finished, and is now exhibiting, preparatory to its removal, a fine painting upon glass, for the great window of the altar of Hereford cathedral. The subject is copied from Mr. West's picture of *The Last Supper*. Owing to the form and magnitude of the window, the whole of the original composition is not introduced: the figure of Judas is omitted; and the twelve Disciples do not appear, for the reason already stated. St. Peter and St. John are placed on each side of our Saviour, the former in a penitential and submissive attitude, and the latter gazing upon his master with devout affection and esteem. On the same side of the window in the fore-ground, with the back of his head to the spectator, is Judas, the brother of James; and next is the profile of St. James: that above is St. Thomas. On the left in the fore-ground is St. Andrew; the head immediately above is St. Matthew, and the profile is St. Bartholomew. The figures are on a scale of 15 feet in height; the window is 40 feet

high, and 20 wide. The original picture is remarkable for chaste composition; and Mr. Backler, from the perfection of his art, has done it ample justice in his copy. The material upon which he works has some peculiar advantages for effect: its deepest shadows are transparent; and the lights being those of nature, are free from coldness and opacity. Besides, when the execution is that of a perfect master, a work of this kind has a uniform value: the nature of the material confers a claim at once for permanent attention; it requires no time to mellow or harmonize the tone of colouring. Mr. Backler's work is the largest in this branch of art which has been executed since the revival of the art in England. We cannot speak too highly of the execution of it. Mr. Backler has some smaller works of exquisite merit in his Gallery. We congratulate the Dean and Chapter of Hereford upon so great an acquisition as this fine altar-piece must be to their ancient cathedral. It is pleasing to find that a better taste pre-

vails in our church decorations; and that the suitable solemnity of effect, which works of this character confer, is deemed essential in the most in-

fluential quarters. It is due to the late Rev. Dr. Cope to mention, that he bequeathed 500*l.* towards the expense of Mr. Backler's work.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HERE lies the appalling pile of the musical lucubrations of *one* month. One month we say? Perhaps not one-third of the labours, which, like the buds and blossoms we behold from the window of our humble retreat, the vivifying powers of spring have called into life. The English, an unmusical nation? When month after month we have groaned—toiled we meant to say, groan is an unmusical expression—toiled these fifteen years at the Sisyphean task of moving, on a prescribed day, the quintessence of ponderous masses of harmonic effusions under the press of Mr. Harrison, so inexorably punctual, that the slightest failure in time is visited with the apparition of a warning spirit, to tell us that our hour is come. These periodicals are of sad regularity.

But this is not attacking the fearful pile in view. "How shall we ever get through all this?" said we to a friend with a look of despondency that might have melted a stone.—"By doing summary justice; be short and pithy: the reader will like it all the better."—"Short and pithy with a grand concerto of Moscheles, thirty-three pages of close print, which took twenty minutes playing, if playing it can be called, to struggle through all sorts of difficulties?"—"Short and pithy!"—Well, we can but try an attempt at the laconic.

First Concerto for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments of Orches-

tra, composed by J. Moscheles. Op. 45. Pr. 8s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

We have heard this concerto (in F major) played by Mr. Moscheles himself at the oratorios this season, and have witnessed the rapturous plaudits and the absolute wonder of the audience. At every solo the most profound stillness pervaded the house; even the coughs and colds of the severe season were placed under temporary embargo, until the intervention of the tutti gave opportunities of relief and of enthusiastic acclamation. The concerto is adapted to six-octave instruments, and so arranged that it may be effectively performed with a quartett accompaniment, or even without any accompaniment whatever. Mindful of the above advice of our friend, we forbear from entering into any analysis. The composition is as masterly as the execution of its author.

Antologia Musicale, being a Selection of Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated foreign Composers. No. XII. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Most of the numbers of the *Antologia Musicale*, which, we presume, to be terminated by the above number, have been noticed in our earlier critiques. This publication has, at a very reasonable price, brought under the cognizance of the English musical public a great variety of

foreign compositions of merit, many of which would otherwise have probably remained unknown here. The present number contains an interesting little divertimento by Moscheles, in the minuet style; a march by Tausch; and a piece, which may be considered as a musical curiosity, viz. an "Intrada," by Leopold Mozart, the father of the great Mozart. It is indeed on that account alone that it can be deemed entitled to attention, its style being obsolete, and its general complexion affording no room for associating the son's excellence with a paternal model. Leopold Mozart, in fact, only shone as a violin-player: he was indefatigable in the tuition of his son; but the latter owed his celebrity more to his own subsequent exertions, and to innate genius, which only shone in its glorious brightness after his residence in Italy.

"*Amusemens de l'Opera*," *Selection of the most admired Pieces in the latest Operas and Ballets of Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Gallenberg, arranged for the Piano-forte, without the Words.* Nos. I. and II. Pr. 2s. each.—(Boosey and Co.)

