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THIRD SERIES.

Vol. 2.

THIS WORK.

*With the sanction and approbation of
His most Excellent Majesty, King George the Fourth.*

TO

HIS MAJESTY;

By his Gracious & Obedient Servant

RACKERMANN

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

JULY 1, 1823.

N^o. VII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF TABLEY-HOUSE	1
2. SCENE IN TABLEY-PARK	2
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	56
4. ——— BALL DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
5. CHAIRS	59
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Tabley-House, the Seat of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart.	1
Letters from Reginald Filterbrain, of the Inner Temple, Esq.	3
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and PERSONAL —Rob Roy Macgregor —Kissing—Ossian's Poems—Sir Robert Douglas—The Industrious Community—Character of the Russians, by Madame de Staël —Maria Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV.—The Wry Mouth—Discovery of Murder—Curious Theatrical Calculation—Fontenelle	5
GHOST STORIES. No. I.—The Three Brothers	9
Recollections of West Mill, Foxearth, the Residence of Robert Lanchester, Esq. By J. M. LACEY	15
Remarks on the Popular Prejudices against Old Maids	17
Worcester in 1823	20
The Castle and the Farm, or the Foster-Brothers: A Tale	23
The Horrors of a Hackney-Coach	28
Discovery of Remarkable Animal Remains in the Kingdom of Wirtemberg	30
Remarks on the Condition of the People of India. Extracted from a Letter from an Officer	31
FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.—Chamber of Deputies	32
Extract of a Letter from the Captain of a Convict-Ship	34
The Progress of a Fashion	35
The Buccaneers	38
The Eccentric Monitor	41
GAELIC RELICS. No. V.—Campa Run, the Field of Secret Combat, in which Epithet the Name of CAMERON originated	42

	PAGE
Anniversary and Rewards adjudged by the Society of Arts	46
Cure of Hydrophobia	49

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HUMMEL'S Arrangement of Mozart's Symphonies	50
MOSCHELES' Variations on "the Fall of Paris"	<i>ib.</i>
L'Aurora d'Italia. No. I.	51
Selection of Songs, &c. from German Operas	<i>ib.</i>
DANNELEY'S "Queen of every moving measure"	52
M'MURDIE'S Glee for four Voices	<i>ib.</i>
MONRO'S "The Champion Waltz"	53
WOODWARD'S "Orythia," Air Fantasia	<i>ib.</i>
WEBER'S Ode to Spring, a Glee	<i>ib.</i>
RIMBAULT'S Arrangement of Rossini's Overture and Introduction to the Opera of "La Donna del Lago"	<i>ib.</i>
ROSSINI'S "In morning's dawn no hope I see"	<i>ib.</i>
RIES'S "When meteor lights"	54
BISHOP'S "Home, sweet home"	<i>ib.</i>

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the British Institution	54
---	----

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	56
Ball Dress	<i>ib.</i>
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	57
French Female Fashions	58
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—Chairs	59

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	60
-----------------------------------	----

POETRY.

Address to the Five Oaks at Dallwitz (From the German of THEODORE KÖRNER)	62
The Fairy Well: An old Ballad	<i>ib.</i>

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.

Had Homo furnished us with an address, we should have returned a private answer: as it is, we can only acknowledge that we have received his hint, which shall receive due attention.

The Letter of Reginald Filterbrain, inserted in the present Number, is the first of a series of six. The others shall follow in monthly succession.

The Pleasures of a Hackney-Coach, and The Wife of a Genius, 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.

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAP, Rotterdam.





TABLEY HOUSE.

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

TABLEY-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

THIS elegant and noble edifice is situated about two miles from Knutsford in Cheshire. It was built by Sir Peter Leicester, father to the present baronet, and is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the celebrated architect, Carr. Our view is taken from the south, shewing the fine Doric portico, which is remarkable for the size and beautiful proportions of the columns, each consisting of a single stone, and is certainly the largest in the kingdom. The basement story forms a fine and extensive saloon, constituting an excellent lounge, or place for in-door exercises when the weather will not permit the enjoyment of the endless variety of amusements which the grounds present, such as sailing, driving, fishing, &c. A handsome double flight of steps leads to the main entrance and

to the principal suites of apartments, which are numerous, magnificent, and fitted up in a suitable style of splendour. The Picture-Gallery is a superb room, measuring 72 feet by 32, fitted up by Mr. Harrison of Chester, under Sir John's directions, for a portion of his admirable collection of paintings. Little need be said of the taste of so munificent, and indeed of the earliest patron of modern art, while this gallery and the superb collection in Sir John's town-house exist. We have taken frequent occasion to pay our tribute to the spirit and liberality of the owner; but all our commendations must fall short of the feelings of an admiring public, who annually have opportunities of enjoying the mental feast afforded by some of the finest works of modern artists. To Sir John

is due the proud distinction of being the first to form a British Gallery, and with truly patriotic feeling, throwing open these fine specimens of the British school to those who are capable of appreciating them. An excellent catalogue of the entire collection, with etchings, has been, by permission of Sir John, executed by Mr. Young, engraver to his Majesty. The pictures at Tabley-House are:

Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, by Turner, certainly one of his most splendid pictures.

A Scene in Tabley-Park, by the same artist.

View on the Wye, by the same.

Returning from Market, a fine picture by Callcott.

The Calling of Samuel, by Opie.

La Fayette in the Dungeon at Ohnutz, by Northcote.

Portrait of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante, by Romney.

Dalmatian Dogs, by Ward.

Vulture and Snake, by Northcote.

Landscape with Cattle and Figures, by Williamson.

A carefully finished picture of *Bull-Baiting*, by Ibbetson.

View of Beeston Castle, Cheshire, by Barret.

There are also several beautiful *Landscapes* by Sir John, remarkable for their charming tone of colour and breadth of effect.

A few pictures of the old masters deserve particular notice. These are:

A most beautiful portrait of Lady Byron, by Sir Peter Lely, which is a splendid specimen of this master's works.

A remarkably fine portrait by Vandike of Lord Byron, attended by a black page leading a charger.

The Adoration, by Carlo Maratti.

King John resigning his Crown to the Pope's Legate, by old Francis.

At the end of the gallery is a full-length portrait of the munificent owner, leaning against a charger, in his military habiliments, as colonel of the yeomanry cavalry.

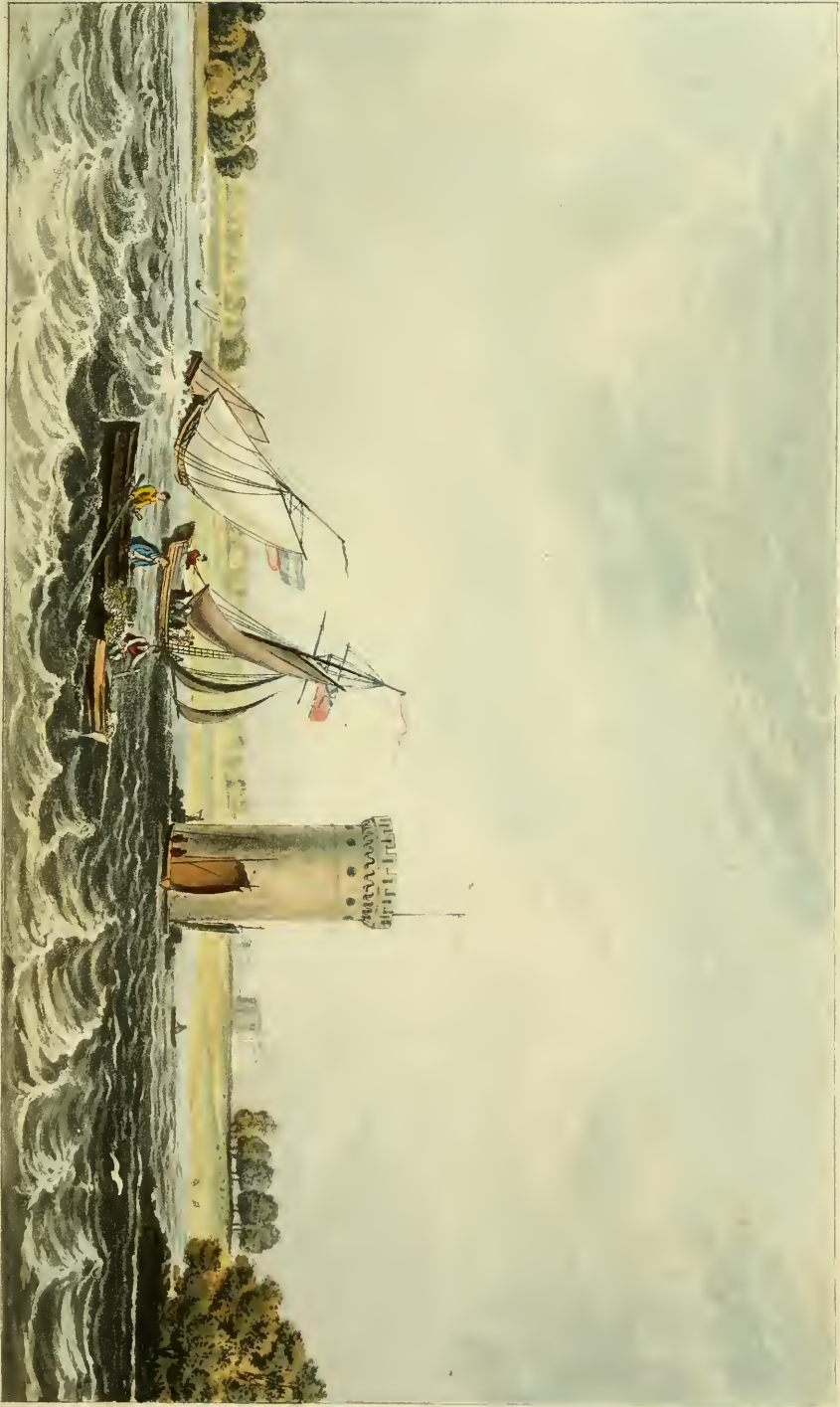
The ceiling of the gallery is ornamented, and from the middle division a superb chandelier is suspended. The sofas and chairs are of deep red figured silk and gold, to correspond with the rich hangings and finishings of this splendid apartment. The whole of the ornaments are in matt and burnished gold.—Dwarf agate columns, with candelabra, are placed at intervals, and have a pleasing effect.

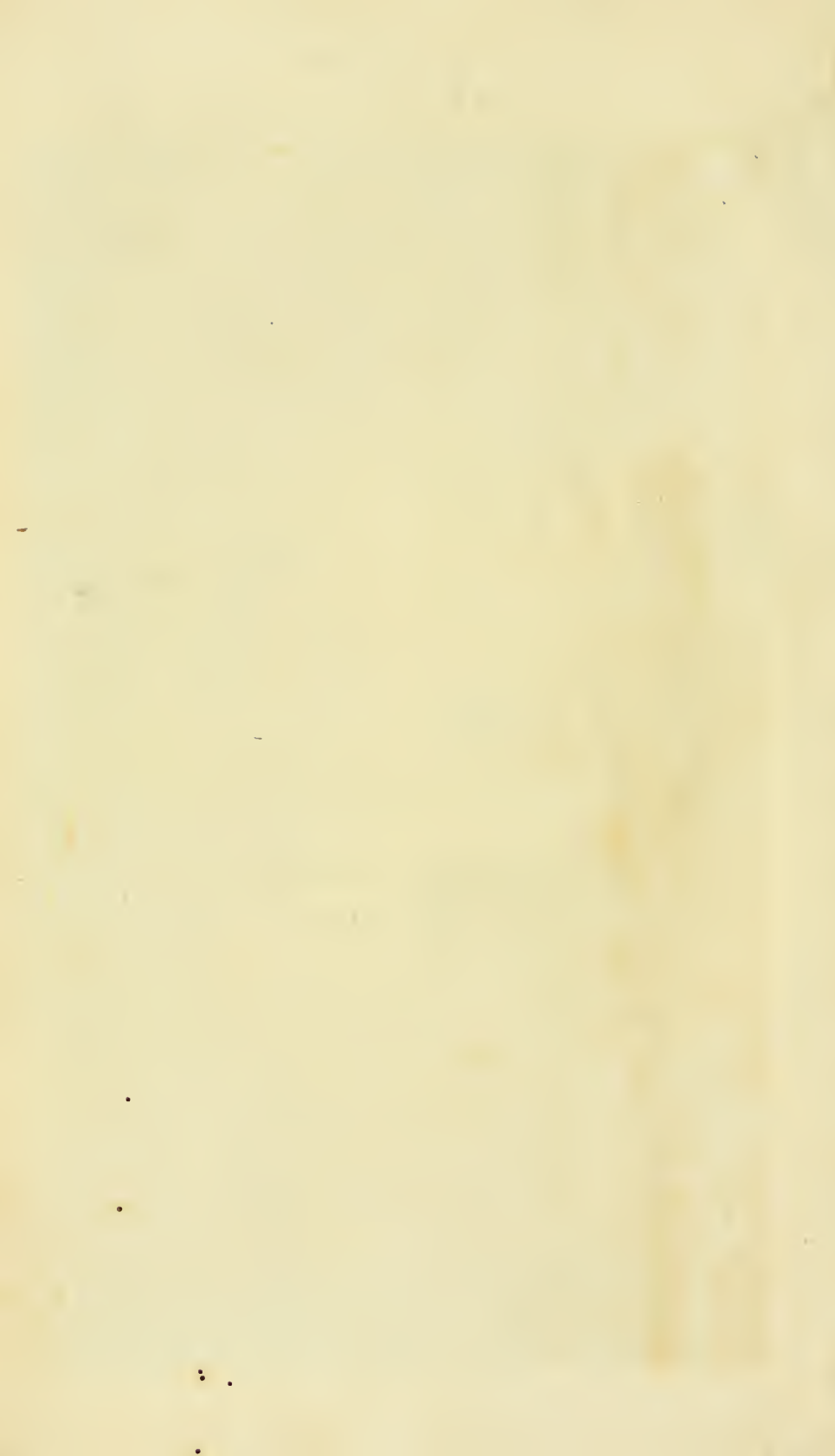
The Drawing-Room contains a fine full-length portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by Sir Wm. Beechey; and an excellent portrait, by Northcote, of Thomas Lyster Parker, Esq. A number of fine family portraits are distributed in various apartments.

The views across the grounds, from the front of the mansion, which, including the wings, extends 343 feet, are very interesting; an extensive sheet of water, with its lakes and marine accompaniments, has a pleasing effect from all parts of the grounds, particularly from the house. This lake was formed by Sir John at a considerable expense. It occupies 70 acres, and in many parts is 30 feet deep. A tower rises from a small island in the centre, as may be seen in the annexed view, copied by permission from a painting by Turner. This tower contains some good apartments adapted for fishing parties. The terrace commands extensive views of the Derbyshire hills.

Connected with this lake there is

SCENE IN TAFLETT PARK.





a second, also seen from the house, nearly surrounded with overhanging woods. It is divided from the former by a Gothic boat-house and bridge: a considerable and pleasing fall takes place at the centre arch, to supply the lower lake, in the middle of which, on an island, is situated Nether Tabley, a Gothic structure, forming, with the church (now used for the family), which stands beside it, a most picturesque and venerable object. It was the original habitation of that celebrated antiquarian Sir Peter Leicester, Bart. author of "The Antiquities of Cheshire," &c. It was built in the reign of Richard II. and is preserved with great care. Its highly carved mantel-pieces, its door-ways hung with tapestry, its stained glass and old sculptured entrance entwined with ivy, which is so luxuriant as to cover the very battlements, combined with its sequestered situation, produce a truly romantic effect. A

small portion of the edifice is appropriated to the domestic use of the head-gardener. Access is acquired by a simple bridge, which has on the main land its small Gothic portal or keep.

The park contains about 600 acres, is well wooded, and has some excellent drives. The main road from Manchester to Chester crosses a portion of it at the back of the mansion: the connection is preserved by means of sunk fences.

The pleasure-grounds are well laid out. The gardens are ample, with a considerable extent of wall for fruit, forcing-houses, and green-houses. The stables may be considered as a perfect model, both as to magnificence and convenience. They consist of a neat elegant quadrangle, in the middle of which is a spacious riding-house. The offices belonging to the stables, for such they may with great propriety be styled, possess every possible convenience.

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN,

Of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq.

LETTER I.

"You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all."

All's Well that Ends Well.

BEHOLD, my dear chum, safe arrived at the end
Of his perilous trip, your adventurous friend.
You, who never quit London, save once in
an age,
And then in the Hampstead or Camberwell
stage,
No idea can form of the vast undertaking,
Of the journey from which my poor bones
are now aching.
This morning you started me off, my dear
Billy,
In "the Hero," that leaves the White Bear,
Piccadilly.
Figg'd out in my coat of stone-blue, from
the hand
Of a great dandy-decker that lives in the
Strand.

My trowsers and waistcoat so gaily striped
through
With a broad line of pink and a light one of
blue,
Occasioned a blackguard to say, with a
grin,
"Yonder gemman's been dragg'd through
a ruling machine."
A pair of brass spurs were screw'd tight in
my heels;
The rowels you sily compar'd to coach-
wheels.
My cloak was the wonder of every be-
holder,
Most gracefully thrown, à l'Ecosse, o'er my
shoulder.

But excuse this digression: long trots are the rage,
 And we did it in style to the end of the stage;
 And while there changing horses, a coach hove in sight
 With four beautiful chesnuts, and distanc'd us quite.
 But our Jehu, remounted, push'd on, for the sake
 Of his fame as a whip, which he felt was at stake;
 He came up with his rival in excellent style,
 And we gallop'd along, neck and neck, for a mile.
 Our fair fellow-trav'lers were lustily screaming,
 While I of impending disaster ne'er dreaming,
 But highly diverted the contest to see,
 Rubb'd my hands, and roar'd, "Bravo!" with infinite glee.
 But the road growing narrow, the two coaches met
 In horrid concussion, and ours was upset.
 I, who sat on the roof (while I tell it I shiver),
 Plump'd into a hedge that hung over a river,
 Where my spurs stopp'd my flight, and I hung ('tis no fib)
 Like Narcissus admiring the cut of his jib.
 The reflection, although interesting and new,
 I must freely confess I'd no wish to pursue.
 But my head prov'd too heavy at length for my hocks,
 And I felt myself slide like a ship off the stocks;
 And just as my nose, like the prow of the ship,
 In the treacherous wave was beginning to dip,
 A barge coming by, I was seiz'd by the poll,
 And lugg'd in on a cargo of West-country coal;
 Whence arising, *instantly*, and seeing the bargeman,
 I was once more on dear *terra firma* at large, mau.
 I soon found the coach, which by this time had righted,
 With the passengers round it all sorely affrighted.
 No bones had been broken, though some got a bruising:
 One over a rent in his doublet was musing;
 One look'd rather grim with his head in a band;
 While another held forth his eye-tooth in his hand,

And seem'd *tiff'd* when I said, not intending to pique,
 "Pray, allow me to look, sir, that tooth's a *unique*."
 I saw one old gentleman chafing his shin,
 And another applying a patch to his chin.
 A prim maiden lady was blushing quite blue,
 That her knees she'd expos'd to the vulgar folks' view;
 While her neighbour exclaim'd, as he counted his sprains,
 "She might think herself lucky she'd not shewn her brains."
 But each, after a while, in his place reinstated,
 We set forward again, though with speed much abated;
 And, without further peril, at length were set down
 At the end of our journey, a small country town,
 Whence the road to my friend's was through lanes and bye-ways,
 So I judg'd it most prudent to order a chaise:
 But to this I soon found there was one small objection;
 They were all swept away by the general election.
 As for tramping on foot, all the knaves were so drunk,
 There was no one to guide me and carry my trunk;
 And without any guide, in a night dark as pitch,
 'Twas a hundred to one I fell into a ditch.
 So I rang for the waiter, and order'd a bed;
 But I found I might just as well ask for his head.
 "So, so," I exclaim'd, "pretty clearly I see
 This election has left no election for me."
 When a voice from behind me, that sounded not strange,
 Said, "My dennett shall whisk you to Priory Grange."
 I turn'd round—'twas my friend, to whose dwelling we sped,
 And arriv'd just in time to be shewn up to bed.
 But I judg'd for my safety you'd be in a stew,
 And could not go to sleep ere I'd written.—
 Adieu!

W. H. H.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

WHEN the far-famed Rob Roy Macgregor was on his death-bed, a person whom he considered to have done him ill offices came to see him, requesting admission to his chamber. He called his sons to his bedside. "Help me to rise," said the high-spirited son of Alpin, "put on my clothes, and buckle on my arms. An enemy shall not see Rob Roy Macgregor in the posture of defeat." His sons implicitly obeyed this order. The stranger had access, and was received with cold civility. When he departed, Rob Roy desired his sons to call in the piper. The piper with his pipe appeared. The dying man shook hands with him, and requested to hear the ancient pibroch, "*Chaille mi tuilli*," which means, "I shall never return." Rob Roy expired with the "voice of battle" pealing in his ear, and girded with his warlike accoutrements. This true and highly characteristic anecdote is little known, but it is worthy of a place in the best selection.

KISSING.

Doctor Pierius Winsenius, historiographer to their high mightinesses, in his *Chronicle*, printed at Franeeckar, in 1622, makes known for the edification of Britons, that the endearing familiarity of kissing was unknown in our isle until imparted to Vortigern by the beauteous Ronix, a princess of the Frisick nation. In New-Zealand the pressure of lips is never practised. If a New-Zealander would fondle his fair-one or child, they touch noses.

OSSIAN'S POEMS.

The poems of Ossian have been translated into the Dutch language by a writer named Bilderdyk, and they are greatly admired. He accounts for Dr. Johnson's inveterate prejudice against the authenticity of those compositions, by observing, that Johnson was ignorant of Highland antiquities, though the multitude believed he knew every thing.

SIR ROBERT DOUGLAS.

At the battle of Steenkirk, Sir Robert Douglas, seeing the colours of his regiment in the hands of the enemy, sprung over a hedge, slew the French officer who was carrying off the standard, and cast it beyond the inclosure into the hands of his own corps. It reached them in safety, and Sir Robert, surrounded by the French, defended himself gallantly until he fell covered with wounds. The Roman general Posthumus dashed his colours into the midst of the enemy for his soldiers to retrieve; but Douglas, alone, unsupported, rescued the banner, and gave his life as the ransom.

THE INDUSTRIOUS COMMUNITY.

A French bishop, on his round of visitations, sent notice to a certain curate, that he would dine with him; but requested to have no entertainment beyond simple fair. To his great surprise, he found the apartments and viands in a style of elegance. The bishop expressed great concern at the expense he had occasioned; and the curate assured him the whole charges were defrayed by

a convent of industrious young damsels in the neighbourhood. The bishop said he had never heard of a nunnery in that quarter. The curate begged leave to conduct him thither, and led the dignitary to a thriving apiary. "These laborious damsels," said the curate, "are my providers in every comfort. The income of my curacy I give to the poor."

CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS, BY
MADAME DE STAEL.

The manner of the Russians is so obliging, that, from the very first day, you might imagine yourself intimate with them; and probably at the end of ten years you would not be so. The silence of a Russian is altogether extraordinary: this silence is occasioned solely by the interest he takes in a subject or design. In other instances, they talk as much as you will, but their conversation shews you no more than their politeness; it betrays neither their feelings nor opinions. They have been frequently compared to the French; in my opinion with the least justice in the world. The flexibility of their organs makes imitation in all things a matter of ease to them. They are English, French, or German in their manners, according to circumstances, but they never cease to be Russians; that is to say, uniting impetuosity and reserve; more capable of passion than friendship; more devout than virtuous; more brave than chivalrous; and so violent in their desires, that nothing can stop them when any gratification is in question. Poetry, eloquence, and literature are not yet to be found in Russia; luxury, power, and courage are the principal objects of their pride and ambition: all other methods of acquiring distinction appear

effeminate and vain to this semi-civilized nation.

MARIA LECKZINSKA, QUEEN OF
LOUIS XV.

This princess, who passionately loved her husband, suffered excessively from his first infidelities: nevertheless, the death of his mistress, Madame de Châteauroux, whom she had known very young, and who had ever been the object of her bounty, made a painful impression upon her. This good queen had imbibed in her infancy a superstitious dread of ghosts, of which she never could entirely rid herself. The first night that she passed after having heard of the death of Madame Châteauroux, which was rather sudden, she found it impossible to sleep, and made one of her women sit up with her. This attendant, at the queen's desire, endeavoured to lull her to sleep, by relating to her such tales as children generally are told by their nurses: for a long time, however, she could not close her eyes; at last, the *femme de chambre* fancied she was asleep, ceased to speak, and began softly to move from the side of the bed. The queen, who was only dosing, awoke instantly, and cried out, "Where are you going? Stop, and proceed with your story." It was then two o'clock in the morning: the tired *femme de chambre*, whose name was Boirot, said with great *naïveté*, "But what is the matter with your majesty to-night? Have you any fever? Shall I send for your physician?"—"Oh! no, no, my good Boirot, I am not ill; but that poor Madame de Châteauroux, if she were to appear!"—"Good God, madam!" cried the *femme de chambre*, who had now lost all patience, "if Madame de

Châteauroux does come back, you may be very sure it wont be to fetch your majesty." The queen burst into a laugh at this speech; her agitation ceased, and she soon after fell asleep.

A collection of the thoughts of this princess has been published, among which we find the following: "Contentment rarely travels with fortune, but it follows virtue even in misfortune."

The queen had sent to her father, the dethroned King of Poland, the morning-gown which the king set on fire in standing too near the grate: though dreadfully burnt, the prince flattered himself he should recover from the effects of his dreadful accident. He wished to inform the queen of it himself, and in order to make as light of it as possible, he wrote to her in a tone of cheerfulness, and after relating the accident, added, "What consoles me, my dear, is, that I burn for you." To her last hour, the queen retained this letter, and her women often surprised her kissing a paper which they believed to be it. This was the last letter she ever received from her father.

Although Maria disliked the formalities of the drawing-room, yet the king's fondness of hunting, and the short journeys that he often took, obliged her to have court-days very often. She received the ambassadors, the *grande*s of her own kingdom, and foreigners of distinction, with an easy grace and an air of satisfaction, that might have induced a belief that she was delighted with a ceremonial to which she merely submitted from duty. Her figure was somewhat against her on these occasions, as she was rather undersized; but this disadvantage was amply com-

pensated by the rest of her exterior. No woman understood better than she did, how to play the part of a queen, or how to secure the suffrages of all with whom she conversed. She entered with equal ease and affability into the affairs of people of all ranks and professions who were presented to her; had something obliging to say to every body; and whether she granted, promised, or refused, all retired satisfied with the manner in which they had been treated.

THE WRY MOUTH.

Renard, a physician of Paris, piqued himself on his extraordinary sharp-sightedness. One day on calling to visit a patient, he found an old abbé playing a sober game at piquet with him. "What are you doing here, Monsieur l'Abbé?" exclaimed Renard: "go home, and get bled immediately. You have not a moment to lose."

The abbé was so terrified by this address, that he was unable to stir: he was, therefore, conveyed home and put to bed. Renard followed him, and directed that he should be bled three or four times; he then prescribed an emetic, and every time he called, he found the abbé worse and worse.

On the third day, the patient's brother was summoned from the country. He hurried to town, and was informed that his brother was dying. Renard was in his chamber when he entered. "For God's sake," said he, "what is the matter with my brother?"—"He has had a violent attack of apoplexy, without being aware of it," replied Renard. "Fortunately I met with him at a patient's where I called, and disco-

vered it by his mouth, which was drawn awry."—"Good heavens!" rejoined the brother of the supposed dying abbé, "my brother has had a wry mouth these sixty years."—"Why was I not told so before?" exclaimed Renard; "it would have saved me much trouble and him much unnecessary expense. 'Tis no fault of mine."

DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

On the banks of the Lake of the Four Forest Towns in Switzerland, the following tradition is current:

A musician once went with his daughter, seven years old, to a public-house near the lake, where boatmen frequently land when the wind proves unfavourable. He had played all night to a party of dancers, without paying any attention to his child, which fell asleep with hunger and weariness. In going home, she asked him for bread. "You shall have some," said he, "if you answer me three questions: In the first place, what is softer than down?"—"A mother's bosom," replied the girl.—"What is sweeter than honey?"—"A mother's milk."—"What is harder than stone?"—"A father's heart." Incensed at this answer, the father seized the child by the legs and dashed out her brains against the rocks. Overwhelmed with horror at the crime he had perpetrated, he hurried to Schwyz, and enlisted in a Swiss regiment that was raising for the service of Spain. The bloody trade of a soldier stifled for some time the voice of conscience. Several years had elapsed, and he was sitting with some jovial companions over their cups, when the conversation turned upon stories of murders. One of his comrades maintained,

that every crime is discovered sooner or later, and receives its just reward. "That is not true!" cried the murderer; and to prove his assertion, he related his own story, and thus betrayed himself. He was put in irons, and sent back to Schwyz, where he paid the penalty of his unnatural atrocity upon the scaffold.

CURIOUS THEATRICAL CALCULATION.

A regular frequenter of the theatres of the Boulevards at Paris has for his amusement made a calculation of the melodramatic crimes and misfortunes of the principal performers of those theatres. According to this calculation, Tantin has been stabbed 16,302 times. Marty has undergone 11,000 poisonings with variations. Frenoy has been put to death 27,000 times in various ways. Mademoiselle Adele Dupuis has been innocently seduced, carried off, drowned, or otherwise disposed of, 750,000 times. Madame Levesque has been tried for her life 64,000 times; and Mademoiselle Olivier, who has been but a very short time on the stage, has already emptied the chalice of guilt and vengeance 1600 times. Here then are 869,902 crimes to be divided among five persons, who nevertheless enjoy excellent health and universal respect.

FONTENELLE.

A friend who once called to see Fontenelle, found the old man, who was usually extremely cheerful, in a very ill humour. He inquired what was the matter. "The best tempered person," rejoined Fontenelle, "must in the end lose all patience if he is treated as I am. Only think, I have but one servant, and yet I am as much neglected as if I had twenty."

GHOST STORIES.—No. I.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

ON a calm autumnal afternoon, the serenity of which formed a cheering contrast with the boisterous morning, while the dark blue sky bade fair to obliterate all recollections of the equinoctial squalls of the preceding days, a cabriolet drew up at a country pot-house, near St. Servan in Brittany, dignified by the imposing title of *L'Hôtel des Trois Empereurs*. The pause of wheels was here any thing but the signal for the agitation of feet. No innkeeper bustled to the door, no visitors gathered to scrutinize the new-comers, and it required the utmost extent of the lungs of a fat *bon-vivant*, who held the reins, to draw forth a tottering old man in a *blouse* or smock-frock, who, on reaching the door by the aid of a crutch, doffed his greasy night-cap, and begged to be honoured with their commands. "The road to St. Malo, grand-papa?"—"Ah! gentlemen!" rejoined the old man, screwing up his mouth with all the prefatory symptoms of a long discourse, but appearing to recollect himself, he hobbled into the house, leaving the two travellers in the gig to their patience, and the enjoyment of a superb prospect of the sea. Whether he had gone to make farther inquiries, or did not think company, who only *asked* for the road, worth his attention, seemed for some minutes doubtful, till his reappearance with a ponderous volume, the leaves of which bore evident marks of constant reference. "Zounds!" exclaimed the charioteer, "do you want a post-book to tell the road to St. Malo, which cannot be a league distant?"—"A moment if you please;

I am only looking for the moon's age."—"The moon's age, you lunatic!" retorted a meagre-faced monsieur on the farther side of the cabriolet, "are you going to take a lunar observation by way of directing us?" and, boiling with impatience, hailed a respectable-looking peasant who was advancing towards them. More fortunate in their present application, the pedestrian offered them the choice of two roads. "One will satisfy us."—"Eh bien, your shortest lies across the *Grève*, which, at low water, is equal in strength to any *paré*; but at this moment the tide has not ebbed sufficiently to permit your passing till after the gates are shut."—"Well, the other then?" cried the charioteer impatiently.—"Ah *dam!* that is not much better, for you must make the *gros tour* of the *Sillon*, the circuit of the bay, the worst road in all Brittany; and to look at your beast, I much doubt whether the animal will be able to drag you a couple of leagues up to the axle in sand."—"I do not," replied the other; "a *cauchois* will get through any thing."—"Cauchois! *cauchois!*" exclaimed sneeringly his meagre-faced companion, "you would make an excellent Parisian cabriolet-driver, who, in praising his horse, thinks he cannot say more than *il est cauchois*." Their Cicerone here interposed with another "*dam,*" an exclamation constantly and unmeaningly employed by the good Bretons, in the style of the American *I guess*, but divested of the blasphemous attributes of its relation on our side of the Channel. "Whatever your horse may

be equal to, dam! your gig, although it has apparently weathered the revolution better than perhaps many of its masters, will assuredly remain *en route*. Take my advice, put up your vehicle, and wait for the *diligence* from Rennes, which must be here in half an hour." To the observation that it ought to have long passed, as it left Rennes at three in the morning, he replied: "Quite the reverse; 'tis a *diligence à l'aise*, and a league an hour is with them capital travelling: you had, therefore, better wait for it, and you may fetch your cabriolet to-morrow morning; although, dam! I doubt whether you will find space sufficient to turn it in St. Malo."

After some vivacious deliberation as to the increased expense, our travellers determined to adopt the proposed plan, and commenced unloading their packages, which, in a few minutes, were placed, with their owners, in the *salle-à-manger*, *cuisine*, *salon*, or what you please to term the principal apartment of a French *cabaret*, destined to every purpose, not excluding sleep. The travellers appeared each about forty, but here their resemblance terminated, as M. Hyacinthe Lemaire, a wine-merchant, or rather keeper of a wine-shop at Nantes, presented a rosy full face, and a corresponding *embonpoint* of figure: a profusion of black curly whiskers gave no contemptible idea of his martial appearance, when, as a *sapeur*, with a beard descending to his breast, a polished hatchet on his shoulder, and a white leather apron, he headed a regiment of the ex-guard, throughout its glorious campaigns. Whether, from his continual connection with gunpowder and its fiery concomitants, he had

become impregnated with a superabundance of caloric, I cannot state, but certain it was, that Monsieur Hyacinthe was never known to complain of cold; on the contrary, even in winter he was hardly ever seen but in a perspiration. His dress suited his constitution, and generally consisted, in these peaceable times, of a pair of trowsers made of thin bed-ticking, a coat of blue linen, similar to that used in the manufacture of smock-frocks, and a yellow Marseilles waistcoat, which, by innumerable visits to the *blanchisseuse*, had dwindled into a pale buff. In this costume he might be seen at Christmas, as at Midsummer, with the trifling difference, that at the latter period the waistcoat and shirt were invariably thrown open. Cravats, nay even stockings, were seldom considered by him as necessary portions of apparel; and a small straw hat, more by way of decency than use, crowned his bull's head, in manner similar to the worsted coronet of a blue-coat boy. His brother Mathieu, who now accompanied him, presented another example of the proverb, that "extremes meet." Without a warlike particle in his composition, he had, during the reign of Napoleon, been attached to the *droits réunis*; and on the restoration, had effected so sudden and so satisfactory a change in his opinions, that he was retained, as it were, in his former sphere as a *sous-comptrolleur des contributions indirectes* at Angers. As meagre and pale as his brother was fat and rosy, his size appeared even lessened by a faded olive *great* coat, which, although worn in the modern style, *à la Brunswick*, without a body-coat beneath, was fully capable of concealing the dozens of

waistcoats which the peasant in his frolic dispossesses himself of in the ride of Astley's Amphitheatre. Its sleeves were of sufficient length to preclude the necessity of a muff or even gloves in the severest weather; from a continual junction of the cuffs his hands were seldom perceptible, and it required an affair of moment to derange this elegant position. On the present journey, a black silk nightcap, saturated with grease and perspiration, was covered by the green leathern cap worn by most artisans and mechanics in Belgium and many parts of France.

These were the travellers who now occupied the Hotel of the Three Emperors, a sign originating in the fraternal greetings of Napoleon, Francis, and Alexander; but, since the abdication of the former, it would require the presence of the Emperor of Morocco, or Iturbide of Mexico, to complete the trio. Their baggage consisted in the civilian's *valise*, and two or three *cartons*, or band-boxes, appertaining to his brother, who, imagining that his effects required as little covering as himself, had confided them to the capricious protection of pasteboard. A *chopine* of Bourdeaux was quickly demanded by the soldier, while Mathieu, inveighing against intemperance, particularly when travelling, ordered a glass of water, which he qualified by the addition of a lump or two of sugar, the pocketed remnant of their breakfast at St. Pierre. Yielding, however, to his brother's remonstrances, that he ought to give some benefit to the house, he called for a *biscuit* or *sponge-cake*, and over this simple refreshment his mind wandered in forming estimates and appropriations of a relative's property,

the division of which formed the object of their journey. Monsieur Hyacinthe amused himself by cursing the roads of Brittany between each goblet, and fervently praying that Louis XVIII. might be forced, every day during the next fortnight, to travel from Rennes to St. Malo; an exercise which he had little doubt would improve both his health and the roads. A rumbling noise, similar to distant thunder, echoed by repeated cries of "*La diligence! la diligence!*" broke off these lucubrations, and summoned the brothers to the continuation of their journey. 'Twas a vehicle well calculated for the roads, and as unwieldy, in comparison with the generality of public conveyances in France, as the latter when contrasted with those of England. The majority of its passengers had alighted at St. Servan, as the respectable merchants of St. Malo have little else than their counting-houses in town, while their *ménage* generally occupies a *campagne* in the neighbourhood: this circumstance, added to the influx of about a thousand foreigners, chiefly from the western counties of England, has raised St. Servan from a small village to a *bourg* of considerable importance. A fare of twenty *sous* each was now demanded, and instantly acceded to on the part of Hyacinthe; but Mathieu, who preferred, as he stated, the top of the coach on account of the view, obtained, after much bargaining, a passage for half the money. "*Allons, messieurs! montez, montez!*" cried the *conducteur*, and in a few minutes the machine began ploughing through the sand its descent towards the sea, till reaching that portion which had been covered

at high-water, it rolled on as smoothly as the cars on the *Montagnes Beaujon*. In the *caisse*, or the inside of the *diligence*, Madame Martin, a shopkeeper's wife, betrayed immediately a particular regard for the *sapeur*, in explaining the various features of a superb marine view which then presented itself; the town of St. Malo in the centre of the picture; its peninsular rock rising in shape like a large cake from the sea; its towering and perpendicular ramparts forming the side of the *bonbon*; while the elliptical line of chimneys and house-tops might be assimilated to a profusion of decoration, surmounted by a central ornament furnished by the dwarf steeple of the principal church. To the right the *Sillon*, an extensive dyke, connected the town with the continent, and afforded the only road to Normandy, and even to the south, when the inlet, or as it is there termed, the *Grève*, is impassable. In the late gales, the greater portion of the parapet of the dyke was washed down, when a similar fate threatened the windmill, the only object which breaks the monotonous line of this breakwater. To the left of the town, the eye, in its progress towards the sea, is constantly arrested by an archipelago of rocks and forts, offering the miniature representation of a marine city, and rendering the harbour difficult of access in peace as in war. This description of *madame* was soon interrupted by a hue and cry after the *diligence*, proceeding from an express from the Three Emperors, who, on coming up with the conveyance, peevishly demanded one *sol* for the two biscuits with which Mathieu had indulged himself to his *cau sucré*. The *sous-comptroller*

had, however, fallen asleep amidst the straw of the *Imperial*, leaving the view, the pretended object of his elevated situation, to the enjoyment of the inside passengers. He was, nevertheless, quickly made sensible of his omission, and obliged to comply with the demand, venting a curse on the cupidity of the Bretons with every *liard* that he drew forth in satisfaction of the claim. A warm altercation ensued between the brothers on this non-payment, and Mathieu would have chanted an endless string of variations on their extortion, as he termed a charge of *liards*, had not the fumes from his opponent's pipe, lighted at the particular request of *madame*, who expressed a vast predilection for tobacco, in their ascent from the window, enveloped his head in smoke, whenever he inclined over the roof to give additional force to his arguments.

The splashing of the horses' hoofs speedily drew their attention to the expanse of water they were now beginning to ford, and which, notwithstanding the serenity of the evening, was considerably agitated by the morning gale. They continued their aquatic progress for several minutes, till the water dashed against the axletrees; and yet, according to *madame*, they were not in the deepest part. A row of wooden posts indicated their course, and although often an uncomfortable passage, with common prudence, accidents were barely possible. The saline fluid, nevertheless, began oozing through the crevices at the bottom of the coach, and Hyacinthe, at *madame's* request, bellowed to the conductor to stop. On general consultation, it was universally admitted, that half an hour must elapse ere they could

pursue their route; and the conductor, who here acts equally as postilion, immediately detaching one of his leaders, returned to St. Servan, leaving the *diligence*, its three passengers and horses, *half seas over*, to amuse themselves in such manner as they might think fit. The lofty situation of the Imperialist began, in his opinion, now to lose much of its attraction. Disturbed in a comfortable nap, and fatigued with bawling after the conductor, who, in a few minutes, was seen galloping on shore, a fit of shivering attacked him, that obliged him to request his brother to permit and assist, by opening the door, his descent from the roof into the body of the machine. A few formal civilities followed his entrance, till *madame*, anxious to learn the object of their journey, offered the services of herself and of Monsieur Martin in any commercial affairs they might have to transact at St. Malo. "We have no commercial business *there*," exclaimed Mathieu peevishly.—"Oh! you are of course then about to embark for the West Indies?"—"Neither. I have enough salt water at present to satisfy me for my life-time." *Madame* paused, and while planning the continuation of her interrogatory, Hyacinthe, in spite of repeated hints from his brother, gratuitously informed her, that they were journeying to St. Malo in consequence of the death of a brother, whom about that time they had expected to have shaken hands with. Unfortunately, on his return from Guadeloupe he had fallen overboard, and they had received notice to meet his correspondent at St. Malo, with the view of coming to some settlement in regard to his property, estimated at perhaps 100,000 francs. "Bah!" cried Mathieu angrily, "pro-

bably not half the money."—"Fifty or a hundred," rejoined the other, "I had much rather be on my journey to meet him alive." Mathieu was evidently screwing up his mouth for some sarcastic reply, but was interrupted by the lady requesting the name of their correspondent. "I have his letter with me," replied Hyacinthe, who forthwith began analyzing a mass of torn and dirty documents, many of which had been immemorial tenants of the pocket of his linen coatee. "Were papers ever kept in such disorder?" ejaculated his brother: "passports, bills of exchange, and bills of the play, all alike, and as a bit of paper, by him equally preserved."—"Here it is, nevertheless, and I request you will read it, as I have packed up my spectacles in one of the handboxes:" but the tax-gatherer, anxious to avoid any exposure of his personal affairs, excused himself, alleging that, as the evening was far advanced, he might spoil his eyes. *Madame*, however, unwilling to let slip any opportunity of gratifying her curiosity, instantly offered her services, and read as follows:

ST. MALO, Sept. —, 182—.

To Messrs. HYACINTHE and
MATHIEU BERNARD.
Gentlemen,

I inform you that your brother, M. Adolphe Lemaire, was accidentally drowned on his passage from Guadeloupe to this port. As I have become the depositary of his papers and property (about 100,000 francs), I invite you to repair to this town on this day fortnight —["Namely, to-morrow," interrupted Hyacinthe]—as particular business requires my presence at a neighbouring port till that period.

Accept the assurances of my high consideration, and believe me,

ETIENNE DE VALLERY.

“ Ah, *messieurs*, you have here one of the first houses in St. Malo. M. de Vallery will do you justice—impossible to be in better hands.” In refolding and returning the letter, it seemed as if *madame* had something farther to insinuate, which she hesitated to express. Hyacinthe urged her to favour them with any farther information, assuring her how grateful he felt already for her courtesy. “ It is not that I can be of any farther assistance to *you*; but, sir, you have it in your power to render me a most essential service.”—“ Command me, *madame*,” cried the wine-merchant in all his military gallantry. “ You appear an admirer of tobacco, sir; so is my husband: but the trash that we get at St. Malo is a disgrace to the government, who, nevertheless, oblige us to give up, at a certain rate, every leaf we cultivate, and then, after undergoing God knows what preparation, a miserable compound is retailed at the *debts de tabac*, which would quickly cure any *penchant* for smoking; and *messieurs* the *douaniers* are so strict, that the introduction of a better sort is a matter of difficulty. Might I request you to take a few hands of leaves in your pocket? They seldom or ever search the person of a traveller, and if they do, the quantity will be so small as to preclude any unpleasant consequences.”—“ With the greatest pleasure,” replied the son of Mars, whose acme of glory in these peaceable days consisted in cheating an exciseman or any officer of the Bourbon government. “ You see, sir,” continued Madame Martin, “ I am fully provided;” and opening her pelisse, discovered some hundreds of leaves falling from the waist, in the manner of a Peruvian kilt, and

sufficient for a twelvemonth's consumption of no ordinary smoker. Taking a farther quantity from a small basket, she turned to Mathieu, who had remained a passive but attentive observer, and begged to know whether she might also trouble him, remarking, that he had sufficient space to conceal a *myriagramme*, without the remotest chance of detection. “ I never defraud the revenue,” growled the cynic in reply; but after a few moments' reflection, he consented, out of regard for his brother, to take a small portion. Madame Martin had completed the partial transfer of her property, when, uttering a loud shriek, she gathered together the remaining leaves with the utmost precipitation. Hyacinthe raised his eyes and beheld at the window the face of his deceased brother. The features of the phantom were somewhat different from what he recollected them at their separation, but a fiery atmosphere which enveloped the head left no doubt in his mind of a supernatural agency. He could only exclaim, “ 'Tis he! 'tis he!” and sunk back in the coach. The attentions of Mathieu, who was ignorant of the cause of this *scene*, from having at the first alarm sought the other window, assisted by the lady's *flacon* of *eau de Cologne*, succeeded shortly in producing a copious perspiration, which afforded considerable relief. With his looks still bent on the window, he could for some time only articulate, “ My brother!” and the anxiety of *madame* for his recovery made her forget for the moment her fears of having been surprised, and information laid at the custom-house by the individual whose impertinent curiosity had been the cause of her shriek. 'Twas

long ere Hyacinthe could, with tears in his eyes, assure them that he had beheld the figure of his brother who had recently been drowned. "Bah!" cried Mathieu, "your expectations of his property have turned your brain: but at any rate, do not in future vaunt the courage so much, which trembles at the sight of a *douanier*; for I have no doubt Madame Martin's suspicions are better founded."—"There are no custom-house officers where he *is*," was all Hyacinthe's reply, and, heaving a deep sigh, he mustered resolution to look out in search of the vision; but the

sun had just set, and a fog was stealing over the waters, which by this time had considerably abated: a horse's step at length caught his ear, and after straining his eyeballs, the return of their conductor replunged him into a profound melancholy, and relieved the rest of the party from their unpleasant situation. To the various inquiries, whether he had heard or seen any thing pass the water, he declared it almost impossible. A few minutes now carried them on to dry land, and soon after they drew up at the gate of St. Malo.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS

Of WEST MILL, FOXEARTH, in the County of ESSEX, the Residence of ROBERT LANCHESTER, Esq. and its immediate Vicinity. Written in the month of September 1822.

By J. M. LACEY.

MEM'RY! I court thy power, thy wondrous
pow'r,
That takes us back to any by-gone hour;
To any scene, or terrible or fair,
One instant of thy influence brings us there:
Then aid me, Mem'ry, while my pen shall
trace

Each recollection of a well-lov'd place,
Where I have linger'd many a happy day,
Call'd and detain'd by Friendship's charming
sway.

And first, the house, of plain and simple
form,

Yet modern, and defying every storm
Without, while all within of comfort tells;
Its style appears to say, "Here plenty
dwells."

And then its inmates: if a strife they find,
'Tis how they best shall welcome, best be
kind;

And with unwearied zeal, beyond controul,
Feast not the body only, but the soul.

The garden, stretching by the river's side,
Its choice fruits hanging o'er the gentle tide,
Invites the mind, where poesy has pow'r,
To thought, while loit'ring in the leafy bow'r;
Or, in bright youth with beauty there to
rove,

Might teach a Stoic's heart the pow'r of love;

Or, if deep sorrow had destroy'd man's
peace,

Here Contemplation's calm might bid it
cease,

If but Religion came with balmy pow'r,
To bless the thoughtful, solitary hour.

I need not here describe its plants, its roots,
Its fish-pond, or its trees, its flow'rs, its
fruits;

Useful and sweet indeed they were to me,
As oft I watch'd the curious, busy bee
Seeking its hive with far-fetch'd honeyed
store,

Or leaving it, again to gather more.

Wonderful insect! teaching still to man
How insignificant his mightiest plan,
When close compar'd with labours such as
thine,

Who buildest without compass, rule, or line,
Beginning at the top thy wondrous dome,
And working downwards till complete thy
home;

Filling each waxen cell with nectar sweet,
Which cruel man forbids that you should
eat:

He, when autumnal, flow'rless hours shall
come,

With sulph'rous fires will visit thy sweet
home,

Doom a whole race to death, and take thy store,

To give his appetite one lux'ry more!

The lazy Stour, that winding creeps along
In serpentine seclusion, wakes the song
From me, an angler, who has dar'd to blame
Others for cruelty, yet seeks his game
Beneath the surface of the silver tide,
And finds in it a pleasure and a pride:
Such is weak man, to his own failings blind,
But prone another's fancied faults to find.

Yet, gentle Stour, along thy grassy bank,
Fring'd with the *salix*, and with wild weeds
rank,

I've wander'd many an hour, with rod and
line,

Nature and silent contemplation mine;
Have gaz'd upon the distant wood-crown'd
hill,

Where stood the farm-house or the busy
mill;

Or watch'd the shepherd at the upland fold,
Where lately wav'd a crop of living gold;
Till on the zephyr's breath was gently borne
The distant summons of the signal horn,
Warning me, that the mid-day meal was
spread,

When homeward I return'd with hasty tread.
At other times a walk was deemed good,

Perehance an up-hill stroll to Aldham's
wood,

Which rears on high its green fantastic
crown,

And seems to look majestically down
On all the beauteous vale that spreads below,
When lighted up by morning's fervid glow.
Here, at its highest point, I've paus'd to
gaze,

Screen'd by an oak from Sol's too potent
blaze,

And sent my fancy forth along the vale,
As wild and blithesome as the summer gale.
There, Fancy said, nor want nor woe can be;
So sweet a spot from sickness must be free:
Here man's worst passions ne'er can find a
home;

Where so much peace prevails, crime cannot
come!

Alas! Truth dissipated Fancy's thought,
And in a whisper, with conviction fraught,
Shew'd me that man, where'er he rears his
cot,

Will soon or late find mingled with his lot,
All that my fancy with delight so keen,
Had deem'd could never visit such a scene.

Another day, a ride was thought the best
To break the tedium of too long a rest;
For gentle exercise we ever find
Invigorates the body and the mind,

Gives to the stomach all its healthful play,
And drives the demon *enui* away.

But our best ride was that when Sunday
came,

The day of rest and peace, whose holy claim
Alike should call the affluent and the poor
To seek with humbleness the sacred door,
Whether of village church with lowly tow'r,
Or proud cathedral rear'd by pomp and
pow'r;

There to pour forth in penitence and pray'r
Their inmost hearts for God's all-gracious
care.

Foxearth! thy humble fane has no vain
show,

To bid the mind extraneous feelings know;
No fretted roof, no painted windows smile,
No gaudy gildings decorate the aisle;
No pictur'd altar-piece is found, to share
With God's commandments ev'ry idler's
stare.

The congregation comes not there to gaze,
But to put up its mingled pray'rs and praise;
To hear from one, who in his secret soul
Appears to feel the Godhead's great con-
troul;

From one, whose life from vice and envy
free,

Is what a pastor's life should ever be;
The gospel, word of love, and grace and
peace,

That bids all ruder passions sink and cease.
So have I heard, and better'd by the theme,
Have gone away, of higher things to dream,
Than earth's bright baubles and intruding
care,

Which all, the bad, the good, the great must
share.

Nor shall the singers pass without a line:
What though no brilliant semiquavers shine
The lowly troop of choristers among,
Nor organ, trumpet-tongued, help out their
song,

Their humble hymn of praise, to give it zest;
Let *better singers* think these do *their best*;
And, let me ask, what more could Braham do,
Or all the tone-dividing, trilling crew?
This may offend the ear where *taste* is giv'n,
But is as welcome at the throne of heav'n.

But ere I cease, let Foxearth's simple
street,

Its cottages so plain, and yet so neat,
Their gardens stretching to the pathway's
side,

Gardens that seem to be their owners' pride,
With graceful poplars nodding o'er the way;
All these in Fancy's ear fall plainly say,
That much of comfort, 'mid domestic care,
With all their poverty these people share:

One reason is, that search the parish round,
No inn nor humbler alehouse will be found.

West Mill, farewell! friends of my heart,
adieu!

In London's crowded haunts I'll think of
you;

Think of your scenes of peace, your quiet
hours,

Your gentle stream, and all its leafy bow'rs;
Your friends, your church, your preacher's
pious strain,

And not without a hope to see them all again.

REMARKS ON THE POPULAR PREJUDICES AGAINST OLD MAIDS.

THERE is scarcely a character in life which has been so much the subject of illiberal animadversion as that of an old maid. It has been the object at which contempt hath ever pointed the finger, vulgarity the jest, and wit its sarcasm.

That a proportion of those who come under this denomination have presented but too fair a mark for the attack, it is not attempted to be denied. Praise or censure, however, when applied to any particular cast or description of persons, is too indiscriminate to be just in its application to many individuals of it; and this observation applies, with peculiar force, to the subject of the following remarks.

Did we but use half the diligence in finding out the excellences of those around us which we employ in scrutinizing their defects, in how many instances might we trace a life of celibacy to motives and principles which should excite rather our admiration and applause, than censure or contempt! Much has been said of the fickleness of woman's disposition, but examples of constancy the most devoted are by no means rare among them; and how numerous are the instances of women who, having once fixed their affections, have known no second love! Untoward circumstances may have divided her from the object of her regard; parental autho-

rity may have forbidden their union; the chill blast of poverty may have passed over them; but though it wither the blossom of her love, it cannot destroy the tree, for that is rooted in her heart. Finally, perhaps the grave opens between them, and the being she most loved is become as the "clod of the valley." But this does not change her; his memory is still cherished, though its nourishment be tears. The idea of another filling his place is a kind of profanation from which her mind revolts. No, her feelings are changed in name only; they are essentially the same, springing from the same source, and pointing to the same object, which still exists, although in another region. Let the opponents of the doctrine of a future state say what they may, the ideas of death and annihilation are not naturally associates in the human breast, and in none less than in that of affection mourning over its departed object. The anticipation of a meeting hereafter is still cherished, and although that hope will be vague or definite, in proportion as the mind which indulges it is imbued with religion, it still exists, and in sufficient force to preclude the despair consequent upon worldly losses and disappointments of any other nature.

Another case may be cited as not improbable, although, it may be urg-

ed, of rare occurrence. A woman, possessed of the finest and most delicate feelings, may have placed her affections on one who may not return them, and that so strongly, that the conviction of the utter hopelessness of her love may not annihilate it. She is too generous and too amiable to entertain either envy or jealousy, inhabitants only of little minds. This is a case combining all the wretchedness of the preceding one, without any of its consolation. The heart-sickening anguish of "hope deferred" falls infinitely short of this. In what a variety of instances, were the truth known, might to such a cause be traced the pale cheek and the wasted form, which have baffled the skill of the physician, who knew not that the disease was seated in her "heart of hearts,"—" *medicabilis nullis herbis*."

It is with shame and a blush for my own sex that I add another case, I fear of more frequent occurrence than either of the former. A woman may have yielded her heart to one whom she imagined to be all that was excellent and amiable in man. She may have exalted him into the very idol of her heart, loving him with all a woman's fondness, and trusting him with all that generous confidence that characterizes a virtuous woman's love. He proves unworthy of her affection. He slights her in the wantonness of a fickle heart, or, in the baseness of a sordid one, he quits her for another. It is true, she casts from her the viper which the warmth of her bosom had fostered, but the venom of its tooth is yet rankling in her heart. It has been asserted of the females who form the subject of this paper, that they are railers against the other sex. Ought it, I

would ask, to excite either our censure or surprise, if a woman, in the bitterness of such a disappointment, or in the remembrance of it, which would accompany her to the tomb, condemn the whole sex for the injury she has sustained from one? "*Ex uno disce omnes*" is a motto which we are but too ready in applying to the class to which she belongs, and she may with equal justice apply it to us.

Now, in each or any of these cases, it may happen that, however keen their mental sufferings may be, a natural strength of constitution may have protracted them to advanced years; but the feelings which reflected honour on their youth are equally honourable to their age: for it is a new doctrine, that the permanency of a good motive or principle detracts from the value or the merit of it.

It is often asserted, that celibacy among women is attributable either to an insensibility to the passion in themselves, or the inability to excite it in others: of many this may be true, but the foregoing cases would go far to prove, that the same effect is often produced by the very opposite cause.

With regard to the general ridicule or reproach which appears to attach to the class of women who are styled "old maids," it may be true of them, as it is of many other descriptions of persons, that the bad conduct of a few has brought disgrace upon the many; and in endeavouring to depict one of such individuals, I shall not make any selection either from the old or the ugly.

Has the reader never seen a being of the class of "old maids" on whose face the traces of departed beauty yet linger, and on whose clouded brow the tempest of ungoverned passion,

or the habitual indulgence of ill-humour, has planted many an untimely furrow? Take her history from me. Nature had bestowed upon her all those external graces which in woman are so attractive, and which, having early discovered the power of them, she resolved to bring, in the true mercantile sense of the word, to the best market.

Possessed of a cold heart, she could coquet without danger, and in the course of her gay but calculating pursuit had slighted or betrayed many a fond heart that would have truly loved her. But love was not the commodity for which she sought; a suitor's purse, and not his merit, was thrown into the scale against her own imagined value; and, vanity being always ready with the false balance, they were weighed, and ever found wanting. As a natural consequence, to use a homely but most appropriate phrase, she overstood her market. Her charms after a time began to fade, but it was long ere she made the discovery: her mirror, like the prophetess of the devoted city, though it spoke the truth, was not believed; nor was she awakened to a sense of the decline of her once boasted beauty, until the failure of the attentions and admiration which followed it indicated the change. A few ineffectual attempts were made to regain the homage she had lost. Art was resorted to where nature had failed; the manners and the dress of her youthful days were affected; but every artifice was over, and the faded beauty was neglected by all. To mix in the gay circles where she once reigned with such absolute sway is now but to encounter mortification and defeat. She finds the glittering toys which it

has been the grand employment of her life to secure, and to which she eagerly clung to the last, one by one elude her grasp, and she is left a lone being in the world, without one mental resource or a single valuable friend. Sympathy she finds none. The shafts of ridicule and satire fly fast and thick around her, and no one pities her. She has the additional mortification of beholding many of her acquaintance, the humility of whose views she once despised, the mothers of happy families. This excites her envy, and when envy enters the bosom, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness but too quickly follow. Having now no motives or inducement for restraining or concealing them, her naturally violent passions and untoward temper break forth, and all around her are her prey. Woe to the unhappy being whom fortune has made dependent upon her bounty, or subject to her controul! Busy to discover, and eager to magnify, the errors and imperfections of others, a tale of scandal, or the story of "an erring sister's shame," is the highest gratification to her malevolent heart. In a word, she lives a plague to her relatives, a nuisance to her neighbours, a scourge to her servants, and a torment to herself.

That such characters, hideous as is the picture, do exist, there is but too little reason to doubt; but, while we pray they may be few, we have the consolation of knowing that there are others, who, coming under the same general denomination of old maids, are as amiable as these are the reverse; and from my own experience I will appeal to that of others, and inquire if, when they look around them, they do not behold many of

this class of females exercising all the charities of life, administering to the wants of the necessitous, as if, having no families of their own, they had adopted those of the poor and the friendless.

In conclusion, I would apply to this subject a rule equally applicable to many others in which popular prejudice is concerned; namely, that we

should never judge of any particular class or denomination of persons, by the conduct of one or two individuals who form part of it, or of individuals by the class to which they belong; but to estimate every man *per se*, without reference to his nation, rank, or profession, or to any other circumstance equally beyond his control.

W. H. H.

WORCESTER IN 1823.

You wish, my dear Tarleton, that I would give you some account of Worcester; and tell me that, rattle as I am, I must have seen as much of it in three months, as some would in seven years: I therefore attempt to gratify you in as brief a manner as I can, although such a task requires all my resolution to achieve it.

If you enter Worcester from the London road as I did, and on a wet day, you will wish yourself once more in our great city: but if you come from Malvern, *c'est tout autre chose*; you then arrive at this city through a charming broad turnpike road, over a very handsome stone bridge; but the magnificent hills of Malvern will be behind you. You will, however, view the fine cathedral, injured indeed in appearance, as it seems to rise from a row of red houses: on the left is the elegant tall spire of St. Andrew's, surrounded by various other church-steeple: you then enter a handsome street called Bridge-street, and thence proceeding to the High and Foregate-street, you are in the city of Worcester. If the visit be on a Saturday, or in the hop season, you may almost fancy yourself in Cheapside.

The principal *lions* in Worcester are the cathedral and the porcelain-

works. The cathedral is in the pointed style of architecture; C. will not let me call it Gothic, so great an enthusiast is he in that style of building. It is kept in what I thought capital order, being thoroughly neat and clean; but again C. objects to this: he says, that in whitewashing the building so frequently, much of the beautiful *tracery* and the finest *mouldings* are injured; and I dare say he is right. Well, and what does he gain by it? Why, he grumbled all the time we were going over the building, while I was delighted. I attended there also on Sunday last, and can bear witness to the order and decorum which was observed during the whole of the service, even to the singing-boys, one of whom brought me a book as soon as I entered; and this attention C. said it was that has made me the eulogist of this place. It cost our friend Brevet half-a-crown on his entrance: he went with his military boots on, consequently spurred, when an urchin in a white surplice told him he must pay him a forfeit. B. applied to the verger, but it is a custom here, which the young rogue who claimed the fine insisted upon, and he ran off with his booty, for the voluntary was commencing.

Here is an exquisite monument by Roubillac to the memory of Bishop Hough, which forms of itself a host of attraction. He is represented rising from a sarcophagus, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised towards heaven. It is a great pity, as C. says, that any thing unholy in art is permitted to come near it, for it is in the grandest style of art. Independent of blubbering boys, there are indeed one or two sad abortions of art, whose only apology seems to be, that they are executed by native artists, one in particular, where is represented a lady seated. This is equal to that by Roubillac, but only in its size. There is, however, a very respectable monument to the memory of Sir Thomas Street, by Wilton. I had nearly forgotten one or two rather *pretty* things by the younger Bacon, one lately erected to the memory of Colonel Ellis: but this is nothing, where the finger of Roubillac is seen on the wall. Gallant soldiers falling into the arms of a lady called Victory, or Mesdames Glory and Concord weaving wreaths, are but feeble personifications. The tomb of our King John, whose figure is so ably depicted in poor Stothard's monumental effigies, lies near the communion-table in the cathedral, and will much interest you, if you view it as I did, warm from the novel of *Ivanhoe*: nor must the cathedral pulpit be forgotten.

But come, let us leave the cathedral, for it is cold amusement in these buildings. *Allons* for the porcelain-works: these will afford you amusement for the rest of the day. Here you would be at home, and yet not be ready to cry for every toy you saw, as I almost was. How delight-

ful to behold the forms which the clay takes from the plastic hand of the workman! and how interesting to watch each process, till the burnt materials arrive at a fit state for the painter! I am certain you would be for trying your pencil, in spite of the smell of the colours. I scarcely know which to commend most, the richness of design by which the several vessels were adorned, or the politeness with which we were received by Messrs. Barrs, the proprietors. I have generally felt an unpleasantness, on the reflection of the shortness of my purse, when I go to view only productions by which the displayer gets his livelihood; but here I found myself perfectly at ease, for the proprietors of this house appear to take such pleasure in the delight you receive, as almost to make you believe you are conferring a favour, instead of receiving one. Your uncle much admired a vase exquisitely painted by a deceased artist of the name of Baxter: he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and, according to C. author of a work on Grecian Costume.

At Chamberlain's porcelain-works we saw a model of the Warwick vase in biscuit, but they have omitted the masks. The younger Chamberlain is himself an artist, and paints heraldry beautifully. Having dropt a *douceur* into the "workmen's box," we will, if you please, stroll up the Foregate-street, for it is getting on for three o'clock, and four is the latest hour of dining here; indeed after two the streets are as forsaken as if the plague had depopulated the place. In this city they copy their *betters* in London in the practice of promenading in the streets,

instead of the fields or park. At about one you will see all the beauty and fashion of Worcester; and you may tell Eliza, if you please, some very pretty girls too, and as merry souls as ever danced quadrilles.

Talking of quadrilles puts me in mind of the town-hall, where they are danced. It has an exterior sufficiently sombre to try criminals within; and this Inigo Jones-*ish* building is surmounted with bandy-legged statues: but inwardly this edifice is commodiously elegant, and bears visible marks of a visit paid to this city by our late revered George III. But the Foregate-street and the promenade; aye, why it is the finest street I ever saw out of London. It was near the back of this street that the grandmothers of the present generation swept the lawn in *sagues* and *pillorces*, hoops and farthingales. In Foregate-street you enjoy plenty of air, for it is almost as wide as Bedford-row, and as respectable in its *tout-ensemble*. The theatre has but a sorry exterior, although the Kembles and the Siddonses, the Keans and the O'Neils, have strutted and fretted their hour on its stage. Booksellers' shops are not wanting; you may read the paper, or skim the last new novel by the author of Waverley. They have also an excellent public library.

The parties here are very delightful: we have had much card-playing and dancing; but as all do as they like, there is much conversation as well. Public and private concerts are not unfrequent, at which many amateurs assist; and I was very much delighted with some airs I heard sung by a gentleman of this city, whose name I forget, but it was

something like Clinton: he and his wife gave us their parts in the Miller's duet beautifully.

Here are likewise two papers published. My uncle takes in one, which he is very fond of; it is called *Berrow's Worcester Journal*. "Berrow's paper," says my uncle, "does not give us any original article, and therefore those who are fond of what you call strong writing, will not perhaps approve of it; but you may take the word of an old clergyman, when he says, that you will find as much in it of real matter of fact, and as early intelligence too, as in any provincial paper; and what's more, you may put it into the hands of any of your family without the least fear of contamination; and that is saying a great deal now-a-days," concluded the old gentleman: not but that its fellow paper is also respectably conducted.

A gentleman here, I am told, some time since established an exhibition of art, which proved highly creditable to this city, its professors and patrons: but, alas! the election of a member *radically* wrong leavened nearly the whole lump—one, one only was faithful found—and in a moment, although rich in pecuniary and professional gain, the members dissolved themselves, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving the unfortunate amateur no praise for his exertions. We saw some very pretty views by Thornycroft; landscapes by Doe, Smith, Young, &c.; and some excellent game and horses by Pittman: the latter a self-taught artist of real excellence.

During my stay here I have been introduced to an extraordinary old lady, who is very deaf, but she has

something of the gift of the *improvisatori*. I send you one of her productions: remember, it is the work of a lady nearly eighty years of age, and surely unique as to subject.

THE ADVANTAGE OF DEAFNESS.

That deafness prevails, I need not declare;
It will by conversing plainly appear:
To fret would be vain, to grieve do no good,
For facts so well known, by my friends understood.

I love not to dwell on subjects that vex,
Or why my ears fail, my brain much perplex:
Still, as in all there's a good and a bad,
We'll try to discern the good to be had;
Which, it must be owned, is of negative kind,

And which some wiser heads it may puzzle to find:

Yet, as it positive ills may prevent,
My time may in tracing them not be misspent.

On rising I'm told, there happen'd last night
An alarm in the town: "We were waked in a fright;

The rattles were sprung, the engines drawn by,

And Fire! fire! fire! was the terrible cry.
'Twas morning before we gain'd any rest;
But not to wake you we thought would be the best."

When thunder rolling with its awful pow'r
Breaks the soft slumbers of the midnight hour;

While trembling nerves, oppress'd with slavish fear,

May deem some heavy judgment to be near;
Or rushing winds the loosen'd tiles o'erthrow,
And spread them clattering on the path below,

Which, to have heard, might reason strong appal,

Such serious mischief might attend the fall:
Should thus confusion o'er the house prevail,
I unmolested sleep, nor fears assail.

Were women all perfect, men mostly right;
Was converse just held to improve or delight;
In heat of discourse, did we never say ought
But would bear the test of a cool afterthought;

Was all what it should be, my case might seem hard,

To be from a general converse debarr'd:
But as the best are at all times led aside,
By humour perhaps, or by passion or pride,
I'll take the right way, nor vainly lament,
Enjoy my own thoughts, be more than content:

Still the advantage, I freely must own,
Of deafness, must long be felt to be known.

The proximity of Worcester to Cheltenham and Malvern causes an intercourse with much beauty and fashion. It partakes also of the picturesque scenery of Wales; the magnificent Severn running through its rich pastures, lost behind its hills, and again appearing in its valleys; while the grand outline of the Malvern hills meeting the eye at every turn, blue and misty in the twilight, or gilded by the noontide sun, are grand features. Were I not a Londoner born and bred, gladly would I reside in Worcester. Tell Robert, who is a bit of an antiquarian, that Worcestershire abounds also in antiquities; that it was the seat of war between Charles and the Parliament; and that it is rich in minerals and picturesque beauty.

And now, wondering at my own industry, having tired you and myself, I remain, dear Tarleton, your affectionate cousin,

M. P.

THE CASTLE AND THE FARM,

OR THE FOSTER-BROTHERS: *A Tale.*

TOWARDS the end of the 17th century, the Marquis de Blainmore, an officer of rank in the French army, quitted the service, and retired to one of his estates in the environs of Toulouse, with the intention of passing the evening of his days in the tranquil enjoyment of rural pleasures.

The pride of birth was a leading trait in the character of the marquis, but it was softened by a natural kindness of heart: never was he known to make an unjust use of the power which he possessed over his vassals; he treated them as men, not as slaves, and he was in return loved by them as a father, and revered as a master. The marquis was a widower, and, to his great regret, childless. As, however, he was not quite fifty, he determined to try whether a second marriage would not give him an heir; and accordingly he paid his addresses to the Comtesse de St. Julian, a widow of good birth, pretty, and still young, at least comparatively so, for she called herself thirty: it is true she might have added some half dozen years more, but the marquis was contented to take her word. He prosecuted his suit with vigour, and the fair widow, though she had scarcely thrown off her weeds for a husband whom she had adored, soon yielded to his prayers, and pronounced at the foot of the altar that irrevocable *yes* which linked her destiny to his.

As the *marquise* had not, any more than her spouse, a taste for the pleasures of the great world, she readily consented to remain at the Chateau de Blainmore, where before the end of the year she presented the marquis with the so much-desired heir. Ah! with what joy did he clasp the little stranger in his arms! how tenderly did he thank its mother for the inestimable gift she had bestowed upon him! "Heaven be praised!" cried he, "my family, one of the most ancient and illustrious in France, will not now sink into oblivion." The marquis forgot how frail must be our dependence on an infant's life; but what man, who is for the first time a

father at nearly fifty, does not do the same? Already did he in imagination see the sons of this infant filling posts in the army and the ministry: such are frequently the projects of fathers for their children, but seldom indeed are they realized.

The wife of one of the marquis's farmers, a young woman, who had recently lain-in of her first child, was engaged as a nurse to the young heir, to whom his parents gave the name of Charles, and added to it the title of Comte de Beausejour, from an estate of the marquis's.

The young and comely nurse, who was little more than eighteen, received a thousand charges from the fond parents to be careful of their darling. She immediately weaned her own son, then about four months old. The marquis and his lady were delighted with the healthy and robust appearance of this child, as it gave them the greatest reason to hope that theirs would thrive equally; and indeed in the very frequent visits which they made to the farm, they had the greatest reason to be satisfied with the care of his nurse.

When Charles was about six months old, the marchioness received a letter from St. Domingo, which acquainted her with the death of a rich uncle, whose heir she was. This event obliged the noble couple to make a voyage to St. Domingo: they parted from their boy with great reluctance, for he was too young to accompany them. They gave Margaret a thousand charges to be careful of him, accompanied with promises of reward if they were satisfied with her. They entreated also some friends, in whom they could confide, to have an eye upon the child; and having taken all the care they could

to prevent his suffering by their absence, they set sail with heavy hearts to take possession of the splendid property which awaited them in St. Domingo.

Mindful of her many promises to the marchioness, Margaret never relaxed in her attentions to the young heir, who grew a very fine child. Margaret devoted her time principally to him and his foster-brother. Sometimes she would amuse herself by dressing the children in each other's clothes; and on these occasions, she could never sufficiently admire how much her Frederic became the habit of the little *comte*. Her husband, who was many years older than herself, was much displeased with this childishness.—“What harm is it?” cried Margaret; “is Charles the worse for wearing, during a few minutes, the clothes of his foster-brother?”—“No,” answered Maurice, “but if any friend of the marquis should chance to come in and report it to them, I am sure they would be angry: I desire therefore, wife, that there may be no more of this folly.” Margaret promised that there should not, and kept her word for a day or two; but the remembrance of Frederic's beauty in Charles's clothes soon overcame her prudent resolutions, and satisfying herself that her husband was not likely to return and interrupt her, she set about decking her darling in the finery of the little *comte*.

While she was singing to the child in the gaiety of her heart, the door opened, and a young man of noble appearance announced himself as the friend of the Marquis de Blainmore. Poor Margaret was thunderstruck: already she thought she saw the

prediction of her husband completely verified; her folly would no doubt be soon reported to the marquis, and she should lose her nursling, and, what was worse, incur the anger of the family. While she stood stupefied, the stranger began caressing the child. “This is a lovely creature,” cried he; “is he the son of my friend?”—“Oh! yes, sir,” cried the bewildered Margaret.—“He is wonderfully grown for his age.”—“Yes, sir,” again repeated the trembling Margaret.—“Well, I shall have a good account to send to my friend; the boy does you great credit, and I dare say you love him as if he was your own.” A third “Yes, sir,” had hardly passed the lips of the nurse, when a servant-girl burst into the room, carrying a screaming child, whom she presented to Margaret, with a declaration that the little lord was certainly killed, but it was not her fault.

No language can paint the situation of the poor detected culprit. Volmar began to address her in a voice of thunder, but suddenly checking himself, he snatched the child, in order to examine where the hurt was, commanding the girl, at the same time, to tell him how it had happened. Her account was, that she had climbed a haycock with the child in her arms; the house-dog had snatched at her petticoat in play as she was getting up, and in trying to disengage it, she had let the child fall upon a rake which happened to be under the haycock: the teeth of this instrument had entered his thigh and part of his leg.

This account, and the sight of the blood, reduced Margaret to utter despair: while she did nothing but

cry and wring her hands, the viscount sent to summon the village surgeon, and, previous to his arrival, washed the blood from the wounds of the screaming infant. Happily the hurts were not dangerous; even the surgeon, much as he wished to make a job of it, had not the confidence to predict any fatal catastrophe. He applied a little salve, congratulated Volmar on the young *comte's* falling into the hands of a man of his own extraordinary skill, and allowed, that he should be able to complete the cure in eight or ten dressings at most. He then took his leave; and the nurse, who by this time had recovered some degree of recollection, threw herself at the feet of the viscount. "Ah! sir," cried she, "for heaven's sake have pity upon me! If you betray what has passed, we are ruined for ever. It is the first time that I have ever trusted Charles to the care of another, it shall be the last; and from this moment, I swear to you, sir, that I never again will be guilty of the folly of exchanging the children's clothes: it was that circumstance which induced me to tell you the falsehood I did, though, heaven knows, with no ill intention. You do not answer me? Ah! sir, is it possible that you will be so cruel as to draw upon me the hatred of my generous lord and lady?"

At this moment Maurice entered the room: the sight of his wife in tears, and kneeling to a stranger, together with her last words, had given him a clue to her secret; but the reproaches with which he began to load her were stopped by the Viscount Volmar, who, touched with the excess of her penitence, promised to conceal the past, though he

did not fail to lay great stress upon the future; and plainly assured her, that he would cause a strict eye to be kept upon her motions, and that the least failure in her duty to the child would occasion him to reveal what he had seen to the marquis and his lady. Margaret did not fail to promise liberally, and Volmar quitted her with a declaration that he would soon see her again. Circumstances, however, prevented him from keeping this promise: he was then on his way to Marseilles to meet a young lady, to whom he had long been engaged, and whom he soon afterwards married.

The marquis and his lady found their affairs much more difficult to arrange than they had expected: two years passed before they had put them in order; they then began to make preparations for their return, when the marchioness was taken very ill, and this occasioned a delay of some months more. At last she recovered sufficiently to undertake the voyage, and they set out on their return to France. Let us leave them prosperously pursuing their way to their native country, and see how the family at the farm are going on.

Alas! a sad change has taken place there since the visit of Viscount de Volmar. Maurice was troubled with a complaint in his eyes, and impatient at its long continuance, had the imprudence to use a quack medicine, which, in a short time, rendered him totally blind. This was a heavy blow, but Maurice met it with resignation: not so Margaret; her grief was extreme, and it was some time before the religious arguments and gentle soothings of her husband could rouse her from despondence. The children throve equally, but

Charles was much the stoutest of the two. Frederic, though four months older, was not his equal in strength and activity. They lived like brothers, and this circumstance was now Margaret's only comfort. Often did she repeat to her husband, "If the parents of Charles should not return for a few years, he will then grow so fond of our son, that he will not bear to be parted from him." By degrees her imagination converted the possibility of this event into a certainty, when all at once her hopes were crushed by a letter announcing the speedy return of the marquis and marchioness.

"Ah! my God," cried she, bursting into tears, "we shall then be ruined! They will take Charles home, and as you cannot now manage the farm, it will be given to another, and we shall no longer have a home to shelter us, or bread to eat."—"Wife," cried Maurice in a severe tone, "how often must I remind you that God will never forsake those who trust in him? He has hitherto preserved us from want; why should you doubt that he will continue to do so? or why think that our master, one of the best and most humane of men, will abandon in misfortune those who have been parents to his child?" At these words, Margaret, trembling, cast herself into the arms of her husband, and wept upon his bosom.—"Come, come, wife, cheer up!" continued he; "I dare say you are thinking of Charles's unfortunate accident; but, thank God, he is not a sufferer by it, and in all other respects you have done your duty well by him."—"But," interrupted Margaret eagerly, "do you think that M. de Volmar has really been silent about that?"—"To be sure I do; he

is an honest man, and no doubt would keep his word."—"Then," cried Margaret, "all may be well: the scar is now quite worn out; at least if one did not know what had happened, one would not perceive it."—"Very well then, cease to torment yourself about that. Have you kept carefully the money I put by for our rent?"—"Oh! yes, it is untouched."—"So much the better; our generous master, who has already sent us so much, will see that we do not want to abuse his bounty."

The marquis and his lady arrived in safety, and were transported with joy at the sight of their healthy, hardy boy, who was very evidently the spoiled pet of his nurse. His dotting parents, however, found in his rudeness, obstinacy, and petulance, only indications of a high spirit and a noble soul, and Margaret was thanked again and again for the care with which she had formed the temper of their charming boy. But thanks were not all that the generous couple bestowed upon the tender nurse and her worthy husband: sensibly touched by the misfortune of the latter, the marquis returned to him every shilling of his rent, installed him and his wife in a pretty house and garden close to the *château*, and settled upon them a pension, sufficient not only for the necessaries, but for the comforts of life. Margaret was beside herself with joy. Maurice did not say much, but he thanked his benefactor with tears, which the marquis perfectly understood. "My good friend," cried he in a kind tone, "I am serving myself in assisting you."—"Impossible, my lord!"—"Not at all: you are an experienced farmer, and though you can no longer work, you are not the less capable

of directing the operations of husbandry. I intend to turn farmer myself; you shall tell me how I ought to act, and the money I shall gain by your advice will be much more than the little you receive from me." It was thus the marquis strove to lighten the load of obligation which he had conferred: happy would it be for mankind if such generosity of sentiment were more common.

A few days after the arrival of M. de Blainmore, he received a letter from Marseilles. Margaret, who happened to be at the castle at the moment of its arrival, delivered it to him; but she turned pale as death when she heard him say to the marchioness, "It is from our friend Volmar."—"Ah!" thought Margaret, as she quitted the room, "now all will out." She listened in terror at the

keyhole, but, to her great delight, the letter did not contain a syllable of what she dreaded. It was merely to congratulate the De Blainmores on their return, and to inform them that the viscount was the father of a little girl.

Margaret was now satisfied that the *vicomte* would keep her secret: she had, shortly after the accident happened, turned away the servant-girl who had witnessed it; and being now settled near the *château*, she broke off all connection with her former neighbours in the village. Thus every thing seemed to preclude the possibility of a discovery, and Margaret, now easy and happy in her circumstances, dismissed the dread of it from her mind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HORRORS OF A HACKNEY-COACH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM the husband of one of the best women in the world; she is a perfect *dab* at pickling and preserving (Heaven *preserve* her for it); she is an excellent housewife, and manages all my matters most admirably; is genteel but not extravagant, sensible but not affected; was famous for drawings of beautiful children till she had two of her own; played charmingly on the piano-forte to my singing till the arrival of the aforesaid children, who now lay her under contribution for all her stock of old jigs, waltzes, &c. that they may dance to them.

All these, and many more, good qualities belong to her; but, alas! sir, there is one drawback: she is

very nervous in a hackney-coach; and as she is not strong enough to take long walks, I am often obliged to employ one of those *very civil* gentlemen, vulgarly called *Jarveys*; and I can assure you, that the variety of her fears are such during a ride of a couple of miles, that, however fearless I may be when I get into the coach, I am almost as nervous as herself at the end of the journey, and quite as glad to get out.

Sometimes she thinks the driver is too young, and then she says, "My love, that *boy* can never understand driving, *we shall certainly be overturned.*" If he chances to be very old, then she is afraid that he can neither see, nor hear, nor have strength enough to avoid danger, and

then she assures me that *we shall certainly be overturned*. If the man is a smart natty fellow, and the horses good (and you do now and then meet with such, though it is a rare matter), and shews off a little in driving, turning the corners to an inch, and twisting and twirling most dexterously in and out of the almost inextricable intricacies of the city high-road navigation, if I may so call it, she colours up, and really *works hard* in pulling at, and holding by, the straps inside of the vehicle; and is either most dismally silent, or gives occasionally a most interesting "Lord have mercy upon us! *we shall certainly be overturned*;" but if her lips are silent, her eyes at such a moment *look unutterable things*. If he is a slow dull *Jehu*, and has to drive about mid-day down Fish-street-Hill, over London-bridge, and along that delicious avenue, the narrow part of *the Borough*, as it is called; then, although the driver seems careful and deliberate enough, yet she is prophesying every five minutes, that *we shall certainly be overturned* by a brewer's dray, overwhelmed by a waggon-load of hops, or have a wheel taken off by one of those *nasty* Greenwich coachmen, who always drive to the eighth of a hair. Certainly some of these matters are enough to shake the nerves of any *man*, and I do think that if Phaeton himself could contrive to take this drive in a shaky old *rattler* (*anglice*, hackney-coach), he would be almost as much alarmed as when he overturned the chariot of the Sun, and set the world on fire. One odd fancy of my good lady's is, that it would be a very awkward thing if Waterloo, or any of the other bridges, should give way just as she was pass-

ing over it, and she is consequently additionally uneasy till we are fairly across them.

In the evening, when we happen to ride, if every thing goes on quietly, and there is no stoppage in the streets, then she is sure to fancy the coachman is drunk, and cannot persuade herself but that he is *reeling* on his box at every jerk of the coach: certainly this is far from an impossible occurrence, but then I tell her, by way of consolation, that if the man is drunk, the horses are generally *very sober*, and know what they are about too well to get into any danger. If it happens that we are returning at night from any short distance in the country, then, as there can be no possible danger of running against any thing but a turnpike gate, she amuses herself with fears of robbers. "Only think, my dear, suppose the fellow should be in league with highwaymen? Lord! we shall be robbed and have our throats cut!" I believe she has read of some such thing in an old *Newgate Calendar*: to be sure, this is only an out-of-town fear, and when we reach the gas-lights, it gives place to one of her London fears. The *cabriolets* have been out so short a time, that we have not yet tried them; but I do not expect she will get into one, for she has decided (and I think properly), that no *lady* can ride in them, because of having to sit in complete contact with the driver.

These, and many other matters, serve to alarm my wife almost to distraction *inside* of a hack; but there is another desperate thing which annoys her excessively, and that is, if I should happen to have a dispute about the fare with *Jarvis* when we

get out: she cannot bear it, and I have often given them the overcharged sixpence or shilling, rather than have a row with them in her company. The other day, when I knew a fellow had cheated me of a shilling, I just ventured to hint to him, that I knew where the Hackney-Coach Office in Essex-street was, and might perhaps trouble him to walk before the commissioners; upon which he very coolly d——d Essex-street, taking especial care not to d——n the

commissioners; and I, fearful of a volley of the same sort of thing, pocketed the affront, and walked off.

I do not know any great good that my complaining to you will produce; but it always makes one's heart lighter to vent one's grief; and, therefore, hoping for your commiseration and that of your readers, I remain, sir, yours, &c.

REUBEN RIDEABOUT.

DISCOVERY OF REMARKABLE ANIMAL REMAINS IN THE KINGDOM OF WIRTEMBERG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

YOUR scientific readers will probably be gratified by the communication of a few particulars relative to the discovery made a few weeks since of some animal remains of extraordinary dimensions. These remains were dug up on the Kahlenstein, near this city, and seem to have belonged for the most part to a single individual of the extinct species, to which modern naturalists have agreed to give the name of *Mammoth*. When found, they were not connected together, but lay scattered about. The first thing that was brought to light was a decayed tusk, 13 feet 7 inches long, the hollow part of which, towards the root, was wanting. Several vertebræ of the back and ribs, a large piece of the pelvis, a tooth, one of the molares, and some fragments of the hinder part of the head, were next dug up.

During the last week there have been found the upper bone of one of

the fore-legs, which, at the thick end, is a foot in diameter, and a piece of a tusk, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and one foot in diameter, the two ends of which are wanting.

All these bones were imbedded in clay mixed with river sand, 17 or 18 feet below the surface of the hill, and 82 feet above the level of the river Neckar; and they surpass in magnitude all the specimens of fossil bones found in Wirtemberg, and preserved in the cabinet of natural history of this city.

It is presumed, that the spot where these relics of the antediluvian world were disinterred, contains other remains not yet discovered. Should the conjecture be verified, and this communication prove acceptable, you shall be furnished with such farther particulars as can be collected by

A NATURALIST.

STUTTGARD, April 20.

REMARKS ON THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

Extracted from a Letter from an Officer.

I AM going to treat you with a few paragraphs of travellers' wonders, and I give you the honour of a Gael and a soldier, that the marvels I shall relate are not more strange than true.

This is the season when Hymen kindles his torch among your pine-clad hills; and how numerous the provident arrangements that must precede the advance to his altar! what a load of cares will ensue! A house and furniture and clothing and food—what awful considerations for a young couple beginning the world, without any fund beyond the earnings of their youthful years! Had they the genial heats of India to befriend them, they might, as thousands do here, shelter themselves several months under two bamboos cut from the hedge and covered by leaves, while they are working to get enough to pay for a more permanent residence. A few rupees will erect a habitation and supply moveables, with as much comfort as that sum multiplied by the number twelve could procure in Great Britain; and should the family increase, and become too large for the dimensions of the cottage, individuals can sleep in the open air without sustaining any inconvenience or injury. I have seen in the streets of Calcutta hundreds of the natives enjoying sweet repose at the doors of their parents or employers.

This, by the way, lets you know that I am an early riser, and I find real pleasure, not unmixed with improvement, in the habit of leaving my pillow before "the busy hum of men" distracts the attention. By

employing morning hours to some advantage, I may propitiate Hygeia by soft slumbers at noon.

An Indian will travel with the celerity of your best roadsters beneath the meridian sun, though the heat is perhaps at 120 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer; and while thus scouring along the ground, he holds a single arum-leaf as a shelter for his *pericranium*: but he is not encumbered by a cloth coat and military accoutrements, which leads me to another chapter of Hindoo and Mahomedan economy.

The Hindoo sircar and the Moslem trader, when they go out on business, put on a turban, as indicative of respectability, and to afford a secure place for cash or jewels with which they carry on their traffic; but the turban, being used only in public, will last several years, and the simplicity, the unchanging form and the singleness of their vestments reduce the cost to a trifling amount. Nor is their apparel of necessity thrown aside by the caprice of fashion, or despised because it has been often seen, as you know to be the case among communities far from opulent, within the boundaries of the most enlightened people upon earth. But I am growing cynical, and shall quit the subject, after telling you that a shoemaker's bill, so formidable in a large family of English, Irish, or Scottish domicile, will never impair the finances of an Asiatic *pater-familias*. In short, if the sable race of Bengal had the religion and political constitution of Great Britain, they would find a terrestrial paradise

in their lot. It is in these inestimable blessings that you receive abundant compensation for the rigours of a variable atmosphere; and I am sure

that I never prized them so much as since I have seen other countries.

W. G.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS, JUNE 10.

MADAME BELLE-TAILLE rose to call the attention of the Chamber to the subject of fashions. She thought it highly necessary that some striking alteration should take place in evening dress: it was now a long time since either the materials or the form of grand costume had varied considerably; and it was a duty imperative upon that Chamber, to whom all Europe looked for fashions, not to let the present session go over without devising some that would uphold the high estimation in which French taste was universally held. She rose therefore to move for a revival of the naked drapery worn by the Roman ladies, a costume which was at once light, elegant, and appropriate, particularly for the ball-room; and would be found so strikingly novel, that it could not fail to meet with the entire approbation of all amateurs of the science of dress.

Madame la Baronne Très-Gothique could not help observing, that in the honourable member's zeal for French taste, she had forgot a little what was due to French modesty; and it struck her also, that the styling a very old fashion a striking novelty was what an Englishman would call a bit of a bull: however, she might perhaps be mistaken, and if so, the older a fashion was of course the more novel: therefore she begged to propose the revival of one more ancient still; she meant the fig-

leaf apron first introduced by *Madame Eve*.

Madame Belle-Taille in reply despatched with great bitterness on the illiberality of spirit evinced in the observations of the last speaker, whose ideas must be very confined indeed, if she could consider it a derogation from French modesty to follow the example of some of the most illustrious Roman dames. She hoped to find a more liberal spirit in the majority of the members; since it was evident, from the present state of full dress, that the naked drapery would reveal very little more of the form than was at this moment displayed. As a confirmation of her assertion, she begged the noble members would look at the gowns which were cut half way up the leg, and half way down the bust, with a sleeve not larger than a shoulder-strap. Nobody could deny that such was the present costume; and could any lady, who had liberality of sentiment enough to adopt it, object to a dress so much more graceful and becoming, as the Roman costume, particularly too when it might be rendered extremely decent, by adopting a tight vest and pantaloons of flesh-coloured silk underneath?

Madame la Marquise de Parvenue seconded the motion, with the amendment.

Madame Court-Epaisse could not agree to the motion, however it might be modified. It might be a very suitable costume for those ladies

whose tall slender figures would bear such an outrageous display; but pray what was to become of the dumpy order? She, for her part, thought that legislators should always have an eye to the interests of the people at large; and therefore she must vote against the introduction of a fashion which she was sure could never be generally becoming.

Madame la Comtesse Très-Violente admired the patriotism of the last speaker, though she could not say much in praise of her consistency; for she had been the warmest supporter of a fashion quite as unbecoming to the dumpy order as the naked drapery could possibly be. "I allude," continued the honourable speaker, "to the robes flounced up to the knees, which were first brought into fashion by *Madame Longues-Jambes*, and which were universally adopted by the dumpy order, and by no part of it more eagerly than by the honourable member."

The fair orator was here interrupted by *Madame Courte-Epaisse*, who rose in her place, and began with great indignation to repel the charge of her belonging to the dumpy order. As it is contrary to the rules of the Chamber for any member to speak except in the tribune, this circumstance created a good deal of confusion, for it was some time before *Madame la Comtesse* would descend; at last perceiving that there was no chance of her being heard, she quitted the tribune, which was immediately taken by *Madame Courte-Epaisse*; but she was so much exhausted, partly by passion, and partly by mounting in a great hurry, that she was nearly inarticulate: all we

could catch were a few disjointed sentences: "Middle size—best height—I of the dumpy order!—impudent falsity!—insolent Maypole!" Cries of indignation from the whole of the left side, and vain calls from *Madame la Presidente* to order. The tumult at last became so serious, that the President, finding her voice could no longer be heard, put on her bonnet. This act of authority recalled the members to reason, and order being re-established, *Madame Sens-Commun** mounted the tribune, and after some handsome compliments to the classical taste of the honourable member who proposed to introduce the naked drapery, lamented that she was obliged to oppose the motion upon grounds which she was sure that lady herself would allow to be just. She believed that that worthy individual, and indeed the whole of the honourable Chamber, would concur with her in opinion, that the grand object of dress was to secure admiration—(cries from different parts of the Chamber, "Very true!")—but, unfortunately, the methods lately pursued, and which would be carried still farther if the present motion passed, were the last in the world to procure so desirable an end. Men were such strange, prying, inquisitive animals, that they always wanted to have something to find out; and even the perfection of loveliness, freely exposed to their view, never excited more than a momentary admiration, which was always sure to be succeeded by indifference, and too often by disgust. "We need," continued the honourable member, "no other proof of this truth, than the *nonchalance* with which the

* This lady is of the right centre.

loveliest bosoms and arms in the world are daily regarded by those to whom we display them. Do they not gaze on this living snow, moulded in the proportions of the Grecian Venus, with as much apathy as they would look on a box of pearl-powder? And why? Because it leaves no room for the exercise of their imagination. The ungrateful wretches, instead of being obliged by the pains we take, and the risk we run of catching our deaths, to treat them with a sight of our charms, would find more pleasure in gazing on our double handkerchiefs and long sleeves, and drawing, according to their own fancy, the pictures of what was concealed by them. Not that I mean to recommend such dowdy coverings in full dress; no, I will readily admit that they are entirely incompatible with grand costume: but surely a short sleeve of moderate length, and a tucker or tippet that would partially conceal the bosom, might be admitted with the utmost propriety, and would certainly do more towards exciting admiration, than bare necks and arms, or even the naked drapery itself."

The honourable member then descended the tribune amidst mingled cheers and murmurs of disapprobation; and the motion of *Madame Belle-Taille* was put to the show of hands, and negatived by a majority of ten, most of whom, to the surprise of all Paris, are of the extreme left*.

The sitting closed at half-past four o'clock.

* *Note by the Reporter of the Debates.*

—As this defection of so many members of the *côté gauche* upon such an important occasion has excited much speculation, and as it has even been whispered that those members are likely to secede entirely from their party, we think it our duty to contradict this report, which we have every reason to believe is false; it having been imparted to us confidentially, that these honourable members were influenced merely by considerations of a private nature, as they are all corpulent, some under-sized, and one or two a little bandy. We pledge ourselves for the truth of these facts, which we consider it necessary to state, in order to exonerate the fair liberals from a suspicion so injurious to their political celebrity.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN OF A CONVICT-SHIP.

The *ELIZA*, on her way to NEW SOUTH WALES, commenced Aug. 23, 1822.

Dear H—,

I COMMENCE this letter in the middle of the N. E. trade-wind, hoping to have an opportunity before crossing the line to forward it to you.

We sailed, as you know, on the 2d of August from the Downs, and when off Portsmouth, as some of my passengers cannot exist without milk, or stir-about, I was induced to send Mr.

F. on shore by a pilot-boat, to purchase a cow, which business he accomplished, and got on board again with his bargain without the least loss of time.

On Sunday morning a little spirit of fair wind caused us to be very busy in the forenoon, crowding all the canvas possible, and consequently interrupted the usual routine of the day. However, we are rather too staunch Christians to suffer trifles to

set aside our devotions: as therefore public service could not be performed in the morning, it was held in the afternoon. Now it so happens that our surgeon, being a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, is unacquainted with the church service, and of course unqualified to officiate as minister, which it is otherwise his duty to do. Picture to yourself then your humble servant enveloped in a white dressing-gown, borrowed for the occasion, placed behind the poop-ladder, covered with the union jack, for a pulpit, and with becoming gravity going through the service of the day. I must confess as I proceeded I felt powerfully influenced for the promotion of this sort of worship, by the very cordial manner in which many of the convicts appeared to offer up their prayers to the Father of Mercies, and which gave me sufficient confidence to proceed through the whole service with an audible voice, assisted by Mr. F. as my clerk, to whom I must give the greatest praise for his assiduous attention to that part of his duty, which requires the

concluding of each prayer with an *Amen*.

During the ensuing week we thought it prudent, as there was little chance of escape, surrounded as we were by a boundless ocean, to knock off the irons of some of the prisoners, particularly those who had evinced a good and cleanly disposition, to the number of about thirty. The following morning I was presented by one of the men thus released with the following lines on double-iron emancipation:

Hail! happy, happy morn, from fetters free,
Old England's glorious boast, sweet liberty!
Oh! may I strive, and not in vain, to please
Those friends who've given my legs their
wonted ease!

Whilst memory remains, I'll ne'er disown,
Or e'er forget this humane favour shewn;
And may the earth from its fix'd centre
move,

Ere I ungrateful for th' indulgence prove!

SAMUEL HORATIO DOUGLASS HOLLOWAY.

A frigate is now in sight bearing down to us, and I am sorry to be obliged to conclude my letter just now. We are in lat. $11^{\circ} 30'$ north; long. $23^{\circ} 5'$ west, on the 29th of August.

THE PROGRESS OF A FASHION.

Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras

Reperit—

OVID. *Met.* lib. xiv.

At length in various shapes it finds access.

It is not unworthy of remark, that whilst all ranks of people are on the alert to catch and to adopt the newest modes, a fashion is longer making its way from the court to the eastern extremity of this huge metropolis, than it is in traversing the six thousand miles of sea which fluctuate between us and the continent of India; and by the time that it reaches Wapping or Rotherhithe, it is so metamorphosed and misapplied,

that it retains as little of its pristine shape, as a snow-ball would after being rolled over the same ground. It is amusing enough to observe its successive wearers, at the same time, that they pride themselves upon being in the height of the fashion, putting on, and putting up with, the most preposterous devices with a most unsuspecting complacency. The fact is, that every neighbourhood has its idol, its standard of fashion,

which is regarded with as much deference, as the real leaders are by the *beau monde*: so that instead of passing directly from one end of the town to the other—as it might in a few days if those who would be fashionable were to read the *Repository*—it has to encounter a multitude of impediments, and to run through an infinity of circles. The last in each superior circle are not slow in transmitting it to the first in the next inferior; but during the time consumed in debating upon it, and in the admiration and attainment of it, its progress is in danger of being totally arrested.