Messrs. Boosey's object in the publication of this work has our entire approbation. A collection of good opera airs, &c. without words, well arranged for the piano-forte, will be the more eagerly sought after by the amateur deprived of vocal gifts, as most of the adaptations of this kind are so meagre and unsatisfactory, that nothing but the scanty remains of the beauties of the originals to be still traced in them, and the want of better, could give them currency.

The above two numbers contain

novelty: they are devoted to extracts from a new German opera, "*Der Freyschütz*," by C. M. de Weber, which, for some months past, has delighted the musical public in Germany. The present is the first specimen of the music we have seen; and as it is scarcely possible to found a correct opinion of an opera upon an instrumental extract of this nature, we forbear passing a definitive judgment on Mr. De Weber's performance. The music exhibits traits of originality certainly, and is good in general, but, upon the whole, it does not appear to us to be of first-rate excellence. Its character is more of the melodramatic kind, than of the grand legitimate operatic style. In this respect it is perhaps the more suitable to the nature of the drama, the plot of which hinges upon the supernatural agency of the evil spirit, with whom the ranger of a forest has, like Dr. Faustus, entered into a compact to be successful in some hundred shots, on condition that three of his shots should be the demon's.

The arrangement of the piano-forte extract is very satisfactory, clear, full, and correct; and the different pieces, whether belonging to the higher sphere of the art or not, unquestionably form highly attractive lessons.

Beethoven's Overture to "The Ruins of Athens," arranged for the Piano-forte. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)

Like many of Beethoven's productions, this overture contains some excellent ideas, intermingled with passages of singular import and doubtful interest. Here and there we certainly find the most fascinating thoughts; for instance, p. 5, and also

the winding-up. The arrangement might, we think, have received a greater quantum of the score, and been rendered more full as to harmony, without trenching greatly upon executive facility. In adapting *Beethoven* to the piano-forte, the harmonic colouring must be preserved as fully as practicable. This, we presume, to have been more completely accomplished in the extract for four hands, in which shape this overture has likewise been published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.

"*La Leçon*," *Romance, dedicated to the Duchess of Lariano; Words and Music* by Gme. Tronsson du Coudray. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

"*Rose d'Amour*," *Romance, dédiée à Miss Caroline Amelia C—; Paroles de Eugenius Roche, Esq.; Music* by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

"*The Minstrel's Meed*," *a Ballad, dedicated to Miss Paton; Words by E. Roche, Esq.; Music* by Do. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

The text of the two first of these three songs, composed by Mr. Du Coudray, is French; that of the third English. They fully confirm the opinion we formed of this gentleman's qualifications as a lyric composer on examining a previous production noticed in the preceding Number of the *Repository*. Three specimens, simultaneously brought under consideration, must naturally lead to a comparison, and the result of that comparison will probably differ according to individual taste. Thus our predilection would attach itself to "*Rose d'Amour*;" at the same time that we could well conceive "*La Leçon*" to be the favourite with others.

Vol. I. No. VI.

"The Minstrel" we hold to be of the slightest texture, comparatively speaking, although it is a pretty little ballad. The two French songs, however, breathe an elegance, a graceful airiness, and a classic vein of good melody, interspersed with some original traits, which promise fairly to render Mr. Du Coudray's productions general favourites with vocal amateurs of cultivated taste.

Chant Militaire, performed at the Church of La Madeleine at Rouen (with additional Parts), composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

So far as may be judged from so contracted an adaptation, the effect of this military chant in full orchestra, and with the necessary vocal parts, must be imposing. Several of the ideas exhibit pathetic grandeur, and the harmony appears to be full and strong. In the subject of the chant, however (p. 2), there seems to be a want of rhythmical symmetry.

A Trio for the Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to J. Novelli, Esq. by N. Bochsä. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The movements in this trio consist of a largo, an allegro, an andante, marcia, and concluding short allegro vivace, every one of them in E♭ major. It is a composition of striking excellence, in which the skill and taste of Mr. B. shine in their fullest lustre. The trio was originally written for the harp, clarionet, and horn, in which shape it was played by the author before the King at the Duke of Wellington's.

"*The Campbells are coming,*" a favourite Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Grandin, by H. G. Nixon, Organist to the Bavarian Embassy. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Rutter and McCarthy, New Bond-street.)

This is the second composition of Mr. Nixon's that has come under our cognizance; and it has greatly added to the good opinion of his talent with which a former production of his had impressed us. Although the theme he has selected for the present rondo is not the most favourable, we must own—and the merit is the more conspicuous—that the superstructure Mr. N. has raised upon it, exhibits an uninterrupted flow of classic ideas more or less deduced from the subject, a peculiar neatness of musical diction, and abundance of passages of decided interest, and in natural connection with each other; in short, such obvious and ample traces of a mind stored with the knowledge of his art, and imbued with its right spirit, that we feel warranted in looking for future efforts of a higher order. The rondo requires a player of some experience and considerable execution.

An Introduction slow Movement and Rondo, composed for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to F. W. Col-lard, Esq. by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Bravo, il signor maestro! This is as it ought to be. We have before us a memorandum of a number of prominent portions in this composition, which we intended to advert to; but we find our room too limited for any analysis. Many of Mr. De Pinna's productions have been favourably commented upon in our Mis-

cellany; but without detracting from their merits, they appear of light calibre compared with this Op. 3, which we feel warranted in pronouncing a composition of the higher order, truly classic, masterly. The adagio is beautiful, replete with deep feeling, good cantable melody, and sterling science. The rondo too is throughout of the higher order of composition; its fine subject is cast into excellent variation, p. 8. But we must break off. Enough has been said to express the sense we entertain of this performance. We congratulate Mr. De P. upon its distinguished merit, and we hope the rich harmony with which he has studded his work, the strongly filled parts, numerous crossed-hand evolutions, &c. will always meet with players capable of feeling and executing what he has penned.

"*Celle que j'aime tant,*" a favourite French Air in the Tyrolean Style, with an Introduction and brilliant Variations, composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Caledonian Fantasia for the Harp, with Variations on "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," composed by N. Ch. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

The rapidity with which Mr. B. writes and publishes such volumes of music—and music of undisputed and high value—must astonish every one that has not witnessed his pen in action. Mr. B., we are credibly informed, actually composes most of his pieces in less time than they can be copied in; and with all this, there is constant variety in his productions, and none are of a mediocre kind. In the variations to the above two themes, the versatility of his ima-

gination, and his readiness in embodying his luxuriant thoughts in the most attractive forms, are strikingly displayed. They are dedicated to Miss Dibdin and Miss Wigley, respectively, two of Mr. B.'s pupils, whose public performance at the last oratorios gained great and deserved applause.

"*Sacred Music*," consisting of *four Hymn Tunes and five Chants for a full Choir*, composed by G. Gill, Sheffield. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

These hymn tunes are creditable to their author. There is a pathetic simplicity in their melodies, the rhythm is throughout regular and satisfactory, and the harmony appropriate, and in general correct. In future essays, Mr. G. should be careful not to double his thirds so frequently. When the bass has the third of the key, as in chords of the sixth, the repetition of that third in the treble is in most cases to be avoided; a rule which, we must admit, is as often disregarded as it is observed, even by composers of matured experience.

Five-Finger Airs, including some popular Melodies, adapted for the Amusement, and to diversify the Study, of young Persons on the Piano-forte, by J. Green. Pr. 6s.—(J. Green, Soho-square.)

In a short but very sensible prefatory notice, Mr. Green adverts to the predilection with which all pupils turn to regular tunes, in preference to lessons professedly invented for their training. To take advantage of this disposition, the present collection of little pieces has been made. Most of these are given as original; but some few simple popular melodies, fit for the object in view,

have been pressed into the service. All of them, as the title imports, may be executed without any change of digital position, the melody being confined within the limits of five notes: they proceed progressively from the most simple strains, to airs of some comparative complexity; and this progressiveness is equally observed in the bass parts. Most of the airs are of a nature to gain the pupil's favour, the melodies being clear and pleasing in general, and square in point of rhythm, an essential requisite.

It is obvious that a book of this kind must prove of great use in the elementary stage of tuition; and a similar volume, *with a change of manual position*, which is to follow the present publication, cannot fail being equally acceptable.

Mozart's celebrated Terzetto "Gia fan ritorno," from the Opera "Il Flauto Magico," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

Mr. N.'s arrangement of this delightful terzett is very happy. He has, with great judgment and taste, availed himself of the four hands to preserve that striking feature of the piece which consists in the responsive passages between the violins and the wind instruments, and between the orchestra *in toto* and the vocal parts. Hence the duet, short as it is, produces the most interesting effect.

"*Le Luc de Genève*," *Introduction and Monferrina for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Freeman*, by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

"*Rousseau's Dream*," an admired French Air, arranged with familiar Variations for the Piano-forte or Harp, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.—(Monro.)

Rossini's favourite Air, "*Di tanti palpiti*," arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The three above pieces by Mr. Poole are not very dissimilar in their nature and merit. Their style is of the lighter kind, calculated for performers of limited attainments. Nothing profound or scientific is attempted, but their general complexion is satisfactory, and, we may add, pleasing. The variations on Rousseau's Dream are a degree above the two others, both in the scale of general merit, and with regard to executive requisites; but they are not difficult, the passages being well placed under the hand.

Select French Romances, No. VI. for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Mr. Rimbault's successive numbers of French Romances, with variations (see former Reviews), are all very pretty; because he has taken care to select good airs for subjects, which is half the battle in variation-writing. No. 6. has "*Le Troubadour du Tage*" for its theme, and the three variations deduced from it are of neat and unexceptionable workmanship.