When first long waists were revived, with tight zones and buckles, I beheld, while walking in Pall-Mall, an elegant little figure of a countess alight from her chariot, with an air graceful beyond description. Her figure being slight and symmetrical, shewed to no little advantage in a mode which, from its apparent frankness, must be extremely inimical to projecting backs and aspiring shoulders; and the inimitable ease of her movements completely stifled every rising apprehension as to that long train of maladies said to be incidental to tight lacing. After gazing as long as I could—that is, as long as her ladyship was in sight—I walked onward, scarcely deigning to glance at the short waists, high shoulders, and vast circumferences, which had their day at the West end, I know not how many summers ago, and which seemed to require a pavement of double the width necessary for the accommodation of the present compact generation. From that time forth I openly avowed a decided aversion from short waists, to the no small displeasure of my female acquaintance, who

fancied, that in too curious speculations upon the abstract principles of beauty, I had got entangled in some wild theory, totally repugnant to the established order of things. In truth, I was set down as a wilful heretic in matters of *ton*, and an irreclaimable apostate from the true taste. For the sake of peace, it became expedient to yield the point, and to endure with as little wincing as possible what appeared to me a perfect monstrosity. In the course of three months I was honoured with a card for a rout at my friend Dick Requete's, who holds a snug place—no sinecure I protest—under government. The grand attraction of the evening was to be a young lady of unquestionable fashion, the granddaughter of a privy-counsellor. Her *entré* was looked for with breathless expectation; manners, dress, conversation, and every thing else were to be studied from her, who catches them of her mamma, who has them from *her* mamma, who goes to court. What was the surprise of the whole party, what was my own exultation, when, on her appearance, it was discovered that her bust was—at least three inches lower than any other in the room; and that in lieu of the dandyzette poke, she actually held up her head, and suffered her shoulders to be where, and as, they should be; while the gentle curve of the back where her sash was tied, gave a meaning, a play, and an interest to her whole figure! On calling a day or two after, I found that Dick's "womankind" had received some new lights upon the subject: they now clearly perceived the weight of my objections against wearing the waist upon the shoulders; indeed, they were prepared to go much great-

er lengths in the other extreme than I had ever recommended, and were too anxious for arrivals from the dress-maker's to listen with any show of patience to my admonitions respecting moderation in all things, "always having an eye to the due proportions of the human form," as indicated in the most celebrated statues of antiquity.

From that time the revolution of waists began to gain ground throughout the environs of Charing-Cross. At first, to be sure, it was confined to a select few, but the novelty of their example, and the straight-forwardness of their carriage, soon attracted the attention of looser characters, who seemed willing to atone for their former laxity and shortcomings by the strictness of their lacings and the elongation of their corsets. The commercial aristocracy in the squares north of Holborn held out with considerable pertinacity, but being overpowered by authorities, and alarmed at the rapid strides made by the retainers of the nobility, they yielded almost simultaneously, and tightened and lengthened with great expedition. The progress through the Strand was rapid and uninterrupted. At Covent-Garden little remained to be effected, for the market-women, to do them justice, were all along in the mode, their waists having remained nearly stationary from the days of Hogarth to our own. But at Temple-Bar the career had well nigh terminated, owing to a serious difference between the meagre aspect of this fashion, and the strong predilection of the citizens for rotundity and every other token of good living; and when at last "an equitable adjustment" seemed to be agreed up-

on, the press of pads and fulnesses—not all artificial—towards the west, for a time precluded even the slimmest of the new *regime* from gliding easily into the city. However, the fashion did succeed in gaining an entrance, though it passed down Fleet-street in a very spiritless manner, being only welcomed by such as considered it likely to afford them an opportunity of displaying a good figure. Its reception at New Bridge-street was exceedingly favourable. The black sweeper at the corner girt his tattered jacket as tight as he could, and in less than a month the fashion was in a fair way for the Surrey-road. At St. Paul's it made a pause, as if undetermined which side of the cathedral to take, but it presently made a dash into Cheapside, and after meeting with various success, found its way to Aldgate about a year and a half after I had seen the before-mentioned countess.

It was at this period that, being invited to meet some India acquaintances at a common-councilman's in that neighbourhood, I was introduced to Dorothy his wife and Clarissa his daughter, both of whom exhibited an unparalleled longitude of waist, encompassed with zones of red morocco, each apparently of the same dimensions, though the matron was endowed by nature with nearly twice the bulk of her daughter. I felt rather piqued at the stiffness of their deportment on receiving me, but a moment's observation was sufficient to explain the real cause of their seeming indifference. The worthy hostess was so terribly hampered by her new fashion, as to labour like a ship in a storm, her every turn being accompanied with the creaking of stays and the straining of cordage.

If her sufferings in performing the honours had not been too visible, the variety of pretty affectations she resorted to, in the vain attempt to appear at ease, would have been highly diverting; but as it was, they were enough to make "a gap in the feast" of any feeling man: for who could find pleasure in the most costly fare, if assisted to it at the manifest pain of the mistress of the banquet? As a good dinner is at Aldgate too weighty an affair to be interrupted by frivolous conversation, it was long before any one could find leisure to talk; but in an interval between the courses, a lady who had just returned from Calcutta, took occasion to express her surprise, with more candour than discretion, that the ladies of the house should strap themselves up in that uncomfortable manner, now that it was out of date all over the world. "Out of date!" exclaimed mother and daughter with one voice. "Why," continued Miss Clarissa, "it was sported for the first time only last Sunday at church by Miss Model, our deputy's ward."—"I know nothing of Miss Model," resumed the lady, "but before I

quitted the presidency, that sort of thing had arrived from England, and being adopted by the highest female authority among us, had run for a whole month at the time of my departure. But really, my dear, your own sense must have told you, that those odious girdles of red morocco were never received any where as full dress."—"No, it didn't," said our host; "but *I* told them enough upon that score. Oh! the frightful things! they make the women look for all the world as if they had been broken in halves, and were just strapped up to save them from falling to pieces." The mortification of the ladies who had so unsparingly tortured themselves, the elder in particular, into the fancied *calibre*, on finding so much pains and labour thrown away, was truly pitiable. A sigh escaped the mother in concert with a loud crack, which threatened to release her at once from the penance of her own infliction; and for my part I was afraid to turn the conversation by a joke, lest, in the laughter which *ought* to have ensued, the poor ladies had been both *undone*.

© Φ.

THE BUCCANEERS.

No productions of the press have so variously and essentially benefited the fair as periodical publications. They have disseminated useful knowledge and exhaustless amusement to thousands, who, without the stimulus and assistance they afford, would never, perhaps, escape beyond the limits of ignorance and frivolity. If knowledge operates as a guide to the personal sensations; if mistakes and errors in conduct can be prevented or corrected by furnishing

clear lights to the understanding, it is certainly a most important vehicle of information, which presents historical and physiological facts, purified from all grossness, and abridged from tiresome prolixity, imbuing the mind with delightful and salutary excitations of feeling, and laudable motives of action, even in early youth, to an amount far exceeding what all the observations and incidents of a whole life could amass for persons who have neglected the rapid acces-

sion of ideas that may be acquired by reading. A few brilliant extracts from standard books, some passages in history or biography, or a description of the rich and splendid gifts of nature to other countries, may create a relish for more circumstantial intelligence, and open to the fair rich sources of entertainment, which age and infirmity cannot rob of their powers to delight; and comparing with their own, the modes of existence in which multitudes have proceeded from the cradle to the grave, they may adopt the practices they approve, commiserate the distresses from which they have been exempted, and raise their hearts in gratitude to Providence for their happier destiny.

When ladies shudder with horror and repugnance at recitals of the cruelties perpetrated by Barbary corsairs, they should be also aware, that only two centuries have elapsed, since hordes of adventurers from civilized Europe were marine robbers, stained with crimes never surpassed by barbarian monsters of atrocity.

The splendid successes of the Spaniards in the New World awakened the cupidity of desperadoes from Europe. They fitted out armed ships, to lie in wait for the galleons wafting treasures from Peru and Mexico to the parent country; and to secure supplies of food and water for their crews, they exterminated a Spanish garrison at Hispaniola, where they made a formidable settlement, and employed in hunting the wild cattle every interval of relaxation from their maritime expeditions. They soon thought upon the expediency of dividing their force into portions, going in rotation to scour the ocean, and attending to cultivate the fertile

soil, or to pursue the numerous herds that retreated before them in the woods. Le Grand, a Norman pirate, induced many daring men to join from the new-formed West India colonies, and continued for twenty years to infest the American seas. The legends of romance can hardly parallel their valorous exploits, or the profusion and extravagance which soon dissipated the spoil obtained by the most perilous exposure of their lives. Pierre Franc, a native of Dunkirk, and Bartholomew, a Portuguese, performed prodigies of personal prowess. Montbar, a gentleman of good family from Languedoc, while yet a child, panted to emulate those wondrous achievements; but the high-souled, high-born champion soon sunk into the ferocious pirate, through the influence of debauched and ruthless associates. Francis l'Olonois succeeded to Montbar in distinction; and Henry Morgan, generally designated Sir Henry Morgan, became more famous than either. When a boy, he eloped from his father, and went to Barbadoes. His master treated him ill, and in a few months sold him into bondage. During his servitude, he heard much of the gallantry, the wealth, and wonderful exploits of the Buccaneers; and resolved to join them whenever he could regain his liberty. He soon eclipsed all his predecessors in the extent, difficulty, and prosperity of his undertakings against the Spanish settlements in South America. A predatory warfare at sea could not satisfy his ambition. He attacked fortresses, and was seldom repulsed. In the capture of a garrison on the coast of Panama, a lady of high rank and dazzling beauty became his prize. She had lately arrived from Spain

with her father, and was destined for the arms of an old grandee. Morgan was young, superlatively handsome, and a conqueror enriched by immense booty: he offered her his heart and hand; but the pure mind of the lofty Iberian sickened with repugnance to an alliance with spoliation and every vicious passion. She had inspired Morgan with sentiments that seemed to refine and dignify his nature. He treated his captive with every mark of respect, avowing, with ardent professions of esteem and love, that in her he revered a soul which no adverse fortune could degrade, and that she should be his guardian angel, the implicitly obeyed dictatress of all his future conduct. He assigned to her a separate house, a retinue of servants, with every homage he could pay to her rank and transcendent merit: but he persisted in a determination to engage her affections; or if she still refused to participate in his fate, to carry her away as his most precious and irreclaimable right. He prolonged his stay at Panama until the men grew impatient of inaction. Still, he could not so far surmount the restraints imposed by genial love, as to urge his suit with alarming importunity. He prevailed on his lawless bands to undertake a small expedition, giving over to them his share of the plunder. He remained with the lady, endeavouring by artful encroachments to relax her scruples of delicacy. His people returned victorious. They spent a week in riot, and again were clamorous for a return to their own island. Worked almost to phrenzy by conflicting passions, Morgan attempted liberties that roused all the heroine in the bosom of his intended victim. "Morgan!" said she, in a tone and

manner that checked his desperation, "your behaviour since I fell into your hands does honour to manhood and to your country. Repress your vehemence, and compel me not to change my opinion." He withdrew abashed and overawed at the majesty of virtue; but soon returned, furiously bent upon overcoming his own better feelings. The lady was prepared for the worst emergency.

"Infamous man!" said she, "this dagger shall be my protector. I will not send thee to thy last account. I am ready to die in defence of my honour, and the most dreadful of all tremendous chastisements must fall from the hand of the Almighty on thee, if thou leavest me no alternative between suicide and a calamity more horrible than the most agonizing death."

Morgan, enraged by disappointment, ordered the lady into confinement, under pretence that he had detected her in a correspondence with his enemies. All his persecutions could not shake the fortitude of this Spanish Lucretia, and Divine Providence interposed for her relief. A few of Morgan's men proposed to him to get all the treasure on board of his own ship, and to set sail for Jamaica, leaving the rest of the Buccaneers to shift for themselves. While occupied by this perfidious scheme, Morgan became less vigilant in watching his fair prisoner. She escaped to the woods, and though the Buccaneers kindled a conflagration at Panama, she rejoined her father in safety.

Vanhorn, a Dutchman, was elected leader of the Buccaneers whom Morgan had deserted. He was a person of signal intrepidity. In the heat of the engagements he ranged

over his ship, putting to death every man who betrayed any signs of fear. This savage discipline deterred the faint-hearted from entering his service, but made him the idol of the brave, with whom he shared his spoils or convivial merriment in a liberal frankness. He was joined by Grammont, Lawrence de Graff, Jonque, and Godfrey, whose courage and conduct are celebrated in predatory annals. They pillaged Vera Cruz, and projected an invasion of Peru; but instead of acting in concert, they separated, ravaged many rich towns, and then giving themselves up to debauchery, allowed the Spaniards time to collect against them a force they could not resist. Grammont besieged Campeachy. The citadel, after holding out with resolute pertinacity, was abandoned by its defenders, except one gun, which continued to annoy the pirates. Grammont knew how to appreciate such undaunted fidelity. The piece

was served by an Englishman, who resolved to die at his post. Grammont, with a flag of truce in his hand, expostulated with the valorous foe, represented the madness of throwing away his life, and assured him of liberty and permission to carry off his effects, to which he added valuable gifts. The affair happened to engage the attention of William III. of England. He had the wisdom and humanity to convert the misapplied talents of the Buccaneers to beneficial purposes. He gave employment to the most distinguished commanders in the colonies. Other nations followed his example, and the scourges of land and sea became peaceful subjects. In many instances, the abused capacities of unfortunate high-spirited merit might be rendered valuable to the community, by similar encouragement to reclaim their conduct.

B. G.

THE ECCENTRIC MONITOR.

THE celebrated French comedian Preville, who died in 1799, made his first appearance on the Paris boards in 1753, as Crispin in *L'Heritier universel*, and St. Germain in *La Famille extravagante*. He obtained the most unqualified applause; but he had previously performed in many provincial towns, and especially at Rouen, where he had received such lessons as might be useful to many an actor.

Preville was the favourite of the public at Rouen: he never appeared upon the stage but he was greeted with the loudest applause, and all who had any pretensions to taste

Vol. II. No. VII.

coincided in the general commendations. Amidst all these testimonies of approbation, he frequently observed among the spectators an elderly man, in black, who seemed desirous of attracting his notice. He looked at Preville with a smile of pity, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, raised his right hand, and seemed to threaten with his fore-finger; after which, without uttering a word, he mingled with the other spectators.

Preville at first laughed at this singular conduct of the man in black, but as the latter always repeated his gestures, the actor's curiosity was excited to learn the motive of his con-

G

duct. He therefore took an opportunity of addressing the stranger, and inquired what he meant by his extraordinary motions. "Sir," replied he, "you possess all the talents requisite for becoming an eminent actor; but without great care you will not rise above a common buffoon." He then entered into an analysis of the parts which Preville had been accustomed to perform: he pointed out to him where and how his acting had deviated from the truth of the character represented, and where he had violated decorum by the introduction of clap-traps, by which he had indeed won the obstreperous plaudits of the multitude, but drawn

upon himself the just censures of persons of sound judgment and refined taste.

Preville was modest and sensible enough to profit by the criticisms of this Aristarchus. The latter, an old *procurateur*, had from his youth cherished a decided predilection for the stage, and still seized every opportunity of riding his favourite hobby. From this time Preville cultivated the friendship of his candid monitor, and consulted him on all occasions. He corrected the defects which his friend pointed out, and which, had they once become second nature, would have degenerated into gross faults.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. V.

CAMPA RUN,

The Field of secret Combat; in which epithet the name of CAMERON originated.

THE poems of Ossian have been translated into several languages of the Continent, and received with fervent admiration. The highly coloured contrast presented to the imagination between the warrior, the hunter, the heroine, and huntress, and the commonplace qualities of modern refinement; the splendid generosity of their chivalrous deeds; the Eastern grandeur of style in which those deeds are related; the similes and figures of speech, few, but striking; and the variety of lights in which the same comparison illustrates a subject, gratifies at once the feelings, the taste, and the love of simplicity and novelty inherent in every well-constituted mind.

The clan Cameron, through a long series of ages, have been eminently conspicuous for valour in the field, and for rigid honour in all their in-

tercourses. Sir Ewen Cameron, the unconquerable opponent of Cromwell's tyranny over the Highlands, and Colonel Cameron, who "in the fight of steel, died like the offspring of Lochiel" at Waterloo, continued "the unbroken line of fame" to our day. The castle of Innerlochy, the ancient abode of the chieftains of Lochiel, was a residence of the kings of Scotia when Gaelic was the language spoken at court; and though that spacious fabric has not been habitable these five hundred years, the remains were in sufficient preservation to afford a model for the castles of Inverary and Taymouth. Colonel Stewart's *Sketches of the Highland Character* have given many authentic particulars concerning the families of Cameron and Macdougall, who figure in this relic of olden time.

Songs of joy in the halls of Alba will send to future years for ever the fame of Campa Run na Ceartnach Don*. Her eye was the bright glance of the mountain falcon; her cheeks, the blushing berry of the woods; her lips, the clustering *rowan* of the rocks; her smile, the dew of morning on buds of hazel or opening blossoms; her speech, an early sunbeam on a green-headed hill. Her steps overtook the deer with his feet of wind, and, bending her crooked yew, she laid low his branchy horns. She trained her white hands to the sword and spear; and, chieftain of Lorne! feeble in gathered years! thine was the strength of a mighty virgin heart, as a shield covering thy thin gray locks from the blustering voice and sidelong gusts of Appin. Innerlochy's chief met her oft at the chase of roes; and when the sea darkly tumbled over rocks, groaning to the blast, her light hand trembled over the harp, as falling snows wreathing upon a little tree, and the kindled soul of the chieftain of her love flies to meet the sound. But her pride is in the pointed steel; for he that should lead her people lies bound among the surly sons of Lochlin.

"My sire moulders as a leafless oak," said the maid of lofty mind; "but I grow with all my branches thick around me, to shelter him from the storm."

The lord of Innerlochy, chieftain of a race of renown, heard her words of wisdom, and his rising love swelled high at her fame. The chief of Appin, gloomy in years, seeks the prize of beauty, and she is promised to him that is dark to her soul; for in feeble thoughts age dwelt around the chief of Lorne. The moon alone, pale changing daughter of the sky,

the moon alone beholds the Ceartnach Don in her grief. Her red cheek is wet with tears; but, as a sunbeam struggling through a misty valley, her bosom escapes from the crowding steps of dismay. Her many-coloured fears and sinking courage were no more than the bow of a shower. One moment it bends with all its tints over the heavens: it is gone; the sun spreads abroad with brighter rays, and awakes the birds to their song.

"Go in haste," she said to Fairgear, rider of the currents; "go, wrap the son of Muime* in the disguise of a southern, and say to the chief of Appin, the plunderer of a bark distressed must come forth to combat with the lord of Glentin-nar."

Fairgear goes and returns. His light ship skims the billows for Alnu-maght of Erin, and the Ceartnach Don prepares to measure lances with him that dared to frown on her father. As a moonbeam wading through flaky snow was the face of the heroine, covering her deep thoughts with smiles of mirth; and the smile of loveliness on her lips shewed how her soul grew in danger. Guanag, that cheered the aged lord of Lorne with pranks of childhood, observes the shirt of mail, plumed helmet, and studded three-cornered buckler, in the bower of the virgin, and hies over hill and glen to Innerlochy. Breathless with speed, his beckoning hand quickens the approach of the chief, landing on his own shores with his warrior vassals, after a conquest over the coast of tall pines and icy waters. The lord of Innerlochy at a distance knew the wavering steps of Guanag†. Behind a rock lash-

* *Muime*, nurse.

† *Guanag*, volatile or crazy.

* The brown-haired heroine.

ed by tumbling surges, Guanag draws near, whirling in dance, as the foaming ocean tossed by contending tides.

"Campa Run na Ceartnach Don!" he sung, fast turning on his heels, though beaten sore with rapid travel, until the chief, by a mighty grasp, fixes him to the spot, and presses from him all that hung in broken eddies over his restless spirit.

The lord of Innerlochy knew the false heart of Appin. He and his hidden men at arms take the field before the joy of his dreams. She comes in all her awful beauty, and leans upon her beamy spear. The chief of Innerlochy glides among trees, to stand between her and the foe. She sees him not; for the terrible rejoicing of a first fight wraps her soul. Appin comes forth on a steed prancing as the steed of the stranger; his arms glittering in the sun. His sounding horn calls from the nodding rushes a host to seize the southern challenger; but the chief of Innerlochy and his warriors spring as flames of fire from the dell of underwood. The rage of battle bursts on every side, and the spear of Appin has gleamed behind the chief of Innerlochy, when a shaft, that never failed from the hand of the Ceartnach Don, pierces his treacherous heart. He yells a thousand curses, and, fierce to the last, he dies as a wild boar of the desert.

The lord of Innerlochy, chief-tain of a race of renown, has saved the daughter of Lorne, and as the star of his love, she sparkles in his towers. Their people are glad in the ever-open halls of Innerlochy and his heroine—every eye brightens in their presence, and strangers forget their own land at this board of mirth. As beautiful flowers of the wood,

their children grow around them; and their foes are scattered as leaves of autumn before a gale of the cliffs. But the herald of Scotland, on eagle wings, summons the chosen warriors of king Duncan to drive the heavy clubs of Lochlin from the south. The sons of the mountains lift the spear and bend the twanging bow for the flat dull vales; and wild roes feed where heroes trod in their might.

"Who comes to Innerlochy in the folds of disguise?" By the fire of valour in his full dark eye, her long-absent brother is known to the Ceartnach Don. Her snowy arms are clasped on his neck.

"My heart beats high," he said, "my heart beats high to behold the castle towers of our fathers."

"My young brother," replied the spouse of Innerlochy, "the awful voices of other times warn us to cover the flame of our souls with the skirts of wisdom. But lately freed from the bonds of Lochlin, a more deadly danger haunts thy return to Lorne. The next heir of our house accuses lagging death that spares the gray-haired chief, sunk low in a dim-sighted mist of years. The powers of Innerlochy, and of thy far-descended race, spread the light of renown over the south. My hero will come back in the fame of his battles, and join his arms with the brother of his spouse."

"Can I calm my burning soul?" answered the youth. "As a stag worn out by many winters, shall I hide in a hollow to shun the storm? No, give me to meet the sons of Lochlin. Their black prows are manned for St. Columba, and the sons of peace shall fall beside their domes of prayer. Are there no aged sinews of war, no boys of growing soul, to

follow the young chief of Lorne in the fight of steel?"

"Nor aged beam of valour, nor boys of growing soul, tread along our hills; they all followed my hero to the south," said the Ceartnach Don: "but daughters of Argathela, with souls strong in danger, shall save from the followers of Loda the Isle of Holy Vigils. Our hands are trained to the bow, our boast is in the spear. We shall scatter the rovers of icy waters as snow-flakes before a rustling gale."

The Ceartnach Don sends blazing brands by fleet-footed damsels through every hill and glen; and the daughters of the chase attend her call from shaggy mountain and green narrow vale throughout all the lands. They steer many-oared berlins to follow the star of Innerlochy, a guiding light in the course of fame. The ascending joy of a first fight shines in every glance of the young chief of Lorne, as he leads the dames and virgins of Innerlochy to their ships. The thick woods of Lochyside are lighted by the streaming blaze of their arms, and as meteors shooting over the blue main, or sea-fowl pursuing the finny tribes, their bounding war-barks stretch swiftly to the Isle of Holy Vigils. The sons of rapine are on the beach.

"Draw your white arms from the bossy shield," said the young chief of Lorne; "let not your weapons appear to the song of Lochlin. Let them be ensnared by your floating robes."

The sons of snow expect an easy prey of beauty. They plunder the halls of St. Columba to spread a feast of mirth, and moved by the soft voices of the lovely strangers, they spare the lives of the sons of peace.

The smooth blooming face of the boy-chief of Lorne, in female vestments, awakens no thought of the child they held years in bondage; and the eye of the Ceartnach Don guides the youth while he seems to command the array. The banquet is spread. The gladdening shell circles round. As flies of evening before a summer shower, so flitted the hosts of Lochlin in wildness of mirth. The smiling strangers take their clubs as in sport. The clubs are reared in piles, to shelter the cheek of beauty from the breeze of night. Unseen, the chief of Lorne kindles the piles. They flame. The pole-axes and clubs are consumed. The Ceartnach Don gives a voice to her silver horn. The arrows of Argathela fly thick and fast. Lochlin retreats to the shore. The mild sons of prayer join in deathful strokes to aid the heroines of Argathela. Heaps of dying foes are on the rock of St. Columba. Songs of thanksgiving swell in every church, and the heroines of Argathela are blessed by holy lips.

The chief of Innerlochy returns in the far-spreading name of renown. In the fire of a mighty soul he hails the spouse of his love, the heroine that saved the Isle of Holy Vigils.

"By the Campa Run I won the heroine of Lorne from her father," he said, "and lovely was her fame among virgins. No dark deed stained the pure light of her bosom, though the aged chief promised the sun of his race to gloomy Appin. Now the blaze of her steel is like the orb of noon, when his beams are on every hill, and his heat is felt in caverns of the deep. The sons of the mountains have slain or chased from valleys of the south the frowning

riders of stormy seas; and mothers, daughters, sisters, and spouses of the great in arms, have stood as a ridge of hallowed fire, to save from profanation the dwellings of the saints. Blessings from the Highest shall flow on them through all generations; and the song of bards shall mix the

renown of the Ceartnach Don with the mighty tempests of war. My race shall be known by the Campa Run. In the name of her first fight they shall brighten among the valiant through all generations, and gather renown in the foremost ranks of war." B. G.

ANNIVERSARY AND REWARDS ADJUDGED BY THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE anniversary of that useful institution, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, was held as usual on the 28th of May. The great number of applications for admission to the interesting spectacle of the presentation of the rewards adjudged by the Society, has for some years past pointed out the propriety of performing that ceremony in some more capacious building than the Society's house in the Adelphi. It was held this year at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and was attended by upwards of four thousand spectators of the first respectability. The whole of the arrangements produced a spectacle, which, for grandeur, far surpassed every former exhibition of the kind.

The rewards were presented by the Royal President, the Duke of Sussex, in the following order:

IN AGRICULTURE & RURAL ECONOMY.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wildman, Newstead Abbey, for planting 500 acres with forest trees—gold Ceres medal.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for preparing 143lbs. of opium from poppies grown in England—thirty guineas.

J. W. Jeston, Esq. Henley-on-Thames, for his improved mode of collecting the juice of the opium poppy—large silver medal.

W. Pyle Taunton, Esq. Cheam, Surrey, for early horse-beans—large silver medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. James Marsh, Rush Grove-place,

Woolwich, for a portable electro-magnetic apparatus—large silver medal and thirty guineas.

Mr. H. Marshall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for improved melting-pots for brass-founders and steel-makers—large silver medal.

Mr. J. T. Cooper, Lambeth, for his improvements in the apparatus for analyzing vegetable and animal substances—large silver medal.

The same, for an hydrometer for saline solutions—gold Vulcan medal.

G. Gurney, Esq. Argyll-street, for an oxygen-hydrogen blowpipe—gold Vulcan medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.—*Original Oil Paintings.*

Mr. G. Hilditch, jun. for a landscape—gold Isis medal.

Mr. R. H. Hilditch, for a landscape—large silver medal.

Miss Eliza Anne Drummond, for an historical composition—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Philip Simpson, for a portrait—gold Isis medal.

Mr. J. G. Middleton, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Mr. Jos. Miles Gilbert, for a marine painting—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Pearsall, for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. F. W. Watts, for a landscape—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Porter, for an historical composition—silver Isis medal.

Miss Rose Emma Drummond, for an historical composition—large silver medal.

Copies in Oil.

Miss Jane Drummond, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Johnson, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Mr. F. Rochard, for an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. Drummond, for an historical subject—large silver medal.

Original Paintings in Water-Colours.

Miss Robson, for a composition of flowers—silver Isis medal.

Miss Mary Willis, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Richmond, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Miss M. Ross, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Miss Frances Eddy, for a composition in flowers—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water-Colours.

Mr. James Hamilton Lawson, for a portrait—silver palette.

Mr. T. Baynton, for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss Matilda Smith, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Miss Mary Jane Hull, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Miss Mary Willis, for a flower-piece—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Frederick Rochard, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Mr. G. R. Ward, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Original Drawing in Chalk.

Mr. J. A. Cahusac, for a drawing of the musk-ox—silver palette.

Copies in Ink, Chalk, Pencil, &c.

Mr. C. Horatio Bunning, for an historical subject—silver palette.

Mr. T. Barrett, for an historical subject—silver palette.

Miss Ann Hopkins, for a landscape—silver palette.

Miss Rowe, for an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Miss Eliz. Clarke, for an historical subject—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Baker, for an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Ebenezer Stalker, jun. for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss Louisa Mary Vully, for a head—silver Isis medal.

Drawing in Outline from a Statue.

Mr. I. Solomon, for the Laocoon—large silver medal.

Finished Drawings from Statues and Busts.

Miss Sarah Cox, for a drawing from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Miss Jane Stalker, for a drawing from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. Eyan Williams, for a drawing from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Phil. Corbet, for a drawing from a statue—large silver medal.

Mr. P. H. Desvignes, for a drawing from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. J. Padgett, for a drawing from a bust—large silver medal.

Mr. Ebenezer Stalker, for a drawing from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. T. Fairland, for a drawing from a figure—large silver medal.

Mr. E. Williams, for a drawing from an entire figure—silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. W. Cecil, for a drawing of an anatomical figure—large silver medal.

Original Models in Plaster.

Mr. Ed. Edwards, for a group, Ulysses and Calypso—gold Isis medal.

Mr. Ed. G. Physick, for two single figures, Telemachus and Narcissus—large silver medal.

Models in Plaster, Copies.

Mr. Mich. Teasdale, for a head—silver palette.

Mr. Jos. Deare, for a model of a Bacchus—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Ed. Edwards, for a model in the round from a group—large silver medal.

Architecture.

Mr. P. H. Desvignes, for a drawing of a Corinthian capital—silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. Purser, for an original design for a British Museum—gold medallion.

Mr. Henry Basset, for an original design for a British Museum—gold Isis medal.

Carving in Wood.

Mr. Nicholl, for a carving in wood of a figure—gold Isis medal.

Mr. Henry Bailes, for an original carving of flowers—silver Isis medal.

Mr. James Harris, for a syringe to preserve oil-paint in—large silver medal and ten guineas.

C. Warren, Esq. for his improvements in the art of engraving on steel-plate—large gold medal.

W. Brockedon, Esq. for a rest for painters—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Deeble, for his method of taking casts of leaves and foliage—silver Isis medal.

Mr. G. Mills, for the new die of the Vulcan medal presented by him—gold Vulcan medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

Mr. W. V. Shenton, for an improved engine for tramming silk—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. W. Cobbett, for plat from English grass—large silver medal.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. C. A. Siebe, for a tap for hollow screws—silver Vulcan medal and five guineas.

Mr. E. Pechey, for a mangle—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Ed. Speer, Esq. for his centrifugal check-hooks—silver Vulcan medal.

R. W. Wilkinson, Esq. Captain R. M. for a marine arm-chest—large silver medal.

J. Amesbury, Esq. for an apparatus for fractures of the lower limbs—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. W. Raynes, for a cap for fractured patella—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Mr. James Jones, for a kiln for drying grain—large gold medal.

Mr. Jas. Dennett, for an apparatus for baling ships—large silver medal.

C. C. Dansey, Esq. Captain Royal Artillery, for a kite for effecting a communication between a stranded ship and the shore—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. Evans, for his method of equalizing the strain on tackles—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Elliott, for his apparatus for the use of dry-grinders—gold Vulcan medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

Mr. J. F. Donovan, Aberdour, Fifeshire, for exporting British cured herrings—fifty guineas.

Mr. Gregory Blaxland, for wine, the produce of his vineyard in New-South Wales—large silver medal.

The Society have also directed, that the following performances in the class of Polite Arts be exhibited, on account of their merit, with those to which premiums have been awarded :

A finished anatomical drawing, by Mr G. Simpson.

An original painting of flowers, by Miss Bowley.

A copy of a miniature, by Mr. Edwin Dalton.

A finished drawing of the Gladiator, by Mr. J. Padgett.

A drawing of the altar-screen of St. Saviour's church, Southwark, by Mr. G. Gwilt, jun.

A copy in oil, from the bust of Homer, by Mr. Philip Corbett.

A copy of a miniature, by Miss Mary-Anne Hale.

The Society have also voted their special thanks

To Captain Hawkins, for his plantations of forest trees, near Kingsbridge, Devon.

To Mr. T. Jones, for his guard to the wheels of waggons.

Since the last distribution, one hundred and twenty-five new members have been elected.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

WE have received from a gentleman at Berlin, the following important statement of the mode of cure practised in the Ukraine for the bite of a mad dog. It is translated from the *Berlin State Gazette* (No. 20), of the 14th of February, 1822, and does certainly seem entitled to the fullest consideration of all medical practitioners.

“ When Mr. Marochetti, an operator in the hospital at Moscow, was in the Ukraine in 1813, in one day fifteen persons applied to him for cure, having been bitten by a mad dog. Whilst he was preparing the remedies, a deputation of several old men made its appearance, to re-

quest him to allow a peasant to treat them, a man who for some years past enjoyed a great reputation for his cures of hydrophobia, and of whose services Mr. Marochetti had already heard much. He consented to their request, under these conditions—1st, that he, Mr. Marochetti, should be present at every thing done by the peasant;—2dly, in order that he might be fully convinced that the dog was really mad, he, Mr. Marochetti, should select one of the patients, who should only be treated according to the medical cures usually held in estimation. A girl of six years old was chosen for this purpose.

"The peasant gave to his fourteen patients a strong 'decoction' of the tops and flowers of yellow broom (about a pound and a half daily), and examined twice a day under the tongues, where, as he stated, small knots, containing the poison of the madness, must form themselves. As soon as these small knots actually appeared, and which Marochetti himself saw, they were opened, and cauterized with a red-hot needle; after which the patient gargled with the decoction of broom. The result of this treatment was, that all the fourteen (of whom only two, the last bitten, did not shew these knots,) were dismissed, cured, at the end of six weeks, during which time they drank this decoction. But the little girl, who had been treated according to the usual methods, was seized with hydrophobic symptoms on the seventh day, and was dead in eight hours after they first took place. The persons dismissed as cured were seen three years afterwards by Mr. Marochetti, and they were all sound and well.

"Five years after this circumstance (in 1818), Mr. Marochetti had a new opportunity in Podolia of confirming this important discovery. The treatment of twenty-six persons, who had there been bitten by a mad dog, was confided to him: nine were men, eleven women, and six children. He gave them at once a decoction of broom, and a diligent examination of their tongues gave the following result:—five men, all the women, and three children, had the small knots already mentioned; those bitten worst, on the third day, others on the fifth, seventh, and ninth, and one woman, who had been bitten but very superficially in the leg only, on the twenty-first day. The other seven also, who

shewed no small knots, drank the decoction six weeks, and all the patients were cured.

"In consequence of these observations, Mr. Marochetti believes that the hydrophobic virus, after remaining a short time in the wound, fixes itself for a certain time under the tongue, at the openings of the ducts of the sub-maxillary glands, which are at each side of the tongue-string, and there forms those small knots in which one may feel with a probe a fluctuating fluid, which is that hydrophobic virus. The usual time of their appearance seems to be between the third and ninth day after the bite; and if they are not opened within the first twenty-four hours after their formation, the poison is re-absorbed into the body, and the patient is lost beyond the power of cure. For this reason Mr. Marochetti recommends that such patients should be immediately examined under the tongue, which should be continued for six weeks, during which time they should take daily one pound and a half of the decoction of broom (or four times a day the powder, 1 drachm *pro dosi*). If the knots do not appear in this time, no madness is to be apprehended; but as soon as they shew themselves, they should be opened with a lancet, and then cauterized, and the patient should gargle assiduously with the above-mentioned decoction.

"We hasten to communicate to our readers this important discovery (which we borrow from the 'Petersburg Miscellaneous Treatises in the Sciences, for 1821,') which certainly deserves the full attention of all medical practitioners; and which, if confirmed by experience, may have the most beneficial results."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments of Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by J. N. Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 8s. 6d. each; without Accompaniments, 6s.—(Printed and sold for the Proprietor by Chappell and Co. New Bond-st.)

WHEN a composer of such talents and celebrity as Hummel undertakes the arduous task of adapting the most classic of Mozart's symphonies for the piano-forte, we are warranted in expecting a work of a superior stamp; and such was our impression when we saw the first promise of the publication. But we candidly own, with all the high opinion we entertained of Mr. H. we did not anticipate the excellence, the absolute perfection, which we behold in every page, we may say in every line, of this arrangement. We are astonished, we are filled with admiration! The present piano-forte extract does not consist of a mere sprinkling allotment of the principal notes in the score: it shews, at the first view, that the adapter absolutely analyzed and dissected his original, and remodelled the whole mass into the more contracted mould into which he had determined to cast the materials. It is equally obvious, that in the accomplishment of this design, the utmost care and diligence were not the only assistants that guided the pen; a constant exercise of sound musical judgment and science is every where apparent. In fact, Mozart's symphonies may here be said to have been converted into a species of piano-forte concertos, in which harmonic combination and ful-

ness, rather than passages of execution, constitute the points of interest and difficulty. An arrangement like this we never saw before, and we doubt whether it will be our good fortune to behold the like hereafter. It will form a feature in the history of the art, and will ever remain a model for similar undertakings.

The three accessory instruments are less strongly charged than we expected. This no doubt was intentionally done. Their parts are thereby rendered more easy; and, what is of greater moment, the piano-forte has by that means been enabled to dispense with the accompaniments. The two numbers before us consist of the two grand classic symphonies in D major and G minor.

Mr. Hummel, we are informed, is at this moment employed in arranging the piano-forte concertos of Mozart in a manner similar to these symphonies. By so doing, he will accomplish what has long been a pious wish of amateurs, inasmuch as the limited circulation these incomparable concertos have hitherto enjoyed, is owing to the *obligato* nature of the accompaniments, which rendered it impossible to perform them satisfactorily without the assistance of a full orchestra.

Grand Variations on "the Fall of Paris" for the Piano-forte, by Ignace Moscheles. Pr. 6s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

The circumstance of our noticing these brilliant and universally favourite variations at so late a period after their first publication, is attended with some advantage. We need not waste many words in their recommendation. They have since made

their way with surprising rapidity into the musical library of almost every amateur of any pretension in this country, and have been played by Mr. Moscheles himself on several occasions at public concerts, and at the last oratorios. Half the town has thus heard them with expressions of rapture never bestowed, in an equal degree, upon the best piano-forte performances. These variations really are masterly and delightful. As a further distinguishing feature, we may mention the beautiful "Tutti," which intervene between each variation. Although originally written for piano-fortes of the present extended scale, and so printed here, additional staves are given in this edition, which not only confine the execution between the ordinary range of six octaves, but, in other respects, render it less difficult.

L'AURORA D'ITALIA, *osia Scelta raccolta dei Pezzi favoriti della Musica Italiana Moderna per esempio degli Signori Rossini, Caraffa, Coccia, Generali, Mercadante, Mosca, Pavesi, &c. per il Canto, con Accomp. di Piano-forte.* No. I. Pr. 8s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Messrs. Boosey and Co. state the object of this work to be the publication of *original* manuscripts by the above-mentioned eminent masters, or of such of their compositions as have been highly applauded in Italy, and are unknown in this country; at the same time not neglecting the operas performed at the King's Theatre. Each number is to contain thirty pages; its price 7s. to subscribers—to non-subscribers, 8s.

Although "La Donna del Lago" is by this time well known in London, few will find fault with the publishers for devoting the commencing

number to that opera, and proposing to continue it in the next. There is a peculiar charm and sweetness in the melodies, and more originality than Rossini is in the habit of allotting to a single opera of his. Hence the music has increased in attraction on every performance at the King's Theatre.

In the present number we trace every thing that is worth having in the first act (except the beautiful quintett "Crudele Sospetto," which appears to be intended for the second number); viz.

"Oh mattutini Albori."—*Cavatina.*

"Scendi nel piccol legno."—*Duet.*

"Elena, oh tu ch'io chiamo."—*Cavatina.*

"Vivere io non potrò."—*Duet.*

"Quanto a quest' alma amante."—*Tertt. (Finale.)*

The introduction to the opera, although it is scarcely vocal, is so fine and original a composition, that it might without impropriety have been included. As to the arrangement, we are warranted in pronouncing it so skilful, complete, and effective, that we can only express a wish that equal care may be employed in the progress of the work, the object, elegance, and reasonableness of which, bid fair to give it a very extended circulation. We could wish the time were metronomically marked; the right tempo is so essential in vocal music.

Selection of Songs, Duets, &c. from the most admired German Operas, with English Words, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 2s. each.—(Boosey and Co.)

Each of these numbers contains a piece from the German opera "Der Freyschütz," of which some account was given in our preceding Number. Not being in possession of the ori-

ginal words, we cannot give an opinion as to general correctness of the English translation, which after all is a consideration of minor importance in the present publication. At all events, Mr. Campbell's verses are worthy of his name, and suitable to the general import of the musical periods. In No. I. we find a little chorus of rather a light musical texture. No. II. contains an air in four flats, of greater pretension, and of considerable interest and originality of idea. The English words accord well with the melody, although there are some exceptions, which are less to be attributed to the poet than to the adapter of the music, if any adapter existed for the *English* text. In p. 3, for instance, the line "The hour that bids us part," is musically scanned, "Thē hoür thät," &c. Another line, "And death seems in the word farewell," sits also rather awkwardly under the music, the quicker notes having too many words allotted to them.

In adaptations of this kind, it is not sufficient that the poet should furnish his translation strictly correspondent with the metre of the original. The music generally requires some slight further qualification as to accompaniment and syllabic arrangement, giving, taking, &c.—This seems to have been wanting here in some instances at least, and we advert to the circumstance by way of hint for the future numbers.

"*Queen of every moving measure,*"
the Words by Warton, composed,
and dedicated to Eliza Fontaine,
by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 1s. 6d.—
(Chappell and Co.)

This song is written in a vein of chaste feeling, which, independently

of its accessory merits, cannot fail to charm the ear of good taste. The principal motivo is conceived with tender pathetic simplicity; the accompaniment is rich and diversified; and some short connecting phrases are highly interesting. A second strain in E minor, p. 3, also calls for distinct and favourable mention. Besides its melodic attraction, it exhibits some modulations of no common order. The 13th bar of p. 2 we deem objectionable; the chords C♯, 3 and B, 3♯, as here treated, leaving an impression of consecutive fifths on the ear. In the triplet accompaniment the melodic notes of the voice might have been less closely followed. We had almost omitted to speak of the rhythm, the regularity and general propriety of which add greatly to the value of the composition.

Glee for four Voices, written by W. Sheperd, composed, and dedicated to Dr. Crotch, by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Want of space prevents us from entering into an analysis of this glee, which contains many beauties deserving of special comment. It is altogether a manly, highly interesting and scientific composition; in fact, it exhibits, more or less, every attraction we seek in a vocal quartett of this class. The melodies in F minor and F major are good, and uncommonly well adapted to the text: the arrangement of the parts, their fundamental harmony, their occasional canonic treatment, their individual melodic progress, demand our unqualified approbation. In short, the whole glee exhibits a union of taste and matured science, which greatly elevates it above the usual productions of this description.

"*The Champion Waltz*," *Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Fleet*, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

This is not Beethoven or Moscheles, nor meant to be such; but it is a sensible, and, we may add, a very pretty thing. The melodies are good, fresh, attractive, and facile; the treatment clear, unaffected, and intelligible; the digressive portions in character and good keeping; and the harmonies correct, adequate, and effective. In short, the Champion rondo is just such a piece as we would wish to place before a pupil of eight or twelve months' training, although such as are further advanced could not help being pleased with it.

"*Orythia*," *Air Fantasia for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bulwer*, by E. Woodward. Pr. 2s.—(Monro, Skinner-street.)

Likewise a waltz subject, cast into the form of a rondo, with a Scotch tune intervening. Amidst several commendable and pleasing conceptions, we observe some ideas of an awkward and heterogeneous complexion, and some hard-featured passages, such as the bottom lines of p. 3.

In general, the different melodic thoughts seem to want connection; they do not naturally arise out of each other, are not children of the same family, as it were. Some of the modulations are forcible and striking, such as ll. 3 and 7 in the 4th page, and the author winds himself through with credit. If this rondo is an early essay, we should augur well of future efforts, as further experience would tend to smooth the style and prune

some of the extraneous and wild shoots of fancy which here present themselves.

Ode to Spring, a Pastoral Glee; the Words by R. Gooch, Esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge, composed by Saml. Webbe. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Viewed as a composition in a style which, although now nearly obsolete, maintains its admirers, this glee claims considerable attention. Its melodies, in the solos, duets, and parts *a trè*, are, generally, of this description; and some of these, although not of modern complexion, are clear, natural, and appropriate. Of this nature is the duet p. 4, and more particularly the $\frac{6}{8}$ movement (*a trè*), pp. 8 and 9, which presents melodic periods of unquestionable interest, and is supported by a very clever accompaniment. To the allegretto, p. 6, and especially the bass solo, we cannot profess great partiality. The melody of the latter is uninteresting in itself, and certainly too stern and hard for the lightsome and joyous text.

The harmonic arrangement exhibits many features of science and skilful contrivance, good imitations, and passages of considerable contrapuntal artifice.

Rossini's much admired Overture and Introduction to the Opera of "La Donna del Lago," performed at the King's Theatre, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

"*In morning's dawn no hope I see*," *the popular Cavatina sung by Signor Curioni, with the Harp Accompaniment in "La Donna del*

Lago," composed by Signor Rossini. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

The above introduction to *La Donna del Lago* (overture it cannot be called) is one of the happiest productions of Rossini's pen, full of spirit, good melody, and harmonic combination. Mr. Rimbault's arrangement is unexceptionable; it has preserved every interesting feature of the original. We recommend it, therefore, strongly to our readers, not hesitating to pledge our credit with them, that they will be delighted with the piece.

The vocal cavatina is a free and pretty fair translation of "Aurora che sorgerai," of which the Italian words are likewise given. It is a lovely little jewel, and always *encored* at the King's Theatre. The arrangement being satisfactory, we may also well recommend this shillings-worth to favourable notice.

"*When meteor lights*," German Air from "*the Melodies of various Nations*," arranged by H. R. Bishop, with Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Stamford, by Ferdinand Ries. Op. 105. No. 3. No. 34. Var. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding & Co. Soho-square.)

The above numbers and sub-numbers of Mr. Ries's works proclaim

the fertility and assiduity of his pen. It has of late been rather too much devoted to variation-writing; but, as artists of any class cannot always work for fame, we must content ourselves with what Mr. R. dispenses, so long as it is not altogether unworthy of his name. This is the case with the present variations, the theme of which is a simple and very original German air, particularly noticed in our review of the work quoted in the title. The merit of the subject seems to have exerted an advantageous influence on the variations. They are extremely interesting, of very diversified character, and certainly not of appalling difficulty. Excellent practice.

"*Home, sweet home*," sung by Miss M. Tree in "*Clari, or the Maid of Milan*," at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed, and partly founded on a Sicilian Air, by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

This air is likewise taken from "the Melodies of various Nations," above referred to. It is a sweet simple tune; but the English text here assigned to it, requires some management to bring it smoothly under the authentic melody: it certainly was never intended for the musical metre of the air.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition at the British Institution is composed of a fine selection from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with some distinguished works of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish schools.

The Directors of this excellent and patriotic establishment, in the preface to their catalogue, hint at the propriety, for the improvement of our artists, of a periodical exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pic-

tures. With great deference to the judgment of so many distinguished patrons of art, we confess our inability to comprehend the advantage of carrying such an intention into effect, even if a careful selection could be made: for although no person can doubt the great obligations due to Sir Joshua, for his restoration of British art from the state of dry insipidity and mere mannerism in which he found it, and for the dignity, respectability, and independence which his moral worth shed upon the profession of which he was so great an ornament; yet the nature of his practice, which so exclusively confined him to portrait-painting, the inequality of his paintings, the frequent tendency to experiment in the executive application of his materials, laudable at the time, but, in most instances, eventually ineffectual, would, we think, present many obstacles to the practical fulfilment of the hopes cherished from such an exhibition. The students in art cannot fail to derive improvement from the contemplation of Reynolds's works, which the industry of his meritorious life distributed so generally throughout the country, as to be easily accessible, without being exposed to the risk of making copies indiscriminately from periodical Exhibitions. Sir Joshua himself would not have recommended such a course; on the contrary, his recommendation to the eccentric Barry, at Rome, was to study the principles by which that stupendous greatness of style, which predominated in the sublime works of the Capella Sistina, was produced, in preference to copying the *St. Cecilia* in the Borghese, or the *Herodias* of Guido, which, he adds, "may be copied to without contributing one jot

towards making a man an able painter." The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Royal Academy contain invaluable information on all subjects connected with the study of art, and the unerring principles upon which that study should be pursued.

There are sixty-four of this great artist's works in this Exhibition, by far the greater number of course portraits. Engravings of nearly all have rendered them familiar to the public. *Sterne's Portrait*, from Lord Holland's collection, was first exhibited in 1761 at the Spring-Gardens Room. *The Death of Dido* and the fine *Portraits of the Ladies Waldegrave* were in the Royal Academy in 1781; *the Cupid and Psyche* were in it in 1789. *The Portrait of the late Duke of Orleans* (from the collection of his Majesty, who is a munificent contributor to this Exhibition,) is that which was placed over the chair of the illustrious but unfortunate original, at the grand dinner given to his present Majesty previous to the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1786. This was a favourite portrait of Sir Joshua, who remarked how few persons appear with grace and ease when the arms are wholly unemployed, and that he never saw any man stand in such a position so well as the Duke of Orleans. *The Ugolino* in this Exhibition (from the Duchess of Dorset's collection) is, notwithstanding the various criticisms upon its merits, an eminent example of pathos and force of expression. The same observation applies to *the Death of Cardinal Beaufort*. These works in general convey an adequate idea of the taste of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the breadth and freedom of his pen-

cilling, and richness and brilliancy of his colouring, notwithstanding the occasional failure of his attempts to attain that exquisite tone acquired by the old masters.

The other pictures are by Rubens, Both, Teniers, Metz, Ostade, Wouwermans, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Claude, Cuyp, and the other princi-

pal masters who distinguished themselves all over Europe after the revival of painting. Most of them have been already exhibited, and they are undoubtedly fine specimens of the respective styles of the artists whose names they bear, and well calculated to preserve the high reputation of their talents.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of plain jaconot muslin; the *corsage* made high, close to the shape, and fastened behind. The elegant fashion of ornamenting the front of the skirt has become very prevalent; that in our print has a pagoda trimming formed by bands edged with cord, and narrow trimming of work descending gradually and regularly till it reaches the bottom, where there are four narrow worked flounces, each headed by flat corded bands, the upper one surmounted by a row of delicate insertion-work, the same as is introduced on each side of the pagoda trimming. The *corsage* is nearly covered with similar bands, corded, trimmed and arranged on clear book muslin, narrow at the waist both in front and back, but extending the whole width on the shoulder: falling collar of worked muslin leaves; long sleeve, nearly tight; worked ruffle, and small pagoda trimming at the wrist, where it is tied with primrose-colour ribbon drawn through a narrow puffing of book muslin: the epaulette is divided in the centre, and tied at the top in a bow, and trimmed with a row of puffed book muslin and narrow work.

Round morning cap of sprigged net satin, and primrose-colour gauze ribbon; border of British Mechlin lace, plain in the front, and in large puffs on each side. Primrose-colour kid shoes and gloves.

BALL DRESS.

British tulle dress worn over a white satin slip: the *corsage* composed of white satin bands, branching from the front; each band corded and trimmed with narrow blond; two bands continue over the shoulder, and renew the same trimming at the back: the sleeve is of the melon form, with sprays of satin confining the tulle; in the centre is a circular space, occasioned by the omission of the satin, and a cluster of China roses is introduced, which has a novel and elegant effect. The tucker is of fine blond, surmounting a satin band of French folds; from the wrist descends a succession of small oval baskets of tulle, edged with white satin, each containing a China rose and leaves: three rows of the same light tasteful baskets are continued round the bottom of the dress, which is finished with a broad white satin band's pic-



Illustration of a woman in a long, ornate white dress and a large, decorative hat, sitting on a wooden chair and holding a small red book or box.



white satin sash, with double bow behind.

Milanese head-dress, composed of thirteen pins, two stationary and one pendant ball; the pins are of gold, with the heads of patent pearl, and are stuck circularly in a plaited band of the hind hair: this is a very pretty novel head-dress, and accords with the grace of feminine beauty and youthful fancy. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of embossed gold and pink topazes interspersed. White kid gloves, with a quilling of blond at the top; white satin shoes, and a rose-bud introduced in the centre of the white satin rosette.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, plain promenade dress has a heavier appearance than is usual at this time of year, owing to pelisses and high silk dresses being so much in favour. Leghorn and plain and fancy straw are the materials most used for bonnets, but the latter article is not much in estimation.

Carriage or dress promenade costume is extremely light and tasteful; but we have noticed only one decided novelty, that is, a spencer *à la fichu*: it is made in white lace over peach-blossom coloured satin, fastens in front with lozenge buttons to correspond in colour, comes up to the neck, but without a collar, and is finished round the throat by a deep lace frill: a double pelerine, pointed behind and at the ends, and having the upper part more shallow than the under, is disposed round the back in a *bouillonné*, fastened from distance to distance by lozenge buttons, and the ends hang loosely from the point

of each shoulder, a little below the waist. The sleeve is made an easy width, and finished at the hand with *bouillonné* intermixed with peach-blossomed gimp. The *ceinture* corresponds in colour, and is fastened either with a gold or silver buckle.

We have noticed also a carriage pelisse of sprigged net, with the shape of the *corsage* marked out by letting-in lace: this is rather an advantageous style of *corsage* for a fine figure, but it has something of a formal air. The trimming of this pelisse is very pretty; it consists of a *bouillonné* of net formed by branches of bright green satin leaves, laid on from distance to distance in a bias direction: this trimming goes only round the bottom, the front being fastened up by bows of bright green satin, to correspond with the trimming and lining of the pelisse. The epaulette corresponds with the trimming of the skirt.

There is a good deal of variety in the shape of bonnets: they are all, however, of a moderate size; indeed in some instances rather small, particularly those of the cottage shape. Flowers are much in favour, and down feathers equally so: the latter either correspond with the bonnet, or have an intermixture, as rose and white, blue and white, &c. &c. The prettiest among the transparent bonnets are those in blond net, embroidered in floss silk round the edge of the brim and on the crown: these bonnets are always adorned with flowers and gauze ribbons.

Cambric muslin is more used than it has been for several seasons in morning dress. Open robes, with petticoats worked to correspond, are more in favour than flounced dresses.

Jaconot muslin gowns embroidered in colours are very fashionable in half-dress: some are trimmed with flounces lightly embroidered round the edge; others are worked at the bottom of the skirt in a large showy pattern: the ground of the dress has usually a small sprig to correspond in colour. The bodies are made tight to the shape, in some instances half high, and always with long sleeves. The favourite colours for these dresses are, mignonette-green, lilac, rose, and straw colour.

Full dress is at present simple and tasteful, rather than rich: the favourite materials for young ladies' dresses are, gauze, tulle, and net, over white, or in some instances coloured satin. The trimmings consist of an intermixture of satin with the

material of the dress, or else a *bouilloné* mingled with flowers, gauze ribbons, or satin shells. The *corsage* usually fastens behind, and the bust continues to be much ornamented. Waists are still very long, backs narrow at bottom, and short sleeves very full. The hair continues to be dressed low behind, and full on the temples. Flowers are much in favour for the hair in full dress, but jewels we think more so. Pearls intermixed with coloured stones are very much used. Indian and Turkish turbans are in favour with matronly *belles*: they are ornamented with feathers, and sometimes with jewels.

Fashionable colours are, pale blue, mignonette-green, lilac, rose colour, bright green, and straw colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

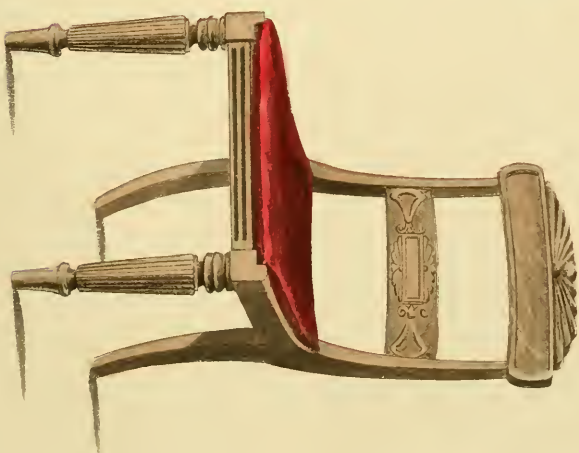
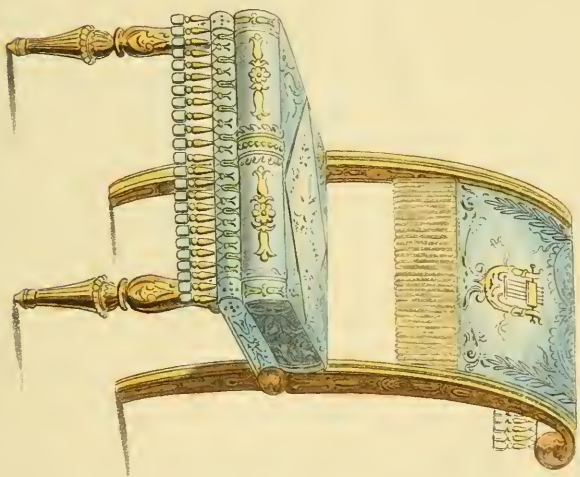
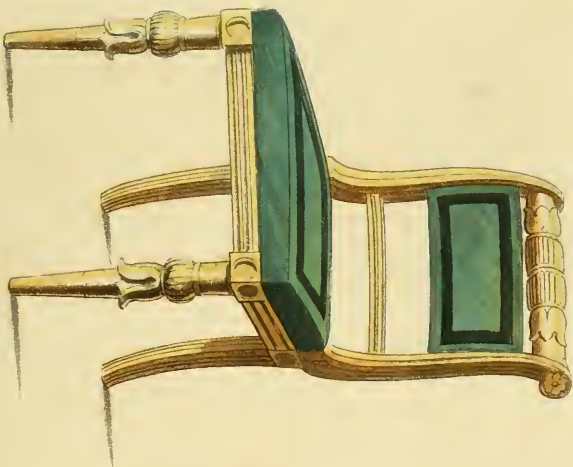
PARIS, JUNE 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

SILK is now very little seen in the public promenades, gowns being either of *barèges*, coloured muslin, or cambric muslin. The *barèges* are such as I have before described: the coloured muslins have always a white ground nearly covered with a running pattern. Citron, green, and lilac are the colours most in favour; these are likewise the favourite colours for *barèges*: the latter are a good deal trimmed with satin tucks, triangles, and deep flounces of the material of the gown. The deep tucks at the bottom of some cambric muslin *blouses* have been superseded in some measure by *entre-deux* of embroidery, placed between clusters of small tucks, put five or six together. Waists are something longer. Scarfs, &c. continue to be of the

light kind I described in my last, with the addition, however, of China crape scarfs, which now begin to be as fashionable as those of lace or *barèges*.

Bonnets are mostly of gauze, crape, or rice-straw: we see, however, still some in silk and cotton straw: these latter are adorned with bands of the same material, and finished by triangles of alternate red and green satin. The newest promenade *chapeau* is the gleaner's hat; it is of the gipsy form, and composed partly of straw and partly of satin: this hat is always trimmed with ears of ripe corn, of which there is a bouquet round the crown, and some also scattered round the edge of the brim, and even under the edge. Rice-straw hats are frequently adorned with a *barèges* scarf twisted round the crown, and tied at the side. Some transparent hats are embroidered in coloured



silks: the favourite ornament of this description is a garland of ivy round the brim. There is so much variety in the trimmings of hats, that it would be difficult to say what is most in favour; flowers, *barèges* scarfs, gauze ribbons, ripe corn, and down feathers, being all worn.

Crêpe lisse, figured gauze, and white *barèges*, are all in favour in full dress. The *sultane* is still very much worn, but if the dress is long, it more than touches the ground. The *corsage* continues to be finished in the stomacher style with satin, blond, &c. A good many dresses have the bust cut in the form of a V, which is certainly advantageous to the shape. Gowns are cut very low round the bust; the skirts are moderately trimmed. Flowers and embroidery are more used than any thing else for trimmings: the embroidery is extremely beautiful; it is done in floss

silk, with a mixture of satin, *chenille*, or pearl beads. The *ceinture* is worn very broad: sashes and girdles are equally in favour. The hair, except for youthful *belles*, is a good deal covered in full dress. *Toques*, turbans, and dress caps are all worn, as well as dress hats with small brims, which have a lining in the form of a fan. These hats are adorned with ostrich-feathers, one half of which is white and the other coloured, or else with white or corn-coloured marabouts. I see that in speaking of promenade costume, I have forgotten to tell you, that our fashionable shoes are *brun solitaire*, or violet leather, or black Turkish satin.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month. Adieu, *ma chere Sophie*! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

CHAIRS.

THE annexed plate represents three varieties of chairs, designed for apartments in the first style of elegance. The middle chair is intended for the boudoir, for which it would form an elegant appendage: it is highly wrought in all its parts, and requires to be carefully finished. The frame should be burnished gold. The seat and back are formed of richly figured light blue silk. Persian fringe is suspended from the seat and from the top of the back, while the front is finished with broad gold lace. The chair to the left of the above is intended for the drawing-room: it is an elegant Grecian

form: the wood-work is richly finished in burnished and matt gold; the seat and back of green velvet, relieved with a blue or black band. Rich figured silk may be substituted, of a colour to suit the drapery of the room. The third chair is of mahogany, and designed for the parlour: the ornaments are carved in the same wood as the frame of the chair; the legs are turned and beaded: the continued lines on the frame should also be beaded. The seat is covered with red morocco leather, which, combined with the colour of the wood, produces a warm and rich appearance.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. LANDSEER is preparing for publication *Sabæan Researches*, in a series of essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries, and including the substance of a course of lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on the engraved Hieroglyphics of Chaldea, Egypt, and Canaan, illustrated with engravings of Babylonian cylinders, and other inedited monuments of antiquity.

Michael Quin has in the press *A Visit to Spain*; detailing the transactions which occurred during a residence in that country in the latter part of 1822, and the first four months of 1823: with an account of the removal of the court from Madrid to Seville; and general notices of the manners, customs, costume, and music of the country, in an 8vo. volume.

A member of the University of Oxford will speedily publish, *A Voice from St. Peter's and St. Paul's*, or a few plain words addressed to the members of both Houses of Parliament, on the recent attacks on the church establishment, particularly those in the 75th Number of the Edinburgh Review.

Sir John Malcolm is preparing for publication, in two vols. 8vo. *A Memoir of Central India*, with the history and copious illustrations of the past and present condition of that country.

The Rev. Henry Card has been for some time engaged in preparing *A Life of Bishop Burnet*, drawn from papers partly preserved in the British Museum, and partly in the archives of one or two noble families.

The author of "The Farmer's Boy" is about to appear again before the public in a drama in three acts, interspersed with songs, entitled *Hazelwood Hall*.

A poem by the late Dr. Archibald Mac Leod, entitled *Ellen Gray, or a Maiden's Curse*, is in the press.

Mr. Charles Dubois is about to publish, in a small volume, *An Introduction to Lamarck's Arrangement of the Genera*

of Shells; being a free translation of that part of his work which treats on *Mollusca* with testaceous coverings.

A Journal of a Tour in France in 1816 and 1817, by Frances Jane Carey, is preparing for publication in an 8vo. volume.

Mr. Wright, accountant, will publish in a few days, for the use of commercial gentlemen, *The New Mercantile Assistant and General Cheque-Book*, containing nine copious and distinct sets of tables of calculations of most frequent occurrence in trade.

The author of "Dangerous Errors" has in the press, a tale, entitled *Influence and Example, or the Recluse*.

A new edition of *The Diversions of Purley*, by the celebrated John Horne Tooke, is printing in two 8vo. volumes, from the copy corrected and considerably enlarged by the author, and hitherto in the possession of his executors.

Warton's *History of English Poetry*, embracing a large body of notes, by the late Dr. Ashby, the late Mr. Ritson, Mr. Douce, and other eminent antiquaries, together with the copious illustrations and additions of Mr. Thomas Park, is nearly ready for publication. The specimens of poetry have all been collated with the original MSS. or editions of acknowledged merit, and the numerous errors arising from inattention at the press, or in transcribing the author's copy, have been carefully avoided.

The public will, we doubt not, be gratified to learn, that a print is about to be executed by Mr. Sharp, from the fine portrait of the late Dr. Jenner, in the possession of his nephew, Mr. Edward Davies, which was painted by Mr. Hobday of Pall-Mall, in the autumn of 1821, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy last season. The admirers of the deceased will by this means have an opportunity of possessing a most correct likeness of one, whose life displayed an in-

teresting scene of genuine and pure philanthropy, and who died regretted by all who esteem the excellencies of a valued and respected character. The print will be of the same size, and executed in the same style, as the celebrated portrait of John Hunter, from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It will possess a peculiar interest for the admirers of art, as being positively the last work which the public may expect from the admirable graver of Mr. Sharp. A prospectus may be had at Mr. Ackermann's.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours have closed their annual Exhibition, to make way for a new selection of works in the department of art in which they excel. The Exhibition re-opened in Pall-Mall East on the 23d of June. It is on the plan of the British Institution, and is designed to bring to view performances in Water-Colours, which would otherwise not meet the public eye, being the works and property of individuals. We learn that his Majesty and many of the nobility have contributed to this treat for the lovers of the art.

A new Institution has just been formed for the promotion of art, with the title of *the Society of British Artists*. The number of members is fixed at sixty. Its object embraces a building with separate rooms for the different departments of art, to which all the artists in the empire will be invited to send their works for exhibition and sale. We hope to be enabled to submit to our readers a more particular account of this Institution in our next publication.

The Royal Library lately presented by his Majesty to the nation contains about 65,250 books, exclusively of 868 cases of pamphlets, and pamphlets which would fill 140 cases more, exclusively also of an extensive collection of maps and geographical and topographical works. The library is very complete for its extent in all branches of science and litera-

ture, principally in classics, English history, Italian, French, and Spanish literature, and scarce early printed books of the 15th century. A munificent donation of cases and medals accompanies this gift. The Committee of the House of Commons, to whom the papers respecting it were referred, recommend in their report that this collection should be placed in the same building with the library of the British Museum, already enriched with 9000 volumes collected from the time of Henry VII. presented by George II. in 1757, and with 2000 volumes of papers and pamphlets, between 1640 and 1660, presented by his late Majesty. It is stated that the Royal Library is so different from that of the Museum, consisting of about 125,000 volumes, that its addition will not make above 21,000 duplicates, and of these not more than 12,000 which might be deemed unnecessary. It is, however, recommended, out of respect to his late Majesty, that the library should be kept distinct and entire; and the Committee farther point out the propriety of erecting a new national Museum on the site of Montague-House and grounds.

Mr. Macdonald of Scalpa, in the Hebrides, having, some years ago, suffered considerably by mice, put at the bottom, near the centre, and at the top of each stack or mow, as it was raised, three or four stalks of wild mint with the leaves on, and never afterwards had any of his grain consumed. He then tried the same experiment with his cheese and other articles kept in store, and often injured by mice, and with equal effect, by laying a few leaves, green or dry, on the article to be preserved. From these results it must be inferred, that mice have an antipathy to the smell of mint: if so, it may be worth experiment to scatter a few drops of oil of peppermint in pantries and other places frequented by them, as the effect will probably be the same.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE FIVE OAKS
AT DALEWITZ.*From the German of THEODORE KÖRNER.*

'Tis evening—ceas'd the busy hum of day,
The sun descending casts a ling'ring ray
Of crimson glory on the western sky;
Ye ancient witnesses of days gone by,
Beneath your giant branches let me rest!
Oaks of my fathers, here my glowing breast
Swell high with inspiration. Forms sublime,
Ye representatives of olden time,
Magnificent in verdure, ye display
The strength mature of age, but no decay;
Cent'ries have ye surviv'd: the life of man
Compar'd with your existence is—a span.
How many spirits, great and wise and brave,
Since ye were young have sunk into the
grave!

How many stars of female virtue shone
In meteoric splendour, and are gone
Quick as the momentary light which gleams
Upon your tow'ring crests! To me it seems,
That every passing zephyr's lightest breath
Whispers that human greatness ends in death.
Reckless of these analogies ye stand,
Defying Time's fierce threat and ruthless
hand:

No pilgrim vainly has invoked your aid,
Offering to all your hospitable shade,
And when sear autumn strews your leaves
around,

Dying they nourish the parental ground.
The spring returns, deck'd with a livelier
green,

And richer foliage each year is seen:
Emblems of German valour, German worth,
Whence patriotic virtue had its birth,
Whence self-devotion in the sacred cause
Of country, freedom, faith, and equal laws,
Despising life mubled by liberty,
Sees better times in bright futurity.
But what avails my useless, idle dream?
The Muse recalls me to a mournful theme.
O Germany! thou noblest of them all,
Thy oaks yet stand, but thou wast doom'd to
fall.

VALERIA.

June 9, 1823.

THE FAIRY WELL:

An old Ballad.

1.

There was a fairy who liv'd in a well,
And she pronounc'd a magical spell:
"Whoever looks into this wave," she said,
Shall see the lady that he's to wed."

2.

A king came by with his hunting-spear,
And stopp'd to look in the waters clear;
He laid by the brim his signet of gold,
And gave his brother his crown to hold.

3.

But while he knelt and was looking down,
His brother stood by and triel on the crown;
The pearls were bright and the rubies were
brave,
So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

4.

"O brother, O brother, you've got my ring,
And the golden crown that made me a king;
But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall
quake,
And the head that wears my jewels shall
ache!"

5.

The murderer stood and looked from the
brink:

"The sun is so hot I should like to drink."
But, lo! as he stooped with a silver cup,
His head went down and his heels flew up!

6.

"O brother, O brother, I've got your crown,
But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me
down;

You shall be crown'd in the skies again,
But I shall be mark'd on the brow like Cain!"

7.

Down he sunk in the dismal wave,
Dark as death and cold as the grave;
But when he came to the stones at last,
The fairy caught him and held him fast.

8.

She took him into her crystal hall,
And there he saw his face in the wall;
She appear'd rosy, but he look'd white,
And all the tapers were burning bright.

9.

The king leap'd down from his fairy throne,
With brighter eyes than the diamonds shone;
His left hand balanc'd a pearly globe,
But his right it lifted his purple robe.

10.

"O brother, O brother, bend down your knee,
But kneel to heav'n and not to me;
For God may frown on your grievous sin,
But I'm too happy you push'd me in!"

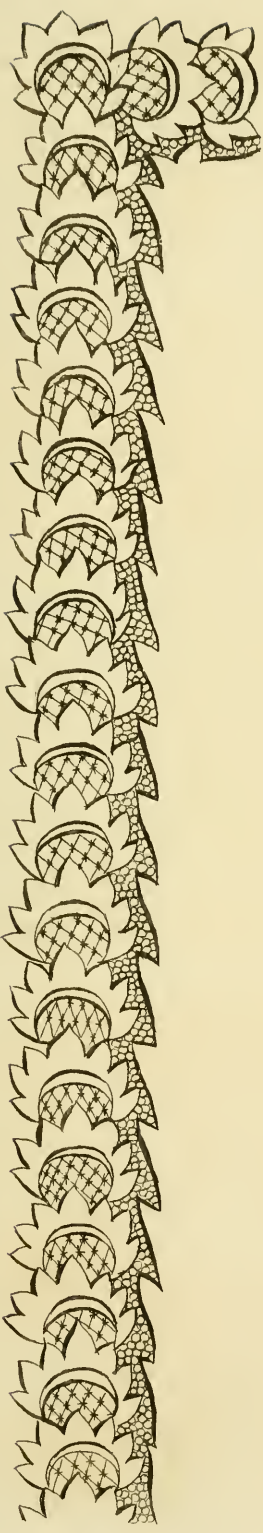
11.

"Come hither, come hither, you're welcome
now

To my golden crown that decks your brow;
There are smiles worth heaven on my love's
face,

And she has made me king of this place"

T. M.



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

AUGUST 1, 1823.

N^o. VIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. VIEW OF DITTON-PARK	63
2. ——— HOLLY-GROVE-HOUSE	64
3. ——— THE PAVILION, FONTHILL ABBEY	103
4. NATIONAL POLONAISE	113
5. LADIES' EVENING DRESS	120
6. ——— BALL DRESS	121

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Ditton-Park, the Seat of Lord MONTAGU	63
Holly-Grove-House, the Seat of T. H. BROADHEAD, Esq.	64
Letters from Reginald Filterbrain, Esq. of the Inner Temple	65
The Wife of a Genius	67
The Loiterer. No. IV.	70
The Pleasures of a Hackney-Coach	72
The Fallen Tree, freely translated from the Spanish	74
FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.—Chamber of Peersesses	75
The Castle and the Farm, or the Foster-Brothers (continued)	78
GHOST STORIES. No. I.—The Three Brothers (continued)	83
Some Particulars respecting WILLIAM COMBE, Esq. with Sunday, an Essay extracted from his <i>Philosopher in Bristol</i>	87
The Twin Sisters: A Tale of Real Life	92
Description of General MARTIN'S House at Lucknow; extracted from a Letter from an Officer in the Bengal Establishment	99
The Fair Incognita	ib.
Behaviour	101
Fonthill Abbey	103
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and PERSONAL —Coronation Anecdote —Bishop Wilson—Origin of Cards—Sacrifices at Funerals—Before and after Marriage—East Indian Glow-Worms—Charles XII. of Sweden —Dr. Johnson—Hail and Ice in the East Indies—Catherine of Russia and Voltaire	105

	PAGE
GAELIC RELICS. No. VI.—The Song of the Dalt, Campa na Aillach	108
National Polonaise. By F. W. P. OGINSKY	113

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Vocal Anthology. Part I.	ib.
WEBBE'S Ode to Solitude	114
—— "La mia Dorabella"	ib.
SANDERSON'S Series of Popular Airs	ib.
—— "Anxious by the gliding stream"	115
SALMON'S "La Récréation"	ib.
BURROWES' Locke's Music in Macbeth	116
RIMBAULT'S Select Italian Airs	ib.
PURKIS'S Sixth Fantasia	ib.
RIMBAULT'S Paer's Overture to Leonore	117
—— Shield's Air, "What are the boasted joys of love"	ib.
BARNETT'S "Ode to the Bark"	ib.
BEALE'S "County Guy"	ib.
QUADRILLES.—NIXON'S La Danse—A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles —TOPLIFF'S Second Set of Psychean Quadrilles	ib.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition in Water-Colours	118
---------------------------------------	-----

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Evening Dress	120
Ball Dress	121
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
French Female Fashions	122

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	123
-----------------------------------	-----

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.

We are much obliged to our correspondent for the addition to our account of Tabley-House, which shall appear next month, the present Number being made up when it reached us.

Prospectus of a New Institution for the Formation of Wives—Tour round my Parlour (or at least the first portion of it), and Adventures of a Serjeant's Wife, shall also be given 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.

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAF, Rotterdam.



Wendell del.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

AUGUST 1, 1823.

N^o. VIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

DITTON-PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD MONTAGU.

DITTON, with the manor, was granted by Edward III. in 1335 to William de Montacute, who, in the same year, conveyed it to Sir John Molines, who held it with the manor of Stoke-Pogis. After various successive owners, we find it, in the reign of James I. in the possession of Sir Ralph Winwood, then principal Secretary of State: his daughter Ann being married to Edward Lord Montagu of Baughton in Northamptonshire, Ditton became his in right of his wife. From him it passed to his son Ralph, created Duke of Montagu; descending then to his son John Duke of Montagu, at whose death it became the joint property of his two daughters, Mary, married to George Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu; and Isabella, married first to William Montagu, the

Vol. II. No. VIII.

second Duke of Manchester, and secondly to Sir Edward Hussey, K. B. created after his marriage Earl of Beaulieu: on the death of whom, with their husbands, Ditton became the joint property of the late Duke and the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh, her grace being the only child of George Duke of Montagu. The present proprietor, Lord Montagu, is her second son.

Ditton Park is in the parish of Datchet, Buckinghamshire, and about three miles from Windsor. It is occasionally the residence of Lord Montagu, but the lowness of the ground, and consequent dampness of the site, prevent the family from constantly residing on it. The old mansion was destroyed by fire on the night of the 28th April, 1812; part of the furniture, and a fine portrait

K

of Sir Ralph Winwood, were saved from the flames. The house possessed no particular claim to notice; it had been enlarged at various times.

The present mansion, as shewn in our view of the Garden-Front, is a handsome Gothic structure, and was built by Atkinson. The offices and stables are convenient and extensive. It may be said to stand on an island, from the breadth of the moat that surrounds the house. Its communication with the main land is by draw-

bridges, with the exception of the principal entrance, to which is a stone bridge of five arches. The island is laid out in pleasure-grounds, and it possesses some fine timber, for which the park is remarkable. Ditton is a hamlet of Stoke-Pogis, with a chapel of ease. A neat pretty Gothic chapel is built in the park for the use of the family; near which, planted out from observation, are the kitchen-gardens, which are extensive.

HOLLY-GROVE-HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF THEODORE HENRY BROADHEAD, ESQ.

THE first conveyance of this beautiful spot is an indenture made in the year 1697 between William Taylor of Winkfield and John Avis of Old Windsor: it was for a cottage, and a small portion of land attached to it. In the year 1772, it was purchased by Captain John Deacon of the first regiment of foot-guards, and equerry to the Duke of Cumberland. The grounds have been enlarged by subsequent grants, all of which are entered at the court of attachment for Windsor Forest. In 1783, we find Sir Andrew Snape Hammond the proprietor, who sold it to Samuel Johnson, Esq. It was again sold in 1791 to Henry Griffiths, Esq. In the following year it was transferred to Miss Jennings, and was disposed of by the Rose family to Spencer Mackay, Esq. of whom it was purchased in 1808 by Theodore Henry Broadhead, Esq. father of the present proprietor.

The house is of brick, and the principal front, as shewn in the annexed view, is enlivened with pilasters of stucco. The interior contains some handsome apartments.

The principal library is a magnificent room, 31 feet by 24, containing a valuable collection of books. Among many pictures is a superb work of Guercino, *the Grecian Daughter*.

The entire extent of ground is about forty-five acres, the whole within a very beautiful part of the Forest, and commanding all its rides and drives. The principal part was granted by George III. to the Right Hon. George Rose during Miss Jennings's residence at the place, about twenty years since. The estate is charged with the repair of part of the highway leading from a little beyond the house in the parish of Old Windsor, to the junction of the road with the parish of New Windsor; a condition entered into by Mr. Griffiths on being permitted to inclose a portion of the forest.

The place is indebted to Miss Jennings for the present delightful arrangement of the gardens and grounds. Her fine taste induced her to call in the assistance of Repton, under whose direction the flower-garden was created. It is beautiful and sequestered, and in it is a



grapery, with greenhouses and alcoves. The serpentine walk that leads to it winds round the ground, at intervals commanding charming views of the surrounding country; while the area is gay and fragrant with flowers, and rich in plants of rarity and beauty. Adequate justice cannot be done in any description to its situation. From both fronts the house commands varied and extensive views over the Forest, the Great Park, the castle and town of Windsor, with a fine stretch of distant country. For the facts contained in this brief notice, we are indebted to the kind communications of the present proprietor.

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN, ESQ.

Of the INNER TEMPLE.

LETTER II.

“ To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

Seasons.

WHEN I seal'd up my last, which ere this you have read,
 I popp'd out my candle and bundled to bed;
 And after the fright and fatigues I had borne,
 You may judge that I slept pretty soundly till morn;
 And my snooze had been longer, no doubt, but a rapping
 At the door of my room put an end to my napping:
 'Twas a servant, the troublesome slut, who bethought her
 I had slept long enough, and so brought my hot water.
 With a yawn and a stretch, and reluctantly turning
 Twice or thrice, I consulted my watch, and discerning
 'Twas but just ten o'clock, I exclaim'd, “ 'Tis surprising
 What pleasure folks find in such vile early rising!”
 But I knew that 'twas fruitless complaining, and said,
 “ *Ut Romani in Româ,*” and bounce'd out of bed;
 When, opening the window, conceive my delight,
 'Twas the broad rolling ocean that burst on my sight.
 I had heard of its wonders indeed in the page
 Of the tourists and bards of this book-teeming age;
 But I now saw it foaming, and heard the loud roar
 Of the white-crested wave as it broke on the shore;
 And warm'd by the sight I so long had desir'd,
 I rhapsodized thus, as if mad or inspired:
 “ Oh! thou blue-bosom'd ocean, that gird'st like a charm
 The dear land of my birth, and protect'st it from harm,
 Who th' attempts of invaders so oft hast made vain,
 As thou scatter'dst the fleets of the Spaniard and Dane;
 And proclaim'dst to the nations—‘ The land of the brave
 Shall ne'er be defiled by the foot of the slave.’
 Oh! thou——” At this moment to breakfast a warning
 Call'd home my wild thoughts to the task of adorning;
 Which done, *comme il faut*, I soon made my first bow
 To the family party assembled below,

Whom 'tis fit, for your guidance, I name one by one :
 Our host and his lady, two daughters, a son ;
 The last, for some service I did him in town,
 To Priory Grange had invited me down.
 The ladies all greeted their guest with a smile,
 The sweetest of welcomes ; the men-folk the while
 Each seized on my hand, and they grasp'd it so tight,
 That prim ceremony was strangled outright.
 'Twas such a reception, that now it appears
 As if I had known the whole party for years.

When breakfast was ended (you'll please to remember
 That shooting commenced on the first of September),
 They said, if to sporting I'd no great aversion,
 They'd be glad if I join'd them, and took that diversion.
 Now of sporting and such things I just as much knew
 As I do of the language they speak at Loo-chew ;
 And for pointing a gun, tho' I say't to my shame,
 Had I shot at a barn I had sure miss'd my aim.
 But I could not refuse, tho' I lik'd not the fun,
 So I said I would go if they'd lend me a gun.
 This want was no sooner express'd than supplied,
 With a queer-looking bottle of powder beside,
 Which I stuff'd in one pocket, and ill could they smother
 Their mirth when I cramm'd the shot-belt in the other.
 This *erratum* corrected, without further trouble,
 We soon reach'd a place which they term'd a wheat-stubble,
 A wide straggling field, without footpath or track
 (You might just as well walk on a porcupine's back),
 In which we had scarcely proceeded ten yards
 (I should'ring my piece as I'd seen the foot-guards),
 Ere the dog made a point, which, you'll understand, shews
 There is game not a great many feet from his nose.
 Now, by previous arrangement, 'twas settled that I
 On the first birds they started my prowess should try ;
 While they stood beside me the exploit to view
 (Like the thieves in Gil Blas, when he made his *début*).
 I lifted my piece, but as often I'd heard
 That guns sometimes recoil, an event I much fear'd,
 And to guard against which, I judg'd best to hold her
 Some two or three inches before my left shoulder ;
 But pulling the trigger, I found, by the shock,
 There was less to be fear'd from the muzzle than stock ;
 For the consequence was, to my utter dismay,
 I fell flat on my back, and the birds flew away.
 But I soon gain'd my feet, and dispelling my terror,
 My friend very kindly explain'd my sad error.
 On each fire that succeeded, conceive my surprise,
 Indeed I could scarcely believe my own eyes,
 The birds, just as sure as I levell'd my gun,
 As if 'twere by magic, dropp'd dead every one ;

So that, when we return'd, to the ladies I bragg'd
 Of my prowess in arms, and the game I had bagg'd:
 But their brother soon clear'd up the mystic transaction,
 Though I own not exactly to my satisfaction;
 They would ne'er have done laughing, I thought, when they heard,
 That he shot o'er my shoulder and kill'd every bird.
 But here I must finish, as I am a sinner:
 Adieu, my dear fellow! the bell rings to dinner.

W. H. H.

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

"LITE-la ral-la ral-la!" sang a ragged urchin as he beat time with a tin coffin-plate which hung on his finger, and clanged responsive to his *larry* on the pavement of the High-street of Worcester. "Tite-te lal-la-lal-la," continued he, doling out his monotonous tune, while I was regarding him with fixed attention as a fit sketch either for the pen of Goldsmith, or the pencil of Wilkie. I kept at a little distance all up the High-street, until he entered a dirty suburban lane of that city, in whose grand cathedral I had just been drawing, and under the protection of whose principal inn I had taken up my abode.

The boy's face was particularly handsome, and he had washed it, as if he was proud of it; for its natural colour was seen no further than his cheeks, forming a bold relief of light and shade, for his neck and throat were left as black as household dirt could make them: this had not probably been disturbed since he last went into the Severn, which might be now some months since. Locks of raven-black hair strayed through an old hat; his pantaloons, although they might call down reflections on his tailor for their moral unfitness, left his limbs at perfect liberty to extend their growth. His jacket bore

the same free and easy appearance. Of shoes he had scarcely any; what remained were so large, that his feet ever and anon disdained to bear them company, at one time leaving them in the lurch, at another becoming, as it were, like the clogs of the good housewife, they also bore some part in the concert, the principal instrument of which seemed to be the afore-said tin ornament. "What are you going to do with that plate?" said I, overtaking him.—"Take it to my mother," replied the urchin: "she died yesterday morning. The parish are going to bury her to-night, or else Mr. Fleming won't bury her at all, for they say St. Clement's an't mother's parish. Sister would have got a collection for her, but parson D— is so good as to say he'll bury mother for nothing."

There could not be the least occasion to ask the boy if he were sorry to lose his mother; the quiet, not grief-like, but calm sorrow of his air, the very clinking of the tin, which bore an inscription for her coffin, the *time* of his tune, all, all were in accord with that distress, which, having commenced in gushing and bitter tears, spends itself in idle sorrow; and as he stood answering my interrogatories, he pointed with a black finger to the inscription, inwardly spel-

ling every word; and when he came to the bottom, as if he was then only convinced that he was reading what related to his own mother, he burst into tears.

What would one of those demagogues, who endeavour to the utmost of their power to make the poor believe that they are worse off than they really are, say to me, if he heard me assert, that the lower orders do not feel so acutely as the higher? He would probably declare, that I deserved to lose my head, forgetting that Providence suits the back to the burden: yet I will assert, that the Father of Mercies, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, bestows on the poor an equivalent for their hard lot, in occupying their minds so much as to prevent their giving way to despair. The obligation to earn their daily bread rouses their exertions; and while the sufferer of rank seeks an alleviation to his sorrows in inactivity, the many wants of the poorer orders soon make them forget the loss of kindred. Foote shewed his knowledge of human nature, when he makes a mantua-maker declare, that she should certainly have died of grief for her poor dear husband, had it not been for a court-mourning, which diverted the current of her ideas.

There was something in my *rencontre* with this boy that made me wish to see the end of this adventure, and I followed him to his home, and entered a room on the ground-floor at the same time that he did. I saw there, on a wretched bed, attended by a few garrulous neighbours, the remains of a fellow-creature, whose delicate hand and whose appearance, even in death, betrayed a much superior character to any of

those who now crowded round me. I applied to the most loquacious for information respecting the deceased, but she dealt entirely in generals; she indulged too in a string of invectives against the defunct, whose principal failings seemed to be, that she had feelings above her situation.

I again applied to the boy, who was now a passive spectator: a feeling of temporary sorrow had subsided in curiosity respecting what was about to be done; but as they were proceeding to lay the poor soul in her last narrow house, I beckoned the boy to the door, and inquired his future views, and what he meant to do to get a living. "Why," he exclaimed, "now mother is dead, I suppose there could be no harm in going again to water-cart!" adding, that his mother never liked him to do it when she was alive; and thus he had been deprived of many a mouthful of victuals.

Having so far satisfied myself with regard to the dead as well as to the living, the latter of whom I satisfied also, I returned to my inn, and ordering a chaise, was about to step into it, when the boy whom I had noticed appeared at the door. He offered me a large packet of papers, written as he said by his poor mother: they were of no use to him, they might be to me. He made a rustic bow and departed. This parcel came not unopportunately to carry me through a country too often visited to afford further novelty, and I untied a dirty ribbon, and read as follows: "*The Wife of a Genius: a Tale too true.*" Whether this story was ever intended for publication, I know not; but I have felt so much interest in its details, that, with a few corrections, I hesitate not to lay

it before the readers of the *Repository*.

"I am the daughter of Imprudence and Folly, for by such names may my parents be designated: perhaps I should apologize for thus indecently satirizing those who gave me birth; but I have bitterly suffered in consequence of their ill management, and all I can do is to complain. God knows I loved them dearly; and even while I thus impugn their conduct, were they but alive I should indeed be happy. My grandfather kept a large inn on the north road, of which my mother became the ornament. She was extremely beautiful, very witty, and as money came in faster than her father could count it, he bestowed upon her a splendid education. After receiving the incense of flattery for three years from my grandfather's customers, who proffered every thing to gratify her except matrimony, and having lost all her time without gaining an honourable settlement, she at length listened to the proposals of my father, a quiet good kind of man; and finding no other person so eligible, she married him.

"It may be proper to mention in what way this couple meant to maintain themselves. My father was then a musician of some celebrity, and his teaching, with other engagements, might have afforded them an ample fortune, had not a love of extravagance soon involved them in penury. The details of poverty and obscurity would pain me to relate. Suffice it to say, that, allured by splendid promises, my parents visited London. Here my father became insolvent,

and at the age of fifteen I found myself, with my parents, living in a two-pair of stairs room, in an obscure street; my father suffering from an apoplectic seizure, and, with my mother, entirely dependent on me for support.

"I had been educated in music as a teacher by my father, and by my talents alone were they now to be supported. Obligated in all weathers to attend my pupils, my days were spent in trouble, and my nights in vexation. The idea that I was supporting parents on whom I doted for a time gave me fresh energies; but when I saw the hard-earned sums which I had gained for them lavished by my mother on some dainty article of food, or on some splendid dress, while I knew our rent was yet unpaid, I did sometimes repine.

"The love of company, in which my parents inordinately indulged, was also another source of disquiet. What then was the company that now assembled round them? They were as they called themselves *professional* persons: indeed they professed much; fiddlers at minor theatres, mountebanks, clowns, and would-be actresses; young gentlemen who only imitated Congreve in his licentiousness, ladies who shone in doggerel and pun, a species of very little geniuses who mistake talking nonsense for genius, and ill-nature for wit. My nights were now turned into day; the roses left my cheeks, and were to be supplied by those of a less natural but yet a brighter hue, when an event occurred which formed the grand epoch of my life."

(To be continued.)

THE LOITERER.

No. IV.

TO THE LOITERER.

SIR,

I AM a very ill-used person, and though I have reason to suppose you are one of my bitterest enemies, yet I hope you have generosity of spirit enough to give me an opportunity of clearing myself from the unfounded and scandalous accusations which a great majority of the good people of this metropolis are every day bringing against me. I am, sir, that once bright star of the morning, now known in Europe by the name of the Devil. It is needless for me to give you any account of myself, since I know you are perfectly well versed in my history: my object in writing to you is to remove, if I can, some part of the aspersions daily thrown upon me, and to prove the truth of your own proverb, that the Devil is not so black as he is painted.

You must be aware, sir, of the practice, now so general, of tacking my name to every vice or meanness that people would express their detestation of. Thus they say, as stingy, or as selfish, as the Devil, as stupid as the Devil, as idle as the Devil, as foolish as the Devil. Now really, sir, this is too bad: where will you find a warrant for accusing me of these qualities? Sacred and profane history both afford the most convincing proofs that I have never been idle in past times; and certainly the present state of society gives undoubted proof that I am as industrious as ever: for frail as man is by nature, yet goodness is so mixed with evil in his disposition, that were it not

for my great exertions and those of my myrmidons, fashionable vices could never have arisen to their present height. Now as to meanness or selfishness, can any body who has ever read Milton accuse me of those faults? Does not that candid historian of my fall give me abundant credit for those dispositions, which, in the present age, are so much admired? Can any one deny that he has drawn me very much of a gentleman? And is not that sufficient to prove, that meanness is a fault with which I can in no shape be charged?

As to stupidity, if mankind had any sense of shame, they would blush to bring so puerile a charge against me. Let them look at the grand designs of which I have been the instigator; at the various and ingenious methods which I took to continue my empire when the rise of Christianity first threatened it with entire destruction; and at those brilliant and seductive writings, penned under my influence, with which in latter ages I have inundated the world, in the hope of sapping what I could not overturn by open force. Let them, I say, Mr. Loiterer, consider those things, and then, if they have any sense of justice, they must acknowledge that I am, in the modern sense of the word, *un vrai bel esprit*.

The charge of folly I own touches me more nearly than any other, because, in one sense, I must allow it to be just; for it was indeed folly, in the guise of ambition, that cast me from the height of bliss to dwell

in realms of darkness: but surely, however just the charge may be when urged in this sense against me by those few old-fashioned people who do still preserve the obsolete custom of going to church, it is terribly out of place when brought by those daring spirits who exalt beings of their own nature into heroes for committing the very same folly. When were rebels, successful or unsuccessful, stigmatized as fools? A man would never succeed in giving you a bad impression of his neighbour's understanding by saying, that the fellow was as silly as Julius Cæsar, or as great an oaf as Cromwell; and yet it was the same kind of folly, though in an inferior degree, that gave the former an undoubted rank among the greatest heroes; and if the memory of the latter is less universally worshipped, has he not also his partizans, who dignify him with the title of preserver of his country, while even those who execrate his ambition never think of styling it folly? I flatter myself I need say no more to induce your readers, if they have any candour at all, to acquit me, in a general sense, of folly.

Having thus cleared myself from the most prominent parts of the charges brought against me, I must speak of some others, which are frequently made with equal injustice: thus, for instance, I am often singled out as an example of vices generally practised by that class of men styled honest fellows, which, I could easily prove, I have never been personally guilty of; as for example, wenching, gluttony, and drunkenness. There are no expressions more common than he drinks like the Devil, eats like the Devil, is the Devil among the

women, when all the time the people who thus use my name to express the highest degree of comparison, know very well that I never was guilty of any thing of the kind.

There is still another grievance, though an inferior one, which, I confess, hurts my feelings very much, that is, the freedom with which my name is bandied about in conversation by all sorts of people. In former times fear supplied the place of respect in the minds of the lower class; and as they really looked upon me as a formidable sort of personage, with whom they did not wish to have any thing to do, they mentioned me as seldom as possible: but latterly, since they have been fairly reasoned out of a belief in my existence by those ingenious gentlemen who are clever enough to prove, to the satisfaction of numbers of persons, that a man cannot be sure even that he is alive, because the perfection of wisdom consists in being certain of nothing, they treat my name with very little ceremony: nor is this abuse confined to those who consider me as an imaginary being, for even those few who are not yet enlightened enough to believe in nothing, too frequently indulge themselves in an unlimited use of my name, though, as the greatest part of them live in a manner that must one day or other render them my subjects, policy, as well as politeness, ought to prevent them from needlessly irritating me.

As to the vices which really belong to my character, such as pride, envy, hatred, revenge, treachery, &c. &c. I scorn to deny them; but I maintain they are failings common to great souls, and only that I know the generality of your readers are

too well versed in history to need proofs of this fact, I would run over some scores of names to convince them of it; but a single name, and one that lately filled all Europe with terror, would, in fact, be enough to prove the truth of my assertion: I mean that of my late ill-used prototype, Buonaparte, whose character, bating that he was not quite so much of a gentleman, bore certainly a very strong resemblance to my own. Let even the most prejudiced of those who still declare with enthusiasm that he had a great soul, take a candid review of his actions, and they

must acknowledge, that is, if they have any conscience at all, that our qualities so nearly resemble each other, that they can't well abuse me without insulting his memory: and perhaps this consideration may procure for me better treatment in certain quarters than I have hitherto met with.

Adieu, sir! Receive the assurance of my high consideration, and of the pleasure it would give me to be allowed to subscribe myself your most humble and devoted servant,

SATAN.

THE PLEASURES OF A HACKNEY-COACH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE seen the complaint of poor Reuben Rideabout in your last Number, and am quite astonished to find there is any body so simple as to dislike a hackney-coach, except indeed they were able to keep a dashing set-out of their own. For my part, I think a hackney-coach one of the pleasantest things in the world: mind, I am speaking of *conveyances*; there certainly is one thing rather pleasanter to be sure, and that is a *lover*.

You must know, sir, that I am just entering my nineteenth year, and came up to dear, delightful London about twelve months ago, for the first time since I was quite a child, to spend a year or two with a good-natured uncle and aunt, who have no children of their own, and are therefore very fond of their *Fanny*, as they call me. But as I sat down to write about *the pleasures of a hackney-coach*, I do not think I shall trouble myself to give you any account either of where

I came from, who or what my father is, neither my uncle's name, nor even where he resides; so that if any of your fair readers should be *burning* to know these matters, they must continue to *burn on*.

The first pleasant thing that I knew of a hackney-coach was, that one of them received me, with all my trunks, bandboxes, dressing-cases, &c. &c. and conveyed me in a trice to my uncle's house, which I could never have found myself, for it happened, by some mistake, that there was no one to meet me. This, you must allow, is a pleasant matter; and I should advise any country lady, if she happens to lose herself in this overgrown monster of a metropolis, not to go asking about, to be quizzed and laughed at, and perhaps even sent wrong, but to take a hackney-coach at the first stand she comes to, and tell the driver where she wants to go; and he will *find her* presently, though she had *lost herself*.

Another pleasure of these vehicles

is, to be borne to the door of a theatre in one of them. Oh! what a delightful rattling, and dashing, and splashing, and crashing, and bawling, there is! then the handings out of the coach, and the handings into the theatre between the grenadiers of the foot-guards! Lud! it always makes my little heart flutter in such a way you cannot conceive, and I positively seem two or three inches taller, and of I don't know how much more consequence than I ever seemed to be before. Similar to this is the going to a splendid ball in one of them; only that one is then so much more dressed, and must take care to desire Bob, the footboy, to call *the cleanest coach* he can see; for, truth to say, with all their pleasures, they are *a little dirty* inside sometimes.

Another pleasure is, on some delightful day in summer to go out of town for a little gipsying party. I am sure I shall never forget one we had last year, soon after I came out of the country, for then I first saw Charles — (I shall not tell you his name either): the charming fellow sat next to me; and, oh! we had *such a pleasant ride!* though, in point of fact, I cannot now tell whether we went fast or slow, nor hardly which way we went, only that it was to Richmond; and then we dined on the grass near Lord Dysart's house; and Charles played his flute, and I sang; and then we strolled about, and *somehow* Charles and I lost all the rest of the party for a good while; but really I did not miss them, for positively Charles is a most bewitching fellow. But what has all this to do with *the pleasures of a hackney-coach?* you will say, Mr. Editor, for I suppose you are getting too old and grumpish to care much about my

opinion of Charles: however, sir, I assure you, and I hope you will believe, that we had a pleasant ride home in the coach, which waited for us, and Charles *somehow* got next to me again. I am afraid I shall never forget that day; I can neither get Charles out of my head nor out of my heart, and I never pass a coachstand that I do not look for No. 659, which was the coach we went in.

Charles and I have had many rambles together since that time, and we generally walk so far as to get completely tired; then he will have a coach, and you cannot think, sir, unless you have tried in your younger days, how very charming is a *tête-à-tête* during such a ride with the person one *lov— esteems* I mean. Oh! he has told me *such* stories, sung me *such* songs, and said *such* soft and beautiful things to me at these times, that I really do love a hackney-coach. Lord bless you, sir! I never heard any disputing about the fares, such as poor Reuben Rideabout speaks of: I suppose we always happened to meet with *civil coachmen*, for whatever they asked seemed to be right, at least I am sure Charles always paid it without a murmur.

These, sir, are a few of *the pleasures of a hackney-coach*, and when I have been with Charles, even the stoppages so lamented over by Reuben were the pleasantest things in the world to us, for they made our ride the longer; and then, as to furious driving, they never could drive half so fast as I wished, when we were going to a ball, a dinner-party, or a play: while, with respect to being overturned, I almost think I should like it, because of the *éclat* of the thing; the delicate distress, the being handed out of the window by some

gallant man, the account in the newspapers the next morning of the rescue of Miss Flyaway from destruction—oh! it would be charming! *provided* to be sure that one was not much hurt.

I could string together many of the *uses* of a hackney-coach, but these are not strictly within the meaning of the pleasures of a hackney-coach,

and, at present, I have to do with nothing else. I have attempted to give you and your readers a notion of a few, and but very few, of the above-named pleasures: therefore, with a sigh of pity for poor Reuben Rideabout and his fair helpmate, and a wish for the entire renovation of their nervous systems, I am, sir, yours, &c.

FRANCES FLYAWAY.

THE FALLEN TREE.

Freely translated from the Spanish.

ONCE beauteous poplar! where's thy grandeur now?
Where is the grateful shade thy leaves once gave?
Who hears the whispering of thy silvery leaves?
The margin of this streamlet saw thy birth,
And humbly kiss'd thy root; its pearly dew
Paid pleasant tribute: nurtur'd thus thou'st grown,
And proudly raised thy high-aspiring head,
E'en to the skies. King of the vale, thy boughs
The birds have loaded with their moss-lined nests.
Thou wert the sweet asylum of their loves;
And when the sun peep'd from the rosy clouds,
A thousand symphonies have hail'd the dawn,
And sweetest salutations have been pour'd
By songsters gently wooing to their mates.

The fav'rite haunt of all the village youth,
The witness of their blissful converse, oft
Thou'st known their anxious doubts, their ardent joys,
And all the sweet vicissitudes of love.
Oft has thy friendly cover screen'd the maid,
Whose blushing cheek had else betray'd too soon,
That love's soft tones were pleasing to her ear.

The fainting reaper from the mid-day sun
Has sought thy shelter, in the arms of sleep
Forgot his toil, and waked, with strength renew'd,
To cut the golden harvest. Now thou art
A sad example of fell Winter's power:
His blast fierce sweeping, as a deadly axe,
Has reft thee rudely of thy leafy pomp,
Thy glorious pyramid of verdure low.
The rustling of thy foliage now is hush'd,
Which erst, when waken'd by the passing breeze,
Deceiv'd the startled ear with mystic sounds.
Thy head high waving, and thy polish'd back
Carv'd o'er with rustic symbols, all destroy'd;

And with the blast is borne a shower of leaves,
 Dried on thy sapless branches, and thy trunk
 Is broken, stretched across the vale, a sight
 Of desolation. Now no more the herd
 Assemble round thy base, but startled look
 And graze more wide a-field, yet seeking thee.
 The frighten'd birds wheel circling round thy head,
 And seek their nests in vain. The shepherd turns
 With rapid step aside, his carol blithe
 Broken and chang'd to mourning at thy loss.

One solitary tenant yet remains,
 The wailing turtle; on thy wither'd stem
 She warbles forth her plaintive note,
 And tells at once thy story and her own.
 The mountain echoes still repeat the strain;
 And from thy hollow trunk an awful voice
 Seems to the meditative mind to rise,
 And ask, "If vigour such as mine decays,
 What is the strength and what the life of man?"

FELIX.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

PARIS, June 20.

CHAMBER OF PEERESSES.

MADAME LA DUCHESSE SANS-CLE-
 MENCE rose to call the attention of
 the Chamber to a subject of very
 considerable importance, the proper
 exercise of the fan. In former days
 it was considered as a very essential
 branch in the education of young fe-
 males of fashion; but latterly, she
 was sorry to say, it had been neg-
 lected, and was now fallen into dis-
 use.—(Cries of "No, no," from sever-
 al members).—The noble lady resum-
 ed: "I apprehend that my illustri-
 ous colleagues misunderstand me; I
 do not mean to say, that the fan itself
 is fallen into disuse, but certainly the
 proper exercise of it is; and when
 the noble Chamber considers how
 singularly useful a fan may be made
 in supporting the privileges of the
 sex, I am sure they will agree with
 me, that no time ought to be lost in
 training the juvenile part of the com-

munity to the proper use of it. I
 move, therefore, that a committee of
 twelve members be immediately ap-
 pointed, to take into consideration
 the best methods of restoring the ex-
 ercise of the fan in the manner in
 which it was formerly practised, that
 is to say, as a weapon of offence and
 defence in all parleys between the
 sexes."

Madame la Vicomtesse de Rusé.

"I second the motion of my noble
 friend, and I rejoice to find that so
 important a branch of education is
 brought under the attention of the
 illustrious Chamber. It is peculiar-
 ly necessary at the present stormy
 period, a period unexampled in the
 annals of French history, for the dan-
 ger with which female power, hither-
 to so triumphant under every form of
 government in France, is menaced.
 In such a crisis, it is the peculiar
 duty of the female legislators of
 this kingdom to take every effectual

means of quelling this revolutionary spirit in our male subjects; and certainly nothing can tend more to bring them back to their allegiance, than the revival of the ancient exercise of the fan." The illustrious member here went into a very long dissertation on the subject, and expatiated with great eloquence and ingenuity on the various ways in which this little implement might be used: first to obtain a lover, then to convert him into a husband, and, lastly, to keep him in that state of subjection, which it is necessary, for the real interests and glory of France, that all married men should be under to their wives.

Madame la Comtesse le Sophiste opposed the motion, upon the ground that it was unnecessary. Some forty years ago indeed, when the female mind was in comparative darkness, measures of this kind might have been resorted to with effect; but at present, when the intellect of woman was confessedly equal to that of men, it was absurd to talk of such a puerile method of making conquests, or supporting authority, when both objects might be so much better accomplished by the exercise of a lady's reasoning powers.

Madame la Vicomtesse de Rusé never knew a lady's reasoning powers of any other use than to frighten away a lover, or exasperate a husband; and if such disclosures were allowable in that Chamber, she could bring many instances to prove, that the husbands of female philosophers were the most refractory and the worst governed subjects in all France. The fact was, that the march of intellect, as it is called, has been pretty equal with both sexes: the women had abjured what they styled

the prejudices of their grandmothers, and had laid aside, with their rouge and brocades, the regular system which they formerly pursued for the government of husbands and lovers: it was the first object with our mothers, all their actions were made subservient to it, from their choice of a cicisbeo to their choice of a feather; they had no other end in view than that of preserving their own authority and aiding the cause of their sex: but this great object had been shamefully abandoned; women now expect to reign without trouble; they present their minds, like their faces, unvarnished to their husbands, who take the advantage that might be expected of their mal-administration, to diminish their power.

Madame la Baronne Bonne-Grâce was very sorry to see so many illustrious members take a view of this subject, at once so gloomy and so unfounded. It was really lamentable that party spirit should induce noble ladies to say what they would not themselves believe; because, as the eyes of all Europe were doubtless fixed upon the deliberations of that Chamber, these statements might have some effect in lowering the glory of the nation in the opinion of foreigners. The motion, however, should have her support, but not on the grounds alleged by the mover. She should vote for it merely as an ornamental branch of education, the knowledge of which she thought would qualify a woman to appear with a better air in society; and for that purpose she judged it expedient that a bill should be brought into the Chamber, stating the various uses to which the fan might be applied to express the different affections and

passions of the mind, and shew how far it might be made useful in silencing an antagonist, mortifying a rival, or humbling a dependent; besides exhibiting a lady's personal graces in the most various and contrasted points of view.

After some conversation upon the subject, *la Duchesse Sans-Clemence* consented to withdraw her motion for the present; and to bring in, in its stead, a bill in the form recommended by her illustrious friend.

Madame la Comtesse Très-Douce-ment presented a petition from the worshipful society of *demoiselles d'un certain age*, praying for a redress of grievances. The petition stated, that the worshipful body were, in a great degree, excluded from the rights and privileges of Frenchwomen, not from any fault of their own, but merely because they were unmarried; that, owing to this circumstance, they were generally treated with neglect, and in many instances with rudeness. They had no voice either in politics or fashion; and, what was worse, they were deprived of all chance of bettering their conditions by matrimony, owing to the prejudices raised against them by the younger and the married part of the sex. They prayed that some steps might speedily be taken for their relief; and, as one method of bettering their condition, they humbly solicited the illustrious Chamber to pass a law, forbidding widows to marry a third time. Such a law might be of material service to the petitioners, inasmuch as it would increase their chance of entering the holy state; and it could not possibly be deemed oppressive or injurious to their adversaries, since it certainly was contrary to all principles of justice and

equity, that some of the sex should have the good fortune to procure three husbands, while others were not able even to get one.

This petition gave rise to a very long and warm debate: some few of the senior peeresses espoused the cause of the *demoiselles* with great spirit; but the majority contended, that nothing could be done for their relief, without trenching upon those fundamental principles of the constitution, by which the rights and privileges of the married part of the sex were secured. They argued that the *demoiselles d'un certain age* were literally dead in the eye of the law, inasmuch as they were incapable of exercising the most precious right of woman-conquest: under these circumstances, therefore, their present condition was the most favourable they could expect, and they would act wisely in not bringing the matter under any discussion, since it was very doubtful whether, in their state of non-existence, they could have any right to mix with those whom the law regarded as being actually and *bona fide* alive. As to the proposed measure for preventing the third marriage of widows, it would be a most unconstitutional and imprudent step, and one which the Chamber could not, with any regard to its own interests, take, since none of the members could tell how they might hereafter suffer by the operation of such a law.

The above arguments formed the substance of several very brilliant speeches, which our limits will not permit us to give at length. The sense of the Chamber being taken, the petition was negatived by a very large majority, and the Chamber adjourned at four o'clock.

THE CASTLE AND THE FARM, OR THE FOSTER-BROTHERS: *A Tale.*

(Continued from p. 28.)

Soon after his return, the marquis took his lady and son to visit a neighbouring estate, which he had purchased. This was the first time that Charles had been separated from his foster-brother, and not all the caresses nor the indulgence of his parents could console him for the absence of his dear Frederic. He pouted and fretted from the moment he quitted the Château de Blainmore till he returned to it. This circumstance decided the fate of Frederic: the marquis and his lady agreed, that the foster-brothers should not again be separated; and Frederic was accordingly taken home to the *château*, where he received the same education that was bestowed upon the young *comte*.

The first rudiments of instruction were given to the two boys by the marchioness herself; but as soon as they were old enough to be placed under the care of a tutor, the marquis engaged M. Robert, a man of worth and learning, for their preceptor. To this good man's great mortification, he found an idle and refractory pupil in the young *comte*: vain was every effort to inspire him with a love of learning; he neglected his lessons, derided his tutor, and passed his time in low and mischievous pursuits. Frederic, on the contrary, devoted himself to his studies with great perseverance, and as he had really an uncommon capacity, he made great progress. M. Robert, who knew nothing of the art of flattery, daily contrasted the diligence, talents, and good disposition of the young peasant, with the idleness, ob-

stinacy, and bad habits of the little lord. The marquis lectured his son, the marchioness half scolded, half coaxed him; all was in vain, he neither improved in learning nor morals. The only effect of the joint remonstrances of father, mother, and tutor, was to add one more fault to those he inherited from nature: he began to envy Frederic the praises which every body lavished upon him, and he soon hated as much as ever he had loved him.

In all his juvenile scrapes, Charles found a firm friend and adherent in his nurse. She had always something to say in vindication of his conduct, and was never without an excuse for his wildest sallies: even the praises which were lavished upon her son did not appear to console her for the disgrace of Charles; and Maurice often reproached her for listening with coldness to the eulogiums which the good M. Robert bestowed upon their boy. Nothing could exceed the pride and delight with which Maurice heard the worthy tutor; he thanked heaven a thousand times for having given him such a son to be the comfort of his old age; and daily implored blessings upon him through whose generosity the promising talents of the youth were thus allowed free scope to expand.

The excellence of Frederic's disposition had made the marquis his warm friend. He often sighed as he contrasted the son of the peasant with his own: but what perhaps above any thing else raised Frederic in his esteem was his behaviour to

Charles, whom he always seemed to love as a brother, and whose injurious conduct to himself he either passed in silence, or strove to excuse; but this was done in a natural and unaffected manner, for the young peasant had not a trait of meanness or servility in his temper; and with all his pride of birth, De Blainmore was compelled to acknowledge, that it was possible for a man who knew nothing of his ancestors to have a great soul.

When the education of the two youths was finished, the marquis signified to Frederic that it was his wish to retain him near his person; and in order to relieve him from the irksome idea of dependence, he made him his private secretary, with a handsome salary. This appointment added fresh fuel to the rancour of Charles: he tried all he could to induce his mother to influence the marquis to part with the object of his hatred; but the marchioness, though extremely fond of her son, rejected the proposal with indignation. He then tried what he could do to imbitter the young man's mind by taunts and reproaches, in the hope of drawing him into a quarrel; but Frederic was aware of his object, and kept as much as possible out of his way.

Things had been for some time in this state, when the Comte de Beau-sejour informed his father, that he had received an invitation from their neighbour, the Baron d'Orsan, to join a hunting party, and that he should in consequence be absent for three days. The three days passed, and two more followed, without any tidings of the *comte*. The marquis, impatient and somewhat uneasy at his absence, declared his intention

of going to the *château* of the nobleman whom he was visiting. This project alarmed Frederic, who, from what he knew of Charles's habits, felt pretty sure that he was absent upon some mad plan or other, and he solicited the marquis's permission to go in his stead, to hasten the return of the *comte*. The marquis agreed, and Frederic set out for Toulouse; but instead of going to the Château D'Orsan, which was near it, he entered a tavern of no very good repute, where he dreaded, yet expected, to find Charles. He called for some refreshment, sat down, and looked about him at a motley group, some of whom were at play, others engaged in drinking and roaring loose songs; but, to his infinite delight, Charles was not among them, and he was just beginning to hope that he had been mistaken in his conjectures, when a violent uproar began in an adjoining apartment, and in the midst of the tumult he distinguished the voice of his friend. He hastily rushed into the room, and was just in time to throw himself between Charles and a ruffian, who, grasping the *comte* by the collar and half unsheathing his sword, was swearing that he had played upon the square, and would have his money.

"It is false," vociferated the *comte*, "you are a cheat and a villain; and if I had arms, I think I should soon prove that you are a coward also."—"Silence, *comte*," cried Frederic; "for the sake of your own dignity do not talk of arms in a cause like this."—"The scoundrel has stripped me of all, and even more than I had about me," replied the *comte* sullenly.—"How much do you owe him?"

M

—"I! I owe him nothing. I tell you the fellow is a cheat."—"A cheat!" cried the other in a blustering tone. "I am a man of honour, and it is you who will be a cheat if you do not pay me the ten pieces you owe me."—"Here they are, sir," cried Frederic, throwing down the money; and immediately adding, "Come, *comte*, your father is waiting for you," he took the arm of the unresisting Charles, who accompanied him out of the house in silence; but when, on looking round, he did not see the marquis, he suddenly stopped, exclaiming, "Where is my father?" Frederic was now obliged to acknowledge that the marquis was still at Blainmore, and Charles would have returned to the goodly company he had just quitted, but Frederic grasped his arm, and would not be shaken off till he had contrived in a few words to let him know the extreme peril of his situation. "Your father," said he, as he concluded, "may yet be kept in ignorance of what has passed: if you return to him directly, I will keep your secret; but I swear to you, *comte*, that if you persist in going back to those infamous wretches from whom I have rescued you, I will instantly reveal to the marquis all that I have seen."

Maddened almost to be thus commanded by one whom he considered as so much his inferior, the enraged De Beausejour struck Frederic a violent blow, which he followed up by a torrent of the vilest epithets: coward, scoundrel, informer, spy, were the names which he lavished on his foster-brother; and can we wonder if this accumulation of injury and insult roused the feelings of the youth to accept the challenge which

the proud *comte* said he honoured him in giving.

Six in the morning of the next day was fixed for their meeting in the marquis's park, and they then parted, each for his respective home. De Beausejour, clothing the rancour of his heart in smiles, hastened to his father, who, in the pleasure of seeing him safe and so speedily returned, almost forgot his anger. "But where is Frederic?" said he.—"I don't know," replied the *comte*; "I did not see him as I entered."—"But have not you seen him at the *château* of the Baron d'Orsan? he went there this morning to seek you."—"He must then have arrived after I left it; and as they are so hospitable, the marquis or his lady has probably detained him." M. de Blainmore was satisfied with this explanation; and his son soon made a pretext of fatigue to retire to his own apartment.

The hatred Charles felt for Frederic suggested to him a number of projects, which he adopted and rejected alternately. Wicked as he was, he shrunk from the thought of imbruing his hand in the young man's blood; there was besides another consideration which rendered him averse to meeting his foster-brother in the field—this was the chance that Frederic's skill, equal, if not superior, to his own in fencing, might place Beausejour's life at his mercy. The *comte* knew him too well to doubt the part he would take should such be the case; but the idea of owing his life to Frederic's generosity was a thousand times more insupportable than death itself. Thus tormented by a hatred which he saw no prospect of gratifying, Beausejour pass-

ed the night in a vain endeavour to form some plan for ruining his foster-brother in the opinion of the marquis, and of banishing him for ever from the castle.

Let us return to Frederic, whose mind was agitated by far different emotions. Scarcely had he accepted the challenge given by the haughty *comte*, when his conscience smote him. All the kindness of the marquis to himself and his family rose to his view in the liveliest colours; and what return, thought he, am I about to make him? To attempt the life of his only son, of the sole support of his ancient house. Ah, my God! can I be such a monster of ingratitude? No, let me rather abandon for ever my home, my parents, and my benefactors! I must be miserable, but at least I shall not be guilty. In the midst of these reflections, he arrived at the house of his father; he threw himself into a chair with an absent and melancholy air. Margaret paid no attention to his sadness, but his sighs caught the ear of Maurice, who inquired in a kind tone what ailed him. Desirous to conceal the cause of his trouble from his father, he pretended illness and went to bed, but we may easily conceive that sleep did not visit his eyes. As soon as he was assured that his parents were in bed, he rose softly, put a few necessaries in a small portmanteau, and then sat down and wrote the following letter to the marquis:

My generous Protector,

When you receive the news of my departure, I shall be already some miles from you. A fatal cause, a secret which I dare not reveal, obliges me to quit you for ever. O my benefactor!

do justice to the heart of Frederic! Think not that he can ever forget the benefits you have lavished upon him. No, though compelled to pass the rest of my days far from you, who have been more than a father to me, never shall you be forgotten. Ah! how could I fulfil the severe duty which obliges me to exile myself, did I not know that my unfortunate parents will still find in your bounty the same support they have hitherto experienced from it! O my lord! need I appeal to your generous heart in behalf of those unfortunates? Need I entreat you to console them for the compulsory absence of their only child? No, I bequeath them to you with confidence. All that I have to ask for myself is, that you will believe that, in quitting you, I carry with me the truest, the most unalterable attachment to yourself and family; and that I shall retain to my latest breath the most lively remembrance of all your goodness to the unfortunate

FREDERIC.

Frederic finished his letter a few minutes after daybreak, and he then hastened to the *château*, where he ordered a groom to saddle a horse, and conduct it to the entrance of the village of Blagnac, and to wait there till he should join him. "Make haste," said he to the groom, "for I have some miles to travel before the marquis gets up, and you know that he is an early riser." The man promised to obey, and the son of Maurice returned for the last time to his paternal home. He waited with impatience for the moment of his mother's leaving her chamber, and then stealing softly into it, he approached the bed where his father was still sleeping. At this moment Maurice awoke; he tenderly returned the embrace of his son, but alarmed at finding his cheek wet with tears,

he inquired the cause of his sadness. Frederic tried to speak, but emotion choked his utterance. The old man, still more alarmed, insisted with yet greater vehemence. Frederic could not answer; he pressed his father hastily in his arms, and ran out of the room, while the affrighted Maurice called after him in vain to return.

Throwing his portmanteau across his shoulder, he hastened to the village of Blagnac, where he found the groom waiting for him. He fixed his portmanteau on the crupper of the saddle, and giving the man the letter which he had written for the marquis, he rode off with the rapidity of lightning.

In the mean time his adversary had formed a project by which he hoped to avoid the rencounter, and banish Frederic from the castle. He heard the voice of Margaret approaching his chamber, and he immediately began to talk loudly and in an angry tone, as if he was addressing Frederic. His stratagem succeeded; Margaret drew near, and hearing him protest that Frederic should not escape his vengeance, she called to her son to come to her. No answer was returned: she called again; the *comte* opened his door and came out to her, but he took care to shut the door after him. "I must speak with Frederic instantly," cried the alarmed mother, attempting to open the door.—"How!" cried the *comte*, "what insolence is this? Would you force your way into my apartment?"—"O my lord, I know all! you are about to fight a duel with my son." The *comte*, enchanted at the success of his project, denied the fact in a manner which confirmed Margaret's suspicions, and finding that she could not obtain ac-

cess to Frederic, she flew to the apartment of the marquis, in order to get him to stop the combat.

The *comte* had foreseen this step, and was prepared to make his advantage of it. He flew to the park, where he expected to find Frederic, in the hope that before the combat could begin, they would be separated by the marquis. What was his disappointment when he found that Frederic was not yet arrived! He did not doubt the bravery of his antagonist, yet the hour had just struck. No doubt, thought he, he is coming; and he called Frederic several times very loudly. "The coward!" at length exclaimed the enraged Charles, "he will not meet me: perhaps he will discover all to my father; but at least I may be beforehand with him. I have still the power to cover him with disgrace." At this moment he heard footsteps; he threw away one of his pistols, and firing the other, he said with a loud voice, "Traitor! heaven has preserved my life to punish thy perfidy!"

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when he saw his father approaching, accompanied by Margaret: they were followed by Madame de Blainmore and Maurice; but the marchioness, alarmed at the sound of the pistol, was obliged to support herself on the arm of Maurice. At the sight of his father, Charles made a feint of escaping; the marquis stopped him. "Where is Frederic?" said he in a menacing tone.—"The coward has fled."—"My son a coward!" exclaimed Maurice advancing, "impossible, my lord."—"Stop, Maurice," cried the marquis, "Frederic cannot be far off; I will examine him and Charles together. Search the park," continued he to his servants, who had fol-

lowed him from the castle, "and bring him to me directly." The groom who had attended the son of Maurice came up at this moment. "My lord," said he, "Mr. Frederic is a great way from the *château* by this time, and here is a letter which he has desired me to give you."—"A letter!" cried the marquis with astonishment; "where then have you seen Frederic?"—"I have left him at the village of Blagnac, where I went at daybreak to take his horse."

At these words the marquis looked earnestly at his son, whose heightened colour and disordered air betrayed his guilt but too plainly. De Blainmore sent his servants back to the *château*, but desired Margaret and Maurice to remain with him. When the others were out of hearing, he read the letter from Frederic, which moved him even to tears. As to Maurice, no language can paint his despair: equally proud and fond of his son, whom he saw him-

self deprived of through the malice of De Beausejour, he could not restrain himself from venting the bitterest reproaches against that young nobleman, who replied with a degree of rage and haughtiness, which only served to confirm the opinion that his father and Maurice entertained of his guilt.

In a few days after the departure of his darling son, the poor old man declared to the marquis his resolution to quit his dwelling. "I can no longer bear," said he, "to remain in a place where I have so often seen Frederic, and where I shall never see him again." The generous De Blainmore respected the feelings of his vassal; he placed him rent-free in a small but pretty farm at some distance from the *château*, and tried to console him with the hope that Frederic could not remain long concealed from the strict search which he should cause to be made after him.

(To be continued.)

GHOST STORIES. — No. II.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

(Continued from p. 15.)

"*Vous n'avez rien à déclarer, messieurs?*"—"Have you any thing prohibited or paying duty?" is the first question with which a public conveyance is greeted in France on arriving at the town of its destination.—"*Vos passeports?*" is the second; and a general descent of the passengers, and examination of the *coffres*, seats, &c. of the coach, invariably succeeds. This ceremony, when travelling from the interior, is but superficially performed; and just as the insides were on the point of remounting, one of those plagues to modern tourists, a green-coated *douanier*, bawled out,

"*Un moment s'il vous plaît! on va vous faire la visite*"—an act of politeness seldom omitted on your arrival in France. Our friends were immediately conducted to a little guard-house a few yards distant, where the small portion of tobacco on their persons having been weighed and commented upon, was eventually returned. An *employé* had been dispatched for Madame Rouge, the female examiner attached to the *bureau*, who, politely conducting her charge to an inner room, dispossessed Madame Martin in a few minutes of her garland of tobacco, and left her *bour-*

geois to *fumer sans pipe* for the rest of the year.

Some time elapsed before they were permitted to remount; *madame* anatomizing the stranger, who, as she was convinced, had been the cause of her misfortune; and Hyacinthe, notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, endeavouring to flatter himself into the belief that her suspicions were correct. Mathieu alone remained perfectly silent and calm, till returning *madame* the tobacco, which he had brought through, he intimated, that if she could possibly spare a small portion, it would be extremely acceptable. "You never smoke," interrupted his brother; "besides, the leaves are not cured."—"C'est égal, I can never obtain really good stuff, and I have an idea of doctoring some myself." The civility of a Frenchwoman obliged her to proffer a portion, which was immediately accepted with a profusion of thanks. The wine-merchant, however, declined receiving any, as, although an inveterate smoker, he would not deprive her of a leaf of her trifling remnant. The *diligence* now rattled through the gate, and turning sharp to the right, drew up in one of the few open spaces of St. Malo. The brothers, after expressing a hope that the lady might find Monsieur Martin in excellent health, wished her a good evening, and hastened to the principal inn of the place. On entering the *salle à manger*, their first inquiry was naturally for M. de Vallery, who it appeared had left word that, in the event of the arrival of two gentlemen, they might be requested to remain there, and that he would wait on them the following morning. A bottle of Bordeaux, warmed with sugar and cinnamon, was with Hyacinthe

in the order of the night, and retiring to his room, he endeavoured, over this comfortable mixture, to chase away the features of his brother that still haunted him. A few copious draughts and the fatigue of the journey quickly brought on a drowsiness, of which he determined to take instant advantage, and throwing himself on the bed, soon fell asleep. The recollection of his brother's face occasionally interrupted his repose, but notwithstanding these transient frights, he enjoyed a fair night's rest. Mathieu, on alighting, had established a tariff, at which he was to be victualled and boarded at two francs *per diem*, excluding wine, which he stated not to agree with him; but congratulated the landlady on the bibacious qualities of his brother, whom she might charge *à discretion*. Upon the strength of this agreement, he sat down to an excellent supper, accompanied merely by a glass of the pure element, enhanced it is true by the last lump of sugar from his pocket, but which, from having been for some time the close companion of Madame Martin's tobacco, gave a tinge and flavour to the *cau sucré* equal in his opinion to any *fleur d'orange de Paris*. From repletion and fatigue, Mathieu was unable to sleep, and worried his imagination throughout the night in calculations of the probable amount of the moiety of his deceased brother's property, and the method of employing it to the greatest advantage.

A French breakfast, consisting of *cotelettes à la Maintenon*, *poulet roti*, &c. brought our brothers together next morning in the *salon*. Hyacinthe, with an imagination still heated by the events of the preced-

ing day, had recourse to another bottle, which drew forth with the cork sundry growlings from Mathieu on the folly of swallowing an inheritance before he had touched it, especially with a family looking up to him for support. "Oh! as for that," retorted his brother, "*ma chère épouse* knows how to take care of herself, and the sign of St. Anthony at Nantes will give her and her light infantry a better bottle than my whole inheritance could purchase in this miserable hole. *Allons, à sa santé*, but not in water, so pray empty your glass, and let me fill it." Mathieu, professing an extreme respect for *madame sa belle-sœur*, overcame his prejudice, and swallowed a large goblet, in the hope more of benefiting his own health than that of his sister-in-law.

The entrance of M. de Vallery at this moment gave another turn to the conversation, and after the customary civilities, Hyacinthe, with a faltering and hesitating tone, inquired whether the death of his brother was beyond doubt, as he felt almost convinced he had seen his face the preceding evening. M. de Vallery, after some moments' agitation, excused himself from repeating what could only tend to afflict them, but promised to introduce to them in the course of the day a little girl, whom their brother Adolphe had adopted, and who, from having been an eyewitness of her guardian's misfortune, would give them every particular. "Has he left her any thing?" exclaimed Mathieu eagerly. "Unfortunately not, and she is thrown, gentlemen, on your generosity."—"Humph!" grunted Mathieu.—"Pauvre petite!" exclaimed Hyacinthe.—"She has been," con-

tinued M. de V. "since her arrival at my house, where she can remain till you have made some provision for her."—"Oh! yes," replied Mathieu, "we will get her into some charitable institution for orphans."—"Not while I have a *liard* to support her!" vociferated the wine-merchant.—"A la bonne heure! you have a large family, and her expense will be scarcely felt."—"Mille canons!" retorted the other, "what's the use of money to you? Every body might starve for it, as you nearly starve yourself. I know I have six children—but yet I shall be able to fulfil my brother's intentions without the assistance of such a *blanc-bec*." Their correspondent, fearing the dispute might increase, here interposed, and informed them that as he had been called away to a neighbouring seaport, he was not prepared to settle their affairs that morning; and therefore as he was under the necessity of detaining them, and as a mark of respect to their deceased brother, he begged it to be understood, that all expenses at the inn during their stay at St. Malo were at his charge. "*Du tout! du tout!*" exclaimed Hyacinthe; while Mathieu, seizing his brother's bottle, begged to be permitted to offer M. de Vallery a glass of *véritable Bordeaux*. Mutual civilities ensued, which ended in the latter entreating them to make themselves comfortable with what the house could afford, and he apologized for withdrawing, desirous as he felt of expediting their affairs. The brothers, now left to themselves, felt mutually averse to each other's society, and as Mathieu offered to superintend the preparation of dinner, the other resolved to stroll for an hour or two about the town.—A

promenade in St. Malo!—in a town which has all the appearance of having been subject to the operation of a tourniquet, and squeezed into half its original size. Bow-lane would here be a *Rue-royale*, or High-street, for *Rue-Napoleon* is out of date, and Salisbury-square would contain the *grande* and only *place*, houses and all. Thus condensed, and immured within superb stone ramparts rising to the second floor, some idea may be formed of the airiness of St. Malo. Hyacinthe's open disposition could not find breathing room, till he sallied forth through one of the gates, where the harbour lay before him. It was low water, and with the exception of an occasional stream emptying itself into the sea, the inlet presented nothing but a sandy plain, some miles in circumference, with a few stranded boats, by way of interest. Small wooden posts and a few planks over the little currents indicated several routes for pedestrians, and groups of smiling faces in holiday clothes were hastening towards the opposite bank. 'Twas a *jour de fête*, and the lower classes of St. Malo were hurrying to enjoy it at St. Josef, a hamlet consisting of but a few houses and as many *cabarets*, about two miles distant. *Allons voir!* said Hyacinthe to himself, and crossing the *Grève*, he could not refrain from casting his eyes towards the spot where the visionary form of his brother had the evening before appeared to him. The place was now perfectly dry, except in the deepest part, where one of the rivulets above-mentioned was winding its course towards the sea. He remained contemplating the scene for some minutes, till the tittle-tattle of an approaching party of females broke in

upon his musings, and summoned him to pursue his way. After passing a cluster of farm-houses on the opposite bank, a neat and straight road presented itself, ornamented on one side by a broad and well-kept footpath, shaded by two rows of dwarf trees, and crossed at intervals by barriers, to prevent the incursions of quadrupeds; the whole having more the air of a private road leading to a gentleman's mansion, than a public thoroughfare to a few huts. Parties of gaily dressed girls gave an animation to the scene, and our friend soon felt his spirits in a fair way of amelioration. The walk continued in the same uniformity of plain and direction for upwards of a mile, before Hyacinthe perceived Madame Martin and a numerous *société* a few yards in advance. "I only wanted company!" he exclaimed, "*par bonheur* here I find it;" and forthwith hastened to introduce himself, and to pay his respects. His surprise can hardly be described when, instead of the friendly greeting which he anticipated, he was assailed by a volley of imprecations, in which the terms *espion*, *mouchard*, *blanc-bec*, &c. were sung by the females in a dozen different keys; and his "*Comment, madame?*" was answered by the male portion of the party pushing him from the path into a small *fossé* dug on the side. "*Ah! parbleu!*" cried our *sapeur*, on regaining the road, "*si c'est votre jeu, à la bonne heure!*" and seizing the two nearest by the collar, he laid them sprawling in the middle of the road at some feet distance. The affair now became general, and Hyacinthe with military tact took up his position against a hedge, which protected him from any attack in the rear. "Down

with the spy!" was the war-whoop; and the *cavaliers* commenced an assault with sticks, while *mesdames* supported them by a discharge of flying artillery in the shape of large pebbles, against which his straw hat and cotton dress afforded little or no protection. In all probability he would not have lived to tell his tale, had not the whole party, as if by magic, relinquished hostilities, and left him a moment's pause to look for the inconceivable cause of this suspension of arms. Scarcely had he turned his eyes, when the figure

of his deceased brother once more stood before him. This time, however, he was spared a repetition of the agonizing and conflicting feelings of the preceding day: for as it often happens in modern warfare, that an accidental shot, after the termination of an engagement, has done the greatest mischief to the cause by depriving the army of a principal officer; so in the present instance a solitary stone struck Hyacinthe on the temple, and laid him senseless on the road.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

WILLIAM COMBE, Esq.

IN deviating from our ordinary practice, by announcing the decease of this gentleman, and introducing a few particulars concerning him, we are actuated by respect for an old coadjutor, and by the desire to do him that justice which, while living, he never could be persuaded to claim for himself.

MR. COMBE was educated at Eton and Oxford, and commenced life with the fairest prospects. He possessed some fortune, a graceful person, elegant manners, a taste for literature, and an extensive acquaintance. The former was soon dissipated among the high connections to which his academical career introduced him, not in gaming or any positive vice, but by the ambition to make an appearance to which his means were inadequate. Thus his horses, his equipage, and his establishment in general, were allowed to surpass in beauty and elegance those of the most dashing leaders of fashion of the day. A history of the extraordinary vicissitudes to which the de-

struction of his fortune reduced him, would almost wear the air of a romance. They seem to have been borne by him with philosophic fortitude, and to have enlarged that knowledge of life and manners, which he afterwards turned to such good account in his numerous productions, when he resorted to literature for support.

As he never affixed his name to any of his performances, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to enumerate all the works which proceeded from his pen. Though mild and unresenting in his nature, and habitually sparing of censure, one of his first productions was a satirical poem, entitled *the Diaboliad*, which excited great attention in the fashionable world, as the hero of it was generally understood to be a nobleman lately deceased. We are assured that in his last days the author declared that this was the only one of his works which he regretted having written.

The first publication which he pri-
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vately acknowledged to be his, was a series of detached essays, with the title of *The Philosopher in Bristol*, printed in that city in 1775. He was the author of the letters which appeared under the title of *Letters of the late Lord Littleton*, which, by an assumed similarity of style to that of the deceased nobleman (the second of the name), and the mention of some trifling incidents, known as it was supposed only in the family, are said to have deceived Mr. Windham, one of the most acute judges, and Lady Littleton, the nearest friend of his lordship, into a belief that they were really written by him. *The Devil upon Two Sticks in England* was extremely popular in its day, and still retains a reasonable degree of celebrity, from the delineation of character and the display of anecdote, when those of whom it treats are no more.

But the work by which Mr. Combe will be chiefly remembered, is the *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, to which he added a "Second and a Third Tour." The spurious breed to which this performance gave birth, attest the great popularity and fame of the original, which displays such readiness of versification, such pliability of intellect, and such an amiable playfulness of mind, combined with knowledge of the little scenes of domestic life, as are rarely to be found in any individual at the advanced age at which it was produced. These volumes were followed by the *English Dance of Death*, the *Dance of Life*, and the *History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax*; all which, like the *Tours of Syntax*, were illustrated by prints after designs from the humorous pen-

cil of Rowlandson, and published by Mr. Ackermann.

For the same publisher he wrote the *History of Westminster Abbey*; the *History of the University of Cambridge*; that part of the *History of the Public Schools* containing Westminster, St. Paul's, Charter-House, Merchant Tailors', Rugby, and Christ's Hospital; the third volume of the *Microcosm of London*, and a *History of Madeira*.

To the *Repository* he was a contributor nearly from its commencement, and the series of papers under the title of *Amelia's Letters*, the *Modern Spectator*, and the *Female Tatler*, proceeded from his prolific pen. Respecting these papers, an ingenious contemporary, whose judgment is unquestionable, has observed, that "a very interesting and valuable selection might be made from them, as they were invariably written in support of the interests of virtue and the inculcation of moral dispositions."

Mr. Combe is known to have been the author of many political pamphlets, some of which made a considerable impression at the time of their appearance; and the works of taste and science which were submitted to his revision, but of which others had the reputation, were exceedingly numerous.

Notwithstanding this literary industry, in which he was enabled to persevere till very shortly before his death, he needed the hand of friendship to smooth the declining scene, while nature was sinking by a gradual but rapid decay, till he expired at his apartments in the Lambeth-road, on the 19th of June, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

In the course of this protracted

life, Mr. Combe had become known to so many persons in every rank of society, that there was scarcely any individual of note in his time with whose history he was not in some degree acquainted. His conversation was always entertaining, and so multifarious were his acquirements, that upon every branch of art—we might almost say, on every department of science—he could expatiate in an instructive and interesting manner. He was remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a tonic; but though a mere water-drinker, his spirits at the social board always fully kept pace with those of the rest of the company. The life of Mr. Combe, if impartially written, would be pregnant with amusement and instruction: he frequently intimated his intention of leaving his memoirs behind him, but nothing of the kind has been found among his papers, and those who might have furnished the most useful materials are probably almost all with him in the grave.

We ought not to conclude this brief notice, without bearing testimony to the firm reliance placed by the subject of it in the divine origin of the Christian religion, and in a future existence; and to the fortitude and resignation with which during his last illness he supported his conviction of the near approach of his dissolution. That these serious impressions were of early growth in his mind, we are authorized to believe from many passages in his works, and in confirmation of this opinion, we subjoin an article extracted from one of the first, if not the very first, of his printed productions, *The Philosopher in Bristol*, which has been

mentioned above, and which is now so extremely scarce, that it is hardly to be procured at any price. The article in question is as follows:

SUNDAY.

As a philosopher and a friend to good order in all government, I must without doubt be highly satisfied when I see in any country a due and proper attention to the exercise of that religion which is established by the laws of it. But as I am a Christian, and well convinced that the worship of Christians is exercised in Great Britain with more purity than in any other country, I am more particularly pleased when its ordinances are observed with a due regard and respectful attention.

It is therefore with the greatest pleasure I have remarked in the many places of worship I have attended in this city, that the congregations have been always numerous, and often crowded; and that a decency of behaviour has uniformly prevailed, to their honour and my infinite satisfaction. For I agree with Mr. Addison, that it is both pleasant and improving to behold in a large city numbers of people on a Sunday dressed in their best clothes, and with cheerful countenances going to and returning from their respective places of public devotion: but the spectacle surely is infinitely heightened, when we see them engaged in it.

And here I am naturally led to mention another observation which I have frequently made in favour of the inhabitants of Bristol, which is, that when I have had occasion to pass through the streets of this city at a late hour of the night—for a philosopher does not confine his reflections to the day—I never recollect to

have been disturbed by any noise or riot; and that the bacchanalian revels of midnight hours, which are so common in all other places, seem to be unknown in this peaceful city.

I have also observed an urbanity and good-humour in the inferior order of its inhabitants, which justice obliges me to acknowledge; and I will give a very striking example of it: As I was sauntering along a narrow street near St. James's churchyard, a man of mean appearance inquired of me the way to the Broad Quay, and while I was endeavouring to give him my imperfect directions, a cobbler, who was sitting in an adjoining stall, laid down his last, and told the man he would point it out to him; and accordingly, having walked with him to the end of the street, he directed him on his way, and returned hastily to his work.

I never was witness to an action of more civility in my life. It was mere civility; for the man who inquired his way had not the least appearance of being able to bestow a gratuity for the information, nor did the cobbler require one; for, having given the necessary directions, he returned hastily to his stall and renewed his work, as if he knew the value of his time too well to loiter any part of it away, and yet did not grudge a small portion of it to do a fellow-creature a service. A philosopher is seldom rich: it was not, therefore, in my power to reward this good man as I wished; but I did my best, for as a philosopher sometimes wants shoes, I ordered him to make me a couple of pair, and told him my reason for it.

This civil and proper demeanour not only confers honour on the lower class of people at Bristol, but it also

proves the attentive and correct conduct of the clergy, the vigilance of the magistracy, the grave deportment of the eminent and the wealthy, and the industry of all: for wherever idleness prevails, there rudeness and riot and crimes will predominate. "The devil," says the Spanish proverb, "tempts all men, but the idle man alone tempts the devil." When, therefore, all ranks of men unite, according to their respective characters, in the due exercise of their talents and a diligent pursuit of their various avocations, a love of order will necessarily arise in such a community, and actuate every part of it.

I cannot but think that the happiness of this world and the next are nearly connected together, and that religion conducts to them both. Much, therefore, depends upon that order of men who are appointed to teach its duties, to explain its doctrines, and to prove its excellence and its efficacy by their own example. And though, in the performance of these sacred offices, a great deal rests upon them, something also depends upon us in our regard and attention to it.

The character itself is sacred, and therefore highly respectable, and cannot be intrinsically disgraced by the inattention or crime of the person who professes it. Now there is not any thing that tends more to lessen a respect for religion in ourselves, and to check the good effects of it in our inferiors, than by discovering an open disregard of those who are appointed to teach the duties of it.

Whenever I hear any one condemn the whole body of the clergy, as it were, in a breath, because there may have been many of that order who have been a dishonour to it, I immediately take the opposite side of

the question, and give them as universal applause; because from among them a long catalogue of illustrious men might be produced, who have been truly eminent for steady virtue, shining talents, consummate learning, and unfeigned piety. We may both of us be in an error; but if ever I am compelled to erect myself into a judge of my fellow-mortals, I will endeavour to exercise the more amiable part of my jurisdiction, and frame my decrees, not with harshness and rigour, but with lenity and benevolence.

Shallow-sighted men, who love to cavil at what they do not understand, and have no other foundation for their shadowy fabric of knowledge than the ignorance of men more ignorant than themselves—these gentry, not having acquired a sufficient degree of discernment to distinguish between the abuses of things and the things themselves, presume to call religion to their tribunal; and having been told that it has been applied to bad purposes, without knowing or considering that its misapplication was the work of bad men, they pass their sentence of condemnation upon it; and having just sense enough to discover that all the clergy are not angels, they triumphantly pronounce the whole race of them to be devils.

Alas! my good friends, whoever you may be, let me ask you one serious question. If mankind were to judge of the human understanding by the use which you make of yours, what would they think of it?

I really respect the character of a clergyman; and even when I see any one who appears to be careless about supporting it with proper dignity, still I respect the character, though I pity the man. On such an occasion I always feel the same kind of senti-

ment as takes possession of my mind when I see a church made subservient to the common uses of life, and no longer sacred to the sublime offices of piety and devotion.

Whenever we attend divine service where it happens to be performed with coldness and neglect, the disrespect which the clergyman discovers towards his duty, should never be encouraged by any concomitant inattention in us; but, on the contrary, we should endeavour, by every possible precaution, to hinder others from noticing it, by not appearing to take the least public notice of it ourselves. To hide the defects of others is ever amiable; but in this instance it would be universally beneficial.

I happened a few Sundays ago to meet Amanda, who had just been at church; and returning with her, the public disapprobation which some people discover when they are displeased with the manner in which the clergyman performs his duty became the subject of our conversation. I shall not presume to repeat my observations when I am so fortunate as to recollect what Amanda said upon it, who, whenever I have heard her converse, always says the very thing she ought.

"I make it a rule," said she, "however my ear may be hurt by the discordant manner in which a clergyman may read the liturgy, or my judgment be offended by the subject of his discourse, or the manner of his treating it, and my honour for religion be wounded by his inattention to the duties of his sacred office, to keep these effects to myself. In the latter instance, indeed," added she, "I am afraid the most benevolent mind cannot attempt even a justification; but surely in the two former,

something, nay much, may be said in their behalf. We should consider, that many gentlemen are I may say forced, as it were, into the profession against their own inclinations; some are obliged to have recourse to it from necessity; and all are too generally taught, from their earliest destination to it, to look towards its emoluments instead of its duties. The study of theology, even from the imperfect notions a woman can form of it, seems to require great attention in the pursuit, and much time in the acquisition of it. To be eloquent is not in the power of many, and where men possess the necessary powers, a long and painful perseverance can alone bring them to any great degree of perfection. Besides, a man whose business it is to discover the secret sources of human actions, to convince the judgment, to awaken the passions, to confirm the doubting, to encourage the diffident, and to check the presumptuous, should be well acquainted with the human heart. And, notwithstanding the importance and difficulty of this profession, I have been told, that in four years' occasional attendance upon the university, and after an examination of as many

minutes, a young man of three and twenty years of age is admitted into holy orders; and by entering upon the evangelical function, takes upon him the charge of preaching the gospel, explaining its truths, and enforcing the practice of them; of resolving the doubts of the ingenious sceptic, and defending it against the attacks of the veteran infidel. So that," she was pleased to add, "the outcry of general insufficiency, if it should be true, which, however, I do not believe, does not so immediately arise from themselves, as from the inattention of the superior powers to a due and wise regulation of their sacred order."

I was charmed with Amanda, and cannot but think what a disgrace it is to the young men of this age, that she should not be doing that honour to a married life which she confers upon the virgin state. But whenever that event approaches, I shall consider the clergy as the most ungrateful beings in the world, if, after this admirable defence of their profession, there is not an anxious contest among them, who shall enjoy the honour of bestowing upon her the nuptial benediction.

THE TWIN SISTERS:

A Tale of Real Life.

THE lovely twin sisters, Maria and Francisca, were the joy and delight of their parents, who were of a respectable family in the middling rank of life. The graces, the talents, the accomplishments of mind and person, and the unequalled goodness of heart, which distinguished these amiable girls, seemed to render the lot of their parents truly enviable; but an extraordinary fatality that appear-

ed to attend both, but too soon converted their happiness into inexpressible misery.

The only difference observable in the character of the sisters was, that the susceptible Maria was more disposed to melancholy, while the lively Francisca was all spirits and gaiety. The vivacity of the latter seemed insensibly to bias the hearts of her parents in her favour; it was as

though her disposition held forth to them prospects of brighter happiness than her sister's; and the unfortunate Maria was too early destined to verify their gloomy forebodings. The parents, who were what are commonly called good sort of people, and fond of company, had not watched the first dawning of the passions and ideas in the minds of their children with that fond anxiety by which many a dangerous preponderance might probably have been prevented; they carefully avoided every thing that tended to disturb the even tenor of their lives; and hence it was natural that they should be better pleased with the merry Francisca than with her reserved sister. Hence Maria, thrown back still more upon herself, had but too much occasion to indulge a propensity to reverie, which often bordered upon melancholy.

With feelings naturally quick and profound, she combined in her affections all the ardour and energy of the warmer climates; and these affections fell unfortunately on an object, which, though from intrinsic merit not unworthy of her, was yet greatly her inferior according to the established notions of civilized society.

It was a young private soldier belonging to one of the fine Hungarian regiments, for whom she conceived an attachment. In the features of his handsome face was strikingly expressed a goodness of heart that coincided with her own. Mindful of his inferior station, he would not have ventured to raise his eyes to a female so far above him; while she, on the other hand, seemed to be attached to him by a magic spell; and even when she beheld him at such times when he was not on duty, stripped

of his military accoutrements, and working as a ship-carpenter, his manly form, embrowned by toil in the heat of the sun, only made a still deeper impression upon her.

She saw him frequently, for the Danube ran close under her windows. Her attention, and the expression of peculiar kindness and affection which, unknown to herself, beamed from her countenance, could not fail at length to attract the notice of the modest soldier. He too now ventured to fix his eyes upon hers, which were riveted with such intense interest upon him; and where is the man whose heart, how unassuming soever, would not have been encouraged by such a discovery? He was struck with her loveliness, and thoughts and feelings began to arise within him, which filled even his own mind with amazement and dismay.

It was not long before they contrived opportunities of conversing together again and again; and Maria found that her beloved Joseph possessed a tender heart, generous sentiments, and good natural, though uncultivated, abilities. All this served to raise her fondness for him to the highest pitch of enthusiasm: she resolved to be his, or never to give her hand to any man; while he was tossed about on an ocean of dreams of a happiness which he could not have anticipated, and of wishes which he durst scarcely own to himself. She needed nothing but the consent of her parents to be supremely happy: she threw herself at their feet, confessed her passion, and implored their pardon and their blessing.

They, however, viewed the connection in a very different light from that in which the young enthusiast beheld it. They had placed upon

the settlement of their daughters all the hope of their latter years; and pale with horror, they looked aghast at each other, and then burst forth into impassioned lamentations on the anguish which they were doomed to experience from the misconduct of their child.

This was a thunderbolt to the tender heart of the susceptible Maria. During her whole life, it had been her chief study to give pleasure to her parents, and now she was all at once doomed to hear that she rendered them miserable. In the intoxication of her unhappy passion, it had never occurred to her, that she should grieve them by this romantic attachment; and Francisca, who might perhaps at first have given it a different direction, as the two sisters placed unbounded confidence in each other, happened just at this time to be absent from home.

Love had meanwhile gained such an ascendancy in her heart, that it could not have sacrificed that sentiment at the shrine of filial duty without breaking. From the resistance which it encountered, her passion now assumed a more heroic character; and instead of the hope which she had hitherto obscurely indulged of raising her lowly lover by the aid of her parents to a better lot, she now felt sufficient courage to descend herself to his level. With a flood of tears she merely besought her parents not to deny her their blessing. She declared that she wished not for the smallest portion of their property; that she would gladly share the hard lot of her lover, and submit to the severest labour, if she could but enjoy the happiness of being the wife of the man to whom she was attached with inexpressible fervour: for

she well knew that his honest heart had not conceived any idea of deriving advantage from her fortune.

Her parents, who were only the more incensed to see their daughter so debase herself, made her feel the full weight of their indignation. They called her passion mean and disreputable, and even banished her for a time from their presence.

This was too much for the tender heart of Maria, whom they left in a state more resembling death than life. Their anger oppressed her with almost annihilating force, and the expression of disdain with which they quitted her gave her a dreadful foretaste of the universal contempt which would be her future portion. On the other hand, her love only acquired new energy, as she turned to the image of her poor lover whom she alone had first disturbed in his innocent tranquillity.

Such were the thoughts and feelings that now distracted her; no sympathizing soul was near her; for even the servants, dreading the tempest that raged in the minds of her parents, ventured not to approach the unhappy exile. She durst not go in quest of her lover, nor indeed did she know where to find him, as his military duty had that day summoned him to a distant post. She was, besides, forbidden to stir out. Towards evening she went into the garden by the side of the house, with a basket on her arm, in which she was accustomed at that hour to collect fruit and vegetables for the next day's dinner.

She pursued unconsciously her wonted way; but this time she left the herbs, fruit, and flowers unmolested, and strolled to the lower end of the garden, which sloped to the Danube. Here she stood with her eyes

fixed intently on the river, which whirled along in wild eddies at her feet.

The flowers which she was used to tend exhaled their most fragrant odours, and waved their many-coloured heads, as if to detain her in the scene of beauty; the blooming shrubs clung to her garment, and wound themselves about her feet to hold her back, but in vain: her broken heart, her spirit oppressed with gloom, longed for rest, and the impetuous waves hurried her away in their cold yielding bosom.

As she did not return, and one of the maid-servants declared that she had seen her going down towards the river, her offended parents became uneasy, and began to dread the consequences of her despair. Search and inquiries were instantly made, and it was not till a late hour that some fishermen, about three miles down the river, perceived by the last faint gleam of twilight her white garment, which had been caught and held fast by the bushes that overhung the margin of the stream.

All the efforts that were employed to restore animation proved ineffectual; life had fled for ever from her gentle bosom. Poor Joseph, the innocent and unfortunate cause of her sufferings, heard the melancholy tidings on his return from duty, and he proved that Maria was not deceived in her opinion of him. Regardless of every thing around him, he seemed to be wholly absorbed in grief for her who had devoted herself to him with such ardent affection. During the night his comrades heard a report of fire-arms in the barracks, and he was found on the floor with his brains blown out.

Vol. II. No. VIII.

His remains were interred beside those of his Maria in a sequestered spot on the bank of the river.

The grief into which this catastrophe plunged Maria's parents and her affectionate sister estranged them for a long time from every pleasure. All the hopes of the former were now fixed exclusively on Francisca—on her whom their secret partiality had ever preferred to the unfortunate Maria; and Francisca, rich in charms of mind and person, seemed fully to justify those hopes.

Her choice fell upon a youth who was in every respect her equal in rank and fortune. Not only her parents, but every body else admitted that there could not be a more suitable match; though the former felt a certain secret dislike to the man to whom their most precious jewel, their only beloved daughter, was to be consigned. But having had reason to repent most bitterly their too great harshness towards one of their children, they thought to make amends for it by so much the more indulgence towards the other. Francisca passionately loved the man of her choice: they strove therefore to suppress their dark presentiments, and gave their consent to a match which was to confer happiness on the lovers, and the consummation of which depended only on some family arrangements.

They knew not exactly themselves what it was that occasioned their dislike to Vincent: he was accomplished in mind, person, and manners; but his features wore an expression of selfishness, rather than goodness of heart. Excessive indulgence had probably spoiled his disposition at an early age. The only child of

wealthy parents, he was accustomed to consider himself as the centre of all the wishes and all the efforts of those about him; and thus all his caprices and passions were gratified without the slightest opposition.—Whatever he took into his head, that he would have done, no matter how much others might suffer by it, so it spared him the mortification of the slightest self-denial.

The gentle and lively Francisca thought it no hardship to give way to all his humours, as she was accustomed to regard every thing in life on the favourable side; and in this respect also the match was considered as well assorted. But this very vivacity of the innocent girl rendered her liable to incur the displeasure of her lover, before the slightest suspicion of the kind had entered her thoughts.

She had never remarked jealousy in him, nor did she imagine that he could ever harbour that passion; he knew that he was the idol of her soul, and the consciousness of her own purity rendered her the less scrupulous about appearances. Vincent had left home for a few days, and during his absence a young and handsome stranger called, on his arrival in the capital, with letters of recommendation to Francisca's parents. They were pleased with their visitor, and neither they nor their daughter deemed it at all indecorous to take many a little excursion with him into the adjacent country in his elegant carriage, or to accompany him to the play. The presence of her parents on all these occasions seemed to secure the young lady from all imputation.

One evening Francisca and her mother were alone in a box at the

theatre with the interesting stranger. The latter knew and respected the footing on which she stood in regard to Vincent; but, as a man of the world, he thought there was no harm in testifying the interest excited in him by the amiable girl, with whom, but for that prior connection, he might have wished to be more intimately acquainted. He was standing behind her chair, deeply engaged in conversation with her, while her mother was similarly employed with an acquaintance in the next box, when Vincent, who had returned before he was expected, entered the pit.

His ardent looks were soon fixed on the box which contained his bride. An officious tell-tale had already informed him of Francisca's excursions with the wealthy baron, and not only his affection but also his self-love was severely wounded by the intelligence. He now beheld her engaged between the acts in familiar conversation with him; the glass which he employed seemed to him too dull to follow each of their looks. His blood boiled, and he could scarcely await the conclusion of the piece.

The curtain at length fell, and Francisca, holding the left arm of the baron, who had given his right to her mother, was proceeding to the carriage, which was in waiting for them. "Ha! faithless wretch!" all at once cried a well-known, dear, but now terrific voice, and before Francisca could distinguish Vincent rushing through the crowd, the two-edged stiletto, which he was accustomed to carry in his cane, pierced her left side just below the heart.

With a shriek of pain and horror she sunk into the arms of her trembling mother. The assassin was se-

cured. The insensible Francisca was carried home and put to bed; the wound on examination was found to be deep, but not mortal.

She complained not of the pain she suffered; the only concern she felt was for Vincent's fate. Whenever she thought of it she dissolved into tears, and reproached herself in the severest manner, because she had, though innocently, given him occasion for committing the outrage. She was incessantly engaged in devising the means of alleviating his situation: she expended all her little savings on delicacies and refreshments which she sent to him in prison; and as soon as she was able to go abroad, she ceased not her entreaties till she obtained permission to visit him there.

On entering the gloomy well-secured cell in which he had hitherto passed his joyless days, her whole soul flew to meet him; but though he was thoroughly convinced that her heart had not harboured even a shadow of infidelity, still his wounded self-love could not pardon her for having given the slightest appearance of it to the world; nay, all the affecting proofs of her affection lavished on him during the whole of his imprisonment, drew from him but faint thanks and superficial excuses for his crime.

"But how was it"—asked one of the officers of justice, who had procured Francisca and her mother admission to the prisoner—"how was it that you turned the murderous weapon against your mistress, and not against him whom you supposed to be favoured by her? for Nature herself has implanted in the character of man such a respect for the weaker sex, that he never attacks

the woman whom he regards as faithless, but only his rival."

"And how"—cried Vincent with a satanic grin—"how if, while we sacrifice one another, the faithless woman should forget both me and my victim, and become the wife of a third?—No, no; the trusty dagger planted in the bosom of the false one guarantees me against that, and assures me that no other shall possess her if I cannot."

While he uttered these words, Francisca felt as though the dagger was piercing her heart. The deliberation evinced by his cruel and ungenerous sentiment filled her with horror, and in spite of herself, transformed her ardent attachment into alienation and even abhorrence.

Through the influence of his family he obtained his liberty. Love had for ever fled from the heart of Francisca, but neither had it henceforward any place for joy; a slow consuming melancholy had succeeded her former gaiety. Her parents beheld with anguish their darling drooping to the grave; and they could not find fault with her for steadfastly rejecting all Vincent's overtures for renewing their former connection.

Their melancholy thoughts now turned more frequently to the unfortunate Maria, and to her choice, which they had so rigidly condemned, and which they now contrasted with that of their Francisca. Their deceased daughter reposed by the side of a poor but a virtuous lover, who—they now admitted, not without painful remorse—might by their means have been raised to a higher station, and who had offered all that he possessed—his life—a humble,

disinterested sacrifice to his love. Their living child had chosen a monster, who, how assiduously soever she might avoid him, had destroyed her peace of mind for ever.

About this time a young cousin, named Celestine, who had long lived abroad, returned to his native city. He appeared like a messenger from heaven to the sorrowing parents. Francisca and he had in their childhood always manifested extraordinary fondness for each other, and they hoped that he might perhaps dispose her heart to a new and happier attachment.

Celestine, naturally of a gentle, affectionate disposition, was exactly adapted to the tender office. It was with the utmost delicacy that he approached her wounded heart; and though that heart, owing to the painful mistake into which it had already fallen, withstood every new impression with extraordinary perseverance, yet it was soothed by the society of the sympathizing friend of her youth. She regarded him as a dear brother from whom she had long been separated, and began by degrees to find some relief in the communication of her feelings and ideas.

Francisca had always taken particular delight in the beauties of nature: Celestine was now the companion of her solitary walks; and her parents knew that she was safe under his protection. One day she conducted him to her sister's grave. She, as well as her parents, had, since her own misfortune, thought more frequently of the hapless Maria; and she reproached herself with having thought so little of her beloved sister during the happy days of her own passion.

Vincent, whose pride was hurt by the infatuation of the sister of his bride, had found means, if not to wean her insensibly from the remembrance of Maria, at least to keep her from visiting her grave; Celestine, on the contrary, willingly attended her thither.

"Poor Maria!" sighed she, on reaching the solitary spot. It was a small grove of alders, at the entrance of which, a single weeping willow, close to the margin of the Danube, overhung the turf which covered the lovers who had fallen in the struggle with their unhappy fate. In vain had Maria's parents endeavoured to procure for their lost daughter a place in consecrated ground, such was the rigour of the ecclesiastical and civil laws of the town; and it was only the urgent solicitations of Francisca that obtained for the faithful Joseph a grave by her side. "Poor Maria!" sighed Francisca, as they reached the two hillocks, at the foot of which rolled the dark waves of the Danube—"how solitary, how neglected is thy grave! Not a stone or any friendly mark points out where thou reposest. Is this all the reward for thy faithful attachment?"

"My dear Francisca!" cried Celestine, affectionately grasping her hand, "give not yourself up thus, I entreat you, to the controul of melancholy!"

"O Celestine!" rejoined Francisca, with impassioned warmth, "this spot will be ever dear to me; ever will my love——"

"Thy love! Ha! traitress!——" Such were the words that all at once resounded in Vincent's terrific voice. Like an evil spirit he had watched all Francisca's motions, and at this

moment rushed from the thicket behind Celestine. He had not heard Celestine's gentle supplication; he saw only his tender look and attitude, and heard only the commencement of her reply, which alluded, as he imagined, to a passion for her

cousin. He ran up, and before they had time to turn round, his dagger, pointed this time with greater precision, had penetrated the heart of Francisca, who, streaming with blood, sunk expiring on the grave of her lamented sister.

GENERAL MARTIN'S HOUSE AT LUCKNOW.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the Bengal Establishment.

I RECOLLECT having given you in a former letter an account of various ingenious contrivances of Colonel Martin to reduce a concretion in the bladder; and when at Lucknow, I procured a description of the spacious building erected by that eccentric man upon the banks of the river Goomtee. It was constructed for the express purpose of procuring an equal temperature in his residence at all seasons. It consists entirely of stone, except the doors and window-frames; the ceilings of the different apartments being formed of elliptic arches, and the floors of stucco. The basement story comprises two caves or recesses within the banks of the river, and level with its surface when at its lowest decrease. In these caves he passed the hot season, until the rainy weather caused a swell of the waters. He then ascended to another story, fitted up in the style of a grotto; and when a further rise of the river brought its surface to a level with his changing abode, he removed up to the third

story, or ground-floor. On the next story above that, a handsome saloon, raised on arcades projecting over the Goomtee, was his spring and winter habitation. In the other story, he had a museum furnished with various curiosities; and over the whole was erected an observatory, with the best astronomical instruments. Besides his house at Lucknow, he had a beautiful villa, whither he occasionally retired during the hot season. In the latter part of his life, he laid out a large sum of money on the architecture of a Gothic castle, which he did not live to finish. He died at an advanced age, leaving property to the amount of thirty-three lacs of rupees, or three hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. Within the Gothic castle he built a splendid mausoleum, and on a marble tablet over his tomb is the following inscription, written by himself a few months previous to his decease:

"Here lies CLAUDE MARTIN, born at Lyons,
A. D. 1732.

He came to India as a private soldier,
And died a major-general."

THE FAIR INCOGNITA.

EVERY circumstance in this little story, however romantic, is strictly true; and perhaps some aged ladies of high rank may recollect hearing

from their mothers how severely the Duchess of H—— experienced the contrast of splendid elevation in the eye of the world, and the domestic

grievances occasioned by a libertine husband: yet the duke had a reckless generosity and good-nature which saved his consort from direct unkindness; and she endeavoured by every dutious, faithful attention and forbearance to reclaim him from the haunts of ebriety and gross licentiousness.

Her grace had an attendant from her own country, who enjoyed and deserved her confidence. Mrs. S—— was several times employed by her, under various disguises, to bring changes of linen to the duke; a comfort of which he was deprived by a negligent worthless valet. One night after the duchess had gone to bed, Mrs. S—— informed her, that the duke was confined to bed in a house of questionable repute within the *parlous* of Covent-Garden. Her grace proposed rising immediately and going to see her unhappy lord; but Mrs. S—— said she would expose herself to inevitable insult at such a place and at so late an hour—in the morning she might venture thither with safety.

After a sleepless night, the duchess rang her bell very early, too early for the purposed visit. Mrs. S—— prevailed with her to take a cup of coffee, and to delay sending for a hackney-coach till near ten o'clock. In plain attire, masked, and wrapped in long cloaks, with hoods closely drawn over their faces, the duchess and Mrs. S—— stepped into the carriage, provided with linen, bed-clothes, cordials, and food for the invalid. The ruling passion prevails even in sickness. The duke supposed himself the object of illicit tenderness, and submitted to every dictate of the unknown, whose personal elegance

assured him she was of no mean condition.

In the mean time, a servant of the Marquis of L—— accidentally heard that the Duke of H—— lay dangerously ill, and that a masked lady brought a physician, and furnished every necessary for him. Lord L—— feared his countryman was the prey of some artful Cyprian, who might plunge him in debts to a large amount. He called upon him, and tried to persuade him to remove from a place so discreditable; but the duke said he would not for worlds desert the most graceful and disinterested of female friends. Partly through a vain display of his influence over the fair sex, the duke asked Lord L—— to come before ten next morning, and concealing himself behind the curtains, he should behold an angelic being ministering to him in the humblest offices of affection. Lord L—— saw a figure of the most captivating elegance approach the bed of suffering. She spoke not a word, but a robust masculine person, also masked, acted as the interpreter of her counsels. The lady stooped over the duke to change his linen and wrapping-gown, while her companion prepared an easy chair and stirred the fire, previous to raising the duke to adjust his bed. Lord L—— cut the strings of the lady's mask, and at once recognised the Duchess of H——, who, with a blush of surprise, raised herself from the bending attitude, of which his lordship had taken advantage.

The Duke of H—— did not long survive, and Lord L——, when decorum permitted, offered his heart and hand to the beautiful widow, of whose conjugal virtues he had proofs

so remarkable. The Marquis of L—— was not less amiable in private life, than honoured and revered in his public character, and his consort, who became the mother of three dukes, was the happiest of wives.

BEHAVIOUR.

Il donne de la vogue au sage,
Quelquefois de l'esprit aux sots,
Le bonheur aux amants, la victoire aux héros.

RULHIÈRE.

LET us be born when or where we may, there is no living without behaviour, which is our earliest lesson and our latest business. Taking the word in its fullest comprehension, it includes a theory and a practice for all times and places, all ranks and conditions of men. Much, it is true, must be left to etiquette in the formalities of nations, and more must be conceded to localities; but whether a salutation consist in kissing the hem of a vest, in pulling off slippers, in the contact of noses, or in a shake of the hand, the welcome must depend upon the feeling which shines through the ceremony, and in the real good offices which result from it. The differences of behaviour are as numerous as the differences of men, which, God wot, are plentiful enough. "For a taste—"

Handsome behaviour may be shewn on so many occasions, that to enter into its particulars, would be to enumerate all the honourable transactions in which it is possible to be engaged. To be brief then, I like your handsome-behaved people so well, that, "as the saying is," with Old Will Boniface in the *Beaux Stratagem*, "I wish we had as many more of 'em. They pay well, and give no trouble." I am, however, disposed to quit this topic as speedily as possible, for fear of betraying a few antiquated prejudices; for that behaviour which, but the other day,

and in good society, I heard characterized as handsome, appears to me deserving of the contrary epithet. The word was, as I humbly conceive, misapplied to the freaks of a young fellow, who, as Tom or Jerry, very frequently sallies forth in company with a troop of choice spirits for a little midnight diversion, disturbing whole neighbourhoods by yells and uproar, besetting all who have the misfortune to walk the street which they infest, threatening some, knocking down others, breaking lamps, windows, and every *breakable** thing within their reach, not excepting the reverend heads of the inoffensive watch, and crowning their impudence with outrageous insults on the brief authority of the night-constable, to whose guardianship they are sure to be sooner or later committed. After being locked up for a few hours in the dark, their valour subsides, they "don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as they did;" but yielding at discretion, they compound for broken lanterns, contribute something towards plasters for broken heads, which do not look quite so hideous by day as by lamp-light, repair the broken dignity of the representative of majesty by the timely payment of a reason-

* Though this word is not much used, it is in this place much more precise than brittle or fragile: perhaps the Editor will for once permit precision to triumph over propriety.

able tribute, and then, "with fainting steps and slow," come fresh from ordeal and durance, with the title of handsome-behaved gentlemen, a little wildish or so perhaps, but still very handsome.

Strange behaviour may be easily conceived, courteous reader, if you have ever gone to congratulate an old chum on his sudden promotion, and after as warm a reception as ever, have been told that company, which, though not half so congenial as the society of old friends, must still be attended to, being every moment expected, it would be better for you to come some other day, when he should be able to enjoy you more to himself; he will fix the day, and write to you in the course of the week. But after the lapse of months no invitation arrives, and at last you see the great man arm in arm with his patron in the Mall, when, notwithstanding the intensity of their conversation, he does you the honour to touch his hat, with the air of a man who meets somebody that he thinks he has seen somewhere once before, though for the life of him he can't tell who it is. "Tis somewhat strange," when a young lady, after listening for months to tender expressions, and taking moonlight walks, and receiving very graciously a few elegant bagatelles, and discovering a wonderful similarity and sympathy of sentiment between herself and any blind admirer, is struck with amazement on his putting "the question," to find that he had entertained any other than a platonic object, and that he had never heard of her being betrothed to her cousin, the lieutenant, whose absence at the North Pole, or at Timbuetoo, is the only obstacle to their union.

I call it *shabby behaviour* to take a poor rustic from the Land's-End, equip him as a valet, set out with him on your travels, and finding, when you reach Paris, how inexpert he is compared with the natives, to set him adrift in the *rue des Fossés*, or any other out-of-the-way place, whence, without a single word of French to his tongue, or a single *sous* in his pocket, he is never likely to emerge. For any one who makes an appearance, on being invited to spend the evening with a dowager, who, as all the world knows, thinks no evening can be spent without whist, to sit down perfectly agreeable to play, and when the loss of the rubber stares him full in the face, to begin rummaging his pockets, and then to turn up his eyes, clasp his hands, and perform all the tricks of affected astonishment, at not finding his purse where he never put it, but suddenly to recollect, that in the haste in which he made his toilette, he forgot to transfer his cash from his undress waistcoat, and therefore to request, that for the present the half-guinea may be considered a debt of honour. Not a whit less shabby is it to stop and listen to the performances of those foreign musicians who sing their pennyworth in the street, and when *madame* has screamed her *finale*, and presents herself with a tambourine, and with a look altogether irresistible, for that reward which, if exertion has any reference to desert, she has abundantly earned, to requite her with a bad joke in coarse French, and then to turn upon the heel.

Pretty behaviour is the unremitting study of the obsequious, of such as care not what they do or suffer, so that they may ingratiate them-



W. FINLEY DEL.

STEDMAN WHITWELL ARCHT. DUT.

J. CLEGG LITHO.

THE PAVILION (now used as a Dormitory for the Visitors) AND THE LAKE.
IN THE OLD PARK

selves wherever they go. For this purpose they put both mind and body on the rack: they are always studying to throw themselves into pretty attitudes, and to say pretty things: they prepare to laugh at "one of the drollest things in the world," before "the best of all" is fairly perceptible: they never think of taking a chair till every one else is seated, though they hold it lawful to scramble with all their might for a station near the bottom of the table. Your pretty-behaved people would sooner eat their mutton cold, than omit to offer their plate, by way of distinction and preference, all round the table; and, heroic creatures! they hold their fingers as cheap as Mutius Scævola's, while holding a burning plate for a supply of asparagus. They endure the pinchings and hair-pullings of spoiled children with seeming complacency, though the bitter tear be ready to start into their eye and proclaim the insincerity of their dimpled cheek and simpering mouth, suffering mean time the dear little greasy or sugared hands to rove, without restraint, over the bright buttons and velvet collar of a bran-new coat. They sit patiently, and without feigning to beat a march with knife and fork upon an empty plate, while a gluttonous host, lost for a while in the ecstatic enjoyment of his own good cheer, forgets that he invited any one to partake of it. They can lis-

ten to an endless story without yawning or fidgetting, or presuming to rise if it be at tea, under pretence of handing, to be replenished, the cup of the gossip, which, in the depth of attention to the narrative, one is apt to mistake for empty, when in fact it is as full as ever, except what little may have been jerked over by the gesticulation of the orator. But on this head I can cite an authority at once high and conclusive. Of the real pretty behaviour we may judge from the ironical application of the phrase by a lady of Billingsgate to a gentleman who prides himself not a little on his prettiness in every respect. He had lately returned from Italy, and was moving down Thames-street to clear some knick-knacks, when he was so ungallant as to take the wall of the said lady, laden, as she was, with a basket of as fine eels as ever were flayed alive; upon which she exclaimed with becoming indignation, "Here's *pratty* behaviour, to take the wall of a lady! A *pratty jontleman* too you must be, so you must *sure*, to *trate* the fair sex in that way! If I could only get rid of this basket, I'd soon *tache* you manners, my jewel!"—That I may not be thought to stand in need of a lesson upon the same subject, I shall not trespass at greater length on the polite pages of the *Repository*.

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FONTHILL ABBEY.

With a View of the Pavilion.

THERE are few of our readers who need the information that this magnificent mansion, a fit abode for royalty itself, was last year transferred

Vol. II. No. VIII.

from the possession of its creator, Mr. Beckford, into that of Mr. Farquhar. The uncertainty which prevailed as to the intentions of the new

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proprietor respecting it are removed so far as relates to the present year, and its gates are again thrown open to the lovers of the magnificent either in nature or in art. Those who were not able to reach the abbey last season, or were among the immense number against whom the barrier was so suddenly closed, will now enjoy an opportunity of witnessing, much more at their ease, the sumptuous and splendid scenes which then filled the kingdom with astonishment.

Had no improvement been made in the former arrangements, nor any additional suites of apartments opened, still there would have been sufficient to realize even the most sanguine anticipations. The disappointment which usually awaits the visitor of a scene, on the splendour or beauty of which language has exhausted its encomiums, is here absolutely unknown. Astonishment and admiration attend his every step, and never quit him till his exit from a place which seems to realize the brilliant fictions of Oriental fable.

For those in whom this fever of surprise has subsided, there are attractions in addition to those which were exhibited to them last year, and scarcely less interesting. Mr. Beckford's private suite of apartments is now accessible. The grand drawing-room and some other apartments are completed, and all their matchless furniture displayed. By this increase of means, the paintings which could not be hung last year, now present a most exquisite feast to the amateur, and, what perhaps is beyond all, the library is no longer imprisoned: the rods of brass which forbade all intimacy beyond the backs of the books are now removed, and every volume solicits examination. The extent and

valuable contents of the collection have been long known, but this is the first time that any person, excepting a few of the friends of the late possessor, has been privileged to enjoy it.

The dressed grounds of Fonthill are now in their greatest beauty, and the simplicity which characterizes their arrangement forms a striking contrast to the elaborate display of art which is every where evident in the Abbey: perhaps the gorgeous profusion of flowers with which the exotics of the American garden border every path may strike, at first sight, as an exception to this remark, but a little more intimate acquaintance with the scenery banishes all doubt of the refined taste which designed it. In the more distant parts of the walks and rides, every variety of landscape may be met with—the close covert and the champaign country, caverns which *Salvator Rosa* would have exulted to people, and distances in which *Claude* might have luxuriated. In many of the latter, the stately Abbey is a principal feature, frequently

“Bosom'd high in tufted trees,”

but generally raising its majestic tower far above all competition.

This interesting place has at length received the attention which it deserved, and the pen and the graver are employed in producing a complete and faithful description and representation of what it now is, in works undertaken by Mr. Britton of London, and Mr. Rutter of Shaftsbury, as announced in the *Literary Intelligence* of our *Repository* for April last, pp. 245 and 6.

It may perhaps be agreeable to our readers to know that the most perfect arrangements are made to pre-

vent the inconveniencies experienced by the visitors last year. The catalogues describe the position of every apartment, article, and book, so that they can be instantly found. The Fountain-Court has been fitted up as an elegant refectory, of which a separate engraving has just appeared, where refreshments of the most simple or of the most luxurious kind may be reasonably purchased at all times; and to prevent the fatigue of a considerable journey every night and morning, the Pavilion, a view of which accompanies this article, is

fitted up with beds, and the greatest attention has been paid in its arrangement to propriety and comfort. Public breakfasts are given here every morning; and with such heightened attractions, and such accommodations not previously provided, it is natural to anticipate a greater influx of visitors than at the former exhibition, curious to obtain a sight of the glories of this celebrated place before the hammer of the auctioneer, not less potent than the wand of fairy enchantress, bids them disappear for ever.

5.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

CORONATION ANECDOTE.

AT the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, the champion of England, dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, his horse richly caparisoned, and himself and beaver finely capped with plumes of feathers, entered Westminster Hall while the king and queen were at dinner; and at giving the usual challenge to any one that disputed their Majesties' rights to the crown of England (when he has the honour to drink the sovereign's health out of a golden cup, always his fee), after he had flung down the gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman, who entered the hall on crutches (which she left behind her), took it up, and made off with great celerity, leaving her own glove, with a challenge in it, to meet her the next day at an appointed hour in Hyde Park. This occasioned some mirth at the lower end of the hall, and it was remarkable that every one was too well engaged to pursue her. A person in the same dress appeared

next day at the place appointed, though it was generally supposed to be a good swordsman in that disguise. However, the champion of England politely declined any contest of that nature with the fair sex, and never made his appearance.

BISHOP WILSON.

Dr. Wilson, the good and well-known Bishop of Sodor and Man, with an income of 300*l.* a year, sent for his tailor to make him a cloak, and desired it might have only one loop and button. The tailor submitted to his venerable customer, that if the fashion should become general, the button-makers would starve. "Do you say so, John?" replied the bishop, "then button it all over."

ORIGIN OF CARDS.

Cards are said to have been invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France. The four suits are supposed to represent the four orders of the

state. *Hearts, cœurs*, which should be *chœurs*, choirmen, the church; the Spaniards represent copes or chalices instead of hearts:—*Spades*, in French, *piques*, pikes; in Spanish, swords, *spada*, the military order or nobility:—*Diamonds, carreaux*, on Spanish cards *dineros*, coins, the monies, or mercantile part:—*Clubs, trefoil* in French, in Spanish, *basta*, a club or country weapon, the husbandman or peasantry. It is rather extraordinary, that in these days of modern refinement, no embellishment has been added to the figures on cards.

SACRIFICES AT FUNERALS.

The pagan practice of offering sacrifices at the graves of the deceased seems to have maintained its ground in Christendom till a comparatively late period. On the 30th of July, 1450, Duke Henry XVI. of Landshut, surnamed the Rich, died at Burghausen. His remains were conveyed to Landshut, and deposited in the family vault at Seligenthal. On the following Tuesday, Duke Louis, his son and successor, came from Burghausen, where the grand funeral obsequies were solemnized, at which the Bishops of Eichstädt, Passau, Ratisbon, and Seckau, and nine mitred prelates attended, and sacrificed seven horses.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Mademoiselle de Bouillé had an attachment to the Marquis de Pommiers. As the relatives of the lady were decidedly averse to the union of the lovers, she eloped with her admirer, and in this manner extorted the consent of her family to their marriage. They had lived together fourteen years; the honey-moon was

of course long past, and love had given place to hatred in the heart of the *marquise*. She ran away from her husband, hastened to Paris, and preferred a formal complaint against him before the tribunals for forcible abduction.

EAST INDIAN GLOW-WORMS.

Mr. H. N. Grimm has given, in the *German Ephemerides*, a description of a curious species of glow-worm found in the East Indies.—“Being on the coast of Coromandel,” says this naturalist, “I often made excursions into the country, to examine whatever was curious in it; and one night, perceiving something luminous, I drew near to it, and observed a certain motion, but would touch nothing till the day began to appear. I then found that they were worms, which displayed the lustre that had attracted my notice. They were of a scarlet colour, rolled and heaped one upon another, had neither feet nor wings, nor any eyes that were perceptible. Having taken away some of them, with the earth they were upon, and put them in a phial, they yielded so much brightness for an entire month, that, by the aid of this light alone, I could read and write. They all died at the expiration of the month, and the light disappeared.

“Something of the like kind is observed in the scorpions of the Island of Ceylon; for if slightly compressed, yet so as to make them void some liquid, this liquid becomes bright and luminous which proves the activity of their poison, an activity so great, that if any one is stung by those insects, he feels the same pain as if aqua-fortis, oil of vitriol, or an actual caustic, had been applied to the stung part.”

CHARLES XII.

Charles XII. of Sweden set out on his second expedition to Norway in October 1718. He laid siege to Friedrichshall in December: the frost was so intense, that the soldiers broke the ground as though they had been opening trenches in a rock; but they could not shrink nor murmur at labours shared by their king. Charles slept on a board, if he could not obtain a little straw; and, stretched on the ground, in the open air, during the depth of a Norwegian winter, had no night-covering but a cloak. Several soldiers on duty dropped down dead with cold; but a glance at their king asleep on the snow, or performing feats of unconquerable hardihood or valour, took from the survivors all disposition to complain. Having heard of a woman named Jane Dottar, in Scania, who had lived several months without any nourishment but water, Charles resolved to try how long he could endure total abstinence from food. He fasted five days without eating or drinking, and on the sixth, rode two leagues to the tent of the Prince of Hesse, his brother-in-law, where he ate heartily, without suffering any inconvenience from want of sustenance, or from repletion. He was formed for extremes, corporeal and mental.

DR. JOHNSON.

The comprehensive understanding of Dr. Samuel Johnson embraced all subjects, and threw light on each. When in the Highlands he was driven by contrary tides to the house of a gentleman on the coast. A large company happened to be assembled; and Mrs. C. feared the doctor would be incommoded by the

convivial mirth of the gentlemen and the dancing of the junior guests. In the course of the evening she took occasion to express how much pleasure she felt in being honoured with Dr. Johnson's presence, but regretted the gay bustle around him, which she feared could not be agreeable. "Madam," replied the colossus of literature, "it is in large parties we find the quintessence of society. A large table, covered with various dishes, allows every man to gratify his palate; and in a numerous assemblage of age and youth, we shall not search in vain for some intellectual companionship. In large parties there is a freedom never to be found in a small company; and, madam, it is economical to fill your dining-hall with guests. The same fire, the same lights, and nearly the same attendance, will suffice. An entertainment provided for sixteen persons will answer for two dozen, and so on in an increasing ratio. If you would only kill time, subdivide your visitors, and have a few in turns; but if you wish for maintaining social intercourse at the least possible expense, and with the highest zest, make large parties when circumstances render it convenient. I delight in seeing happy faces, and these are chiefly to be observed in the ease and gaiety of large companies: I use the term *large* in the common acceptation, which means as many persons as a room or tables can receive."

HAIL AND ICE IN THE EAST INDIES.

Heyne informs us of the singular fact, that in the district of the Mysore, hail falls only in the hottest seasons, and then in pieces of the weight

of half an ounce. Masses of immense size are said to have fallen from the clouds at different periods; but there is one instance upon record, and it is besides confirmed by the testimony of a gentleman of the greatest respectability, and high in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company, of a piece, that in the latter part of Tippoo Sultan's reign fell near Seringapatam, of the size of an elephant. The report given of it by Tippoo's officers was, that it had the effect of fire on the skin of those who touched it—a comparison naturally made by persons ignorant of the sensation of extreme cold—and that two days elapsed before it was entirely dissolved, during which time it exhaled such a stench, as to prevent persons approaching it.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA AND VOLTAIRE.

Catherine of Russia once sent to Voltaire an ivory box, turned by herself. This present imparted a happy idea to the poet. Having taken a few lessons from his niece, he sent to the empress, in return, a pair of white silk stockings, knitted by himself, and accompanied with an epistle, in which the celebrated poet informed the sovereign, that having received from her a present of a piece of man's work performed by a woman, he solicited her majesty to accept from him a piece of woman's work produced by the hands of a man. It would have been a curious exhibition to a visitor at Ferney, to behold Voltaire knitting stockings. But did not Hercules use the distaff at the feet of Omphale?

GAELIC RELICS.

No. VI.

THE SONG OF THE DALT, CAMPA NA AILLACH,

To the Muime, AIGEANTACHA, the high-minded; and her Spouse, AILLACH NA LOCHLANACH, the handsome DANE.

IN early infancy Aillach na Lochlanach, or the handsome Dane, was captured by a Scandinavian pirate, when on his passage to be fostered in the castle of Amus na luip, chieftain of the clan Macallister. Amus na luip, as in duty bound, raised an armament of his friends, his kinsmen, and vassals, to liberate his intended *dalt*; but a giantess of Lochlin, or Denmark, concealed the child, and not until his fourth expedition did Amus na luip succeed in restoring him to his own country. As he was reared so many years in Lochlin, he got the cognomen of Lochlanach, or the Dane, from which epithet proceeded the name of Maclochan, our

hero being their primogenitor and chief. It is to be observed, that in his wars with Lochlin, Aillach spared the race of his gigantic nurse. The son of Amus na luip was fostered in the castle of Aillach at the same time with Maol Challum na Liomhaed, chief of the clan Lamont; and Campa na Eillach, ancestor of the Countess of Uxbridge and Lady Tullamore, the most illustrious of all the knights sent forth to the holy wars from St. Columba. A terrible pestilence desolated the land while Aillach is engaged in redressing the wrongs of Mona, or the Isle of Man. The parents and kinsmen of the *dalts* are victims to disease, and strangers

seize their inheritance. When Aillach returns, he moves all the friends and the forces he could array, to expel the usurpers; but he and his people are overwhelmed by the "wild waves," and the usurpers employ ruffians to carry off the three boys, who are brought up at St. Columba in ignorance of their rights; but the ghost of Aillach appears to his spouse Aigeantacha, and sends her to "enkindle in their souls the flame of fathers that turned the tide of battles." Aigeantacha Clancolla is daughter to the lord of the Isles, and the most distinguished heroine of her generation.

As two streams from the topmost crag of a pine-crested precipice send forth a lovely sound, while sparkling in the beams of noon, they hasten to meet in broad winding light through sloping glens; so the fame of the dauntless in soul, the fame of Aillach and Aigeantacha, shall roll in brightness to after-times. Aillach na Lochlanach! four seasons did Amus na luip lead his powers to deliver thee from the land of snow. Thrice he failed; for the giantess hid thee in caves of nameless incantation, and swift were thy steps ere the friend of thy infancy restored thee to the green-headed hills of Argathela. The breast of a giantess reared thee to stature above all the sons of Alba or Lochlin; and high soared thy fame over all, except the knights of the Holy War, gifted with powers above the powers of man!

Aigeantacha! of the race of clan Colla, lords of the Green Isle, in stateliness and beauty unmatched among virgins, heroes from sea to sea sought the maid; and Cealgoire, prince of the Firbolg, swore to possess the star of Islay, or die. To

the lofty halls of Finlagaan came the crafty suitor, with smooth words of peace to the stripling chief Urrain, the brother of Aigeantacha. Aillach trained the youth to war with the swift-footed wanderers of the wilds, and with Cealgoire they wake the dawn on a hill of roes. Aigeantacha was there with two daughters of the bow, for she could not rest in her bower since Dialtin from Jura, beneath a mist-girdled moon, would have forced her to his white-sailed war-bark. He had dragged her from the grasp of her weeping damsels to a long gallery, when Aillach, single and unarmed, came singing a boat-song, after knocking down the basking seals on a distant beach. Snatching a poleaxe from a follower of Dialtin, he mowed down the foe on every side, as dry grass before a whirlwind. Aillach loved Aigeantacha as his fame, and the lightning of his full dark eye had entered her fair bosom. They feared not the cold proud regards of Cealgoire, and the boast of Islay believed herself safe when Dialtin groaned in death from the stroke of Aillach.

"Aigeantacha," said Cealgoire, "unerring is thy feathered shaft, and three dun-sided mothers, with their fawns and branchy-headed mates, are following the grassy course of a brook, which, from the grey rocks to the west, shall soon leap into the far-spreading main."

The hunters attend, with daughters of the chase, to watch the steps of the deer, when they should bend their graceful necks to quaff the living stream. From a creek spring the crowding Firbolg. They stretch their brawny arms to seize Aigeantacha; but as a sweeping cloud, the spear of Aillach darkens their pride.

As stones trembling with the flood of a torrent, they fall along the shore. Cealgoire lifts his lance to pierce the side of Aillach, closely engaged in the fight with his people, but Aigeantacha from her crooked yew sends death to his heart.

"In rage the Firbolg will return to avenge the fall of Cealgoire," said Aillach. "Urrain, hero of the future battles, a light skiff bounding over the waves, shall summon the vassals of Aillach to join the warriors of Islay, and the Firbolg shall be dispelled as passing vapours before ascending day."

"My steel is new to war," said Urrain, "but my soul is fire. I burn to flash over the foe."

"The foe will strive to despoil Finlagan of the beam of beauty," said Aillach: "let her be the spouse of Aillach, that he may leave her safe with the holy prior of Oransay, the brother of his grandsire. The ghostly father of Islay may bless us this present hour."

"Aigeantacha will be the spouse of Aillach," said the heroine, shading with her heavy locks the blushes of love on her cheeks; "but never shall she part from him on a field of spears. The daughters of clan Colla know not the little soul of fear. War is their joy. Side by side, Aillach and Aigeantacha shall tread the path of fame."

Side by side, Aillach and Aigeantacha subdued the Firbolg in Islay, and amidst their own plains of rich pasture for the lowing mothers of milky streams. Side by side they scattered the hosts of Lochlin, and pursued them to their frozen coasts. They carried death to the hills and valleys of the north; but spared the offspring of the giantess, who, in the

days of his infancy, nurtured Aillach with the love of *muime*. From her bosom he drew to himself the strength of seven men; she laid open to him hidden stores of wisdom to heal the wounds of the brave, and to raise from a couch of suffering the prisoners of disease. The giantess braced the arm of Aillach, to overthrow the wild bull of the desert, and binding him with thongs, his fury crouched to the chief, as a dog is humbled before his master. The unweaponed arm of Aillach defeated an ambush of men, and scared the monsters of a dreary forest, when, with all the branching roots, he tore up a lofty pine, and hurled his dreadful strokes on every head. Aillach and Aigeantacha rest not in the fame of their early deeds, when the Firbolg melted before the blaze of their valour, and Lochlin fell or fled, deprived of safety on land or sea. The wide-spreading renown of their might is heard in every hall or fortress; for the hero and the heroine were shields of the feeble, and their tall hosts lifted a forest of spears to aid the unhappy. Short were their days of peace; bonds of friendship called them to every feud; and great were their works, though the sheathed sword hung unmoved on their walls. As meteors of night break the slumber of eagles amidst their rocky summits, so the witch and the wizard in their caverns of gloom started with affright from Aillach, when the lightning of his quick glances shivered in pieces the fetters of enchantment. The fog and *glashtii*, with all the spirits of earth, sea, and air, trembled at a heave of his breath; and day and night again and again returned ere they ventured to look abroad, between the misty blending of light and

darkness, when the moon wraps her dim face in a mantle of vapours to wait the coming morn. All who demanded the counsel of wisdom or of health, are gathering to the halls of Aillach and Aigeantacha. They bless the name of Aillach, the seer of times yet remote and leech of never-failing balsams, and Aigeantacha, the right hand of kindness. She receives the *dalts*, the sons of far-descended chiefs, and the light of heroines is fixed and settled as a birch of many summers, with all her lovely plants springing beneath the cover of her leafy branches. Her first-born to life is chasing the thistle-down in shaggy moors, and another high bosom promised higher joy, when Aillach is called to redress the wrongs of Mona; Aigeantacha is glad in the hope of years to come, unknowing that pestilence, more dire than the rage of steel, or the contest of wild waves and winds, has poisoned the skies and wasted the countries. As streaming heats from a fenny hollow send quivering rays through the silent hour of night, the conquerors of many fields and the daring rulers of the prow have sunk helpless, like new-born infancy or the last decay of age. They struggled against overwhelming disease; they raised the drooping head, but the faint sickly light is gone; the beams of war shine no more. The greedy crow clamours over the unburied dead, and young eagles tear the limbs of men that cut down thousands in the strife of the valiant. The parent birds and mountain falcons, with sharpened beak and talons and flapping wings, are in loud screaming fray with wild dogs of the desert; while yelling, moaning ghosts mingle

in hail-blasts, on heavy clouds, brandishing in vain their airy weapons to scare the prowlers of earth and sky.

Three chieftains of renown have died in the pestilence; their people are mouldering near them, or have found a grave in the jaws of beasts of prey. Strangers have seized the inheritance of their sons, the *dalts* of Aillach and Aigeantacha; and the usurpers are deaf to the voice of the hero, returned with brightened fame from the wars of Mona. In haste he returned; for, the seer of troubles undawned, he crowds every sail and plies every oar for Argathela, and speedily again embattles his warriors to aid the *dalts*; but fierce and cruel, the spirits of the deep are on the side of the spoilers of infancy.

A mourner sits lonely on the dark grey brow of a rock. Her eyes, dimmed with tears, are fixed on the echoing main. As a reed quaking over a marsh, so sad, so restless is the decaying frame of Aigeantacha, the spouse of Aillach. He sought on distant shores the powers of his friends to save the *dalts* from the secret arts and open violence of little men; but no more shall his stately presence gladden the soul of his spouse; and the children of her bosom are gone, and she knows not their place of retreat. A dark ship came over the tides, and the sleeping offspring of the brave are torn from the outstretched arms of the *muime*. Bleeding and faint, she traced the spoilers; they had felt her steel, and they repaid her blows, and pale and motionless on a bank of the soft-voiced river she lies, until the spirit of the stream revived the heroine with water from her dripping locks. She lives. Her bards and harpers

are in every land in search of the *dalts*; but of them no glimpse appears, and Aillach, with his men at arms, reposes for ever in the oozy beds of ocean. White as the morning mists of heaven, the cheek of Aigeantacha meets the blast. Heedless of herself, she feels not the damps of night. Grief hangs on her soul as the darkest cloud of the desert, and in sounds mournful and slow she sings her notes of sorrow.

“Moon after moon shines lovely among her sparkling stars. She hides her yellow glimmering beams; the stars retire to their caves of mourning; the vaults of heaven are shaken by thunder, as the war-cry of a thousand heroes awakening the echoes from hill to hill, and lightnings dart among wreathy fogs to search the leafy pride of summer. But the storm passes away; the moon walks in joy through a blue unruffled sky, and starry multitudes twinkle around her. So Aigeantacha rejoiced when the lofty brow of Aillach shone on her heart, and the *dalts* sported by her side. But, though moon and stars find their places anew, the spouse of my soul, the children of my bosom, return no more. With the glad wildness of deer in their speed, how oft have my boys rushed from me to chase the hawk in his rapid flight; yet the lengthened shadows of evening gave them back to my arms. They now return only in the dreams of my lonely nights; I awake in the folds of darkness, and the young beams of my hope arise not to cheer the gloom. Could not their soft-blooming infancy move the fierce rulers of the surges to spare them? or why did they spare the life of Aigeantacha? Her steel was drenched in their blood, and though their lan-

ces pierced the hand that guided the point, she still lives, a howling gust in a leafless forest. Her days are wasted in gloom, and her nights are steeped in the torrent of grief. Surrounded by the foes of Aillach and the foes of the *dalts*, she must man her castle-walls, and hourly prepare for sudden danger; but more consuming is the sorrow that preys in secret, while the high look and firm step of the heroine maintain in her people the fire of their fathers.”

The skirt of a bright cloud skims before the weeping eyes of Aigeantacha, and the form of Aillach bends over her with glances of love and the awful light of valour. But he speaks in the weak sounds of a pale watery ghost; for in caverns beneath the rolling tides are laid the spouse of Aigeantacha and his warriors.

“Heroine of many fights,” he said, “the last hope of the mighty in arms grow to manhood in sea-girt cells. Let Aigeantacha of the fearless soul guide a lone bark to St. Columba; let the hands that supported the tender limbs of the infants give to their grasp the sword of their fathers, and the lips that taught them the name of Aillach enkindle in their souls the flame of ancestors that turned the tide of battles among hosts of the valiant. As the shower of spring upon the young oaks of a hill, so the pride of high descent shall rouse new life in the offspring of the brave.”

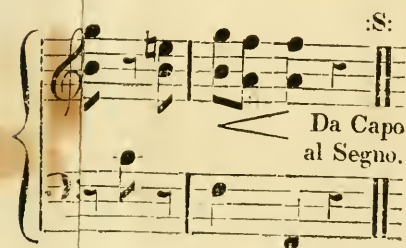
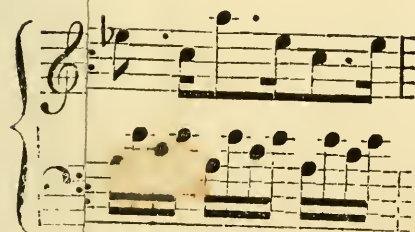
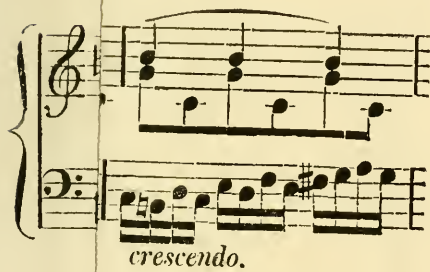
Aigeantacha finds the *dalts* in sea-girt cells. Her words are words of love and joy, and the smothered flame of their soul blazes in beautiful light.

Reply the true sons of the mighty in arms:

“No name belongs to us, until a name shall be won amidst the din of

T. W. P. OGINSKY.

ALLEGRETTO.



NATIONAL POLINOISE.

T. W. P. OGINSKY.

ALL. GRETTO.

S. *p* *crescendo.* *f*

Dolce. *p* *R. H.* *crescendo.*

Fine. *TRIO* *L. H.* *p*

S. *f* *p* *f* *p* *Da Capo al Segno.*

crashing arms and rattling mail. The *maime* that ventured in a lone bark to call us to feats of renown shall exult in the sword of our fathers received from her hand."

B. G.

NATIONAL POLONAISE.

By F. W. P. OGINSKY.

THIS polonaise is offered by the publisher to his subscribers as an authentic specimen of the real character of the polacca, composed by a Pole, an amateur, forwarded to Mr. Ackermann from Germany, and, as he presumes, little, if at all, known in this country. It was accompanied by an anecdote, which, if true, cannot but greatly enhance the interest of the composition.—Oginsky, it is stated, was an officer in the Prussian service. The charms of the lovely Queen of Prussia, whom a feeling for the misfortunes of her people and the brutal conduct of Buona-

parte consigned to a premature grave, had an irresistible effect upon the heart of Oginsky. He fell in love, a love embittered by a conviction, not only of the impossibility of success, but of the criminality of his flame. In this state of mind, if report speaks true, Oginsky presumed to address a letter to the wife of his sovereign, inclosing this polacca of his composition, which the queen had a few evenings before danced in his presence, with a grace peculiar to herself; and after having dispatched the messenger—blew out his brains.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

VOCAL ANTHOLOGY, or the Flowers of Song, being a Collection of the most beautiful and esteemed Vocal Music of all Europe, with English Words; also an Appendix, consisting of original Vocal Compositions, and a Catalogue raisonné of the Contents. Part I. Pr. 6s. — (John Gale, Bruton-street, Bond-street.)