Haydn's Symphonies, continued from those performed at Salomon's Concerts, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by F. Rimbault. No. XVI.—(Hodsoll.)

A well-known and very favourite symphony in B b, known under the title "*La Reine de France*." The arrangement, as far as we have cast an eye over it, appears every way equal to Mr. R.'s previous labours in this arduous and extensive undertaking.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

HIGH dress, of pale blue silk, fastened in front, and ornamented with a trimming of the same material, and edged with satin of the same colour: the trimming is flat, united, and broad in the centre, but separates and gradually diminishes; each division seems to be fastened by a silk button, and terminates in three points: the trimming is very broad at the bottom of the skirt, but lessens as it approaches the waist; it continues to the throat, and nearly covers the

front of the *corsage*. The collar is square, and falls over, admitting a lace frill within; and the cape is rounded off to display the front. The long sleeve is nearly tight, and has a very free half-sleeve, set in a band rather narrower than that of the waist, and is ornamented to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, where rays, emanating from a point, form a semicircular trimming, which appears to rise from the satin rouleau that edges the dress. The ruff has a similar, though smaller trimming



PROFANE DRESS



BALL DRESS.

than the front; and the whole forms a neat and elegant dress, supplied by the taste of Miss Pierpoint; as is the cap, which is particularly light and novel, having the appearance of a coronet: it is made of tulle, and set in a white satin frame, with a wreath of Syria roses, and is generally worn at the back of the head, with the hair in very full curls, embossed gold ear-rings and chain, and circular eye-glass. Jonquil-colour gloves; blue corded silk shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of white *crêpe lisse* over a white satin slip: the *corsage* is without fulness, and shaped *à la tunique*, narrow at the shoulder, but approaches so as to form a *stomacher* in front, which is simply ornamented with three bands, each consisting of two rows of satin piping, uniting with those that descend from the waist; two slope from the front, and are rounded off just above the *bouillonné* that decorates the bottom of the skirt: on each band is placed a cluster of roses, the highest being in the centre: the waist has a broad satin band, fastened behind with a gold buckle. Short full sleeve, tastefully confined by bands of double piping set in a broad band of satin and gold, and finished by a deep-vandyke of blond lace; bands of double piping head and finish the *bouillonné*, which is very full and broad, and divided transversely by satin bands. Gold tiara, embellished with rubies and turquoise, and a pendant pearl in the centre: the hair parted in front, with short light curls on the temple; the hind hair brought to the top of the head, and fastened by a bodkin of gold and turquoise. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise. Long white

kid gloves. White satin shoes. Painted ivory fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Light scarfs, lace pelerines, silk spencers, and pelisses, are now all seen in our public promenades. The pelerines, which are quite in the French style, are worn very large; they are fashionable both in black and white lace, but they are considered more elegant in the latter. Spencers are much in fashion; they are made to fasten behind, without collars, and have the front of the bust ornamented either with braiding, satin, or the material of the spencer, always intermixed with small wrought silk ornaments, of which there are at this moment a variety in fashion, lozenges, acorns, bells, &c. &c. The epaulette is made full, and ornamented to correspond with the bust. Long sleeve, rather tight, finished either with a cuff, or with a trimming of the same material as the spencer, or of satin.

Pelisses now are always open in front, and those used in carriage dress are very much trimmed. We have seen some in white *gros de Naples*, the trimmings of which consisted of shells of intermingled peach-blossom satin and white lace; the trimming went all round, and the epaulette corresponded. Pelisses of plain and spotted net, lined with coloured satin or sarsnet, and trimmed with lace, are also in favour. We have seen likewise a few lace mantles without lining.

Silk and Leghorn are the favourite materials for walking bonnets. Flowers are now much more generally used than feathers; broad gauze ribbons are also in general estimation;

in some instances they form the only trimming of the bonnet. Transparent *chapeaux* are becoming very general in carriage dress: one of the prettiest and most novel that we have seen, is of white gauze, with satin rose-buds strewed, not very thickly, over it: the brim is small; it is finished with a light gauze *ruche* at the edge, and adorned with knots of gauze ribbon to correspond, intermixed with bouquets of roses, which cover the front of the crown. We have seen also a carriage hat composed of blond net, with an intermixture of fine straw: it is finished round the edge of the brim with a wreath of leaves embroidered in straw, and is ornamented with a bouquet of ears of corn, placed, in the diadem style, in front of the crown.

Among the new dinner dresses is one in pale blue watered satin, trimmed with a fulness of blue *tulle*, in-

termixed with white satin folds, forming coxcombs: these ornaments are placed in a bias direction, and at some distance from each other. The body is cut low, and decorated in front with white satin, laid crosswise in plaits; they are reversed in the centre of the bust, and each plait is fastened by a pearl. A row of blue satin points on each side, which form a stomacher, are each ornamented with a small pearl button. A narrow blond lace tucker stands up round the bust: the sleeves correspond with the bottom of the skirt; and a white satin sash, which fastens in bows and long ends behind, is ornamented in the centre of the bow by an agraffe of pearl.

Fashionable colours are, peach-blossom, rose colour, pea-green, lilac, azure, and different shades of lavender.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

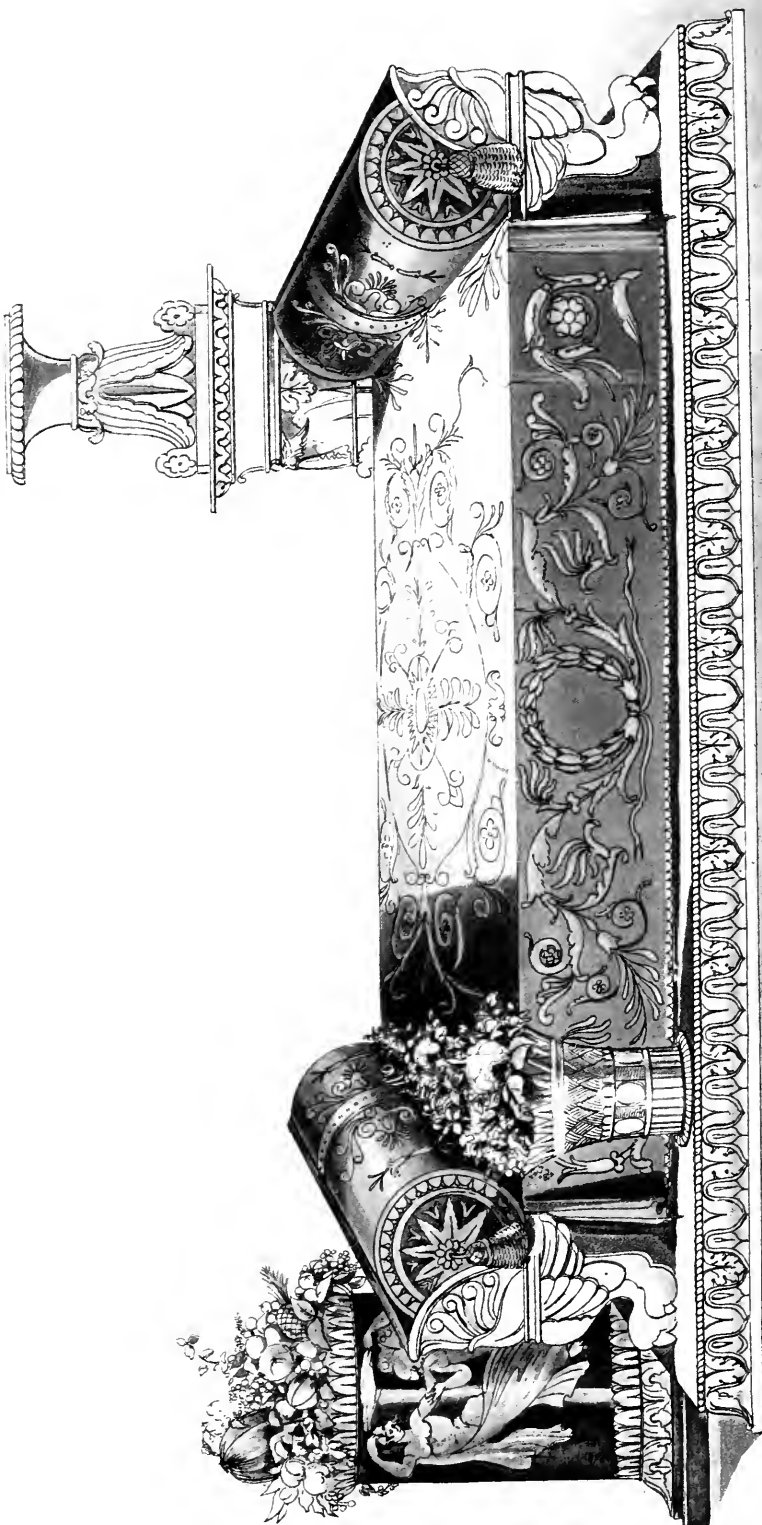
PARIS, May 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