THE plan of this work is stated at some length in a prefatory notice: it is intended to be the vehicle of a collection of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welch vocal music of decided merit, and to include also a large proportion of approved Italian, German, and French songs, with the original and English words, national airs of various other nations, and an appen-

dix of original music. The whole to be completed in eighteen parts, each part to contain biographical and critical notices relating to its contents.

In the part before us, we find the late Mr. Samuel Webbe's "Mansion of Peace;" the Scotch air, "I'll lay my hand down and die," arranged as a duet; "The Setting Sun," by Himmel, the German; "Oh! beware," by the same author; the well-known air, "The Violet," by Mozart; a Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore," an original glee.

This selection upon the whole is good; "The Setting Sun," by Himmel, indeed, is a classic composition of intense feeling, and of the highest value as a work of art. The origi-

nal glee may be termed respectable in its way, without presenting any very striking features of thought or science. The harmonic arrangement of all these pieces is correct and in every respect unexceptionable, the typographical execution beautiful, and the paper excellent. The publication, therefore, appears to us in every respect worthy of the special attention of the vocal amateur.

Since writing the above, we have seen two further numbers of the "Vocal Anthology," fully equal to their predecessor in point of selection and general merit, thus affording a fair earnest of the proprietor's perseverance in fulfilling his promise.

Ode to Solitude, a Canzonet, written by the Rev. Joseph Dixon, composed by Samuel Webbe. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappel and Co. New Bond-street.)

A soft and pleasing melody, combining tender feeling with considerable correctness of verbal expression. The accompaniment is effective and properly diversified. Two bars for "Serene" are rather too great a syllabic extension; and the part in A b, p. 3, l. 1, appears to us to terminate rather unsatisfactorily.

La mia Dorabella, a favourite Trio from the Opera "Cosi fan tutte," composed by Mozart; arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, and inscribed to Miss Paton, by S. Webbe. Pr. 3s.—(Clémenti and Co.)

The whole matter of Mozart's trio is introduced in the present arrangement of Mr. Webbe, the successive portions of the original being separated by episodic digressions of Mr. W.'s inditing, or the authentic parts themselves amplified in the shape of variation or quick passages: the lat-

ter are generally devised with considerable freedom and ease of expression: this is particularly the case in the two or three last pages. The piece, moreover, presents some clever features of arrangement, without imposing on the performer great executive difficulties.

A Series of popular Airs, with Variations for the Violin, and an Accompaniment for a second Violin, composed, and dedicated to N. Mori, Esq. by James Sanderson. Op. 53. Nos. I. to VI. Pr. 3s. each.—(Clementi and Co.)

The pen of Mr. S. labours with unabated zeal in the praiseworthy endeavour of securing to the violin the rank which it ought to maintain among amateurs, but which, unfortunately, it is losing daily. The most perfect, the most enchanting instrument, the soul of the orchestra, is so unaccountably and wantonly neglected, that a teacher on it can scarcely earn money to find him in strings and rosin, unless his violin be taken in tow by the universal favourite, the piano-forte. The flute, that imperfect, ineffective, and often false-tuned instrument, has numerous votaries, and frequent supplies of new publications, while a composition for the violin is not deemed worth a pane in a shop-window. Why slight an instrument which offers infinite advantages and resources, which is the surest means of forming a delicate musical ear, because it compels the player to *find* the notes of the scale? Hence the purest singers are those that have practised the violin; and, on that account, it ought to enter the course of vocal tuition, not excepting even females. Many of our best singers have slight faults in their intonation, which proceed from the

imperfect scale of the piano-forte, upon which their solfeggi have been formed: their "sensible note," for instance, is almost invariably too flat, &c. No instrument, besides, is better calculated to form the singer's taste and invention for passages of embellishment. In fact, violin-passages ought to be adopted as the models for vocal *fiorimenti*. The nearer the latter approach the character of violin-execution, the more graceful and perfect they will be found to be.

But to return to Mr. S.'s work, we can only say, that in it the student on the violin will find a course of practical instruction embracing every peculiarity and nicety of execution or expression. Each number is devoted to one theme, with a dozen variations in every diversity of style deduced from it; the subjects being as follow:

- No. 1. "Cease your funning."
- No. 2. "Kinloch of Kinloch."
- No. 3. "Robin Adair."
- No. 4. "Di tanti palpiti."
- No. 5. "The Highland Laddie."
- No. 6. "Auld lang syne."

As the numerous variations upon all these themes are throughout excellent, it may be deemed invidious to notice any preferably. Those upon Rossini's air and upon "Robin Adair," however, are particular favourites with us. Mr. S. has carefully indicated the most essential features of fingering, peculiar shifts, particular strings, harmonics, &c.; and he has added various other observations for the student's guidance, so that this work may serve as a complete practical code of violin-execution. We heartily wish it all the success which it deserves.

"*Anxious by the gliding stream,*
the admired Angling Duet, writ-

ten by Miss Scott, and sung by Messrs. Broadhurst and Isaacs at the Adelphi Theatre; composed by James Sanderson. Pr. 2s.—(Blackman, New Bridge-street, Southwark.)

Although the title leads to the conclusion that this production is not fresh from the composer's pen, it has not before come under our notice, and as we have been highly amused with it, we gladly introduce it to our readers. Miss Scott has very humorously described the unprofitable delights of piscatorian amateurship; and Mr. Sanderson has been equally successful in musically seizing the comical points of his fair poet's labour. To just as much scientific combination as the calibre of the theatre would bear, he has united the attractions of good flowing melody and apt verbal expression, and thus produced a duet, with which every body is likely to be pleased and put into good-humour. There are two movements, one in $\frac{4}{4}$, and the other in $\frac{6}{8}$. The fun begins at "Hush, &c. I've a nibble;" and in this part of the poem Mr. S. has had the good fortune, or rather the good sense and correct taste, to be infinitely comical, without trenching on musical vulgarity, a merit the absence of which is to be deplored in most comic songs on the English stage.

"*La Récréation,*" a favourite Polacca, composed for the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to his Friend Mr. George R. Maugham, by James Salmon. Pr. 2s. — (Blackman, New Bridge-street, Southwark.)

We see no striking novelty in the theme of this polacca, but it possesses the essential characteristics of this kind of composition—a graceful

steadiness, and a measured vivacity of motion. The whole of the superstructure, too, whether considered with a view to melodic invention or treatment, or harmonic colouring, is pleasing, and in every sense commendable. The *minore* represents some select harmonic touches, a very satisfactory distribution of three or even four parts among the two hands, &c. and the coda is appropriate and showy. The whole is very fit for the desk of the pupil.

The Music in Macbeth, composed by Matthew Locke, arranged as Duets for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, ad lib. by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 7s.—(Goulding and Co.)

That a composition of nearly two centuries ago should have maintained its footing on the stage to the present day, is a phenomenon worthy of remark in the history of the science, although not a problem of difficult solution. M. Locke's strains vibrate with a sort of Gothic grandeur; he was master of his art. The present generation therefore may pride themselves upon having preserved a feeling for the simple but manly and energetic production of an age long gone by, and we should be grieved if ever it were laid aside.

Mr. Burrowes' arrangement, like every thing of this kind which he touches, is perfect; it conveys as complete an impression of the original as the absence of text can admit of, his judgment having prompted him not to fritter away the beauties of this venerable monument by any encroachment of adventitious amplification.

Select Italian Airs, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte, dedi-

cated to Miss Seabrook, by S. F. Rimbault. No. IV. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Caraffa's elegant and highly original air, "Fra tante angoscie e palpiti," forms the groundwork of this rondo, in which the excellence of the subject has no doubt inspired Mr. R.'s pen; for the rondo is uncommonly well contrived, and full of interest. In giving the theme at the outset, Mr. R. we observe, has not had the courage to adhere to the very dubious harmony of the original, which makes nothing of letting chords like these, C, 3, 5 and D, 3, 5, succeed each other without ceremony. We too felt qualms, when we heard for the first time Torri sing the air with such accompaniment; but we have got over our scruples. 'Tis nothing when you get used to it.

Sixth Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Rossini's celebrated Opera of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

Like the five prior operatic "Fantasias" of Mr. Purkis, the present publication presents a very small quantum of fantasy-work of his own inditing. Its attraction consists in the neat concatenation of a certain number of the best airs in the opera, a little amplification here and there, and a very effective harmonic treatment. All this is perhaps so much the better; the performer has more of Rossini, and less of Purkis. This is far from being meant as a personal reflection. It was Mr. P.'s object to do precisely what he has done, and we doubt whether it could have been done more properly by any one.

Only the title "Fantasia" is somewhat inapplicable.

Paer's admired Overture to Leonore, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad lib. by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

This is an overture of great merit, and of very striking effect. It presents none of the tricks and mannerisms of Rossini's compositions of this class, but is written in a classic style throughout. The arrangement is unexceptionable.

Shield's admired Air, "What are the boasted joys of love," from the Opera of "The Prophet," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The subject possesses all the sweet simplicity which distinguishes Mr. Shield's writings; but the absence of a second strain forms a drawback to the interest of the variations, which, without offering any thing deviating from the usual routine of variation-making, are fluent, neat, and every way satisfactory. The flute, although not indispensable, has very effective duties to discharge.

"*Ode to the Bark,*" written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, Esq. and adapted to a celebrated Waltz, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Barnett's merit consists in fitting a couple of very interesting stanzas to a well-known excellent German waltz, and arranging the accompaniment. Both these tasks have, upon the whole, been satisfactorily accomplished; and the words, with

one or two exceptions, sing smoothly: | "rō. . . sēs ānd," | and the like, sounds awkwardly. In the accompaniment a little more variety and imaginative freedom would have added to the interest.

"*County Guy,*" the Words from "Quentin Durward," composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Stephens, by Robert Beale. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(C. Gerock, Cornhill.)

A pretty little ballad, regular in measure and rhythm. The ideas possess a due degree of intelligible expression, and they proceed in proper connection, with a certain freshness which cannot fail to please.

QUADRILLES.

Among the numerous collections of dances of this description, we feel warranted in briefly noticing the following:

La Danse, a favourite Set of Quadrilles, composed and arranged for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to the Lady Tichborne, by H. C. Nixon. Pr. 3s.—(Rutter and McCarthy, New Bond-street.)

A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures, in French and English, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Set 6. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The Second Set of Psychean Quadrilles, composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess Couper, by R. Topliff. Pr. 3s.—(Topliff, Castle-street, Holborn.)

In all these the figures are subjoined; those of Mr. Topliff appear to be the most *recherchées*; and, in point of musical attraction, this gentleman's book and that of Mr. Nixon are also deserving of some attention.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Society of Painters in Water-Colours have re-opened their new Gallery in Pall-Mall East, with a splendid collection of drawings in their exclusive and highly finished department of the fine arts. Desirous of affording, to use their own words, "a fair and diversified view of the art which they cultivate," they have in the present Exhibition introduced the works of several persons who have never been connected with their institution, and have placed in one view before the British public some of the finest works of their own body during the first seventeen years of their incorporation, together with those of others who have rendered themselves deservedly eminent in a branch of art, which, by the united labours of our artists, has been brought to unrivalled perfection amongst us. The effect of such an Exhibition upon the taste of the public, and more particularly upon the youth of the community, so generally engaged in the exercise of this delightful and most beneficial study, as a mere branch of education, cannot be too highly appreciated. "Nothing," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed industry:" there is the illustration of that precept in the progress of water-colour drawing from its crude and earlier efforts of dry imitation, to that freedom of touch and clearness of tint, which, in some instances, rivalling, and in others exceeding, the powers and effect of oil-painting, establish a distinctive name and character to this interesting branch of art.

Among those illustrious person-

ages who have contributed works from their galleries to enrich this collection, his Majesty holds, as he always does in the enlightened patronage of art, the highest place. The King's gracious efforts have been followed up by the Duke of Argyle, the Marquisses of Stafford and Hertford, the Earls of Carlisle, Lonsdale, Essex, and Brownlow, together with a considerable number of the highest patrons of art, who have evinced the utmost desire to promote the object of the society.

The greater part of the drawings represent landscape-scenery; and the clearness of tint and transparency of colour in many of them, convey a remarkable fidelity to the local views. The following are among the most striking works in the Exhibition:

Tivoli.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

A splendid work for colouring and drawing, for the repose and richness of Italian scenery, in fact for every thing which constitutes perfection in this branch of art.

Tomb of Louis Robsart, Standard-Bearer to Henry V. Westminster Abbey.—F. Nash.

A very good architectural drawing, in a suitable solemnity of tone, minutely representing the Gothic sculpture of this elaborately executed tomb.

A North-Country Fair.—

L. Clennell.

This drawing exhibits a good deal of rustic character, well composed, and executed with spirit and humour.

Rivaux Abbey, Yorkshire.—

W. Westall, R. A.

The scenery is very beautiful, and the colouring throughout harmonious.

Twilight.—G. F. Robson.

There is a grandeur and solemnity of effect in this work which is highly creditable to the artist; it has a repose which charms the eye, and strikingly illustrates the lines of the poet:

“The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.”

Coast of Sussex, Pushing off a Boat to a Vessel in Distress.—J. Cristall.

This drawing is hung next the preceding one, to the style of which it is, from the nature of the subject, a complete contrast. The earnest and fixed expression and gesture, the resolution and spirit, developed in the portraiture of the two boatmen who espy the vessel from the shore, and appear to superintend the launching of the boat to assist her in the storm, are in the highest degree characteristic of our mariners, and their hardy and perilous occupation. This artist has several other drawings in this collection; they are chiefly descriptive of the plainness and simplicity of rustic character, and are interesting for the truth of nature which attaches to them. In the *Daphne and Apollo* there is also a good poetic feeling: the execution is very clever.

Near Lincoln.—P. Dewint.

There is a pleasing clearness of tone in this drawing, which reflects great credit upon the artist. He has others in the same style in the Exhibition, particularly *the Stacking Hay*.

An Indiaman.—S. Prout.

A fine depth of tone and grandeur of effect distinguish this drawing; the bustle and mechanism of the scene are described with great force

Vol. II. No. VIII.

and accuracy. It is altogether a finished and most interesting work. *The Indiaman Ashore* is in an equal tone of grand composition.

Evening.—G. Barret.

A very beautiful drawing: the same merit belongs to the drawing of *Barnes Common*: they are pure and delicate representations of a calm and serene atmosphere.

The Michaelmas Dinner.—

J. Holmes.

This drawing is from his Majesty's collection, and is a very clever representation of the dismay around a family-table, during the desperate attempt of a novice to dissect that dish which is the horror of all bad carvers—a goose. There is so much of real character in the expression of the figures, that we feel no disposition to cavil at a little faulty colouring. *The Spoiled Dinner* possesses the same characteristic merit.

Brougham Castle, Westmoreland.—

Copley Fielding.

A clear and agreeable landscape; the distance well kept, and the colouring harmonious. One of a number of good drawings by the same artist in this Exhibition, *the Sunset*, is a particularly fine production.

A Plat-School.—T. Uwins.

The expression of the mistress is excellent, and the juvenile bustle is natural.

Lincoln.—A. Pugin.

A clear and fine drawing, and a perfect style of colouring from nature.

Scene in Cumberland.—R. R.

Reinagle, R. A.

A soft and agreeable view, in a very harmonious tone of colouring. Others equally good in the room from Mr. Reinagle's pencil. *The Cattle*,

R

Afternoon, is a fine drawing. *The Ruins in Calabria* also in a high class of art.

Boys disputing over their Day's Sport.—T. Heaphy.

This drawing is remarkable for the lively and appropriate expression of the figures, which is arch and humorous.

Deer.—R. Hills.

A beautiful little drawing in Mr. Hills' peculiar style of simple and pleasing execution. An *Interior* has also great merit.

The Logician's Effigy.—H. Richter.

A good closet scene, illustrative of the disputes upon the old dogmas of the schools. The features of the disputants are admirably portrayed. The most intense logician that ever gloried in controversy could not desire to see his zeal and perseverance more strikingly recorded. *The Dedication* is also a vigorous effort.

Moel Shabod, North Wales.—J. Glover.

This drawing is in Mr. Glover's best style: the aerial effect is uncommonly finished. He is equally successful in other drawings which enrich this collection.

Epicures.—J. Stephanoff.

"Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine;
Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow:
To the gods belongs to-morrow."

The artist has given in this drawing those brilliant touches of colouring, and gay dashes of individual expression, which predominate in his best works.

Chapter-House of Christ Church.—*Interior of New College Chapel, Oxford*.—F. Mackenzie.

For effect and drawing, these are fine examples of Mr. Mackenzie's superior skill in the architectural department of his art. These, and several others by the same artist in the gallery, were made for Mr. Ackermann's *Histories of Oxford, of Cambridge, and of the Public Schools*.

There are several other works of great merit in this collection, which we regret our limits preclude us from minutely particularizing. Among them are several by Messrs. Havell, Girtin, Varley, Cox, Nash, Gandy, and other artists, whose taste and professional talent have been long acknowledged by the lovers of the fine arts.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of pink crape, ornamented with silk spots: the *corsage* is made plain and cut bias, and trimmed round the bust with triple leaves of watered *gros de Naples*: short full sleeve of corded bands, interwoven with similar leaves. The *corsage* and skirt are set in a corded band, and fasten behind. The skirt

is trimmed with two rows of watered *gros de Naples*, separated into regular divisions at top and bottom, edged with cord, and drawn with a little fulness in the centre; a rouleau of watered *gros de Naples* at the bottom of the dress, which is from Miss Pierpoint. Ballasteros hat of tulle; the front is turned up, and edged with white satin and narrow blond,



EVENING DRESS



W. & A. GILBERT.

and ornamented with two satin rouleaus, about half an inch apart: on the left side the front is cut open and trimmed, which gives a light and pretty effect. The crown has a waved circular top, with three satin rouleaus waving round it: on the left side is a full plume of blue and white ostrich feathers, with a small plume of marabouts. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets, of pink topaz. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes sandalled.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of blue tulle: the *corsage* round, and moderately high; full in the back and front, and confined round the bosom with a band of satin folds and tulle: beneath is a wreath composed of floss silk, satin, and blond. Short full sleeve of tulle, set in a corded band, and ornamented with floss silk leaves of the mountain ash, and triangular trimmings of satin edged with narrow blond: satin band with corded edges round the waist: the bow behind formed of small pointed leaves, corded and edged with blond. A wadded satin hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is made long, and indicates an inclination of resuming the train, which gives grace and elegance to the figure, and is particularly appropriate to full dress, except for the ball-room. Above the hem is an ornamented wave of floss silk, satin, and tulle, from which a branch or scroll rises, supporting three circular fancy flowers. Brussels lace scarf. The hair is dressed *à la Grecque*, but ornamented with Milanese pins of gold, with heads of imitative turquoise: on each side is a ball of the same, and a second pending from the left. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise, set

in embossed gold, and fastened by cameo snaps. White kid gloves, trimmed and tied at the elbow. Ivory fan, and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Muslin high dresses made in the pelisse style, and worn with a light scarf, are now very general in morning dress. Silk pelisses, though not so predominant, are not, however, exploded; they continue to be made in a plain style, and have seldom any other trimming than a cording of satin, or of the material of the pelisse round the edge. Leghorn bonnets of the cottage shape, small and close, are most in favour with those dresses; but we have seen on some *élégantes* white cambric muslin *capotes*, which, with high dresses of the same material, have a neat and appropriate effect: these *capotes* have no trimming, and are usually worn with a veil.

We have remarked little variation in carriage or promenade costume: one pelisse, however, struck us as being novel and elegant; it is composed of white *bourre de soie*: the trimming consists of a wreath of moss roses entwined with myrtle round the bottom and up the fronts. The waist is the usual length; the back plain, and very narrow at the bottom: the hips are ornamented with lozenges of wrought silk. Tight long sleeve, finished at the bottom by satin folds: the epaulette is a mixture of satin and blond disposed in the lozenge style. A double fall of blond, with a heading of the same material, which stands up round the throat, supplies the place of a collar.

Among the new carriage bonnets, we have seen some composed of a

mixture of blond net and *ruban de plumes*. The crown is rather low; the brim small, rounded at the corners, bent a little in the middle, but forming rather a scollop than a point. The ribbons are disposed in bias rows, and the blond laid full between. The edge of the brim is finished by a very light trimming of blond intersected with small roses, and a bouquet of intermingled roses and jessamine ornaments the crown.

The *corsage en blouse* begins to be adopted in dinner dress: it is made in a manner very becoming to the shape, having little fulness, and that principally at the bottom of the waist. The upper part of the bust is embroidered; and the half-sleeve, generally in the form of a wing, consists also of three rows of embroidery. It is almost needless to observe, that it is only muslin dresses that are made in this manner. The skirts are trimmed with either flounces, tucks, or embroidery. *Gros d'été*, poplin, and white *barèges* are as much in favour as muslin for dinner dress. Clear muslin is a good

deal worn for social evening parties, trimmed with coloured ribbons. These trimmings are either mosaic, or else they consist of an intermixture of ribbon and embroidery, or the ribbon is intermixed with flounces or *bouillonné*, and disposed in crescents, bows, or rosettes.

The materials of full dress have not varied since last month. We have seen some full-dress gowns of tulle trimmed with flowers and leaves of white satin, intermixed with beads: the bodies of these gowns were white satin, the front richly embroidered in beads, and the sleeve an intermixture of white satin, beads, and tulle. Head-dresses *en cheveux* are still more prevalent than last month. The hair is generally adorned with flowers, except for those very grand parties in which our fair fashionables consider it necessary to display their jewels.

Fashionable colours are, rose colour, evening primrose, apple-blossom, blue, straw colour, and grass-green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR walking dress is at present very light and varied. Cambric muslin robes, made something in the *rédingote* style, are much in favour: they are ornamented with a row of buttons up the front, and have three tucks at each side and round the bottom of the skirt. The long sleeve is rather wide; it is confined at the wrist by a band and button: a triple pelerine falls below the shoulders: the collar is very deep, but it falls over in the neck, leaving the throat

bare; a muslin trimming, small plaited, finishes the collar. The *ceinture* is always of muslin, and is fastened in front with a gold or steel buckle. This kind of robe is usually worn without any shawl or scarf.

The most fashionable among the coloured dresses are those made of the muslin called *à la lampe merveilleuse*, from the figures on the ground resembling an antique lamp. The trimmings of these robes are generally a deep *bouillonné*. In some instances they are worn with a spencer of *gros d'été*, or *velours simulé*, to

correspond in colour with the robe. The bust of the spencer is ornamented with bands placed in the demi-lozenge style; it fastens behind, and has no collar, but is worn with a falling one of embroidered net or muslin.

The *blouse* is fashionable both in white and coloured muslin; but in the latter the *robe blouse* is more worn: it is trimmed with three rows of *coques* round the bottom of the skirt. The sleeve is tight, and finished at the hand by a row of *coques*, and the epaulette corresponds. Light *barège* scarfs, lace pelerines, and lace scarfs continue to be the fashionable envelopes.

Leghorn, gauze, crape, cotton-straw, rice-straw, various kinds of transparent gauze, and *sparterie*, are the materials for bonnets. *Sparterie* is a kind of willow, which, though it has been used for some seasons past, has not till now been considered as very fashionable. The newest style of trimming for *chapeaux* is a *co-carde en ailes de moulin*: it consists of four bows; if the *chapeau* is of *sparterie*, the cockade is of the same material, or of gauze bordered with straw-plait, or else of satin of two colours.

Many hats are trimmed only with white gauze puffed across the crown, and disposed in a large knot in front. Feathers are very little used, but flowers are still very fashionable; not, however, so much so as the *cocardes en ailes de moulin*.

Dinner dress, and even full dress, is at present chiefly distinguished by its simplicity: muslin is predominant in both; and the *blouse* is also more in favour than any other kind of robe. Clear muslin *blouses*, embroidered in worsted, are worn by our most distinguished *élégantes*: there is usually a mixture of two colours in the trimming, as rose and green, lilac and green, and citron and green: the *ceinture* is a broad ribbon to correspond with the dress. The *blouses* of some fashionables are embroidered in deep blue, without any mixture of any other colour, and this is called the English style.

If the dress is not muslin, it is either white *barèges* or *gros d'été*, trimmed with small rouleaus of satin disposed in lozenges or serpentine wreaths, or else blond flounces headed with large rouleaus of satin.—A considerable alteration has taken place in the manner of dressing the hair: the thick heavy curls which nearly covered the forehead have given place to light ringlets, that fall low on the temples, and are sufficiently parted in front to display the beauty of the forehead and eyebrows. The hind hair is partly braided round the head, and partly fastened up in a large knot behind.

Fashionable colours are, deep rose colour, violet, reseda, azure, slate colour, citron, and grey. Adieu, dear Sophia! Always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

WE announced in our last Number that Mr. Sharp is engaged upon a portrait of the late Dr. Jenner, which will be the last performance of that eminent

engraver. The King has been graciously pleased to honour the work by permitting it to be dedicated to his Majesty. The size of the print will be 16½ inches

by 13½; and it will be ready for delivery to subscribers early in 1824. The benefit conferred by Dr. Jenner's discovery is not confined to any particular nation, but extends to every region of the globe. It is expected that the demand for this memorial of the deceased philanthropist will be commensurate with the respect and gratitude universally felt for him in every country to which the knowledge of vaccination has spread; and it would therefore be advisable for those who wish to secure fine impressions, to transmit their names as speedily as possible to the publisher.

The next portion of *The World in Miniature* will contain *Japan*, in one volume, with twenty engravings, which will appear on the 1st of September.

Mr. Julius Klaproth, a gentleman distinguished for his acquaintance with the Chinese language and literature, is preparing for publication, in two 4to. volumes, *A Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Description of China and its Dependencies*. The author accompanied the Russian embassy destined for Peking in 1805 and '6, when he collected a mass of interesting materials relative to China, including a considerable collection of Chinese books, among which was the General Description of the Empire, published under the imperial authority. He will be careful to exclude from his work every thing not derived from an authentic source, and in the execution he intends to follow as his model, the excellent Description of India by Mr. Hamilton.

A globe on a new principle, which particularly recommends itself for the purpose of instruction, has recently been constructed by Mr. C. W. Kummer of Berlin. It is called a Projecting Globe, because the land is represented in a relief, more or less high, according to the natural elevation of the different countries. The waters are also distinguished from the land by their colour; and sands, forests, morasses, glaciers, the polar ices, and other varieties in the solid

parts of the globe, are denoted in a similar manner. These projecting globes are made of two sizes, 16 inches and 26 inches in diameter. They are of different prices, according as they have the names marked upon them or not; and may be inspected at Mr. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Strand.

To the numerous charitable institutions of the British metropolis, has recently been added an Asylum for the Cure of Scrofula and Glandular Diseases, on the medical principles of Mr. Charles Whitlaw, at Bayswater Terrace. Agreeably to the rules adopted for this institution, only female patients, or children under eight years of age, are yet admitted, each paying a very moderate sum for board during their residence in the house. The first quarterly report of the committee states, that from the opening of the Asylum eight patients had been admitted; that two of these had been cured, and five were greatly improved. Two others have since been dismissed cured. As soon as the funds of the institution permit, it is the intention of the committee to extend its benefits to a greater number of patients.

A discovery that will be welcomed by the admirers of the beautiful art of lithography has just been made by Mr. Hulmandel; a name already honourably associated with the history of this style of art. It consists in a new process of fixing the drawing, by which a far greater brilliancy and distinctness in the printing is obtained, and, at the same time, nearly double the number of good impressions. The public will have an opportunity of judging of the advantage of this discovery from a *View of Edinburgh from Queensferry-road*, contained in the first number of a series of *Picturesque Views* of that city, just published; as well as from the new number of Major Cockburn's views of the *Valley of Aosta*, in Piedmont, the most beautiful of the entrances into Italy.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1823.

Nº. IX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. VIEW OF TATTON-HALL, CHESHIRE	125
2. ——— BURY-HILL, SURREY	126
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	181
4. ——— EVENING DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
5. A STATE BED	185
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

PAGE

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Tatton-Hall, Cheshire, the Seat of W. EGERTON, Esq.	125
Bury-Hill, Surrey, the Seat of ROBERT BARCLAY, Esq.	126
Third Letter from Reginald Filterbrain of the Inner Temple, Esq.	128
GHOST STORIES. No. I.—The Three Brothers (<i>concluded</i>)	129
Some Particulars of the late Rev. JAMES LAMBERT	134
Prospectus of a New Institution for the Formation of Wives	135
Adventures of a Serjeant's Wife during the Peninsular War	140
A Tour round my Parlour	142
Address to the Rhine. From the German of THEODORE KÖRNER	148
The Castle and the Farm, or the Foster-Brothers: A Tale (<i>continued</i>)	149
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. I.	154
The Beggar-Woman of the Chaussée d'Antin	156
Good Behaviour	160
The Wife of a Genius (<i>continued</i>)	164
The Universal Passion	167
Abbey Ruins, by Moonlight	169
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and PERSONAL—Anecdote of a Pawnee Indian—The Valour of Humanity—White Elephants—Reformation—Voluntary Suspension of Animation—	

PAGE

The American Mocking-Bird—Magazines	170
History of Hurtado and Miranda	174
Portrait of an Old Maid	176

MUSICAL REVIEW.

HUMMEL's Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies	177
WENSLEY's Four Songs	178
HAMOND's Juvenile Songs. No. I.	180
WEBBE's "The Winter Rose"	<i>ib.</i>
Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song	<i>ib.</i>
WEBBE's Introduction and Triumphal March	181

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	<i>ib.</i>
Evening Dress	<i>ib.</i>
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	182
French Female Fashions	183
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A State Bed	185

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	<i>ib.</i>
-------------------------	------------

POETRY.

Lines written in a Lady's Album above a Painting of a Jay's Feather	186
To H. R. on the twentieth Anniversary of her Birthday, with "The Wreath," a Volume of Poems	<i>ib.</i>

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 Scraps from a Gleaner's Budget are rather too stale to be set before the readers of the Repository.

The Rambler will infer from our present Number that his communications shall experience due attention.

We can assure Rosabella that no such paper as she describes has ever reached our hands.

An Impatient Inquirer is informed that the article in question will be concluded in our next Number.

We acknowledge the receipt of various communications from B. G. and Valeria—some of which, as also the History of a Coquette and the continuation of the Debates of the French Female Parliament, shall appear in our next publication.

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

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAT, Rotterdam.



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1823.

Nº. IX.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

TATTON-HALL, THE SEAT OF W. EGERTON, ESQ.

TATTON is situated about one mile and a half from Knutsford, in the hundred of Bucklow, Cheshire. Immediately on leaving Knutsford, one of the grand entrances to the park presents itself, combined with a neat lodge: it forms a handsome approach to a very beautiful and extensive domain. The principal drive to the house winds round by a fine sheet of water, or rather lake, called Tatton Mere*, on the one side; while on

the other, the grounds swell gently to a noble wood of beech, through which lay the old carriage-drive to the mansion. Though now neglected as a road, and thinned of nearly all the firs that once graced the line, it still forms a beautiful feature, from the extreme luxuriance and fine contours of the beech.

The house, as shewn in our engraving, is adorned with a very elegant portico: it was built after a design by Wyatt, and the whole is in the present taste of elegant simplicity. The interior is well arranged and commodious; the principal suite of apartments are of a noble size, and fitted up with great taste. The domestic offices are planned so as not to appear a part of the main building, that the simplicity and elegance which pervade the whole may

* In various parts of Cheshire there are many of these meres or lakes. The principal are in Bucklow hundred. Most of them are well stocked with fish, and are of considerable depth, as Tatton Mere, Budworth Mere, and Rosthern Mere. There are some in Delamere Forest. In Nantwich hundred is Comber Mere; and in the neighbourhood of Malpas is one named Bar Mere.

be preserved. The stables are admirably arranged, and in unison with the style of the house: they are also after designs by Wyatt. The gardens are on a grand scale, and kept in the highest order, as well as the pinery, which is admirably constructed, and remarkable for its size. The grounds about the house are pleasing, and planted with great judgment.

From the elevated situation of the mansion, the views from the principal apartments are varied and beautiful. The eye gradually sweeps down the lawn, and embraces Tatton Mere, which, with its reflection of woods and sky, tends considerably to enrich a wide extent of woodland scenery, and the interesting objects that present themselves beyond. The whole is bounded by Alderly-Edge; and in the distance are seen the extreme hills of Cheshire, which divide

that county from those contiguous. Among this range of hills, the bold termination of Cloud, near Congleton, has a fine appearance. The noble old avenue of beech already mentioned, that stretches along the side of the hill, forming in itself a beautiful vista, and commanding many a sweet scene in the vale beneath, with the distant sombre overhanging forest, ought not to be omitted.— This fine park contains in arable and pasture lands twenty-five thousand acres, around which the present proprietor intends carrying a wall of masonry, a portion of which is actually completed. Any person who may wish to walk or ride in this fine domain, on ringing the bell at the lodge, is freely admitted. The park abounds in deer, which are remarkable for their size.

BURY-HILL,

THE SEAT OF ROBERT BARCLAY, ESQ.

THIS charming place, situated near Dorking in Surrey, owes its origin to Edward Walter, Esq. heir of Peter Walter, a Dorsetshire gentleman, who, passing through the country, was so delighted with the situation, that he became the purchaser of a farm called Chardhurst, and some other lands connected with it, making the farm his residence while he was building the mansion. Here we find he was married by special licence to Harriet, youngest daughter of George Lord Forrester. On the completion of Bury-Hill, he removed his residence to this mansion, which he occupied till his death in 1780, when he left the property to his daughter, who, in 1774, was married to Viscount Grimston, cre-

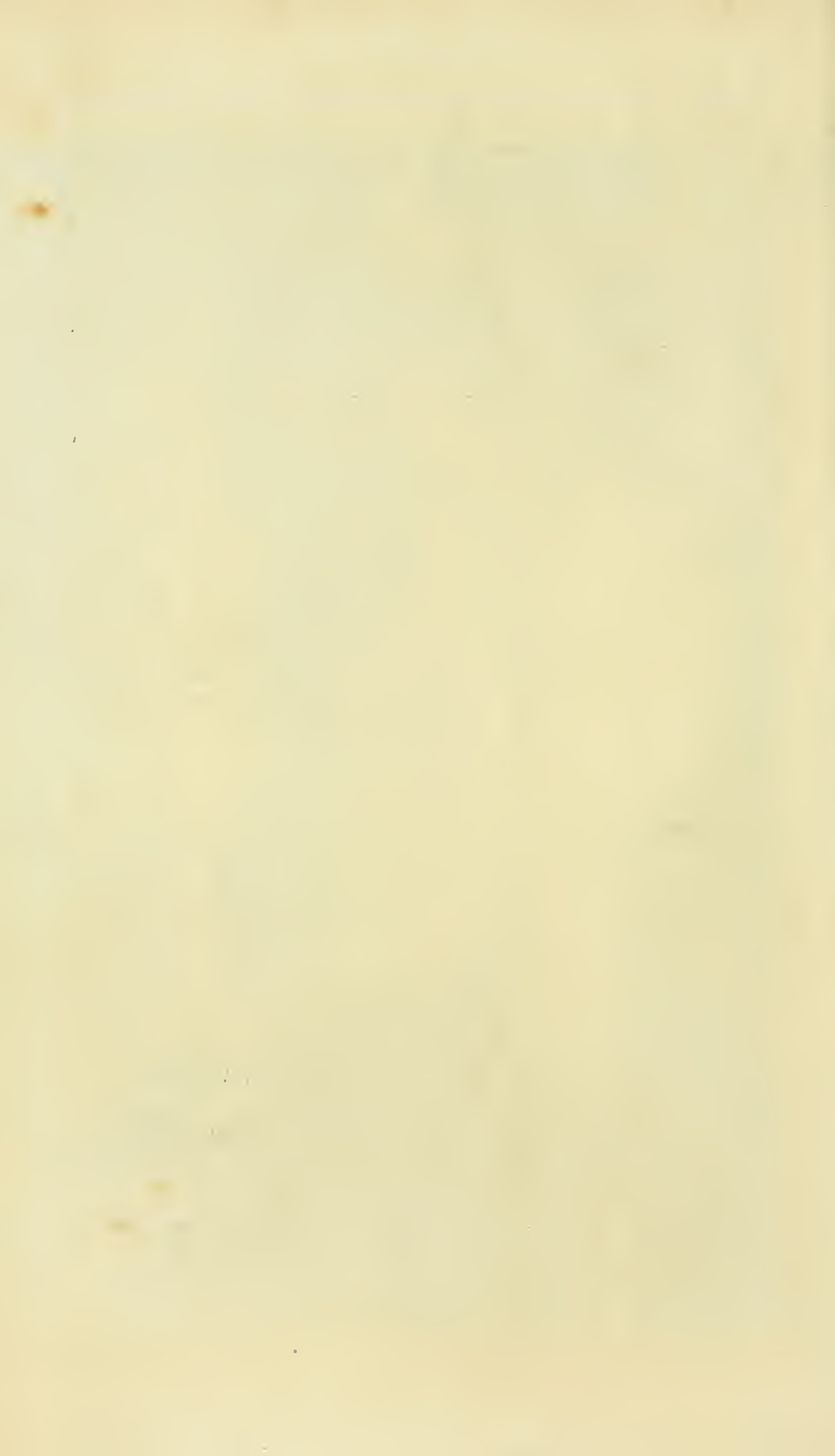
ated a peer of Great Britain in 1790, by the title of Baron Verulam.— The estate descended to his son, James Walter Grimston, the present Lord Verulam, of whom it was purchased by Robert Barclay, Esq. the present proprietor, who has made it his residence since 1805.

The house is stuccoed, and has been considerably improved by the present proprietor. Simplicity, with comfort and elegance, pervades the interior arrangements. Comfort seems to have directed the attention of the architect in the distribution and size of the apartments, as well as a regard to neatness and beauty. The absence of all ornamental display is compensated by good taste, which reigns throughout the mansion.



A. Smith del.

BURY HILL.
SEAT OF W. A. B. BARRY ESQ.



The house is approached by a pleasing carriage-road, overhung with trees. It extends along the side of a hill, and commands many sweet views over the hamlets of Westcott and Milton, and at a short distance, the town of Dorking, backed by its neighbouring beautiful hills. The eminence on the north side of the house is covered with fine Scotch firs. It was, till inclosed by Mr. Walter, a portion of the waste of Milton manor. The Nower, a hill to the east of this plantation, also belongs to this estate. From the summer-house that crowns the Nower, the views are extensive, and beautifully diversified with wood, hill, and valley. Looking over the house, the view embraces Anstiebury, with its rich and variegated expanse of forest-scenery. The descent from the hill towards the house through the shrubbery leads to a charming terrace-walk, from which a sloping lawn extends to the back of the house, and is continued in front to the edge of a fine sheet of water. The water is so well arranged as to have every appearance of a considerable river. The small island in the centre is delightfully clothed with a great variety of shrubs and trees, forming a pleasing feature from all points of view.

Near this spot our view of this charming residence was taken, shewing, with the mansion, a specimen of the many beauties for which this domain is justly celebrated. Here is a succession of delightful slopes, with winding walks through spots of romantic wildness to the fir-capped hills. While some parts present the rude forest view, where the aged oak and beech throw broad and deep shadows around, others are enlivened by flowers tastefully arranged in bor-

ders along the walks, whence a delightful open country presents itself, affording views of the most enchanting sweetness. The lodges are in keeping with the surrounding natural beauties: they possess nothing particular in themselves, but add considerably, by their simplicity, to the charm of the whole. Several pretty cottages, elegant from their simplicity, extend along the borders of the domain: one is formed into a school-room, which is supported at the private expense of the Misses Barclay, who attentively devote a portion of their time to the welfare of their juvenile establishment. In fact, the moving principle of the family circle at Bury-Hill is pure philanthropy and benevolence. The same spirit of beneficence which has guided the exertions of Mr. Barclay for the public good pervades each member of his family on all occasions.

Mr. Barclay is a lineal descendant of Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist for the Quakers*. He has been long known as a strenuous supporter of the best and dearest interests of the public. While the farmers of Surrey will do justice to his practical talents in farming, they will also honour his exertions for their interests, and his generosity in their support; independently of which, the whole of his experimental knowledge

* A son of this eminent Quaker, Mr. David Barclay, merchant of London, had the singular honour of receiving at his house in Cheapside three successive kings, George I. II. and III. when at their accession they favoured the city with their presence. It was from his windows that they witnessed the procession, previously to their dining with the lord mayor and corporation at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's-day.

is devoted to their aid. The extensive and well-arranged gardens, abounding in choice plants and exotics, attest the knowledge in botany possessed by this highly gifted gentleman.

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN,

Of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq.

LETTER III.

"Lay on, Macduff."

Macbeth.

I've had an adventure on which I ne'er reckon'd,
And, I candidly own, I've no wish for a second;
Though 'twas not of the kind which exists in the fancies
Of grave writers of plays, melodramas, and romances.
You must know, that this morning, while strolling along
Through a field near the road, humming over a song,
My eye glanc'd through the hedge, and, behold! I espied
My host's daughter, Phœbe, and close at her side
A raw-fisted blade of six feet, though I own
The fellow was pretty well drest for a clown.
"A love-lesson," thought I, "should a novice desire it;
Though if this be your taste, miss, I don't much admire it."
'Twas not long ere I found that she wish'd at Old Scratch
The ill-manner'd brute, who attempted to catch,
With his huge clumsy arm, round her delicate waist.
The lady scream'd out, and with no little haste
I dash'd through the hedge, and before him I stood,
Roaring out (for resentment had heated my blood),
"Hence, coward and slave! or I swear by this hand
I will smite you to earth on the spot where you stand!"
He answer'd my high-sounding words with a blow,
Which, if not warded off, had too sure laid me low.
You remember that both of us once used to handle
The gloves, *sub auspicio* JOHANNIS RANDALL:
So I came to the *scratch*, though I liked not the sport,
And my principal aim was to render it short.
He seem'd on his strength to place all his reliance,
And struck right and left without judgment or science.
I, more anxious to ward off a blow than to deal one,
Till I spied out a place where I thought he would feel one,
Let him hammer away, taking care to oppose
Just what part I pleas'd to the brunt of his blows;
Till at length, with a facer that made his teeth rattle,
I *floor'd* him, and that put an end to the battle:
For he pick'd himself up, and exclaiming "I yield,"
Having had quite enough, thus abandon'd the field.

My next care was the lady, the cause of the fray,
Who was stretch'd on a bank, having fainted away;
A *spectacle* which threw me in great consternation,
Having ne'er before been in the like situation;

And in grief I exclaim'd, as I wrung my hands over her,
 " Oh! what in the world shall I do to recover her?"
 But chance opportunely my purpose befriended:
 From a chain round her neck a scent-bottle depended,
 Which I held to her nose, tho' with hand most unsteady,
 Imploringly crying, " Sniff, sniff, my dear lady!"
 But espying a brook, I soon fill'd my best beaver,
 And bathed her pale cheeks, thinking that would relieve her;
 A method, if used to some cheeks, by the way,
 'Stead of bringing the roses, had wash'd them away.
 I succeeded at last: from her bosom's profound
 She heav'd a long sigh (one of four to the pound),
 And at length, to my infinite joy, she reviv'd:
 At which critical time a detachment arrived
 From head-quarters—her brother, and with him a friend,
 Who had view'd the whole scene from beginning to end,
 And, in no slight emotion, had run to the fray;
 Though they could not help laying a bet by the way
 On the fate of the battle—'twas " Country 'gainst Town,"
 And my friend lost a wager by backing the clown.

I had thanks from all sides, you may judge, in profusion,
 And recovering soon from the recent confusion,
 I deem'd it but right, for my own satisfaction,
 To examine the state of the ship after action.
 I found, as I tore through the hedge, in the scramble,
 I'd left one of my coat-flaps in care of a bramble,
 Who detain'd it in pledge for her prickles, some score,
 Which bestudded my ill-fated person all o'er.
 But my fears for the maid chased the thoughts of my woe,
 For her cheeks still betray'd she was not *comme il faut*,
 But reduced by alarm to so weak a condition,
 That we carried her home with no small expedition,
 Where, as soon as arrived, as if freed from restraint,
 She indulg'd in a slight supplementary faint.
 I, resigning my charge to the care of her sister,
 As more fit than myself in that case to assist her,
 Retired to my chamber, I could not do better,
 To refit after action, and scribble this letter.

W. H. H.

GHOST STORIES. — No. I.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

(Concluded from p. 87.)

SOME time elapsed before our hero regained sufficient possession of his faculties to take notice of any surrounding object, and he felt some-
 what astonished on his recovery to find himself stretched on a bed in a neighbouring inn. An extreme debility, and a bandage round his arm,

gave him reason to believe that he had lost blood during his state of insensibility; but he felt consoled by the presence of M. de Vallery, who stood at the bedside. To his repeated and unconnected inquiries respecting the death of his brother, that gentleman returned but evasive answers, apparently in the desire of not farther agitating his nerves. 'Twas of little use, question followed question, till M. de V. conceiving that his patient had regained sufficient strength, proposed, by way of changing the scene, their return in his cabriolet to St. Malo. On the road Hyacinthe dwelt with a melancholy pleasure on every particular relative to his interviews with his brother's spirit on that and the preceding day; and while passing the theatre of the recent conflict, it required all M. de Vallery's efforts to prevent him from alighting and remaining on the spot. Half an hour's drive brought them to the door of their hotel at St. Malo, where a beautiful little Creole, about eight years old, attended by her *bonne*, or nurse, immediately recognised M. de Vallery, and held out her hands to embrace him. "*Ah! la pauvre petite!*" exclaimed Hyacinthe, whose imagination immediately recognised her as the child of his brother's adoption; "we must be better acquainted; you must console me for the loss of my brother." A look of displeasure appeared on the brow of the merchant, as he was forced to acknowledge that Hyacinthe's presentiment was well founded. The soldier clasped her in his arms, and his feelings were almost overcome, when she exclaimed, "How like you are to my poor papa!"—With tears in his eyes, he carried her into the *salon*, where they found Mathieu

growling and cursing at his want of punctuality, as the dinner which he had ordered, to do honour to M. de Vallery's liberality, had been ready a full hour. "See, I have brought you another guest!" said Hyacinthe, setting his little charge on her feet. "Don't you think 'tis a pretty child?"—"By your tears, I think there are two of you," retorted Mathieu sneeringly. "What little urchin is it? and where did you get that *honourable* scar over your left eye? I suppose in some broil, where you came off with the child and the wound for your pains."—" 'Tis the adopted child of poor Adolphe."—"Humph!" groaned the other, eying her with any feeling but pleasure. Farther remarks were, however, interrupted by the entrance of dinner, to which the brothers and the little Creole immediately sat down. Mathieu scarcely uttered a word, and Hyacinthe, who had little appetite after his morning's *rencontre*, was wholly occupied in attending to his little *protégée*: few words were therefore wasted during the repast, and Hyacinthe forbore, till after dinner, to question the child as to the circumstances of his brother's death. To this inquiry Mathieu made no opposition, and the little mourner gave her information as well as the tears, which the subject had recalled, would permit. From her tale it appeared, that their brother and his favourite were standing one afternoon at the ship's side, when the child espied an object on the surface of the water, to which she called the attention of her papa, who, being unable to tell her its nature, fetched a strong cord and hook, with which he had been fishing for sharks in the morning, and throwing it over, tried to hook

the subject in question. In one of these attempts he overbalanced himself, fell overboard, and was never afterwards seen.

This disastrous tale was scarcely concluded, when M. de Vallery was again introduced. She affectionately embraced him. "Make your adieus to these gentlemen," he said, "for your nurse waits for you below."—"With your permission," replied Hyacinthe, "she remains with me."—"Gentlemen, I come on business."—"Send her down directly then," cried Mathieu. The brother, however, would not part with his little darling; and it was agreed, after some discussion, that she should amuse herself in a remote corner of the same room, while Hyacinthe attended to business: before sitting down, however, he emptied for her gratification the contents of one of his side pockets; to wit, a corkscrew, pen-knife, toothpick-case, small coin, and a variety of other little necessities. The man of business then began: "Gentlemen, I now can give you some farther information regarding the property of your deceased brother. Papers, which I discovered only this morning, have materially altered the settlement of his effects."—"Comment ça?" interrupted Mathieu eagerly.—"Yes, sir, I have fallen upon a certificate of the marriage of your brother, a circumstance of which, I must confess, I was not previously aware." The impatience of Mathieu here formed a striking contrast to the inattention of his brother, who was continually contemplating and making signs to the little Creole at the extremity of the room. "By this discovery," continued M. de V. "one half of M. Adolphe Lemaire's property devolves on——"

—"On whom?" roared Mathieu in a paroxysm of impatience.—"On that little girl, his daughter."—"*À la bonne heure, ma petite nièce!*" cried the soldier, running to her and giving her a kiss; while his brother, broiling with rage, was scarcely able to articulate, "And we, his own brothers?"—"The other moiety between you."—A pause of some seconds here ensued, till Mathieu, recovering himself, began a vehement *tirade* against his brother, cursing him for marrying a slave, and enriching little black urchins at the expense of his own relations, with many other expressions to the same effect. M. de Vallery now peremptorily desired Hyacinthe to let the little girl go down, as *she* could not *possibly* benefit by the conversation then going on, more particularly as her presence only tended to increase his brother's irritation. Hyacinthe, having resolved himself to quit the apartment, rose, and taking the little orphan by the hand, led her to the door by which (in his absence of mind) he imagined he had entered. He opened it with some precipitation, and his brother's figure stood before him for the third time. He uttered "*Oh! mon dieu!*" and riveted to the spot, gazed wildly at the apparition; while the little innocent screamed out, "*Papa! papa!*" and fell into the spectre's arms. Mathieu, startled at the cries, instantly ceased his volley of imprecations, and catching the angry eye of the *revenant*, was barely able to reach a chair before he fainted. M. de Vallery, assisted by the landlady, who had been drawn thither by the confusion, instantly conveyed him to his bedroom, where a doctor soon attended to administer relief. Hyacinthe now

felt confirmed in his latent belief of the existence of a brother who had been given up for lost. The little Creole shed tears of joy on recovering her father; and the resuscitated Adolphe, happy in the discovery of a brother who had given such ample proofs of his goodness of heart and fraternal affection, clasped him eagerly to his breast. Embrace succeeded embrace, and a considerable period elapsed in mutual congratulations, before Hyacinthe sought of his brother some explanation of the mystery which hung over the report of his death. His story was soon told. The current in that part of the ocean where he fell overboard, running particularly strong in an opposite direction to the ship, he was unable, on regaining the surface of the water, to make himself heard, or even seen. Despairing of relief, although an excellent swimmer, he, nevertheless, determined to support himself with as little fatigue as possible. He floated for a considerable time, till luckily espying the remnant of an oar, he eagerly availed himself of its assistance, and kept himself up till midnight, when the glimmering of a distant light gave a fresh impulse to his strength and exertions. At two in the morning he was enabled to hail a vessel, which immediately lowering her boat, he was soon after taken on board. She proved to be likewise a West Indian, but bound for Brest. On his arrival at the latter port, he immediately wrote to M. de Vallery at St. Malo, but in taking the letter to the post-office, he was agreeably surprised by the intelligence that his correspondent was actually in the same town. The astonishment of that gentleman at meeting M. Lemaire was extreme,

as, before his quitting St. Malo, the vessel had arrived, bringing his *protégée*, with the intelligence of his premature death; upon which he had written to the brothers, inviting them to that port. During a residence of seven years in Guadaloupe, Adolphe had occasionally received various unfavourable reports of the general conduct of both his brothers. From Mathien's letters he had learned that Hyacinthe was a drunkard and a spendthrift, and although in a good business, was likely to leave a large family without a *sol*. Of the other brother he had received from *several* quarters very unfavourable accounts; he was described as a miser, destitute of every principle of honour, and capable of any meanness to increase his riches. The report which had already been spread of his death, determined him to seize the present opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with their dispositions, without discovering himself; and in this determination he requested M. de Vallery to leave his brothers in their error, and keep up the delusion for a day or two after their arrival. On approaching St. Malo, he had conceived it better for him to enter the town without his friend, and on their arrival at St. Servan, where M. de V. had a country-house, he resolved to push on for his destination that evening. He hired a horse, as the *Grève* was at that moment impassable for any other conveyance, and by swimming his steed over a few yards, reached the town before the closing of the gates. Curiosity at seeing a *diligence* surrounded by water, prompted him to pull up and look in; an action of which he sorely repented on seeing his brothers, who were not expected till the

next day. The last rays of the setting sun gave his countenance the fiery tinge which, even on explanation, Hyacinthe could scarcely reconcile with terrestrial possibility.

He took up his abode at the counting-house of M. de Vallery, from whom the next morning he learned the particulars of his first visit to his brothers, as also the effect of his appearance in the harbour on the preceding evening. From what he heard, he immediately conceived the idea of working on their feelings by feigning to make little Toinette his principal heir, in quality of his legitimate daughter, thereby leaving to them but a diminished portion of his property. After arranging this affair, and other little matters of business, his friend proposed a walk out of the town, as they would there incur little risk of meeting either of his brothers. It was in this promenade, that seeing at some distance a considerable scuffle, they hastened to the spot. At the sight of M. de Vallery, who, from his influence in St. Malo, was extremely respected, the assailants instantly ceased hostilities, and Adolphe stood involuntarily before Hyacinthe, whom the circumstances of the moment had probably prevented from perceiving M. de V.

"But why call me a spy, a *mouchard*?" here interrupted Hyacinthe. —"I can explain that," replied the former. "A *douanier* came to my counting-house a few hours after in search of a M. Lemaire, and informed me, out of personal friendship for me, that he had brought a proportion of the value of a seizure of tobacco made on the person of Madame Martin, in consequence of

Vol. II. No. IX.

an intimation from M. Lemaire, a passenger in the same coach, who had laid the information when the *diligence* stopped for examination." —" 'Twas no doubt *ce malheureux Mathieu*," exclaimed Hyacinthe, "and therefore let's say no more about it." To continue Adolphe's story: the unfortunate stone which laid Hyacinthe on his mother earth precluded any farther explanation at that moment. He was conveyed to the nearest public-house, bled, and carried to bed. Adolphe kept out of sight, fearing his presence might aggravate his brother's unfavourable symptoms, and set out on his return to town a few minutes after the departure of M. de V. and Hyacinthe, the former of whom had previously sent for his cabriolet. On reaching St. Malo, Adolphe learned from M. de V. the arrival of little Toinette from St. Servan, at the same time that he was informed of Hyacinthe's recovery, and his affectionate regard for the child. Adolphe now resolved to be an auricular witness of the scene which was likely to take place on the intimation of his marriage. With the assistance of the landlady, who had been partially initiated into the circumstance, he took possession of a closet adjoining the dining-room, and there he heard every syllable uttered by both his brothers after dinner. His situation, however, was far from being enviable: alternately agitated by feelings of affection and contempt, he had not power to oppose the sudden opening of the door by Hyacinthe, which led to the exposure of his concealment, and the *denouement* of the affair.

It will easily be conceived that the soldier's feelings at the end of this

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story were partially tranquillized, but it required some hours before they were by any means composed. The report of the doctor stated Mathieu to be better, but that he must remain undisturbed. Hyacinthe and Adolphe, after an evening of mutual felicity, sought relief in solitude and sleep for the fatigues of the mind and body during the day.

It only remains to be added, that Mathieu rose early the next morning, and leaving his portmanteau and

bill, quitted the town without beat of drum, and arrived in a couple of days at Angers, where he has invariably declined every overture of reconciliation from either brother. Adolphe, with little Toinette, inhabits a neat *campagne* on the *route de Remes*, near Nantes, enjoying to this day the occasional society of Hyacinthe's numerous family, as open, good-humoured, and honest as himself.

THE LATE REV. JAMES LAMBERT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

To many of the readers of your valuable *Repository*, the following addition to the description of Tabley-House, which ornamented your last Number, may not be unacceptable.

A I.

IPSWICH, July 1823.

The present Sir John Fleming Leicester and his brothers were for many years under the private tuition of the Rev. James Lambert, late senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a man not less esteemed for his amiable and moral character, than distinguished as a learned and elegant scholar.

In 1777, after having been assistant tutor of his college, Mr. Lambert left Cambridge to superintend the education of Lady Leicester's sons, and resided with them, partly at Tabley-House in Cheshire, and partly in London, until 1782; during which time he addressed to her ladyship the following original and elegant lines, which have hitherto been unpublished:

STRING OF SIMILES ON A SWALLOW.

Addressed to Lady LEICESTER.

'Tis like the soul, 'tis like a friend;
Like bliss, our being's aim and end;
Like life, and wealth, and blindness too;
But most of all—'tis like to you.

A swallow's like the soul, I say;
For why? its *tenement* is clay:
And life, that busy bustling thing,
Life, like the *bird*, is on the *wing*.

Riches 'tis like, for surely they
Have also *wings*, and fly away:
When flatterers fawn to gain their ends,
What are they but *fair-weather friends*?

The blind, the proverb tells you why,
The blind, you know, *catch many a fly*:
For happiness, 'twere easy now
To find a rhyme and reason too.

But spare the Muse one honest line,
To paint the lot she wishes thine:
There shadowy forms may please awhile,
Pleasure may court, and pomp beguile;
But lasting bliss, search where you will,
Builds in the chimney-corner still.

All this, they'll say, is very plain,
But how like Leicester? Try again:
Can she, who blesses all at home,
In foreign climes delight to roam?
Can she, who loves the rural cell,
In smoke and soot delight to dwell?

Peace with your queries, friend! I trust
The likeness still you'll own is just:

In that sweet month when Nature's hand
Perfumes the air and paints the land,
While lingering blights her hopes betray,
And winter checks the pride of May,
Let but the *swallow* tribe appear,
And summer instant follows there.

In 1782, Mr. Lambert, with his eldest pupil, Sir John Leicester, returned to college. His connections with the Leicester family continued till 1787, when the two younger brothers, Henry and Charles, took their bachelor's degree.

Mr. Lambert, who, as a recent well-written and characteristic sketch of him observes, was as remarkable for his literary attainments as for the polished urbanity of his manners, was the son of the Rev. Thomas Lambert, vicar of Thorpe, near Harwich, and rector of Melton in Suffolk, to whose memory, with that of his mother, he placed on a mural tablet in the church of Melton the following filial and beautiful tributary verses:

Ye, that in Fame's proud titles, wealth, or
state,
Unwisely deem all earthly bliss complete,
Hark! 'tis his voice, which still in truths pro-
found
Breathes its mild dictates from this hallow'd
ground:
"Content was ours; Content those joys sup-
plied
So oft to greatness, wealth, and fame denied."
More would ye know? Go, ask the poor they
fed,
The sick they cherish'd, and the flock he led;
Go, ask of all, and learn from every tear,
The *meek* how honour'd, and the *good* how
dear.

Mr. Lambert would never accept any clerical preferment, having repeatedly refused many valuable livings. He died, unmarried, on the 28th April last, at the advanced age of 83, most sincerely regretted by an extensive circle of friends; and was, according to his desire, interred in the parish church of Fersfield in Norfolk.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW INSTITUTION FOR THE FORMATION OF WIVES.

AMIDST all the fashionable accomplishments with which it is thought necessary in these days to cram the fair speculators in matrimony, that most desirable of all accomplishments, the art of pleasing a husband, is totally neglected. When those allurements which captivated the eye or the imagination have lost their novelty, or have ceased to be practised, there remains, by the modern system of education, nothing solid whereon to build the substantial enjoyments of domestic life. The useful is on all occasions made to give way to the ornamental. That female who, on the present plan, makes a good wife, must not be of the common mould. Thrice happy the man

who, in the lottery of matrimony, obtains such a prize!

It cannot be denied, that many women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature: still it must be admitted, that this is not their proper scene of action. Let such, however, as feel disposed to devote their lives to the advancement of letters, follow their inclinations; but let them not presume to turn wives. A learned wife may be considered about as useless a member of society as a learned pig. Indeed, the latter may be looked upon as the less injurious of the two; for all the loss the *blue-stocking* grunter occasions to society consists in the failure of her half-yearly crop, or in postponing till her

dotage the surrender of her flitches; it being presumed that, as long as the said pig exhibits for the profit of its owner, and for the gratification of the curious, it is kept free from the incumbrance of a family. In this case, no hungry suckers squeak forth their impatience while mamma goes through the alphabet to an admiring company, no domestic duty is neglected, no moral obligation is broken. But the hapless progeny of a learned human mother must pine in ignorance and neglect, while mamma is preparing pap for babes of a larger growth, or in reading for her evening's exhibition before a select circle of *savans*; and that wretched appendage, the husband, is prevented from following some profitable occupation by the honourable post of amanuensis to his better and more learned half.

The number of institutions of different kinds for the education of female youth is apparent to every one. Seminaries, establishments for young ladies, &c. meet the eye at every step you take in the suburbs of the metropolis; and it is curious to remark, that they all avoid, with a most sickly fastidiousness, the more simple appellation of *school*. In this, however, it must be admitted, that they are right; for it would be just as appropriate to give the name of school to an establishment for the cramming of turkeys, as to such fashionable young-lady-coops as are now used in preparing females for the matrimonial market. These are, one and all, liable to the objections complained of. They "rear the tender thought," it is true, but in such a manner that, when transplanted to the soil of matrimony, the blossoms wither and bear no fruit. They

"teach the young idea how to shoot," but at the wrong mark. Their aim is at the eye, not at the heart; at the imagination, not at the head. In female education there is still, therefore, a grand *desideratum*. To supply this is the object of the Mesdames Sober and Steady. With this view they have resolved on opening an Institution for the Formation of Wives; and in this arduous, and, they may say without vanity, laudable undertaking, they confidently look for the patronage of such of the nobility and gentry as are desirous of having their daughters brought up on true domestic principles.

As, in the present constitution of society, a woman cannot be rendered perfectly *good* upon the *original* principle, without the operator being subject to the penalty of *suspension* from all earthly functions, for a time sufficiently long to prevent his feeling any inclination to resume them, it cannot be expected that any person, however philanthropic his views, would be foolhardy enough to attempt the reformation of the fair sex upon the plan alluded to. It becomes, then, a matter of consequence to render that head, which the law has decreed to remain on the shoulders, to the manifest injury of society, as innocuous as possible, by divesting it of all ideas at all adverse to the qualifications of the *original good woman*, and storing it with matter useful only in forming the character of a good wife. In this manner that portion of the human frame which was considered by our wise forefathers as a useless, if not injurious, appendage to the female form, may, it is conceived, be made by proper management conducive to the welfare of society. It is upon this principle

that the Mesdames S. and S. profess to proceed, and that they found their claim to originality. Should success crown their exertions, they will feel amply rewarded in the consciousness of having been, through Providence, the means of improving their own sex in particular, and of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind.

When female talent is once directed into its proper channel, what glorious results may not be anticipated! That genius which could pen a *Corinna* or a *Cælebs* will then exert its energies in the important office of regulating a family, or in advancing that most useful of all sciences, domestic economy. What a revolution in female habits will then be effected! Those fingers which once handled the goose-quill only, will then be permitted to explore the inmost recesses of the noble biped which furnished it. That genius which could force us to waste our sympathies on a fictitious tale, will then be more usefully employed in drawing tears from a calf's foot, in watching the droppings of a jelly-bag, or in listening to the simmerings of a Mazarine kettle. That magic power which had our passions at command, and which, by playing on the weakness of our nature, could harrow up our souls with a tale of misery or of horror, will then have a free vent for all its heart-rending propensities in the slaughter of the poultry-yard, in the skinning of the eel, in the boiling of the lobster, or in extricating from beef and cabbage a bubble and a squeak. That exalted mind which could smile with contempt at the vituperations of the critic, will then listen with equal indifference to the hissing of the tea-kettle. She, who once pre-

sided at the *coterie*, who was, as it were, the sun of her own system, whose wit radiated in electric flashes to the farthest extremity of her circle, while the pale envious moons "hid their diminished heads" as she displayed her refulgence, or, when she turned her back, shone in her borrowed light, may then, without exciting envy, or inflicting a pang, exert equal talent in the manufacture of bohea, and display her most christian virtues in dispensing to a numerous company the refreshing beverage, without its usual accompaniment of scandal. When employed in such truly domestic duties, the homely matron will have nothing to fear from the malice of the world; no clouds of detraction will obscure her modest light, no storms will overshadow her peaceful countenance. When those halcyon days arrive, the literary female will superintend her *litter* of pigs. The *press* will still team with her productions; but it will be with those of her hands, not of her brain. Instead of writing *fine things*, she will get them up. Instead of *mangling* the character of her neighbours, she will bestow that favour on her house-linen. Instead of saying *tart* things, not easily stomachied or digested, she will make tart things to go down glibly, by the happy mixture of sweet and sour. The neat well-darned white stocking will take the place of the blue. In short, all her habits will be changed, and all her ideas concentrated within her proper sphere.

In the education of the young ladies committed to their charge, the Mesdames Sober and Steady will be careful to exclude all those modern accomplishments at variance with their system, and to substitute those

branches of knowledge really useful and conducive to the desired object. For instance, for political economy will be substituted domestic economy; for geography and the use of the globes, housewifery and the use of the needle; for astronomy, the science of gastronomy, and so on. Such portions, however, of the sciences of botany, ichthyology, and conchology, as may be useful in choosing a cabbage, a turbot, or an oyster, will be taught, as it is the object of the Mesdames Sober and Steady to omit nothing which can render the young ladies perfectly competent to superintend all the concerns of a family; and with this view they are, when sufficiently advanced in the art of housekeeping, employed by rotation in overlooking the domestic arrangements of the house. As it is also of importance that every female at the head of a family should not only superintend, but know how to execute what she commands, the best teachers in the culinary art are employed; and as the old English dishes of roast beef and plumb-pudding, on which, in a great measure, depends the solidity of the British constitution, are rapidly losing ground, while French dishes are gaining the ascendancy, the Mesdames Sober and Steady have engaged a celebrated artist in this department, who will give regular lessons to the young ladies. And as every mistress of a family should know how to choose her meat, an eminent professor of butchery will attend once a week for the purpose of giving instruction on that head. Each young lady will also in turn accompany the housekeeper when she goes to market, in order that she may not only learn how to choose the articles required for do-

mestic consumption, but also how to drive a bargain.

Such young ladies as possess a good ear for music will be instructed in that pleasing art, which, by a proper application of its power, may be made conducive to domestic happiness. In the instructions given, however, the aim will be to please, not to surprise; to captivate the ear, not to take it by storm. No rattling over the keys with the right hand, like the Brighton Telegraph up the stones of Piccadilly, while the more cumbrous bass keeps pounding like Pickford's van in the rear, to the imminent danger of our nerves and the fingers of the performer. None of that flying off of the right hand in dangerous *ad libitums* from the left, with as much harmony as between a bride of eighteen and a gouty husband of fourscore. In short, instead of variations, divertimentos, fantasias, and the like musical *hodgepodges*, the pupils will be practised in those simple and affecting airs, which, by acting as an opiate on the senses, will prove eminently useful in allaying the ferment of the passions, or in contributing to the repose of the husband, as he reclines in his arm-chair after the fatigues of the day. No dancing beyond that of the old English country dance, or stately minuet, will be allowed to be taught in the institution of the Mesdames Sober and Steady, as it suits not the dignity of the marriage state to whirl through the giddy waltz, or to mix in the mazes of the quadrille. By avoiding such useless and perilous accomplishments, that dangerous appendage to a ladies' seminary, a dancing-master, is rendered unnecessary, for one of the teachers will be competent to give the requisite lessons in

the art. A drill-serjeant from Chelsea College will, however, attend the school, for the purpose of setting up the young ladies, and giving them a dignified carriage. Nor will the young ladies be instructed in any of the dead or living languages beyond their own, the object being rather to controul the tongue, than to supply it with matter for exercise. Besides, such studies would only tend to distract and burden the mind, and to employ a considerable portion of that intellect which should be wholly given up to the grand science of housewifery.

The utmost attention will be paid to the morals of the young ladies, on whom every domestic duty will be inculcated. No novels or newspapers are allowed to be read, on pain of expulsion. In short, no books will be permitted in the school, except such as tend to advance the principles of the institution. And, as no means of instilling the precepts of virtue and economy should be neglected, the copy-books and samplers of the young ladies will contain those homely maxims, which have, from their truth and aptitude, received the concurrent approbation of ages: such as, "A stitch in time saves nine;" "Waste not, want not;" "Fools and their money are soon parted;" "Take care of the shillings and pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" "When the cat's away the mice will play," and such like. And so much are the Mesdames S. and S. convinced of the importance of employing memory, in preference to every other faculty of the mind, in the regulation of the conduct, and indeed in the general affairs of life, that in all the rooms occupied by the young ladies, these,

and other aphorisms of a similar nature, are placed in conspicuous situations on the wall. A mind well stored with wholesome maxims comes forth into the world armed at all points. Secure in the experience of the past, it sets all speculation and innovation at defiance, and steadily pursues the track pointed out by the accumulated wisdom of ages.

It being of the first importance to the ends of the institution that that most unruly member, the tongue, should be brought into proper discipline, the young ladies are strictly prohibited from speaking more than a certain number of words within the hour; and on no account to make use of puns, *bon-mots*, or the like.

Obedience to the lawful authority of man is among the first principles implanted in the minds of the young ladies intrusted to Mesdames S. and S.; and they are accordingly brought up in the utmost reverence for the lords of the creation, whom they are taught to consider as beings of a higher order: and it being essential to the accomplishment of this primary object, that the tempers of the young ladies should be rendered as docile as possible, when any of the pupils offend in this particular, or shew any disposition to domineer, they are immediately invested in a pair of *inexpressibles*, kept for that purpose, and which, like a fool's or dunce's cap, holds them up as objects of deserved ridicule to their companions. In like manner, when any pupil evinces an inclination for abstruse subjects, or for the study of any thing not perfectly in unison with the plans of the institution, she is clad in a pair of *blue stockings*, in which she continues to make her appearance till repentance and refor-

mation liberate her from the reproachful hose. Every pains are also taken to eradicate all foolish fears and prejudices; so that young ladies who have completed their education under the Mesdames S. and S. will be warranted not to scream in a carriage, to faint at a wasp, or to shew any of those ridiculous airs now so common among ladies of fashion.

The Mesdames S. and S.'s terms are as follows:

Board and education, including English, plain cooking, music, pickling, dancing, preserving, and plain needle-work	Gs. 40
Lectures in domestic economy . . .	10
Higher branches of cookery, including made dishes, pastry, &c.	10

Writing, arithmetic, and family accounts	Gs. 6
Roast beef and plumb-pudding master	6
Butcher's lessons	4
Drill-serjeant	4
Ornamental needle-work	4
Lessons in washing and getting up fine things	4
Curry-powder by private lessons*.	

Entrance to the house 2 guineas, to the kitchen 1 guinea, to the larder 1 guinea, and to each of the masters 2 guineas.

N.B. In addition to the articles usually brought by young ladies to school, it is expected that they be provided with three pair of pockets, three large high aprons, a well-stored housewife, a pincushion, a elasp-knife, and a nutmeg-grater.

* This will be found extremely serviceable to young ladies intended for the Indian market.

ADVENTURES OF A SERJEANT'S WIFE DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE person whose courage and humanity will appear in this narrative, in early life seemed to be destined for a higher sphere than that in which she spent her maturer years. Her father was a teacher of music in a provincial town, and might have provided handsomely for his only child; but after the death of his wife, he gave himself up to intemperance, by which he was brought, in extreme wretchedness, to a premature grave, when Violetta was about sixteen. Creditors seized the few moveables he left, and as he and his wife were foreigners, the orphan had not a relation, or even a friend, to procure her employment. She had saved her father and herself from absolute starvation by making little ornamental articles, which she hawked about the town in a basket; but this was a precarious subsistence, and so disreputable as to preclude her from engagements to teach the piano-forte, or even as a servant.

Overwhelmed by grief, and in despair of pity, she was leaving the humble apartment whence her father's body had just been carried, when a young man, the serjeant of a recruiting party in the place, came, and begged her to hear him on a subject nearly concerning them both. He said he owed her father twenty-five shillings for lessons on the violin and for music: he would pay the amount most readily; but if she would share his fate, he hoped she might have no cause for repentance. He was convinced she was a virtuous and industrious girl, and she had known him long enough to be assured of his sobriety. The world was before them, and they might elbow their way through it in credit and comfort. Violetta modestly accepted the proposal, and in a few hours they were married.

The serjeant had the reward of his generosity; the most faithful attachment and energetic exertions

were continually employed by his wife to promote his happiness and interest. She taught music when opportunity offered; made and sold gum-flowers, card-boxes, chimney-ornaments, and other fine wares; or took plain-work or clear-starching. She attended her husband through many climates: they reared a large family; some of their sons were in the music-band of the regiment, and the daughters remained in respectable service in England, when, with other battalions, they embarked for the Peninsula. The serjeant had been repeatedly, though not severely, wounded. He and his wife had their constitutions much tried in different climates; yet both still enjoyed good health, and when only a limited number of females were permitted to accompany the corps, Violetta's excellent conduct and usefulness secured her preference.

A foraging party, conducted by the serjeant, was suddenly attacked and routed by very superior numbers of the French soon after the battle of Vittoria. All the British soldiers were killed or prisoners, except the serjeant, who lay wounded on the ground, when his faithful helpmate, who always followed his movements, searching for him among his dying or lifeless comrades, had the happiness to find him still warm and respiring, though with faint and broken heavings of his breast. She looked round for shelter, and saw a ruined house at a short distance; but it was too far to remove her bleeding patient, until his wounds were staunch-ed. She always had dressings in readiness, and having applied them with care and tenderness, she bore him to a spot where herbage had

sprung under the shade of the roofless walls. She then gathered dry grass and leaves, on which she spread her cloak to form a pallet, and took off a petticoat as a substitute for a pillow. A cordial being administered, the sufferer could make a feeble sign for drink, and after some wanderings, Violetta succeeded in procuring water. She was also fortunate enough to meet with orange-trees; but her husband would only take the simple fluid. Night was falling fast, and should he call for more water, she might lose her way among rocks and underwood. She explored the lower story of the house for some forgotten utensil; met only with large fragments of earthen jars; but in her circumstances, these appeared of more value than ingots of gold. She filled them with water, collected withered branches from the wood, and having kindled a fire to supply light, she sat down to feed it little by little, and to watch her husband, fervently thanking God that she had found him, and offering prayers for his recovery. Long before the dawn, by the pale glimmer of the fire, she saw his countenance change to the hue of death. She knelt by him, fondly grasping his cold hands, till he expired.

She now ceased to feed the fire, lest it might lead the enemy to her retreat; and still on her knees, with the stiffened hands fast in her own, she patiently, but sorrowfully, waited the return of day. A low moan and a rustling sound struck her ear. It seemed to issue from beneath the floor. Violetta had given many proofs of courage, that would have done honour to the masculine character. She was now, according to

her own idea, subjected to the influence of an accursed spirit, and for a moment appalled and transfixed, she durst not look around. But her reasoning powers rose above superhuman terrors. In a few minutes, she recollected that her husband was too good a man to suppose his corpse could be degraded by the approach of demons, or his wife annoyed by them in the discharge of her duty. Some unhappy person must be confined in a vault of the ruin, and she would release the prisoner at the risk of her life.

After a tedious examination of every aperture in the floor or wall, a rugged stone covered with sods was accidentally shoved from the wall, and an iron ring appeared. With a great exertion of strength she raised a flag attached to the ring, and removed a trap-door: by a descent of three feet she reached a small apartment, where several holes, hardly large enough to admit a man's finger, gave some air and a few rays of light. On a bed, half consumed by damp, lay a female in the agonies of dissolution. Violetta drew her from the dungeon, and could then ascertain that she was young, and had been beautiful. She could not speak to give any account of herself. Her

deliverer offered her water; but the aid came too late — her lips could not receive it. Her spirit soon ascended to a happier world. Violetta returned her emaciated body to the place that had been her living tomb, and to preserve all that was mortal of her husband, deposited the loved remains in the same asylum, where no wild beast could deface them. While replacing the stone, she heard the drums of the British army, and made every possible effort to join them; but she mistook the route, and fell in with the French. They detained her several days to assist as a hospital-nurse. She related her adventure at the ruined house, and the few women who were able to understand her bad French, told her the lady must have been confined by a jealous husband, and was forgotten when the invaders drove the Spaniards away and pillaged the place.

Violetta pined in grief for her husband, and died soon after she escaped from her captors and joined a brigade of his countrymen. This slight memorial is dedicated to her humble worth. She was a heroine, whose actions might gild an exalted name.

A TOUR ROUND MY PARLOUR.

By J. M. L.

Tours are very fashionable things; nobody, now of the least pretension, takes a trip to Margate or Brighton, or crosses the sea and sets his foot on French ground, but determines that the world shall know *all about it*; sets to work accordingly, and soon sends forth his hot-pressed, wire-wove, *rivulet of letter-press in a*

meadow of margin, to an indulgent and discerning public: and I see no reason why I should not be *indulged* by having my little tour published, and, if the fates so will it, *admired*. I have heard of a gentleman, a foreigner I believe, who published a journey round his bed-room; but I never saw the work. He was confin-

ed for a certain number of days for some infringement on military strictness, and amused his moments, that would have otherwise been overwhelmed with *ennui*, by making the aforesaid journey, and writing his remarks upon it.

Being seized the other day with a bilious attack, which obliged me to send for my medical man, he took the liberty of ordering me into confinement for a few days, with as much indifference as the general commandant, I dare say, ordered the gentleman I have spoken of above into his. I like freedom as well as any man, but, at the same time, I thought it best to submit under existing circumstances, remembering what Colman has said in his tale of "The Fat Single Gentleman:"

"For when ill indeed,
"E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed."

On the second day of my *imprisonment*, having read all my last supply of magazines, newspapers, &c. and having sent in vain to the library for the last new novel, I determined, feeble as I was, and little able or willing to walk, to take a *tour round my parlour*, and see what *exercise* would do for me. Methinks I perceive a smile of contempt on some reader's face at the *absurdity of such a journey*. Stay, my good sir, or madam, till you have gone with me to the end, and then say if it is not *fatiguing* enough.

I had not gone far before the idea struck me, of recording, for *the benefit of the public*, my thoughts, &c. during this perambulation. I almost think I am indebted to the circumstance of having kicked my toe against the corner of my writing-desk, as it lay snugly beneath my wife's work-

table; and that dear lady being out of town with our children, may also help to account for my want of amusement, and the consequent writing of the present article.

I drew forth the desk, opened it, spread writing materials upon it, meaning to write and walk alternately till I had completed my task; and first, as my desk formed part of the furniture of the room, I choose to speak of it. A young man, a particular friend of mine, who died some years back, bequeathed it to me. This circumstance alone endeared it to my mind. In opening the drawer of it for paper, I found a bundle of his letters; and being in no hurry to finish my *tour*, I looked first at one and then at another of them, till I was fairly carried back to many a youthful scene and recollection. Here were his confidential communications, his hopes and fears, his pleasures and pains; now a description of his feelings at a play, and now his account of attending a funeral; here a touch of disappointment in love, and there a rapturous description of his Emily's smiles; and anon, an epistle, direction and all, in rhyme: for, like myself, he sometimes sinned in verse, as well as prose. Poor fellow! he died young. I saw him laid in his grave. Consumption, the scourge of England, carried him off; and since I lost him, excepting certainly the wife of my bosom, I have had no one to whose friendship I could confide, as I did to his, all my thoughts, even my weaknesses. Such is the lot of most men; they seldom meet with above one friend like this, and having lost him, they scarcely ever have confidence enough in those who are left around them, to seek another: they have acquaint-

ances indeed, but rarely any thing more.

I must get away from my desk, however, or I shall never finish my tour: but this is a difficult matter, for here are many of my own MSS. and we all know how pleasant it is to a scribbler to look over the productions of his Muse, for every man's Muse is to him a Muse of fire; and it is a moot point if I shall get to the end of my tour now, without giving the world one or more of my *poetic trifles*: however, for the present, I will tear myself from sonnets to the sun, moon, and stars; elegies on all sorts of subjects; songs, charades, acrostics, &c. &c. and go on with the description of my parlour.

The room itself is a complete parallelogram, and situated in a sound, well-built, but rather old-fashioned house; and the furniture in it of very various styles, from the circumstance of some of it having belonged to my father and mother, some to my wife's progenitors, and some recently purchased: therefore fairly furnishing more food for reflection, than if it consisted only of very modern matters. Upon rising from my seat to proceed on my circuit (for, as I have said before, the reader must fancy me first walking and then writing), I happened to lay my hand on the table. Useful friend, thought I, thou shalt be next in my description. Its well-polished surface seemed to smile upon me in return; and there is often more, be it remembered, in the silence of a *good table*, than in the garrulity of a nonsensical acquaintance. This of mine is one that, in its uses, is something like the celebrated cobbler's stall, which

"Serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and all;"

for this is one of the elliptic modern tables, often found stationary in the middle of a parlour, serving alike for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; for intermediate lunches; for the ladies' work sometimes, when of a large description; for my desk to stand on at this moment (not but what I have *a bit of a study* up stairs); and sometimes as a depository for books, magazines, and newspapers. But when accommodated with its full complement of additional pieces or flaps, when covered with a delicate damask cloth, when set out with the best display of ivory-handled knives and forks, the best silver spoons, fish-slices, &c. &c. &c. indicative of a good dinner, and a pleasant party of friends, then does my table look gloriously. But when it is covered by the real dinner itself, when it is surrounded by the party of real friends, when grace has been said, the covers removed, and "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" has begun, then may my table be proud indeed of the good things eaten, drunk, and *said* at it. What a history might such a piece of furniture give, in almost any house, if, like "the velvet cushion," and many other inanimate things which *have spoken*, it would condescend to relate it! and I almost wonder some kind good soul of a book-maker does not meet with a talkative table, and publish the result of his *confabs* with it.

Stumbling over the hearth-rug in my progress, that winter comfort, but now scarcely necessary appendage to a room, I meet with the recollection that it was worked by my dear wife when at school, or soon after her leaving it; and choicely hoarded, I warrant, in some up-stairs closet, till she got married; and then brought

out, with other products of juvenile labour and art, to delight a fond husband. It is now, alas! one of the *has-beens*; dirty, unconscious feet have trod on it till its beauties are no more. To think of the anxious hours it cost in making; the trudging to Newgate-street for worsteds of all the colours of the rainbow; the fond delights which arose as flower after flower grew beneath the fair fingers that made it, till Flora herself might have almost envied their employ—it is too much, it is indeed a cruel business!

Close on my left hand is the *fire-place*, that peculiar feature in an Englishman's dwelling; that sacred seat of all the household virtues; that *sanctum sanctorum* from all the oppressions, vexations, and troubles of the world out of doors. Here the father of a family, if a good and a happy man, finds a solace in the society of those he loves, which amply recompenses him for the wrongs and injuries of mankind. Summer, to be sure, is not the fittest season for the delights of an *Englishman's fire-side*: the bars of my half-register are now very bright, and the ornamental shavings in the grate very pretty; but winter is the season for true enjoyment here. Christmas draws many a party round the hospitable man's fire, and then there is a pleasure in every poke; the bright and cheerful flame arises; the jest and the song go round, and we are, for a time at least, convinced that this life is not without its joys. Even at this period of the year, our chairs often occupy the same situation by the fire-place that they did in winter; and habit makes us sit there, though we neither want warmth, nor should find it if we did. I have more than

once in winter-time apostrophized my fire in verse: some years back, when a bachelor, I paid it the following compliment:

Burn bright, my friendly fire;
Shed round thy warmest smile;
Thy beams I most admire
When wet and worn with toil.

Thou hear'st my sad complaint,
Nor frown'st upon my woe;
Unlike the world's restraint,
Which grief is doom'd to know.

Thou shar'st my brightest joys,
And brighter'st with me;
When bliss my time employs,
None gayer than than thee.

And if I find a friend,
That friend thou'lt ever share;
Thy kindest warmth thou'lt lend,
To chase away cold care.

Then let stern Winter frown,
And spread his snows around;
Whilst storms his temples crown,
And lakes in frost are bound.

Let winds obey his will,
And sweep the pathless plain;
Whilst roars the neighb'ring rill,
O'erflow'd by fallen rain:

By my snug fire I sit,
The embers higher pile,
And feast on attic wit,
That draws the willing smile;

Or with my pen pourtray
Some storm-nipp'd wand'rer's doom,
Who, far from home away,
Has found an early tomb.

All hail, then, cheering friend!
Still spread thy smiles around;
For Winter bids us bend,
And strews with snow the ground.

Whither might not fancy lead one in contemplating a fire-place? What a history of invention would it not afford, to trace it from the miserable contrivances of savage life to the present highly ornamented, and as highly useful, stoves and grates! Nor only so; but the principal material, *iron*, used in its formation, and in that of its accompaniments, common-

ly called *fire-irons*, might furnish a complete history in its uses and abuses: but certainly its usefulness far counterbalances its abuse; though, in furnishing the destructive weapons of war, this first of metals has truly been much abused. But if I go on in this way, I shall never get round my parlour in any reasonable time: still I must take a glance at the mantel-piece, for there is a recollection about that. It is now of handsome marble, but within a very few years there was in its place one of those lofty, carved, wooden mantel-pieces that are still to be occasionally met with, and that really give one rather a pleasurable feeling than not, as speaking of old times and old friends. And then the ornaments (if ornaments they be) must not be passed quite in silence. First, there is the centre piece, that is older than I am; it was my father's, and represents some rustic gentleman or other playing on that most delicious instrument, the bagpipe: fortunately this man's is silent, or I should give up my journey and the history of it in despair. This personage's head is so contrived as to hold a bouquet of flowers, at which times, though he may be said to have a *watery head*, he looks as fine as a May-day Jack in the green. On each side of him are a modern pair, very small, but very elegant, and placed in the centre, upon the true military principle, the little men being always so placed in a regiment: these are, a Persian lady and gentleman, and furnish to me the remembrance of having bought them a few years back at the porcelain-manufactory in Derby, where every civility was shewn, together with the whole process, and a most curious one it is, of producing the

various articles of earthen-ware and porcelain, from the plainest cup and saucer to the most elegant and highly finished vase. The next couple on my mantel-piece are a rustic boy and girl, the first fondling a dog, and the latter a lamb. Next to these are a couple of rather indecent young lads, nearly in the Adam and Eve style of nakedness, each bearing a basket of fruit: whether it is the *forbidden fruit* or not, I cannot say. Each flank (to carry on my military idea) is supported by a monstrous grenadier of a Turk, finely be-turbaned and be-whiskered. My mantel-piece, like most others I suppose, is now and then ornamented, or, as some fastidious folks would say, disfigured, by a variety of *occasional* matters, such as an orange or two, a pair of lady's gloves, some bottle of medicine, a child's toy, &c. &c.: but these of course disappear when the room is *put to rights*, as it is called.

Immediately right and left of the mantel-piece are a pair of pretty painted receptacles for letters, &c. usually called *card-racks*; and a curious jumble they often contain—ladies' and gentlemen's cards, notes, and epistles of all sorts; recipes for coughs and lemon-puddings; milk-bills; invitations to dinners and dances; nurse Clarke's or Brown's address; and an *ad-infinitum* list of other matters.

Over the chimney-piece is a beautiful subject for reflection—a handsome glass—where, upon looking into it, no lady ever yet saw a plain woman, or a gentleman any other than a good-looking, honest man. What a curious and a beautiful art is the making of glass, and this peculiar application of it! The cir-

cumstance of the poor Indian, who, upon seeing himself reflected in one, tried to look behind it for the person he saw, may excite a smile of contempt in the ignorant, but it can only be in the ignorant: he could have taken it for little less than magic. How much more astonished would such a man be at seeing reflection combined with refraction, and at beholding the beautiful and ever-varying combinations produced in the *kaleidoscope* by a few trumpery beads and bits of coloured glass! And how much more still, if he could be made to comprehend it, at the application of glass in telescopes, bringing distant, and till then unseen and unknown, planetary worlds to view! The frame too of this chimney-glass, and picture-frames in general, are another splendid triumph of art, and exquisitely ornamental in a room.

But let us look up. Over the glass is a vote of thanks, in a plain black frame, handsomely written on vellum, *and all that sort of thing*. To me this is a proud matter, to the world nothing. It simply records the thanks of a plain and humble set of tradesmen, whose rights were once invaded, and whom I was the means of redressing by perseverance, though no lawyer, against an intended act of oppression. To me, as I said before, it is a proud memento, and though little ornamental, I hope may teach my children, when I am gone, to assist others as far as they are able; and also serve to convince them, that there is still gratitude enough left in the world to *thank* a man for an act of kindness: in this instance it was all that the parties could afford to give, and I was satisfied. On each side of this vote of thanks, and bending

over it, is a graceful peacock's feather: even these have a reminiscence; they serve to remind my family of a favourite and beautiful bird belonging to a friend, which was much admired by us. The poor creature foolishly left his master's grounds, and was worried by some strange dog in an adjacent field, where these feathers were afterwards picked up, so that they are literally a *memento mori*.

Thank heaven, I am got away from the fire-place; I was fearful I should have been kept there all day. Now I shall really take a good stride; for, behold, I am at the china-closet-door in the corner of the room. The key is in it; I may as well just peep in. What a display! Here is the willow pattern for common purposes; here is the best dinner set, whose pattern has a name I dare say, but I do not know it, and none of the initiated are here to inquire of. Then here is the flowered and gilt supper set, and the sandwich-tray set. Then what glorious tea-services! simple white and gold for breakfast, and a most indescribably beautiful pattern (which I leave to the fancies of the fair sex) for the evening party. Then here are the coffee-biggins, the tea-pots, the urns, the milk-jugs, sugar-basons, and a vast lot of (to me) *non-descripts*. I really must ask the names of them some of these days, for it is vastly ignorant I dare say not to know them. Then in glass-ware: but I cannot recollect half the names, so fancy will do the thing much better than I shall, and I may be able to get forward a little. So, there, the door is shut again, and nothing broken. But hold: over the door we have a picture of a volunteer, one of the Loyal London Corps: I had a friend in it,

and therefore very civilly gave his corps the preference, to balance a picture of the uniform of the corps I belonged to, and which hangs over the corresponding closet-door behind me, and where I hoped to end my journey before night. Mine was the B. I. C. A.: I will merely give the initials; but they will be known to many an eye as typifying the name of as respectable a body of volunteers as any that were on foot, when the system was at its height. There was much said for and against the British volunteers at the time they were embodied, but now that they are *no more* (excepting indeed a horse-corps or two), it will, I am sure, be acknowledged by every unprejudiced mind, that there was a period, when their discipline was at its best (and many of them were highly disciplined), that these men would have formed a force quite adequate to the defence of their native land, then threatened with invasion by the *bad, great man*, as he has been well called, Buonaparte.

But come, enough of china-clo-

sets and volunteers; I will proceed: but I really must rest a moment on this sofa, spread so invitingly before me at the end of the room. A sofa? I beg pardon; I believe I ought to have called it couch; nay more, *Grecian couch*. Here I am then, having gone one-fourth of my tour, reposing on a Grecian couch. What a luxury to a poor, fatigued *sick* traveller like me! Well, now I am here, what can I say about this very delightful piece of furniture? Shall I apostrophize it? Let me see: solace of the sick—friend of the feeble—soother of the sorrowful—well-beloved of the weary—delight of the distressed—charmer of childhood—bearer of the beautiful! (*sometimes* I mean, not now of course). Really one might say some very pretty things of a sofa—a *couch* I mean; but poor Cowper has already written so much and so well on the subject, that I must even be content to request the reader to peruse the opening pages of his “Task” before I go any further. (*To be continued.*)

ADDRESS TO THE RHINE.

A free Translation from the German of THEOD. KÖRNER*.

WHAT feeling, deep, mysterious, and intense,

To the blue distance warns me to begone?

Houses, roofs, walls oppress me. I must hence;

A restless yearning still impels me on.

Forth to the freer air my spirit flies;

Resistless, the strong impulse I obey:

The feelings of my heart, as they arise,

Shall be recorded in my artless lay.

Not to the splendid porticos of Greece,

Not to the altars of immortal Rome;

Westward my pilgrimage in search of peace—

Thy stream, O Rhine! protects my native home.

There life and love with stronger pulses beat;

There the soul speaks in accents more sublime;

There Freedom's genius hovers o'er the seat

Of German virtue from the golden time.

* KÖRNER's *Remains*, vol. II. No. I. p. 241.

To thee as to a friend the bard confess'd
 The inmost secrets of his youthful days;
 Thy waves' harmonious murmur sooth'd his breast,
 And taught poetic cadence to his lays.

Then welcome to thy friendly shores again
 The wand'rer, in whose soul still brightly burns
 The love of country, and his patriot strains
 Shall celebrate the day when he returns.

O stream rever'd, accept my votive song!
 From thee my earliest virtues were imbibed;
 My faith, my gratitude to thee belong;
 To thee its last effusions be inscribed.

VALERIA.

June 1823.

THE CASTLE AND THE FARM,

OR THE FOSTER-BROTHERS: *A Tale.*

(Continued from p. 83.)

For a short time after the departure of Frederic, De Beausejour behaved with more than usual regularity: but he could not long support this constraint; he soon fell into his old habits, and his excesses speedily became so great, that the marquis, in despair of ever reforming him, began to think of applying for an order to shut him up for life.

This step was resolutely opposed by the marchioness, who proposed, as a much better expedient, to unite the *comte* to an amiable and beautiful woman. "He is yet so young," said she, "that a good wife may do wonders in reforming him."—"But where is this good wife to be found?"—"I will tell you. You shall marry him to the daughter of our friend Volmar. I am sure he would gladly consent to the match; for you must remember how Volmar, in all his letters, spoke to us of the beauty of his daughter; and the last time he wrote, he sent us her picture, in or-

der, as he said, that we might judge that his praises were not exaggerated. After this, can you doubt that he wishes for the match? And as to Charles, I think I can answer for him. He looked with great admiration at the picture of Adelaide, which, to say the truth, is one of the loveliest portraits I ever beheld. You see then, my dear husband, there is no obstacle to the match, and if I were you, I would write to the Vicomte Volmar without delay."

The plan of the marchioness appeared so feasible and reasonable, that her husband resolved to adopt it. He wrote immediately to request the hand of Mademoiselle de Volmar for his son. The viscount, enchanted at the prospect of an alliance which he had always desired, returned an answer, signifying the pleasure which the marriage would give to Madame de Volmar and himself, provided the union should be mutually agreeable to the young people, for

he was determined never to force the inclinations of Adelaide. "I have for a long time," continued the viscount, "intended to bring my wife and daughter to pay you a visit; you may expect us now very soon, and when our children are under the same roof, we shall soon see whether our project can be put in practice consistently with their happiness."

"I have no doubt that the marriage will take place," cried the marchioness with vivacity, as her husband finished reading the viscount's letter; "Charles is so handsome, it is impossible that Mademoiselle de Volmar can help loving him."—"Ah! my dear," cried De Blainmore, "you speak like a mother. Charles is handsome I allow, but then his manners, so abrupt, so haughty, and at times even so repulsive——"—"Well, well," cried the marchioness, "he will correct all that; let me alone to talk to him." She hastened to announce to the *comte* the projected marriage; but what was her anger and vexation when Charles positively refused to consent! Arguments and entreaties were vain; he continued to reply, that marriage was a slavery to which he would not submit; and he quitted his mother apparently unmoved by the tears with which she urged her purpose.

Madame de Blainmore hastened to report her ill success to her husband, who, irritated at the sight of her grief, now protested that he would employ the most rigorous measures to prevent his son from farther disgracing his name. By some means or other the *comte* obtained information of his father's projects; but this discovery, instead of rendering him more submissive to parental authority, only encouraged him to throw

it off entirely. He had for a long time felt impatient even of the slight restraint laid upon him, and as he had made up his mind not to marry, he resolved to evade the anger of his father by privately withdrawing from the castle. He took an opportunity, during the absence of the marquis, of entering his chamber, forcing the lock of his desk, and taking from it a considerable sum in gold, with which he escaped, and was completely out of his father's reach before the money was missed. The De Blainmores were inconsolable for the degeneracy of their son, and the inhabitants of the farm partook of their grief; nor could Maurice, when alone with his wife, avoid contrasting the conduct of De Beausejour with that of Frederic. Margaret listened in silence and tears; for even her love for the *comte* was not proof against this last instance of depravity.

The unfortunate parents knew not how to announce to the Vicomte de Volmar the shameful conduct of their son; but they were spared this mortification by receiving a letter from De Volmar, in which, without entering into any detail, he informed them that a recent misfortune had plunged his family into the deepest grief, and forced him to defer for some time his intended visit to the castle. This letter relieved them from the necessity of explaining to their friend that Charles had quitted them. The marquis caused the strictest inquiries to be made after him, but to no purpose; and the unfortunate parents shut themselves up, to lament in solitude the depravity of the last scion of their ancient house.

Let us now see what has become of Frederic, who quitted the castle without any fixed plan, and with a

small sum of money. He hastened to Paris, in the hope of finding there the means of a livelihood from his talents. A chance meeting with his former preceptor, M. Robert, opened to him a sure and honourable path to fortune: that worthy man, who was then professor of mathematics in the Marine College, was delighted to see his former pupil again; he offered to procure him the post of midshipman in one of the vessels then going to attack Algiers. Frederic accepted the offer with joy, and in a few weeks he sailed under the command of Captain d'Amfreville.

As it is not our intention to give the details of this expedition, which effectually checked the insolence and inhumanity of the Algerines, we shall only say, that the brave squadron, of which M. Duquesne was commander, succeeded in forcing the Algerines to make reparation for the piracies they had already committed, and to sue for peace in the humblest terms.

While the treaty was going forward, some of the officers several times visited the town of Algiers. Frederic, whose merit had raised him to the rank of a lieutenant, frequently accompanied Captain d'Amfreville. In one of these visits Frederic left his captain conversing with the aga, with whom he was treating respecting the deliverance of the Christian captives, which was a main point in the treaty, and strolled near the palace of the pacha. As he was walking deep in thought, he was accosted by a veiled female. "You are a Christian," said she, "and a French officer; you must then be a man of courage and humanity. Will you preserve the life and honour of a young and beautiful countrywoman

of your own?"—"Assuredly," replied Frederic: "only tell me how."—"At this moment," replied she, "it is impossible; but if you will remain on shore, and come to night at twelve o'clock to the Boulevard of the Renegades, I will meet you near the palace of the Aga Mahmud."—"But tell me——"—"I dare not remain another moment: in the name of honour and humanity do not fail, and keep a boat in readiness." At these words she walked hastily away, leaving Frederic in no small perplexity how to act. A little reflection, however, determined him to keep the appointment; but we may easily conceive that he thought the hours long till twelve o'clock arrived. A few minutes before it struck, he was at the appointed spot: he perceived that one of the windows of the first floor of Mahmud's house was open, a rope-ladder was thrown from it by the female to whom he had spoken in the morning, and Frederic accepted, without hesitation, her invitation to mount it. The slave, then taking him by the hand, conducted him softly, and without a light, through a long gallery, at the end of which she threw open a door, and entered with him an apartment richly furnished; at the upper end of it a lady, magnificently dressed and veiled, was seated upon a sofa. She advanced to meet him, and throwing back her veil, discovered to Frederic a face and figure of unequalled beauty. She was still very young, and the lustre of her complexion was heightened by the deep glow which suffused her lovely countenance as she addressed the young officer. "It is from you, generous countryman, that an unfortunate captive hopes for her liberation. I am

the daughter of a noble house, and in a voyage which I recently made with a near relation, I had the misfortune to be captured by Mahmud, and the still greater one of inspiring him with a violent passion. Hitherto he has treated me with respect, but irritated by my constant refusal of his vows, he has at last declared a resolution to have recourse to force. Without your assistance then, sir, death must be my portion, for it is by death alone that I can escape dishonour."

"Fear not, madam," interrupted Frederic with vivacity: "Mahmud has no longer a right over you. We have agreed that all the Christian captives are to be liberated. I will inform the admiral of Mahmud's shameful breach of the treaty, and to-morrow——"—"Ah!" interrupted she mournfully, "you know not Mahmud: the moment that he receives an order to give me liberty, he will immolate me to the fury of his jealous rage: it is you alone that can restore me to my country."

Frederic could not resist the supplicating tone in which these words were uttered: he eagerly assured the beautiful unknown that she might command him; he was ready to risk every thing for her service. "Thanks, generous stranger," cried she; "I hope that at this moment the risk will not be great. Mahmud has received orders to command during two days the troops at the palace: confident of the fidelity of Bertholda, he has committed me to her care, leaving some trusty slaves as our guards: knowing that it would be hopeless to corrupt the fidelity of these men, she has contrived to administer a sleeping draught to them, and they will not recover from its effects till

the morning is far advanced. She has also contrived to procure seamen's dresses for herself and me: our escape from this house is therefore easy and certain, and if you have, as I hope, a boat in waiting, you can easily convey us on board your ship."

As Frederic had fortunately taken the precaution to desire two of the sailors to keep a boat in readiness, he begged the lady to hasten her departure. She quitted the room, and returned in a few minutes with her slave disguised as sailors. The fair face of the lovely *incognita* was suffused with blushes, as she timidly, and in a voice scarcely audible, said to Frederic, "We are ready." Bertholda led the way to the apartment by the window of which Frederic had entered: he descended by means of the rope-ladder, and in a few moments received in his arms the fair stranger, who, checking by a strong effort the emotions she was evidently agitated with, besought him to lose no time in gaining the boat. Little more than an hour brought them to it: the night was calm, and they soon reached the vessel in safety.

The first care of Frederic was to procure his fair companion some refreshment, and to install her and Bertholda in the possession of his cabin. He then awaited the rising of Captain d'Amfreville, to whom he related what he had done, and found the brave seaman delighted at his having been the means of restoring a countrywoman to liberty; but when the lieutenant spoke of her extraordinary beauty, D'Amfreville told him, laughing, to take care, that in giving her freedom he had not lost his own.

What were the feelings of Fre-

deric when, in his next interview with the fair stranger, he learned that it was the destined bride of Charles whom he had snatched from death or dishonour! Adelaide, in revealing her name and rank, mentioned also the alliance projected by the marquis and the *vicomte*. "It was," continued she, "a few days after my father had answered the marquis's letter, that my uncle, the Comte de St. Foix, a bachelor, who designed me for his heir, solicited permission from my parents to take me with him to Barcelona. As he was speedily to return, and they knew that he would not only be grieved, but offended by the refusal of his request, they consented; and we set sail, little imagining what misfortunes we were about to encounter. A violent tempest drove us out of our course, and scarcely had it subsided, when we were attacked by an Algerine vessel, commanded by Mahmud. Ah, heaven! never can I forget the horrors of that combat! My poor uncle perished; the greater part of our crew shared his fate; and after a scene of carnage, terrible to think of, our vessel struck to the corsair."

We need not repeat the warm thanks to her deliverer with which the fair Adelaide concluded her narrative. Her expressions of gratitude deeply penetrated a heart already but too sensible of her charms. Love was a passion to which Frederic had hitherto been a stranger; but the little tyrant, whom at some time or other we must all obey, now asserted his power: he reigned triumphantly over the heart of Frederic, who, conscious of the hopelessness of his passion, strove to disguise its existence from himself. He

was roused from this delusion by D'Amfreville's asking him one day abruptly, whether he had any hope of marrying Mademoiselle de Volmar. "I!" exclaimed Frederic; "good heaven, captain, how can you think I could entertain such a presumptuous idea?"—"Why truly, my good friend, when a handsome young fellow shews clearly to a beautiful girl that he loves her to distraction, one may be forgiven for supposing that he hopes to marry her."—"But my birth forbids even the possibility of indulging such an idea."—"I am afraid it does," replied D'Amfreville in a serious tone, "and it is for that reason that I wish to rouse you to a sense of the folly which you are guilty of, a folly which promises not only to embitter your own days, but those of Mademoiselle de Volmar. Nay, hear me," continued the honest seaman, silencing by a motion of his hand the impetuous Frederic: "lulled in a false security, you conceal from yourself not only the love which you feel for the lady, but that with which you have inspired her. It is true you have not owned your passion, but does not every look betray it? and, ignorant as she is of the insuperable bars to your union, may not she reasonably flatter herself that circumstances will induce her father to break off the intended match, in order to bestow her upon you, to whose bravery alone it is owing that he has recovered her? You know this cannot be, and by suffering her to remain in this delusion, you become the destroyer of her peace." The conscience-struck Frederic was for a moment silent; at length he asked, in a faltering voice, "What would you have me do?"—"See

her as seldom as you can, and renounce your intention of conveying her to her friends."

Frederic assented to the first of these propositions, but no arguments could induce him to agree to the last. He persisted in declaring that it was a sacred duty for him to convey Adelaide to her parents; and the captain, satisfied with having warned him of his danger, and with seeing that he avoided Mademoiselle de Volmar as much as he could, ceased to contest the point.

The innocent Adelaide, who never suspected either the state of her own heart or that of Frederic, was sensibly grieved at his cold and altered manner. She was sometimes on the

point of asking in what she had offended him, but a natural timidity sealed her lips. Frederic, true to the good resolutions which he had formed, saw her very rarely, even after he parted from D'Amfreville to convey her to Marseilles, which at length they reached in safety. Who can paint the joy of the parents when they once more pressed to their bosoms that beloved child of whom they thought death had deprived them? for it was universally believed that the vessel in which their darling sailed, had been wrecked in the violent storm that happened soon after her departure.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. I.

WE have had the "*Confessions of an Opium-eater*," of "*A Drunkard*," of "*A Glutton*," and of various other odd fish and queer animals: now I flatter myself that the "*Confessions of a Rambler*," of one who has traversed various climes, and observed men and manners in different countries as well as his own, may be quite as entertaining, perhaps more instructive, and certainly as moral, as any of those above-mentioned.

"I have observed," says Addison, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to a right understanding of the author." This opinion of our great moral essayist is so gratifying to the variety of us irritable beings, who are often "tickled

with a feather," that I will not labour to disprove it, but rather encourage belief in its truth, by letting my readers a little into the secret of my own family history.

It is to be presumed that I had a father and mother, though I never knew either; for as Nature never yet sent a man into the world without those necessary adjuncts, I do not imagine myself to be an exception. My earliest recollections lead me to a neat and pleasant mansion, situated in a village in Norfolk, not a hundred miles removed from the county-town of that portion of the kingdom, where lived my dear aunt Tabitha, with an establishment composed of a young woman, who resided with her as a companion, and whom I well remember, for her beauty and sweetness deeply interested and engaged my young heart. There was too an old servant, who officia-

ted as butler, steward, footman, and indeed in half a dozen other capacities besides. He had resided in the family ever since he was an urchin about as high as my knee, and, from his long servitude, thought himself entitled to "speak his mind freely," as he called it, which meant, being at times downright impertinent and saucy; a fault that was tolerated, partly on account of his old and faithful services, and partly on account of his affection for his mistress, which was so great, that I very well recollect, "once upon a time" when my aunt was severely indisposed, honest John fell sick from sympathy, and absolutely kept his bed till Tabitha recovered, when he wept for joy, and was in a day or two capable of going about his numerous avocations as intently and as saucily as ever. Then there was the house-keeper, "Mrs. Mayflower," as she always insisted upon being called by her companions in the kitchen, whilst in the parlour she was "Mistress Mary." She was a fine old evergreen, and I think I now hear her describing the conquests of her "youthful days," talking of the havoc she made among the hearts of the party-coloured gentry, and telling her favourite love-tale of how "the young Lord Poppleton was smitten with her charms, and was obliged to be sent the grand tour, because his father the earl and his mother the countess were afraid he should disgrace their noble blood by marrying farmer Mayflower's daughter." Heaven rest her soul! for the grave has long since closed over her. Well, we had besides a boy to run of errands, a little girl to wait upon Mrs. Mayflower and her mistress alternately, and Betty the

cook, who possessed one of the best-natured rosy-cheeked countenances I ever beheld. These, with two pug dogs, a tabby cat, and a parrot, constituted my worthy aunt's household.

Of that aunt herself I have yet to speak. She was one of the best creatures breathing—she was charity itself—meek, humble, and obliging. She hated the formal pride of modern manners, and loved the patriarchal simplicity of the olden time, when the master and his dependents sat at the same table, and when the roof under which the latter was born sheltered his declining age.

Ne flattery did corrupt her truth,

Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;

Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did bear.

The worthy Lady Bountiful of the village, she understood some little of pharmacy:

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak

That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew; and though no Puritan, she sometimes administered real christian advice and consolation, with assistance of another kind. In her neighbourhood she was beloved, in her family adored.

In that family then I lived, a merry urchin ten years of age, careless and gay, recking little how the world wagged if I could but enjoy my frolicsome sports, and see my dear aunt smile upon me. Now I am a staid sober man, thirty summers have passed over my head since that happy period when

Careless I roved in youth's joyful day:

if I am not wiser, at least I have more knowledge of the world; if I am not more rational, I have learned to expect less from my fellow-men—I have formed juster notions of things. I

am still a bachelor, unblessed with that "good thing," a "good wife;" but shall be very happy to enter the nuptial state with any lady who is good-tempered and amiable in disposition, lovely in person, accomplished, and all that sort of thing; and not more than five and twenty. As to money, as I have enough for both,

I care not whether she has any or not. If such a one should be inclined to join her fortunes with an honest, though rather a capricious, mortal, I shall be happy to hear from her; and, when once tied in wedlock's holy bond, she will not find me

A RAMBLER.

EBORACUM.

THE BEGGAR-WOMAN OF THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN.

As the Marquis de Rosny was one morning turning the corner of a street in the Chaussée d'Antin, his charity was solicited by an old woman in the following terms: "Sir, for the sake of her you love best give a *sous* to a poor miserable creature!" De Rosny stopped and surveyed the suppliant with a look of pity. She was bent nearly double, and appeared, either from age or infirmity, scarcely able to support herself with the aid of a crutch. "The day is too cold for you to be out, my good woman," said the marquis. "You seem to be ill, go home and nurse yourself a little." As he spoke, he slipped ten francs into her hand. "Now may all the saints bless your bountiful heart!" cried the beggar; "and yet it goes against my conscience to take your money."—"And why?"—"Because it is more than you ought to give, after losing so much as you did last night."

"How do you know of my loss?" cried the surprised De Rosny.—"Oh, I have a little bird, who whispered the matter to me, and told me also how you might retrieve it, if you were not too proud to take advice."—"What advice do you mean to give me."—"Play with the Italian till you retrieve the amount of your loss, and then desist: quit the table that mo-

ment," continued she earnestly, "or else you are a ruined man."—"Truly, my good mother, you perplex me not a little. Can you suppose—"—"I suppose nothing; I do not go on conjecture but facts: I tell you the Italian is a sharper, who will strip you of your last penny if you give him an opportunity."

The *comte* was struck by the earnestness of her manner, though he was not superstitious enough to put any faith in her prediction. To his surprise, however, it was verified: he recovered that evening the money he had lost on the preceding one, and the excessive importunity with which the Italian urged him to play on roused his suspicions: he had consequently the prudence to decline playing any more, to his antagonist's evident disappointment.

The following morning De Rosny hastened to the spot where he had seen the old woman on the preceding day, but she was not there, and for several days he sought her in vain. The love of gaming was the *comte's* principal failing, and his unsuspecting disposition rendered him too often the prey of sharpers, but this adventure made him for some time cautious whom he played with. He was challenged one evening by a Russian, who seemed to have little skill, but

who talked with all the confidence of a first-rate player. De Rosny refused his challenge, and laughed at his gasconade; but, in spite of himself, he soon became nettled at the sarcastic compliments which the other paid to his prudence: he engaged, with a determination not to suffer himself to be drawn into deep play; but he was no match for the arts of the Russian, and in a few hours he had lost a sum, the payment of which would leave him nearly a beggar.

"You will give me a few days to raise this money," said he to his antagonist as he rose from the table.—"Oh! certainly," replied the Russian: "I had intended to leave Paris to-morrow, but a day or two will not signify." These words made it evident to poor De Rosny, that the baron, with all his politeness, wanted the money as soon as he could get it. He retired with a calm countenance, but a heart bursting with anguish and self-reproach, and early the following morning he sent for his notary, to whom he gave directions to sell his estates immediately. The notary began to dissuade him from parting with them at this moment, because it was a very bad time to sell. "No words, sir," cried the *comte*, fiercely interrupting him; "I tell you it must be done instantly." The notary, half-frightened and half-affronted, replied that he should be obeyed, and hastily retired.

Left to himself, De Rosny tried to collect his thoughts, and to devise some plan for the future: but it was impossible for him to arrange any that seemed feasible; and he was pacing his chamber in a most pitiable state of mental anguish, when the sound of a strange voice, vainly sup-

plicating admission from his valet, reached his ear from the antichamber. In its cracked and feeble tones, he recognised those of the old beggar-woman, and his good heart, even in this moment of extreme distress, felt a wish to thank one who would have preserved him from ruin if she could.

"You are come in time, my good mother," cried he, opening the door of his apartment, "to receive a last testimony of my gratitude."—"A last testimony, what do you mean?"—"I am going to quit Paris for ever."—"Not you indeed."—"I am serious: circumstances oblige me."—"No, they don't."—"Woman," cried the *comte* impetuously, "this is no time to sport with my feelings: I tell you I am ruined."—"And I tell you," replied the old woman very coolly, "you are not. In less than one hour you will receive again the money you have lost, with a formal acquittance of your supposed debt."—"Impossible!"—"You will find, however, it is true. Have you forgotten my last prediction?"

The confidence of her tone startled De Rosny. "Do not deceive me, I beseech you," cried he.—"I swear to you," answered she solemnly, "that I tell you the truth." The *comte* could no longer doubt her word. "My preserver," cried he, attempting to catch her in his arms. She evaded his embrace with more nimbleness than might have been expected, and standing aloof with all the coyness of a youthful beauty, "Compose yourself, *comte*," cried she, "and listen to me. I expect a stronger proof of your gratitude than a little money or an embrace."—"Ask what you please, I promise to grant

it."—"Well, then, I take you at your word. Swear to me, that from this moment you renounce gaming for ever." De Rosny gave her his promise without hesitation, and with a fixed determination to keep it.—"And now, mother," cried he, "you must leave off your trade, and sit down to enjoy yourself in peace and comfort for the rest of your days. I will immediately secure to you a decent maintenance, and you may either reside at one of my country-seats, or have a lodging of your own in Paris, as you please."—"My dear *comte*, I thank you for a proposal which is like yourself: believe me I shall be always grateful for it, though I cannot accept it."—"And why?"—"I have a fondness for my present way of life: it has its inconveniencies to be sure, but then it has its pleasures too."—"Pleasures!"—"Yes: in the first place, I am not dependent on any one."—"O my good mother, could you consider yourself dependent on him who would be indebted to you for every thing?"

These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, affected the old woman, but they did not alter her resolution. De Rosny and she were still debating the point, when a packet was delivered to him, containing his money and an acquittance of his debt. He implored the mendicant to tell him how she had extricated him; but on this point she would give him no satisfaction, neither would she accept of a large sum which he would have forced upon her; but taking only a few francs, she quitted him, with a promise of seeing him again in a few days; and the *comte* took care to desire his servants to admit her whenever she should call.

Three days only had elapsed be-

fore old Manon presented herself at the Hotel de Rosny. "*Ah! comte*," cried she, as she entered, "I am now the harbinger of bad news. Your life is threatened—threatened did I say?—it is in the most imminent danger. A villain, who has been prevented from plundering you, has sworn your death. You must leave Paris if you would save yourself from the dagger of an assassin."—"Explain yourself, my good Manon."—"The Italian, with whom you first played, was in league with the Russian, who has been forced to return your money: half that sum was destined for the Italian, and frantic at losing it, he has vowed that you shall pay his disappointment with your life."—"Don't fear for me, my kind Manon, I shall always go armed."—"But what will arms avail against an enemy like this? O *comte*, I beseech you, leave Paris!"—"Impossible! I should despise myself were I to act so pusillanimously." In vain Manon urged and prayed, De Rosny was inflexible; all she could obtain was a promise that he would have arms about his person, and that he would not be out alone at a late hour.

A month passed, and De Rosny, though he still continued to observe these precautions, began to think they were superfluous. He had an engagement one evening very near his own house, and as the day had but just closed in, and the evening was fine, he neither took his carriage nor attendants: he was just turning the corner of the street in which his friend lived, when he thought he heard a stealthy step behind him, and at that moment a man aimed a blow at him with a *stilétto*; but the arm of the villain was suddenly arrested by Manon, who, unperceived,

was alone behind him. Disengaging himself with the quickness of lightning, the miscreant buried the stiletto in the poor mendicant's side. He shifted the stiletto to his left hand with the quickness of lightning, and again aimed at the *comte*, who rushed upon him, but missed his blow, and buried his weapon in the bosom of the mendicant. She fell covered with blood into the arms of the horror-struck *comte*: the assassin would have escaped, but the shriek of Manon as she fell brought assistance, and the ruffian was secured. De Rosny bore her into the nearest house, and sent for medical aid: as he placed her upon a couch her senses returned, and in a faint voice she desired to be left alone with him for a moment.

De Rosny, spite of his agitation, was struck with astonishment at the sweet and youthful accent in which these words were uttered. "It is only at a moment like this," said she, as soon as they were alone, "that I may be permitted to tell you that you see in me the daughter of the Marquis d'Alvarez, whose life you once saved: young as I then was, the gratitude I felt for my father's preserver soon ripened into a passion, which your refusal of my hand could not extinguish. Heaven has permitted me to prove to you the sincerity of that affection, which nothing but the approach of death could ever have induced me to reveal." As she uttered these words, she again fainted, and it was so long before she recovered her senses, that the distracted De Rosny thought they were fled for ever.

But heaven spared him the pang of having caused her death: the wound, though exceedingly danger-

ous, was not mortal, and the lovely Spaniard, after many weeks of danger and suffering, recovered to see herself the sovereign mistress of that heart which she had purchased at nearly the expense of her life. It was, however, long before she could be persuaded that it was really love which brought the *comte* to her feet; she feared that it was gratitude rather than passion which urged him to seek her hand: but this fear was at length dispelled by the tender and passionate attentions of De Rosny, who could not reflect without astonishment on his having ever refused the hand of a creature so lovely and so highly gifted. He forgot that at the time her father offered her to him her loveliness was that of a child, for she was scarcely fourteen. It was five years before the period of which we are writing, that the *comte* paid a visit to Madrid, where he became acquainted with the Marquis d'Alvarez, who, naturally hospitable, was particularly pleased with the young and amiable Frenchman: not contented with inviting him frequently to his house, he often made parties for his amusement. It chanced that in an aquatic expedition, which was undertaken on De Rosny's account, the marquis was seized with a giddiness in his head and fell overboard: he must have been lost had not the *comte*, at the imminent risk of his own life, plunged in and succeeded in keeping him above water till they were both taken up. This action made a deep impression upon the heart of Donna Teresa, who passionately loved her father. Her fading cheek and unusual gravity soon caught the attention of her fond and anxious mother, who no sooner discovered the state of her affections,

than she revealed it to the marquis, and he frankly offered the hand of his lovely heiress to the *comte*. But the volatile Frenchman's time was not come; he declined the honour with all due acknowledgments, and quitting Madrid shortly after, had thought no more of the fair Spaniard. The case was very different with her; he still lived in her heart, and when the death of her parents left her at her own disposal, she hastened to Paris, where, shutting herself up in a magnificent solitude, she employed a trusty emissary to watch the motions of the *comte*. She soon learned his attachment to gaming, and she contrived, by the means of her faithful spy, to learn also the plots laid against him. This man had formerly been an acquaintance of the Italian, and some words that he dropped led him to discover that the Russian was in reality a spy: this intelligence Donna Teresa luckily received in time to prevent the ruin of De Rosny, for the Russian gladly compounded to return the money, and leave France quietly, rather than be denounced to the police. The vindictive Italian, en-

raged at seeing his prey thus snatched from his grasp, inadvertently uttered some threats, which filled the fair Spaniard with terror, and finding it impossible to prevail on De Rosny to retire from the danger which threatened him, she availed herself of the romantic disguise in which she had drawn him from the dangers of the gaming-table, to watch over his destiny; nor did she lose sight of him from the moment in which she informed him of the Italian's treacherous designs till she prevented their accomplishment.

In a few months the fair Teresa yielded to the importunities of her lover, and they were united. It is said that De Rosny made such an excellent husband, that, during the whole course of their long and happy union, his fair consort never had the slightest reason to suspect his fidelity. I know not what credit the generality of my lovely married readers may be inclined to give to this part of my story, but at least I am sure they will agree with me, that if it was true of a French husband, it could be little less than a miracle.

GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

nor aught
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions.

MILTON.

HAVING my doubts whether a person is entitled to find fault with any thing, without shewing that he understands so much about it as will enable him to say how it ought to be, if the faults were removed; and having last month taken the liberty to animadvert rather freely upon two or three kinds of behaviour, it seems incumbent upon me in this paper to

offer a few observations upon *good behaviour*.

It will be recollected—but if it be recollected, why repeat it? or if forgotten, why recall what is deemed unworthy of remembrance?—To proceed then. Equally distant from the pseudo-handsome, the strange, the shabby, and the pretty, stands good behaviour; a thing much talked of

and universally admired, though it is not easily reduced to general terms; nor shall I attempt to reduce it, while my friend Urbanus presents so happy a personification of its chief excellencies. Urbanus is a man of respectable origin; being the youngest of a large family, the navy became, as it were by prescription, his profession. By improving the advantages which this erratic life affords for seeing a variety of countries, he acquired a great ease of manners and a fund of entertaining conversation. His brilliant exploits repeatedly introduced him to the most eminent officers, and his behaviour invariably confirmed the prepossession which his merit had inspired. His agreeableness was not assumed for the sake merely of his own advancement, or employed to ingratiate himself only where he stood a chance to profit by it. Not a man in his ship but was his friend; and though Urbanus is a strict disciplinarian, you might have seen, when she was paid off, the remnant of that hardy crew, which he had so often commanded in the most arduous engagements, wiping away, as they took leave of him, the tear of regret, which they seemed half ashamed to shew. The reputation he enjoyed among the worthies of his profession recommended him to the notice of several of the nobility, with whom, though his own rank is, I regret to say, inconsiderable, he lives on terms of the closest intimacy. One noble personage, to whom, in the habitual exercise of his good offices, Urbanus was able to render an essential service, has for years been his approved friend. And yet there is not the slightest particle of obsequiousness in the character of Ur-

banus; he can think for himself, and he has the candour to express what he thinks, if not with all the bluntness which is allowable in a sailor, yet with a modest firmness—the evident result of conviction, which is the most effectual of all persuasives. It is as well known that Urbanus has a natural turn for wit as that he has a sword, yet his use of it is so sparing and so discriminate, that his associates would as soon expect to be run through by the one as to be lashed by the other: both are kept out of sight till the proper moment for using them. He neither talks, nor dances, nor plays solely to please himself, or to shew off any fancied cleverness of his own, but for the gratification and amusement of his company. Nothing can be more amiable than his conciliating manner to the bashful, and his endeavours to bring forward retiring merit. Of course, one cannot expect that with so little leisure, and so few facilities for study, Urbanus should be a profound scholar or a philosopher; but he, notwithstanding, possesses a smattering of book-learning, and a very passable knowledge of the sciences, both of which he has gained by throwing out such hints, and giving such opportunities to the learned, with whom, in the course of his life, he has associated, as have led them to discourse on the subjects which they best understood. It may therefore be conceived, that Urbanus always appears easy and collected, always ready to give a clear answer, to join or take the lead in conversation; but it is all done without effort, unless I should call by that name the means he uses to make others equally at ease. The caresses of the great have not rendered him insensible to

the claims of his meaner acquaintances, for he values whatever interest he may have—over and above what is needful for himself—only so far as it may be serviceable to deserving people who may stand in need of his assistance. He omits no attention that can be grateful to their feelings, and would rather absent himself from a *fête*, than break an appointment with any one in adversity, or fail to enliven by his presence the couch of an invalid friend.

Hence it appears, that personal merit, talents, and philanthropy enter into the composition of the well-behaved; or in other words, that good behaviour is nothing else than the embodying or outward form of goodness itself. Far, therefore, from being that trivial thing which many represent it to be, it is of sufficient importance to be cultivated with the greatest assiduity. They asperse virtue most unpardonably, who, by their misbehaviour, give out, that she is a petulant, morose, gloomy, ill-bred, slovenly creature. And really, though it ill becomes me to say any thing illiberal, one cannot help suspecting that they have never once approached the being whose favours they pretend to engross. For “the two great ornaments of virtue,” says Mr. Addison, who knew her intimately, “which shew her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censorious-

ness.” It certainly is the duty of all who would promote the cause of virtue, to shew, in the pleasantness of their manners, and the suavity of their temper, as well as by the correctness of their morals, that all the agreeables are not on the side of vice; but that virtue has her beauties, her joys and fascinations, which, when fairly displayed, will be seen infinitely to surpass the unruly transports and the empty fleeting seductions of profligacy. But for this end some little exertion and a great deal of self-denial are requisite. We must not yield to that unfeeling listlessness which induces such ill behaviour as yawning and composing ourselves at private concerts, or select selections, be they ever so flat and somniferous. Indeed we cannot in reason expect to be well received any where, without contributing our due share of entertainment: by which I do not mean that every visitor should furnish a given quantity of talk, for a judicious silence is often a more useful commodity, and to regulate it gives great occasion for the interference of self-denial. We must check the fiery impatience to attract attention, and the inordinate love of monopolizing it, and the dishonest propensity of seizing a bright thought while it is yet in embryo, and saying it under favour of our own rapid utterance, before its hesitating parent has time to get through the parturition. Above all, if we would live in peace, we must repress a sour and captious disposition, which, while it lasts, possesses the best of men to such a degree, that it would seem easier to perform a great action than to preserve an even temper. A man whose refined humanity extends to the preservation of a drowning fly,

may, with a single peevish expression, or the chilling glance of indifference, give rise to the deepest anguish in the most ingenuous bosoms.

Be it remembered that true goodness of behaviour is not confined to any privileged rank; it renders to all their due—deference to superiors, affability to equals, kindness and consolation to inferiors. It is true, the same mode of shewing it is not customary; that would produce confusion, besides being infinitely ridiculous and unavailing: but because a lackey has no title, has he therefore no name? because he is destitute of pomp and circumstance, is he therefore without the spirit of a man? Persons who have lived long enough to watch “the various turns of fate below” can tell us, that of those who now appear in mean situations, many are descended of good families, and have been educated for very different purposes than to be domineered over. In an especial manner is the very best behaviour called forth towards females. In whatever honest capacity the sex minister to man, an honour is conferred upon him; and if Fortune, blind to their charms, which she certainly might envy were her sight restored, has placed them beneath us, their very situation confers a gracefulness upon our good behaviour towards them, and affords a wider range to all our purest emotions.

The perfection of good behaviour to females thus unprotected and in our power is so admirably portrayed in the conduct of one of the politest, as well as bravest, men that ever lived, that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage*.—Scipio the younger, when only twenty-four years

* *Liv. lib. xxvi. c. 49.*

old, was intrusted by the Roman republic with the command of the army against the Spaniards. By his extraordinary skill and intrepidity he took by storm the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. The plunder was immense; some thousands of freemen were made prisoners, and above three hundred distinguished persons of both sexes were received as hostages. Among the latter an ancient lady, the sister-in-law of Indibilis, king of the Ilergetes, appeared before him, surrounded with the daughters of Indibilis and several other ladies of rank, all in the flower of youth and beauty. The matron advanced a little before the melancholy group, and throwing herself at the feet of the conqueror, implored him to direct those who were to have the custody of the ladies, to treat them with the respect due to their sex and condition. Scipio, not fully understanding her, assured her that they should want for nothing. “But,” she resumed, “we care not for those conveniences: in our state of misfortune what will not suffice for us? When I behold the loveliness of these princesses, and think of the licentiousness to which they may now be exposed, I am filled with very different apprehensions. For myself I have nothing to fear, old age being my protection.” When Scipio perceived the object of her prayer, he answered, “My own glory and that of the Roman people forbid that virtue, which ought every where to be held sacred, should in my camp be exposed to indignity, particularly since you, with so many causes of alarm, have made the preservation of your honour the first object of your solicitude.” He then committed the

care of the ladies to officers of known prudence, strictly enjoining that they should be treated with all the respect and fidelity that would have been shewn to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their nearest friends and allies.

© Φ.

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

(Continued from p. 69.)

AMONG the many idlers who were attracted by the good cheer at our house, was one whom I wished to make my own peculiar property, one who seemed to be as superior to his companions as does always the *beau idéal* of a simple girl. He was not long in finding out, notwithstanding all my coquettish airs, the preference which my heart owned for him, and he immediately proceeded to profit by this knowledge, and to pay me the most constant attention. Excepting the sly insinuations of an old violoncello-player, who swore we must come together because we were always quarreling, I believe no one else ever imagined that the smallest love lay between us. Before company did he advance any opinion, I was the first to oppose it. He always ridiculed what I admired; of course, I ever admired what he condemned: but love will out as well as murder; and on his pretending one day that he had purchased a commission, and afterwards declaring he was about to join on the following day, I suffered him to discover me in tears; nay, he even drew from me a confession, that I preferred him to every man I had ever been acquainted with; and he achieved all this without even betraying a similar emotion. Too late I reflected on my conduct, that I, who had prided myself so much on my high spirit, had been drawn into an acknowledgment unauthorized by any demonstration of similar feelings on his part, except indeed those attentions which every man lavishes on a pretty woman. Judge then my rage when he informed me, that his story of entering the army was a manoeuvre to lure this confession from me! He perceived from the agony expressed in my countenance that a coming storm was approaching, when seizing my hand in a fit of real or feigned passion, he confessed what ought first to have proceeded from his lips—that he had long adored me. Beaumont was allowed by every body to be a gentleman every inch of him: he was tall and most interestingly slender; his face was delightfully pallid. Nature had not bestowed on him any vulgar organs of sight; he was always obliged to have recourse to a quizzing-glass for effective vision. His teeth were white as ivory, his fingers long and taper, and his nails the most beautiful I ever beheld. He waltzed, he drew, he played on the clarionet and piano; he recited equal to Kemble, and could bring home by ear every tune in the last new opera. Besides this, he wrote sonnets for “The World” and other papers, was the author of a romance, and knew every fashion before it was let loose in Bond-street. He could explain the armorial bearing on every carriage; and could tell why Lord A. was parted from Lady B. almost as soon as the affair commenced: in short, his knowledge was as multifarious as curious. It was in vain, af-

ter the explanation he had drawn from me, to dissemble; and at length we were married.

To many parents the loss of a child, from whose service they derived their only support, would have caused despair: not so mine. Beaumont had told my father that he possessed an annuity of 100*l.* per annum, allowed him by a certain nobleman, the *friend* of his late mother, and that he was intended for a barrister, and little doubted of being lord chancellor before he died. This climax satisfied my parents, as they had no other idea than that of transferring the assistance which they wanted from me to him, who was taking from them their only chance of living. For some time he allowed this claim, but he soon cast them off, when they, tiring alternately the whole circle of their acquaintance, at length gave up their lives in obscurity, far, far from that child who, had they educated her properly, would never have withheld her assistance, nor perhaps have united herself with one destined to the bar. Oh! this bringing up to the bar, this eternal silencer of important questions, this excuse for folly, idleness, and extravagance, what do we not owe to it? All the genius of a Fielding or a Colman; but the possessor of which, alas! only sufficed to point a moral and adorn a tale. All the ribaldry of the loosest lettered genius do we owe to this life of learned or iniquitous leisure, and which has perforce brought many a one to that bar, not as the pleader, but as the impeached. Every body said that Beaumont would be the terror of the circuit, but every body is sometimes mistaken. While he held forth on every popular subject to

those who were incapable of rightly judging, all applauded. Alas! he had a higher ordeal to go through, but he stopped on the threshold.

However, we were married; a house was taken and elegantly furnished, and the money was to be forthcoming in a twelvemonth. Beaumont had an imposing air, with somewhat of a bullying manner, which by many was taken for consequence, and every body seemed glad to give him credit. Wines, liquors, and splendid *un-necessaries* tumbled in, as if tradesmen had nothing else to do than confer their goods *gratis*. We gave dinner-parties of the most splendid kind: but I might have mentioned, that we quarreled on our wedding-day, and never passed any other day without some trifling expostulation. Expostulations, however, became more and more feeble on my part; for Beaumont, by his very violent behaviour soon after our nuptials, frightened me into compliance with every imprudence. In disputing with his own sex, he was always overbearing; if words convinced not, blows were tried. On the day of our marriage, I remembered his felling an unfortunate postillion to the earth for a slight contradiction; and I feared that one time or other, for lack of pugilistic practice, he might, to keep his hand in, try a hit with me. Proud, dictatorial, and paradoxical, in his own family he tyrannized; but the elegant compliment, the fascinating smile, and the easy acquiescence, were still left for a new acquaintance; and I have often longed to throw my arms about his neck before a large party which he was entertaining with all his fascinating powers, but on the departure of which

he would call in the demon of discontent and be himself again. These gleams of sunshine, however, lasted not long, for my husband was so exceedingly clever, that he imagined few worthy to talk to him without contradiction; and having a picture of his own painting refused by the committee of Somerset-House, and a volume of poems running the whole round of booksellers to no purpose, he deemed himself competent to discuss the whole circle of arts and sciences. But to more serious matters.

Hitherto we had proceeded tolerably well: we had not yet to fear at every knock at the door that some unwelcome dun might make his appearance; for we had not been married a year, when one day my husband, being in one of his kindest fits, after declaring that he believed his French wines were the best in the world, invited me to go with him to a public masquerade. I, who was never behind in any scheme of folly, readily consented. I did indeed attempt some feeble remonstrance about propriety and decorum; but as I knew that when he once gave his mind to any thing he was not to be disappointed, my scruples were easily overruled. At twelve o'clock then we set off for the Opera-House as *Apollo* and *Daphne*. I don't know why, unless it was because I was about to behold what I had never seen before, but my heart beat violently, nor did my spirits rise, as was usual with them when about to visit scenes of merriment, in my journey to the Haymarket. They were not more elevated by the discordant noises made by the mob, who, as we left our coach, bestowed upon us the most opprobrious epithets, which they continued to do on every fresh com-

er. On entering the house, the variegated lamps were but just lighted; a blue vapour filled the apartments, and but few persons had arrived. Beaumont, to raise my spirits, severely reprov'd me for bringing him thus early—it was so *gauche*, so downright *bourgeoise*—and he left the sofa on which we were sitting, to gossip with a Nabob, whose manners at least seemed unnecessarily of a doubtful character.

I felt happier when he returned to me, for I fancied that I was the subject of their conversation. By this time many masks had arrived. Some clowns and pantaloons, paid possibly by the proprietors to make themselves agreeable, endeavoured to excite the people to mirth, which they did but coldly, recollecting probably how much they had to do before the night would be over. I felt now some excitation to pleasure from the music and the new glare of light with which I was surrounded, and at length, at the desire of Beaumont, joined a country-dance with some harlequins, fair Circassians, two Quakers, and a gouty alderman. We then lounged about and danced, and lounged and danced again; and I should, I dare say, have soon fallen in with the magic influence of the scene, had not the irascibility of my husband kept me in a painful reality of feeling. As *Apollo* he frequently *touched* his lyre, but not drawing forth very sweet sounds, several masques, in imitation of the noises in the opera of *Midas*, brayed loudly: he always violently resented this, and it was not without difficulty that I could restrain him from striking his opponents. The last time he endeavoured to discourse most delicate music, this hubbub was greater than

ever; he became indeed exasperated beyond bounds; he threw his lyre at the head of a blue devil, who ran off with it, and while Beaumont was pursuing him, he received a violent slap from the wand of a harlequin behind him, who, vaulting over his head, kicked off the laurel crown from the brow of his godship. Relinquishing his former game, he then gave chase to the unlucky harlequin, leaving me not a pursued but a pursuing nymph. Great was my terror on completely losing sight of the great god of day, for I seemed in my turn fair game for those who might think hunting me more entertaining than following my husband. At length I espied my Apollo, for luckily he was the only one that evening who had assumed so high a character. He was excessively flurried; but we danced again, and again I recovered my spirits. In due time the supper-room was thrown open. What a scene of confusion now took place! The rebuffs Beaumont had met with I now saw had spoiled him for the night. To recover himself he drank largely of wine, and insisted on my taking some also; and at length he became noisy. A shrimp-woman (or man) had stuck her fork into some tongue at the same time that I had: Beaumont conceived this to be an insult. The lady protested she would have the tongue. My husband declared as pertinaciously that he or she

should not, till at length, mutually irritated, in spite of my intercession, they jumped up to fight it out, and upset the table over me. I fell, covered with ham, pastry, chickens, &c. &c. My senses forsook me, and I knew no more, until, on awaking the following morning with a dreadful headache, I found myself in a strange apartment. On ringing a bell, Beaumont came to my bedside with a silk handkerchief about his head: one eye was much cut and very black, the effect of his *rencontre* with the shrimp-lady, who had escaped little better, and I learned that the business had been made up by the company. He had owned that I was his wife, and they had carried me insensible to the nearest hotel. I endeavoured to read him a lecture on such conduct, but he soon informed me by his manner, that this was what he would never submit to, desiring me to dress. We returned home, where I had abundant leisure bitterly to regret this evening's amusement.

This adventure, however, tended to repress much of my inconsiderate behaviour; but Beaumont would never rest long in quietness. A round of company continued to frequent our house; but these parties were in some measure arrested by another of the many strange events in which I was destined to be involved.

(To be continued.)

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

PHILOSOPHERS and poets have described the golden age, the age of silver, and the age of iron. Moderns have supplanted those antiquated times by the age of reason—satirists affirm that it should be denominated

the age of brass; but another term seems more appropriate—the pedestrian age. We have not only walking gentlemen-tourists, but ladies, with a little leathern case of necessities strapped to their shoulders, make

peregrinations of no small extent. The education of the feet often supersedes improvement of the head. Dancing is the universal passion. We allow that, if not carried to excess, the salient poetry of motion is a graceful and innocent recreation: the quadrille exhibits at once more beautiful attitudes than the minuet, and elegant animation more enchanting than the reel or country-dance: because, unless the movements are needlessly hurried, they will not blowze the features and inflame the complexion like the rapid curvets that keep time to our sprightly national music.

We have said that dancing is the universal passion of refined moderns. A far wider range may be included; for all nations, civilized or savage, are dancers. Even the proud, grave, indolent Ottoman foots it away under the inspiring influence of his secret vinous beverage, or the stimulus of opium; and the wild sullen tribes of North America have their war-dance. In the early ages of the world, dancing held in divine worship a place not inferior to poetry and music. King David played the harp and danced in pious ecstasy before the ark of Jehovah. The most polished and intellectual heathens at Delos considered music and dancing as essential in religious ceremonies. Chorusses of boys with lutes and flutes performed pedestrian evolutions to harmonious sounds, and from these accompaniments some songs were called *hypochremata*. They were divided into three kinds: the *prosodion*, or supplication, when the sacrifices were brought forward to the altar; the *hypochrema*, sung in full chorus, the performers dancing around the altar when the sacrifices

were put to the fire; and this dance seems to have been common to men and women. The song which succeeded the dance, when all stood still, was called *stasimon*. When the dancers moved in front of the altar, they went from left to right, in imitation of the zodiac, whose motion in the heavens appears direct from west to east; and following the celestial course, they moved back from right to left.

Dancing has had eloquent advocates among the sages of antiquity and of more recent days. Plato says, that the lower animals want in their motion the sense of order and disorder, from the due composition and regulation of which arise numbers and harmony: but man, being admitted to the company and conversation of the gods, has received from them a sense of number, of harmony, of sweetness and delight, of musical measures, and of dancing.

Montesquieu observes, that dancing pleases by its lightness, by a certain grace, by the beauty and variety of its attitudes, and by its connection with music.

It is but fair to contrast these encomiums with Roman opinions on the same subject. L. Murena, one of the consular candidates, was brought to trial for the scandal of his life; and the greatest crime laid to his charge was—dancing. Cicero, in his defence of Murena, admonishes Cato “not to bring forward such a calumny as to denominate the consul of Rome a dancer; and to consider how many crimes a man must be guilty of, before that of dancing could truly be imputed to him; since no man ever danced, even in solitude or in a private company of friends, who was not drunk or mad—dancing being

known as the last act of riotous banquets and gay scenes of dissolute jollity. Cato, therefore, in effect charged Murena with the offspring of many vices." This philippic against dancing has been paralleled by the declamation of fanatics in the 19th century, who carry their opposition to that harmless pleasure as far as the Roman censor, or the orator who delivered the preceding speech sixty-four years before the Christian era.

The authorities in favour of dancing exceed beyond comparison the sentences against it. We shall mention but one ancient and one modern in addition to the above citations. If the limping poet Tyrtæus figured as

a hero, and the lame Agesilaus has been celebrated as the greatest warrior of his time, the Athenians elected Phrynicus their general, because he performed the pyrrhic dance extremely well in a play. Lord Crawford, distinguished at Fontenoy by valour and presence of mind, was the finest dancer at the court of George II. He performed the pyrrhic dance in the presence of their majesties. Many of the heroes of Waterloo appear in the gay quadrille with such perfection of attitude and motion, that to them may be applied the apt encomium of Noverre: "always graceful, sometimes a butterfly, sometimes a zephyr."

B. G.

ABBEY RUINS, BY MOONLIGHT.

IMPOSING must have been the sight,
Ere desolation found thee,
When morning's radiance, breaking bright,
With new-born glories crown'd thee;

When, rising from the neigh'ring deep,
The eye of day survey'd thee,
Arous'd thine inmates from their sleep,
And in his beams array'd thee.

E'en now my fancy half recalls
That scene of long-past splendour,
And sees thy proudly sculptur'd walls
Reflected light surrender.

I see the bright sun's glorious rays
Thine eastern oriel light'ning,
Where saints and martyrs by its blaze
In rainbow hues are bright'ning.

Nor thus to Fancy's eye alone
Thine earlier glories glisten;
Her ear can dwell on many a tone,
To which 'tis sweet to listen.

Methinks I hear the matin song
From those proud arches pealing;
Now loud and clear, now borne along,
On echo softly stealing.

And yet, however grand the scene
 My thoughts have been pourtraying,
 To me more touching far, I ween,
 What now I am surveying.

More touching, at this moonlight hour,
 Art thou in desolation,
 Than in thy more resplendent power
 Of earlier decoration.

More softly beautiful, by far,
 Thy silent ruins, sleeping
 In silv'ry moonshine, with that star
 Through yonder proud arch peeping.

How lovely seems that wallflower fringe,
 Which crests thy turrets hoary,
 Touch'd by the moon-beams with a tinge
 Of long-departed glory!

How sweetly looks that fleecy cloud
 Upon yon tall tower resting,
 Contrasted with the ivy shroud
 Its lofty height investing!

How spirit-soothing is the sound
 Of night-winds, softly sighing
 Through roofless walls and arches round,
 And then in silence dying!

Oh! let thy charms be what they would
 When first thy towers were planted,
 A nobler still, in thought's best mood,
 Is to thy ruins granted!

B.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

ANECDOTE OF A PAWNEE INDIAN.

AMONG the Pawnee tribes of North American Indians, the name of Braves is given to such warriors as have distinguished themselves in battle, and stand highest in the estimation of their countrymen. The following anecdote of a Brave, son of Old Knife, is taken from an interesting manuscript journal of Captain Bell, of his expedition to the foot of the Rocky Mountains in 1821, and the facts

are authenticated by Major O'Fallon, Indian agent, near the scene of the transaction here related, and also by the interpreter who witnessed the scene.

This Brave, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about twenty-five years old. At the age of twenty-one his heroic deeds had acquired him in his nation the rank of the bravest of the Braves. The savage practice of torturing and burn-

ing their prisoners to death existed in this nation. To this horrid death an unfortunate female of the Paduca nation taken in war was destined. The fatal hour had arrived: the trembling victim, far from home and friends, was fastened to the stake: the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the funeral pile was about to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, having unnoticed prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprung from his seat, rushed through the crowd, liberated the victim, caught her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied three days through the wilderness towards her home; he then gave her the horse on which she rode, with provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was his popularity that no inquiry was made into his conduct, and no censure passed on it; and since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or in any other of the Pawnee tribes. The practice is abandoned. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!

The publication of this anecdote at Washington induced the young ladies of Miss White's seminary in

that city, in a manner highly creditable to their good sense and feeling, to present this brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, with an appropriate inscription, as a token of their sincere commendation of the noble act. Their address delivered on this occasion closed thus: "Brother, accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes—and when again you have it in your power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue." The Pawnee's reply was: "Sisters, this medal will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done—I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

THE VALOUR OF HUMANITY.

In the summer of 1819, the yellow fever caused dreadful ravages among the British troops in Jamaica—particularly among regiments recently arrived. The contagion, like that at Malta, was so virulent, that all who attended the sick, with few exceptions, fell victims to their self-devotion. The soldiers who would have mounted a breach "to the cannon's mouth," were appalled by the terrific strides of disease, and in a body refused to wait upon the sick. The officers represented to them the cruelty of abandoning their brother soldiers in the last extremity of nature. After a short pause, four privates of the grenadiers stepped for-

ward, and offered their services for a duty more perilous than the forlorn hope in storming a fortified town. Two of these brave men in a short time fell under the pestilence, and the two others withdrew their assistance. Every heart was dismayed, when Colonel Hill of the 50th regiment heroically addressed the men: "Then, my men, we must change coats. Since I cannot find a soldier who will risk his own person to save the lives of his brothers in arms, I must take the duty upon myself." In ten days this true hero, this benevolent son of war, added another to the multitude that perished by the yellow fever. He was the oldest officer in the corps, and had served forty-seven years.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

White elephants are rare in nature, and so greatly valued in the Indies, that the King of Pegu hearing that the King of Siam had got two of those singular animals, sent an embassy in due form to request one of them as a token of friendship, or to purchase it at any price. Being refused, he thought his honour concerned to wage war for such an intolerable affront. So he entered Siam with a vast army, and at the expense of a million of lives, reckoning the loss on both sides, he made himself master of the white elephants, and retrieved his honour.

"Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,

Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife.

Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,

For some vile spot where fifty cannot feed.

Squirrels for nuts contend, and wrong or right,

For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.

What odds to us? — 'tis all the selfsame thing —

A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king."

WITCHCRAFT.

A poor infirm creature was brought before Chief Justice Holt as a criminal of the most abhorrent nature. "What is her crime?"—"Witchcraft."—"How is this proved?"—"She uses a spell."—"Let me see it." A scrap of parchment was handed to the judge. "How came you by this?" said he, addressing the culprit.—"A young gentleman, my lord, gave it me to cure my daughter's ague."—"Did it cure her?"—"Oh! yes, my lord, it cured her and many besides."—"I am glad of it. Gentlemen of the jury, when I was young and frolicsome, I went to this woman's public-house with some companions, thoughtless as myself: we had not among us money enough to clear our reckoning, so I hit upon a stratagem to satisfy our hostess. I observed her daughter was ill, and pretended I had a spell to cure her; I wrote the classic line you see: so that if any one is punishable it is I, not the poor woman, now a prisoner." She was acquitted by the jury, and the judge gave her a pecuniary compensation for the fright and obloquy she had suffered.

REFORMATION.

John Bunyan, the well-known author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was born and reared as a travelling tinker, whose father, and probably all his progenitors, exercised the same disreputable calling. Having entered the parliamentary army during the civil wars, he was imprisoned at the restoration; and while in confinement he wrote the celebrated allegory that has immortalized his name.

VOLUNTARY SUSPENSION OF ANIMATION.

Dr. Cheyne tells us that he and

Dr. Baynard, with Mr. Skrine, apothecary to Colonel Townsend, waited on that gentleman, who informed them he had discovered that he possessed the faculty of expiring, or seeming to expire, at pleasure. He had suffered much with a nephritic disorder, but spoke sensibly and distinctly, though in a weak voice, for a quarter of an hour. "He then insisted," says Dr. Cheyne, "that we should witness his deathlike assumptions. We all felt his pulse. It was quick but steady. He then composed himself on his back: while I held his right-hand pulse, Dr. Baynard kept his hand on the patient's heart, and Mr. Skrine held a bright looking-glass to his mouth. We perceived a gradual sinking of the pulse, and not a soil of his breath could be discerned on the looking-glass. We all examined the state of his pulse, and the appearance of the mirror. Not a symptom of life remained, and we were so alarmed, that we proposed informing Colonel Townsend's friends of his decease; but in about half an hour the signs of animation by degrees returned."

These are not the exact words of Dr. Cheyne, but the sense is correctly preserved.

THE AMERICAN MOCKING-BIRD.

When Colonel Hipplesley, after sailing up the Oronoco, had turned into the Apure, on the way to San Fernando, his people as usual landed to cook their suppers, and to rest for the night. At daybreak the colonel called aloud for one of the officers, and was told that he had gone to some distance. In a few seconds he heard a voice, similar to his own, cry out, "Denis! Denis! Denis!" with

Vol. II. No. IX.

the usual pause between each exclamation. This call Captain Denis heard, and answered that he would come directly. From the constant repetition, he concluded that the business must be urgent, and hastened accordingly. Several of the non-commissioned officers who heard the call, directed others to pass the word for Captain Denis, as the colonel wanted him. His hurried attendance surprised the colonel, and on inquiry into the circumstances, he found his very attentive, obliging, repeating friend in the form of a bird, perched on a tall tree near him. The voices and movements around caused him to betake himself to flight, making the woods re-echo the name of Denis.

MAGAZINES.

These light, elegant productions of the press act in the social body the part which the nerves and veins of each individual perform in conveying sensation and nutriment to the physical frame. They excite, encourage, and unfold the powers of genius. They supply variety adapted to every taste, and beneficial suggestions appropriate to each diversity of condition. They are the most pleasing compendiums of learning, of science, and of the arts: they dispense solid reflections for the serious and amusement for the gay, and they circulate with rapidity a knowledge of new inventions or improvements. They are the emporiums of mental food and medicine; and they are safe guides in all the intricacies of fashionable attire and furniture. In every branch of information they contain *multum in parvo*. They stimulate the indolent to the acquisition of some intelli-

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gence; they fill up in the most agreeable manner any interval of leisure obtained by the busy; they divert the invalid from that self-attention which aggravates suffering; and to such as cannot afford the purchase of a library, they impart, at a cheap rate, a select acquaintance with literature and with the manners of the

times "living as they rise." A family residing in the country would be ignorant of many particulars desirable to be known, unless the monthly miscellany conveyed pictures of town-existence, and wafted to them the intellectual stores of numberless publications.

HISTORY OF HURTADO AND MIRANDA.

IN 1526, Sebastian Cabot, grand pilot of Castile, was ordered to South America by the Emperor Charles V. with a small fleet and some soldiers, and a promise of speedy reinforcements, that might enable him to undertake some great enterprize. After waiting two years, Cabot returned to Spain, to expedite the armament. He left Nuna de Lara governor of Buenos Ayres, with injunctions to maintain that amicable traffic with the natives which hitherto had procured supplies of provision for the garrison. The good understanding continued, until Mangora, cacique of Timbucy, became violently enamoured of Miranda, a Spanish lady, who had recently arrived with her husband, an officer of high rank and conspicuous merit. Mangora, accustomed to illimitable licentiousness among his subject tribes, supposed he might accomplish his base design, if Miranda could be inveigled to his territory. He often sent her presents of the small luscious fig which grows on the pitahaya, a tree that produces no leaves, but the arms, elegantly fluted, and loaded with crimson fruit, display singular beauty; and Mangora assured the lady, she would find that its produce, taken fresh from the foot-stalks, had a much finer flavour than when carried

to some distance. As the pitahaya, when eaten just off the tree, conducted to health and longevity, the cacique urged Hurtado to take his lovely spouse, at least once in a moon, to renovate her constitution with this salutary fruit, which grew only at Timbucy and some remote quarters of California. He argued, that though near the Spanish garrison many herbs, shrubs, and trees charmed the senses; though the red cedar grew to an enormous height; the floripendia diffused rich perfumes; the molle conferred wine; the luma chased away fever and debility; the tuna and wild orange refreshed the labourer; the patague, with stupendous trunk and massive umbrage, afforded a grateful shade, and its clustering flowers decked the sportive little ones in their dance; though the favourite of the great spirit, the sacred canello, inspired the Indians with every pious, kind, and liberal sentiment as they drew near to the abode of illustrious strangers; the thorny carob and taper could supply nails and needles; the exhilarating cullen, jarella, palqui, and a thousand other blossomy, leafy, and wooded retreats were formed within the precincts occupied by the Europeans: yet Timbucy surpassed them all as a region of various fertility; and frequent so-

journs there would add to the precious days of Miranda.

So pleaded the artful Mangora; and Hurtado, a generous Castilian, accepted his invitation; but the sensitive delicacy of Miranda had been alarmed by symptoms in the behaviour of the cacique, and she prevailed with her lord to send for her an apology couched in respectful, yet decisive terms; and so conciliatory as to give no offence, since the subsistence of the fort depended in a great measure upon the Timbucyans. Mangora dissembled the pangs of disappointment, purposing to effect by stratagem what he despaired of accomplishing by more gentle allurements.

He knew that Hurtado often went as the conductor of a party of soldiers employed to purchase stores. He directed some of his creatures to watch the motions of the unsuspecting officer, and soon learned he was gone upon a foraging circuit, which would detain him several weeks. A large party of the bravest Indians were placed in ambuscade at a short distance from the fort, and Mangora came thither, attended by a few trusty men, bearing gifts of grain and fruits. Nuna de Lara welcomed the cacique with all marks of deference, and in perfect amity they seemed to be while they partook of a sumptuous banquet. Mangora appeared to forget his royal state in careless convivial glee. The gayest of the social circle, he sprung from his seat, dancing in transports of inebriated mirth. This was a preconcerted signal for assault. All the Europeans fell beneath the savage exterminating sword; but righteous Providence did not suffer Mangora to triumph in his perfidious crime. As soon as the trea-

chery became apparent, Nuna de Lara aimed a mortal thrust at his heart.

Miranda, with four other Spanish females and some children, was spared from the general massacre, and carried to Sirapia, the brother and successor of Mangora. Unhappily he also inherited the same ill-fated susceptibility of passion for European beauty; and the attractions of Miranda were rendered more affecting by profound, yet dignified grief. The majestic graces of genuine virtue, the pathetic appeals to his nobler feelings, humanized the savage chief. He behaved to his captive with tender respect, and with refined submission granted every request she made, excepting always her weeping entreaties to be restored to her husband.

The unfortunate Hurtado returning to his garrison, saw the scathed, ruined, deserted pile, and immediately conceived the origin and extent of his calamity. To ascertain whether Miranda was involved in the slaughter, or had been reserved for a more dreadful doom, he examined every corpse — Miranda's was not among them. In his distracting rage, he rushed forth to demand her from the Indians. Sirapia, being informed of his vehement claim, ordered him to be seized and led to execution. Miranda's tears procured a respite for her faithful and beloved spouse. Her interpreter even persuaded the cacique to grant her supplication for a meeting with Hurtado. Sirapia hoped that a youthful chieftain, in all the pride of conquest and superb ornament, would be advantageously contrasted with the Spaniard, verging past the prime of life, his clothes torn and covered with dust, his limbs

bound with chains and worn down with fatigue. He knew not the exalted attachment which endeared to Miranda the great and good qualities and the talents of Hurtado, more than his personal recommendations. Sirapia had warned Miranda, that the first word she spoke to Hurtado would pronounce his irrevocable destruction; and as a triumph over his rival, he commanded her to sing. She complied. Sirapia did not understand the Spanish language; the Indians, stationed around the red cedars as a guard, were not so near as to distinguish the words, and Miranda communicated her thoughts to the music of a lively strain, hoping to deceive the tyrant by tones so incompatible with sorrowful emotion. Their eyes betrayed the interchanges of

fondness; and maddened by jealousy, the cacique darted a long dagger at the fettered Hurtado; Miranda flew to her husband to ward off the stroke, and clinging to her dearer self, received the steel in her spotless bosom. Hurtado loaded her murderer with reproaches, and with his head, the only member he had at liberty, gave him a furious blow. Sirapia drew the reeking blade from Miranda's body, and plunged it to the hilt in her husband's bowels. Yet even in death Sirapia would not suffer Miranda and Hurtado to be united. By his orders the corse of Miranda was inhumed within the grove of red cedars. Hurtado was committed to the earth in a spot beyond the Timbucyan territory.

B. G.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAID.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

THE truthful candour in the apology for old maids in your July Number, encourages me to send you a character from real life, which presents an illustration of your sentiments regarding the important duties voluntarily undertaken by many spinsters. The flatterers and satirists of the fair endeavour to shew that amusement is the great end of female existence. Truth probably may be found between those extremes, since fine ladies, like fine gentlemen, have cares and avocations which constitute laborious idleness; and the residue of their time is spent in flying to public places, or crowded private parties, to escape from the *ennui* of tasteless individuality. Is it too sententious to remind them, that in try-

ing to *deceive time*, they miserably deceive themselves? Life becomes insipid as a "twice told tale" when the natural relish for tranquil, independent self-enjoyment is vitiated by a restless craving for novelty. Does it beseech a rational, an immortal mind to perplex its noble faculties with schemes of dissipated gaiety, that bestow much less than the anticipated pleasure, and necessarily impose some gloomy intermissions of the pursuit, to repair the physical injuries to a frame debilitated by late hours and over-heated rooms?

The ever-new diversity produced by a change from one useful employment to another unbends and stimulates the intellectual powers, and qualifies a lady to shine and to charm in society by that sportive vacancy

of thought which can belong only to those who derive buoyancy of spirits from an habitual consciousness of acting aright. They are most conspicuous for cheerful suavity in brilliant assemblages who are best employed during retirement. True hilarity is essentially distinct from the elaborate vivacity which vanity tries to assume, but never can grace with the dulcifying attractions of unaffected good humour. Beauty of countenance emanates only from the soul.

Allow me to attempt some delineation of a lady who acknowledges she has ceased to be young, and who applied to herself the epithet of old maid before the delicate tints of her complexion shewed a symptom of autumnal maturity. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but their benign and intelligent expression procured her many admirers. One she chose—he died in the service of his country, and no other has since made an impression on her widowed heart. She has sought and obtained consolation by promoting the happiness of others, and cultivating her own talents. She is the most assiduously dutiful daughter, the fondest sister, the kindest and most instructive aunt, and the most liberal benefactress of all who require her assistance. She is never without objects of interest. Her leisure moments are filled up by the harp, piano-forte, pencil, pen, or needle; or she entertains herself and benefits her nieces by reading aloud

from works that affect the heart through the medium of the imagination. But a certain portion of each day is set aside for the perusal of works on religious subjects and such as afford solid knowledge. She extends her mental culture to several nephews; but no parade of wisdom or learning impairs the dignified simplicity of her manners and conversation. She still dances with the young to make up a country dance; and for a moderate stake will take a hand at cards to complete a party for the elderly: but she says that gaming is no better than a device to separate the profits of spoliation from its infamy and legal penalties; and she anxiously inculcates to her nephews, that this ruinous vice increases with increasing years. Grosser excesses have intervals of satiety, or they subside with the decrepitude of age; but good or ill luck, and personal decays, serve but to augment the furor of gambling. It seems at first a harmless amusement, an exercise of the understanding; yet in its progress the avidity for gain is inflamed by success, or losses operate as incentives to calculate the chances with greater precision. She tells the youths, and proves the assertion, that gambling is a trade more degrading than the most sordid toil for daily bread. My friend maintains a conduct worthy of her opinions—all her winnings are sacred to charity.

B. G.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MOZART'S *Six Grand Symphonies, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello*, by J. N.

Hummel, Maître de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. No. VI. Pr. 8s. 6d.; without Accompaniments, 6s.—(Printed and sold

for the Proprietor by Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)

THIS is the celebrated symphony universally known by the name of *Jupiter*, an appellation given to it after Mozart's death on account of its excellence. It is no doubt this circumstance, and the estimation in which the work is held in England, and perhaps too a rival adaptation recently produced in England by a professor of equally high repute, that may have induced Mr. Hummel, or the proprietor of the present publication, to make this exception in the order of the symphonies by editing No. 6. immediately after the appearance of Nos. 1. and 2. noticed in a former Number of our Miscellany.

The other adaptation here alluded to we have not seen: it may, for ought we know, equal the arrangement before us; but we should be surprised if it excelled it: for it is not possible to imagine any thing superior to Mr. Hummel's concentration of the score. Had we not seen it, we should, on the contrary, have doubted the possibility of extracting the quintessence of so many, such rich and complex parts, with such perfection. This is not our opinion alone; several of the highest musical characters, among them Mr. Moscheles, have viewed Mr. Hummel's labour with admiration.

Four Songs, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. John Garratt, of Surbiton-House, by Frances Foster Wensley. Pr. 7s. —(Published by the Author, 7, Percy-street, Bedford-square.)

Is it possible? Such music by a "very young author*," and, what is

* With this designation the publication reached us.

more, by a *lady*?—Good! we feel doubly indebted to Miss W.; for if she has not absolutely sung us out of a rooted prejudice, which, but for these songs, we might have carried to the other world, she certainly has greatly shaken our creed.

The sex has produced not only novel-writers by thousands, and authoresses for the nursery equally abundant, but occasionally, too, good painters and sculptors, celebrated classical scholars, and even mathematicians. In music also we have had at all times excellent instrumental performers and singers of universal and deserved celebrity; that is to say, ladies capable of performing or singing exquisitely that which men wrote. But female composers?—We know of none, or rather until the 28th of last month we *knew* of none, whose lucubrations we would have purchased at quarter price, except for curiosity's sake.

This phenomenon, in a physiological point of view, frequently excited our attention. A sex, often our superior in sentiment and sensibility, in wit, in quickness and delicacy of perception, and in other intellectual qualities, why should it be unsuccessful in musical composition?

Willing to find reasons for what we set down as fact, we supposed that musical invention (we mean of course music of a superior stamp, such as could claim the applause of the musical world at large,) required not only a depth, an intensity of feeling seldom met with in the gentler sex, but also a course of profound and continued study, either more congenial to the natural organization of the male intellect, or perhaps more accessible to its grasp, from exclusive advantages in the system of education.

These speculations, besides the confirmation which they derive from craniology, were strongly supported by a curious observation. On casting our eyes from man to other animated beings, we found, that of the few which possessed any instinct for music (the birds), the male sang, and the female was either mute or vocalized very indifferently indeed. We had once a canary-hen that would occasionally, on a fine summer's morning, make an attempt at composition, in responsive imitation of the fanciful passages of her male acquaintance in the other cage; but the poor and imperfect phrases she produced with evident effort only tended to corroborate our hypothesis.

But what becomes of our hypothesis after Miss Wensley's songs? Shall we exclaim, "*Exceptio probat regulam?*" Are we to recant for the sake of *one* exception? Are boys capable of great excellence in mathematics, because the American youth astonished Europe in some branches of that science? We have already owned that our belief has received a shock; one or two instances more, and we shall be the first to acknowledge the downfall of the baseless fabric, the first to make the *amende honorable* to the whole sex, were it even to be done in a white sheet.

The above digression has considerably trenched upon the space which a proper consideration of these songs would demand. Their character is more or less of a serious stamp; the melodies, with a reminiscence here and there, present various features of originality, classic chasteness almost throughout, and frequently great depth of feeling and fervid emotion. These merits are further enhanced by striking points of inter-

est in the accompaniment. Some venial imperfections in the latter can scarcely demand the critic's notice, when he finds so much to commend in this particular department. Whether the harmonic merits be rather the fruits of a cultivated taste, a delicate tact acquired from good models, than of a regular study of the art of counterpoint, we must do Miss W. the justice to say, that her songs contain passages, especially those of instrumental connection, which would do honour to any composer living. In her transitions and modulations Miss W.'s talent is equally conspicuous; fearless of accumulated flats, she enters the harmonic labyrinth, proceeds with a steady step, and extricates herself safely and successfully. This remark is particularly applicable to the fourth song in the difficult key of B♭ minor, the "serious" text of which about "Death" and "Sin" may lessen its general attraction, but not its musical value.

We have said enough to convey to our readers the high opinion of the author's gifts for composition with which these songs have impressed us; and we can only recommend to Miss W. to pursue the path upon which she has entered with such eminent success. In her choice of text she will no doubt be guided by the taste which directs her own pen; it ought to be such as to be worthy of the exertion of her talents, and to be directed to some variety in the tenor of the poetry, not to confine itself to effusions of a serious cast. The tender passion, in all its varieties and vicissitudes, has in every age been deemed the legitimate object of song; and surely the fair sex will not disdain to devote some strains to it. The beauties of nature, scenes

of pastoral life, &c. likewise present fit subjects to the lyric Muse.

But whatever be the next effort of Miss W.'s talent, we look towards it with sanguine hope, indeed with something bordering on impatience.

No. I. *Juvenile Songs, a Selection of Poetry from the best Authors, with original Airs, respectfully dedicated to Samuel Webbe, Esq.* by Eliz. Est. Hamond. Pr. 5s.—(Mitchells, New Bond-street.)

Another production of a fair composer, but of a calibre which would have less staggered our hypothesis above adverted to. At the same time we feel bound to make every allowance for the obvious aim with which these songs have been written. Intended for youth, it would be preposterous to expect ideas and combinations of the higher order. All we could be entitled to demand in the present case would be easy cantable intelligible melody, straight-forward and proper harmony, and plain and correct rhythm; and in the six songs before us there is much that comes within these requisites. They are, however, more or less liable to objection as to extent of scale. Their aggregate range is close upon two octaves, and the fourth song embraces a scale from \bar{d} to \bar{a} , extremes beyond the reach of most "juvenile" voices. In other respects this song is fully entitled to our approbation, pleasant, lively, and clear. "The Hare-Bell" and "The Traveller's Return" likewise present various features of attraction, and their general construction is creditable. "Loch Achray" is less to our liking: it has but little melodic interest; there is a want of connection in the periods; the vocal part is too high and too low; and in the first line, p. 16, strong

harmonic imperfections are perceptible.

"*The Winter Rose*," a *Ballad, written by Mrs. Opie, composed, and inscribed to Mrs. Yates*, by Samuel Webbe. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Preston, Dean-street, Soho.)

"The Winter Rose" partakes of its season: it is a very serious and solemn composition, bordering on the church style, especially the strain in E minor. There is a want of unity in the conception of the melody, which strays through all sorts of harmony, without leaving the mind to settle itself sufficiently in any tonic. Mr. W. is a good harmonist, and has shewn it here, as in many previous compositions; but in "The Winter Rose" his partiality for modulation has been gratified at the expense of melody. The voice is constantly on the move to slide into new harmonies, and seems to act but a subordinate part. As an harmonic study, the song claims every attention, and, as we have already stated, exhibits Mr. W.'s talents to advantage.

VOCAL ANTHOLOGY, or the Flowers of Song, being a Collection of the most beautiful and esteemed Music of all Europe, with English Words; also an Appendix, consisting of Original Vocal Compositions, and a Catalogue raisonnée (raisonné?) of the Contents. Part IV. Price 6s.—(J. Gale, Bruton-street, Bond-street.)

The nature and object of this work have been stated in our notice of its first three numbers. We need, therefore, only add, that, in point of selection and general arrangement, the present part fully maintains the character which its predecessors have established. The contents comprise an ancient madrigal by Conversi, of





SWISSING 2888

great merit for the time—a duet of Handel, “Who calls my parting soul”—three German compositions of Zumsteeg, Himmel, Beethoven, and one, if we are not mistaken, by Hurka—Cherubini’s “Perfida Chlora,” and an original and very pretty duet by Cather.

The literary part, among various interesting notices, includes a concise sketch of the life of Beethoven (the Byron of composers), further particulars of Mozart, &c.

Introduction and Triumphant March, by Samuel Webbe, *forming, with the celebrated Dead March by Handel, a Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, two Piano-fortes, or*

two Performers on one. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co).

The peculiarity in this publication is, that it consists of two parts, each of which may be played singly; and they, at the same time, serve to be simultaneously executed either on one piano-forte or on two piano-fortes. We had a little trouble to understand this arrangement clearly, and, we dare say, it cost the author some trouble and contrivance to realize this compendious and rather novel idea. As a musical curiosity, therefore, and a work of some ingenuity in point of harmonic construction, this trifle unquestionably deserves attention.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

LAVENDER-colour dress of *gros de Naples* or lutestring, ornamented in front with a pinnatifid satin trimming of the same colour; narrow at the waist, and extending in width till it reaches the trimming at the bottom of the skirt, where it is placed longitudinally; beneath is a broad satin rouleau. The *corsage* is made three-quarters high, plain, with a satin band of French folds round the top, and fastens with hooks and eyes: corded satin *ceinture*, with a cluster of crescent-shaped points behind. Long sleeve, ornamented at the wrist with satin to correspond, and fastened with knots of folded satin: the epaulette is composed of two rows of crescent-shaped leaves: worked muslin ruffles, and muslin *chemisette*, with Spanish vandyke worked collar, fast-

ened in front with a gold buckle. The hair parted on the forehead, and in large ringlets on each side, plaited, and bows of ribbon of the same colour at the back of the head. Earrings and necklace of amethysts. Bonnet of pink *crêpe lisse*; the outside fluted, and edged with three rows of pearl straw, and finished with blond lace: round crown, confined by a band of French folds, and decorated with a quadrangular trimming, edged with pearl straw and blond; one point is placed in front, and ears of corn, heath and convolvulus, are fancifully intermixed.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of lemon-colour *crêpe lisse*: the *corsage* made to fit the shape, and ornamented with five rouleaus of satin of the same colour; broad cord-

ed satin band round the waist: in front are seven corded rings or circlets, through which rise seven leaves, each composed of several small folds of satin, and terminated with a folded satin knot; palmated corded bow behind. Short fullsleeve, crossed by satin French bands confined by knots into squares, and having *bouffants* of folded satin round the centre of the sleeve, which is finished with a corded satin band, edged with fine blond lace, the same as the tucker. The skirt is decorated with a satin corded diamond trimming, each diamond cut across, and a plaited *bouffant* introduced, concealing the division, and fastening the corner of the next diamond: broad satin hem at the bottom of the skirt. The hair is in full curls, and parted in front, confined by a wreath of anemones and convolvuluses, and mixed with small white marabouts in front and on the right side. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of turquoise and amber. Lace scarf. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

The approach of autumn has rendered silk pelisses rather more general than they were when we made our last report of the monthly changes of fashion. We have observed more than one, the *corsage* of which had the back and even the sides made full, and disposed in gathers, which were confined by a broad band of the same material: the front was plain: the sleeves, rather more loose than they have been worn, were finished by a cuff composed of two rows of points, irregularly placed and turned upward: the epaulette was small, and composed of a cluster of points:

round falling collar, with only an edging of the lining; the pelisse was also finished in the same manner all round. The *ceinture*, of a broad watered ribbon to correspond, fastened in front by a steel buckle cut in stars.

Leghorn is still genteel in walking dress, but it is not so fashionable as satin and *gros d'été*. One of the prettiest walking bonnets we have lately seen, is composed of this latter material, of the colour called a French white: the crown, made in the form of a rouleau, is fluted lengthwise, but in a bias direction, by straw plait; the brim, of a moderate size, is ornamented at the edge by lozenge puffs of gauze, which are also formed by plait. A large knot, of the same material as the bonnet, edged with plait, and fastened by an agraffe of straw, is disposed in front of the crown, and broad figured *gros-d'été* strings fasten in a full bow under the chin.

White net or muslin mantles, lined with coloured silk or satin, and either embroidered or trimmed with lace, seem very likely to supersede the pelisses of the same materials, which have now been so long in favour. The form of these mantles is similar to the one given in the *Repository* for May, but they are not quite so wide, and have a falling collar, and a pelerine instead of a hood: the pelerine varies according to the taste of the wearer; some ladies have a large round one, others have a small one, rather pointed in front; they are worn also in the shape of a shell. The collar is generally rounded, and always thrown back from the throat. Satin is more in estimation than *gros d'été*, or any other kind of silk, for the lining of mantles.

Transparent materials begin to decline in favour for carriage bonnets; white satin, *gros d'été*, &c. &c. are now much more used. Feathers are more worn than flowers, and we see many ladies adopt the French fashion of a plume of feathers, the edges of which are tipped with different colours; as for instance, green and *ponceau*, lilac and citron, rose and chesnut. There are never more than two different colours besides that of the feather itself in a plume.

A new dishabille, well adapted to morning visiting dress, has just made its appearance: it is of jaconot muslin, finished round the bottom by folds of clear muslin, confined in compartments by blue satin cords, placed perpendicularly, and terminated by a button. This trimming is very deep. The *corsage* has a fullness of clear muslin let in at each side of the bust down to the centre of the waist, in the drapery style: it is corded with blue satin on each side, and formed to the shape by a blue satin agraffe in the centre. The space in the middle of the *corsage* is richly embroidered; the back is full, and the shape is marked by a slight

embroidery all round. The dress fastens behind; there is no collar, but a lace frill, with a heading drawn with ribbon, partially conceals the throat: the long sleeve, rather wide, is finished at the wrist by a triple easing drawn with ribbon, and terminated by a fall of work. Full epaulette, interspersed with knots of ribbon. Blue satin sash, fastened in a bow and ends behind.

The materials of dinner and evening dress have not varied during some time; but we have seen a style of trimming adopted in the former which is novel, and has a neat and even elegant effect: it consists of folds of gauze or *crêpe lisse* laid on in deep bias tucks disposed in a wave, each wave being formed by an agraffe of satin, generally to correspond: where this style of trimming is adopted, the bust is always ornamented with a triple row of tucks, which do not go across the shoulder, but are terminated at the arm-hole: the epaulette corresponds.

Fashionable colours are, lavender colour, azure, pomona-green, *ponceau*, jonquil, different shades of rose colour, and brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE materials for walking dress at present are various, but upon the whole white predominates. There is, however, a new material called *mousseline gaze*, which is nearly as much in favour: it is checkered. The gowns composed of it are usually trimmed with narrow flounces: these are nine in number, put close together; the three that are placed in the centre are white; the

three above and the three beneath are of the colour of the dress.

White gowns for the promenade are very generally of the *blouse* kind; the robe-*blouse* and the *rédingote-blouse* are most in request for walking: the last does not differ from those I described to you under the same name last season, but the former has I think some novelty in the make: the fulness of the *corsage* in front is disposed in folds on each side of the bust; there is also less fulness

thrown into the body, and the tucks which form the trimming are much deeper. Satin bands, which fasten behind by a gold or steel buckle, have just superseded those of leather or watered ribbon. *Fichus* with deep collars are now generally adopted instead of frills, and a broad satin ribbon tied in a knot in front forms a cravat.

Leghorn, *paille de riz*, gauze, and *crêpe lisse*, are the favourite materials for *chapeaux*, which are, with the exception of the *chapeau à la bergère*, of a moderate size, and of the bonnet shape: they are very little ornamented at the edge of the brim: the crowns still continue low. Flowers are in favour, particularly dog-roses, mignonette, poppies, and different kinds of wild flowers. Feathers are, however, upon the whole more fashionable than flowers: long and short ostrich feathers are both in request: the first are used to form *panaches*, which are placed on one side and fall low on the other shoulder; the others are disposed in plumes in front of the crown: in both instances the edge of the feather is of a different colour from the other part. Gauze ribbons are still in request: they are mostly figured or flowered; those with a dark brown, or rather mahogany-coloured ground are at present most fashionable.

Our envelopes are now of rather a warmer description than when I wrote last; in fact, the uncommon coldness of the weather renders lace shawls and pelerines too light for outdoor coverings; the cachemire shawl is consequently most generally resorted to: the favourite colours for the ground of these shawls is white, orange, dark cinnamon, and *ponceau*. On the few warm days that have ap-

peared within the last month, our most distinguished *élégantes* were seen in muslin *manteaux*, richly embroidered, and lined with white taffeta.

Muslin, silk, and *barège* are equally fashionable in dinner dress: if the gown is composed of the first material, it is either *en blouse*, or profusely trimmed with *coques* of muslin and *entre-deux* of tulle. The body and sleeves are ornamented in the same style, and the sash is frequently a silk scarf with a deep fringe at the ends; this is folded round the waist, and forms a knot on one side of the front: the ends descend considerably below the knee.

Tulle over white satin is much in favour in full dress. Trimmings are of two kinds. The first consists of rouleaus of satin, from five to six in number: every rouleau is ornamented with a satin knot placed on one side of the front; these knots are arranged in a bias direction: the other style of trimming consists of festoons of gauze, which shade small bouquets of flowers.

A new material, and one likely to be very fashionable, has just appeared for full-dress gowns; it is called *gaze de Venus*: it is worn in cherry-red, pale rose colour, and lilac: these dresses are trimmed with *bouillonné*, intermixed with agraffes and other ornaments of white satin.

The most novel ear-rings are of gold, in the form of a serpent holding an orange in his mouth. Bracelets and necklaces of the newest mode have clasps of gold in the form of hands clasped in each other. Pearl inixed with dead gold, or coloured stones with pearl, are at present much in request both for necklaces and for ornaments for the hair.



STATE BED.

Fashionable colours are, reseda-green, citron, emerald-green, carnation, lilac, *ponceau*, and mahogany

colour. Adieu, *ma chere Sophie!*
Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A STATE BED.

THE authors who have written on the arrangement of furniture in *olden* times, have given to the common bed a width of six feet, and to state ones an altitude quite unknown to the present day, except as we see it exemplified in some of our very ancient mansions, whose chambers exhibit the four-post bedstead at from 20 to 30 feet in height. This stateliness, or rather the excess of it, proved, in later times, a complete bar to the occupation of these sumptuous dormitories, and consequently led to the introduction of more compact and accessible, if not more graceful and imposing, pieces of furniture.

The present design exhibits a modern bedstead and furniture decorated with Gothic ornaments, and with draperies woven to assimilate with

them. The canopy of a throne, or rather that which in sumptuous processions was borne over the chief in honour, was the precursor of the English tester; and in the annexed engraving, the original has been reverted to for the embellishments of its cornice, and the draperies suspended from them; and the coverlet and the head-draperies are after the rich tissues and tapestries that usually accompanied this species of ornamental parade.

The recurrence to such sources for designs of furniture for buildings in the Gothic style is to be desired, because they afford the means of assimilating them to such edifices, in accordance with the practices of the times which they are intended to imitate.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A ROMANCE from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Maturin is expected in the ensuing winter.

Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency, extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, with a Biographical Notice of that Princess, and notes, will shortly appear.

In a few days will be published, the second *livraison* of the *French Classics*, comprising Numa Pompilius by Florian, with notes and the life of the author, in two vols. by L. T. Ventouillac.

Mr. Sheldrake has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *An Inquiry*

into the Origin and Practice of Painting in Oil, to ascertain what was the real invention of Van Eyck, and what were the materials and vehicle that were used by Giorgione and the first artists of the Venetian school; to which will be added some information concerning the old painted and stained glass; a recipe for preparing drying oil of superior quality, known to the author alone, and an attempt to ascertain some colours which were used by the old painters, but are unknown to the artists of the present time.

Nearly ready for publication, *Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect*,

exemplified in two dialogues between Farmer Giles and his Neighbour Bridget; to which is annexed a copious Glossary of the Dialect of Craven, in the west riding of Yorkshire.

A new work is about to be commenced in numbers, with the title of *The Family Oracle of Health, or Magazine of Domestic Economy, Medicine, and Good-Living*, edited by A. T. Crell, M.D. and W. M. Wallace, Esq.

A new edition will shortly appear, of *the Life of Dr. James Beattie*, by Sir Wm. Forbes, in two volumes 8vo.

A few weeks since, the late Mr. Warren's collection of prints, consisting chiefly of his own works after Stothard, Fuseli, Smirke, Wilkie, Bird, Westall, Uwins, Thurston, Corbould, and others, together with proofs which had been presented to him by various engravers and publishers, was brought to the hammer by Mr. Sotheby. Many of the finest proofs sold high. *The Heiress*, after Smirke, was knocked down for 2*l.* 2*s.*; an inferior impression of the same plate, 1*l.* 18*s.*; *The Murder of the Innocents*, by Bartolozzi, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Vandyke as Paris*, by Schiavonetti, 2*l.*; *Duncan Gray*, after Wilkie, 6*l.* 10*s.*; *The Demolition of the China Jar*,

after the same artist, 4*l.* 10*s.* Two beautiful little pictures on card by Stothard, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, painted for Kersley's *Shakspeare*, and a drawing by Uwins, *Ophelia*, for the same work, fetched very high prices.

Mr. Milton, of the Apiarian Repository in the Strand, has lately invented a straw hive with double top, on which glasses are placed. To these glasses the bees have access, and there they deposit their honey. Not only is an opportunity thus afforded of watching their labours, but the honey so obtained is of the finest quality, perfectly pure and free from the young brood, clear in colour, and far superior to any produced in common hives. It may also be taken at pleasure without injury to the bees, and especially without being obliged to resort at any time to the process of smothering these industrious and valuable insects. Those who are interested in this invention will find its uses and advantages briefly described in the *London Apiarian Guide*, just published by Mr. Milton, who has there furnished also some useful practical instructions for promoting improvement in the cultivation of bees.

Poetry.

LINES

Written in a Lady's Album above a Painting of
a Jay's Feather.

WHAT is fame, or what is glory?
Both like *feathers* fleet away,
And if paged in ample story,
Not much longer in their stay.

What is wealth or worldly treasure?
They are *feathers* that we prize.
What is life, and what is pleasure?
Each on silent wing soon flies.

What is love, or youth, or beauty?
What, but *feathers* light and gay—
Quickly fading, though once brilliant
As the feather of the jay.

IPSWICH.

A I.

To H. R. on the Twentieth Anniversary of her
Birthday, with "The Wreath," a Volume
of Poems.

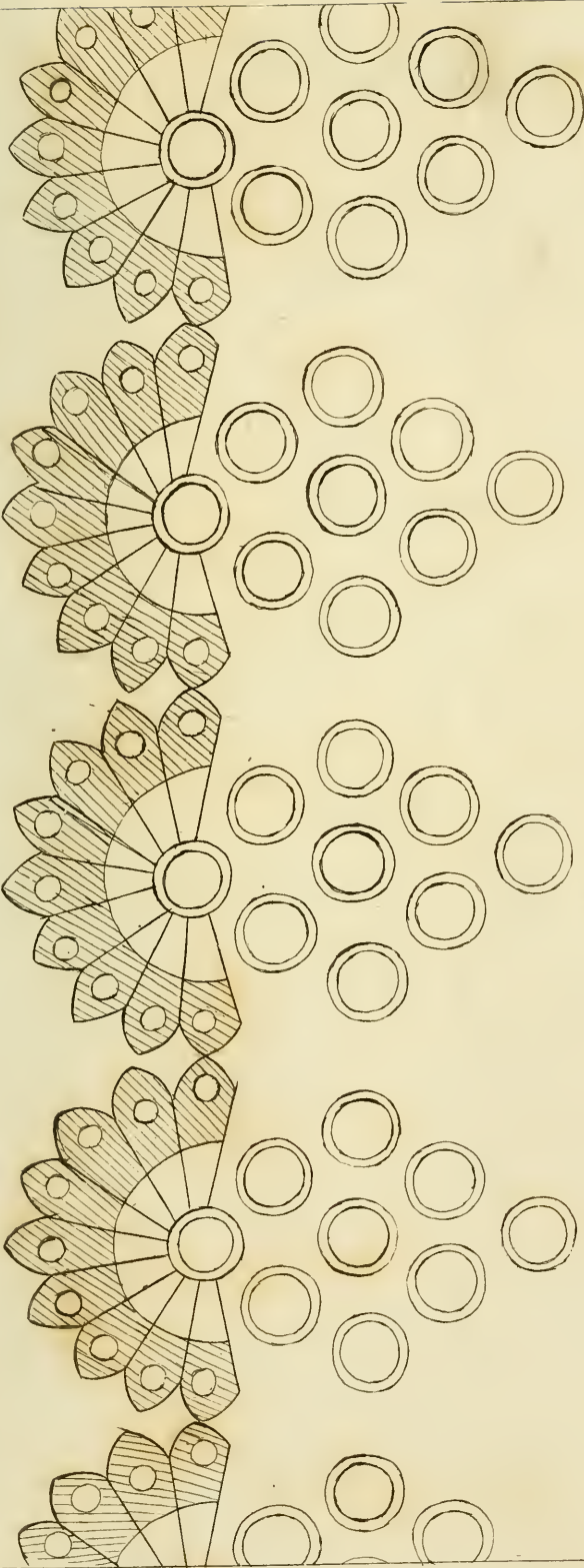
With love sincere, and wishes bland,
To grace your natal day,
A *Wreath* accept from friendship's hand,
Whose sweets will ne'er decay.

Not cull'd from Flora's gay parterre,
These flowers throughout the year
Their amaranthine beauty wear,
And bloom still bright and clear.

Like this unfading Wreath, our love,
Dear Hannah, still shall last,
And each succeeding season prove
An emblem of the past.

IPSWICH.

A I.



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER 1, 1823.

N^o. X.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. WEST FRONT OF EATON-HALL, THE SEAT OF EARL GROSVENOR	187
2. EAST OR GARDEN FRONT OF EATON-HALL	190
3. TEMPLE AT EATON	191
4. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	243
5. ——— BALL DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Eaton-Hall, the Seat of Earl Grosvenor	187
Third Letter from Reginald Filterbrain of the Inner Temple, Esq. Letter IV. 192	192
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. II. 194	194
The Castle and the Farm, or the Foster- Brothers: A Tale (<i>concluded</i>)	198
REPORT OF DEBATES in the FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.	
Chamber of Deputies	203
Chamber of Peers	205
A Tour round my Parlour (<i>continued</i>)	207
The Fallen Son of Switzerland	212
Constantine d'Isaure: from the French of FLORIAN	217
GAELIC RELICS. No. VII.—The Knights of the Holy War	219
The Wife of a Genius (<i>concluded</i>)	225
Verses on the Death of ROBERT BLOOM- FIELD, the Suffolk Poet, by BERNARD BARTON	231

	PAGE
Sketches of Tyrol and the Tyrolese; ex- tracted from a Letter from a Gentle- man resident in Switzerland	234
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and PERSONAL.	
Melancholy Mistakes	240
The Duchess of Berry and her Children <i>ib.</i>	
Buonaparte	241
Louis XV.	242

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	243
Ball Dress	<i>ib.</i>
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	244
French Female Fashions	245

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	246
-----------------------------------	-----

POETRY.

Ballad	248
------------------	-----

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.

Our Musical Reviewer claims the indulgence of our Readers for the omission of his usual contribution in the present Number, on account of the necessity of relaxation from arduous professional duties.

The communications of the Rev. W. B. C. East Bergholt, and A. I. reached us after the present Number was made up: they shall have a place in our next Publication.

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

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAP, Rotterdam.



EATON HALL,
(WEST OR GARDEN FRONT.)

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OCTOBER 1, 1823.

N^o. X.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

EATON-HALL, THE SEAT OF EARL GROSVENOR.

EATON-HALL is situated in the hamlet of Eaton, from which it derives its name, and is about three miles distant from Chester. The former mansion, which occupied the site of the present splendid structure, was a square brick edifice, built by Thomas Grosvenor in the latter part of the 16th century; but little of this building was preserved, with the exception of the foundation and the vaulted basement story. This domain came into the possession of the Grosvenor family in the reign of Henry VI. by the marriage of Rawlin or Ralph Grosvenor to Joan daughter of John Eaton, Esq. The ancient family of Grosvenors came in with William the Conqueror, and their first settlement in Cheshire was at Over Lostack, granted by Hugh Lupus to his great nephew, Robert

le Grosvenor; after which the family seat was at Hulme: but the founder of this noble family was Gilbert le Grosvenor, a nephew of the Conqueror.

In approaching the grounds there are at several points appropriate lodges, that convey a foretaste of the splendour of the mansion to which they appertain, particularly that to the west, on the Wrexham road, called Belgrave Lodge, which alone forms a fine building, in perfect keeping with, and after the style of, the mansion. The drive direct from this lodge is up a fine avenue of luxuriant and venerable limes, which, from their number, form a triple road or avenue, full two miles in length, to the mansion, the west front of which is the subject of the First Plate of our present Number.

This noble and truly splendid

C c

mansion is entirely the creation of the present earl within the last twenty years, and principally under the direction of the late Mr. Porden, who displayed great taste in his selection of parts from our admired ecclesiastical edifices, and in the adaptation of them into a whole for domestic purposes. The task, though difficult, has been executed with judgment; and now that the additions made within the last two years, from the designs and under the sole management of Mr. Benjamin Gummow, are completed, it must be allowed to rank as one of the first mansions in the kingdom. In a selection of this nature consistency was scarcely to be expected, particularly as every attention has been paid to comfort, which has induced the architects to avail themselves of every species of Gothic consistent with their general plan: still there is perfect harmony throughout the whole, and a union of parts, which is rather surprising, when it is seen that the productions of the age of Edward III. as well as that of the Tudors, have been made subservient to the plan. York Minster has been a principal source, as well as the church of Newark-upon-Trent, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

The entire depth of the west front is not seen. On this side is formed a spacious area, over which is raised in the centre of the building, as shewn in the engraving, a handsome vaulted portico, which projects boldly over the path to admit carriages to pass under, forming a delightful accommodation on leaving the carriage in wet weather. A spacious flight of steps leads to the Hall, which is rich in the extreme, partaking of the character of the exterior, which per-

vades the whole of the interior, embellished more or less according to the purposes of the respective apartments.

No pains, no decorations have been spared in this sumptuous Entrance-Hall. It occupies in height two stories; the ceiling is vaulted, and decorated with the Grosvenor arms and other devices in the knots that cover the junction of the ribs. On each of the sides are a costly marble mantel-piece, and niches beautifully canopied and decorated with banners, containing complete suits of armour, so arranged as if actually worn by the respective owners. The specimens are rare, and probably have been those used by some of the Grosvenor family, as the heads of it were engaged in most of the wars in the chivalrous ages. The walls are decorated with historical paintings. The pavement is of variegated marbles in Gothic compartments, and the colours are richly varied from the light passing through the stained windows, which contributes to give richness to a splendid screen of five arches embellished with vases at the end of the hall. This screen supports a gallery, under which, in the centre, is the entrance to the saloon. Two open arches to the right and left of this entrance lead to the Grand Staircase and the State Bed-Room. The Grand Staircase is richly ornamented with niches, canopied in the most elaborate manner, as well as with tracery under the landings: the ceiling is equally light, rich, and elegant: the whole lighted with a double skylight of stained glass. The State Bed-Room is fitted up to correspond with its magnificent furniture, being adorned with painted windows, tracery, armorial bearings

in proper colours, and a ceiling finished in the most tasteful style.

Returning to the Saloon, on the throwing open of the superb folding-doors, the senses are bewildered by the rich display of colours issuing from three lofty painted windows, divided into six compartments, containing the portraits of William the Conqueror, the Bishop of Bayeux, uncle to the Conqueror, Gilbert le Grosvenor, nephew to the same monarch, and his lady, the heiress of the house of Eaton, and Sir Robert le Grosvenor, who distinguished himself in the wars of Edward III. The whole of these figures are executed in the finest style from designs by Tresham. On one side of this room is a superb chimney-piece of statuary marble; on the other a highly embellished organ. The Saloon is a square of 30 feet, formed into an octagon by arches thrown across the angles, by which a beautiful form is given to the vaulted ceiling; from the centre is suspended a superb chandelier. This beautiful heraldic lustre, which contains twelve shields with the arms of the most distinguished branches of the Grosvenor family from the Conquest, is the work of Mr. Collins of the Strand, by whom also the superb painted windows which adorn this rich Saloon were executed.

To the right and left of this Saloon are anti-rooms, that connect it with the Drawing-Room on one side, and the Dining-Room on the other. These apartments are highly ornamented, but not so much so as the rooms just described. The windows are glazed with light Mosaic tracery, and exhibit the portraits of the six Earls of Chester, who, after Hugh Lupus, governed Cheshire as a coun-

ty-palatine, till Henry III. bestowed the title on his son Edward, since which time the eldest sons of the Kings of England have always been Earls of Chester.

The Dining-Room is on a scale equally grand with the building; it is upwards of 30 feet wide by 50 long. A bow-window adds considerably to the width of the room: this window is composed of five arched compartments, the centre one containing the portrait of Hugh Lupus: the opening of this window is about 30 feet. The ceiling is extremely bold and beautifully finished in tracery, which embraces the arms of the family in proper colours. The centre pendent is beautifully finished in scroll-work, from which is suspended a superb chandelier. Opposite to the entrance is an arched recess, containing the sideboard, the back formed of five divisions of looking-glass, with Gothic tracery to unite the whole, forming with the table one piece of furniture. On each side are niches canopied, containing beautiful statues, by Westmacott, of the heiresses Miss Davis and Miss Eaton, married into the Grosvenor family, with their lords. On each side of the entrance to the room are similar niches. The jambs of the arched recess, with the bow, are ornamented with small niches canopied in a rich style. The furniture is of the most splendid kind, and the mantel-piece richly wrought, on each side of which are full-length portraits, by Jackson, of the present noble earl and his lady. This room is situated towards the north-east.

The Drawing-Room is situated to the south-east, and corresponds in form and dimensions with the Dining-Room. With the exception of a

large bow-window that commands a delightful scene across the grounds, all the windows of this beautiful room are embellished with figures, representing the ancestors of the family, as well as finely finished portraits of the present earl and countess, in a sweet brown chiaro-oscuro, the whole of which is the work of Messrs. Bachelier. The ceiling is highly ornamented, and contains the family arms blazoned in proper colours, with those of Egerton Earl of Wilton, the father of the present Countess Grosvenor. The fitting up of this room corresponds with that of the Dining-Room, excepting that the niches, canopies, and ornaments are richer in their execution. A superb chandelier graces the centre, and the mantel-piece is rich in the extreme. The pier glass, in one plate, is said to be the finest extant: it is full fourteen feet across. Several fine pictures of the old masters embellish this apartment. They are a small portion of the valuable collection belonging to his lordship's gallery in town, which with the greatest liberality is exhibited to the public. The furniture is as rich and varied, though chaste, in its Gothic ornaments, as imagination can well devise. Oak beautifully carved, with gold wreaths entwined, and crimson velvet, form the principal display. The curtains are disposed in a most striking and elegant manner: the draperies are of crimson and gold satin, with deep gold fringe and tassels. The vista from the south window in this room, across the anti-rooms and Saloon to the end of the Dining-Room, is beautiful in the extreme. With the additions to the south, a vista will be continued through the entire range of apartments, a length of 450 feet,

which, for beauty and extent, will surpass any thing of the kind in the kingdom. The countess's Sitting-Room is an apartment of singular beauty, and is the only apartment on this floor that has square-headed windows and a flat ceiling.

The Library formed but a small portion of this grand pile, and by no means adequate to the fine collection of books in his lordship's possession, of the estimated value of 50,000*l*. This deficiency, the fine taste of the noble owner, ever active to render Eaton perfect, has corrected by building a magnificent library, extending to the south, as shewn in our Second View, it being the commencement of the range of building on this the east side, as it is the commencement of the line in the First View on the west. It is a magnificent room, both in size, form, and finishing, to say nothing of its bold but chaste pendent ceiling. It has three superb windows, which, with its elegant and characteristic tracery, entirely of cast iron, were executed from models in wood by the iron-founders in Chester. They are grooved on both sides to receive the glass: thus, with all possible lightness, possessing strength, and presenting the greatest possible space for the cheering influence of the sun. This portion of the building forms a principal feature of the splendid additions and alterations made within the last two years, which have not only improved, but materially changed the character of the edifice, insomuch as to entitle it to the appellation of Eaton Abbey, as it is now generally denominated.

In heightening and extending the edifice, every expedient has been adopted by Mr. Gummow, the architect, to give that varied and pictu-



Lithograph del. &c

EATON HALL.

WILLIAM PIERCE

resque appearance which is so desirable, and which constitutes the chief beauty in this style of architecture.

The basement story, the full extent of the library, forms a fine apartment, that is converted into a steward's room: the grandeur and simplicity of the arch are very striking, and the workmanship is exquisite.

The additions to the north are extensive, consisting of a superb state bed-room, with its connected dressing-rooms, and every possible convenience for attendants. The centre of the main building has been raised a story, and formed into an extensive suite of bed-rooms, to each of which is attached a sitting-room, besides a dressing-room. The utmost attention has been paid to ventilating and warming the various apartments with steam-flues.

Our Second View displays the entire East or Garden-Front. The walls, balustrades, battlements, and pinnacles are of stone, brought partly from the forest of Delamere, and partly from the quarries of Frodsham: it is of a light and beautiful warm colour, which harmonizes with the surrounding scenery.

The flight of steps leads to a beautiful terrace, 360 feet long, laid out in gravel-walks and beds of flowers, from which a second flight of steps ascends to a beautiful vaulted cloister, occupying the space between the Drawing-Room and Dining-Room, and in front of the Saloon, which opens on it. This affords a delightful sheltered walk in all weathers, and, with the terrace, forms one of the most interesting features of this superb place.

The views from the cloister and

terrace are varied and rich, commanding the distant hills of Cheshire and Shropshire, with that remarkable hill in the middle distance bearing aloft Beeston Castle. A fine inlet of the Dee, formed by the present earl, winds beautifully through the grounds, and supplies the place of the natural river, which lies too low to be commanded from the house. The home-scene, over the pleasure-grounds, is rich and luxuriant. The gardens, laid out with great taste under the direction of Mr. Forrester, the groves, the green-house, and a delightful temple, deserve particular notice. The latter, recently erected from a design by Mr. Gummow, forms indeed an object so eminently beautiful, that we have been induced to devote a third plate to the view of it. It adds considerably to the beauty of the view from the east front, and its simplicity and elegance admirably accord with its situation. It contains an altar that lay buried many hundred years in the neighbourhood, and of which we have been favoured with the following account.