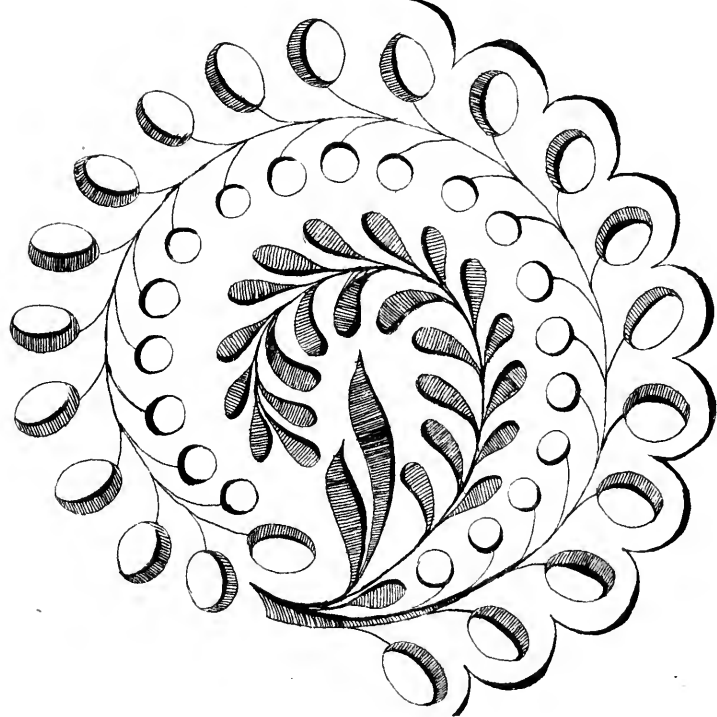
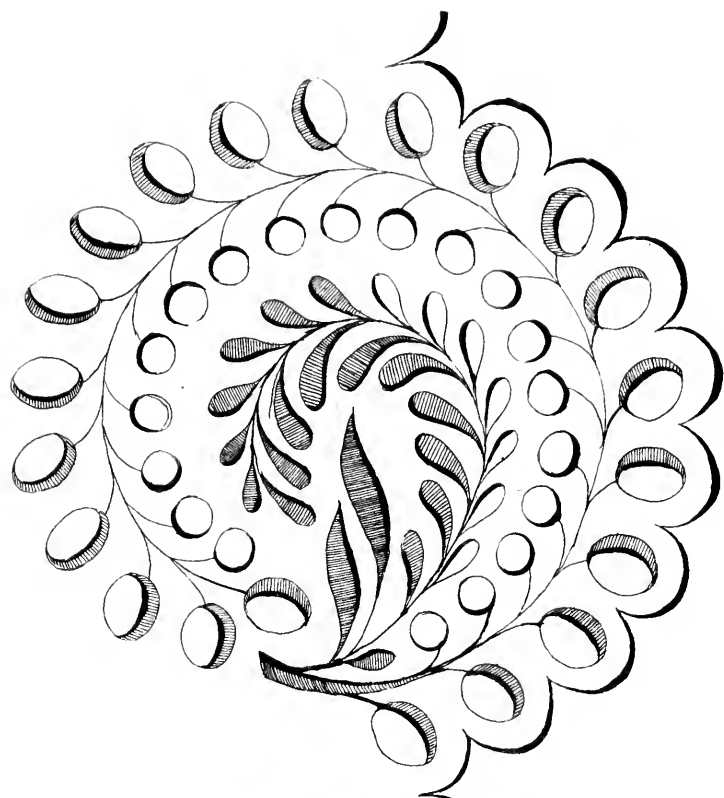
NOTWITHSTANDING the present heat of the weather, muslin, though very fashionable, is not so much worn as it generally is at this season in promenade dress. The favourite envelope with white gowns is a lace pelerine, a *barège* scarf, or a silk spencer: the latter are ornamented with satin rouleaus, placed horizontally on the bust; each end of the rouleau is finished by a brandenbourg, and a number of small tassels are attached to the middle. The spencer fastens behind, and has no collar. Full epaulette; the fulness formed into perpendicular puffs by rouleaus placed two together, and terminated by a brandenbourg. The

lower part of the epaulette has a double rouleau twisted horizontally among the fulness. Tight long sleeve, terminated by a simple puffing. I must observe, that the sleeve no longer falls, as it used to do, over the hand. The spencer fastens behind with flat silk buttons, and is always worn with a deep falling collar of lace or worked muslin.

Our silk robes for the promenade are now made in the *rédingote* style; that is to say, ornamented up the front in various ways. Some have a broad band up the middle as far as the waist, with shamrocks attached to each side; the same kind of ornament goes, in a sloping direction, up each side of the bust and round the back. Others have a rouleau slop-



FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.



MUSLIN PATTERNS

Chrysomelidae

ing down each side of the front, with satin leaves placed in the space between. These robes always fasten behind; the waists are as long, and the long sleeves as tight, as ever. *Velours épingle*, a new kind of spotted silk of the Lyons manufacture, and *gros d'été*, which, in fact, is but another name for lutestring, are the silks at present most in favour.