This Roman altar was found in March 1821, in a field called the Darnels, in Great Broughton, near the junction of the ancient Roman roads to Mancunium and Mediolanum. It was discovered in a bed of marl intermixed with sand, in a reclining position, detached from the pedestal, which was a square stone, each side about twenty inches, and nearly six inches thick. The whole was covered with a mass of rubbish, principally the remains of hewn stones, probably the relics of a building in which it was deposited. The field on all sides is surrounded by abundant springs of fine water; and the foun-

tain to which it was dedicated probably poured forth its pellucid treasures in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it was dug up. The height of the altar is four feet, the middle part of the column is two feet, the base and capital two feet three inches; the thuribulum is near an inch in depth. The inscription upon it is,

NYMPHIS ET FONTIBUS LEG. XX.VV.
If this altar was erected by the legion when the Romans first established a colony in Chester, it is 1778 years old, and if on the eve of their quitting Britain, 1491 years old.

Several altars have been found in Chester. In 1655, an altar dedicated to Jupiter the Thunderer, by the same 20th legion, was discovered in the Foregate-street, and is now among the Arundelian marbles at Oxford. In 1693, one, erected by Flavius Maximus of the 20th legion, was found in Eastgate-street, and is now in the possession of the Rev. C. Prescott of Stockport. In 1779, another dedicated to Esculapius was discovered,

which is now the property of Sir J. G. Egerton, Oulton Park.

The park in general is flat, but the elevation of the surrounding country in some degree makes amends. Exclusively of the views to the east already described, those to the south command the grounds and luxuriant meadows of Eaton, with the village and spire of Oldford in the distance; while to the west the mountains of Wales, with Moell vah Mah, their mother (as the name implies), rise above the woods in the fore-ground. The city of Chester lies to the north. The walled gardens are extensive and in excellent order, containing a hot-house and pine-pits, the former 260 feet long, and the latter 200. The stables are admirably arranged, surrounding a court 160 feet by 100, decorated, in the style of the mansion, with battlement and turrets, but not so rich. The clock-tower is supported with flying buttresses, and has a pleasing effect.

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN,

Of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq.

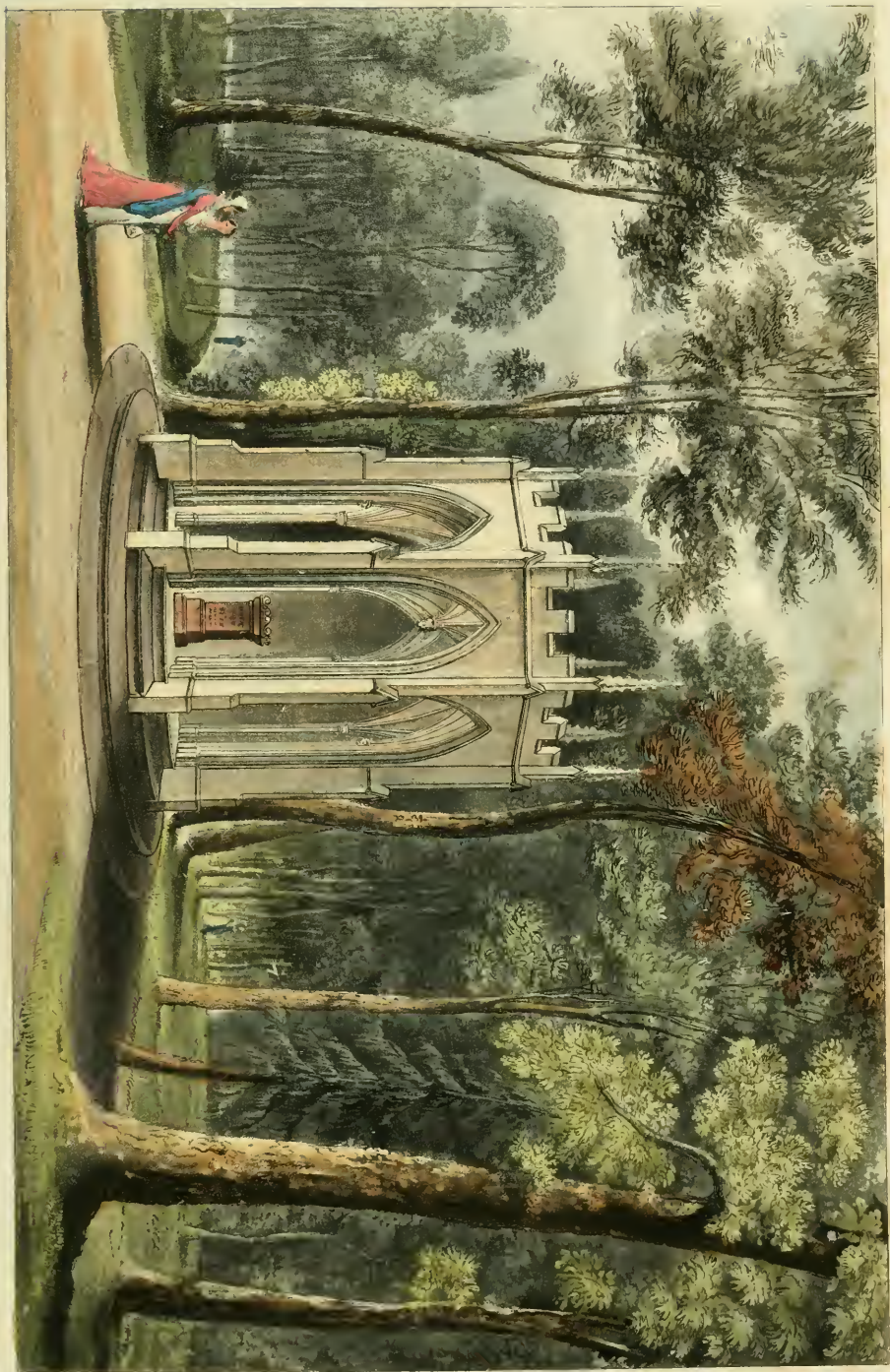
LETTER IV.

“ Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set.”

Merry Wives of Windsor.

’Tis past four o’clock, and the cock’s giving warning
To all whom it concerns of th’ approach of the morning.
I have just left a scene of *grotesque* in perfection,
A ball given in honour of Bribe’s election;
And having, I see, three good inches of taper,
I’ll just give a sketch of the fête upon paper.

These eyes never saw such a set of queer dancers;
You’d have laugh’d had you seen how they murder’d the *Lancers*.
From corner to side the two Misses Stout,
The brewer’s fat daughters, were rolling about;
And, though pretty well *cooper’d* in stays (I’m unwilling
To quiz), look’d like two porter-barrels quadrilling.
Their mamma, Mrs. Stout—oh! pray do not mention her!
And her husband—drest out like an old Greenwich pensioner:



J. Goodall del.

THE TEMPLE
OF THE EAST

His coat ('twas so nicknamed), I'm morally certain,
Hung down from behind rather more like a curtain;
And, oh! the huge space 'twixt his wide-spreading hips
Nothing else than a curtain I'm sure could eclipse.

In a white muslin dress, very scraggy and sallow,
The sole child of a long-retir'd dealer in tallow,
Miss Dip, with her head-dress of crimson, the fright!
Of all things resembled a long six alight.
The drug-bruiser's lady, with lungs most amazing,
Like her husband's own mortar, both noisy and brazen,
Talk'd so loud and incessant, that ev'ry third bar
Of the music was lost in her tongue's stunning jar.
While her husband, the fop, than a monkey scarce bigger,
Stood up, without knowing one jot of the figure:
Out of place, in bad time too, now slow and now faster,
In and out like a dog in high hunt for his master:
In despite of all which he admir'd himself vastly,
And grinn'd like the clown in th' arena of Astley.

Country-dancing commenced, but, oh! language is faint
When attempting the humours of that scene to paint:
Such bustling and jostling, such railing and gibing,
The confusion and noise—oh! 'tis past all describing.
It was, "Pray, Captain Sabretache, set to Miss Prim;"
While she, in return, made a dead set at him.
"Miss Dip, right and left."—"Oh! dear me! what a blunder!"
"I could not have believ'd it."—"La! ma'am, 'tis no wonder
When such folks as these—"—"Poussette, my dear madam."
"La! the simpleton don't know her partner from Adam."—
"Cast off the first couple" (and they were a pair
Each like a prize-ox which they shew at a fair).
Cries a reefer, "Vast heaving there! that's a good soul, do;
If you once cast them off, who knows where they may roll to:
They'll drift and run foul, if their cables they slip;
There's not sea-room enough for an eighty-gun ship."

Brewer Stout, in quadrilles ne'er attempting to prance,
But very ferocious in a country-dance,
In the heat of the conflict, most *mal-à-propos*,
Popp'd his huge camel foot on an alderman's toe,
Who limp'd off, and exclaim'd, looking ruefully queer,
"Curse your hops, sir! I wish you'd put more in your beer."

Miss Prim had a disaster, and that through a major
Of horse, and I'm sure 'twas enough to enrage her:
His heels coming rudely in contact with hers,
He danc'd off with a huge coil of flounce on his spurs.
It appear'd that Miss Prim had been lying in wait
Very long for a husband, oft changing her bait:
So I thought, as I saw the gay flounces entwine,
"She's at last hook'd a fish, and is giving him line."

A mishap too befel poor Lieutenant O'Callaghan;
 I don't think in a hurry he'll be at a ball again:
 He came, while in dancing manœuvring about,
Dos-à-dos rather *forte* with Miss Betty Stout,
 Who being in form very like to a full sack,
 He bounded away like a ball from a wool-sack,
 And encounter'd a waiter, who pass'd with a tray full
 Of knick-knacks in devices most varied and playful:
 Down went the lieutenant, the waiter, and tray
 With a crash most terrific; at full length they lay
 Mid a loud roar of laughter, which no one could stifle.
 Pat fell with his head in a large bowl of trifle,
 Which envelop'd his pate, and fell down on his shoulders
 As he rose, to th'amusement of all the beholders,
 Who greeted him, roaring out, "Bravo!" and "Well done!"
 And all voted him like my Lord Chancellor Eldon.
 Thus, all sugar and froth, like O'Garnish's speeches,
 Pat swore by the needle that sew'd Adam's breeches,
 It was cruel to laugh, for to him 'twas no play:
 "Don't you see my misfortune has turn'd my head gray?"
 But my taper burns dim, so I'll shut my scrutoire,
 And hasten to bed—my dear friend, *au revoir!*

W. H. H.

 THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. II.

I VERY early displayed a roving, unsettled disposition, which has, I believe, been the cause of much of the evil that has befallen me through life. But then I have experienced pleasures which dull mortals cannot know, and shared in scenes, of which those who never stir from the smoke of their own chimney-corner can have no idea. In all probability, therefore, the good and evil is pretty nearly balanced; and at times I am inclined to think the former has predominated. In youth I was idle and dissipated, but I trust never vicious; and my dear aunt, when chiding me for a fault, used to turn to Mrs. Mayflower and say, "Mrs. Mary, I still like him better than those children who are all perfection; they seem so un-

natural. Now the dear boy has faults enow, heaven knows; but then he never denies them, and that they say is the surest road to reformation."—"What, having many faults?" inquired the old domestic.—"No, no; I mean his open and ingenuous acknowledgment of them, which not only shews that he commits nothing of which he is ashamed, but is the best guarantee, that when you have once convinced him that he ought to be ashamed of any action, he never will commit it."

Ah, my dear aunt! how could I ever afflict you by my ingratitude and unkindness? My readers will scarcely think that my very first ramble was to leave this kind relative on a quixotic expedition, for which I ought to

have been severely punished, instead of being received, as I was on my return, with kindness and forgiveness.

When I had attained the age of twelve years, my boyish ardour was excited by reading the naval history of my country. My blood seemed to boil in my veins as I eagerly ran over the pages on which were inscribed the heroic actions of a Drake, a Boscawen, a Rodney, and other of our gallant tars. Nothing else would serve me but I too would be a sailor; and day and night I teased my aunt to give her consent that I should engage in this honourable and perilous profession. "Think, aunt," said I, "what honour I may acquire in the wars! I heard my schoolmaster say the other day, that every true Englishman ought to take up arms to defend his country in this crisis; and I am a true Englishman, I'll go to sea, and help to drub those rascally Frenchmen who have murdered their king, and want to persuade the English to murder theirs." It was in vain my aunt pointed out to me the dangers and perils of the profession in which I wished to embark, it was in vain she prayed and entreated; I was obstinate, to sea I would go; and at last she commanded me, as I valued her affection, to think no more of it.

This was a command with which I was totally unable to comply, for I could think of nothing else; and as I found it was impossible to obtain the consent of my aunt, I determined to go without it. Accordingly, one fine morning in June I rose early, dressed myself in my holiday suit, put in my pockets all the money I had, which amounted to three shillings, and set off, without communi-

cating my intention to any one, for Yarmouth. I did not know an inch of the way beyond the village of Thorpe, which is about two miles on the road from Norwich, but I trusted to fortune, and thought nothing of consequences. I reached Norwich without any accident: here I met with a poor beggar, who said he had been wandering in the streets all night, having no money to find him a bed. I gave him a shilling, and proceeded on my road. Having passed through Thorpe, I met a labourer going to his work, and inquired the way to Yarmouth. "To Yarmouth," quoth the man, "why what can thee be doing a-going to Yarmouth, baw*?"—"I am going to sea," was the reply.—"To see whoam?"—"Why I am going to be a sailor to be sure," said I, too proud of my intention to think of concealing it.—"A sailor! Lord help thee," replied the man, "you are a wee thing to think of being a sailor: but keep the turnpike, and thee cannot miss finding Yarmouth." Having given me this oracular answer to my inquiry, he went trudging on, and, like Cymon, "whistled as he went for want of thought." I knew very little about the turnpike: however, I kept in the straight road without turning to the right or the left, till I came to the pleasant little village of Blofield. Here I began to feel both tired and hungry, and I marched boldly into the first public-house I came to, and asked for some breakfast. "Can you pay for it?" said a surly-looking man.—"Pay for it! yes to be sure, or I should not

* "Baw" and "maw," or "mawther," are provincial expressions used in Norfolk: the first to boys, and the second to girls.

have come here to get it," replied I. —"Well then, sit down: wife and I are going to breakfast, and you may get some with us." I accordingly sat down, and ate as hearty a meal as ever I did in my life, for which I was charged eighteen pence. This reduced my cash to sixpence; but I thought I should soon reach Yarmouth, get a birth on board a ship, and take plenty of prize-money from the French: the slender state of my finances, therefore, gave me no uneasiness. I proceeded, sometimes asking my way, till I got to Acle, where, with the characteristic thoughtlessness of childhood, I spent my last sixpence in tarts, half of which I gave to a boy who let me play at marbles with him, with which game I amused myself for some time, forgetting Yarmouth, the ships, and every thing else, but the pleasure arising from winning my companion's toys.

Having played till we were both well tired, I recollected at last that I had yet twelve miles to walk before I attained the goal of my eager wishes. I therefore again set off, but I had not proceeded far before the effects of my over-exertion began to be very evident. I had walked about fifteen miles; and this, though a short journey to some lads of my age, was a very long one for me, who had perhaps never in my life walked five miles at a time before. I had on new shoes, which blistered my feet, and the day was very hot. I, however, proceeded manfully, toiling and perspiring at every pore, till I had arrived within about four miles of Yarmouth; I then found it impossible to proceed any further. My first impulse was to sit down and cry; but thinking that would not look manly, I turned aside into a plantation, with

a design to climb a tree and sleep till morning; for I had read *Robinson Crusoe*, and saw no reason why I could not get a good night's rest in a tree as well as that adventurous mariner. I accordingly selected a fine leafy oak for my nocturnal abode, and began to ascend, but fatigue or clumsiness, or both combined, rendered me incapable of reaching the top; in the effort I fell, sprained my ancle violently, and became insensible from pain.

The days are gone when beauty bright
My heart chains wove;

but I shall never forget the "fair form" which was bending over me when I again awoke to recollection. An elderly female, dressed like an upper domestic, was supporting my head, whilst a beautiful girl, seemingly not older than myself, was bathing my temples with some aromatic vinegar, which she dropped from a small vinaigrette upon my aching brow. I asked where I was: the elder female told me I was in the grounds of Mr. Stanhope; that they had found me lying insensible at the foot of the tree, and that the brother of the young lady was gone to the house to procure more assistance. "Oh! I can walk," I exclaimed; but on attempting to rise, I found I was unable to stand, and again sunk on the earth, uttering an exclamation of pain. "Dear Jane, he is much hurt," addressing the domestic—"Where is your pain?" addressing me—was then uttered by the sweetest voice I ever heard.—"I am on my road to Yarmouth, and am tired and faint," I replied. "I was attempting to climb this tree to rest for the night, and fell—I believe I have broken my ancle." At that instant a gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, whom I

afterwards found to be Mr. Stanhope, came up, attended by two servants, who carried an easy chair. "O my dear papa!" exclaimed the young lady, "how glad I am you are come! This poor boy is sadly hurt." Mr. Stanhope approached, and after the usual questions of who I was, where I came from, where I was going, &c. I replied to the first inquiry, that my name was Henry Mortimer, and to the others as I had done to his fair daughter. I, however, concealed the fact that I had run away from my home, which my conscience whispered would not tend to exalt me in the estimation of the person whom I was addressing.—"Well, my lad," said Mr. Stanhope, "we must see what can be done for you, and then I must inquire further into your story." By his directions I was placed in the chair and carried to the house, where I was put to bed, and my ankle dressed. When left to myself, reflection came to my aid. I did not repent of my inclination to go to sea, but I thought the accident a just punishment for my ingratitude in leaving my dear aunt to all the horrors of incertitude and suspense as to my fate. I immediately rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, requested that I might be allowed to speak to Mr. Stanhope. That gentleman came, and to him I unfolded my "eventful history." He applauded my spirit, but blamed me for disobeying the commands of my aunt, to whom he immediately sent off an express, informing her of my safety. I remained at Hawthorn Vale for two days, when, being quite

recovered, except a little lameness from the sprain, my kind protector placed me in his gig, and himself drove me home and presented me to my loved relative.

"I have brought you a truant, my dear madam," said he, "but you must not be too severe upon him. His disobedience arose from his desire to serve his country, and he has suffered both in body and mind; therefore you must forgive him." My kind aunt gave me a cordial embrace, saying, "I do forgive him: but, Harry, if you would not break your old aunt's heart, do not leave her again."—"Indeed, indeed, I will not," I replied.—"Aye, but if you were, my lad, I would gi' thee a good hiding," said John, "and that would just put you in mind of not putting us into all this here bother about you any more."—"No, no, we will have no flogging," said my aunt; "I can take my boy's word that he will not distress me in this manner again."

This occurrence laid the foundation of a friendship with Mr. Stanhope, which I hope will terminate only with our lives. He is now a fine hearty old man of threescore; his beautiful and blooming daughter is a lovely and respected and beloved wife; and his grandchildren are the very images of what their mother was when I first knew her. But, doubtless, my readers will think I have dwelt long enough on this childish ramble, and I will here close the scene till I come to speak of other and more important incidents in the life of

A RAMBLER.

THE CASTLE AND THE FARM,

OR THE FOSTER-BROTHERS: *A Tale.*

(Concluded from p. 154.)

THE supposed death of her daughter had nearly reduced Madame de Volmar to the grave; they found her still weak and languishing, but the sight of her child was a medicine of sovereign efficacy: she daily grew better, and she joined so earnestly with her husband in pressing Frederic to remain a little time with them, that he had not power to resist their entreaties. De Volmar, who wished exceedingly to reward the deliverer of his daughter, sounded him indirectly about his family and prospects. Frederic acknowledged that he was of humble birth; but no consideration could induce him to accept an estate which Volmar strove to force upon him. He would have been eternally disgraced in his own eyes by receiving a reward for the rescue of Adelaide. Ah! thought he, when the viscount would have pressed it on him, there is only one recompence that I could accept, and that I must never hope to obtain!

The day for the lieutenant's departure was fixed, and this circumstance betrayed to the tender Adelaide the situation of her heart: she strove to conceal it from her parents and Frederic, but the effort cost her a great deal. The day before Frederic was to leave Marseilles, De Volmar entered hastily and with a countenance full of trouble. "O my dear," cried he to his lady, "our poor friend De Blainmore!"—"Good heaven! what has happened to him?"—"A misfortune of the most dreadful kind: his son, the Comte de Beausejour, whom we thought tra-

velling for his amusement, has, it seems, connected himself with a gang of sharpers: he has been taken up upon strong suspicion of being a coiner; a quantity of base money has been found in his possession, and most probably he will expiate upon the scaffold the crime of which he has been guilty."

"No!" cried Frederic vehemently, "he is not, he cannot be guilty!"—"How! you then know the *comte*?"—"Know him! good heavens, he is my oldest friend! My mother was his nurse, and his father has been more than a parent to me. But where is he, sir? Let me fly to him!"—"I will accompany you to his prison."—"No, I must first see him alone;" and hastily taking the direction, Frederic darted away with the rapidity of lightning. He easily obtained access to Charles, who, on seeing him, exclaimed in a tone of mingled grief and anger, "Ah! Frederic, you are then come to triumph over me!"—"To triumph!" cried the son of Maurice in a tender but broken voice, and catching the *comte* in his arms, he burst into tears. Charles would have avoided his embrace, but the sight of his grief melted the proud heart of De Beausejour: he returned the ardent grasp of his foster-brother, and for some time their tears flowed in silence.

The *comte* was the first who spoke. "Frederic," said he, "I feel and acknowledge for the first time without envy your superiority over me. Thank God that you are returned to console my poor father for my fate."—"To console!" cried Frederic

in a voice of terror, "ah! is it possible?"—He could not proceed, but the *comte* understood him.—"Need I say to you," cried he with some remains of his natural haughtiness, "that I am not guilty of the crime with which I am charged?"—"I knew it! I was sure of it!" exclaimed the overjoyed Frederic.—"But, nevertheless, I shall suffer death."—"Impossible!"—"Hear me, and you will see that my imprudence has left me scarcely the chance of escape.

"Soon after your departure I quit-
ted the *château*, taking with me a large sum belonging to my father, and without any thought or project for the future, save that of indulging in the riotous pursuits to which I was devoted, I hastened to Paris; and when my money was gone, speedily obtained more from usurers, who, knowing my father's advanced age, did not scruple to supply me at exorbitant interest. I soon became connected with a set of men who lived by play: one among them appeared to attach himself to me in a particular manner. He introduced me to a woman with whom he lived; she was beautiful, and depraved enough to meet my wishes half way. We soon entered into a closer acquaintance, and some months passed without her paramour having any suspicion of our intimacy. During this time I chanced to mention to him the manner in which I raised money: he expressed himself indignant at the interest I paid for it, and offered to supply me at a more reasonable rate. I fatally acceded to his proposal, signed a bond to him, and he brought me a considerable sum in gold; at the same time telling me that himself and the rest of the knot were going to make a trip to Mar-

seilles, and strongly urging me to be of the party. I consented; and on the day after our arrival, while I supposed him secure at the gaming-table, I paid a visit to his mistress: he entered abruptly, and surprised us in a situation to leave no doubt of our criminality. He aimed a blow at me with a dagger, but missed me. I seized my sword, and he fled, exclaiming as he did so, 'I will have your life yet.' The wretched woman, dreading, as she said, his revenge, prepared instantly to quit Marseilles. That very evening the officers of justice entered my apartment, which they searched, and found more than half the sum I had in my possession was base coin. It was in vain that I protested my innocence, I had no witness to the transaction between me and the villain who has absconded. They treated the story of the bond as a fable: my other associates, who have also been taken into custody, obstinately persist in denying all knowledge of the manner in which their companion Vilmont lent me the money. Judge then, Frederic, whether there is even a chance of my escaping a disgraceful death."

Frederic would not acknowledge the apprehensions which this account excited. He strove to raise the hopes of Charles, and when he had a little succeeded, he quitted him to visit the other persons who had been arrested at the same time; but all his efforts to extract from them any information that might be useful to Charles was unavailing: they had been arrested merely on suspicion, but nothing was found on them to criminate them, and they were too wary to say a word that could in any way involve themselves. Poor Frederic quitted them with spirits very

much depressed, and passed the night in forming vain projects to prove the innocence of his foster-brother.

The morning found him again in Charles's prison. "I know not how it is," cried he to the *comte*, "but something tells me we shall succeed, though as yet I have done nothing, if we could but find a clue to Vilmont's mistress."—"That is scarcely possible, since no doubt she will use her utmost endeavours to remain concealed, were it only to avoid his fury."—"Means may be found to trace her for all that," cried Frederic: "to-morrow I will hasten to Paris."—"You, Frederic!"—"Yes, I; and doubt not that I shall return with good news."

A messenger now arrived to summon Frederic; he was sent for by the Vicomte Volmar, who learned that his old friend De Blainmore was just arrived at Marseilles. Frederic hastened with him to the marquis: their presence gave a moment's joy to the unfortunate father, but he soon reverted to the cause of his anguish. "Ah! Frederic," cried he, "you are then restored to me, but it is only to see me expire under the disgrace which Charles has brought upon my name."—"Have better hopes, my lord: Charles is innocent."—"Innocent!" repeated the marquis incredulously.—"Yes, my lord: he has indulged in dissipation; he has been misled; but I repeat to you, he is innocent of the crime he is accused of. Ah! my lord, can you, his father, really believe he would perpetrate so base an action?"

Frederic now repeated to the marquis the account which Charles had given him of the affair. De Blainmore still doubted: Frederic did not cease to plead with the greatest ener-

gy for his foster-brother. "Oh!" cried the marquis, "every word that you say makes this wretched boy more guilty in my eyes. When I contrast his conduct to you with yours to him, how can I think him otherwise than a monster?"

"Stop, my lord!" cried Frederic; "I would spare you if I could, but justice to the unfortunate *comte* compels me to speak. He has faults, but are you sure that they are entirely his own? Have you had no share in causing the evils you deplore?"

"Young man!" interrupted Volmar haughtily.—"Let him go on, my friend," cried the marquis in a faint voice. "Of what is it, Frederic, that you accuse me?"—"Of suffering your judgment to be blinded by your fondness for your son: the faults to which he has fallen a victim early displayed themselves, but were they ever checked? O my lord, forgive me!" continued he, seeing the marquis's eyes fill: "my heart drops blood to afflict you thus; but I should be criminal indeed did I not at this moment do justice to Charles. Alas! it is perhaps the ill-judged fondness of my mother that has, in some degree, occasioned his present misfortunes. Yes, it is that fatal system of indulgence begun at the farm, and carried on at the castle, which has fostered all that was bad, and repressed whatever was excellent in his natural disposition."

Where is the father who would not rather find himself in fault than his son? De Blainmore affectionately embraced Frederic. "Good young man," cried he, "of what a load have you lightened my heart! Yes, I will trust that my unfortunate son is not naturally depraved, and that

I shall yet see him amend his faults: this will be at least a consolation under the disgrace with which his conduct has for ever tarnished the honour of our name. Farewell, my friend! I must hasten to see and console this unhappy boy."

The interview with his son shook the aged frame of the marquis, but he returned from it with a firm conviction of Charles's innocence, and a well-grounded hope that he would become all that his friends could wish. He saw with inexpressible pleasure that the conduct of Frederic had made an indelible impression on the mind of the *comte*, who freely acknowledged all his former baseness to the son of Maurice, and promised, if he was spared, to make him ample amends.

Leaving the marquis and the *vi-comte* engaged with the ablest lawyers they could find in preparing the defence of the *comte*, Frederic hastened to Paris, accompanied by Charles's servant, to try to trace the steps of Vilmont's paramour. They gave information to the police, but several days elapsed, and no tidings could be obtained of her. One night as Frederic was returning home from a visit to his friend M. Robert, he heard, on passing through a bye-street, a loud scream, and turning hastily to see whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a woman sinking under a blow from a ruffian. Frederic darted upon the villain, while the valet raised the woman: she was wounded in the side, and the wound bled profusely. "I believe I am murdered," said she in a faint voice.—"Heaven forbid!" cried the valet. "Hold the rascal fast, Mr. Frederic; it is doubtless he of whom we are in search."

It was indeed the miscreant Vilmont, who, having as he supposed effectually wreaked his vengeance upon Charles by giving information against him as a coiner, proceeded to Paris, where he rightly judged the unfortunate woman had sought to conceal herself. An adept in every species of fraud, he had disguised himself so completely, that he defied the scrutiny of the police, and employed himself without fear in seeking the retreat of his victim, who, aware of his sanguinary temper, and dreading every thing from his vengeance, never ventured out but at night, and then rarely. Her precaution did not avail; he traced her, and watched with determined perseverance till he saw her come out, muffled up, and looking round her with an anxious eye, her glance fell upon him, and, in spite of his disguise, she knew him, and screamed; but at the same moment she received the dagger of the assassin in her side, and fell.

Vilmont was seized and bound: the wound of his victim was mortal, but she lived long enough to sign a deposition that completely exonerated Charles from the guilt which the miscreant had attached to him. It appeared that Vilmont was himself a fabricator of base money, which he sold to the sharpers, his companions, at a low price. He had intended to make Charles the unconscious instrument of passing a large sum in this false coin, but the gratification of his avarice gave way to his desire of revenge: on discovering the intrigue between the *comte* and his paramour, he privately gave information against him as a coiner, and then absconded, to avoid the consequences to himself; first warn-

ing his companions to destroy immediately all the base money they had by them, which they did.

Never did a conqueror make a triumphant entry with half the delight which Frederic felt in returning to Marseilles, whither the officers of justice conveyed Vilmont. We need not detail the law proceedings—suffice it to say, that the villain made a full confession, and received the just reward of his crimes. The *comte* was most honourably acquitted; and Frederic, the happy Frederic, was hailed by the venerable marquis as the preserver of his son's life and the saviour of his house's honour.

The family of De Volmar heartily participated in the joy of their friends; but, as if by common consent, no mention was made of the alliance once proposed between Adelaide and Charles. The marquis felt, that under the circumstances it would be indelicate to bring it forward, and Volmar had not sufficient confidence in the young man's reformation to propose it. Impatient to make the marchioness a sharer in his joy, De Blainmore was about to set out for his *château*, accompanied by Frederic, whom he declared he would part with no more. A few hours before the time fixed upon for his departure, he received an express from Madame de Blainmore; he was conversing with De Volmar and Charles when the letter was delivered to him; on opening it he discovered the most violent emotion. "No!" exclaimed he suddenly, "it cannot be! I should be too happy! O my friend, can you conceive——But," continued he, checking himself, "come with me, I will tell you all."

Seizing the *vicomte* by the arm, he hurried him into an adjoining room,

where they remained during some time shut up together. At last the *vicomte* returned to Charles alone, and from his looks it was evident that he had some unpleasant tidings to communicate. Charles firmly desired to be told briefly and quickly what had occurred; but the good heart of De Volmar made him try to soften as much as he could the heavy blow that was about to fall on this unfortunate young man.

The marchioness had written to her lord, that Margaret, whose health had been declining from the time that Charles quitted the *château*, now finding herself at the point of death, acknowledged that she had deceived them, and substituted her own child for the son of the marquis. The blindness of her husband afforded her an opportunity of satisfying her guilty ambition; but the success of her crime brought with it its punishment: incessantly tormented by the fear of discovery, dreading lest the Vicomte de Volmar should betray the adventure of which the real De Beausejour still carried the mark, the mind of the guilty nurse was always a prey to anxiety; and the loss of that son whom she had loved to such a guilty excess brought upon her a slow wasting malady, which finally deprived her of life.

It was with the tenderest caution that De Volmar revealed the unwelcome tidings to Charles, or, as we must now call him, Frederic. He insisted so strongly upon seeing the letter of the marchioness, that the *vicomte* was at last obliged, though reluctantly, to give it to him. He made but one observation on reading it, and that in a voice of the deepest emotion—"I have murdered my mother!"

These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, spoke volumes in his favour to the heart of Volmar, who soothed him with the tenderness of a father, and said all that friendship could suggest to reconcile him to himself. The marquis in the mean time had gone in search of Charles: he thought he heard his voice as he passed the door of an apartment which was half closed; he pushed it gently open, and beheld his son at the feet of Adelaide, to whom he had just disclosed his passion in the same moment that he was bidding her an eternal farewell. The tears which flowed from the eyes of the tender Adelaide were quickly dried by the tidings which the happy marquis communicated. The youth, overpowered by a blessing so great and so unexpected, could hardly credit the assurances of the marquis that he was really his father; and it was not till his happiness was ratified by the Vicomte Volmar that he could seriously persuade himself that the dear object of his affection was indeed his own.

When their first delightful emotions had a little subsided the situation of Frederic became the object of their thoughts. Need we say, that they did all that could be done to reconcile him to the change which had taken place? They saw with pleasure that the strongest feeling of his mind was remorse for having occasioned the death of Margaret; and they endeavoured to combat this

thought by representing to him the duties he had still to perform to his surviving parent. These representations roused him: he vowed to make his father amends for all the sufferings he had occasioned; and he faithfully kept his word. The old age of Maurice might indeed be said to be blessed with two children; for the Comte de Beausejour, who never forgot the parental tenderness of Maurice, always behaved to him with the affection of a son.

The party speedily set out for the *château*, where Charles and his intended bride were tenderly welcomed by the marchioness. Their nuptials were shortly afterwards celebrated, and at the desire of his bride and his parents, Charles quitted the navy to settle on his estate. The generous marquis wished to bestow upon Frederic a handsome independence, but he resolutely refused to accept it. "I can only be happy," said he, "in returning to the station for which nature intended me. Occupied with the care of my farm, and in solacing the old age of my father, I hope to obliterate by my future conduct all remembrance of the criminal excesses which have disgraced my youth." The marquis secretly approved his resolution. From that time the days of both families glided on in peace and happiness, and Charles and Frederic lived to see their children's children perpetuate the union of the castle and the farm.

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

July 25.

THE sitting was opened by *Madame la Parvenue*, who presented a
Vol. II. No. X.

petition in the form of a round robin, signed by a considerable number of French, and a still greater of English ladies, praying that tea might be

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substituted for the *eau sucrée* that was generally handed round at evening parties, or at least that it might be introduced at the same time.

Madame l'Ancienne-Mode opposed the petition, on the ground that it was an innovation in the long-established customs of France, and was evidently brought forward to serve the purposes of the English settlers in this country, to whom already too many concessions had been made.

Madame de Belle-Taille ascended the tribune and spoke as follows:

"Well as I am acquainted with the illiberal spirit of the *côté droit*, I cannot help being equally shocked and surprised at this ill-timed and impolitic display of it. What! shall the French, renowned alike for their hospitality and politeness, refuse to recognise the right common to all strangers of taking that sort of refreshment which they prefer? and shall this Chamber, renowned till now for the wisdom of its deliberations, compromise its reputation by refusing, through a blind reverence for the usages of antiquity, to sanction the introduction of a beverage, so calculated to reanimate the spirits after the fatigue of conversation as tea, merely because its use is borrowed from a rival nation? No: I trust that the majority of the members have too much public spirit to lend themselves to an act at once illegal and oppressive."

Madame de Vieux-Château could not help observing, that the honourable member had fallen into a mistake, common to some great orators of her party; that is, she had totally lost sight of the facts of the case. She asserted that the Chamber would act illegally in not decreeing the introduction of tea, when, on the contra-

ry, their doing so would be a manifest violation of the constitution.—(Cries of "Falsehood! Slander! We defy you to prove it," from several members of the *côté gauche*, many of whom continued talking at once, and with such vehemence, that *Madame la Presidente* was obliged to interfere. During the continuance of the uproar, the noble member took snuff with the most philosophic composure, and when silence was at length restored, proceeded as follows):—"I am not to be deterred by party clamour from exposing that system of trickery upon which the *côté gauche* constantly acts: it is well known that the party is destitute of principle."—(Loud cries of "Order!")—"I beg pardon, I retract: the party cannot be said to be destitute of principle, for they have one, that of never telling the truth when a falsehood will answer the purpose better."—(Murmurs of indignation.)—"Nay, here is a proof of it. You have just been told that the Chamber will act illegally and oppressively in not granting the petition now before it. This Chamber has been confessedly established to guard, in conjunction with that of the peeresses, the rights, liberties, and privileges of French female citizens: now what sort of liberty should we enjoy if an act of the government obliged us, contrary to our own wishes, to introduce a particular sort of beverage into our houses? Such a measure would be clearly unjust and unconstitutional. I move, therefore, that the petition be rejected."

Madame Sens-Commun begged leave to dissent from the opinion of her honourable friend who spoke last. That Chamber possessed the privilege of dictating in all matters of fa-

shion and taste; and there could be no doubt that cases of this description came under its jurisdiction, since refreshments, like every thing else, were to be regulated by the mode. But though she considered it a duty to state her opinion, that the Chamber had a right to decree the introduction of tea if it pleased, she should nevertheless oppose the petition, because she regarded it as a stratagem of the English to introduce by degrees their own manners and customs. She was sorry to say, that they had already made some very dangerous innovations. People began to acquire ideas of *comfort* and *smugness*. She was obliged to use the English words, because there were no French terms that would answer to them. She had heard more than one of her acquaintance talk of the pleasure of a family-party; and what was still worse, it had actually been whispered that *tête-à-têtes* between ladies and their husbands were becoming very frequent. She hoped and trusted that rumour had exaggerated in this latter case, but nevertheless it was plain, that in common policy we ought to be cautious of giving any encouragement to these foreigners, since in reality the true interests of France required us to harass them as much as possible, without coming to open hostilities.

Several members rose at this instant to mount the tribune: *Madame le Téméraire* reached it first, but she was so much out of breath by her exertions, that it was some time before she could speak. She declaimed with great vehemence against the cowardly spirit in which the last speech was made, and deprecated the conduct it recommended as contrary to the national honour. The

institutions of France, she asserted, were placed by the female charter upon too secure a basis to be shaken by any attacks from abroad: let Frenchwomen be but true to themselves, and they might defy alike force and fraud.—(Loud acclamations from different parts of the Chamber).—The honourable member concluded a most brilliant speech by warmly supporting the petition.

Madame Médiocre said that the petition, as far as it respected the first class of society, was absolutely needless, for tea was usually given with other refreshments at a late hour of the evening.

Madame la Parvenue replied, that it was true tea was so given, but the lateness of the hour rendered it impossible for ladies to take it without sacrificing their rest.

Madame Médiocre and several other members of the centre argued that it was of no consequence at what hour the refreshment was offered; it was sufficient for the credit of French hospitality and politeness that it was offered at all.

The petition was then put to a show of hands, and negatived, in consequence of a great proportion of the centre voting with the *côté droit*. The sitting closed at five o'clock.

CHAMBER OF PEERESSES.

La Baronne de Bonne-Volonté rose to call the attention of the Chamber to the situation of the Spanish ladies. "I have," said the noble orator, "silently watched the progress of our arms in that country, and now that the war is, I trust, coming to a happy conclusion, now that the prowess of Frenchmen is about to reseat King Ferdinand on his throne, in the full enjoyment of his

privileges, the wisdom of Frenchwomen ought to be exerted in behalf of their sisters of Spain, whose liberties have been alike injured by the monarchical and the constitutional governments. I need not particularize the subjects of complaint under which Spanish-women have so long groaned; they are well known to all Europe, and have been long deplored by the liberal and philanthropic females of France, who wish to extend to all women the invaluable blessings which they themselves enjoy. Till now, however, it has been impossible, without committing ourselves, to take any steps for the relief of our sisters of Spain, but the moment is arrived in which we have the power to achieve their deliverance. I move, therefore, that this Chamber immediately take into consideration the means necessary for giving to the ladies of Spain a constitution suitable to their principles and necessities; and that, as the first step to be taken, the commands of this Chamber be issued to the prince generalissimo, to convene as speedily as possible a meeting of the female Cortes of the kingdom, that they may draw up a constitution and code of laws suitable to the genius of the Spanish women."

Comtesse le Sage. "The measure proposed by the noble *baronne* is one well worthy of her philanthropy; but I must observe, with all due deference to the opinion of my enlightened and illustrious friend, that the step would be at this moment rather precipitate. The affairs of Spain are not yet decided; but it is perhaps in the power of Frenchwomen to decide them. The Spaniards, as the Chamber well knows, have disclaimed all foreign interference: but the

Spaniards are a nation of gallant men; though they may be inaccessible to the weapons of man, they must yield to those of woman. In plain words, the mediation of that Chamber might effect what the arms of France perhaps could not; it might induce the nation to liberate the king, and in conjunction with him, to give to Spain such a constitution as the wisdom of their ladyships might dictate."—"Hear! hear!" from several parts of the Chamber.)—"I move, therefore, that a committee of this Chamber be immediately appointed to frame a code of laws suitable to the genius of the Spanish people; that it be especially distinguished by its brevity and simplicity, not containing, at the most, above four hundred ninety-eight thousand five hundred and fifty articles; and that it be modelled, as far as the difference of the institutions will admit, upon the female constitution of France; and that an ambassador, with a splendid suite, be dispatched forthwith to Cadiz, to signify to the king and the Cortes the intentions of this Chamber, and to prepare them for a favourable reception of the constitution."

La Comtesse Très-Doucement thought the measure a bold one, and not at all likely to be successful. She did not mean to detract from the gallantry of the Spanish nation; on the contrary, she considered them to a man likely to do homage at the shrine of beauty: but she doubted very much whether they had such a just sense of female supremacy as would induce them to accept a constitution from the hands of women, especially when these women were foreigners.

Vicomtesse de Ruse observed, that

means might be found to obviate that objection: they had only to engage the ladies of Spain in the business; there could be no doubt that they would readily come into it if a prospect was held out to them of forming, upon the restoration of peace, a constitution of their own, after the example of the ladies of France.

La Duchesse de Haute-Voix opposed the motion, on the ground that to give Spain a constitution modelled after that most admirable institution, the female code of France, would be in effect to render her too powerful.

La Duchesse de la Scrupuleuse also opposed it, in the belief that

France had a prior claim upon the wisdom of her daughters, who might employ themselves more for her interests in remodelling the charter. This last objection had great weight with the majority of the members; and after a long debate it was agreed, *nem. con.* that all consideration of the affairs of Spain be postponed for the present.

La Baronne de Bas-Bleu gave notice that she should, at the next sitting, bring forward a plan for enabling such ladies as were desirous of turning authors to compose by steam.

The Chamber then broke up at six o'clock.

A TOUR ROUND MY PARLOUR.

By J. M. L.

(Continued from p. 148.)

OVER the couch, in a darkish corner, is quite an antique in its way, a sampler worked by my mother; by her who watched over my infant steps with anxious care, and who first taught my "young ideas how to shoot." But few of us sufficiently know how much we owe to a mother: more than is generally imagined depends upon the infant and early impressions received from maternal instruction; and that nation ever has been and ever will be the greatest and the wisest, which allows, as England and the modern nations of Europe do, their women to take a proper and equal station in society. But to the sampler. And let it be recollected, that though I may excite a smile by my description of it, and though modern misses may turn up their scornful but pretty noses at the idea of such a thing; yet do I feel a sort of respect for this venerable and

dingy relic, from its having been the handywork of a fond mother. It was the fashion of the day when she was a child; and I can very well fancy her pleasure, and that of her parents, at its completion; together with the sending of it to be framed and glazed; the receiving it back in the then handsome black and gold frame, the outer half black, and the inner half embossed gold, like two distinct frames; and the final decision of *the hanging committee* as to the best light and situation for it to be suspended in. But to the sampler, as I said before: I am afraid I shall not describe it to the liking of the ladies, but I will try nevertheless. First then, there is a border all round, meant, I presume, but I would not swear it, for roses and rose-leaves; or, upon second thought, for honeysuckles, or perhaps for clover-blossoms, for really they would almost do for one thing as well

as another. Then, just under the border at top is her christian name on one side, and her surname—no, I don't like *sirname* for a lady—her maiden name, good reader, if you please, on the other; and between the two is the date 1752; all being done in as good letters and figures as generally fall to the lot of samplers. Then there is the alphabet in goodly rows, though if one did not know what it was meant for, and could by any chance pick up one of the letters, it is ten to one if it was guessed aright: all these have been in very gay and very various colours formerly, but all-conquering and all-destroying Time has stolen much of this sort of beauty away. Below the alphabet is the fifth commandment; and below that, at the bottom of the piece, is a something meant for a landscape: in the middle a cottage of yellow, with blue windows, a red door, and a green roof; at least, I take it these were the original colours, but they are wonderfully mellowed by the aforesaid old gentleman. On either side of the house is a figure, meant no doubt for human, but not partaking much of the “human form divine,” and whether intended for man, woman, or child, it is impossible to determine; and each of these is accompanied by some animal, a tame one it is to be presumed, but whether cow or calf, cat or dog, is quite undeterminable; they are all red; perhaps the other colours had been exhausted by the time the sampler was so far finished, which may account for the choice, or rather the *necessity*, of so flaming a colour. Lastly, in the four corners of the piece are stuck four large flowers—roses they should be by their colour, but so square and so formal, and

stuck in such funny little red pots, that it is difficult to decide.

So much for the sampler; and I hope I may never want a corner for it, any more than for its neighbour, which is a pictorial specimen of needle-work by my wife, some half century more modern, and worked in silk. This is certainly a much more formidable matter, and bespeaks respect accordingly; for it is a representation of no less a personage than Britannia. She is standing in a noble but somewhat stiff position, holding an olive-branch in one hand, and leaning on her shield with the other. On one side of her is a little naked boy, who has always puzzled me vastly, and who is holding the standard of England in his hand: I never heard of any little boy that Britannia had; and if it is intended for Cupid, which it very possibly may be, then I am as much puzzled to know what he does there: however, there he is, and a very mild, pretty-looking child I assure you. Well then, in the back-ground there is a ship, and a view of the dome of St. Paul's: the first indicative doubtless of our commercial prosperity; and the latter, that there is such a place as London I suppose. My little girl is at present too young for any thing of this sort; but I dare say I shall soon have something of hers to place by the side of the two others, and then there will be three generations of them together.

Being now pretty well rested by my halt at the sofa, I will go as far as the side-board, which is the next thing I arrive at, and is both useful and ornamental. As to its contents, there is Cape and sweet wines for the ladies and the children; port and sherry for “children of a larger

growth;" and other liquors for the ruder *spirits* who chance to call at my door: then here are sweet cakes, and buns and biscuits, and I know not what besides. In its smaller drawers is a curious collection of corkscrews, nutmeg-graters, nut-crackers, spoons of all sizes, d'oyley's, and other useful table *et-ceteras*. Then on its top is a pretty collection of very brittle materials, from the liquor-glass up to the pint goblet, and from the small dinner decanter up to the immense magnum of a water-bottle, which stands like a giant in the middle, looking down upon the rest.

Over these are my book-shelves, holding a few bound volumes for every-day use, whilst the majority of my books repose in their cases up stairs. Here is a motley group: Sale's Koran next to the Bible and Common Prayer; old Isaac Walton on Angling next to something of Swift's, who was so censorious on poor Isaac's amusement, as to describe a fishing-rod and line as having a fool at one end and a worm at the other; the Arabian Nights' Entertainments snuggling up to Blair's Sermons; Potter's *Greece* close to another *greasy* subject, the Domestic Cookery; Shakspeare's Plays cheek by jowl with a thing of yesterday, a play written by my cousin Tom M—y, who, like many others, not being pleased with the conduct of managers, determined to "print it and shame the fools." The works of Goldsmith, the wandering flute-player, but first essayist of his own or any age, not excepting the American Irving and his host of imitators;—of Pope, that *note-of-interrogation* man, as somebody ill-naturedly called him in allusion to his hump—what will not

malice and envy excite in the human mind? and yet Pope was but too much tinctured with these feelings himself;—of Dr. Johnson, the dictatorial, the cynical, but I believe really honest man—these, with an Encyclopedia of Wit, a few of Byron's and Moore's Poems, some novels, an odd Spectator or two, and some tracts, as dull and fatiguing as some of those in Egypt and the deserts of Arabia, make up the lot.

Then, above the book-shelves, and towering to the ceiling, we have a large drawing, executed by the afore-said cousin of mine. It is coloured a little too highly perhaps for a connoisseur, but half the world, and more than half are very indifferent judges of a picture, would think it exceedingly handsome; and it is admired accordingly. And who shall dare to say that in this my tour I am debarred from enjoying the prospect of a beautiful country? No such thing: the drawing I am speaking of is the view of a peaceful vale, in that delightful spot for a summer retreat, the Isle of Wight. I recollect, that when it was first given to me in the year 1810, I inscribed some friendly lines on the back of it, and as it will save me some description, here they are:

I thank, my friend, thy pencil and thy heart!

The scene thou'st traced suits well a poet's soul;

Its brilliant glow and soft repose impart

A pensive charm, a charm of sweet controul:

For, oh! when ev'ning's tranquillizing hour
Sheds o'er a scene like this its peaceful calm,

How sweet it is to own the soothing pow'r,
And catch the cooling zephyr's cheering balm!

How oft have we together traced a scene,
Like this in beauty, and like this in peace,
And found the pow'r of language much too mean

To tell what feelings gave our joys increase!

At such an hour we see the sun decline,
 And seek the west, his race of glory o'er;
 We see the wood, hill, vale, and stream combine,
 Deck'd by his beams, to make our pleasures more.

We hear the blackbird hymn his vesper theme;
 The lark's last anthem as he leaves the skies;
 The shrill-toned swallow, as he skims the stream;
 The goldfinch sweet, with plume of various dyes.

There's not a sound but has its beauties now;
 The ling'ring flail, the mill's revolving wheel,
 The sheep-dog's bark, the oxen's distant low,
 The milk-maid's song, all bid our bosoms feel.

To name that feeling, to pourtray its pow'r,
 Is more than language can: the gladden'd eye
 And ravish'd ear enjoy the halcyon hour,
 While words are lost in one all-speaking sigh!

But when the busy town forbids to stray,
 Or sickness binds us to the house of care,
 Fancy will seek this pictur'd scene so gay,
 And almost bid reality be there.

The village church; the rustics at its gate;
 The graceful tree that shades the pool below;
 The cottages embower'd, unknown to state;
 The distant hills adorn'd with ev'ning's glow:

All these, as Fancy spreads her pow'rful sway,
 Will give the throbbing breast a gleam of peace;
 Will dress the face with smiles, bid man be gay,
 And sooth regret's deep sigh with soft release:

For even now I feel her influence kind
 And sweet, though sad is ev'ry thrilling thought:
 She pictures days to come upon the mind;
 With seeming prescience each idea's fraught:

For thus she whispers: When the hand of death
 Shall snatch the pencil from thy friend away;
 When thou too hast resign'd thy borrow'd breath,
 And both have sought eternity's bright day;

Then haply may some kindred eye bestow
 On this depicted scene a tear of praise;
 May mourn the hand that gave the mimic glow,
 And bless the humble poet for his lays.

Standing upon the top of the bookshelves, leaning against the picture-frame, and looking a good deal like a masonic emblem, is a triangular cribbage-board. This, like my mother's sampler, is chiefly valuable to me as having belonged to my father: on this board he taught me the value of sequences, prials, fifteen-two's, &c. &c. Well do I remember his first attempt to teach me when a boy, and the utter confusion and conglomeration of ideas that I felt in endeavouring to comprehend the game, and my at last saying to him, "Father, it is of no use, I shall never understand it." But he persevered; and, like all other boyish difficulties, I soon got over this. It was one of his customs to sit up on Christmas-eve and the last night of the old year, to hear the bells ring Christmas and the new year in; and many a heavy job have I had to keep my eyes open, while accompanying him in the invariable game of cribbage played on these occasions. Some *wise ones* will perhaps exclaim, "And what has the world to do with all this nonsense?" Truly, not much; but I should hope there is scarcely a being so callous in his feelings, as not to have some kind remembrances awakened of a parent's goodness, even by reading my trivial remarks, much less if chance throws in his way something which had belonged to that parent. I am not ashamed to say, that such incidents recall to my mind thoughts and feelings that I would not part with for the world's wealth. I never even meet with an old epistle, the

writer of which is dead, that I am not ready to exclaim :

“ For years this letter unperus’d hath lain !
The lapse of time is great ! and yet it seems,
By recollection’s pow’r, but yesterday
When all it speaks of happen’d. In that
time

The hand which penn’d it has been numb’d
by death ;

The spirit that dictated it has fled,
And now looks back on all the hopes and
fears

That fill its page as veriest trifles. Yet
With trifles such as these men fill up life.”

Again let me proceed, and finish one half of my journey by reaching the corner of the room just beyond the sideboard. Here hangs an exquisite engraving in the line manner; French I believe, but by whom done I know not. It is called *Marie de Rohan*, and is the semblance of a most beautiful woman, fancifully dressed as a shepherdess, and having a crook in her hand: it is a half-length or rather more. I picked it up some years ago at a sale with several others for a mere trifle, and was so struck with its beauty and fine finish, that I would not suffer it to slumber with the rest in the portfolio, but honoured it with a gold frame. Beneath it stands, what I suppose is to be one small portion of Sir Ashley Cooper’s immortality, though he has other and better claims to such a fate—I mean *a Cooper’s chair* for children to sit in, and certainly an excellent thing to keep them upright. I suppose Sir A. was the inventor of these things, judging by the name given to them; and I certainly do think the public should be peculiarly grateful to medical men, who quit as it were their direct path of duty to diverge into the mechanical arts, as they often have done, to invent and improve such articles as will give ease and

Vol. II. No. X.

comfort in various ways to poor human nature.

On turning this corner of my room, I find another door, and leading into a closet of such depth and dimensions, as make it worth about half the rent of a small modern house, in which closets are but seldom thought of. As to its contents, they are almost too various for delineation: there is a row of pegs down each side, on which are hung hats, bonnets, great-coats, cloaks, &c. without end; and amongst them I see is my fishing-jacket. Fustian friend of mine, many is the pleasant trip we have had together; many a breezy morn has welcomed us to the river’s side; often, with thee on my back, have I exclaimed, as the sun first peep’d forth in all his beauty :

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good !

Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond’rous fair ! thyself how wond’rous
then !”

Here too are my rods and lines, my basket, landing-net, fishing-stool, and all the other paraphernalia of this *destructive* and *inhuman* art, as some *would-be* feeling people call it. I very well remember an officer, who had been in most of the battles in the Peninsula, and who, like Sampson, had slain his thousands or thereabouts, telling me that he *could not bear* to impale a worm, as he called it, or to drag a fish from its native element *upon a hook*. This was something like the old story of the *sentimental butcher*. But to quit the closet and my story together, I will remark that over the door is hung, and principally because it is rather a dark part of the room, an engraving of the *Death of Chatterton*. It is a melancholy subject, and treated in a

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way rather to increase than diminish the sensation. It is very well engraved by Edward Orme, from a painting by H. Singleton, and was published in 1794: it is dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdown, as Orme's first attempt. Poor Chatterton is stretched on a miserable straw bed, in a more miserable garret; he is half undressed, and lying partly on and partly off the bed. The horrible agonies of coming death by poison are visible in his countenance, and the wretched coverlid is fast clenched in his hand. A box is open near him, from which appear to have been thrown on the floor some books and letters, and with them lies an empty phial, indicative of the deed he has done. The other furniture of the room consists but of one broken chair, and a paltry deal table, on which are placed some writing materials. The whitewash of the wall is broken, and the bare bricks seen in several places; against it is hung his three-cornered hat, the fashion of his day; a paper is introduced, on which is inscribed the name of his native place, "Bristol;" and against the casement, by way of curtain to keep out the light and wind, is hung his coat. The poor woman with whom he lodged is just in the act of opening the door and entering, apparently to light his fire, from the appearance

of sticks in her apron, and upon seeing the awful situation of Chatterton is drawing back in horror and affright. But the best of the whole is a chubby little girl who is holding by her mother's apron, and shrinking partly behind her, with a half-alarmed, but curious and inquiring countenance. At the bottom of the plate are these very applicable lines, quoted from Cowley:

"Behold him, Muses, see your fav'rite son,
The prey of want ere manhood is begun!
The bosom ye have fill'd with anguish torn,
The mind ye cherish'd drooping and forlorn."

Such was the fate of this extraordinary young man, whose genius was acknowledged on all hands, and whose Rowleian MSS. set half the literary world of the day in which he lived together by the ears; but it is believed that, like too many of the sons of genius, his extravagance and high notions, and the neglect of advantages which might have been his, led eventually to the violent catastrophe which robbed the world of one who would in all probability for many years have been numbered with its brightest ornaments, and which hurried him into the presence of his Maker, with perhaps too many errors unrepented of. Peace, however, to his *manes*!

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE FALLEN SON OF SWITZERLAND*.

I love a tale of tears—
Told specially at eventide
I love it:
For its enchantment ever breathes o'er me
Like distant bells upon a summer's eve,
Stealing away earth's grossness
By their most simple ravishment.

Old Play.

I WAS born in Switzerland in the St. Gothard, one of the loftiest canton of Uri. My parents inhabited a small village at the foot of mountains in Europe. Its situation was most romantic: above rose stu-

* From the *Manchester Iris*, a well-conducted weekly literary journal, lately established in the town whose name it bears.

pendous crags covered with eternal snow, seeming as it were to form an imperceptible union with the white fleecy clouds, sometimes throwing a dazzling glimmer through the gloomy mists that rolled over them. The barren surface presented no species of vegetation, save a kind of moss and short grass, and a little stunted furze, which served for food for the chamois, almost the only animal which nature exhibited. Our humble hamlet was situated at its base, so that it was protected from the heavy and frequent snow-drifts, and from the excessive cold and boisterous wind. Sheep and goats, together with a few cows, were all our riches: yet we were in want of nothing; they supplied us with food and clothing, and our chief occupation was to provide for their sustenance. Each day brought its accustomed and constant employment, and each setting sun beheld us happy and content. My father was now old; his head was honoured with hoary locks, and his brow with the furrows of venerable age: his chief delight was to watch the innocent gambols of his grandchildren, in which he would frequently engage, or in beholding his two sons (myself and an elder brother) prosecuting our labour. To us would he recount the acts of his ancestors, the first inhabitants of the valley: whenever he touched upon these topics his countenance assumed a sudden glow, and patriotism appeared in every aged feature: he spoke feelingly, and made a deep impression upon our youthful hearts. Many were the songs and traditions which he repeated, handed down from father to son for a long series of generations.

There is one in particular, which,

though I could disregard, I shall never forget; and even now, while I repeat it, the recollections of former days, the remembrance of my boyhood, and the image of my departed sire as he sat and sung, all crowd into my imagination, and fill my soul with indescribable emotions.

Sons of freedom, wake to glory,
 Draw the blade in freedom's cause,
 For your sires and grandsires hoary,
 For your liberty and laws!
 See the drooping bride is clinging,
 Like the ivy to the tree,
 And her arms is round you flinging;
 Look on this—and dare be free!

Spirit of departed Tell,
 Hear within thy hallow'd grave!
 Shades of those that with thee fell,
 Rise and bid your sons be brave.
 If the foemen at a distance
 Threaten blood and sword and fire,
 May they meet a stout resistance,
 May they meet a Switzer's ire!

In the same village lived a young man, the son of the chief or patriarch of our little state. While children we were intimate friends; but as we grew older we became rivals and bitter enemies to each other. We both placed our affections on the same lovely object, and jealousy soon ripened into deadly hatred.

One evening whilst returning from a visit to the fair Lisette, I met with Thierry (that was the young man's name): high words passed between us, and a quarrel (for love is none of the coolest passions) soon ensued; we fought, and he fell. In vain I endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and to convey him to the village. "William," said he, with his hand pressed upon his side, endeavouring ineffectually to stop the gush of blood, "your kindness is useless, for death is upon me; leave me to my fate; fly and save yourself." My attentions were indeed unneces-

sary, for he had scarcely said farewell, when he sunk back into my arms and expired.

How to act I knew not; my destruction appeared inevitable; besides the disgrace and infamy I should bring upon our hitherto spotless house. I was utterly ignorant in what course to direct my flight, unacquainted with the route to any foreign country, without money, and without a friend. No time, however, was to be lost; I set off immediately, and passing through the canton of Berne, soon gained the French frontier. As I was wandering onward, weary and exhausted with my journey, I perceived a troop of horse approaching: I cast a wistful glance towards them, and could not help reflecting on my own unfortunate condition; worn out with hunger and fatigue, and covered with dust, while they were careless, happy, well mounted, heedless, and without anxiety for the morrow. I saw that they observed me, and this affected me the more: two of the officers whispered together for some time, and one riding up to me addressed me in my native Swiss. Rejoiced at this unexpected circumstance, my face brightened up immediately, and I answered several of his inquiries. He informed me that he and his men belonged to a regiment in the French service, and that my person had attracted their notice; and he asked if I was willing to go with them. After a little discourse I consented, and was soon initiated into the tactics and duties of a soldier's life. Without vanity I may say that I possessed a tolerably fine appearance, just in the prime of life, tall and well proportioned; bred up in a wild and barren country, I was enabled to endure the

fatigues of war. Being of the same nation as my commander, I obtained first his good opinion, and then a considerable share of his favour and confidence. By his interest and exertions I was promoted in a short time from the ranks; and in a few years, after having served in many battles, I had the honour of being entrusted with a pair of colours.

Rocquuer and I were the warmest friends; and the acquaintance of such a man, the gaiety of a military life, and the perpetual change of place, scene, and character, had almost obliterated from my mind the thoughts of by-gone days: yet, notwithstanding this, when the boisterous mirth had somewhat subsided, when I had retired to rest, imagination would paint in forcible colours the hoary Gothard, our little valley, and still more strongly the innocent and no doubt disconsolate Lisette. But the morning came, and with its cares, duties, and pleasures, banished the musings of an unhappy man.

The day of battle was near; the clouds of night were dispersing, and the morning was to prepare us more fully for the engagement. The morning came, the battalions were reviewed, the lines were formed, and terrible was the conflict. Rocquuer did all that bravery could do: twice I saved him from the steel of the foe, but in vain; his days were numbered, and he died gloriously. We were maddened at the sight, charged furiously, and the day was ours.

My actions had not been unobserved by the colonel; he bestowed great encomiums on my valour, and advanced me to the vacant post of my departed friend. My misery now drew on apace, for the greatest elevation of fortune can never secure

against a reverse; nay, the sunshine of our life is generally a forerunner of clouds and storms.

A few months after this commenced the celebrated war between France and Switzerland, my native country. We marched immediately to the frontiers, and into the canton of Berne: need I say with what a heavy heart I obeyed the orders of my general? But a soldier must follow wherever he is led, the command is imperious. Happy are they who fight only against the unjust enemies, the oppressors of their country! But what were my feelings when we were commanded to proceed into Uri, my own district, the place of my birth; yea, even to St. Gothard, where lived all that I held dear in life? The Swiss were assembled in the valley of my fathers; we were at some distance from them: I was put at the head of a detachment, with orders to encamp near them for the night, and to reconnoitre their numbers and strength. This was indeed the most miserable night I ever spent: my soul was rent asunder: I felt all the desolation of grief and the wildness of despair. I could not sleep: in vain I threw myself down in my tent, and endeavoured to get a little repose. And must I then, thought I, raise my traitorous arm against the land of my brave and patriotic ancestors, against the companions of my childhood, against my own blood? Must I see my native village in flames, and myself light the torch which is to consume and destroy it? Unhappy man, to what a state has thy first crime reduced thee! Thou art lost for ever! I could not compose myself to rest, and looking out of my tent I beheld the antique church and spire of our little hamlet, and could

distinguish by the light of the moon my own happy and peaceful home. What recollections then crowded upon me, and harrowed up my soul with keenest sensations! I threw a cloak over my shoulders, and with feelings which it is impossible to describe, wandered over the well-known scenes of my boyhood. With what emotions I traversed the little green where I had spent the innocent and only happy days of my life, I shall not attempt to express. I arrived undiscovered at my father's cottage: there he was, little altered from when I left home, surrounded by the most valiant youths of the place, who, regardless of repose, were keeping their vigils, and preparing for a vigorous defence.

I was on the point of rushing in and throwing myself at his feet, when the door opened and my brother came out, apparently with the intention of carrying some communication to the main body of their little force. He was passing forward, thinking I was one of the men, when I exclaimed in a tremendous voice, "Henry! Henry!"—"What, William!" said he, starting back in astonishment, "our long-lost William! Welcome to St. Gothard in the time of danger!" It cut me to the heart—I could not speak, but threw open my cloak, that the sight of my uniform might save me the painful expression.—"Ha, is it so?" said he, recoiling—"William, and a Gaul!—impossible!—forbid it, heaven!—but it must have been to escape suspicion.—Speak, relate what has befallen you since you retired so suddenly from our village, and say why this disguise."—"O my brother," I answered, "this is indeed no disguise—my fate is hard! But—but," said I,

choking with emotion, "is Lisette yet alive?"—"No," said he: "but thy country still is free; live for Switzerland."—"Henry," replied I, "it must not be. I belong to France—I have served long—been treated well, and sworn allegiance!—I cannot bear my poor father's looks; tell him cautiously my misfortunes and my grief.—Brother, farewell! farewell for ever!—we meet not again!"—I forced myself from him, and wandered on to the church-yard: there I saw, and in the inanity of grief worshipped at the grave of Lisette, the poor fallen lily!

As I returned, I could not resist the desire to have another and a last glance at my aged sire. He was seated as before, with my brother and the other youths around him. His eyes were lit up with a sort of frenzied fire, while his venerable locks fell over his face and shoulders. I never saw him so animated; he was exhorting the young warriors to deeds of valour in one of the old mountain songs. His voice was clear and distinct, and his words were expressed with a pathos which might have moved the coldest heart. I knew them well, for I had sung them when a child; and the ideas associated with them were more than I could bear. I cast a parting look through the casement, and hurried away. Restless and miserable, I passed the night agitated and harassed by the thoughts of my duty, the yearnings and impulse of nature, and the love of my country.

The sun rose, and soon beheld the contending parties drawn out against

each other. Not knowing what I did, careless of life, and abandoned to despair, I looked forward to death with pleasure. Amid the ranks of the patriotic Switzers, I beheld the form of my father laid on a kind of wicker couch, and supported by four of his countrymen: my conscience smote me almost unbearably: we were commanded to charge; I moved instinctively, and advanced amidst the thick fire of my own countrymen: we fired, that is, the men did—I would rather have shot myself than fired upon my own friends—I may say relations. I looked upon my beloved father—there he lay raised on his couch—his eye beaming unutterable brightness, his white locks streaming over his unbonneted brow, and one hand pointed in defiance against the invaders of his country; his voice I heard, loud above the tumultuous din of war, encouraging and bidding his sons on to victory. I saw him fix, as I thought, his unearthly, bright, and glittering eye on me, but it was for an instant only—he sunk back—a ball had struck his aged temples; he fell bathed in blood. My brother rushed to him—his dying hands clasped him, and his dying lips blessed him: my brother looked with a deep feeling upon the enemy; but his hour had also arrived—another ball smote him on the breast; he reeled back, and fell a corpse on the lifeless body of my father.

I uttered a scream of horror, and turning my horse's head, galloped away: the colonel ordered the men to fire upon me; they did fire, but discharged their pieces in the air.

CLEMENTINE D'ISAURE:

From the French of FLORIAN.

CLEMENCE D'ISAURE, the subject of this poem, instituted the prizes for poetical compositions given to the Troubadours, whence originated the *Floral Games*, annually celebrated in the month of May at Toulouse. At these games gold violets, eglantines, and marigolds were distributed by the chief magistrates of the city to such of the Troubadours as excelled in the several styles of poetry appointed for the competition. The statue of the foundress, who is supposed to have lived in the 14th century, stood in the town-hall, and was crowned on these occasions.—TRANSLATOR.

THE fair Clementine was a Tolousan maid;
 Young Lionel's heart she engaged:
 He told her his love, her pledged faith had received,
 But fate unpropitious their wishes deceived;
 No compassion their sorrows assuaged.

Her sire for another had destin'd her hand:
 In vain at his feet she implor'd;
 In vain sought his mercy, her passion confess'd;
 But deaf to her pleading, his obdurate breast
 Was steel'd against him she ador'd.

" My life, O my father! that life which you gave
 Is yours," the fair Clementine cried;
 " But compel not to perjury, grief, and despair,
 A heart which is breaking; reject not my prayer—
 I have sworn to be Lionel's bride."

Alphonso unpitying her agonies view'd;
 Revenge to his soul was most dear:
 In a tower imprison'd, and loaded with chains,
 His child was condemn'd to experience pains,
 His command render'd doubly severe.

And Lionel still was exposed to his rage:
 Despising the dangers he knew,
 The youth to the tower, in defiance of fate,
 Like a bird hov'ring over the cage of his mate,
 On the wings of affection swift flew.

Fair Clementine's heart beat with stronger alarms
 When the voice of her love reach'd her ear.
 To the grate of her prison in terror she goes:
 " Ah! quit this dread tower, nor rashly expose
 An existence to Clementine dear!

" My father still threatens a horrid revenge;
 Thy life I entreat thee to save.
 Oh! seek not to alter the mandate of fate:
 In happier countries the moment await,
 Which consigns me to thee or a grave!

" But fly to the battle, where glory invites;
Go gather the laurels of fame.
Let the spirit of valour with mercy combine,
Round victory's standard the olive entwine,
And thy watchword be Clementine's name.

" See these marigold, violet, and eglantine flowers,
All drooping and bathed with my tears :
To no profane gaze be this token reveal'd ;
Enshrin'd next thy heart bear it ever conceal'd,
Expressive of love and my fears."

No tear down the pale cheek of Lionel fell ;
His eyes were still fix'd on the fair ;
No sigh spoke his anguish, too great for relief ;
His nerves relax not to the softness of grief ;
The statue he seem'd of despair.

Thus long had he stood, but that Clementine's voice
In accents of terror arose :

" Oh! fly hence, my Lionel, yield to my prayer,
Nor continue my father's dire vengeance to dare ;
In arms seek more generous foes!"

Her entreaties repeated, at length he obey'd.
A warrior he now shone in arms ;
His breastplate concealing the gift of his love,
For his country he panted his valour to prove,
All Languedoc rang with alarms.

To the walls of Toulouse the fierce enemy turn'd
Their standard, which conquest insured.
To the city his footsteps young Lionel bends,
O'er Clementine danger, destruction, impends ;
She's in that fated city immur'd.

On the ramparts collected the flower of Toulouse ;
But courage, alas! here was vain.
The English repulsed, but return'd with more force,
Like a torrent resistless swept all in their course,
And mounted on heaps of the slain.

One veteran still the fierce combat maintain'd,
Who disdain'd like his comrades to yield ;
Alone he resisted a host of his foes—
What can valour unaided to numbers oppose ?
Exhausted he sank on the field.

The unequal contest brave Lionel saw,
Indignant he rush'd from the walls :
The uplifted sword flash'd the death which he braved ;
The stroke is arrested, the veteran sav'd,
But his young champion staggers and falls.

The veteran receives him, examines the wound—
 'Tis mortal! he utters a groan:
 Yet a faint beam of joy lightens Lionel's eyes—
 In the warrior he Clementine's parent describes,
 Whose life he had saved with his own.

" O Alphonso! the gift which had render'd life dear
 To my prayers you harshly denied:
 My revenge is, preserving your days so rever'd,
 As the father of Clementine doubly endear'd,
 Let my dying request be your guide:

" These flowers, now faded and stain'd with my blood,
 Are sacred memorials of love;
 To your hand I commit them: oh! gently prepare
 Your child for the horrible tale they declare!
 In this favour your penitence prove.

" Oh! say that the sacred deposit of love
 Is now to my dying lips press'd:
 Near my heart, as she wish'd, it was ever conceal'd;
 To no gaze profane was it ever reveal'd—
 I obey'd in each point her behest."

The prey of remorse, now Alphonso return'd
 To his child the sad tale to relate:
 Rejecting all comfort, she cherish'd her grief,
 In the tomb's peaceful shelter she sought for relief,
 And silently welcomed her fate.

One long-favour'd project still lived in her mind,
 That tradition her name might record:
 She lived but the whole of her dower to devise,
 That the flowers she loved as an annual prize
 The most skilful bard should reward.

Ever since has her country the custom observed;
 In its annals her name is enroll'd:
 The eglantine, marigold, violet still seen,
 The Troubadour's badge of distinction has been;
 And these flowers are wrought in pure gold.

VALERIA.

13th August, 1823.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. VII.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY WAR.

<p>AILLACH NA LOCHLANACH, pri- mogenitor and chieftain of the clan Mac Lachlan, for the purpose of <i>Vol. II. No. X.</i></p>	<p>sending Aigeantacha in a lone bark to St. Columba, having risen "from the oozy beds of ocean," his behest G &</p>
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is immediately obeyed; but with great difficulty the Muime obtains an opportunity to inform her *dalls* of their parentage. They escape to the main land, and join the volunteers of the Crusade. Campa na Aillach being the oldest, takes a lead in their progress to the south, and near the falls of the river Cart in Renfrewshire, he observed a body of the royal soldiery giving way before a host of insurgents. The genius for war intuitive to a Highland chieftain impelled the youth, bred in a cloister, to rally a veteran military band. Unsheathing the sword of his fathers, he exclaimed, that a son of St. Columba was predestined to win a name among the warriors of Scotland. The soldiers returned to the charge, and the neophyte of battle led them forward with such intrepidity and conduct as ensured a victory. His two companions joined him soon after the onset; but the elder being regarded as leader in the combat, he took the name of Campa na Aillach, which, like the same style adopted at an earlier period by Oduine, was in the changes of dialect pronounced Campbell.

The abbey church of Paisley was then almost finished, and thither the three striplings repaired to offer thanksgiving to the God of battles for the signal success of their arms. Tradition tells, that from their anthem first reverberated the wonderful echo noticed by Mr. Pennant as the greatest curiosity in Paisley. "It is a small vaulted Gothic chapel, and the door when shut occasions a report equal to a loud clap of thunder. If you strike a single note of music, you hear the sound gradually ascending with a great number of repetitions, till it dies away at an immense dis-

tance, and all the while diffusing itself through the circumambient air. A good voice in singing, or a musical instrument played upon, produces an effect inexpressibly agreeable. The deepest as well as the most acute tones are distinctly reverberated, and those at regular intervals of time. When a musical instrument is sounded, it has the effect of a number of like size and kind playing in concert." The fame of the engagement beside the falls of the Cart drew multitudes to Paisley, to pour out their hearts in gratitude to the Almighty Conqueror, or to gain a sight of the leader, supposed to be inspired for the occasion. William, afterwards the Lion, King of Scotland, happened to enter the chapel at the same time with the three sons of St. Columba, and hearing the repeated modulations of their voices, he ascribed the unexampled echo to a miraculous testimonial in their favour. He took the strangers under his protection; but the envy of courtiers, and the crafty influence of the usurpers, deprived them of opportunity to seek from the king redress of their wrongs. The heir of Skipness, now represented by Campbell of Islay, had acquired a name at the fight of the waterfall—Campa na Aillach, to which the prince added Sguineach, or rapid. The heir of Lamont, by warlike enterprise and eminent services to the wounded soldiers of the cross, attained the style of Maol Challum na Liomhaid, a servant to St. Columba, and the whetter, who set a keen edge of valour on the spirits of the people. Aillegeasach na Amus na Luip, heir of the Macallister chief, was so called on account of the ardour of his passion for fame, and his distinguished address in conducting an ambush.

The three disciples of St. Columba were honoured with knighthood, in recompence for great exploits, and returning to Scotland, found that their early patron had ascended the throne. The king was on the eve of marching northwards, to quell an insurrection of the men of Ross. The three knights attended their sovereign on this expedition, and proved that their courage and skill had not been overrated by the voice of fame. William the Lion offered them large possessions in the south; but the impetuous Amus na Luip replied for himself and friends, "The gifts of the king be to the warriors of landless ancestry!" and proceeded to ask the favours related in the ode, of which this short sketch is explanatory. The king granted all their requests. They erected a fortress opposite to the castle which belonged to the forefathers of Campa na Aillach; and by assuming necromantic power, struck the usurpers with terror. They all regained their hereditary rights, and tradition says they resided together, alternately passing the time in each other's castles. To deter the usurpers from renewing hostilities, they sedulously displayed their magical pretensions; and in those days of ignorance, it was easy to give scientific attainments a mysterious and marvellous appearance.

Not fifty years ago many old people spoke of the White Cross Knights as mortals "gifted with powers above the powers of man." Nursery tales, or *ouarskals* in the Gaelic language, describe them as shadowless, in consequence of a compact with the powers of darkness, all witches and warlocks or wizards being supposed to give their shadow to Lucifer as an earnest of entire subservience. The

translator has heard the supernatural semblances rationally accounted for by a gentleman, who took the trouble of satisfying young minds, that the terrors excited by those wonderful stories were groundless, being merely the effect of ignorant misrepresentation. The *ouarskals* relate, that in a contagious sickness which prevailed in their country, the Knights of the White Cross went from *bhali* to *bhali*, that is, from hamlet to hamlet, curing the diseased; and afterwards, some persons urged by extreme distress applied to them at home. All who ventured to the castellated domicile of sorcery were courteously received, and conducted to a spacious subterranean chamber, where the three knights, clad in dark crimson or flame-coloured garments, ornamented with white crosses, gave audience on tripods, with sable demons and speaking birds chained to their seats of dignity. A half-open door revealed another apartment, called the vault of perpetual fire, whence incessant smoke was seen to issue from a strange aperture in the building, and a roar like thunder appalled the stoutest hearts—especially as, when the patients involuntarily turned an eye to the half-concealed recess, they beheld men and women in strange dresses fixed in the wall. They whose courage, curiosity, or suffering induced a return, still found the figures petrified in the same position; and the answers to their questions, or the prescriptions for their ailments, came echoing from remote skies, or from depths of the earth. These horrific appearances dwindle to common incidents by attributing the fire and smoke to the laboratory of alchemical pursuits, so prevalent in the ages of credulous,

yet eventually beneficial experiment; and the thunder was only the sound of bellows, or some other device to fan the flame of the furnace. The demons were Moors brought from eastern climes; and the speaking birds, starlings or magpies. The voices from upper sky, or dark profounds of the earth, might be produced by ventriloquism; and the figures on the walls were portraits, an imitation of the human likeness, then unknown to the children of primitive simplicity. The shooting fires, by which the knights annoyed their enemies in the first assault on the usurpers, were perhaps similar to the ancient Grecian fire, or modern fireworks; and the loud summons to surrender, which seemed to come from another world, was probably conveyed by a speaking-trumpet.

Having subdued the foe, our heroes made a beneficent use of their power. They cured all manner of wounds, bruises, fractures, sores, and distempers; and made known to old women the virtues of herbs for medicine, or for dyeing woollen yarn. They taught the men to form tools for handicraft trades, and to cultivate serviceable plants. Many salutary herbs were raised in fenced inclosures near their castles, and the slips or seeds they distributed never flourished with the luxuriance imparted by the weird auspices of the knights—a disparity occasioned no doubt by less skilful culture, though imputed to the potency of occult science. The arts of preparing malt, and brewing ale or whiskey; improvements in boat-building and fishing; in short, all the comforts and conveniences of life were augmented to the men who accepted instruction at the castles of magic; and old women

were directed to colour yarn with indigenous roots, or the brown moss of the woods and rocks; as also taught more expeditious methods in weaving their many-tinted webs, and garters chiefly used as streamers for bagpipes.

In some legends there is a confused account of “grey hags” transformed to reptiles, spinning thread of wonderful tenacity—in all likelihood silk-worms; and we are told of “shining metal that brought down the fires of the sun,” supposed to be a burning glass or convex mirror. The well-informed reader will trace with facility the *rationale* of every marvel in the following panegyric:

“As the bird of morning soars high to hail in notes of music the awakening sun, so mounts the spirit of song, enkindling with deeds of renown. Heroes of the roaring waterfall, first to swell the echo of ten thousand voices! right-hands of William the Lion of Alba, crushing with mighty grasp the spoilers of true-hearted men! the death of far-distant foes was folded in your rattling mail! Hail to the eyes that held communion with the stars above, and the depths of the earth and sea! Hail to the ears that drank unearthly murmurs from the clouds aloft, and beneath the foundation of all the hills! Rulers of shooting fires, it was yours to consume the opposers of your right! Lords of the frightful elves of caverned mountains, gloomy woods, and hoarse tumbling torrents! chiefs over all the fays of Tomhans, with their green dewy herbs, ye knew the leaves that close the yawning gashes of spear and sword; and ye raised from the heathy bed of suffering the hero spent with toils of fame, or the daughter of beauty worn down

in a chase of hinds! Earth, air, fire, river, and ocean confessed the power that bent the secret soul of man, rolling away the keenest pangs of love, or the chilling mildews of aversion! Commanders of thrice three mute demons! demons more black than fogs before a thunder-storm! the feeders of your never-dying fires, and serfs to your speaking birds, with all their changing hues of raven plumage! *Campa na Aillach na Sguineach, Maol Challum na Liomhaid, Aillegeasach na Amus na Luip*, unknown to yourselves the blood of mighty forefathers beat high at your hearts in the isle of holy vigils. As unfledged eaglets fallen from towering cliffs to a low hollow, ye waxed unaided, and rose in night of valour above thousands of the brave; and the foes of your nursing mother, the holy church, grew feeble beneath the fiery glances of your eyes."

The warriors of the cross return bright beams of fame to their fatherland; but St. Columba is no retreat for heroes burning with a sense of wrongs unredressed. The sworn brothers join their king to quell the fierce men of Ross, and their unfailing swords flash foremost in the paths of victory.

"What reward shall William the Lion confer on the heroes of his first northern field?" said the king. "An inheritance from sea to sea shall be divided by the Knights of the Holy War."

"The gifts of the king be to warriors of landless ancestry!" returned *Aillegeasach na Amus na Luip*. "We three ask but the land of a long line of fathers."

"He that gainsays your right shall be hung up to feed the eagles," said the king. "The hosts of Scotia

in wrath shall pour on them close and terrible as a ridge of fire."

"The wolf in his den and the fox in the hole defy the arrow, the pole-axe, and spear; yet the art of the hunter will prevail," said *Maol Challum na Liomhaid*. "King of Scotia, we ask but the hand of the builder to raise a fortress, and a chosen few of the brave to protect the growing walls. This done, the servants of the king return to the foot of his throne, and leave the Knights of the Holy War to prosper in his name that gave himself for the faithful."

The fortress crowns a rock within a stone's-throw of little men that quaked on beholding demon forms stalking over the plains. The spirits of darkness, with aspect blacker than overhanging rocks of the main, are looking out amidst broad-winged ruddy flames, while all the earth is wrapped in the shades of night, and the dreary caves of the dead send forth voices of horror. From the battlements of the fortress wild wavering streams of light curl over the foe, as fangs of the adder striking stings of death; and aloft in air the howling ghosts of their fathers warn them of sweeping desolation.

The sun struggling through a wintry sky hastens to rest. Heavily and late he looks abroad on the returning day. Pale tinges of blue mingle with grey and fleecy clouds; and youthful hunters seek counsel of the aged, whether fresh-falling snow or softening rain shall efface the tracks of the deer. But no hunter from the castle of the foe dares to cross the fern-skirted glen, nor ventures one ally to send supplies for food. Famine with gaunt strides arrives to take part with the Knights of the Holy War. The right is gained.

Hosts of joyful vassals gather round
Campa na Aillach na Sguineach.

"Call me a priest," spoke the hero, "call me a priest, to say thrice nine masses for the soul of Aigeantacha, the Muime, who ventured in a lone bark with a single oar, labour'd by the hand of age. Pile high the *cairn*, where the blast unheard by man sighs over her head; and the withered grass, glittering in an icy shroud, rustles before the breath of night; while the moon climbs high amid deep blue clouds, and the stars swim in brightness over the rest of a heroine. Aigeantacha is with her fathers, the mighty lords of a hundred isles, in wreaths of silvery vapour, and her fame shall not wax dim in the mist of years. Songs of bards shall tell to the latest time that the daughter of Clan Colla was the young love of heroes, the conquering arm of war, the lovely beam of feasts, and the awful dread of foes. Wrapped in the folds of disguise, while squalls of ocean howled over the lone bark, she came to awake the spirit of their fathers in chiefs unconscious of their descent from the loins of the valiant. Holy sons of the church! let your masses give repose to the soul of Aigeantacha Clan Colla of Islay, the spouse of Aillach na Lochlanach, first of heroes. Let bards spread far and wide her long-streaming fame; and warriors raise this *cairn*, that her spirit, floating on the gale of the hills, may rejoice. That done, the arms of the sworn brothers and the true-hearted followers of Campa na Aillach na Sguineach shall mix their beams of steel with the ringing mail, and meteors of death shall quiver among the foes of the mighty in battle."

Another and another fortress is

lined out against the opposers of Maol Challum na Lionhaid and Aillegeasach na Amus na Luip. Demons, with yells wildly sad, disturb the silence of night, and coward souls shrink in dismay. They fly—but as a burst of the squally north, the knights pursue. Every gurgling rill is reddened with the blood of usurpers or their people. As the vapoury beam of a waning morn, the grim ghosts of their fathers, with unearthly murmurs of grief, are, half viewless, hovering on their flight, beckoning them away from the ambush of Aillegeasach na Amus na Luip. His men of might spring terrible from the sounding heath, and as waves climb against the jutting rocks and dash to the opposite shore, so the warriors of Campa na Aillach na Sguineach meet on all sides the tottering multitudes. They fall as snow-drifts before the ruffled wing of an eastern gale—the earth is dyed with their gore—the shrill spirit of the hills repeats their scream of death.

Heroes of old come from their caves of rest to gaze on their descendants restored to wide-stretching lands. Their airy forms glow in brightness at the face of their sons. The foe has passed away as meteors setting in the desert; but the right-hands of William the Lion, King of Scotia, the soldiers, the valiant Knights of the Cross, shall in peace shed abroad their light as sunshine after a storm, and their power shall arise a growing day among the great in arms. Hail to the stars of battle! the breakers of the shields! though the bard stands on their grave, and with four steps may compass their dwelling that covered fields of fame in the tempest of their valour! The grass grows rank, and

the flower of the vale shakes its lovely head over the mouldering bones of the strength of nations; the leaves wither, and are scattered by the lonely sighing breeze: but the renown of the terrible in fights of steel, the mouth of wisdom, the arm that sheltered crowds of the unhappy, and chased disease from the pale and feeble, shall be known for ever among the chiefs of all the people. They are mixed with the dim phantoms of night, but their deeds shall live in song; and warriors, bending the haughty head of power, shall add

to their *cairns*, saying in sadness, "A heap of stones, covered with moss and waving tufts of grass, is all that remains of them that filled all the voices of fame, the companions of kings in broad-skirted hosts, of the mighty in arms. The roar of battle passes over them, and they lift no point of steel. The fire of their bosom is cold in the narrow house; but the light of their renown shall not fail. Heroes unborn shall turn their eyes to the blaze on the field of their first fight."

B. G.

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

(Concluded from p. 167.)

It was not long after our adventure at the masquerade, that one night my husband having enjoyed himself at a coffee-house dinner, felt so much in humour for better company than he expected to find with me at home, that he resolved to seek it elsewhere. He was coming down Charlotte-street, when he perceived through the Venetian blinds of one of the houses there a company engaged over some very handsome decanters and the remains of a dessert, the evident *finale* of a dinner-party. As he felt in the best possible humour with himself, he doubted not that he could much contribute to the harmony of this after-dinner party: he therefore, although he was totally unacquainted with any of the gentlemen who formed it, determined to become one of them. He gave an authoritative rap at the door; and whether the servant who opened it was petrified at my husband's impudence, or had helped himself to the bottom of the bottles, and imagined that he was some friend

of his master's, who, having been called out, had returned to the company, he readily opened the dining-room door, and my gentleman entered, and seated himself at the end of the table, which he says was nearly deserted; probably from the gentlemen having taken the places which the ladies had left to surround the "sun of our table." Whether it were that the lengthened wicks of the candles drew a misty as well as a prismatic ray from the brilliant cut glass decanters on the table, and affected the visionary organs of those at the head of the room, or whether the wine had caused them to imagine the face of my husband to be some optical illusion, it appears that he might have kept his seat for some time unheeded, had he been content to remain silent. Perceiving, however, the wine circulating in a round far beyond his reach, he begged leave to expostulate on the cruelty of detaining such beverage from one who was a gentleman and a stranger. The astonishment of the master of

the house at this appeal could only equal that shewn by Macbeth on the entrance of the bloody Banquo; indeed the surprise of the whole company was equal, and such a momentary panic seized a gentleman who was filling to "May the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection!" that he was mechanically passing the bottle to the *voice* at the end of the room, when the gentleman of the house, flying into a violent passion, and making up in noise what he wanted in courage, with the most opprobrious epithets commanded Beaumont to leave the room. Backed by his friends, he was actually in the act of collaring Beaumont when he knocked him down. Overcome by numbers, my husband was dragged to the watchhouse, in which he remained all night, and on the following day entered *in propria persona* to relate his adventure, the termination of which was, that he was regularly bailed, to appear and take his trial for this offence at the next quarter-sessions.

But to enter into every scrape in which he involved himself would be tiresome; while his attention to me became as disagreeable as his neglect; though I confess I still loved him, and placed all his errors to the account of that high spirit which, alas! was as deeply seated in his heart as his head. At one time he would swear I could ride, and clapping me on some unbroken pony, would impel me forward at the risk of my life, or until I fell off with terror. At another time he kept a pleasure-boat, in which I and my children were twenty times in danger of drowning. But I had not long to complain of this. The time had now arrived when our bills were to be paid, and

we were to suffer for past follies. Some were put off by the eloquence of my husband, till at length, when all his splendid promises were no longer believed, he had recourse to bullying his creditors. This availed but very little, when at length a sheriff's officer swept off all our household goods, and we were left poor indeed. Notwithstanding ruin appeared to stare us in the face, nothing seemed to stop this mad career of my husband, who, still relying upon the resources of his genius, seemed to imagine that Fortune would return at his beck, or at least favour him the first moment he endeavoured to detain her. He sold the annuity granted by Lord L. and in a few weeks commenced barrister in form. He took handsome chambers in one of the inns of court, and a house in the country, which he furnished in an expensive manner; and a second series of folly was pursued, until I found myself in an obscure lodging with two children, one of whom, from disease and poverty, soon yielded up the ghost. We did not indeed fall at once into this state of misery, but we let ourselves down to it step by step, when Beaumont had tried every scheme, until his prose and poetry were alike disregarded, and he sought to reconcile himself to this with the usual consolation on these occasions—the viciousness of the public taste. What was to be done? "Thank heaven, we were without a ducat!"

Beaumont, whose resources seemed to arise as quickly as they were dissipated, now turned his thoughts to the stage. He had a good voice, figure, and idea of his author; and no sooner said than done—view him as a theatrical aspirant for fame.

Never shall I forget the difference

of reception with which he was greeted in his thus coming forward among strangers, so different from that which encouraged him in our circle. He had prevailed on me to repair to one of those private nurseries of the sock and buskin, in order that he might improve himself by practice, and that I might witness the thunders of applause with which he was to be greeted. My heart beat violently when the curtain drew up, and I would gladly have participated in any pleasure which my husband might receive. He was the first to appear; but, alas! instead of the bold daring man, insensible to shame, and soaring in violence above those about him, one whom I had often heard bawling heroics almost to stunning, Beaumont now entered before a full house, as I could perceive from the spangles on his dress, trembling violently! He attempted to come forward but dared not. He clung to the side-wing, and appeared altogether so unlike any thing heroic, that had the personification been by any one but my husband, I should have laughed outright. Nevertheless, you might have heard a pin drop; nothing could I hear but the breathless beating of my heart. Low as the first ejaculations of Zanga are generally uttered, he was inaudible. The audience looked at each other; some began almost to think it very *fine*, had not the sly looks of the more knowing soon undeceived them. The people now clapped—he said nothing, the prompter only was heard. He still clung to the wing, and holding his robe somewhat like a chambermaid fearful of *dragging* her tail. His toes were turned inward. He again endeavoured to speak; it was but an effort, and he left the

Vol. II. No. X.

stage without finishing its business. But again he had to enter, and my terror most alarmingly increased: if he was before inaudible, he was now as loud, and I clearly perceived, that to elevate himself to a proper pitch, he had been drinking: indeed he was far gone in inebriety. The audience, who paid nothing for admittance, bore this pretty well, until, finding that he not only forgot himself, but, disdaining to be prompted, put in the most egregious nonsense instead of the author's words, they began in murmurs to abuse him. If Beaumont played in a manner to disgust the house, another *débutant*, who this night came forward in tragedy, enacted so ludicrously as to convulse the audience with laughter; a laughter which they equally divided, though from different causes, between Don Alonzo and Zanga. But my husband, little dreaming that the *house* would dare to laugh at him, actually joined in the laugh against the unfortunate Alonzo, while his own acting appeared equally ludicrous. This seeming acknowledgment of his own superior merit piqued the spectators and disgusted the people: lest, therefore, he should not rightly understand on what footing he now stood with them, they overwhelmed him with a tremendous storm of hissing, while some cried out "Encore!" and "Well done, Zanga!" He now indeed put on looks becoming of Zanga himself, but they were directed to the audience, until further provoked by a blow from a piece of orange-peel, he jumped from the stage in his full costume, and dared any one to the combat. Fortunately no one took up the gauntlet, and he retired for the night amidst the great-

H H

est confusion, accompanied by the cries of "Shame! shame!" throughout the house.

We returned home, I in a state of despair, scarcely knowing how I walked, until his assurances that all would yet be well kept me from sinking. He was seemingly content, for he had borrowed two shillings from a friend, and at the end of two glasses of grog, he drew such a picture of his future eminence as an actor, that, maugre this first appearance, I beheld him as some future Kemble; and we retired to rest comparatively happy. This then was his next scheme, to borrow a small sum of money from a friend, and with it join some itinerant party of players, until he should be sufficiently improved to appear on the London boards. He rose the following morning with renovated spirits, got five pounds from a friend, wrote the first act of a comedy, an ode on tragedy, and copied out several parts to study. In vain I requested that some of this ready money might go to satisfy the landlord; this he positively refused. He returned from a walk at three o'clock to dinner; but he was laden with purchases: first, there was enough for an excellent dinner, to which he added two bottles of wine and a melon; and, lastly, he produced a brown paper parcel, in which were a wig for Lingo, a crown doubled up for Richard III. and a black bonnet and feathers for the King of Scotland, all great bargains. He seemed now to tread on air, answered me in the speech of Hotspur to his wife, and the following morning set out for a company performing at Boston in Lincolnshire, leaving me the sum of twelve shillings.

Had Beaumont's perseverance, which was very great, been directed to important effects, he might have achieved wonders; but this unhappily was not the case, and as soon as he had fulfilled some ridiculous determination, he again relapsed into unsettled habits. Thus, at one time, he would resolve to live for a fortnight on potatoes or herrings; at the end of this time he would become an habitual drunkard, spending more in a day than he had saved in a week. At another time he would only drink water: this plan he steadily pursued for a time, panegyricizing this simple and healthy beverage, and having in a moral poem disclaimed those who, unable to deny themselves luxuries, chose to cut short a miserable life by repletion. The pellucid and heavenly gift of water so much abused, received in this poem warm praise; but no bookseller being inclined to publish it, he relaxed into inebriety. At another time he resolved on making his own clothes: he himself cut them out, and instructed me in making them up, so that the nicest eye could not discover the difference between his coat and one made by a tailor. Even the table we dined off was of his manufacture: yet after being domesticated for a week or fortnight, becoming in turn bricklayer, painter, and upholsterer, he would again break out, and if credit was to be had, would run riot for a month. To say how many sleepless nights I have passed weeping on my bed, would be to say little. Alas! how many sleepless nights have I not passed without a bed to lie on! and having thrown myself on the ground, I have remained listening to cries caused only by my fears, and hoping yet

dreading to see one who might at that moment be expiring in wretchedness.

How often have I had to bear the reproaches of landlords to whom my husband has abandoned me, who, from the irregularity of his visits, have branded me with the name of wanton, and him with that of swindler! At these times, even the prattle of my child, if it slept not, conveyed only daggers to my heart. He had indeed before he left persuaded me to become a candidate for Thespian honours, and to please him I made an attempt as Floranthe; but used as I was to scenes of indelicacy at least, this hot-bed of vice disgusted me, and I declared I would never again enter Berwick-street theatre.

But to return. Schooled as I was in disappointment, the importunities of my landlord caused me to look forward with something like hope for a letter from my husband, because I had no one to rely on but this broken reed. Alas! none arrived from him; yet a letter I did receive from Boston, informing me that Beaumont had not as yet appeared on the stage, but had remained idle at an inn in that town, not only until he had spent the little money he carried with him, but had run up a score, from which he had fled no one knew whither, without a penny.

It was not long before he made his appearance again in town without a single resource, except a famous idea which he informed me he had just picked up for a tragedy, which must take. He had commenced writing it the following morning, when his landlord came to tell him that he was wanted below. My ready fears guessed the cause, and they guessed rightly: I saw him depart with two ill-

looking men. My sensations were at this time so violent, that I could not even ask where he was going; but on the following morning I received a note from him, informing me that he was now a prisoner for debt.

The affair of the assault in Charlotte-street turned out against him, and a severe fine was the consequence: he had it appears, from his little knowledge of the law, contrived to procrastinate the day of payment: there was now no longer any flaw by which he could escape; but the 50*l.* which he had to pay might just as well have been 500*l.* It was Sunday morning when I repaired to a prison in Southwark to visit my husband for the first time in confinement. Buried alive as I had been, without the common necessities of life, for months in a close garret, the air and walk, in spite of the depression of my spirits, much refreshed me. The bells from the different steeples were calling the quiet, the industrious, and orderly to the worship of their God. Every shop indeed was shut, but the apparent gloom vanished with the number of cheerful faces which I encountered. Hundreds of cherubs, smiling, neat and clean, were pouring out in procession from the different charity-schools. Sunk as I was in distress, I almost envied their parents, and I thought I could have submitted to behold my own Laura Adelaide among them. The poor child also who accompanied me was much delighted with their appearance: she asked me why her tippet looked not so white as theirs; why she was not a charity-girl, to have such nice new shoes as they had; with many other questions which rent my heart. My spirits fled, and I could have thrown

myself on my knees at the first church floor I came to; but the call of my now unhappy husband urged me forward. The little Adelaide clung to me with fear as each surly turnkey drew back the rattling bolts, and I hurried to his scene of confinement.

The room I entered was dark and dirty: the bars of an old grate seemed gaping for coals: an old three-legged table, a chair, and a bed composed the furniture. On the chair sat my husband, while another man was sitting on a tub reversed. On the table were the remains of a pot of porter, broken tobacco-pipes, and a liquor-measure, while these worthies were engaged in a game of backgammon. Beaumont's companion, bearing in his face the appearance of a hoary sinner, was too much engaged in his sport to heed my appearance. Beaumont looked squalid and dirty, but on a shriek from Adelaide, he broke off the game and looked up. Obdurate indeed must be that heart which does not in confinement welcome the face it once loved. Beaumont struggled with some remains of tenderness, which the presence of his companion eventually checked: this man partook not only of the room, but also shared his bed. I wept tears of joy and sadness as Beaumont pressed my hand, for I had not experienced from him for years such tenderness; but what a heavy debt of love did this kindness pay, and all his errors seemed forgotten! I was obliged to leave him at night, but not without some little money which I had borrowed; and on my return home, after giving all the refreshment I had in the house to my dear Adelaide, I retired comparatively happy to my wretched pallet, hungry enough, but yet light-hearted.

Through my exertions with Lord L. he consented to release my husband from prison, and on signs of amendment once more to notice him. But, alas! a disorder, which this confinement had augmented, soon after carried him off; and the very day on which he was to be buried, Lord L. his patron, was carried off by an apoplectic fit; leaving me with two children, a girl and a boy, without any visible way of maintaining either. Soon after this I received a letter from a schoolfellow, informing me, that she had married a glover in Worcester, and offering me work and assistance. I obeyed her summons——

Here the last leaf of the manuscript was evidently torn by much use; and I am therefore obliged to render the conclusion by the following fac-simile:

* * * * after died * * * *
I myself fell * * * * nervous fever—but the feelings of pride are not easily * * * *

Here the MS. broke off. The inferences and conclusion are, however, not difficult to make out. That the boy I encountered was her son is I think indisputable. Of Adelaide her daughter I have been able to obtain no other information than that she left her mother for London. If she be yet ignorant of the death of her mother, it is probably of little consequence now to her, as I have heard that she went against her mother's wish to the capital, where she probably is now suffering from the imprudence of her father. She also may one day serve to point a moral and adorn a tale, like that of her mother—a tale, alas! too true!

H. P * * * *

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

THE SUFFOLK POET.

By BERNARD BARTON.

THOU shouldst not to the grave descend
 Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung;
 Could harp of mine record thy end,
 For thee that rude harp should be strung,
 And plaintive sounds as ever rung
 Should all its simple notes employ,
 Lamenting unto old and young,
 The bard who sang "The Farmer's Boy."

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
 Like that which gave thee modest fame,
 How justly might its every wire
 Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim;
 And many a stream of humble name,
 And village-green, and common wild,
 Should witness tears that knew not shame,
 By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry "Horkey's" passing cup
 Should pause—when that sad note was heard;
 The "Widow" turn "her Hour-Glass" up
 With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;
 And many a pity-waken'd word,
 And sighs that speak when language fails,
 Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
 To prouder poet's lofty tales.

Circling the "Old Oak Table" round,
 Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
 Heroes and heroines yet are found
 Like "Abner and the Widow Jones:"
 There "Gilbert Meldrum's" sterner tones
 In virtue's cause are bold and free;
 And e'en the patient sufferer's moans
 In pain and sorrow plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roof'd cot
 Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade
 Hearts which confess thee unforget,
 On heathy hill, in grassy glade;
 In many a spot by thee array'd
 With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
 Thy memory lives!—in "Euston's" shade,
 By "Barnham Water's" shadeless stream!

And long may guileless hearts preserve
 Thy memory and its tablets be :
 While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
 The arm of labour toiling free ;
 While childhood's innocence and glee
 With green old age enjoyment share,
 " Richards" and " Kates" shall tell of thee,
 " Walters" and " Janes" thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd
 A Doric lay so sweet as thine,
 Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd,
 Around thy modest name to twine ;
 And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
 To bid thy minstrel honours live,
 The praise my numbers can assign,
 It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
 To yield thy Muse her homage due ;
 The praise her loveliest charms inspire
 Should be as artless, simple too :
 Her eulogist should keep in view
 Thy meek and unassuming worth,
 And inspiration should renew
 At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name
 To win the smile of letter'd pride,
 Yet is their noblest charm the same
 As that by Castaly supplied.
 From Aganippe's chrystal tide
 No brighter, fairer waves can start,
 Than Nature's quiet teachings guide
 From Feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to the heart song's noblest power,
 Taste's purest precepts must refer ;
 And *Nature's tact*, not *Art's* proud dower,
 Remains its best interpreter :
 He who shall trust, without demur,
 What his own better feelings teach,
 Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
 But to the hearts of others reach.

It is not quaint and local terms
 Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
 Though well such dialect confirms
 Its power unletter'd minds to sway ;

For 'tis not these that most display
 Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall—
 Words, phrases, fashions pass away,
 But truth and nature live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre
 Its truest and its tenderest spell;
 These amid Britain's tuneful choir
 Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell;
 And when death's shadowy curtain fell
 Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
 With grateful joy thy heart might swell
 To feel that these reproach'd thee not:

To feel that thou hadst not incurr'd
 The deep compunction, bitter shame,
 Of prostituting gifts conferr'd
 To strengthen Virtue's hallow'd claim.
 How much more glorious is the name,
 The humble name which thou hast won,
 Than—"damn'd with everlasting fame,"
 To be for fame itself undone!

Better and nobler was thy choice
 To be the bard of simple swains;
 In all their pleasures to rejoice,
 And sooth with sympathy their pains;
 To paint with feeling in thy strains
 The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,
 And be, though free from classic chains,
 Our own more chaste Theocritus.

For this should Suffolk proudly own
 Her grateful and her lasting debt;
 How much more proudly—had she known
 That pining care and keen regret,
 Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
 And slow disease, 'twas thine to bear;
 And, ere thy sun of life was set,
 Had won her poet's grateful prayer!

'Tis now too late! the scene is clos'd,
 Thy conflicts borne, thy trials o'er,
 And in the peaceful grave repos'd
 That frame which pain shall rack no more.
 Peace to the bard whose artless store
 Was spread for Nature's humblest child;
 Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
 Was lowly, simple, undefil'd!

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
 The memory of thy verse and thee,
 While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
 The arm of labour toiling free;
 While Suffolk peasantry may be
 Such as thy sweetest tales make known,
 By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,
 Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride—*their own!*

SKETCHES OF TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman resident in SWITZERLAND.

EVERY Briton, unless his mind has been fatally warped by prejudice, or perverted by some selfish aim, must wish all his fellow-beings to participate in the blessings of liberty; so far, that the meanest peasant shall be secured in his person and property equally with the patrician orders; and that full toleration on all religious opinions shall allow to all unmolested freedom of conscience. With these views I am grieved to find that the Portuguese have deserted their own most valuable interests, and that the Spaniards are not so unanimous as their great cause deserves and requires. Would to God that the Iberian leaders could have heard and felt with me last June when I made a rambling excursion to the Tyrol! No pilgrim to the Caaba of Mecca has travelled with more enthusiastic fervour than I cherished in my heart, while, as a native of the sanctuary of freedom, I explored the scenes where the brave Tyrolese defended their rights against the armies of France; and by a fortunate coincidence I met with a gentleman of Tyrol, and an officer, who had served under the Duke of Dantzic against those intrepid and persevering mountaineers.

You may suppose I should not be in the region of Stein castle without

surveying a relic of feudal oppression, so celebrated in horrific tradition. My travelling companion and I were led through vaults and passages where it is said the ferocious freebooter, Heinz de Stein, immured the victims of his brutal passion for beauty, and where he successively destroyed the unhappy females whom his power devoted to become partners in voluptuous crime, and to death when they could no longer gratify his fickle inclinations. It is said he also compelled the wretched mothers to suffocate the offspring of their dishonour whenever it was ushered to visible existence; but that one young woman found means to escape before her delivery, and bore a son on the skirts of a Bavarian forest. She laid him at the door of a farmer's house, and concealed herself till she ascertained that her infant was in safe hands. She then passed secretly to Swabia, and returned at the end of a year without being suspected as the mother of that foundling adopted by the farmer and his wife, who had no children of their own. She had taken the small-pox in Swabia, and was so changed, that even Heinz de Stein could not have recognised her. She hired herself as a servant to the farmer, and had the happiness to see

her boy grow up distinguished for noble and amiable dispositions, and for the most heroic valour and personal strength. He entered the service of the Duke of Bavaria, and unconscious that Heinz de Stein was his father, often declared, that his soul was on fire to raze to the foundation the castle of Stein, which constituted a stronghold for the most execrable monster of atrocity. Underneath this fabric Heinz had ordered two subterranean passages to be excavated, extending to Trosburg on one side, and on the other to Denglein, with an outlet to a forest, where his horde of accomplices had their retreats in caverns or impenetrable recesses of the wood, and whence they issued in numerous bands to commit the most cruel devastations. The workmen who erected the castle and formed the excavations were suddenly crushed to death with engines invented by their demoniacal employer. This detestable villany he believed would secure him from having his hidden vaults made known; but the righteous judgment of God he could not elude. His son was a conspicuous warrior in the Bavarian army. Preferment rewarded his achievements, and he was betrothed to a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a nobleman. The fame of her charms had inflamed the lawless passions of the old knight of Stein castle. His son being informed that Heinz had laid a plot to seize his bride, collected some friends and soldiers, and awaited to give him a warm reception. He was made prisoner, and delivered to the Princes of Salzburg and Bavaria. He was doomed to death, and it was then that the mother of his son rush-

ed into the august assembly with dishevelled locks, avowed her consanguinity to the young hero, and implored that the life of his father might be spared. His crimes were too manifold and enormous to allow any claim for mercy. He suffered the penalty of the law; but the castle and his vast domains were bestowed on his son.

My friend and I were returning from the subterranean vaults of Stein castle, when we perceived in the sombre distance two objects following the quivering torches of native guides. We met and entered into conversation, and being mutually pleased, retraced with them the winding passages. The Tyrolese gentleman told us that tradition reports those excavations to have been originally so lofty, that Heinz de Stein and his banditti could gallop through them on their war-steeds; and this is by no means incredible. Our informant gave us a hospitable invitation to his house, where we spent several days in a very agreeable intercourse, straying through more than classic scenes—the hallowed eminences and valleys, where the most exalted spirit of freedom animated a whole people to deeds of heroism never surpassed in the annals of mankind. The conversation of our new acquaintance furnished many instances of this spirit.

Where cliffs, almost perpendicular, separate the Tyrol from Salzburg, the sides and base of the mountains are clothed with luxuriant woods, and branches of a lake penetrate their verdant recesses. Rich fields and smiling orchards surround the white cottages that enliven the margin of this still expanse, whose wa-

ters are sheltered by towering larches and a barrier of rocks.

"On this spot," said the French officer, "I first saw the Tyrolese patriots, like their mountain-streams, rolling on with increasing force to the plains. Their motley appearance was not calculated to strike the imagination of regular troops; but we soon felt that the dress or even the accoutrements of a soldier are not the most formidable *materiel* of warfare."

"Indeed," said the Tyrolese gentleman, "we had neither military equipment, military tactics, nor experience. The young and the old, the wealthy and the poor, were embodied, as if to exhibit the levelling principle to the late partisans of democracy. Clad in the picturesque garb of mountaineers, the peasants had no other feature of uniformity, except in presenting to view a rifle or fowling-piece. Many of our aged volunteers had the halberts used in times when warriors were cased in armour, and with which the Swiss had resisted the chivalry of Charles the Bold, and the same which three centuries since were furiously wielded in the wars between the Swiss and Tyrolese. We were at matin prayers when the most advanced of our men perceived the sun glittering upon a long line of hostile bayonets; and columns of infantry and cavalry were soon descried beginning to ascend the way where their scouts directed them to us. A dead silence prevailed among our little bands, and we could distinctly hear the measured tread of our enemies, which, more than the long extent of their files, warned us of the unequal combat we must sustain. The Tyrolese had the most express orders to con-

ceal themselves; the *tirailleurs* of the French army could see only a dark impervious forest covering both sides of the road. They had certain information of our vicinity; but where we lay, or the exact amount of our numbers, they had not learned. They, however, fearlessly toiled up a steep acclivity beneath the scorching rays of the horizontal sun, darting his fires with unclouded fervour. The Tyrolese, accustomed from infancy to lie in ambush for game, and to direct their shot with unerring precision, sprung up with wild instantaneous shouts upon the foe."

Here the Tyrolese speaker paused, and my friend, addressing himself to the French officer, inquired if the loss of the French battalions on that day had not been exaggerated by fame. The officer assured him that in a short time eighteen thousand men were killed or wounded; and though with their accustomed ardour they renewed the fight, the Tyrolese marksmen, from their inaccessible heights, poured on them a fire so terrible, that they were compelled to draw off their squadrons.

"Our unacquaintance with the art of war," said the Tyrolese, "frustrated our victory. We attended to hear mass, leaving some Austrians to guard the defile: these were negligent, and the French, with soldier-like vigilance, observed the opportunity; they established themselves on the heights, and the whole valley of the Inn was occupied by our adversaries. The Austrians abandoned us to our own resources, and in that dreadful emergency nothing but courage remained to us. Speckbacher and Hofer, our two leaders, retired to their respective valleys, to rekindle the enthusiasm of the peasantry.

Speckbacher undertook the perilous duty of conveying intelligence. Simon Leckner and George Zoppel joined him in the attempt to penetrate that part of the valley which seemed least anxiously guarded by the French. But in the middle of the night, while they were cautiously treading through rocks and under-wood, they came upon a wakeful detachment of Bavarians, consisting of two troops of dragoons. Our adventurers had, however, gone too far to recede. The Bavarians leaned on their arms beside a blazing fire, and their horses, ready for action, stood without the circle. Speckbacher, Zoppel, and Leckner levelled their pieces, and reloaded during the confusion of this unexpected attack; quickly mounting the crags, they fired again, and concealed themselves before the smallness of their number could be known. The Bavarians fled in all directions, supposing themselves beset by large bodies of the peasantry; and before dawn our three enterprising leaders joined the outposts of their countrymen on the other side of the Inn."

The Tyrolese, with the characteristic delicacy of a brave mind and hospitable entertainer, rather declined expatiating upon the defeats his countrymen had given their enemies; but the Frenchman would not be outdone in this generous forbearance. He several times supplied particulars the former narrator would have suppressed; and I was therefore at liberty to say, that so far as I recollected the history of events, the conflict of the 29th May, 1809, was the most desperate of any in which the Tyrolese and French were engaged.

"It was indeed!" responded the French officer, "and I should be

glad to hear our host on the subject."

"I shall tell you so far as I remember," answered the Tyrolese; "and I must beg you will correct my version of the details, should you find it necessary."

"Never fear that I shall pass one error," said the officer of France; "but hitherto I have only had to help you in doing justice to your own countrymen. Pray go on, and do not forget that I listen to you divested of national prejudices."

The Tyrolese thus proceeded: "The ravines of mount Isel were chosen by our leaders, and among those wooded ascents of perfect beauty Hofer collected his forces. The whole male population of the southern and eastern valleys was attended not only by young boys, but by women, who boldly took a part in the battle which ensued. The French prisoners supposed that it was in derision they were guarded by women; but the true reason was, that the men were engrossed in meeting the front of the combat. On this memorable day, sons mounted the breaches made by the French in their field-works of felled trees; they mounted to defy death in the breaches their dying fathers could no longer defend; and while cut to the heart by the loss of those most dear to them, they manfully renewed the engagement. Immediately in the rear were stationed the wives, daughters, and sisters of the combatants, prepared to carry off and relieve the wounded, to honour with pious tears the dead, and to animate the survivors. These heroines performed sepulchral rites for the slain; and they still strew flowers on the graves of those who died for their country. The whole valley of

the Inn, and as far as the fortress of Kuffstein, was regained by the Tyrolese; and they were on the point of bringing their desperate struggle to a favourable issue, when the battle of Wagram, and the armistice between France and Austria, brought on them an overpowering assault from the Duke of Dantzic. The patriots took refuge in the fastnesses adjacent to mount Brenner. Hofer retired some time to religious solitude, where his spirit, imbued with the enthusiasm of a saint and a hero, was sublimated for the deeds of valour which terminated his career within the walls of Mantua. When Hofer and the other leaders of our enterprize emerged from their retreat, they found the first ascents from Inspruck had been occupied by the French, and the outposts of the contending parties were on opposite sides of the torrent of Estiac. Steep rocks, fringed by brushwood, rose on the other side, which the Tyrolese determined to maintain. From the rocks they kept up an irregular fire on the French infantry, which endeavoured to make their way through the defile."

"Allow me to add," said the French officer, "that so great was the slaughter caused by the irregular fire of the Tyrolese, that the path was actually blocked up by heaps of the slain. At this terrible crisis, an officer of the Bavarian cavalry volunteered to gallop over the bridge with his squadron. The Tyrolese set fire to the bridge, and in a few minutes the flames caught the beams of fir by which it was supported. The undaunted horseman pressed forward with astonishing effort. Having spurred his charger over piles of dead bodies, he darted into the midst of the blazing columns of fire rising

from the bridge: the eyes of both armies were riveted to his progress; the hoofs of the horse had just touched the opposite rocks, when the burning rafters gave way, and the noble animal, with his intrepid rider, was precipitated from an immense height into the flood. The firing had been suspended as by mutual consent, until a heavy splash announced the lamented fate of the interesting horseman, and a shout of joy from the Tyrolese army proclaimed that the French were effectually stopped from advancing."

"Your advance was retarded but for fifty hours," said the Tyrolese. "You turned our position with the invincible perseverance and skill of veterans in danger or difficulty. We retired to the higher ascents of mount Brenner; but the delay of two days gave time for the peasantry from distant parts to join us. Hofer and Speckbacher, convinced that the fate of their country hung upon the event of an approaching fight, in brief but eloquent and appropriate harangues, endeavoured to transfuse their own fervid zeal into the souls of their companions in arms. They had the exalted satisfaction of finding every individual resolute to encounter all hardships, peril, or extremity, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Before these brave men took their allotted stations, they bade each other farewell, as though their last hour impended; and, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, thought only of meeting in a better world: but the near prospect of death only served to stimulate their courage. At daybreak, the French pushed forward a large column of their soldiers supported by artillery. The Tyrolese received them with a rolling fire, and they lost

a great number of men in advancing upon the old tower chosen by the patriots as the centre of their position. Each column mowed down was replaced by the French, and they gradually gained ground; while the Tyrolese, sensible that this position was of the last importance, vigorously resisted and withstood the attack. So stubborn was their defence, that the French were obliged literally to cut them down in the posts they maintained. Even in the last agonies, this stern and indomitable valour was not abated. Disabled from using their weapons, and weltering in their gore, they clung, even with their teeth, to the wheels of the cannons as they lay prostrate never to rise, and they relinquished not the desperate hold until death relaxed their sinews. Peter Landsher, the parish priest of Weissenthal, commanded at this important point. He knew that Hofer had placed a column of peasantry in the rear of the French army, and this reserve had instructions to descend at twelve o'clock on the rear of the enemy. It was now past eleven, and no symptoms of these troops appeared on the ridge of the mountains; while the French, notwithstanding the unyielding opposition of the patriots, had penetrated to the very foot of the tower which our heroic priest defended. The first discharge of artillery laid the tottering walls in ruins; the Bavarians were exerting all their power to rush in, when reanimating shouts announced to us the columns destined to fall upon the rear of the enemy. The firing ceased on both sides for a moment, each party being impatient to discover the cause of those tumultuous sounds, and as the smoke cleared away, the Tyrolese beheld their countrymen in great force occupying the vast upper

heights, and the broad banner of Austria waving on the snowy peaks that inclose the valley on its western side."

Here the Tyrolese paused, and the French officer took up the recital, saying, "Since you leave me to confess our defeat, I shall plainly own, that we were compelled to retire; and at the earnest entreaty of his staff and of all our officers, the Duke of Dantzic marched on foot in the garb of a private soldier, as the only chance of escape from the unerring aim of the Tyrolese marksmen. We were again attacked by the fearless peasantry on the 12th August, and after an obstinate and sanguinary contest, victory again declared for the Tyrolese."

"Our victory was dearly purchased and transient," resumed the Tyrolese. "The wives, daughters, and sisters of the peasants fought and fell with unconquerable valour. But when the cold season forced us to descend from the mountains, the overwhelming superiority of numbers and artillery possessed by the French left us no resource. Our habitations and our fields had been desolated, our population reduced; yet while a shadow of hope remained, fresh levies of eager volunteers replaced their countrymen, who were swept away by the triumphant bayonets of France."

You will admire the candour with which these gentlemen discussed events profoundly interesting to both. For my part, on reading over the facts I have committed to paper, I wish they could be transmitted to the hands and engraven on the hearts of all who are fighting, or are professionally destined to fight, the battles of their country.

PRO PATRIA.

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

MELANCHOLY MISTAKES.

A FEW years ago, a fire took place in Whitechapel, in some houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the wretched inhabitants could be rescued. A poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return God thanks for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, alone could have prompted, she flew, half naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group; a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the infant was not her's. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours instead of her own. She hastened back, but by this time the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died in a few hours.

A somewhat similar, though not so distressing, event, occurred during the rejoicings at Paris on the marriage festivities of the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. In the Place Louis XV. there were very brilliant fireworks prepared; but by some accident the scaffolding prepared for them took fire: the rush of the crowd and the crash of coaches was such, that several persons were trampled to death under the horses' feet, and others were

killed by the pressure. One man, of the name of Pierre Dubois, who went to see the promised amusements, took with him a young woman, to whom he was next day to have been married. When the disaster of the scaffolds caused every person to seek his safety in immediate escape, Pierre and his mistress hastened from the fatal scene, and being strong and athletic, he was enabled for some time to protect her from the immediate pressure of the crowd; but the danger and the terror increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I am falling, I can go no farther!"—"Courage!" cried the lover, "I can still save thee, if thou wilt get upon my shoulders." He soon found that his shoulders had received their burthen, and animated by new courage, he forced his way through the crowd, and reaching a place of safety, set down his precious burthen, expecting, in the smile that would greet him, an ample recompence for all his toil. Half intoxicated with joy at having rescued his beloved, he turned round to receive her embrace, when, alas! he found that it was a different person, who had taken advantage of his recommendation, and that his own Henrietta had been left to perish in the crowd!

THE DUCHESS DE BERRY AND HER CHILDREN.

Very early in the pregnancy of the duchess, she declared herself certain of having a boy. St. Louis she said had appeared to her, holding in his arms an infant crowned, whom he presented to her as her son.

Her father-in-law, Monsieur, seeing that this idea took complete hold of her imagination, and fearing that a disappointment might produce fatal effects, strove to persuade her that it was a dream, and that of course no reliance ought to be placed upon it. His arguments had no effect upon her mind; and one day when she thought that he had urged them too far, she said to him with great earnestness, "Father, I was no more dreaming than I am now: I saw St. Louis as plain as I now see and hear you; and I hope you will allow that he knows better than you do what is to happen." Monsieur laughed with his usual good-nature at this sally, which the duchess did not fail to remind him of when the event had justified her belief in the saint's prediction. The little prince, so much an object of interest to the royalist part of the nation, is a fine stout healthy boy, extremely fair, with clear blue eyes and a lively intelligent look; he appears much delighted with the notice which people take of him in his airings, and returns it by bowing and kissing his hand. He is very fond of the national guard, and appears already to enjoy the idea of being a soldier. Happening to fall and hurt himself a few days ago, he began to cry bitterly, and could not be pacified by his attendants. "What!" said his mother to him, "you cry for such a trifle, and you expect to be a soldier? Fie! you will never be fit to fight." The little fellow, who was in the midst of a roar, stopped in an instant. In speaking one day to a lady he used the word *wicked*. "Do you know," said she to him, "who the wicked are?"—"Oh! yes," replied he; "the wicked are those that make God angry, that

good God," and he pointed to the sky, "who lives up there, where my father is."

The little princess, Mademoiselle, had been reading the fable of the fox, who cajoled a crow out of a piece of cheese by his compliments. She chanced soon after to be with her mother when one of the courtiers came to pay the duchess a visit, and began to compliment her in a very extravagant style. The little girl listened for some time very attentively; at last drawing near her mother, she said in an under voice, "Mamma, does he want the cheese?"

BUONAPARTE.

He had ordered fortifications to be erected in a town at some distance from the capital; while they were going on, he chanced to be within three or four leagues of that town, and rode over *incog.* to inspect them. When he reached the gate, the sentinel refused to suffer him to pass. "What," said Buonaparte, "don't you know me?"—"No."—"Well, here's a Napoleon: you need not be afraid to let me in." The sentinel refused the gold indignantly, and ordered him to go. Buonaparte then desired him to call his officer, and finding that he was also a stranger to his person, he told him who he was, but under the seal of secrecy, and went with him to see the works. He inspected every part of them with the most minute attention, inquired under whose direction they were constructing, and being informed by his guide that it was under his own, questioned him very particularly respecting what remained to be done. On going away, he gave his purse to the officer for the sentinel who had refused to admit him, and just as he

was mounting his horse, he said, "Major, you will breakfast with me to-morrow." Major, said the captain to himself, and looking round—major, why to be sure he must have spoken to me, for there's no one else here. But what the devil does he mean? Is he ignorant of my rank, or is he joking? for from the cold unmoved countenance of Napoleon, who had never expressed a syllable either of praise or blame, he could not believe that he meant to promote him. However, he took care to be punctual the following morning, when he was again received by Napoleon with the title of major, and what was perhaps almost as grateful to his feelings, Buonaparte praised very highly the talent he had displayed in the erection of the works. Like most others who sprang from nothing, Buonaparte always neglected the friends of his early youth; but no one knew better than he did, how to reward those whom he could make useful to him.

LOUIS XV.

This prince, though he was himself one of the most profligate men in his kingdom, nevertheless uniformly shewed great respect for religion. In travelling, whenever he met with any religious procession, he never failed to get out of his carriage, knelt before the sacred host, which in Catholic countries is always carried exposed, and generally returned with the clergyman to the church to receive his benediction. One day as he was going to Versailles, he met the *curé* of St. Philippe du Roule returning from administering the sacrament. The king accompanied him to his church, and finding it in a very bad condition, he said, "How

is it, *M. le Curé*, that you do not get your church repaired? It is in such a state that I do not think it safe for the congregation."—"It is true, sire," replied the *curé*; "but our parish is too poor to build a church, and this is in too bad a condition to be repaired; so we must take our chance, and trust to Providence."—"Well," replied the king, "if such be the case, I must come to your assistance. Get a plan drawn for a new church, let it be sufficiently large to hold all your parishioners with ease, and a few stragglers also, such as myself; take an estimate of the expense, and bring the plan and architect with you to Versailles on such a day." We may be sure the *curé* did not fail. The king received him and the architect very affably, looked at the plan, said it was a very good one, but that the windows were too high, and would not admit sufficient light for the congregation to read their prayers. He then altered the plan with his own hand, and told the *curé* to have the building commenced immediately, giving him at the same time an order on the royal treasury for the expense of it. It is for this reason that the church of St. Philippe du Roule is still called *Eglise Royale*.

When Louis XV. built his palace at Choisy le Roi, which was afterwards destroyed at the time of the Revolution, the village was very small, and had no church, that of the parish being at Thiais, another village, about half a mile from Choisy. Louis wished to build a church, but it was necessary to get leave from the bishop, who readily granted it. The king then sent to signify his intention to the *curé*, offering, at the same time, to make ample compensation for the pecuniary loss which he would sus-





MANNING DRESS



tain in being deprived of part of his parishioners. The *curé* refused his consent, and determined to go to law with the king. When Louis was told this, he sent for the *curé*, and said to him, "You will lose your cause, *M. le Curé*, not from any personal interference of mine, for I give you my word I shall do nothing in it; but you know that I am at the head of the temporal power, and I have the consent of the bishop: thus you have

the spiritual and temporal interest against you; what chance, therefore, can you have? Bewise then, my good friend, and take what I offer."—"Sire," replied the *curé* boldly, "I might sell my revenue, but I will never sell my flock." The king turned his back upon him without reply, and the *curé*, as we may easily suppose, lost his lawsuit; but Louis had not the magnanimity to make up the loss of his income.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

HIGH dress of mezeon green *gros de Naples*; made plain, and fastened behind; ornamented on each side of the bust with a corded satin trimming of double points, through the centre of which a plaited stem is interwoven: it nearly meets at the waist, but extends as it advances to the shoulders. Long sleeve, nearly tight, edged with satin, and ornamented at the wrist with a triplet of satin triangles crossed by folded circlets in the centre: full epaulette, separated into *bouffants* by satin ornaments: broad band, edged with satin, round the waist; and a rosette of corded leaves behind. Satin rouleau at the bottom of the skirt, and two rows of twisted satin cord above at equal distances: richly worked vandyke muslin ruff, and narrow worked ruffles.

Cap of white tulle or Paris net, bound with pink satin, having four borders of double *crêpe lisse*, either twined one within the other, or else laid on in waves of alternate pink

and white; straight in front, and full at the sides: the crown has a white satin corded ornament divided into five points; between the upper part of each is a puffing of net, and a white satin star, whose radii are composed of small folds, spreads over the top: clusters of roses and major convolvuluses are placed in the front and side. Jonquil-colour kid shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of pink lama gauze: the *corsage* plain, bound with pink satin, and ornamented at equal distances with large pearls and a festoon of silver lace, supported in front with a diamond brooch. Bouquets of Sicilian flowers are tastefully disposed on the bust and sleeves, which are short and very full, festooned with silver lace, and set in a satin band round the arm: sash of the same material as the dress. The petticoat has a very deep border of plaited tulle, confined at the top and bottom with a double rouleau of pink satin, divided in the centre by a nar-

rower; a branch of satin crosses, forming half-diamonds: at the points are satin bows, and sometimes flowers are added.

Head-dress, a pearl band and tiara, fastened by bows of pearl on the left side: very little hair on the forehead; and the hind hair is drawn high, and confined in a bunch by a cord of twisted pearl. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets of pearl, with pink topaz snaps. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

The above is from Miss Pierpoint.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress experiences as yet very little approach to the costume of autumn. Silk pelisses, which have been worn all the summer, are indeed more general than they were last month; but white gowns worn with silk spencers are still more fashionable. Cambrie muslin morning dresses of the pelisse kind are also yet in favour; but they are now worn with cachemire or *bourre de soie* shawls. We have seen nothing new in promenade bonnets since last month.

Among the novelties in carriage dress are mantles of Pomona green *gros de Naples*, lined with rose colour: they have a high collar, rather pointed in the centre of the back and at each corner, and a single deep round cape of the pelerine form: the trimming consists of three narrow welts of satin disposed in a wave all round. These cloaks are a very elegant wrap, but there is not much novelty in their appearance.

The pelisse which we are about to describe is certainly more novel, and is besides very tasteful. It is composed of very dark grey *velours*

simulé, and lined with scarlet: the back has a little fulness at the bottom, and the waist is rather shorter than they have been worn. The collar stands out a good deal from the neck, and is cut very high. The sleeve tight, simply finished at the bottom with narrow folds of satin. The trimming is an intermixture of satin, a shade lighter than the pelisse, and *velours simulé*: it is arranged in the form of palm-leaves; they are large, and have a very striking effect. Full epaulette, ornamented with leaves of the same form as the trimming; they meet at the bottom of the epaulette, and go up in a sloping direction to each point of the shoulder.

Leghorn bonnets, adorned with full bunches of corn-flowers, are a good deal worn in morning carriage dress: they are small, and rather of the cottage shape. *Toque* hats, to correspond in colour with the mantle or pelisse, are also very general, and we think of a very becoming shape: the cap attached to them is a *demi-cornette*, with a full but rather narrow border of blond. These hats are composed of a new fancy silk, the ground of which resembles *gros de Naples*, with small satin lozenges thrown up: the crown is low; the brim of a round shape, but a little bent in front. A very full plume of marabouts is placed on one side; they are white, but tipped with the colour of the hat.

One of the prettiest morning dresses that we have seen is composed of jaconot muslin; the bottom trimmed with an intermixture of *entre-deux* of work and tucks: the latter, which are very small, are put in rows of six together; the *entre-deux* are about an inch and a half broad. The *cor-*

sage is made high, but without a collar: the bust is ornamented with rows of work, placed across in the lozenge style. The body fastens behind, and is finished round the throat with a full ruff of rich work: the sleeve, which is easy, but not wide, is terminated by a triple ruffle; and the epaulette consists of puffs in the form of lozenges.

Muslin is also in favour in dinner-dress, but silks are becoming more general. We have noticed a pretty style of trimming in gauze: it is disposed *en bouillonné*, and the *bouillonné* interspersed with embroidery in floss silk, resembling short plumes

of down feathers: a gauze *ruche* finishes this trimming at the bottom, and it is headed by a wreath of satin shells.

Demi-cornettes, composed of an intermixture of blond and satin, are very fashionable in half-dress: the cauls are something lower than they have been lately worn; the border, consisting of a double fall of blond lace, has very little fulness: a bouquet of flowers is placed far back on the forehead, or else a very small bouquet on each temple.

Fashionable colours are, Pomona green, lavender, rose colour, dark grey, straw colour, and blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

AFTER a great deal of cold and rain we have now very hot weather; and promenade dress is consequently as light as it was at midsummer. We see nothing in the public walks but white robes with light scarfs or silk spencers, over which a lace scarf or shawl is usually thrown.

Promenade bonnets are generally of light but not transparent materials; rice-straw, *sparterie*, and different kinds of silk are all in favour. Bonnets continue small, with the exception of the gleaners' hats, which I described to you some time ago, and which are now still more general. Short white veils, of English lace, are very much worn.

Nankeen is very much in favour for promenade shoes, as is also leather of the same colour: we seldom see *brodequins*; but when they are worn, they are either of nankeen or stout silk. Parasols are larger than they were in the beginning of the summer;

they are always lined with white silk, and finished with a rich embroidery or a deep silk fringe round the edge: in some instances both are adopted.

A material has recently been introduced for morning dress, which I remember to have seen in England under the name of muslinet: this dress is made in the *rédingote* form, wraps rather to the right side, and is buttoned up the front. The *corsage* is in the *demi-blouse* form. The trimming consists of four or six very narrow welts, which go all round.

The *blouse* and *demi-blouse* are also in favour in dinner dress, particularly for the country. There is also another style of *robe de campagne*, which has been recently introduced, which I think very pretty and appropriate: it is composed of unbleached cambric; the trimming consists of flounces of the same material, each finished at the bottom by an embroidery in green silk, in a running pattern: the flounces are from three to six in number, and of different

breadths, according to the fancy of the wearer. The front of the *corsage* is ornamented by a stomacher, formed by four narrow tucks on each side of the breast; a narrow green cord is laid on each tuck. The back is full, and ornamented on each side with a cluster of tucks in a similar manner. I should observe to you that the *corsage* is made *à la vierge*, and finished round the top with an embroidery, similar to that which edges the tucks: tight long sleeve, slightly embroidered at the hand; and a full epaulette, with the fulness confined by embroidered bands, forming lozenges.

Caps are very much in favour in half-dress: the *bonnet à l'enfant*, which is quartered in the form of a child's cap, and made very generally in English net, richly embroidered and trimmed with English lace, is much in favour for the country, or for country parties; but for dinners in town blond caps are more general. The low cauls which have been so long in favour are on the decline. The caul is not indeed much raised, but there is usually some ornament on the top, which gives a height to the cap. Ribbons and flowers, or a mixture of both, are the ornaments of these caps, most of which are in the *demi-cornette* style.

White lace dresses, of the English manufacture, are coming rapidly into favour in full dress: they are richly embroidered round the bottom; and the *corsage* is also embroidered: the sleeve consists of either two or three falls of lace, or a fulness of plain net interspersed with satin: the bust is generally ornamented with satin tucks or shells. These dresses are always worn over satin slips: white seems most in favour, but coloured ones are considered very elegant.

Toques and turbans are much worn even by the young in full dress; but flowers are equally fashionable. The most novel and elegant style of head-dress consists of a garland of short white marabouts with a poppy between each, or else an ornament in jewellery. This garland, which goes entirely round the head, is placed very far back, and has the appearance of supporting the hind hair. I must not forget to observe, that the fashion of dressing the hair light in front is becoming every day more general.

The colours now most in favour are, sea-green, *flamme de ponce*, citron, *ponceau*, rose, and mahogany colour.

Adieu! Believe me always your
EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A Life of Rossini, followed by an analysis of his best works, will shortly make its appearance in Paris, by the author of the Lives of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio. An English translation will be published about the same time.

Mr. Bramsen, author of *Travels in Egypt, &c.* has in the press, *Remarks on Spain*, descriptive of the manners and

customs of its inhabitants, constitutional troops, party feelings, present state of trade, and late events.

Mr. Biagioli, author of several esteemed elementary works on the Italian language, is preparing a new edition of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, in five vols. 8vo. and 4to. in Italian, reprinted from the original text, from the MS. of Mannelli,

with the most remarkable variants of several other editions, and illustrated with an historical and literary commentary.

In the press, the *Academicians* of 1823, or the Greeks of the Palais Royal and the Clubs of St. James's.

A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Sentences, Phrases, &c. which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries; and also the Notes of Christian, Archbold, and Williams, will be published in the course of this month.

Mr. Williams is preparing for publication by subscription, Designs from the Series of Friezes commonly known by the name of the Phigalian Marbles, comprehending the contest between the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and the Greeks and Amazons, which formerly ornamented the *cella* of the temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Phigalia, in Arcadia; taken from those Marbles, consisting of twenty-three tablets, now deposited in the British Museum. The designs are made by various young artists of rising eminence, and will be engraved in exact imitation of the original drawings in the lithographic manner, by Mr. F. O. Finch.

Mr. Wild has just completed an Illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Worcester, in twelve plates, each 10 by 12 inches, carefully engraved in the line manner from his drawings, and accompanied by an historical and descriptive account of the fabric.

Several roots of the *arracacha*, a plant which has lately excited great interest in this country, have been received at the Royal Botanic Garden of Glasgow, from Baron de Sack of Trinidad, together with a large collection of other rare and valuable American plants. Roots of the same kind sent on two former occasions, by the same liberal contributor, had suffered so much during the voyage as never to have vegetated; while the present individuals have every prospect of succeeding. The valuable properties of this interesting vegetable were un-

known to the inhabitants of the old world till Mr. Vargas, a native of Santa Fé de Bogota, where it is indigenous, brought to Europe the information which was published in the first volume of the *Annals of Botany*. According to his statement, the *arracacha* is one of the most useful of all the vegetables of that part of America. It belongs to the order of *umbelliferae*, and in its habit resembles an *apium*: thus bearing some analogy to the celery and parsley of Europe, and it is in some parts of the country called *apio*. Its stalk generally divides from the upper part of the root into several stems, thickly beset with large orbicular leaves, gashed into several sinuses, and supported by large tubular leaf-stalks, exceeding a goose-quill in thickness. The roots immediately divide into four or five branches; and each of these, if the soil be light and the weather favourable, will grow to the size and nearly the shape of a large cow's horn. This root yields a food, which is prepared in the kitchen in the same manner as potatoes. It is extremely grateful to the palate; more close than mealy; so tender that it requires little cooking, and so easy of digestion, that it is the common practice in the country to give it to convalescents and persons with weak stomachs, being thought of a much less flatulent nature than potatoes. Starch and various kinds of pastry-work are made of its fecula. Reduced to a pulp, this root enters into the composition of certain fermented liquors, which are considered as very proper to restore the lost tone of the stomach. In the city of Santa Fé, and indeed in all the places of that kingdom where the *arracacha* can be obtained, they are in full as universal use as potatoes in England. The cultivation of the *arracacha* requires a deep black mould, that will easily yield to the descent of its large vertical root. The mode of propagation is to cut the root into pieces, each having an eye or shoot, and to plant these in separate holes. In three or four months the roots are of sufficient size and quantity

to be used for culinary purposes ; but if suffered to remain in the ground for six months, they will often acquire an immense size, without any detriment to their taste. The colour of the root is either white, yellow, or purple, but all are of the same quality. Like the potatoe, the arracacha does not thrive in the hotter regions of the kingdom ; for there the roots will not acquire any size, but throw up a greater number of stems ; or at best they will be small and of indifferent flavour. In the countries which are there called temperate, being less hot than those at the foot of the Cordilleras, this vegetable is sometimes found to thrive, but never so well as in the elevated regions of those mountains where the medium heat is between 58 and 60 degrees of Fahrenheit. Here it is that these roots grow the most luxuriantly and acquire the most delicious taste. By care and attention in gradually inuring individuals of the arracacha or their seeds to a cooler temperature, there is every reason to hope that

this valuable root may, like the potatoe, which was introduced to us from an equally warm country, be naturalized to our soil, and add one more to our list of important economical vegetables.

Mr. Cook of Birmingham has discovered that all sorts of cottons, linens, muslins, &c. as well as timber itself, may be rendered incombustible by immersion in a solution of pure alkali. This solution is perfectly clear and without smell ; and window-curtains and bed-hangings are thus rendered perfectly secure from accidents by fire.

It is well known that linen suffers much injury from being bleached with lime. To detect linen which has been so bleached, cut off a scrap when new, put it into a glass, and pour upon it several spoonfuls of good vinegar. If the linen contains lime, the acid will excite considerable effervescence, accompanied with a slight noise ; if otherwise, no effect is produced.

Poetry.

BALLAD.

AVE let us weep for our lord's decay,
And more for our lady's woe ;
But hide the tears, for she was not born
To be pitied of men so low.

For she was nursed on a silken lap,
And fed from silver and gold,
That now is misclad in a peasant's cloak,
To shelter her babe from cold.

The courtly madams look down with scorn
To see her unworthy fall ;
But I trow if love could be coin'd to gold,
Our lady should buy them all.

She sits and graces our humble hearth,
Where I serve her on hended knee ;
Her looks are wages enough for one
That remembers her high degree.

But, oh ! 'tis sad to behold her babe !
How she sprinkles his face with tears,
And dries them again with her long black hair,
For my lady is young in years.

But I honour her grief as tho' 'twere crown'd
With the reverend silver hair ;
For sorrow and age are like to be one
On a face that was once so fair.

T.



THE Repository OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER 1, 1823.

No. XI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. SOPHIA LODGE, THE SEAT OF WILLIAM DAWSON, ESQ.	249
2. THE CONSERVATORY, SOPHIA LODGE	250
3. WOODSIDE, THE SEAT OF JOHN RAMSBOTTOM, ESQ.	251
4. LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES	305
5. ——— FULL DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Sophia Lodge, the Residence of WILLIAM DAWSON, ESQ.	249
Woodside, the Seat of JOHN RAMSBOTTOM, ESQ.	250
Letters from Reginald Filterbrain of the Inner Temple, ESQ. Letter V.	251
Singular Properties of the wonderful new Invention, the Imperial Balsamic Oil of Blarney	253
A Tour round my Parlour (<i>concluded</i>)	256
The Loiterer. No. V.	261
Beauty and Fashion: A Repartee	265
The Power of Imagination	267
Verses suggested by a Seal belonging to BERNARD BARTON, the Poet, and addressed to him by the Rev. W. B. CLARKE	271
GHOST STORIES. No. II.—The Widow of Milan	274
Lhauda: An Historical Tale	276
Stanzas in Acknowledgment of a Piece of Bridecake	283
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. III. On the Drama and its Actors	284
Description of a Grecian Temple recently discovered under-ground near the City of Corfu	290
Verses on an Antique Snuff-Box; and a New Speculation modestly proposed	295
Christina Queen of Sweden, and Borri the Alchemist	296
Description of the ancient Palace of Charles V. of France	298

MUSICAL REVIEW.

	PAGE
Vocal Anthology, or the Flowers of Song	299
EVANS'S "Five Bumper Toasts"	<i>ib.</i>
RIES'S the National Air "Nelson"	300
NICHOLSON'S Fantasia on the favourite Ballad, "Home, sweet home"	<i>ib.</i>
HILL'S "The Dawn, or the Shepherd's Call"	301
JAY'S Introduction and Variations on a French Air by Fontaine	<i>ib.</i>
KJALLMARK'S "When Orpheus lost his blooming bride"	<i>ib.</i>
BISHOP'S "Oh! sweet is the gale that blows over the sea"	302
BRUGUIER'S Bishop's Quartett, "What phrase, sad and soft"	<i>ib.</i>

FINE ARTS.

The Diorama	<i>ib.</i>
-----------------------	------------

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Head-Dresses	305
Ladies' Full Dress	<i>ib.</i>
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	<i>ib.</i>
French Female Fashions	307

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	308
-----------------------------------	-----

POETRY.

Love: From the German of DEINHARD-STEIN	310
Stanzas. By H. NEELE	<i>ib.</i>
Lines on an Autumnal Evening	<i>ib.</i>

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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.

⊙ *Φ's paper is received. It reached us too late for insertion in the present Number.*

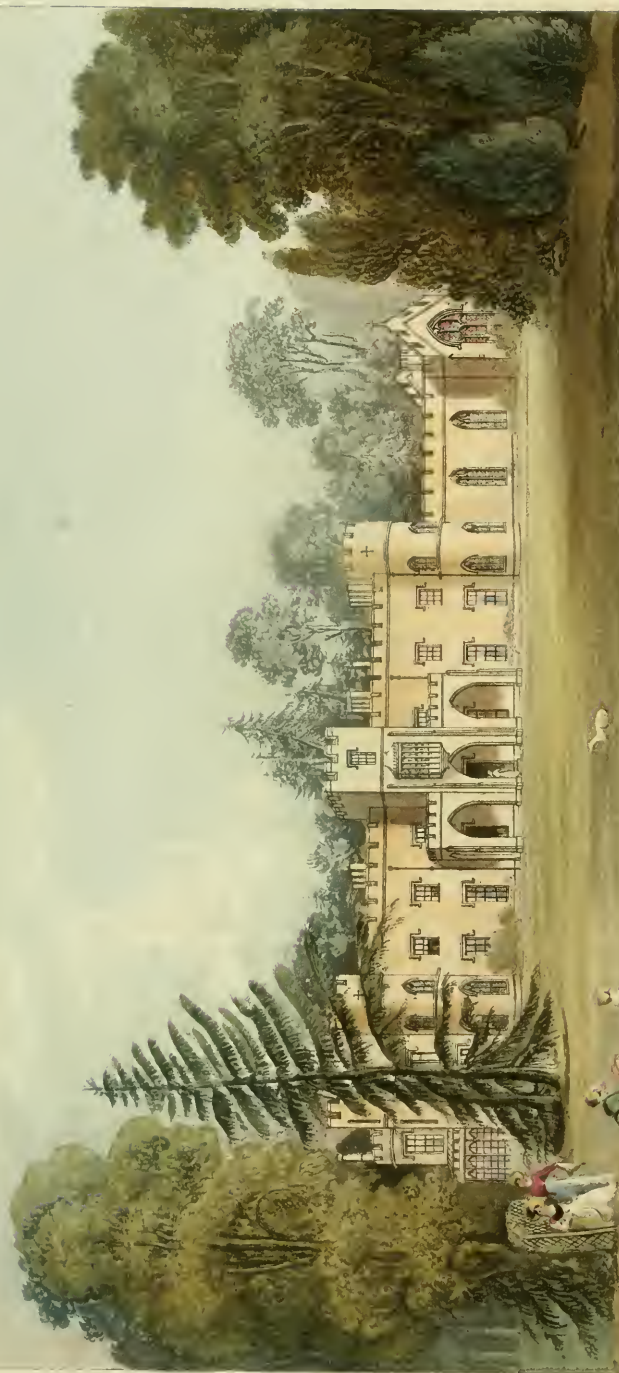
Essay on Shandean Prepossessions in Favour of Baptismal Names—Fluctuations in the Fashion of Hats—The Garden—Historical Particulars respecting the French Cours d'Amour, shall appear in our next.

If this should chance to meet the eye of OSCAR, who some months since favoured the Publisher with a communication, he is informed, that a letter is lying for him at the Booksellers' in Edinburgh, to whose care on that occasion he desired an answer to be addressed.

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

This Work may also be had of Messrs. ARBON and KRAV, Rotterdam.

PLATE II.



SOPHIA LODGE,
THE SEAT OF WINDHAM ESQ.
View from the Terrace

THE
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OF
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THE THIRD SERIES.

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N^o. XI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

SOPHIA LODGE, THE RESIDENCE OF WM. DAWSON, ESQ.

THIS truly enchanting spot, in the parish of Clewer, embraces a portion of St. Leonard's Hill, bounded by the road from Windsor through the Forest and Clewer Green. A farm formerly occupied the spot before the old mansion was built by Lillie Agascomb, Esq. who, after a time, sold it to the Duke of Gloucester, when it became an appendage to Gloucester Lodge, and received the name of Sophia Lodge or Farm. It afterwards became the property of J. Birch, Esq. It must at one time have been the residence of the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, from being noticed in her published letters. On quitting it, her ladyship observes, "I staid in Windsor Forest till the 13th November, and left it more unwillingly than usual, from the circumstance of our returning there no more. The house I own was a very bad one, but there was something in the retiredness of its situation, and the beautiful prospect from it, that I would not, to please myself, have exchanged it for the finest apartment in Versailles or Hampton-Court; but it is so much out of repair, that we could not live there any longer, without buying and in a manner rebuilding it, which, for a very substantial reason that you may guess, was impracticable."

It is now the property of William Dawson, Esq. of Craven in Yorkshire. Every thing has been done by this gentleman that the Duchess of Somerset felt it required, and that Nature left to be accomplished by the hand of man. The talent of Wyatt has been called in, and the

Vol. II. No. XI.

house is now a beautiful specimen of his fine taste in the Gothic style; no expense has been spared to render it complete in any point of view. The Hall of Entrance and Anti-Room is chaste, with a degree of grandeur rarely to be expected in a mansion of moderate dimensions: still it will be found that the Dining-Room, with its rich ceiling, and the Drawing-Room and Sitting-Room, by no means fall short of the impression made by the Hall of Entrance, which mainly results from the good taste in the fitting-up and in the furniture, which is observable throughout. One of the circular projections forms a small room of singular beauty, which is connected with the Sitting-Room, and fitted up as a *boudoir*. The Drawing-Room is thirty-six feet by thirty, and finished in compartments embellished with rich landscapes. From a rich ceiling is suspended a beautiful chandelier, which gives a fine finish to this delightful room. Immediately connected with and embracing the entire range of this room, of which indeed it may be said to form one side, is the Conservatory, as shewn in our Second View of this elegant seat: it is filled with costly plants, that delight the eye and perfume the air.

Few mansions have a more agreeable approach than the entrance to Sophia Lodge, through a variety of trees of the finest growth. The pine, the beech, and particularly the

chestnut-trees, that form a noble avenue, here attain extraordinary magnitude. The mansion rises so completely from the side of the hill, that a large portion in the rear has been removed to gain space. The consequence is a very bold and picturesque acclivity, which is covered with beautiful wood, that screens the house completely from the easterly winds, and gives a romantic appearance with its overhanging woods to the Gothic fabric beneath.

The grounds are encompassed by a zone of trees of the finest growth. Windsor Forest to the right may be said to belong to it, so completely is it identified with the grounds. A fine sheet of water graces the lower part of the lawn, near which is a rustic summer-house overgrown with ivy; from which the walk continues through the plantation up to the house, at which at intervals it commands many a pleasing peep. Our First Plate of this seat is a View of the Principal Front, shewing the entire extent of the building, with its handsome portico and elegant oriel window.

Some extensive walled kitchen-gardens are situated on the high ground behind the house; beside which runs a fine terrace-walk, that commands a beautiful and extensive view of the country, stretching away across the luxuriant vale to the well-wooded and highly cultivated hills of Buckinghamshire.

WOODSIDE,

THE SEAT OF JOHN RAMSBOTTOM, ESQ. M.P.

THIS house is situated in the parish of Old Windsor, a small village that extends down to the banks of the Thames, and in the hundred of

Ripplesmere and deanery of Reading. Old Windsor is now noted for the number of beautiful villas which it contains, and for its venerable pic-





T. Webb del.

WOODSIDE
THE SEAT OF JOHN RAMSBOTTOM F.R.S.E.

turesque church-yard, on which Gray is said to have written his *Elegy*. It farther deserves notice from containing the ashes of the celebrated but unfortunate Mrs. Mary Robinson, whose works have been long before the public, and justly admired. Old Windsor must formerly have been of some note, from Henry I. having kept his Christmas here.

Woodside-House is situated on the highest grounds of this pretty parish, consequently commanding some fine views of the distant country. Among other fine features is Windsor Castle, a distant peep of which is gained in our present view. The mansion is of brick, and partly Gothic, as will be perceived by its embattlements and pointed windows. It was formerly the residence of John Martin Leake, Esq. The Entrance-Hall is decorated with marine and other views painted on the walls in a neutral tint, which is pleasing. This leads to the Dining-Room, finished in a similar manner with landscapes, but in their proper colours. Connected with the latter is a Sitting-Room, containing a variety of Turkish, Dalmatian, and Hindoo costumes, spiritedly painted, and, as well as the landscapes in the Dining-Room, at-

tached to the wall, of which they seem to form a part. This room forms the ground-floor of the distant flank of the building, as seen in the view. The corresponding room in the near wing is a pleasing reading-room and study. The Library is a fine room, containing a valuable collection of books, exceeding a thousand volumes of the best authors; and among some family portraits, one of the late beautiful Mrs. Ramsbottom. The views from this room are of the most interesting description. The Drawing-Room is of fine proportions, and contains some capital paintings: the furniture is blue and gold.

The house is surrounded with flowering shrubs, which are highly pleasing to the eye: the grounds are extensive and well wooded. The Conservatory, as shewn a short distance from the house, is a chaste building, embellished with pilasters and vases, surmounted with an elegant clock-tower. The water in front, combined with flowering shrubs, orange-plants, and fine woods around, gives considerable interest to this portion of the grounds. Immediately behind, planted out from view, are the stables, with other offices.

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN,

Of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq.

LETTER V.

"There is a play to-night before the king."

Hamlet.

THIS morning, at breakfast, we found on the table,
Wet and warm from the press, a voluminous play-bill,
Announcing a play, in a very long yarn,
At the theatre rural, old Thrashaway's barn.
The distance was short from the Priory, so
'Twas resolv'd by my friends, *unâ voce*, to go;
And I, never caring to start an objection,
Volunteer'd to the ladies my humble protection.

The piece was what's term'd, in the language theatrical,
Serio-comico-melo-dramatical.

A little before this grand play had begun,
To our great consternation, a huge gilded sun
From some Phaeton's fingers, unus'd such to handle,
Dropp'd down on the stage and extinguish'd a candle;
An event, by the bye, at which well you might guess,
Greater lights never failing to put out the less.
We waited not long ere they drew up the curtain—
The *veil*, I had rather said, sir; for I'm certain,
So full 'twas of holes, that, unless you were blind,
You might see very plain the transactions behind.
With much bustle and strut, enter by the stage-door
A squat little hero some five feet by four,
Follow'd close by his band, whom he fell to haranguing
(Each man of them look'd as if destined for hanging):
You ne'er in your life saw so motley a group,
Not two of them wore the same dress in the troop.
You'd have laugh'd till your sides crack'd, I'm sure, had you seen
A lancer file off with a duck-legged marine.

I pitied sincerely one poor little chap,
Borne down by the weight of a grenadier's cap.
One play'd an hussar with much bustle and racket,
With one arm ramm'd into a fireman's jacket.
Though, as well you'll imagine, their dresses were various,
The weapons they bore were not less multifarious:
One grasp'd an old musket, and one little elf
A blunderbuss nearly as large as himself;
One had an old fowling-piece wanting a stock,
And one a horse-pistol without any lock:
This bore a carbine, that a squat musketoon;
One was chain'd to the sword of a heavy dragoon;
One was crown'd with a helmet of steel *à la Grecque*,
While an old rusty corslet was slung round his neck.
Their commander at last, what with kicking and punching,
And rapping them over the shins with his truncheon,
In reducing his troop to some order prevailing,
They stood like a piece of irregular paling.
This done, he exclaim'd —(*flourish trumpets and drums*)—
“ 'Tis she—the queen mother—behold where she comes!”
When—judge you the scene, 'twas enough to affright him—
Enter to him a sow and pigs *ad infinitum*,
Which by chance, in the midst of the grand preparation,
In a nook in the barn had escap'd observation.
Little Buskin, amazed, gave a tragedy start,
With his arms in the air and his legs wide apart,
Through which the old sow thrust her monstrous proboscis,
And fairly walk'd off with our pocket Colossus,
Who returning, exclaim'd, “Sirs, your pardon I pray:
I was quite overcome, I was carried away.”

An event then occur'd which produc'd a *finale*,
 Well worthy his Muse who late sung "*Triumphalc.*"
 One act of the play with a battle was ended,
 Though the rout that ensued was by no means intended.
 Some firing took place, when the audience saw
 A piece of live wadding had lodg'd in some straw,
 Which, you'll readily guess, was not long in igniting,
 Both actors and auditors sorely affrighting:
 This "last scene of all" was most truly appalling,
 All making a rush—women screaming—men bawling;
 It was each for himself, 'mid confusion and pother,
 Now trampling on one, and now tumbling o'er t'other.
 In the mean time, for aught that the rest did to hinder,
 The barn and contents might be burnt to a cinder.
 I was rather more cool, for the mischief I saw
 Had then but extended to one truss of straw,
 In which thrusting a hay-fork, in triumph I bore
 Through the crowd, who by this time had burst the barn-door,
 And rush'd up to their necks in a horse-pond, long ere,
 In their hurry and terror, they knew where they were;
 And as the huge blaze in the water I threw,
 Not a few of them thought that the pond had caught too;
 While others, their senses as lost in their fright,
 Imagin'd the barn was pursuing their flight.
 Want of room here compels me my letter to end:
 Adieu, for the present, my much-valued friend!

W. H. H.

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF THE WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION,
 THE IMPERIAL BALSAMIC OIL OF BLARNEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

To get on in this world must be the grand object of every one's ambition; but how to do it effectually is the great secret, which, like the philosopher's stone, has hitherto eluded discovery. It is true that Messrs. Bareface and Bluster have recently offered to the public what they pretend to style a universal *passe-partout*, to enable all classes of society to extricate themselves from every possible difficulty, and to make their fortunes to boot; but, like most other charlatans, they have nothing but sheer impudence to support the cre-

dit of their panacea, which, though in some cases it may be of temporary service, will always be found to fail in great emergencies.

Happily, however, for mankind in general, all that Messrs. B. and B. promise can be performed by means of a wonderful and incomparable invention, for which the proprietors have obtained his Majesty's patent, with which the public are forewarned the abovementioned gentlemen have nothing to do.

This invaluable preparation, invented by Messrs. Plaster, Palaver, and Pleaseall, is called *the Imperial Bal-*

samic Oil of Blarney: it is extracted from the genuine blarney stone, the virtues of which have been so long and so justly celebrated; and is confidently offered to the public by the inventors as possessing all, and more than all, the virtues falsely ascribed by Messrs. B. and B. to the Extract of Brass. To prove this fact, we need only look at some of the cases in which the extract of brass is said to have been successful: what for instance could our Hunts and Cobbetts have done without the Oil of Blarney? Did they not try in vain to arrest the public attention by boasting of their own talents, patriotism, and sufferings in the cause of their country? All their brass, and every body knows they have enough of it, could not cram the dose down John Bull's throat, till it was plentifully seasoned with the Oil of Blarney. And as to our Scotch and Irish neighbours, what has brass, unmixed with the above admirable ingredient, ever done for them? Who ever heard of a Scotchman's shewing a brazen face to those from whom he had any thing to ask? And when a lady, in excuse for running away with a tall Irishman, tells you that "his tongue dropped manna," is it not evident that Pat has achieved his conquest solely by the aid of the Imperial Balsamic Oil of Blarney?

But it is not only in England that this invaluable preparation is esteemed: it is in equal favour on the Continent, as may be easily proved by the unsparing use made of it in every dispatch from the French army now in Spain; while the Constitutionalists on their side are so well convinced of its admirable qualities, that they vie with their antagonists in the use of it.

It is especially patronised by our

most eminent diplomatists; and here Messrs. P. P. and P. cannot help observing the singular effrontery with which Messrs. Bareface and Bluster have claimed for their Extract of Brass the patronage of the Congress of Verona, when it is very well known, and indeed can be proved by the state papers of the Congress, that little, if any, of the Extract of Brass was made use of; while, on the contrary, a considerable quantity of the Imperial Balsamic Oil of Blarney was supplied to the high contracting powers by Messrs. Plaster, Palaver, and Pleaseall, who had the honour on that occasion to give the most perfect satisfaction both to their imperial and royal majesties and their ministers.

This preparation will be found particularly serviceable to persons high in office and to parliamentary orators: it will assist the first in justifying themselves from any charges of peculation or misconduct which may be brought against them. It will also be extremely serviceable in conciliating those troublesome people who cannot be bought, and in managing dependents to the best advantage. It will enable the others to put a handsome gloss upon their conduct whenever they find it necessary to change sides, and also to secure the good word of both parties.

People who have more taste than money will find it of sovereign efficacy to keep their tradesmen in good humour; while it will be useful to those who have more money than taste, in stopping the mouths of their good-natured friends.

Men of fashion should never be without the Oil of Blarney: it would not be possible to enumerate the various occasions on which it may be

of use to them, but it will be sufficient to remark, that by its assistance they may be enabled to borrow money, seduce their neighbours' wives, pigeon a friend at play, &c. &c. much more easily than they could otherwise.

Women of *ton* will also find very happy effects from the use of it: it will facilitate their views of conquest, give them full access to the purses of their more wealthy but less fashionable female friends, and enable them to maintain a doubtful reputation, by rendering people unwilling to believe what is said of them.

But it is not merely in public life that the invaluable secret discovered by Messrs. P. P. and P. will be efficacious; its influence extends also to the most endearing recesses of domestic privacy: the submissive spouses of high-spirited wives, and the pretty young helpmates of jealous husbands, will find great amelioration of their sufferings, if not effectual relief, from the use of it; it will enable virgins of a certain age to secure the friendship of their married acquaintance, and prevent old bachelors from becoming the butt of their young friends. In fine, so numerous, and we may almost say miraculous, are the virtues of this unique preparation, that Messrs. P. P. and P. respectfully hope and trust that all persons of all conditions will see the necessity of immediately providing themselves with it: but as it is of the utmost importance to have it genuine, the public are cautioned not to purchase any bottles which are not stamped with the initials of the firm, "P. P. and P." and sealed with a seal representing a fox complimenting a crow, who holds in her mouth a piece of cheese.

In order to remove every doubt, if any such could exist in the public mind after this full and clear exposition of the virtues of their oil, Messrs. P. P. and P. beg leave to subjoin a list of cases in which their invaluable preparation has had most wonderful effects.

— Eitherside, Esq. member for the borough of Swallowbribe, had many times tried to speak in the House, but in consequence of sneers, whispers, &c. from several members, he never could get through more than three sentences; but having fortified himself by a proper quantity of the Balsamic Oil of Blarney, he delivered, without the least hesitation, a very long speech, which was particularly admired by the members on both sides for the elegance of its complimentary terms.

Peter Profound, an author who had been for several years starving upon the produce of his works, which had nothing but talent and learning to recommend them, was advised to try the effect of a dedication to a great man; but found himself perfectly unable to compose it properly, till he had taken a certain quantity of the Oil of Blarney, which cleared his brain, and assisted his ideas in so wonderful a manner, that the dedication was pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre* of panegyric by all who saw it.

Paul Parvenu, a man of fortune, but of no rank, was particularly desirous of marrying a woman of birth; he had paid his addresses in five or six instances without success, and was about to give the matter up in despair, when he heard of the Oil of Blarney, was persuaded to commence a course of it, and in the very first application he made after he had done so, he was successful.

Luke Lofty had repeatedly offered himself as a member for different boroughs without success; he had tried the force of bribery, hard drinking, and fair promises to no purpose: he was advised, when he again offered himself as a candidate, to take fasting for three mornings successively fifty drops of the Imperial Oil of Blarney, and immediately afterwards to present himself to the wives and daughters of the voters: he followed this prescription, and was returned in triumph.

Peregrine Plastic had been long desirous of a place at court, and had attended for years at the levee of a great man, who promised to remem-

ber him on the first vacancy. There was, however, always some reason or other why Peregrine could not be served: at last he was persuaded to try the Oil of Blarney, and by its assistance he succeeded in convincing his patron, that it was a shame that a man of merit should have to wait so long, and he actually obtained the first vacant appointment.

The original documents of the above cases, and many others, are in the hands of Messrs. Plaster, Palaver, and Pleascall, and may be seen by application at their residence, Blarney Villa. I am, sir, for Messrs. Plaster, Palaver, and Pleascall,

PETER PUFF.

A TOUR ROUND MY PARLOUR.

By J. M. L.

(Concluded from p. 212.)

FROM this mournful, and perhaps to my readers tedious, subject, let us take another stride, and we reach a pleasanter thing, the piano-forte, standing between the closet-door just passed and the door forming the entrance to the room. It is a modern instrument, made by Rolfe, with additional keys, *and all that sort of thing*. This belonged to my dear Ann before our marriage, and therefore to me it tells many a tale of well-remembered love, many a history of song-singing and flute-playing, and other occasional accompaniments, which must be nameless. Let us look into the drawers: here are many of the songs I used to sing to her playing formerly; we sometimes try them over now, but our children want all the music she can afford them to caper to. What loving titles have most of the songs! Let's see,

here is "Love has eyes"—"Just like love"—"Be mine, dear maid"—"My heart with love is beating"—and twenty other *sweet* things of that sort. How well I sung them, or she accompanied me, is, as the miser said of what he gave away, *nothing to nobody*; and as perhaps my verse will again speak better for me than my prose in explanation of the different compositions sometimes played on this instrument, I will introduce an irregular piece that I wrote a few years ago, which I do not presume to call an ode, but which any body may set to music if they please, and if they are able, and call it as I do,

MUSIC'S VARIETIES.

Sweet soft'ner of the soul, with humble lay
I come to praise thy ever-varying pow'rs,
Which oft have fill'd with bliss life's early
day,
And woke to joy when sorrow stole my
hours.

Now is the mildest movement thine,
That speaks the soul of love divine :
In whisp'ring tones the melting air
Steals to the heart of beauty fair;
Wakes ev'ry sense to bliss refin'd,
Where love and honour fill the mind.

Anon loud swelling chords assail the ear,
And pour the martial melody afar,
Pourtraying all a battle's frenzied fear,
And all the pomp of desolating war.
The dying cries in mournful tone,
The hero's agonizing groan,
The plaintive strings employ ;
The volley's thund'ring awful fire ;
And when the vanquish'd foes retire,
The victors' shout of joy.

And now to Sorrow's bleeding heart
The gentler cadence flows ;
Each note breathes hope to sooth its smart,
To soften all its woes :
Not balmy sleep more welcome seems
To Mis'ry's throbbing breast ;
For Music calls up happiest dreams,
To lull its pangs to rest.

But now in changing notes again :
The hunter bounding o'er the plain,
And all Diana's mirthful train,
Sweet Music's pow'r pourtrays ;
And now the pack's melodious cries,
Hark forward ! swift the huntsman flies,
Till, lo ! the dappled victim dies,
And ends the jovial chase.

The notes of Mirth are fled ! a hallow'd strain
Now trembles o'er the strings with sweet
controul,
Swelling, beneath Religion's sacred fane,
To heav'n the tribute of the humbled soul.
The choral anthem, or the cloister'd hymn,
In peals melodious waft the pray'r to
heav'n ;
Whilst Penitence, whose eyes sad tears be-
dim,
Kneeling appears, that sin may be forgiv'n.

In liveliest strain,
Unknown to pain,
Now merry sounds advance ;
While joyful throngs,
With cheerful songs,
Trip down the zestful dance.
Thus speeds the night
In rapid flight,
No care dares intervene ;
Till coming day
Warns all away,
To quit the festal scene.

Vol. II. No. XI.

Thus Music's ever-varying pow'rs
Are dear to man in all his hours,
The serious or the gay.
Then, heav'n-sent science, still be mine ;
Still round me waft thy sounds divine,
And lengthen life's short day !

What a complex piece of musical mechanism is a piano-forte ! Even in our own time how much we have seen them improved ! What a wonderful contemplation then it is to look back to the supposed origin of all stringed instruments—the hollow shell of a tortoise or some large fish strung with the dried tendons of an animal in the first uncivilized age of man, to the beautiful and fine-toned lutes, harps, and piano-fortes of the present day ! How slow and gradual must all this improvement have been, and what anxious hours must have been spent by those who have improved them ! The same observations indeed apply to almost every other article of furniture and apparel connected with polished life ; and yet we take these things as we find them, too often without a thankful thought or feeling, when, in point of fact, we have so much to be thankful for. Nay, if the least particle of any portion of our dress, furniture, or food, be a little out of order or unfashionable, we lament and mourn over it as if we had no hope, or fly into a passion, and fancy ourselves the completest wretches in existence ; when the perusal of a page or two only of the work recently published by Captain Franklin, explanatory of the utter misery and want experienced by the Indians and their European companions in that disastrous but enterprizing northern expedition, would, I should imagine, cause the poorest inhabitant of the poorest mud cottage in England to hug himself at

M M

his comparative affluence and comfort; whilst it ought to make the fanciful and effeminate being who is quarreling with an overplus of luxuries, ashamed of himself. But I have taken a wide jump indeed, from the piano-forte in my parlour to the frozen wilds of North America; but having seen Franklin and his starving party dine off some old shoes and burnt bones, my fancy has had enough of it, and I am come back to finish my little tour in content and peace.

Above the piano-forte, and covering that portion of the wall of the room, are seven drawings by my wife, which I call her exhibition. These of course are favourites, though all copies: here is the Milk-Girl crossing the Brook; the Rustic Daughter preparing her Parents' Dinner; the Village Sempstress; an old Rustic smoking at his Cottage-Door; the Father's Hope and Mother's Darling (I think they are called), a pair, containing much such a couple of fair children as are our own, full of fun, frolic, and gig—by the bye, these said children have effectually put an end to mamma's drawing. The last is called, "Herself the fairest flower;" and some flattering folks have been polite enough to say it is very like my wife; *but let that pass*, folks will flatter, and are fond of making much of a little bit of truth: if the hair is like, or an eye, or the chin, or the tip of a nose, all the rest will follow in fancy's eye presently.

Come we are getting on; the door of the room is reached, and I do not know that I have much to say either to that, or to the picture of a Storm on the Ganges placed above it. Much might be said to be sure about the usefulness of doors in general,

and of this door in particular; such as, that a door lets in your friends, but keeps out your foes; then a door may be locked or left open; it may be knocked at and will not complain; then if you choose to be witty, you may say, that though a door never was known to *ask a question*, yet is frequently said to *be answered*; then you may put the young lady's paradoxical Christmas conundrum, as thus, "When is a door *not a door*?" Now this would puzzle some people amazingly; but the answer is very convincing, "when it is *a jar*;" and let me tell you these conundrums are very pleasant things to crack with your nuts and a glass of wine in a winter's evening.

There is one thing more before I turn the corner, and that stands just beyond the door in a little nook between it and the windows, and is called a *tea-poy*: till I met with this word, I had never heard of any that sounded like it but *Sepoy*; and most assuredly it is not a bit like an East Indian soldier, which I presume every body knows that a Sepoy is. I remember that my mother's was a *tea-chest*; then we got to *tea-caddies*; and now we have *tea-poys*; and I assure you this of mine is a very respectable-looking little gentleman, and as upright as his almost namesake we have been talking about, the Sepoy. He is made of rose-wood, is between two and three feet high, and runs about upon his castors with infinite agility after my wife and the tea-table, where he stands on her left hand, with his four receptacles for tea and his two sugar-basons; and is really not the most useless of modern inventions.

The last side of the parallelogram is reached; we are at the windows of

the room, which part is generally the least furnished, so that a hope may now be entertained of a speedy termination to the tour. "A consummation devoutly to be wished!" exclaims some impatient reader. Well, most testy sir, I shall get on as fast as I can, but shall not hurry myself nevertheless. Here then are the curtains—morine curtains, not vulgar tavernified red, but chaste dove-coloured morine; and these, if I had any taste, would furnish me with hints for a beautiful description of fringes and festoons, scrolls and draperies, cornices and gilt pins, and all the other glorious insignia of the upholsterer. But I remember I had enough of these when I paid the bill for the curtains; and I remember too that I had half a mind to versify it, some of the descriptions were so florid and poetical; but thinking it would only prolong the memory of certain departed pounds, shillings, and pence, I gave up the idea.

Between the windows is a pier-glass, respecting which I have nothing to remark in addition to what has already been said of the chimney-glass; but under it are three miniatures, about which I have something to say. The first is of an old gentleman, who, although not grandfather to my children, yet is held by my family in almost the light of one, from his more than fatherly kindness to my wife in her infancy and advancing years. He was one of that description called by Pope "the noblest work of God," *an honest man*, that rarest of things to be found upon earth. Every such man's memory should be sacred and dear to those who have known his worth; and the world should oftener hear than it does, that such men have existed.

Villany and its deeds are blazoned forth and thought worthy of record, but the memory of the unobtrusive and quiet course of him who "goes about doing good," is too often left to sink into silent oblivion. This picture is of course dear to us all; and it has another claim to our kindness and regard: it was done by a young lady, a friend of the family, who had never been taught drawing; and it is singular, that though the execution of it is but indifferent, yet the likeness is most striking. Next to it is a miniature of my daughter, taken when nearly an infant, by a regular practitioner: this was like enough when first done, but four years have made a wonderful alteration, and it is now little more like "than I to Hercules." This forms my principal objection to the having a likeness taken of a very young person: it is all very well as shewing what they have been in infancy; but it is sometimes rather ludicrous to see in the house of a great bluff-looking man, with a face *like the Red Lion at Brentford*, as the old saws have it, a miniature of a little fair-faced puny boy, and to hear this bluff gentleman say, in the voice of a Stentor, "*That's me.*" Next to this is a plain black profile, to which I can say, "*That's me.*" I took it into my head the other day to walk into a shop, and suffer the *machine*, as they call it, to be passed over my visage; and here I am quite *black in the face*, with a smart ebonized frame, and an inner gilt edge, *all for four shillings!* What a depreciation of the fine arts, if indeed this can be said to belong to them! I might here give my own history, but I feel as if I blushed at the idea; and as it would be rather too egotistical to trouble the world with a full, true, and par-

ticular account of my birth, parentage, and education, I shall even *descend* to the work-table that stands under these three generations in miniature.

Let us just take a peep in. It is hardly fair to be sure, as the lady owner is not present. What an assemblage! Why it is confusion worse confounded: threads and tapes; bobbins and buttons; pins and needles; housewives and cotton-boxes; and I know not what besides. I will dip a little deeper, and see if there is any thing more worth enumerating.—Pshaw! I have run a confounded needle into my finger! “Serve you right, Mr. Inquisitive,” says some young lady. Well, miss, I will not look any further, but merely recommend you to paint one as prettily as my wife has painted this; for it is as gay as wreaths of flowers, butterflies, shells, feathers, &c. &c. can make it; only that Betty the cook is continually setting something or other on it to scratch it; and though Betty is a good girl in the main, and means to do well I believe, yet she can never remember the perpetual exclamatory cautions of “Lord, Betty, you’ll ruin my table!” Poor girl, she is only troubled with an incontinence of memory, like the one mentioned by Matthews in an entertainment of his, who used to *go up stairs fifty times a day, and never come down again*.

Now we get on indeed; I have passed the other window, and shall reach my old arm-chair in a trice; though I must take a peep first into the last closet as I pass. This is the store-closet; and when the children are in the room, it is a dangerous matter to open the door, for they cannot believe but you did so to give them some slice of cake, or biscuit,

with jam or honey. This is really a goodly display though. That upper shelf is loaded with a famous lot of white jars of all dimensions: let me see, “currant jelly, 1821;” “raspberry jam, 1822;” “gooseberry jam, ditto;” “damson cheese, ditto;” “apricot jam, ditto;” “Narbonne honey:” but indeed it is too much; I shall make my young readers’ mouths water, and the old ones know all about it; I will therefore desist. Well then, on the next shelf are pickles of all sorts, from the mango down to samphire, a most classical pickle, for Shakspeare has called the gathering of it a “dreadful trade.” Below these are soaps and starches and powder-blues; and at the bottom of all a variety of tun-bellied, Falstaff-like, *lettered* gentlemen, in the shape of goodly stone-bottles of from one to three gallons, and marked G. R. O. C. E. not that there is a *groce* of them, but that they contain certain home-made wines, called gooseberry, raisin, orange, currant, and elder; the last conjuring up pleasant recollections of winter, when a little of it mulled, and taken with divers strips of toasted bread, is rather a comfortable concern.

Thank heaven, the door is shut, and my *tour* is ended; here is the chair I started from, and I will now sit me down, for if the reader is not tired, I am. What! another interruption? Here is a living piece of furniture; *puss* has taken possession of my chair. Well, madam, fond as I am of you, and fond as you generally are of me, you must nevertheless turn out. What, you do not like it? However, that is not to be wondered at; few like to be forcibly ejected from a *good situation*.

I cannot help thinking that a cat

is an abused animal; the species has somehow got an ill name for treachery and other bad qualities, and perhaps not without some reason: they certainly are far behind the dog in those peculiar and strong attachments which are so honourable to the latter animal; yet I have met with many instances to the contrary, and this quiet creature is one of them. She will suffer the children to drag her about in all sorts of ways, and never attempts to behave spitefully, when it would be almost justifiable on her part to do so; for I do not know any thing more deserving of pity, than a cat or kitten when lugged about in the topsy-turvy way they mostly are by children. I have also met with very strong instances of memory in cats, a thing which they are supposed to be particularly devoid of: one instance was remarkable, where a cat, who never saw me more than three or four days in a year, and that generally at one stay, would remember me perfectly well on going the succeeding year. This was at a fishing-house, and as I used to give grimalkin fish to eat, that circumstance may help to account for it. However, I rather wish to redeem the general character of the cat from what I think an unmerited obloquy: much of their ferocity and waspishness arises more from ill treatment, I am inclined to believe, than their real nature. There is scarcely an animal that might not be subdued by kindness; and feeling this, I cannot

agree with the late Dr. Wallcott (alias Peter Pindar, of facetious memory,) in the following character of a cat, given in his *Pindariana*: "I do not love a cat; his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twists his tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say, 'Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever!'"

Thus then I have finished my journey; I again repose in my easy chair; and I have escaped from a day's *ennui*, as completely as if I had been wandering

"By hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade;" and really feel altogether better. But I fear my trifling will be hardly borne with: it is one thing for a man to amuse his own idleness; but it is quite another matter to publish such amusement, and be the cause of idleness in others. However, in all that I have said, I have kept the domestic virtues and all the best feelings of the mind in view; I have not sought to raise a blush on the cheek of innocence, or to give a pang to the heart of honour; and all I can hope for is, that the day I have passed in this way may not be designated a day of folly, but that there may be found at least one who will smile, and that not contemptuously, at *A Tourround my Parlour*.

THE LOITERER.

No. V.

TO N. NEVERMOVE, Esq.

MR. LOITERER,

I HAVE suffered for some time under a grievance that I believe is

often felt by others as well as myself, though I do not remember ever to have seen it complained of. I shall

not trouble you with any account of myself: suffice it to say, that I am companion to a lady who is what the French call *un peu parvenue*; but as she has a very large fortune, and lives in good style, she is admitted into the most fashionable society. She is naturally good-natured, and has in many respects a great deal of consideration for me; but unfortunately she has imbibed an idea, that in order to support her dignity properly, it is necessary she should sometimes be haughty and capricious. I am convinced that her natural kindness of heart and gaiety of temper render it very unpleasant to her to practise this sort of air, and that she does it merely for fear I should otherwise forget the vast distance there is between us. From my being of a good family, I am, generally speaking, politely noticed by her visitors, from many of whom I receive attentions which my present situation does not entitle me to expect. I know that my patroness is pleased with this, and she very often avails herself of it to take me with her where she visits; nay, I have known her sometimes to accept of invitations which she would otherwise have declined, because she thinks they will be agreeable to me. But perhaps after a month or two of uniform kindness and attention, she is suddenly seized with an apprehension that all this indulgence will make me fancy myself her equal; and in order to convince me of the contrary, she leaves me behind when she is going to some place to which she knows I particularly wish to accompany her; or if she has company at home, she desires I will settle accounts or write letters for her, instead of coming as usual into the drawing-room. If this

was all, Mr. Loiterer, I should be ashamed to complain, but unfortunately it is only a small part of the vexation which her pride inflicts upon me. I have known her during a whole month together behave to me with the most marked indifference, and assume all possible airs of superiority, merely, as she herself would phrase it, to make me remember who I am. I cannot describe all the littlenesses which this paltry pride makes her stoop to; one of them, which hurts me the most, is talking at me: you cannot conceive the pains she takes to impress upon my mind how fortunate I am in meeting with a protectress like her; and how little reason a person in my rank of life could have to expect so much kindness and indulgence from one so greatly my superior.

In this way, Mr. Loiterer, she goes on till she has, as she fancies, completely humbled me, and inspired me with a proper sense of her great consequence. As soon as she thinks she has done that, she begins to relax; and if I appear more than usually dejected, she makes a rapid transition from the extreme of haughtiness to the excess of kindness. If I thought that this tormenting humour proceeded either from malignity or ill-temper, I should despair of effecting a reformation, but I am certain that it is contrary to her natural temper, and that she forces herself to exercise it merely from a fear of lowering her dignity by too much affability. Will you then, Mr. Loiterer, have the goodness to set her right on this point? I know that she has a high respect for your opinion, from the circumstance of your noble descent; and if you will have the kindness to assure her, that affability is

the distinguished characteristic of true gentility, you will be the means of saving many heartaches to your very humble servant,

CHARLOTTE.

I pity the situation of this correspondent, but I pity still more that of her patroness. In fact, I do not know a more miserable animal than a *parvenue* struggling to keep up a certain degree of consequence, and dreading lest every deviation from a haughty and artificial manner should be considered as a derogation from her dignity. If, however, these people had a mind to create for themselves a degree of consequence which mere riches can never procure, they might do it at a much easier rate, by behaving to those they consider as their inferiors with kindness and affability. I do not mean that overstrained affability which is itself the greatest insult that can be offered to the person on whom it is exercised, since it is in fact but another way of saying, Is it not very good of me who am so much superior to you, to take all this trouble to put you at your ease? The affability I mean is very different from this: it is that polite, natural, and easy manner, which, as my correspondent justly observes, is one of the characteristics of true gentility, and which never fails to distinguish all those who wish to be considered as really well-bred people. As her patroness has an opportunity of mixing with such people, I recommend to her an attentive study of their behaviour, and I am convinced she will soon be cured of the ridiculous fancy, that haughty airs are necessary to keep up her consequence.

N. N.

TO THE LOITERER.

SIR,

People, generally speaking, complain of the malice of mankind, and are angry with their acquaintance for speaking ill of them. I have a right to quarrel with mine on the contrary account, for all my misfortunes proceed from having too good a character. To explain this seeming enigma, I must tell you, that the reputation I enjoyed of being one of the best-humoured and best-natured men in England, gained me the good graces of Miss Alicia Aigre, a young lady whose fortune was rather above what I could have aspired to; and as she was besides rather pretty and apparently amiable, I gladly availed myself of a hint which she caused to be given me of her preference, and we were married. But, alas! Mr. Loiterer, I had hardly time to congratulate myself on my happiness, when I found that I was the most miserable dog alive. My wife, who is an adept in the art of tormenting, chose me merely because she wanted a subject to exercise her talents upon, and she could find nobody else on whom she durst make such an unsparing use of them.

Her method, it must be confessed, is rather singular: she does not scold, is not sullen, never has recourse to the common trick of fits or sickness; her only weapon is complaint, and with this she continues to be more formidable to a man of my temper than Xantippe herself; for she harasses me by finding perpetual subjects of complaint against me, not only in every thing I say or do, but even in things with which I have apparently no concern. Thus it is impossible to keep her in good humour. If I stay at home, she is sorry to see

by my gravity that home is disagreeable to me; or she cannot help observing, that it is very singular I should be unusually merry when she is out of spirits: she is miserable, and she can never be otherwise while she sees that there is no sort of sympathy between us. If I go out, she is equally displeased, because I know very well, she says, that she does not pass her time like other women, in visiting and amusing herself; no, her pleasures are all domestic ones, and how can she be happy with a man who neglects her so shamefully?

These, sir, are her texts, and she contrives to hold forth upon them not for an hour or two, but sometimes for a whole day together, and very often for a great part of the night too. But besides these subjects of complaint, she has many others: for instance, if I stay five minutes beyond our usual hour of dinner, I am sure to be harassed all the rest of the day by sneers and innuendos; declarations that she was ill for want of food, since it was impossible for any one to eat of a dinner so completely spoiled by waiting, and broad hints that I shall be sorry for my conduct when I have worried her out of her life.

If I take care to be at home in time, I am frequently not much better off: sometimes my knock at the door has been so loud as to startle her, and she is thrown into a fit of nervous agitation, which furnishes ample matter of complaint for the rest of the day; or perhaps she thinks I have not rubbed my feet sufficiently, and in that case her tenderness of heart makes her spoil my dinner, for she does nothing while I am at it, but grieve to think of the cruelty I am guilty of in making

such a slave of our poor housemaid, who ought to have the strength of a horse to clean after me.

I have tried to make a diversion in my favour by inviting company as often as I could; but the temporary relief which this expedient gives me is dearly bought by the numerous occasions which some part or other of my behaviour, while they are present, gives her to complain of me after they are gone. I have tried, with equal ill success, to correct her perverse humour by change of place, but she has the misfortune never to be well where she is. She expressed a desire last summer to spend some time in a part of the country which is allowed to be one of the loveliest spots in England. Before the end of the first day, she thought I had used her extremely ill in bringing her to a place which wanted every thing requisite to constitute a fine country; and before the termination of the second, she had ascertained that I brought her there for no other purpose but to kill her with *ennui*. I am not more fortunate in town: she is either distracted with the noise, or moped to death by the stillness; or else the air is not good, or she suspects that the neighbourhood is no better than it should be; and though in all our various migrations, she herself always fixes the place of our residence, that does not exempt me from blame, because, as she very obligingly tells me, I ought to have known to what objections the place was liable.

Now, Mr. Loiterer, to come to the reason of my troubling you with this detail. My wife, notwithstanding her tormenting temper, is not void of sense, and I am well assured would never have given such scope to her

humour, but from the idea that my love of quiet and abhorrence of giving pain would permit her to indulge it with impunity: but I wish to be permitted to tell her through the medium of your paper, which I know she reads, that she has fairly exhausted both my patience and good-humour. I am resolved to pass the rest of my days in peace and quietness; and as I am conscious that I give her no real reason to murmur, I declare, that the first complaint she makes of me after the publication of this letter, shall be the last she will ever have an opportunity of uttering to me. As a loiterer must above all things value quiet, I hope that the sympathy between us in that respect will induce you to oblige, by inserting this letter, your very humble servant,

LAURENCE LOVEPEACE.

TO THE LOITERER.

Good Mr. LOITERER,

I am a poor fellow who would willingly become rich, that is in an honest way, if I could. I have received such marks of favour from an heiress as I think justify my pretending to her hand; but as I wish to proceed upon sure grounds, I will state to you as briefly as I can, for I know you don't like trouble, what those grounds are, in the form of questions, which I hope you will have the goodness to answer; for as your opinion may be the means of making my fortune, I trust you will

not refuse to give it to your most obedient,

CHRISTOPHER COCKSURE.

When Lucilla rails before me against coxcombs, does not that prove that she is indifferent to my rival, Tom Trippit?

Answer. No.

Was not her speaking to me with the greatest kindness the other day, while she never noticed Tom, who stood just beside me, a proof that she preferred me to him?

No.

When she said in my presence, that if ever she married it should be a modest man, did not that mean that I was the man of her choice?

No.

When she observed in my hearing, that fortune was the last thing she should look at in a husband, was not that plainly telling me to pay my addresses to her?

No.

Whether her acceptance of a rose may not (as she is a great reader, and of course knows the Oriental custom of making love by means of flowers,) be considered as a promise to marry me?

No.

Ought I, upon the strength of all the above-mentioned marks of encouragement, to venture to bespeak my wedding-clothes?

No.

What answer may I expect when I plainly ask her to marry me?

No.

BEAUTY AND FASHION: A REPARTÉE.

SAYS *Beauty* to *Fashion*, as they sat at the toilette,

"If I give a charm, *you* surely will spoil it;

When you take it in hand, there's such murd'ring and mangling,

'Tis so metamorphos'd by your fiddling and fangling,

That I scarce know my own when I meet it again,
 Such changelings you make, both of women and men.
 To confirm what I say—look at Phryne or Phillis,
 I'm sure that I gave them good roses and lilies:
 Now, like Thisbe in Ovid, one cannot come near them,
 So vilely with cold cream and rouge you besmear them.
 And as to your dress, one would think you quite mad—
 From the head to the heel, it is all masquerade;
 With rouleaus and flounces and *chevaux de frize*,
 Now sweeping the ground, and now up to your knees.
 And then you're so fickle that few people mind you;
 For my part, I never can tell where to find you:
 Now dress'd in a cap, now naked in none;
 Your waist now unbound, now girt with a zone;
 Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff;
 Without kerchief now, and now buried in ruff:
 Like the vane on the tower that shews you the weather,
 You're rarely the same for two days together."

Thus Beauty concluded, when Fashion replied:
 "Who does most for the sex? Let it fairly be tried,
 And they that look round them will presently see
 They're much less beholden to *you* than to *me*.
 I grant that, indeed, mighty favours you boast;
 But how scantily bestowed, how rare is a toast!
 A complexion and shape you confer now and then,
 But to one that you give, you refuse it to ten.
 In one you succeed, in another you fail;
 Here your rose is too red, there your lily too pale:
 Some feature or other is always amiss;
 And pray let me know when you finish'd a piece,
 But I was obliged to correct or touch over?
 Or you never would have either husband or lover:
 For I hope, my fair lady, you do not forget,
 Though you find the *thread*, 'tis I make the *net*;
 And say what you please, it must be allow'd,
 That a woman is nothing unless *à-la-mode*;
 Like diamonds when rough are the charms you bestow,
 But mine are the setting and polishing too.
 The rout, the assembly, and theatres tell,
 'Tis I form the *beau* and finish the *belle*;
 'Tis by *me* that those beauties must all be supplied
 Which time has withdrawn, or which *you* have denied:
 Impartial to all, did not *I* lend my aid,
 Both Venus and Cupid might give up their trade,
 And even *your ladyship* die an *old maid*."

ANN R——R——.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

ABOUT the time when the first experiments were made with air-balloons, and when this invention was scarcely known in the remotest parts of France, there lived on his estate in that country, not far from the frontier of Spain, a gentleman, whose only child, a lovely girl named Agnes, then about fourteen years old, was afflicted with a mental malady. She imagined that she was possessed by a devil of immense size. Her father would cheerfully have given half his fortune to relieve his dearly beloved daughter from this foolish fancy. He sent for the most eminent physicians from all parts of the kingdom, and sought of them relief for the diseased mind of his child. Many of them confidently promised a cure, but not one kept his word: for though her blooming complexion manifested not the least symptom of illness, still the remedies of these gentlemen were chiefly designed to invigorate her bodily health, which was already sufficiently robust. Meanwhile poor Agnes still continued for several years to hold the notion that she was possessed.

At length the unhappy father was recommended to seek the assistance of a physician for the mind, that is, of one who would devote his chief attention to the diseased imagination of his daughter. In compliance with this rational counsel, he selected his spiritual adviser, the Catholic minister of the place: but, destitute as he was of mental resources, a more unfit person could not have been chosen for this arduous duty; and sensible of his incompetence, he soon gave up the patient.

A neighbouring apothecary here-upon undertook, with the divine assistance, to free the disordered mind of Agnes from the preposterous idea that she was possessed. He began with seeking by all possible means to gain the unbounded confidence of his patient; and in these endeavours he was most cheerfully seconded by her parents. Such was their success, that she soon began to regard every assertion of the apothecary's as undoubted truth; and instead of consulting her mother or her father, as she had been accustomed to do on every occasion, she now asked the advice of her friend. By means of this unlimited confidence, he succeeded in convincing her of all that it was requisite for her to believe, before the original remedy to which he purposed to resort could produce the desired effect.

She once told him that the devil who tormented her was as tall as the tallest giant, but very slim and meagre; that to be sure he had not done growing, and would at last be as big as the thickest end of the trunk of the prodigious lime-tree which grew in the court-yard of her father's *château*.

The apothecary attentively noted all these effusions of her deranged mind in order to avail himself for her benefit of such as best suited his plan; nay, he even ventured with the same view to put into her head a great deal more of the like absurdities. Among other things, he told her on different occasions, that from the description which she had given of her devil, he knew him personally; that his own daughter had once been

possessed by him; that he usually wore a silk taffety dress, and could not endure the smoke of certain drugs which he kept in his shop, and which, when laid on burning coals, were transformed into a thick vapour. It was not difficult by means of this smoke and certain exorcisms with which he was acquainted, to drive such a devil out of a person in whom he had taken up his abode, so that he should fly through the air with a tremendous noise, and never more return; and he had himself in this way delivered his daughter for ever from her troublesome inmate.

Agnes had not the least doubt of the truth of all these fictions; for, as we have already observed, she took every word of her friend's for gospel. The apothecary now began to turn this confidence to account, and the then recent invention of aërostation furnished him with a most favourable opportunity for doing so. Before Agnes had received the slightest intimation on the subject, he secretly made a long balloon of taffety, in human shape, "as tall as the tallest giant, and as big as the thickest end of the trunk of the lime-tree in her father's court-yard." He affixed horns to the head of this figure, and cloven hoofs to the feet: so that the whole had nearly the form which simple folks used to attribute to the devil.

Meanwhile the sly apothecary had so wrought upon the mind of Agnes, without her being aware of it, that she urgently entreated him to deliver her from the clutches of the devil, whom he had been so fortunate as to drive out of his daughter. He cheerfully promised that he would, and kept in readiness his taffety devil, that is, the small air-balloon in

the shape of the devil, and every thing requisite for filling it, and for its ascension.

A very sultry afternoon was fixed upon for the expulsion of the unclean spirit. A thunder-storm might be confidently expected--a circumstance included in the plan of the apothecary; for Agnes was so exceedingly alarmed at thunder, that during a tempest she was scarcely mistress of her senses. It will be recollected that he had told her that the devil had quitted his daughter with a tremendous noise.

Thunder-clouds soon made their appearance on the horizon; the storm gathered, and the apothecary, with solemn look, began to repeat various unmeaning incantations over his patient. He conducted her with her father into the pleasure-grounds of his *château*, where he had previously suspended the air-balloon behind a clump of trees and shrubs. The taffety devil was not yet filled with gas, but as slender as Agnes had described her familiar to be. Some trusty servants by his desire attended with chafingdishes to fumigate her.

The train, with Agnes, whose expectations were wound up to the highest pitch, moved in slow and solemn procession in all sorts of circuitous ways through the extensive grounds; for the apothecary waited in anxious suspense for the first peal of the approaching storm. At length it rolled awfully through the atmosphere. Agnes trembled in every joint; she thought nothing more certain than that this perfectly natural phenomenon was occasioned by the exorcisms of her friend, and that it proceeded immediately from her demon.

The apothecary, to keep up the illusion, continued incessantly repeating his magic words; and as soon afterwards a second, more prolonged and louder, clap ensued, he led Agnes behind the thicket, where she was profoundly shocked to recognise in the balloon her slim familiar in his taffety dress. The apothecary and all the domestics marched resolutely up to him, as if exulting in the certain success of their work, though yet unfinished. They fumigated the horrid figure on all sides, and at the same time filled it quickly and unobserved with gas. When completely filled, it appeared frightful and alarming even to the attendants. While Agnes was surveying it with horror, the thunder again rolled awfully. The devil was instantly dispatched, and during the long reverberations of the peal, it rose obliquely till almost invisible; it was then hurried rapidly away by the wind which accompanied the tempest, and presently disappeared.

Agnes pursued its course with strained eyes, and with mingled emotions of joy and astonishment. All present loudly expressed their exultation, and congratulated her on being now delivered for ever from the evil spirit. She sunk upon her knees, and while the tears trickled down her cheeks, returned thanks to God for this mercy: she gratefully embraced her friend the apothecary, to whom under heaven she deemed herself indebted for her relief: she fell in a transport of delight upon the neck of her mother and of her father: in short, the unhappy notion that she was possessed by the devil was banished from her soul with the disappearance of the balloon. Her affectionate parents deemed them-

selves inexpressibly happy in this change wrought in their beloved daughter, and bestowed a princely remuneration on him who had effected her cure. The apothecary, a noble-minded, disinterested man, rejoiced more sincerely in the success of his scheme, than in the wealth that it procured him. The servants too shared his feelings, for Agnes was a girl of excellent disposition, whom they had hitherto sincerely pitied.

As, however, the doctor was not without apprehension that the notion so happily banished from her mind might regain possession of it, if she should ever chance to discover that she had been deceived by means of a balloon, measures were taken to keep the real circumstances of her cure, if possible, secret from her for ever.

Before the balloon was let loose, a man had been dispatched on horseback in the direction to which the wind blew, to follow its course, and to pick it up when it should alight. The whole of the servants were induced, partly by considerable gratuities, and partly by the motives of reason and Christian philanthropy, to bind themselves by an oath never to disclose to any one the manner in which Agnes was cured of her mental disorder. This engagement they faithfully fulfilled; and they were always extremely grave and reserved, when inquisitive persons endeavoured to fish out of them the real circumstances attending this event. The air of mystery thus thrown over the affair, caused the public to believe in good earnest that Miss Agnes must really have been possessed by an evil spirit. A fact which served to corroborate this idea was, that se-

veral persons of veracity, who lived near her father's grounds, unanimously declared, that "one day during a thunder-storm they saw an immense figure, in the exact shape of the devil, rise from those grounds into the air; and it was at this very time that the young lady was delivered from her infernal persecutor." As the apothecary had also about the same time been frequently seen with Agnes, he was obliged to be content to pass henceforward, through all the adjacent country, for a mighty exorcist and magician. This notion he durst the less contradict, as Agnes herself now and then confirmed the good folks in it by her assurances that it was solemnly true.

The apothecary needed but to have sent up in public another such balloon in order fully to convince the more rational at least, that the ascent of such a body was effected without witchcraft, and by perfectly natural

means; but his tender concern for Agnes induced him rather to submit in silence to the most absurd imputations of the ignorant vulgar. The benefactor and physician of the diseased mind of the young lady was regarded as a general officer of Satan, whose commands the demon which possessed Agnes was constrained to obey. In all probability this character would have adhered to him for life, had not Agnes a few years afterwards died of the small-pox, and thus the motive for concealing the real circumstances of her cure been removed. The above notion, however, had in a few years struck such deep root in the minds of the multitude, that it was not to be eradicated without the greatest difficulty. And what, we may ask, would have been the consequence had Agnes lived, and the apothecary felt it his duty to continue to observe the same silence as at first?

SOME ACCOUNT OF DANNECKER, THE SCULPTOR, AND HIS PRINCIPAL WORKS.