Bonnets are of rice-straw, cotton straw, gauze, crape, and satin; and what is very unusual at this time of year, we see also a good many in Leghorn: *chapeaux* of this last material are trimmed with broad gauze ribbon, disposed in a large knot at one side of the crown, and tied in a full bow under the chin. Crape bonnets are decorated with tresses of straw, interspersed with two or three pine-apples in open-work of straw: the stalk and the leaves are coloured green; the fruit is straw colour. Gauze bonnets, generally speaking, have the material laid full both on the crown and brim, and the fulness is confined by bands of gauze ribbon. Some of these ribbons are of a beautiful description, particularly one which is flowered with down in different colours. Garlands of flowers are generally used to trim bonnets of rice-straw: lilacs mixed with gold buttons are in great favour, as are also roses, mignonette, and jessamine. The brims of those bonnets that are not transparent are generally lined with a corresponding colour, except when the *chapeau* is

the colour of *œil de mouche*, a new and very favourite hue, hats of which are generally lined and trimmed with roses. The trimming consists of rosettes of broad rose-coloured ribbon, with a tress of straw in each rosette. A satin cord is the only ornament used for the edge of the brim of rice or cotton straw bonnets: those in crape or white satin have a double row of white satin shells at the edge of the brim.

Coloured *barège* still continues the favourite material for half-dress gowns; striped *barège* is more fashionable than that of a diamond pattern. Dinner gowns are mostly made high. The *blouse* is coming once more into favour, but there is some alteration in the form. The body is no longer made loose, but plaited; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed as formerly with tucks, but they are not so numerous, and are much deeper. Besides the *corsage en blouse*, there are three others also in favour, all which fasten behind. One crosses in front and behind; another is much ornamented in the centre of the bust; and the third is draped *à la Serigné* from the shoulder to the *ceinture*. The eye-glass always used in public by dashers is now worn enormously large: it is set either in gold or steel.

Fashionable colours are, *œil de mouche*, lilac, azure, citron, mignonette, rose, and bright green. Adieu,

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A FAINEANTE AND ACCOMPANIMENTS.

THE annexed designs are from Parisian models of the respective pieces of furniture, the chief of which

is called a *fainéante*, or idler. It is usually placed in the middle of the drawing-room, and about it every

kind of decorative article is placed. Here also the *tablette*, the *table de marbre*, and the candelabra, find places, and are interspersed with ottoman-like seats.

The *fainéante* is usually elevated on a platform, as here represented, covered with cloth, the same colour as the silk, satin, or velvet, of which the article itself is composed. This is usually in two colours of the same kind, as dark blue for the ground, and a lighter one for the pattern, and so of any other colour: but in large and splendid apartments, the scroll foliages are frequently embroidered in gold, or of colours that richly and decidedly contrast with

the groundwork; and in proportion to the size of the room, so is the magnitude of the *fainéante* increased. The frame-work is composed of rose-wood, satin-wood, or ebony; or is carved and richly gilt: the latter is preferred when the coverings are much embellished.

This piece of furniture is suited to the manners of the French; it is a substitute for the fire-place with us, as it becomes the rallying point or conversational centre: here the lady of the mansion seats herself, and here receives her friends; they assemble round her, and thus the party is collected into a group, occupying the middle of the apartment.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for the press a *Picturesque Tour of the Oberland*, in the canton of Berne in Switzerland. This work will be illustrated by numerous coloured plates, and form in every respect a companion to the *Picturesque Tour of the Simplon*, published about two years since.

In our last Number we announced the speedy appearance of the second volume of a miniature edition of the *Tours of Dr. Syntax*. We have now to add, that the third volume also is preparing, to complete the work, for the convenience of those who may wish to possess it in that form.

The Rev. Richard Warner is preparing for the press, *Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of the Novels by the Author of Waverley*, which will be published in three parts.

Mr. J. Harrison Curtis has published a new edition of his *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*, in which he has shewn what may be done in acoustic surgery, particularly in nervous deafness, and in cases of deaf and dumb. He

has enriched this edition, for the purpose of giving all possible information, with the observations of the present most celebrated practitioners on the Continent, as Scarpa, Portal, Cuvier, Majendie, Robbi, Deleau, Malatides, Alard, and Itard.

Mr. Henry Phillips, author of the "History of Fruits" and of "Cultivated Vegetables," is engaged upon *Sylva Florifera, the Shrubbery*; containing an historical and botanical account of the flowering shrubs and trees which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general.

The long-promised *English Flora* of Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, is in the press. The English botanist will thus be furnished with an original and authentic guide to the study of our native plants in his own language, free from all unnecessary technical terms.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, will speedily publish *The Three Perils of Women—Love, Learning, and Jealousy*, in 3 vols.

Dr. Bacon of Gloucester has under-

taken, at the request of the family and trustees of the late Dr. Jenner, to write an Account of his Life, and to arrange his numerous manuscripts for publication.

The second *livraison* of *Memoirs of Napoleon*, written by himself, and edited by Count Montholon, is nearly ready for publication.

Messrs. Treuttell, Würtz, and Co. have announced a series of *French Classics*, resembling in form Sharpe's British Classics. They will be printed from the best Paris editions, revised, corrected, and accompanied with instructive notes and the lives of the authors, by the Rev. L. T. Ventouillac, and embellished with elegant engravings and vignettes by eminent artists. The first part, containing Madame Cottin's Elizabeth, will be published early in June. In selecting works for this publication, due attention will be paid to English taste, and none will be admitted which is in the least hostile to religion or morality.

Dr. Gall, the author of the *System of Phrenology*, being at present in London, proposes to give a Course of Lectures on this subject, in which he will demonstrate his discoveries in the brain by dissection; explain the different organs; and illustrate the application of the science to education, morals, and criminal jurisprudence. The lectures will be delivered in French, about noon; and for the convenience of artists and medical men, another course will be given in the evening.

M. de Chateauneuf, in a work which he has just published, contradicts, by indisputable evidence, the generally received opinion that the health of females is especially endangered at the critical age of from forty to fifty. The result of a variety of facts obtained from different countries of Europe is, firstly, that from thirty to seventy, no other augmentation of the number of female deaths

is observable than that which is the natural result of the progress of age; and, secondly, that at every period of life between thirty and seventy, there is a greater mortality among men than women, more particularly at the age of from forty to fifty.

Mutis, the celebrated Spanish botanist, who has been for forty years prosecuting his researches, at the expense of the Spanish government, in South America, has recently transmitted to Madrid four thousand beautifully executed designs, representing the flowers and plants indigenous in those parts of that continent where he has resided. As he made a point of copying them all at the moment when they were first plucked, these drawings exhibit the subjects in the full brilliancy of their colours. This beautiful collection, which is deposited at the botanic garden in Madrid, contains many hundred plants unknown in Europe.

The Gallery of the British Institution, which opened on the 19th, has not been surpassed by any preceding Exhibition for variety and attraction. Our farther remarks on it are necessarily deferred till next month.

Sir John Leicester's Gallery closed on the 7th, after affording high gratification to numerous visitors, to whom this temple of British art is so liberally thrown open. Its spirited proprietor intends to open his richly adorned mansion next year with the addition of several new pictures, for which he has given commissions to distinguished artists, and of all the pictures from his Gallery at Tabley.

The anniversary of the Literary Fund was held on the 14th of May. The Duke of Somerset presided at the dinner. The donations amounted to 335*l.* exclusively of his Majesty's munificent gift of 200 guineas and the subscriptions.

Poetry.

LOVE.

O MUTUAL love! thou guardian power, be-
 stowed
 To smoothe the toils of life's unequal road:
 Thou, whose pure rose preserves, in wintry
 gloom,
 The unchanging sweetness of its vernal
 bloom;
 Sheds richer fragrance on the winds that rave,
 Shoots in the storm, and blossoms in the
 grave:
 Thou, whose true star, amid the tempest's
 night,
 Streams through the clouds imperishable
 light,
 More brightly burns when wilder whirlwinds
 sweep,
 And gilds the blackest horrors of the deep:
 May thy propitious star, thy deathless flower,
 Illume my path, entwine my rustic bower!

A I.

TRANSLATION FROM EURIPIDES.

Sweet is the lustre of the sun, and fair
 The ocean swelling with the summer air,
 The budding earth, and fragrant vernal
 shower:
 But nought so dear, as to the longing sight
 Of childless parents, is the welcome light
 That ushers in their first-born's natal hour.

A I.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
 To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend.
 Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
 We blush for his want both of judgment and
 sense;
 But should he come into and flatter our plan,
 Why, *really we think him a sensible man.*

MY BIRTHDAY.

By THOMAS MOORE.

"My birthday"—what a different sound
 That word had in my youthful ears!
 And how each time the day comes round,
 Less and less white its mark appears!
 When first our scanty years are told,
 It seems like pastime to grow old;
 And as Youth counts the shining links
 That Time around him binds so fast,
 Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
 How hard that chain will press at last.
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,
 Who said, "Were he ordain'd to run
 His long career of life again,
 He would do all that he had done."
 Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
 In sober birthdays speaks to me;
 Far otherwise—of time it tells
 Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
 Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
 Haply for high and pure designs,
 But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
 Of nursing many a wrong desire—
 Of wandering after Love too far,
 And taking every meteor-fire
 That cross'd my pathway for his star!
 All this it tells, and could I trace
 Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
 With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
 How little of the past would stay!
 How quickly all should melt away—
 All—but that freedom of the mind,
 Which hath been more than wealth to me;
 Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,
 And kept till now unchangingly;
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where Love's true light at last I've found,
 Cheering within, when all grows dark
 And comfortless and stormy round.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.