JOHN HENRY DANNECKER, born at Stuttgard in Germany in 1758, is one of the first sculptors of the present age. He began his studies in the school which was established at Stuttgard by Duke Charles of Wurtemberg, and therefore called the Karls-schule, and obtained, in his seventeenth year, the first prize by a model of *Milo of Crotona*. In this academy he became intimately acquainted with Schiller, whose admired bust he afterwards executed in marble. Dannecker and Schiller left the academy in the same year, 1780, and the former became the duke's sculptor, with a yearly stipend of 300 florins. In 1783, he travelled on

foot to Paris, to prosecute his studies, and passed two years in that capital, whence he proceeded on foot to Rome. There the great Canova's friendship raised his talents, and he began his first works in marble, his *Ceres* and his *Bacchus*. The success of these highly finished statues caused him to be elected a member of the academies of Milan and Bologna.

After a residence of five years at Rome, he left Italy and returned to Stuttgard, where the duke named him professor of the fine arts. The first work he finished there, was a *young Lady weeping for her Bird*. This fine production was followed by

the models of a *Minerva* and an *Alexander*. In 1796, he began his *Sappho* in marble, now at Monrepos, and *Mourning Friendship*, a monument for the duke's friend, Count Zeppelin, erected in the park of Ludwigsburg, and esteemed as a work of the highest merit. During the execution of this statue, Dannecker conceived the first idea of his immortal *Ariadne*, which he began immediately.

About this period he commenced several busts in marble, highly finished, and considered as the happiest productions in this branch of the arts: among these are two busts of *Schiller*, one of which he executed of colossal size, after the death of his friend; and this bust, which he will not part from, adorns his gallery: also the bust of *the Archduke Charles of Austria*, in Carrara marble; that of *Gluck*, of *Frederic the Victorious*, &c.

In 1808, he began his *Ariadne* in marble. She is represented as the bride of Bacchus, sitting on a panther, expecting the god. In 1816, this *chef-d'œuvre* was finished, and came into the possession of Mr. Bethmann of Francfort. In 1812, Dannecker commenced his *Cupid* for the King of Wurtemberg; and in 1814, a *Psyche*, now in the possession of an eminent friend to the fine arts, the English General Murray. An exact

copy of his *Psyche* is now nearly finished, and is intended as a companion to the *Cupid* belonging to the King of Wurtemberg. He is also executing a bust of the Russian General *Benkendorf*, and a monument for the late Duke of Oldenburg, representing a female figure, in Carrara marble: these are nearly finished.

Notwithstanding the high degree of genius and perfection manifested in all these works, they are surpassed by his *Christ*. This colossal marble figure is now nearly completed. The artist represents our Saviour preaching in the Wilderness: the expression of his features is that of the Mediator between God and man. The divine nature of Jesus was never better expressed. The left hand is elevated, and the right points to the breast. There is no doubt that Dannecker has bestowed more time and study upon this, than upon any of his former works.

Upon the whole, it may be said that Dannecker's genius is most congenial to that of the ancient masters; and that his works are replete with simplicity, truth, nature, and life.

This eminent artist is beloved by every one who knows him, for the candour, simplicity, and kindness of his character and manners. Canova, a few years before his death, rightly named this his old friend "*il beato*."

D. A.

VERSES

Suggested by a Seal belonging to BERNARD BARTON, the Poet, the Device of which is a Harp, with the Motto, "DEAR THOUGH UNREWARDED;" and addressed to him by his Friend, the Rev. W. B. CLARKE.

YES! "dear" by Friendship's faithful voice,
By lips that lisp of thee,
By judgment's calm unbiass'd choice,
Thy love of song must be!

And "*dear*" by days of quiet thought,
 And dreams into thy slumbers wrought
 By Fancy's magic skill;
 By morning walks, before the sun
 Night's latest citadel had won,
 Upon thy fav'rite hill!

By ev'ning rambles on the shore
 Of Deben's silv'ry flood;
 By musings, when the tempest's roar
 Was grateful to thy mood,
 And midnight winds their concert sang
 Around thee, till thy windows rang
 With sounds that told of fear,
 And, call'd o'er ocean by the gale,
 Thy thoughts were with some shatter'd sail
 That saw no haven near!

Oh! *doubly* "*dear*," if, whilst thy soul
 Was rapt to climes of song,
 Some tender words upon thee stole
 From gentle woman's tongue;
 Some gratulating sounds confest
 That there were feelings in her breast
 Which liv'd upon thy strain:
 For this, indeed, might win a bard,
 The world's despite to disregard,
 And deem its coldness vain!

But what if "*unrewarded*" be
 Thy pensive numbers still;
 Not less delightful unto thee
 These trials of thy skill.
 Who loves the mountain snowdrop less,
 Who scorns the "*primrose pale*" to bless,
 Because no fruit they bear?
 Who deems the infant's cheek not sweet,
 Though, slumb'ring in its winding-sheet,
 The hues of death it wear?

Oh! keep thou on thy quiet way,
 Though recompence *be* brief!
 Oft chilling winds in April's day
 Will nip the budding leaf;
 But after-hours, more warm and bright,
 The injured promise may requite;
 And on the garden-bower,
 When summer suns have shed their beams,
 And gladness through the still air streams,
 Be seen the full-blown flower.

Yes! keep thou on thy way of love,
 And wake thy pensive strain!
 Though *few* thy numbers should approve,
 Thou hast not liv'd in vain;
 For better 'tis to win their praise
 Who feel the spirit of thy lays,
 Than win a world's applause,
 Whose welcome, like a winter's noon,
 Bursts out in warmth, and then too soon
 Its influence withdraws!

The world, alas! but little heeds
 A poet's hopes and fears!
 Though pierc'd by want, his bosom bleeds,
 No present help appears:
 But still may he amidst his pain
 Look up, like pilgrim on the plain
 Of Syria's desert sand,
 Assur'd that future hours shall bring
 His footsteps to the cheering spring
 In Hope's long-promis'd land.

And thou hast won that holy well,
 And freely may'st thou sip:
 Some are there (in whose hearts to dwell
 Is thy best suretiship,
 That thou in vain hast not essay'd),
 Who in their minds a shrine have made,
 To treasure up thy name;
 And this may recompense the toil,
 And daily care and nightly oil,
 That fed thy early fame.

Rewarded art thou, if the smile
 Of sympathy repay;
 If commendation can beguile
 From hopelessness away.
 Thou bear'st requital in thy heart,
 Rewards more pow'rful to impart
 Than kings themselves could give;
 A recompence that cannot cease,
 The conscience of a mind at peace,
 Contentment that must live!

And what can Fortune like to this
 'Midst all her treasures find?
 Since reason holds the greatest bliss,
 A self-approving mind.
 Then walk thou in thy quiet way:
 Though clouded be thy winter-day,

Thy sun shall shine on high;
 Rememb'ring, though upon the ground
Thy nest too, like the lark's, is found,
 Thy song is in the sky!

GHOST STORIES.—No. II.

THE WIDOW OF MILAN.

DURING the reign of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, there lived near the palace of that prince a wealthy widow, of the latter years of whose life history records nothing more, than that, like other good-natured matrons, she slept, ate, and drank day after day; and that she delighted, by way of pastime, to entice the duke's peacocks, dogs, apes, and other animals, and to regale them with dainties. At length it so happened that she died one day, to the great regret of these animals, whose best friend she was. The chamber in which she expired was on the first floor. The corpse was removed to a lower room, and thence conveyed in great pomp to the place of interment. In her lifetime she had been a liberal benefactress to the church, and even endowed a spiritual foundation. The church therefore styled her a *pious* woman; and numbers of priests and monks escorted her remains to the grave.

Scarcely had the dame's body been deposited in the cool bosom of mother earth, scarcely had the long procession returned to feast upon the good things provided for an entertainment in honour of the deceased, when all these savoury prospects were suddenly blasted. Just as the company had entered, the old lady's two damsels, who had gone for something or other into the room where she died, came running down stairs with the most piercing shrieks to the

guests, who were just preparing for a general assault upon the good cheer that covered the table. After the girls had somewhat lightened their hearts by what is commonly called "a good cry," and had left the inquisitive strangers long enough in suspense as to what had befallen them, they related to the worthy company in incoherent sentences, interrupted by many a heavy sigh—that their mistress, who had been but just buried, was lying exactly as she used to do, in the bed in her chamber.

The most courageous of the party ventured to question the truth of this statement, and hastened up stairs to satisfy their doubts. Their looks as they entered the room were directed to the bed, and they exclaimed, "Jesus! Maria! there indeed she is again already!"—Their blood curdled while they convinced themselves with their own eyes that it was no illusion. The more timid had followed them at a little distance, and they had abundant reason to hurry back, lest they should be run over by their predecessors, who retreated in not the best possible order. The uproar, which was previously great enough, had now reached its height. Every face expressed the utmost astonishment and consternation, and those of the monks in particular manifested a pious horror of this artifice of the devil. They prepared themselves by many a hasty Ave Maria, and a thousand other effusions of super-

stition, for the spiritual conflict with the foul fiend; and not a layman felt the least inclination to mount with unhallowed foot to the haunted chamber.

In less than a quarter of an hour there was not a soul in the city but had heard of the miraculous occurrence, and the concourse of people who thronged to the house, increased every moment. Some observed they had long thought the widow must be on good terms with the Black One, otherwise she could not have been so inordinately fond of the duke's animals. Others, judging less uncharitably, conjectured that the devil might have other reasons for playing this scurvy trick; and that though she had died in the odour of sanctity, there might be some secret peccadillo, for which he was spitefully come to attach disgrace to her memory. All, however, agreed in the propriety of soliciting the whole neighbouring convent to assist the ecclesiastics who were present in expelling the unwelcome guest by prayer and exorcisms. This was immediately done. All the shaven heads assembled, and repaired in procession to the haunted house, headed by the confessor of the deceased carrying a golden cross, while a monk bearing the holy-water vessel closed the pious train.

In this order they proceeded, not without palpitating hearts, up stairs to the chamber, in order to dispossess the spectre by force of sacred arms of the bed which it had so unceremoniously occupied. What a spectacle presented itself to their view! There lay the widow, whom they had just buried, in her best cap, but with distorted features and small sparkling eyes, and gave the holy

through a reception that was any thing but courteous. They started, and were on the point of retreating; but screwing their courage to the sticking point, they commenced the solemn farce of exorcism.

The spectre meanwhile seemed to gaze with composure at the general bustle, and made no motion to quit either the bed or the house. It fixed its eyes particularly on the well-fed brother who, with the holy-water-sprinkler, was dispensing the sacred fluid among the multitude. As he, however, whether accidentally or wilfully, we are not informed, sprinkled a few drops over the face of the venerable matron, she pursed up her lips in a frightful manner, gnashed her teeth, and manifested symptoms of a disposition to retaliate. The exorcising gentry were overwhelmed with horror and trepidation when they observed the movement of the bed-clothes, and thence inferred an approaching conflict with the infernal spirit. Unprepared for this attack, and confounded by the ill success of their incantations, they felt no call whatever to engage Old Hornie, or any of his imps, and fled with the utmost precipitation. With screams of terror they rushed out of the room, and as every one was eager to get out first, and escape to a place of safety, the huge belly of many a portly monk received no very gentle squeeze in the door-way.

As the devil, in the shape of the inhumed matron, seemed to bear the corpulent holy-water-sprinkler a particular grudge, he took care to be first on the stairs; and in his hurry, descending two or three steps at a time, with the vessel in his hand, all at once down he tumbled with a tremendous crash. The rest, who fol-

lowed with no less precipitation, stumbled over him, and many a broken head and bloody nose was the consequence. As, however, there is no ill luck without its attendant good luck; so, in this case, fortunately for the holy crew, not one of them broke his neck.

Scarcely had the terrified and bleeding gentry picked themselves up, when the spectre likewise descended the stairs, but with greater deliberation, and, in the head-dress of the deceased widow, entered the room where they were complaining of their wounds and contusions. At the first moment all stood aghast; but presently their consternation subsided: deep shame was seen to take its place in the countenance of every monk; while peals of laughter burst from the surrounding crowd of spectators.

The supposed spirit was no other than Mardi, a handsome ape of the duke's, who had occasioned all this scandal, and now gravely marched forth in the paraphernalia of his de-

ceased benefactress. It is probable that, during the funeral, he had sought her in her chamber, where he had received so many tit-bits from her hands. But instead of his friend, he found merely her head-dress, which he put on, and then regaled himself with the funeral cake, which was missed, and some fragments of which were afterwards found in the bed. He had most likely overloaded his stomach, and needed repose for the better digestion of the cake; or he might even have had an obscure feeling of sorrow for the loss of his friend. Be this as it may, he lay down in her cap, and covered himself up to the chin in the bed-clothes to take his *siesta*. His nap was unluckily disturbed by the officious gentry with their rosaries and holy water, who roused him to prove unintentionally to the public, that even the ludicrous tricks of an ape may make egregious fools of numbers of men endowed with reason.

LHAUDA: AN HISTORICAL TALK.

ABOUT the middle of the 17th century, there lived at the village of Bachet, near Meylan, two leagues from Grenoble, a young shepherdess, named Claudine Mignot, but commonly called, according to the custom of that country, Lhauda. She was virtuous and modest; her features were regular and animated; her complexion was tinged with the glow of health, and her figure elegant and captivating. Janin, secretary to Baron d'Amplieux, the lord of Bachet, saw Lhauda, and became enamoured of her; nor was he disagreeable to the damsel. He, however, was accustomed to easy victories, and seemed

to seek in Claudine rather a mistress than a partner for life. Though she was young and inexperienced, yet she soon perceived that her lover's intentions were not the most honourable; and vanity came to the aid of virtue, to protect her against his seductive designs. "Why does he tarry so long," said she to herself, "if he really has a mind to marry me? I am fifteen, indeed I might say sixteen years old. I see that younger, plainer girls, neither so strong nor so clever as I am, obtain husbands. Perhaps Janin supposes I should not find another besides him. Why, I should but have to pick and choose.

Whenever the young lads see me, one brings me roses, another violets, and a third a ribbon—in short, they are all anxious to please me. Janin must mind how he behaves: I am tired of waiting, and have a good mind to take the first likely lad that offers.”

Claudine’s love for Janin seemed to cool from day to day. The more attention he paid her, the less was she disposed to forgive the evasions by which he strove to defer their union. He observed with what complacency she listened on different occasions to the young villagers: he grew jealous, complained, and received a sharp answer. “Why,” said he, “I only wish to prolong the spring-time of our love: the summer must come at last. May I solicit thy hand of thy parents?”—“I must obey my parents; that is the duty of a daughter,” answered she with down-cast looks. He indulged a hope that the ties of matrimony would draw nearer to him the heart which he seemed to have lost; and the very same day he applied to Pierro and Thievena for the hand of their daughter. Claudine’s father gave his assent; he was fond of Janin. Thievena seemed to coincide with the wish of her husband. Janin hastened away to make preparations for the nuptials, and to provide the presents which he designed to make to his fair bride. When Pierro was alone with his wife, he began to sound Janin’s praise. “The young man,” said he, “is somewhat spoiled to be sure by associating with gentlemen, and especially with him in whose service he is; but he is an excellent match for our Claudine: he has four pair of oxen and a fine flock of sheep: his fields and his vineyard supply him

with more corn and wine than are required to support a wife and children, if heaven should send him ever so many. They will have it in their power to do something for us if we need it. The only fault I have to find with him is, that he seems rather too genteel for our daughter.”—“Too genteel! a secretary too genteel forsooth!” replied Thievena: “for my part I think him too clownish. Our Claudine deserves to be the wife of a king—yes, of a king! Hast thou forgot that I had her fortune told when she was born, and that the gipsy-woman assured me the child would some day or other be a queen—aye, a queen.”—“Ah, wife! say no more about thy silly prophecies! Janin is the best match in the village—or dost thou know a better?”—“If I did,” rejoined Thievena, “I should not have held my tongue when Janin proposed for her—no, that I should not.”—“Not have held thy tongue indeed!” muttered Pierro, as he left the cottage.

The enamoured Janin now made the requisite preparations for the nuptials with as much dispatch as he had before shewn backwardness. Lhauda seemed neither pleased nor dissatisfied, but manifested the same indifference as if she had been any other than the bride. Among other formalities, Janin deemed it his duty to present Claudine to M. d’Amplericux, and to request him to subscribe the marriage-contract. This gentleman, who was no longer young, but possessed a large fortune, had passed his early years at court, in the mazes of high life and of gallantry, and had quitted the world at the moment when it forsook him, to spend the remainder of his days in philosophic retirement. He had heard

high encomiums on Lhauda's charms. The reception of the young country-girl at the castle of Amplierieux was more flattering than she could have wished. The baron was enchanted by her beauty, praised the taste of his fortunate secretary, and paid the most marked attentions to his lovely bride. Claudine and Thievena returned home quite transported with the condescension of M. d'Amplierieux.

As soon as they were gone, the baron sent for Janin. "Your bride," said he, "is too handsome to wear the coarse ornaments customary in this village; I will undertake to provide the jewels for her wedding attire. As for you, I want you to repair to-morrow in all haste to Lyons, where I have business which requires your presence. Your love to Claudine assures me that you will lose no time in performing it, for till then your union must be deferred." This command filled Janin with mingled joy and mortification. His happiness was delayed, but the commission was an honourable proof of the confidence which M. d'Amplierieux reposed in him, and of the interest which he felt for Claudine. Next morning he informed the bride and her parents of the errand on which he was obliged to go. Thievena and her daughter seemed rather to rejoice at, than to regret the circumstance; and Janin set out in the greatest uneasiness at a parting, the coldness of which formed so strong a contrast with the ardour of his own feelings.

The day after Janin's departure for Lyons, a scene, such as the oldest villagers had never witnessed, was exhibited at the village of Bachet: the owner of the castle, namely, a

gentleman and a courtier, paid a visit to the cottage of a poor peasant. He found Lhauda and her mother at home; Pierro was at work in the vineyard. At the sight of M. d'Amplierieux, Thievena was so astounded, that she knew not what she did; and Claudine blushed, not so much from modesty as vanity. In their anxiety to prove themselves worthy by their attention of so distinguished an honour, pots, spinning-wheels, stools, and other articles which covered the floor, were thrown pell-mell upon one another. The polite visitor seemed not to notice the confusion; he seated himself on the only chair that was left on its legs, and when Claudine and her mother had somewhat recovered from their trepidation, he thus spoke: "If I possessed a sceptre, a royal crown, all the power and all the riches of the earth, I could not help sacrificing them at the shrine of beauty; for to beauty belong of right all hearts, all minds, all wealth, and all crowns."—"Yes indeed, all crowns!" repeated the mother, glancing at Lhauda's nymph-like figure.—"I have nothing," continued the baron, "but a castle, a few houses, some thousand acres of land, vineyards, forests, rich pastures, and numerous flocks; but the little I possess I am ready to lay at the feet of the fair Lhauda."

Mother and daughter looked at each other, and knew not what answer to make. By what miracle could a man of such rank have been induced to propose marriage to a poor humble country-girl? D'Amplierieux guessed the cause of their silence, and thus proceeded: "Janin, my secretary, loves thee, fair Lhauda: unworthy as he is in point of birth and property to call so many charms

his own, still the thought of parting you would not have come into my mind, if thy heart had shared the feelings of his: for love is always the price of love; it supplies the want of every thing else, though nothing can make amends for the want of it. But Janin himself told me in what manner he deservedly lost thy love; and I thought yesterday that I perceived he had lost it for ever. Thy heart is free. Were my intentions less pure, I would let thee marry my secretary, and then I might perhaps hope that his levity, time, my attentions——But no, it is not at such a price that I would gain the beautiful and the virtuous Claudine. The idea of seeing her in my castle transports me; but it is only by my name that she shall appear there.”

Thus spoke M. d'Amplericux, and retired, saying that he would call again the next day for Claudine's answer. “Remember,” added he, raising her hand to his lips, “that thy fate and mine depends on thy decision.”

No sooner was Thievena alone with her daughter, than she clasped her in her arms, and strained her to her bosom. “At length,” cried she, “my dear Lhauda, the gipsy's prophecy begins to be accomplished. Thou art indeed not yet a queen—but a lady, yes, a grand lady!”—Claudine seemed to be lost in thought.—“What!” said her mother, “canst thou still think of that Janin who put thee off so long, and honours only because he could not dishonour thee?”—“I am not concerned about Janin,” said the girl; “I have ceased to love him: but he is young, and the baron is not.”—“Neither was thy father young when I married him, and yet we were happy. Ah!

my dear Claudine, what a triumph for thee to sit at church in the baron's pew! Whenever thou passest along, the cry will be, There is Madame d'Amplericux!—Who comes there? Why, Madame d'Amplericux—Make room for Madame d'Amplericux!—Long live Madame d'Amplericux! And then what an honour for me to say, Madame d'Amplericux, my daughter! No more toiling and moiling, no fear of bad weather, no apprehension of winter! A rousing fire and plenty of good cheer! We shall all live ten years the longer at least, that is to say, in case the sudden joy does not kill me. Not a minute more shall thy good fortune be deferred. Come, let's seek thy father, to tell him that thou art queen of Amplericux—pshaw! baroness d'Amplericux I would say.”

As soon as honest Pierro had heard his wife's story, “Silly woman!” cried he angrily, “I would have a son-in-law at whose table I could sit down without a world of compliments, and who could take his place at mine without blushing. It would become thy daughter indeed to exchange her stuff gown for silks and velvet! Let her marry a man of quality, and she will soon learn to despise every thing that has hitherto been her pleasure and delight—every thing, her parents not excepted. The living Lhauda would be dead to us. I hate men who eat bread without knowing the trouble it costs to sow and to reap the corn. My daughter's husband shall labour, and earn the bread he eats. What would the fine ladies of quality say if they saw Lhauda here preferred to them? what our neighbours, the wives and damsels of the village? Once more, Thievena, I tell thee thou art stark-

staring mad. Don't pester me with any more of thy foolish fancies!"

Thievena and Claudine durst not reply, for Pierro was passionate, and sometimes rough. Next morning, when he seemed to have recovered his good-humour, Thievena renewed the subject; but Pierro was inflexible. How was it possible to confess to M. d'Amplerieux that a poor vine-dresser peremptorily refused him the hand of his daughter! Thievena repaired privately to the castle. The baron perceived from the perturbation expressed by her countenance what answer she had brought; but when he was informed from what quarter the resistance proceeded, he despaired not of victory. "Pierro," said he, "will not allow me to raise you to my level: well then, I will lower myself to yours. Keep the matter secret from all but Claudine; and when you see me with honest Pierro, feign both of you not to know me."

M. d'Amplerieux called together his people, and enjoined the most profound silence in case of any inquiries that might be made respecting the way of life he was about to pursue. He then quitted the castle, and took up his abode at a shepherd's cottage which he possessed at the extremity of the village. Next day, in the disguise of a shepherd, and by the name of Luke, he drove his flock to the grounds contiguous to Pierro's vineyard. Luke was so courteous, he watched his sheep so attentively to prevent their doing mischief, and praised so adroitly Pierro's operations, his perseverance, the moderation of his wishes, and the wisdom of his discourse, that in a short time he had deeply ingratiated himself in Pierro's favour. Pi-

erro and Luke soon became inseparable. Lhauda and Thievena, with whom the rather aged swain had private interviews, supported him with all their influence. Meanwhile Janin, who was still at Lyons, daily received fresh commissions and orders, which obliged him to defer from time to time his return to Bachet. The letters which he addressed to Lhauda and her father did not reach their hands; and the accounts from his bride, though not of such a nature as to excite in him any very acute uneasiness, yet proved that she was not deeply afflicted on account of his absence.

When M. d'Amplerieux conceived that he had firmly established himself in Pierro's favour, he sat down one day with him under a larch-tree. "Master Pierro," said he, "you seem to have a partiality for me, and your friendship makes me the happiest of men. One thing only gives me pain, namely, that my age and circumstances will not permit me to become your son-in-law."—"Indeed," replied Pierro, "I should apprehend that my daughter would think you not quite young enough, and my wife not rich enough, for she is ambitious, very ambitious—that wife of mine."—"I have some other property besides my flock," rejoined Luke; "perhaps it might be possible to gain Thievena. As to Claudine, I have but little hopes of inspiring her with love; but in matrimony it is sufficient if there be only no dislike. Were I as sure of your consent as theirs" ——"Mine, my dear Luke! You shall have it with all my heart." So saying he reached him his hand, and they gave each other a mutual promise. Luke considered it a favourable moment for throwing off the mask;

and undeceiving Pierro. On hearing M. d'Amplerieux's explanation, he became uneasy, attempted to excuse himself, and mentioned Janin, whom he had quite forgotten. "He is a young debauchee," said the baron; "he thinks of nothing but his pleasures. Were he really attached to your daughter, he would at this moment be here: his business at Lyons was finished several weeks since; but he is never at a loss for pretexts to prolong his stay in that city, where I know he is leading a very dissolute life. Besides, your daughter has ceased to love him, and their union must of necessity prove most unhappy." Pierro perceived that there was no loophole for escape, and he found all attempts to evade the baron's wishes unavailing. At length he gave his hand and assented.

The report of so unusual and unequal a match soon spread throughout the whole country, and even reached Lyons. Janin thought the story most improbable, but yet quitted that city, and hastened to Bachet. He arrived at midnight; he knocked at the doors of the castle, but was every where denied admittance by the baron's domestics, who had orders not to know him. He hurried to Pierro's cottage, and knocked. Nobody answered. He was now satisfied of the truth of the report. The idea that Lhauda was lost to him overwhelmed his soul with despair; but when he reflected that another possessed her, his heart, which was closed against hope, opened to jealousy, and he felt the whole power of that fury. He determined to take a signal revenge.

At the foot of the hill, in a deep dark cavern, dwelt a hag renowned for prophetic talent and witchcraft.

Vol. II. No. XI.

The hour was favourable for the mysteries of necromancy, and Janin resolved to avail himself of it. The sibyl had not yet retired to rest. "Thou knowest," said he, "the most secret thoughts of men: thou knowest what has brought me hither. If thou canst not prosper my passion, aid me at least to avenge myself."—"The power of love," replied the hag, "is superior to mine. When it once quits a heart, it leaves it for ever. Lhauda has another lover: if Janin is wise, he will seek another mistress. Claudine's heart is a rock to thee—the seed which thou strewest on it is thrown away."—"Shame on thy head, thou beldam!" exclaimed Janin. "Thou knowest not the force of love. I was Lhauda's first love. She cannot have forgotten me!"—With these words he rushed forth into the wood, and there passed the remainder of the night.

Morning dawned—the village was all life and bustle. Cannons thundered, bells rang, trumpets sounded—shouts of joy, songs, garlands of flowers, all announced the nuptials of M. d'Amplerieux. Poor Janin! could he but speak to Pierro, and see Lhauda for a moment, what hopes might he not cherish for his heart, in which love and hatred, his better feelings, and the thoughts of his dishonour, were engaged in tremendous conflict! He heard the acclamations in the castle, and ventured not to approach. He beheld Claudine walking arm in arm with the baron through the garden, and durst not tear her from his side. Claudine had seen him stealing through the shrubbery. She blushed. "Did we not all believe," said she to herself, "that Janin was still at Lyons,

P P

and had forgotten me? Have I then been deceived? How is this? By what means has poor Janin been kept away?" Such were the questions that crowded into her mind, and excited within her a powerful emotion.

At the foot of the castle an impetuous torrent rushes along between dark rocks; on the opposite side rises an abrupt naked crag, which overhangs the stream, and approaches so near to the castle as to command a view of all that passes in the latter. Janin, with the fearlessness of despair, ascended to the summit of this crag, and when the tapers in the castle burned brightly, and the well-known scenery around became discernible in the mild moonlight, he found food enough for the passion that inflamed his heart. But clouds soon obscured the face of the moon, the music in the castle ceased, the lights were extinguished, and all became as dark there as in the starless sky. He moved to the margin of the cliff, took a pistol from his bosom, blew out his brains, and fell headlong into the abyss. His fate was not known till the following day.

The baron had not been long united to his fair spouse before he resumed his former way of life. He began himself to imagine that he had been dreaming, and that it was high time to awake. Honest Pierro was sent back to his vineyard, and Thievena to her domestic occupations: they were no longer admitted at the castle; and it was not without great difficulty that Madame d'Amplericieux now and then obtained permission to lower herself so far as to visit her poor old parents in secret. Pierro had foreseen his misfortune; he therefore bore it in silence: but Thievena's vanity, which was so pain-

fully disappointed, transformed her tongue into a two-edged sword whenever mention was made of her noble son-in-law.

Lhauda had not long to endure this galling yoke. M. d'Amplericieux died, and left her his whole property, which was very considerable. The first use to which she applied it was to make provision for her parents, and to erect a simple monument to the memory of Janin on the rock over the brook. It exhibited a female figure throwing flowers into an empty urn. Madame d'Amplericieux, however, did not remain in quiet possession of the large fortune bequeathed to her by her deceased husband. His relatives thronged around to plunder her: inequality of birth was alleged as a pretext for persecutions, and the marriage itself was attacked as invalid. The matter became serious; a suit at law was instituted, and Madame d'Amplericieux was obliged to repair to Paris to defend her rights. In the capital her beauty was not overlooked, and she found powerful protectors. One of the most zealous of these was the Marshal de l'Hôpital, who was upwards of seventy, and had been many years a widower. His influence might no doubt turn the scale in favour of the lady. A word from him—but he would not for the world, as he said, afford cause for the slightest imputation on the character of the young widow—people might suspect an intimacy—in short, he solicited her hand, alleging that it was not till he had received it that he could venture to stir in her business.

The name and rank of the marshal flattered Claudine's vanity. A union with an old man was nothing new to her; she knew that if aged husbands

are inconvenient they are not so long. It seemed indeed as if she had only given her hand to the marshal, in order to assist him to descend the more speedily and agreeably into the grave. In a few months he followed M. d'Amplerieux, and left his wife poorer than when he married her; for he brought her nothing but some debts. In these Claudine paid for the name of Madame la Marechale de l'Hôpital.

Thievena was delighted with the intelligence of her daughter's union with a marshal of France. She was not yet cured by any means of her vanity. By the words—"My daughter, Madame la Marechale de l'Hôpital, yes, my daughter"—she consoled herself for the contemptuous treatment she had experienced from the baron. Pierro, on the contrary, was far from rejoicing at this new match. "Ah!" said he dolefully, "it is a great way from Bachet to Paris: I shall never more press my daughter to my bosom; never shall I again clasp her hand in mine!"—"The question here is about our child's prosperity, and not our happiness," replied Thievena. "She is now the wife of a marshal, by and by she will be a princess, and then a queen—yes, a queen. The gipsy-woman said so."

A prince, who had been Jesuit, cardinal, and monarch, John Casimir II. King of Poland, had abdicated the crown, and retired to France, where Louis XIV. assigned him the

abbey of Saint Germain des Près for his residence. This prince, who had ceased to be a Jesuit and a king, became noted for his insinuating manners and gallantries. He saw the fair Marechale de l'Hôpital, was smitten with her charms, and had the good fortune to please her. He married her privately; but the secret was soon divulged by her whose vanity it most wounded; and if Claudine did not publicly receive the title of queen, still every body knew that she was the wife of a king. The news reached the humble cottage of her father, who died of grief, while joy proved equally fatal to her mother. John Casimir soon followed them, and Claudine was a third time left a widow, in the space of fifteen years. The only child she ever had, a daughter, the issue of her last marriage, was not acknowledged by John Casimir's relations. Her union with the King of Poland had not augmented her property; and the shepherdess, who had become a queen, lived long enough to see her posterity sink into still more indigent circumstances than those in which she herself was born. More than one of the aged inhabitants of Grenoble can yet remember a little Claudine, who solicited the public commiseration with the words, "Bestow your charity on the grand-daughter of the King of Poland!" This unfortunate girl was in fact great-grand-daughter to Claudine Mignot.

STANZAS,

In Acknowledgment of a Piece of Bridecake.

I HAVE tasted your bridecake, and wish'd you each blessing
This mutable state of existence can know;
With the well-founded hope of hereafter possessing
Joys yet more enduring than earth can bestow.

Such greetings I doubt not may flow from hearts dearer,
Which the warm tie of kinship with yours may entwine;
But friendship, believe me, can breathe none sincerer
Than these hasty verses give vent to of mine.

If not in a glass of *old hock* or *canary*
My hopes and my wishes all sparklingly shone,
'Tis because such rich cordials fate gives not to vary
So humble a board and dessert as my own.

I might pledge you in such, if I chanc'd to have either;
But humbler potations my fortunes assign:
So I candidly own that I pledg'd you in neither,
But wish'd you success over plain *currant-wine*!

Yet *home-made* the draught! and it sparkled as brightly
As that by a far foreign vintage supplied:
Let it pass for a type, then, of pleasures as sprightly,
Which may wait on you both by your *happy fireside*!

B.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. III.

AFTER the quixotic excursion recorded in the last portion of my lucubrations, I remained stationary for some years. My dear aunt seemed to have no pleasure but in my society; she had the most able masters constantly in the house to teach me the learning and accomplishments of the age; and under her eye I grew up to manhood, improving in stature and in strength; and if not particularly distinguished for any very good or shining qualities, certainly not remarkable for either vicious propensities or dulness of capacity. Occasional jaunts to Norwich and Yarmouth, a visit to Mr. Stanhope, and once a trip to London, formed the boundaries of my travels; and well do I remember the intense astonishment which the appearance of the metropolis excited in my young mind. I entered about eight o'clock in the evening, in the month of January: the streets were thronged at that hour; an hour in which I had been accustomed to see the utmost stillness and repose prevailing in the quiet village of —, where my aunt resided. The shops presented a glare of light and displayed a splendour of attraction that dazzled my inexperienced eyes, little used to such a magnificent display; and the number of carriages rolling to and fro gave me an idea of the opulence of the inhabitants, suited to the conceptions of one who had been used, in the retired spot where his days were passed, to hear the circumstance of an individual keeping his carriage considered as denoting the possession of great wealth. At this time I remained in London nearly a fortnight; I visited the theatres, the parks, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's; in short, almost every place that was worthy of the notice of a stranger. All contributed to augment my surprise, and to give me a

high opinion of the immense riches of my native land.

From that period I scarcely left home till the death of my beloved aunt threw me upon the world, with a competency it is true, but without a friend to guide or console me (for Mr. Stanhope and his family were removed to a distant part of the country), without any relative who would take the trouble to advise me how to direct my steps, or to regulate my conduct. The little property of my aunt came into my possession, saddled only with an annuity to Mrs. Mayflower and honest John for their lives; and having left them in the charge of the house where I had spent so many happy hours, I resolved to *see the world*, and to endeavour to banish the sorrow which I felt at the loss of the only relative I had ever known, by travelling in other countries and exploring other climes, to see in which the greatest share of human happiness was to be found, and determine where the least portion of evil prevailed.

It was in the month of May, in the year 1806, when I left — upon an expedition, of such an indefinite duration that I did not attempt to fix any time for my return. I had not resolved on my route, except that I would first go to London; and I arrived in that city for the second time on the last day of May. I travelled by the mail, and took up my abode at the inn where the coach stopped, with the intention of remaining there a few days, and devoting them to revisiting some of the many objects of curiosity which I had inspected on my former visit. I found, at every well-remembered spot, fresh reason for wonder and astonishment, and at

one I experienced emotions of the deepest regret and most profound veneration. It was St. Paul's. The memory of the hero who had, a few months before, been interred there, hallowed the sacred edifice: I contemplated the tomb which inclosed his remains as the last resting-place of the brave; and as I dropped a tear to his memory, the wish that future Nelsons might arise to avenge their country, and to assert the claim of Britain to dominion over the sea, was audibly uttered.

"Are you always in the habit of expressing your thoughts aloud, young gentleman?" exclaimed a voice from behind me.

The speaker was a well-dressed middle-aged man, of gentlemanly appearance and a prepossessing countenance. I replied to his interrogatory, and a long conversation ensued; but at this distance of time I can give no connected account of it, for which, I doubt not, I shall receive my reader's thanks. In the course of it I informed him of my isolated state, and told him it was my intention to travel, but had not yet determined as to where I should bend my steps.

"Are all parts of the world alike to you?" said my friendly companion.

"Exactly so," was the response.

"Then, if you are inclined to do an act of gallantry, I can introduce you to a family, a lady and three daughters, who are going in a few days to sail for America, and who would be most happy, I am sure, to avail themselves of the protection of a gentleman during the voyage; for to females there is something terrible in the idea of committing themselves to the boundless deep, with no

friend near on whom they can rely for assistance, consolation, or advice."

"I should like to see America of all things," I replied, "and if your friends will accept of me as one of their party, I will instantly make the necessary preparations for my departure."

It was finally arranged that Mr. Gardiner (such was the name of my new friend) should introduce me to the ladies in the morning; and before we parted, he made me acquainted with the outlines of their history.

When both were in the bloom of youth, the father of Henry Montague had married the mother of Emma St. Clair, the children being the fruit of former unions. The young people were naturally much together, and being both young, handsome, and accomplished, it was as natural that they should both fall violently in love. Their union was, however, opposed by their parents, who entertained some scruples as to its propriety, though they were not so nearly related as to come within the degrees of canonical exclusion, the relation in fact being merely through the marriage of their respective parents. With a degree of deference to the wishes of their friends, which is to be found in but few young people at the present day, they agreed to relinquish their own wishes to those of Mr. Montague; but as it was deemed necessary and proper that a separation should take place, Henry was sent to an eminent surgeon's in the metropolis, to study the profession of physic, whilst Emma remained at home. It has frequently been remarked, that men are less tenacious of first impressions than women; and so it proved in this case:

for, whilst Emma was pining in secret over her separation from the object of her affection, he was fostering another attachment; and in less than a twelvemonth he led to the altar the daughter of the gentleman with whom he was placed.

This was an occurrence which Emma had never contemplated as in the list of probabilities: it, however, shewed her the necessity that existed for making a violent effort to conquer her partiality; and with a strength of mind which she had deemed it impossible to exert, she at length so far subdued her feelings as to be able to accept an invitation to spend some time with Henry and his wife; and if her heart did palpitate, if the colour did for a moment recede from her cheek, as he welcomed her to his house and introduced her to his wife, she may well be excused.

The first introduction over, her diffidence soon began to subside, and in a very few days she became reconciled to Henry's choice. They both exerted themselves to the utmost to amuse her; and many gay parties were planned on her account. At one of them she was introduced to a young merchant, who soon distinguished her above her fellows, in such a way as to convince Mr. and Mrs. Montague that there was nothing but her own inclination to prevent her from becoming the wife of the young and wealthy Fitzherbert. To shorten my story, she *did* marry him, and for years they were blessed with every good which Providence could bestow. Three daughters, lovely as Hebe, and as amiable as they were beautiful, blessed their union; and it appeared to be almost beyond the power of fate to blast their joys.

But mercantile speculations are

uncertain, and the misfortunes of a day may overthrow the work of years. Thus it was with poor Fitzherbert. Losses by the bankruptcy of several houses who were deeply indebted to him, and the failure of some transactions in which he had unadvisedly engaged, undermined his credit, and his spirit sunk with the shock: about one year before the period of which I am writing, he fell a victim to his acute sensibility, and left his widow and her interesting family to struggle with the world.

While these changes were taking place in the fortunes of the once happy Fitzherberts, Montague, who had, in the early period of the French revolution, taken a decided part in politics, became at length so distinguished for his Jacobinical principles, that he was compelled to quit England, and for ten years before the death of his friend he had been a resident in the United States. *There* his political principles had been of service to him; he had early attained the notice and friendship of Mr. Jefferson, who was subsequently elevated to the presidency; and as editor and proprietor of a weekly paper (added to the occasional practice of his profession), he was acquiring affluence: whilst the less fortunate Enily was suffering the anguish of seeing her husband pining away daily and hourly, from disasters and anx-

ity; and then, having recovered from the shock which that husband's death occasioned, the anticipation of what was to be the future fate of herself and children became almost insupportable. By one of those providential coincidences which so often occur in the course of our lives, but which are so frequently suffered to pass unnoticed and unimproved, Mrs. Montague died within a few days of Mr. Fitzherbert. Henry heard of the distressed situation in which the wife of the latter was left, and he immediately wrote to her, once more to make an offer of that hand which the scruples of their parents had prevented from being his in early youth. The letter surprised and shocked her, for she then discovered that unconsciously she had always cherished a romantic and tender attachment for Montague, which, though it never interfered with her duties and affections as a wife, yet her sensitive delicacy now considered as a crime. Some consideration was necessary before she returned an answer: it is scarcely necessary to say, that it was an acceptance of the offer; and it was Mrs. Fitzherbert and her daughters (who were about to sail at an early day for America, as Mr. Montague's engagements would not permit him to visit England,) to whom I was to be introduced.

A RAMBLER.

ON THE DRAMA AND ITS ACTORS.

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi, denique, fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

HORACE *Sat.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As your *Repository* is devoted to *belles lettres* and the more polite arts, I hope that a review of the

theatre, in its *composition* and *representation*, will not be considered an improper subject for its pages. No one style of writing appears to have

undergone more extraordinary vicissitudes than the dramatic: at first devoted to emblematic portraitures of occult truths; then intended as a school of Grecian morals; afterwards, as in the papal mysteries, applied to exhibitions of monkish legends; and now, alternately, designed to subserve the purposes of amusement, or the illustration of ancient manners and customs, it excites in all its varied stages a lively interest, and has an undisputed claim upon our attention. But, in this age of maturer intellect, the correct critic will require a just epitome of human life; a true delineation of the springs of action; the virtues and the vices which occur in the human character: he will judge of the merit of a performance by actual circumstances, and expect that every picture of man shall be modelled in the mould of nature.

Although it be not my present purpose to investigate the history of the drama, to trace it from the scenical book of Job or the recitations at an Arabian Ocadli, or to point out its rise, progress, and fluctuating fortunes, yet we must bear in mind its origin and primitive object; and if we consider plays as arising from that symbolical representation of *things*, which was the natural result of the symbolical *language* of the early Hierophants, and vitally connected at one period with the scenical exhibitions in the Eleusinian and Eastern mysteries, we must admit, that *real* facts, morality, and instruction were the principal aim of the ancient drama. But if we enter into a comparative disquisition of the rules by which this, and by which the modern drama is governed, we shall find a sad revulsion in some points, and in

others a meretricious taste and tawdry tinsel too often taking away the effect from the improvements, which we must allow. Waving therefore this inquiry, I shall confine myself to the present state of things.

It is granted that the formation, completion, and development of the plot is one of the chief secrets in theatrical composition: yet it is urged that this must be confined within the limits of the *probable*; and it is a glaring proof of bad taste to unfold the web of intricacy by the intervention of spiritual agents, as we have had too frequent reason to observe.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus, is as sound a canon for the drama as for poetry; and these medley-pieces of fairies, goblins, witches, and the like, we would rather assign to their proper place in the entertainment. It is very perceptible, in many modern comedies and tragedies, that the author has commenced their texture without a pre-arranged plan, and proceeded, if not in the main plot, yet in the minor decorations and appendages, without a synopsis of the acts, scenes, and incidents in his own mind, trusting in a considerable degree to interlarded scenes of buffoonery and low mirth, which have no possible connection with the subject of the piece, although, by succeeding with the lower class of auditors, they may avail to hide confusion of plan and poverty of ideas. The writer of a play should form a just estimate of men and manners before he takes his pen in hand; he should seek living prototypes for every character which he depicts; and as much as possible, he should avoid the prevalent custom of accommodating his *dramatis personæ* to a particular set of actors, as if

they were confined to one theatre, and in that theatre merely to the company at that time existing: hence heteroclitcs have come on the stage more like the puppets in punch, or the heroes of a novel, than real human beings "of body and soul, of flesh and blood compounded." This is an exhibition of *performers* rather than the *performance* of a play, who, provided they can caper like Grimaldi, and draw down applause by grinning and distorted visages, care little about the degree of intellect in the piece which they are representing; which mountebankism is licit in a pantomime, but absurd in a play.

Nor can I avoid noticing the very strange manner in which songs have been recently introduced (at Covent-Garden more especially), by which indeed the audience *may be* enchanted from the powers of the vocalist, though their introduction be most *outré* and forced, notwithstanding the *éclat* which Miss Stephens or Miss Tree may procure for them. We should see *a reason* for a song in a play, as we always remark in Shakspeare; but when, in the midst of a dialogue, two girls meet to talk of their lovers, and of a sudden exchange their colloquy for singing, or when a fair soliloquist sings to herself her griefs, or hopes, or fears, as we have frequently observed lately, the effect is most extravagantly ridiculous, and the syren's voice most miserably out of place. The fact is, that this is unnatural, and consequently inconsistent with good taste. Such vocal pieces should be exclusively confined to operas, and not intermixed with the other classes of the drama, where they are as monstrous as the hobgoblins and the

Vol. II. No. XI.

rest of the impish tribe who have been criticized above. This rule may run counter to popular opinion, yet it is the canon of just criticism, which cannot be violated without a proportionate derogation from the dignity of the stage: if truth cannot always form the basis of dramatic composition, let the fiction be *probable*. It is granted, that by means of splendid scenery, and the artificial aid of optical illusions, these heterodox pieces may contain much of the entertaining and of the beautiful: but *do they* contain one iota of the instructive? *Do they* subserve the purposes of good acting? In fine, are they of *any use* either to the actor or the beholder? For, I would contend, that the theatre *might be* of essential use to both: it was of old a school of morality, patriotism, and every brighter virtue; the philosopher, the good citizen, the good man,

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,"

were exhibited in the mimic pageantry, and holden forth to the rising youth as examples of emulation, and objects of veneration and honour. Why may it not again become such a vehicle of moral good? Let it have its decorations and its embellishments, but let it be founded on the law of nature, and directed to the dissemination of virtue.

It is apparent, that the bad taste of authors must have a *direct* influence on the actors who are to represent their compositions: hence many have attempted to supply the writer's deficiency by over-acting the parts assigned to them, by which the whole has been rendered more ridiculous than it was in manuscript. The propensity also of accommodating Ger-

man and French plays to the English school has been of severe injury to the drama; because they are not suited to our taste, habits, or manners; and things, however good in themselves, are necessarily diluted to insipidity when they are only translations or paraphrases. All the actors who have most distinguished themselves have derived their credit from their good taste and knowledge of nature, in which they successfully modelled the exercise of their powers: a Siddons, a Jordan, a Quin, a Garrick, and a Kemble, owed their theatrical laurels to this principle, and on this depends the deserved popularity of William Farren. These chaste performers aimed not so much to *astound* their audience, as to exhibit that which formerly occurred, or which passes every day before our eyes; all their characters had their counterparts in *real* life; which qualification I particularly observed this summer at Yarmouth, in a provincial theatre in which I had not calculated to find any thing of a superior order; where, when Vining appeared as a "gay blade" in high life, and Miss Wensley exerted herself in genteel comedy, I retraced with delight the true taste and powers of the greatest ornaments of the English theatre, not without a regret that our London boards should be deprived of two such able performers; and more particularly in our dearth

of eminent actresses, that Miss Wensley should waste her talents in the Norwich company. Vining's admirable conception of every part which he played, and Miss Wensley's first-rate abilities as an actress and a vocalist, often have occurred to my mind when witnessing on our London stage inferior performers taking those characters* in which she shines *unique*.

It is therefore from the association of ideas between things of real existence and things exhibited, and from the faithful portrait of times and customs thus delineated, that an actor fixes himself upon the public mind; and that the drama itself, like another Circean spell, fastens itself upon the imagination. Hence we regret able performers who have retired from their arduous profession, or who are no more; and naturally transfer our admiration from those whose powers we can no longer enjoy, to those who most nearly imitate their excellence, or who, from the energies of an original genius, pursue a path of attraction peculiarly their own.

For the present I conclude my remarks, hoping at a future time to trouble you with a research into the origin of the drama. I remain, &c.

CENSOR.

* Her Violante, Lady Townley, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, and Lady Bell, were *unequalled* performances.

DESCRIPTION OF A GRECIAN TEMPLE,

Recently discovered under-ground near the City of CORFU, in the IONIAN ISLANDS.

WE have been favoured with the following extract of a letter from a British officer at Corfu, containing a few particulars relating to the disco-

very of a whole Grecian temple near that city, and inclosing a number of the Corfu Gazette, containing a circumstantial account of the discovery,

and a full description of the temple itself, of which we also subjoin a translation. The Panorama of Corfu, now exhibiting in the Strand, will enable our readers to see the identical spot of ground which concealed this highly interesting relic of Grecian art, in its best age, the temple being situated in the immediate vicinity of General Sir Fred. Adam's house, which may be found in the Panorama by reference to the printed illustration of the painting.

EXTRACT OF THE LETTER.

"Respecting the ancient temple which was discovered by one of our engineers, I refer you to the inclosed Gazette, where you will find the particulars. It is situated in the olive-grove on the left, as you go up to Ascension-Hill, just above the fountain where ships generally water. The excavations were carried on until the site of the building was perfectly cleared, and many subterraneous passages were found, which I have no doubt communicate with the cave at no great distance from the seashore. They extend on the opposite side almost as far as the general's country-house.

"Besides this temple, there appear the ruins of another extensive building: but I doubt whether government will continue the excavations, considering the loss of the olive-trees; otherwise I should think further interesting discoveries might be made in the direction of the lake, where, you know, almost at every step fragments of ancient vases are found.

"To observe the progress of the temple was, of course, the object of our daily walks, and one day I made a discovery, which at the mo-

ment gave me great pleasure. I remarked, under the root of an olive-tree, a white stone, and after digging it out, found it to be part of a statue—a foot on a square piece of marble, which had probably been in that situation for a number of years without being noticed by any one. In our expectation of finding the other part of the statue we were disappointed."

Translation of a Letter from Colonel WHITMORE to the Editor of the Ionian Gazette.

CORFU, 6th April, 1823.

The recent discovery of the temple which had for ages remained buried at Cardachio, and of the extensive aqueducts near it, having excited deep and general interest, I feel happy in being able to satisfy the curiosity of the public in some degree.

During last autumn, the fountains which usually furnished the water for the shipping were found dried up to such a degree, that it was determined to make the experiment whether their ancient springs might not be retraced. They discharge themselves at present in the bottom of a hollow between two hills of sandstone. The site where they empty themselves is situated 36 feet above the sea, and they yield in the hottest seasons about 5418 gallons a day. In seeking the sources of these fountains, the fluted shaft of a Doric column, which was scarcely perceptible above the level of the soil, attracted some notice: this column was found upright; and upon further excavation, the foundations of a temple were discovered, at the height of 63 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches above the fountain, and about 99 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches above the level of the sea. This edifice was a Doric hexastyle, and stood

E. S. E. (W. N. W.) The six columns which support the front, and the seven on each side, although much decayed, were in their places; but the rest of the building, and nearly half the cella, have fallen into the sea.

In its original state, the peristyle or portico was probably composed of thirty columns, placed upon a stylobate or plinth of two steps. The divisions of the cella cannot now be traced, but there exists still a certain remarkable elevation, indicating no doubt the site of the altar, which must have been coated with some peculiar substance. The intercolumniation is of the diastyle kind; the frieze is entirely wanting; and the crown or cornice, which is not Doric, as well as the epistyle or architrave, do not present any traces of *gutta regolæ* or *mutules*. The *abacus* and the *echinus* are plain, according to the best models; the flutings, twenty in number, cross the *hypotrachelium* or neck, which is cut by two grooves.

The walls of the cella still remaining measure only 2 feet 9 inches in thickness above their foundation, and the entrance seems to have been from the sea only.

The general dimensions of the building are nearly as follow:

	ft.	in.
Width of the cella	24	0
Ditto of the portico, exclusively of the steps	38	4
Upper diameter of the columns . . .	1	6
Lower diameter	2	0
Height of the shaft	9	8
Height of the capital { abacus	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	
{ echinus	6	
Width of the intercolumniation	5	6
Intercolumniation at the angles	5	4
Height of the architrave	1	6
Tenia	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Width of the pteroma or ambulatorium on the sides	5	5
Ditto in front towards the land-side	7	4

ft. in.

Height of the top step	1	1
Ditto of the lower one	1	0
Width of the lower step	1	0
Height of the centre stone of the top or front	5	1

It is remarkable that all the columns were found standing, although the building fell outwards upon various heaps of earth, which had by degrees buried the entire edifice, a circumstance which proves that the fall must have taken place gradually; since, if it had been effected by an earthquake, or by the violence of man, its fragments would have strewed the pavement, and the columns, which were not secured upon the stylobate, must likewise have fallen.

The temple was covered with tiles in the usual manner, and many were found with names imprinted upon them, probably of the principal magistrates, when the work was begun or repaired.

Amongst them were the following:

Επι Αριστομενης	Under Aristomenes.
Επι Θεσεια	Under Therias.
Επι Δαμωνος	Under Damon.
Επι Αριστεα	Under Aristea.
Επι Φιλωνιδα	Under Philonidas.
Επι Αριστοκλεους	Under Aristocles.
Ευπολεμης	Eupolemus'
Επι Πανης	Under Panes.

On the cover of a jar of oil, the letters Α Α are perceptible, and several of the tiles bear the letter Α, and the same letter within a circle.

The form of some of the letters indicates a very remote period. Mus-toxidi thinks Aristomenes to have been the principal magistrate of Cor-cyra during the Peloponnesian war: but a safer judgment of the antiquity of this temple may be formed from the proportions of its columns, their form, and the flutings in the *hypotrachelium*; and if we may presume the frieze to have been of the usual

proportion to the height of the architrave (which latter may have been about four modules), these proportions would nearly agree with those of the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus at Athens; so that we may fix the epoch of its construction about the 5th century before Christ.

At the distance of about ten feet from the sides of this edifice were discovered two wells, about 30 or 40 feet deep, which communicate with subterranean aqueducts. These aqueducts or channels are about 6 feet high, 5 feet 6 inches wide, and have been explored to the length of 1400 feet.

The principal object for which the aforesaid channels were constructed, was to contribute to the preservation of the temple, and at the same time to conduct the waters on the hill, called Monte dell' Ascensione, to a somewhat remote spot.

Of these aqueducts, as well as of the temple, evident mention is made in an inscription upon a marble preserved in the Museum of Verona. It has been translated by Maffei from the original Doric dialect into Latin, and afterwards by Mustoxidi from Latin into Italian.

This inscription commemorates the sanction of the republic of Corcyra regarding the formation of some public works; mentions in detail the cost of the iron, of the lead, of the copper, of the carriage of the materials, of the excavations, and of the labour; the expense of a brazen serpent, of nitre or *nitron* for the altar; the erection of an obelisk and a wall built by Metrodorus. The judges and magistrates within as well as without the city approve in this document all that has been executed. They also mention the renewal of the roof

of the temple, the turn given to the direction of the waters to prevent the force of the stream from injuring the wall which served to support the edifice, and the inscription (however defaced and imperfect) shews that the object was to direct the rush of the waters from the temple towards the arsenals and magazines. Maffei further supposes that there was an addition to this inscription, purporting that the *cippus* of a god, of whose name the A only remains, was to be carefully placed within the temple; and he imagines that the above serpent of bronze shews Æsculapius to have been the divinity in question. Mustoxidi translates this passage literally, as well as the remarks made by Maffei, taken from Pliny, and relating to the nitre for the altar; but, unfortunately for the principal part of the hypothesis, the tablet does not contain one word relating to the *cippus*, or any expression whatever indicating the transfer of any thing belonging to some deity; and the most simple interpretation would perhaps have been, to suppose that the judges and magistrates ordered their decree to be inscribed in the columns, or in columnal manner, upon the wall of Metrodorus, opposite to the temple of the god A—.

The columnal manner of writing was adopted in the various public decrees of the people, in their estimates for public works, &c. If this manner of interpreting the aforesaid marble be adopted, the difficulties met with in the conjectures of Maffei, that the decree should be written upon a column placed against a wall, will fall to the ground.

It is worthy of observation how precisely the site of our edifice corresponds with the inscription on the

tablet of Verona. In the first place, it is a temple built, contrary to the general practice, in a valley, and on that account subject to injury from the subterranean waters; secondly, a wall of support was raised to obviate their bad effects; in the third place, aqueducts have been constructed to turn off the springs from the foundation of the temple, and to conduct them on the highest possible level for another object; and, lastly, the temple contained an altar, for which the *nitron* had been bought. The ancients knew so imperfectly the difference between *nitron* or nitre and natron (another name for soda), that the latter is generally supposed to be what Pliny and his predecessor denominated *nitron*.

It is, moreover, very singular that the altar, after the lapse of twenty-two centuries, still presents fragments of a peculiar coating, which appears to contain a portion of soda.

Concerning the divinity, the letter A and the serpent of bronze would equally indicate Apollo and Æsculapius. Among a series of conjectures upon this subject, the first seems the most natural, considering that in ancient times a fountain actually existed there, which must have been supplied by the very spring situated at the distance of 700 yards from our aqueducts, and which was called the Pythian fountain, Πῶς Πυθίος.

The excavations carried on at Cardachio brought to light several heads of women of *terra cotta*, lacrimatories, pateras of bronze, beetles, crowns of glass, pieces of broken pottery, ivory, brass, and lead; a wheel of bronze, tops of arrows, rings, and a number of coins, amongst which were some of Epirus, Apollonia, Corinth, Syracuse, and Coreyra.

With regard to those objects which are generally found deposited in tombs, and which on this occasion were discovered at the side of the temple, it is probable, as the latter was placed in a hollow and between streams of water, that every light substance detached from the impending hills would be carried away by the rains, till meeting obstructions in the walls of the cella, or in the stylobate of the temple, the mass would be buried under fresh deposits of earth, through the continuation of the same cause. If we might therefore suppose that the sides of the valley had at one time been cleared and rendered steep, they would thus have been well adapted to serve as burial-places for the ancient Greeks; in which case we might be justified in concluding that such burial-places would attract the cupidity of the Roman conqueror, who, already flushed with the plunder of the tombs of Corinth, would naturally expect to find here, in a colony of Corinth, the same *Necro-Corinth* and mortuary vases which met with so splendid a market among his opulent patricians. Thus, in the search of costly relics the less precious would be neglected; and once buried, they would yield to the impulse of the torrents.

Whatever may have been the principal cause of the ruin of this temple, it must evidently be assigned to a remote period, and seems to have been occasioned in the first instance by the action of the subterraneous waters, and perhaps completed by the materials being carried away during the efforts of Venice to secure her possessions against the inroads of the Mahometans. Be that as it may, the Corfiote, whose breast is animated with patriotism, cannot fail to

behold these interesting relics with feelings of national pride; and although there may still be some doubt as to the divinity to which this temple may have been consecrated, the hand of time has imprinted on it a character of piety and classic taste; and its contemplation is calculated to awaken grateful associations, and re-

membrances of that epoch when Corcyra, in her splendid meridian, had, by the exercise of her native talent, and the efforts of a courageous energy, become one of the most powerful maritime states of the ancient world. I am, sir, &c.

G. WHITMORE, R. E.

VERSES ON AN ANTIQUE SNUFF-BOX;

And a new Speculation modestly proposed.

THOU art no lilliputian thing,
No idle coxcomb's toy;
But worthy Og, the giant king
Of Bashan, to enjoy.

What though no splendid diadem
Thine ample lid display,
Though there no precious costly gem
Emit its brilliant ray:

Yet round thy rim hath purest taste,
And art's elaborate pow'rs,
With patient skill, design'd and trac'd
A wreath of shells and flowers;

Of shells and flowers which, years gone by,
Not thus might brightly shine,
But slept, unseen of mortal eye,
Deep in some silver mine.

Though fair be these, yet far more fair
Thy lid of snowy white,
Adorn'd with carving rich and rare,
To charm the wond'ring sight.

Nor has the molten metal known
A more surprising change,
Than on thy beauteous lid is shewn
In transfiguration strange.

'Twas once a coarse and rugged shell,
And seem'd as if design'd
In ocean's darkest depths to dwell,
Unknown to human kind.

But, cast from out its ocean-bower
On some far-distant strand,
Art claim'd the waif, and by her power
This splendid trophy plann'd—

Plann'd and perform'd; for sculptur'd
here,
The gazer's eye may know
The mighty rock, the mightier seer
Who bade its waters flow.

Mark his uplifted hand! behold
The gushing stream descend!
See male and female, young and old,
Their eager arms extend!

In vase or ewer behold them catch
The welcome crystal wave,
And seem with grateful joy to snatch
A respite from the grave!

Well hath the artist play'd his part,
And justly may he claim,
By patient, skilful, graceful art,
The sculptor's lasting fame.

Nor would I change with peer or king
Mine antique *tabatière*,
Or barter for a costlier thing
The beauties speaking there.

Beckford a richer one might have,
They yet at Fonthill shew it;
But never need the Muses crave
A nobler for a poet.

B.

Mr. EDITOR,

I can ill conjecture whether you are a snuff-taker or not. It certainly is with too many adepts a dirty habit; and you, sir, whom I consider, *ex officio*, as a sort of Gold Stick in

waiting to *le beau monde*, without reference to the exercise of your graver functions, can hardly be expected to tolerate ultra snuff-takers. (I am afraid I approximate to this class: but this is only a confidential acknowledgment of my infirmity; so pray print it parenthetically—only it is a terrible long parenthesis). But, short of this ultraism, snuff-taking has its honorary professors, its amateurs, who now and then indulge their olfactories; and you may be one of these, without any compromise of either cleanliness or courtliness. But even granting you to have an aversion to the practice altogether, I think you would be seduced into a pinch out of the box hastily commemorated above, were it only as persons who dislike children have been said to kiss the child for the sake of the nurse. Whether, however, you might resist its internal temptations or not, I am confident you are too warm an admirer of elegant works of art not to be delighted by its exterior, of which I have given, I fear, a very imperfect idea in the preceding rhymes. The box is, as I have hinted in the first stanza, of most accommodating size, measuring, I speak conjecturally, about five inches by four, and being at least I think three in depth: its bottom is mother-o'-pearl; its mounting silver-gilt; its lid a shell of exquisite whiteness and curious

carving: but for fear you should be no snuff-taker, and for the sake of your fair readers who may hold snuff and snufflers in abhorrence, I forbear further detail, at least of a descriptive kind—what I have to add is simply speculative, and relates to a project, at present somewhat undigested, but which, when sufficiently matured, I may trouble you to lay before the public. Every possessor of a curiosity, natural or artificial, is of course disposed to turn it to account. I am naturally rather of a shy and bashful turn, though somewhat garrulous on paper, and as complete a recluse as Wordsworth has drawn his *Solitary*. But I have now and then felt an inclination, like Parnell's *Hermit*, to see a little of the world, and more especially of the writing and publishing world. Now do you think if I were to come up to your wilderness of houses, hire a snug reputable sort of apartment, and advertise "*Mr. B. and his Box at Home*," that the speculation would answer? I will vouch for one of us being worth seeing at any rate; but I would not, as a prudent man, run too great risks. What would you set down as a plausible week's income, supposing I were to admit ladies and gentlemen at half-a-crown, and children at one shilling? But my sheet is full, and I can speculate no further.

CHRISTINA QUEEN OF SWEDEN, AND BORRI THE ALCHYMIST.

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Sweden, after her conversion to the Romish faith, at the instigation of Pope Alexander VII. took a journey to her native country, for the purpose of establishing Catholicism among the sub-

jects she had forsaken, and to addict herself to philosophy. In her progress from Rome she remained some time at Hamburgh, where she became acquainted and closely connected with the noted alchymist,

John Francis Borri of Milan—a circumstance which had greater influence on her future character and pursuits, than Borri himself could have foreseen. What Cagliostro has been in our times, this impostor proved at this earlier epocha, and he became the founder of an alchemical sect, to which he gave the name of *Fratricelli*. He not only pretended to transmute the baser metals into gold, but also made pretensions to intercourse with supernatural agents, which enabled him to read the most secret thoughts of his brethren. He even professed to discern their souls “enveloped by rays of diversified hues, with their protecting genii hovering over their heads, and environed by a stream of light.” He also affirmed he was the chosen mortal to spread the Catholic faith over all the earth, gathering all mankind into one flock, with the pope for their pastor; and that the angel Michael had been sent to him from heaven with a sword, on which the image of the seven beings was depicted.

That this daring imposture was well suited to the temper of the times, was evident from the rapid increase of Borri's followers. They became so numerous, conspiring in various intrigues which aimed at sovereign power for their leader, that the Roman pontiff found it necessary to call forth the powers of the Inquisition to crush them. Borri had already rendered himself obnoxious to this vindictive tribunal by some opinions which he broached concerning the Virgin Mary. He secured his safety by flight, and the tremendous Inquisition wreaked its vengeance by condemning him to be burnt in effigy, and his writings to be cast into the flames at the same time.

Vol. II. No. XI.

He took refuge in Germany, where he instructed sovereigns in the mysteries of alchymy, and obtained large remunerations for presenting them with a phial of his *aqua divorum*. He at length fixed his residence at Strasburg, and the fame of his miracles far transcended those of Prince Hohenlohe. He removed to Amsterdam, where he excited unbounded admiration. He had a numerous retinue, went about in a coach and six, and in all his establishment supported a style of princely magnificence. From all quarters, even at the distance of Paris, multitudes flocked to solicit cures. He accepted neither fee nor reward—was never known to receive money by post, nor by any other channel: it was therefore a natural inference, that he had discovered the philosopher's stone—for how else could he live at such a vast expense without any visible means?

This harlequinade terminated in the disappearance of Borri, carrying with him immense sums in silver, which he undertook to convert into gold, besides precious stones, with which he was intrusted, to perfect their valuable properties. He had the audacity to exhibit his powers at Hamburgh. There he met with Queen Christina, who played the *buffa*, eagerly attending to his development of the occult sciences, by whose potency he enacted a transmutation of the metal in her coffers. Her connection with Borri gave so fatal a bias to her mind, that she wasted enormous sums in experiments to discover the “universal medicine,” which was to prolong her life another century. She tried the effects of a compound upon her own person, and had scarcely swallowed

R R

it, when she was seized with convulsions. The immediate skill of her physicians rescued her from the jaws of death. This danger had not the effect of abating her credulity. An English quack waited upon her at Rome, and produced numerous certificates, to prove that he was possessed of a secret to prolong the vigour of youth one hundred and twenty years. Christina offered him ten thousand ducats for his secret; but her almoner, the Cardinal Azzolini, procured the expulsion of the impostor from Rome.

Borri went to Copenhagen, when he took leave of Queen Christina, and gained such ascendancy over Frederick III. that he never moved from his capital without bringing with him a furnace for processes in alchemy. The royal pupil made unbounded pecuniary sacrifices to those chimeras, which drew such hatred upon his instructor, that if Borri had not made a timely escape, the Danish nobility would have condemned him to the halter or scaffold at the death of their king.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT PALACE OF CHARLES V. OF FRANCE.

THE Hotel de St. Paul, built by Charles V. was, as is specified in his edict of 1364, intended to be the hotel of great diversions. Like all the royal houses of those times it had large towers; such additions being thought to give an air of domination and majesty to the building. The gardens, instead of yews and lindens, were planted with apple, pear, and cherry trees, and vines; besides beds of rosemary and lavender, peas and beans, and very large arbours or bowers. The inner courts were lined with pigeon-houses, and full of poultry, which the king's tenants were obliged to send, and here they were fattened for his table and those of his household. The beams and joists in the principal apartments were decorated with tin *fleurs-de-lis* gilt. All the windows had iron bars, with a wire lattice, to prevent the entrance of the pigeons. The glazing was, like that of our ancient churches, painted with coats of arms, emblems, and saints. The seats were joint stools, forms, and benches: the king

had arm-chairs, with red leather and silk fringes. The beds were called *couches* when ten or twelve feet square, and those of only six feet square *couchettes*: these large dimensions suited a custom which subsisted for a long time in France—that guests particularly esteemed were kept all night and in the same bed with the master of the house. Charles V. used to dine about eleven, supped at seven, and all the court were usually in bed by nine in the winter, and ten in summer. His queen, agreeably to an old and laudable custom for preventing any idle or loose thought at table, had a learned man, who, during the meal, related the actions or made an eulogium of some deceased person, especially of one eminent in piety. It was in Charles's reign that the mode arose of emblazoning apparel: the women wore their husbands' shield on the right side of their gowns, and their own on the left. This fashion continued nearly a century.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

VOCAL ANTHOLOGY, *or the Flowers of Song, being a Selection of the most beautiful and esteemed vocal Music of all Europe, with English Words; also an Appendix, consisting of original vocal Compositions, and a Catalogue raisonnée (é?) of its Contents.* Nos. V. and VI. Pr. 6s. each.—(John Gale, Burton-street, Bond-street).

THE "Vocal Anthology," of the prior portions of which we felt called upon to speak in terms of unqualified approbation, not only maintains its character, but evidently rises in merit and interest. The selections, which are conspicuous in point of intrinsic value and variety, bespeak a cultivated taste and an extensive acquaintance with the best musical productions of every age and country. The principal object of the publication is thus fully accomplished. As to the original compositions, we have as yet met with none from which we could justly withhold approbation; but we are free to say, that this department of the work is susceptible of greater efforts. Amidst gems collected from every region, comparison will naturally step in, and expect excellence in the original portion. The critical and biographical notices are valuable. These, too, evince sound musical taste and judgment, as well as a proper knowledge of the art and of its history. Under these favourable circumstances, the "Vocal Anthology" bids fair to acquire a rank which will ensure its reputation for many years to come.

The contents of Nos. V. and VI. are as follow :

No. V.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| English | 1. <i>Wapping Old Stairs</i> .—PERCY. |
| | 2. <i>When for the world's repose</i> (Glee).—LORD MORNINGTON. |
| Scotch | 3. <i>Of a' the Airts</i> . |
| | 4. <i>The Exc bughts</i> (Duet.) |
| German | 5. <i>Soave sia il vento</i> .—MOZART. |
| | 6. <i>How blithe</i> (Duet.)—HIMMEL. |
| | 7. <i>The Silran Shades</i> (Duet)—SCHULTZ. |
| Italian | 8. <i>French Song by Mary Stuart</i> .—RICHINI. |
| Original | 9. <i>The Lark</i> . |

No. VI.

- | | |
|----------|---|
| English | 1. <i>I attempt from love's sickness</i> .—PURCELL. |
| | 2. <i>The Owl is abroad</i> .—Ditto. |
| Scotch | 3. <i>Sensibility</i> . |
| | 4. <i>Charlie is my Darling</i> . |
| | 5. <i>Cailld Kail</i> . |
| Italian | 6. <i>Et incarnatus</i> (Terz.)—CHERUBINI |
| German | 7. <i>Cynthia</i> .—HIMMEL. |
| French | 8. <i>Il m'a demandé</i> .—BOYELEDIEU. |
| | 9. <i>Tu m'as quitté</i> . |
| Original | 10. <i>Land of the Brave</i> (Glee.) |

"*Five Bumper Toasts*" for the *English Gentleman, a Duet with a Chorus; the Words by Dr. Henry Fick, Professor of the German Language and Literature; the Music, partly founded on an old German Tune, arranged by R. W. Evans.* Pr. 2s.—(Evans, 146, Strand.)

Lest some of our readers might think this to be a common carousing effusion, we deem it right to state, that it is quite a *gentlemanly drinking song*; not only unobjectionable, but *commendable*, in a moral point of view. The poem is written with so much good taste and right feeling, that we regret our limits forbid its whole insertion. A stanza or two will be sufficient to justify this opinion.

3.

My first to all that, nobly drinking,
Press to their cups with ardour free;
Not, brutelike, under surfeit sinking,
Deface thy stamp, divinity!

5.

My third to him, with inmost feeling,
Who opes to mis'ry heart and ear,
Delights in others' sorrows healing,
And drops the sympathizing tear.

The last stanza, equally impressive, is consecrated to Britain's glory and prosperity; a tribute which the author pays to the hospitality he has experienced in England. All this is as it should be, and we make no doubt the good reception was well merited.

The melody is vivid and pleasing, and suits the text admirably. The harmonic arrangement, especially in the symphony, might have been somewhat less plain, but upon the whole it is proper and adequate.

The National Air "Nelson," composed by J. Braham, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Catherine Hobhouse, by Ferdinand Ries. Op. 96. No. 4; No. 28 of Variations. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

We wish our pen were as ready in devising variation in expression when reviewing musical variations, as our composers are prolific in writing them. We must say the same thing over and over again; there is no alternative, if we mean to say any thing at all. To avoid such repetition, we rather refrain from entering into particulars. The introduction in C minor is an interesting short movement, manly, grave; the variations, seven in number, in C major, C minor, and one indeed in F, are written with that facility, taste, and science, and that—what shall we call it?—that vigorous nerve of decisive melodic expression

which flows from Mr. Ries's pen, not in drops, but in abundant and, we will add, genial showers. The variations are of a superior order, but, after all, they are but variations. We wish we could prevail upon such men as Mr. Ries to devote more of their time to original compositions. If sonatas are really gone by, let's have rondos, divertimentos, or even caprizios, any o's or a's, but, for love's sake, *not founded* upon a favourite theme, not founded upon any thing but the composer's *own* imagination. *Fantasia on the favourite Ballad "Home, sweet home," with an Introduction, Variations, and Polacca for the Flute, and an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to H. Forrester, Esq. by C. Nicholson. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

Not so much a fantasia, as a theme and variations, with an introduction. Summarily as we are determined upon dispatching variation-compositions, unless there be strong calls for particular comment *pro* or *con*, we think it an act of justice to Mr. N. to bear testimony to the melodic elegance with which he has cast the above simple and pretty theme into four or five characteristically different forms. The slow introductory movement too is very beautiful, it is gracefulness itself; and the anticipatory tints of the subject of the varied air are happily imagined. The concluding polacca is extremely neat, full of taste and spirit. Although the piano-forte accompaniment is stated to be optional, we should be sorry to dispense with it, as it affords a strong and well devised support to the flute-part, which, by the way, demands a player of some maturity.

"*The Dawn, or the Shepherd's Call,*"
an Introduction, Air, and Rondo,
composed, and dedicated to Miss
Stapylton, by Joseph Hill. Pr. 4s.
 —(Clementi and Co.)

The introduction, although brief, evinces taste, imaginative powers, and considerable familiarity with the higher sphere of the art. The rondo is also of small extent, but in every respect satisfactory. But the principal portion of the publication lies between these two movements. It is the air, "Blow, blow, thou vernal gale," varied in seven different ways. *Variations* again! When shall we have enough of them? Were the glut in the market less overwhelming, Mr. Hill's labour would be sure to create a very favourable impression: his variations are written in a free and, we may add, in an elegant and sometimes even uncommon style; the passages in bass and treble are particularly fluent, and afford excellent manual exercise. The variation in E minor presents some original conceptions. What can be the reason that this variation *alone*, and no other part of the whole publication, has the time metronomically indicated?

Introduction and Variations on a favourite French Air, by Fontaine, for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniments, composed, and dedicated to John Maltass, Esq. by J. Jay, M. D. Pr. 3s.—(Mitchell, New Bond-street.)

More *variations!* variations for ever! If ever there be an idea again of a duty upon music, we hope the beginning will be made with laying a bouncing tax upon variations. We are so saturated with them, that, be they ever so meritorious, our antipathy, we fear, will prevent us from doing justice to the writers. In the

present case, fortunately, a march of considerable extent comes first. Its prior part is not very uncommon, but in the sequel many redeeming features occur. Dr. Jay has displayed much compositorial ingenuity; he has handled his motivo up and down in a very interesting manner, and introduced considerable selectness of harmonic combination.

The theme of the variations is stated to be an air by Fontaine. Mr. F. we hope, does not claim the invention, for it is nearly note for note the well-known melody of "*Ich bin liederlich, du bist liederlich,*" &c. With our aversion to variations, it is not saying a little, if we own that these have given us all the satisfaction we anticipated, except as to the variation pp. 6 and 7, the style of which is trifling. The very geometrical aspect of it bespeaks its nature; it looks for all the world like a quarter of a yard of small-patterned paper-hanging. The succeeding variation, however, makes amends; and the coda too does the author great credit. "*When Orpheus lost his blooming bride, Lines to a Flute, written by H. L. Esq., composed for, and dedicated to, Miss Powis, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.*" — (Goulding and Co.)

This is a song of some pretension; the composition consisting of a considerable introduction, a recitativo, an andantino $\frac{3}{4}$ in E major, an allegro $\frac{4}{4}$ in E minor, and a resumption of the andantino, $\frac{3}{4}$. The conduct of the melody is often extremely soft and pathetic; the accompaniment for the piano-forte presents great and tasteful variety both as to harmony and episodic passages; and the plan and rhythmic arrangement are every where satisfactory. It is evident that

Mr. K. sat down with an intention to exert his talent, and this praiseworthy endeavour has been crowned with full success.

"Oh! sweet is the gale that blows over the sea;" the Poetry from Mr. Planché's Poem "Shere Afkum;" the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.--(Goulding and Co.)

There is a graceful ease of diction and a striking absence of affectation in Mr. Planché's poetry, which render it particularly susceptible of musical treatment. His recent interesting poem of "Shere Afkum" would present various fragments well adapted for composition, besides the one before us, which is essentially lyric. Mr. Bishop seems to have been fully aware of this advantage, and he has very successfully availed himself of the opportunity. The motivo is remarkable for its attractive simplicity, and also for the rhythmical singularity of a period of seven bars, which is rendered unobjectionable by a succeeding counterperiod of the same extent, thus preserving symmetry.

In the beginning of the 4th page, a peculiar modulation leads from F major to a close upon A minor, very much in Rossini's manner. To the erroneous accent upon lotus (or lotos, as Mr. P. calls it,) at "Whère thē | blūe lōtōs | springs lēt ūs," | &c. it would not have been difficult to afford a melodic remedy.

Henry R. Bishop's admired Quartett, "What phrase, sad and soft," arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Misses Julia and Emily Shuckburgh, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Bruguier has arranged this favourite quartett of Mr. Bishop's in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner. The harmony is effectively preserved, and yet the two parts fall within the scope of very moderate performers, especially that of the treble, which is free from any intricacy whatever. The duet altogether is capable of placing the proficiency of the pupils in a very advantageous light.

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

WE cannot overlook so pleasing and novel an exhibition as the *Diorama*, lately constructed in the Regent's Park. It is a French improvement upon panoramic views, possessing facilities far surpassing those paintings in style of general execution, as well as in the scientific application and distribution of the necessary light for their display. The great and decided advantage which the Diorama has over the panoramic exhibi-

tions which we have heretofore seen in this country, is, that in addition to the fidelity of representation which the artist has the means of portraying, there is, by some ingenious contrivance for letting the light fall upon the picture, a power obtained of giving, in silent and almost imperceptible gradations, all the varying hues of the atmosphere, distinguishing them with the most natural truth, and one succeeding the other with

the most forcible illusion. The spectator enjoys, while surveying the landscape, all those transitory changes of aerial hue of which the varying state of the weather is productive in nature, from the angry and tempestuous blackening of the storm, to the transparent beauty and stillness of moonlight solitude. The pleasing manner in which the aerial shadows are driven along, and the complete illusion with which they sweep over the surface of the picture, can only be felt by the spectator—a mere description is inadequate to convey a just idea of the executive merits of the exhibition.

The panorama gives, it is true, a correct view of nature; but it is necessarily limited to one point of time—the storm and the calm cannot be developed upon the canvas as they are seen to arise in the successive operations of nature. We have one view, and that only; and we might say in the language of the poet, upon beholding a Grecian landscape,

“Such is the aspect of this shore;
’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there:”

but in the Diorama this monotony of effect is entirely obviated by the fluctuating lights which occupy the attention and sustain the curiosity of the spectator, while they preserve throughout the fidelity of the representation through all the transitions of weather and diurnal rotation.

The present exhibition consists of two views, which are successively opened. The first is a view of the *Valley of Sarnen*, in the canton of Underwald, in Switzerland. This valley is represented as being one of the most beautiful and romantic in Switzerland: it is surrounded by lof-

ty mountains, whose outlines are for the most part gracefully varied; it is traversed by a river, and intersected by numerous streams, which seem tributary to the beautiful lake in the bed of the valley. Some pleasing objects meet the eye in the mountainous scenery; and there are a few scattered hamlets and churches, which are agreeably situated. On the right fore-ground is a commodious *chalet*, where, it is said, travellers are hospitably entertained by the generous owner; near it is a fountain, from which a copious flow of water runs bubbling. The scenic view is well painted, and the diversified effect produced by the varying shadows, as they become transparent or opaque, according to the approach of storm or the clearing up of the atmosphere, cannot be surpassed. The stillness and clearness of the lake at one moment, yielding at another, as the weather changes, to the successive copper and leaden hues of the dense clouds “prest by incumbent storms”—the distant view of the snow-clad mountain, exhibiting in such a beautiful tone the varied effects of light, shade, and colouring, according as the sun’s rays and passing clouds act upon its surface, cannot be too highly admired; the tints of nature are in every part of the effect exquisitely portrayed, and the charms of the Swiss scenery displayed in the most extraordinary manner.

The saloon, from which the views are seen by the spectator, is by the signal of a bell made to revolve horizontally upon (we presume) a cylindrical axis; so that without the inconvenience of removing his chair, or the slightest agitation from the motion, he finds himself placed before a new picture. The saloon is so con-

structed, that as it revolves, it shuts up one view, and exposes the other.

The next view in this Diorama is that of the *Interior of Canterbury Cathedral*; and the part of the venerable pile exhibited is the *Chapel of the Trinity*. It is in a rich Gothic style of architecture. The columns that divide the nave from the aisles are composed of three compartments, the lower one being formed of three pillars joined together. The windows are of large dimensions, and of modern structure, with some exceptions, in which curious remains of old painted glass are still preserved. The upper extremity of the cathedral is occupied by four tombs, which are erected in the intervals between the pillars. The nearest monument on the right of the spectator is that of Edward the Black Prince. There are also the tombs of Henry IV. and his queen, of Odo de Coligny, Bishop elect of Beauvais, and Dean Wootton; and at the further extremity of the chapel is the chair for the enthronement of the archbishops. In the fore-ground the artist has painted some masons' tools, fragments of marble, timber, &c. as if placed there in prosecution of repairs, and to aid the general effect.

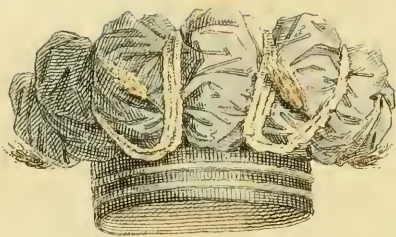
This cathedral is peculiarly well adapted for pictorial effect: it is entirely vaulted with stone, and before it was exposed to the barbarous fury of Cromwell's soldiers, it contained in stained glass and other decorations some splendid examples of its magnificence in the time of Becket. It was these ornaments that Erasmus said "all shone, sparkled, and glittered with rare and very large jewels; and even in the whole church appeared a profuseness above that of kings." Dugdale is equally co-

pious in his account of the magnificence of this cathedral. The interior of the chapels was most scandalously defaced by the fanatical rage of 1642; but the durability of the great materials of the architecture, and the solidity of the Gothic ornaments, defied the sacrilegious rage of the assailants, who fired, according to Doctor Paske, one of the resident prebendaries of the time, repeated discharges of musketry within and without the building. The fine architecture of Trinity Chapel is accurately represented at the Diorama: the admirable correctness of the perspective, and the manner in which the parts of the aisles and nave in the distance are developed; again, the novel distribution of light upon the picture, and the transparency of the painted glass, present a combined effect, the most absolutely illusive ever produced by the improved powers of art. Turn which way we will in this exhibition (we almost forgot that by the rotatory motion of the saloon we need not turn at all), it illustrates Pope's line,

"Soft illusions, dear deceits arise;"

and justifies the expectation of the proprietors, that their work "will be considered as the triumph of perspective, and the *ne plus ultra* of pictorial illusion."

It is due to the inventors and introducers of the Diorama to say, that the principle is borrowed from the French. About eighteen months ago the Diorama was constructed at Paris upon the present plan. The saloon of that erected in the Regent's Park is larger than the Parisian, and capable of conveniently accommodating two hundred persons: it revolves in somewhat of a different manner from the French saloon, al-





THE DRESS

though the machinery is constructed upon the same principle by (we understand) Mr. Topham, the engineer of White Cross-street, under the direction of Messrs Morgan and Pugin, the architects of the building, which has been erected upon the most expensive scale, and does credit to their taste and skill. We trust that Mr. Smith, the proprietor, will

reap the profit to which so heavy a speculation and so great an improvement entitle him. The Canterbury view is painted by the French artist, Bouton, who, as well as Monsieur Daguerre, is said to be engaged upon several other interesting views, which are to be exhibited in succession at the Diorama.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. TURBAN of blue *crêpe lisse*, confined with white satin bands edged with blond, and ornamented with golden ears of corn.

2. Hair in short full curls on the forehead; ringlets on each side of the ear; a branch of Van Dieman's bells, or *campanule étrangère*, with stamens of spun glass, in front and at the top of the head: the hind hair drawn up plain, and supported by a gold comb.

3. Pale brown beaver riding-hat; silk band of the same colour, and a gold buckle in front. Brussels lace veil.

4. Fancy straw bonnet, lined with rose colour; a plume of white ostrich feathers tipped with rose colour on the right side, and a wreath of anemones and minor convolvuluses round the crown.

FULL DRESS.

Lace dress over a blue satin slip: the *corsage* full, supported in the centre by a row of white satin leaves formed into a stomacher in front, and shaped behind by blue satin lacings:

Vol. II. No. XI.

very full sleeve, separated into *bouffants* by blue satin vandykes extending half way up the sleeve, and is finished by a broad vandyke lace: blue satin band, with radiated leaves behind. The skirt is elegantly ornamented with a row of white satin uniform flowers and an antique wreath of leaves in Moravian work, with a very rich embroidered border of flowers beneath, united by semicircular branches and roses to a pyramidal border that surrounds the bottom of the skirt. Tucker, of a double row of fine tulle: a small bouquet on the right side of the bust. The hair *à la Madonne* in front, with plaited bands round the head, and a bow at the back; demi-wreath of Persian roses behind. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets of dead gold. White kid gloves, trimmed *à la Française*. Transparent painted horn fan. White satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Wadded silk pelisses of dark colours begin to be very much in request in promenade dress; and *gros*

S s

de Naples, poplin, and levantine high dresses, which are worn with *bourre de soie* shawls, have displaced white gowns and silk spencers. We still, however, see a few white dresses, but they are worn either with rich winter shawls or velvet spencers. Furs are expected to be very general; and we have already seen a few pelisses trimmed with ermine, sable, and grey squirrel: this last article it is thought will be very much in fashion this winter.

The present month is not one in which we can expect much novelty: a pelisse, however, has been submitted to our inspection, which we consider extremely appropriate for walking costume. It is a very rich *reps* silk, of a sea-green colour, lined with crimson: the back of the *corsage* has a little fulness, which is confined at the bottom by a twisted band; an ornament in hard silk of the shape of a bell is attached to each hip. Tight long sleeve, terminated by a fulness of satin, confined by narrow velvet bands placed lengthwise, but in a bias direction. The trimming of the pelisse, which goes all round, is of the same description, but much deeper, and the collar and epaulettes correspond. We must observe, that the satin is a shade lighter, and the velvet a shade darker, than the pelisse, which fastens in front by means of hooks and eyes concealed underneath.

Black bonnets begin to appear, but they are not yet very general. Those in rose-coloured satin or *gros de Naples* are very fashionable; and we still see a good many Leghorn bonnets. These last are adorned with feathers or winter flowers; but those of silk have feathers only, which always correspond. Bonnets continue

of the same size, and we do not perceive any alteration in the shape. The brims are simply ornamented with a narrow cord of satin, and the lining always corresponds.

Black satin mantles lined and wadded are very much worn in carriage costume, as are also silk wrapping pelisses trimmed with fur: these are made with loose bodies and large capes; they have very seldom any other trimming than a band quilted in lozenges round the border; they are confined to the waist by a band of watered ribbon, which is fastened by a gold or steel buckle.

Though it is still so early in the season, black velvet hats begin to be seen in carriage dress. They are very much in the Mary Stuart style, ornamented with full plumes of down feathers, which are generally rose colour, *ponceau*, or deep blue tipped with black. Many ladies adopt as an undress bonnet the French *capote*, which is usually made of silk to correspond with the mantle or pelisse, unless the latter happens to be black. The drawings of these *capotes* are placed as near as possible to each other: they are finished at the edge of the brim by a full *ruche* to correspond, and are tied under the chin by a very broad rich ribbon; they have no other trimming.

No decided alteration has taken place as yet in morning dress: we have seen indeed a good many high dresses both in sarsnet and poplin, but muslin is still most in favour. The cauls of morning caps are now made somewhat higher than they were two months ago. *Cornettes* are exclusively confined to morning dress, and we see *demi-cornettes* sometimes even in it.

Muslin is very little seen in dinner

dress, silk cachemire and *barèges* being the materials most in favour. Blond is a good deal used to trim silk dresses: those of *barèges* and cachemire are usually trimmed with the material of the gown intermixed with satin.

Coloured gauze and tulle over white satin slips are much worn in full dress. These materials are also sometimes adopted with a slip of the same colour. Floss silk and chenille mixed with satin are in great favour for trimmings; as is also embroidery of small pearl beads mixed with satin. The skirts of dresses are somewhat

wider than they were, and the hind breadths longer, but not yet so long as to form any kind of train; though it is confidently said, that some very distinguished fashionables intend to revive train dresses this winter. Trimmings are in general deep. The *ceinture* is always of satin, and even where it ends in a bow behind, an ornamental buckle is fixed in the centre of the knot.

Fashionable colours are, rose colour, turquoise-blue, lavender, crimson, emerald-green, *brun-solitaire*, *fumée de Londres*, and *flamme de ponche*.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR fair fashionables have vied with each other during some time past in the elegance with which they dressed to attend the different morning exhibitions, as it is in these places that one sees whatever is considered most elegant and fashionable in half-dress. I shall devote this letter principally to giving you an account of the dresses that I considered most striking.

I have first to observe to you that waists continue as long as ever; that at least nine-tenths of the *corsages* are made *en blouse*; and trimmings are of three different sorts, *ruches*, flounces, and bands *appliquées*. Trimmings in *ruches* are either disposed in three rows placed at some distance from the other, and each progressively smaller, or else they are arranged in wolves' teeth. Flounces are disposed in three rows of three and three together, or in waves. I have remarked that the trimming in *ruches* is seldom deeper than a quar-

ter of a yard; that in flounces is much higher, and the bands *appliquées* come nearly to the knee.

So much for general observation: let me now describe to you some dresses whose peculiar novelty renders them still more worthy of notice; and, first, a gown of violet-coloured *gros de Naples*, the trimming of which consisted of bouquets of tulips and daisies laid on in satin: the leaves of the flowers were raised with wadding. The *corsage* of this dress was draped before and behind in the demi-lozenge style; the fulness being confined by a flower on each shoulder, and in the centre of the back and breast. Short full sleeve; the fulness drawn to the middle of the arm, where it is confined by a small bouquet.

Another dress, made of rose-coloured *barèges*, and trimmed with lilac satin, was ornamented by branches of yew separated by stars.

A third, the wearer of which is one of our most celebrated *merveilleuses*, was of white *barèges* trimmed

with a mixture of *ponceau* and yellow satin in the form of serpents, which confined a full roll of white *barèges*. The bust of this dress was ornamented in the stomacher style with alternate folds of yellow and *ponceau* satin.

Those ladies who affect an elegant dishabille appear in *rédingotes* either of *percale* or clear muslin: the first of these are ornamented with clear muslin rouleaus, three of which go round the bottom and up each front: the *rédingote* is tied up the front by bows of clear muslin, the ends of which are embroidered or trimmed with lace. If the dress is of clear muslin, it is richly embroidered round the border, and lined with white taffetas.

Late as it is in the season, we see very few cachemires except in the promenades; but for the exhibitions a lace scarf or shawl, or one in *barèges*, finished at the end by gold or silver stripes, is usually worn.

The bonnets for these exhibitions are of crape, gauze, satin, and Leghorn. There is at present a rage for such of these last-mentioned hats as are of an extravagant price. The favourite form is the *chapeau à la bergère*. The crowns of silk bonnets are somewhat higher; but the brims still continue small, and generally very wide over the face. *Panaches* of uncurled ostrich feathers of two colours are much in favour, as are also very full plumes of down feathers, and a variety of flowers: among the

most fashionable of the latter are, roses, *mignonette*, daisies, violets, *pensées*, the different sorts of cornflowers, and the red rose of America.

The materials for evening dress still continue extremely light: tulle, gauze, and *crêpe lisse* are all fashionable; but dresses of English net, embroidered *à colonnes*, are still more in favour. Gowns are cut extremely low in evening dress, but the neck is generally shaded by a lace scarf or *sautoir*. Where the robe is not made *en blouse*, the sleeves are very short.

Turbans are now very fashionable in full dress; they are composed of India muslin or *crêpe lisse*, and are fancifully ornamented with flowers, which are partially seen between the folds of the turban.

Cornelian begins to be very much used in jewellery; coloured stones are also greatly in favour, particularly turquoises: the most fashionable necklaces are composed of this last gem, with a mixture of *or-mat*. Earrings of *or-mat*, in the form of a serpent holding an orange in his mouth, are very fashionable. One of the most beautiful ornaments for the hair is a wreath of laurel-leaves mixed with lilies; the latter of pearls, the former of emeralds.

The colours now most in favour are, turquoise-blue, bright ruby, deep rose, violet, lilac, *ponceau*, and *acajou*. Farewell, *ma chère Sophie*! Always your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in November will be published *The Forget Me Not* for 1824, containing twelve highly finished engravings, and a great variety of miscellaneous pieces in

prose and verse; forming altogether a very elegant and acceptable token of remembrance and friendship for the approaching festive season.

In a few days will be published, in an 8vo. volume, *An Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body*, particularly designed for the use of painters, sculptors, and artists in general; translated from the German of J. H. Lavater, and illustrated with twenty-seven lithographic plates.

On the 1st December will be published, the first number of *Portraits of the Passions*, a series of heads, shewing the physiognomical expression of all the principal passions which affect the human mind. The work will consist of from twelve to fourteen monthly numbers, each containing four lithographic plates, designed and drawn on stone by eminent artists. These heads will form an excellent illustration of so much of the foregoing work as relates to the passions.

Letters between Amelia and her Mother, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq. the author of "The Tours of Dr. Syntax," will speedily appear, in one pocket volume.

A new division of the World in Miniature, containing the *Netherlands*, will be published on the 1st December, in one volume, with eighteen coloured engravings.

The New Trial of the Witnesses, or *the Resurrection of Jesus considered*, on principles understood and acknowledged equally by Jews and Christians, will be published in the beginning of November.

In the press, *Italian Tales*; tales of humour, gallantry, and romance; in one volume, small 8vo. embellished with a series of drawings from the pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank.

The Albigenses, a romance by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, author of "Bertram," a tragedy, &c. will be published in November.

A new edition will shortly be published, of *An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL. D.* by Sir William Forbes, Bart. in two vols. 8vo. with portrait.

A new work from the pen of Miss Porter, entitled *Duke Christian of Lüne-*

burg, or *Traditions of the Harz*, will shortly appear in three 12mo. volumes.

Mr. Bernard Cohen is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of the late Pope Pius VII.* including the whole of his private correspondence with the Emperor Napoleon, taken from the archives of the Vatican, with many other interesting particulars of his eventful reign.

Miss Louisa Prinsep has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in two vols. 8vo. a prose translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The Rev. Thomas Pennington has in the press, *Former Scenes Renewed*, or *Notes Classical and Historical*, taken in a Journey into France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, and Residence in those Countries in the years 1818-1821; interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, and Memoirs of the Seven Grand-Dukes of the House of Medici, and of the different Dynasties of Naples and Milan.

Lady Morgan's *Memoirs of Salvatore Rosa* will appear early in November.

An historical novel, illustrative of a most interesting period of Scottish history, being founded on the Gowrie conspiracy, in the reign of James VI. will shortly issue from the Edinburgh press. It is by a new "Unknown," and bears for title *St. Johnstoun*, or *John Earl of Gowrie*.

A new poem from the pen of Mr. Atherstone, author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum," entitled *A Midsummer-Day's Dream*, will shortly appear.

Mr. Gamble, author of "Sketches in Ireland" and other works, has in the press, *Charlton*, or *Scenes in the North of Ireland*.

Montalyth, a Cumberland tale, by Miss Jane Hervey, author of "Sensibility," &c. is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Henderson's *History of Ancient and Modern Wines* will speedily appear, in an elegant 4to. volume, with decorative wood-cuts.

A work entitled *Fatal Errors and Fun-*

damental Truths, in a series of Narratives and Essays, is in the press.

In the month of November will be published *Time's Telescope for 1824*, or *the Astronomer's, Botanist's, Naturalist's, and Historian's Guide for the Year*, forming also a complete illustration of the Almanack; to which will be prefixed an Introduction, containing the Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography, and an Ode to Flowers, written expressly for this work by Bernard Barton.

Mr. Charles Westmacott is about to publish a humorous work, entitled *Points of Misery*, with illustrations by Cruikshank; the subjects affording fine scope for the talents of that ingenious artist.

In many gardens the caterpillar makes terrible ravages among the gooseberry bushes. A respectable farmer mentions a very simple, but, as he has found, a

very effectual method of destroying these insects. "When the bush has only one stalk," says he, "I can manage them famously, but when it divides into a number of branches, with leaves to the very ground, the enemy burrows in the inside, and can scarcely be dislodged by any means. In the first place, I rise betimes, and spreading a good lock of tar round the bottom of the bush, give it two or three hearty shakes, caring very little though the small and cankered berries should fall among the vermin. The first shake is by far the best, for, like the limpet on the rock, the caterpillar has the art of keeping a firm hold when fairly warned. The smell of the tar soon makes the worm shy of creeping up again, and when spread over a whole plot, prevents them from shifting from a bush bare and riddled to one better covered with leaves."

Poetry.

LOVE:

From the German of DEINHARDSTEIN.

Ruby lips and roses smiling,
All my anxious cares beguiling;
Softly pouting, love inviting,
Sweetly blooming, joy exciting;
How enchanting to the sense
Are the charms that you dispense!

Azure eyes, with lustre beaming;
Brilliant stars, through darkness gleaming;
All my wishes fond imparting,
As your glowing beams are darting—
How delightful to the sight
Fair messengers of pleasure bright!

Rosy blushes in the morning
Mark Aurora's beauteous dawning;
Through the mists of evening stealing,
Hesper, his mild rays revealing,
Gilds with hope the lover's heart—
But, ah! too soon his joys depart!
Ipswich, July 1823. L. J.

STANZAS.

Oh! think not Fame's or Fortune's ray
Shall tempt me, love, from thee to wander,
Or all the world deems great or gay
Has power to lure my fond heart yonder!

The flower that turns to meet the sun,
And bends its gentle head before it,
Bows not to any other one,
Though countless worlds are shining o'er it.
HY. NEELE.

Lines on an Autumnal Evening.

Autumn, thy sober beauties yet I love,
And as I walk and muse I love to hear
Thy chilling blast sweep through the faded
grove,
Scattering the yellow foliage; to my ear
The passing bell sounds sweet, its solemn
toll
Seems a soft requiem to departed joy.
This world no longer charms; my wearied soul
Pants for repose, which vice cannot destroy.
Autumn, thy faded honours now
Present an emblem of my woe;
And oft, with tearful eye, in other days
I lived to contemplate thy sky serene;
To watch thy setting sun, where parting rays
Crimson'd the vast horizon: these have been
My heart's best pleasures. Friendship's ties,
And all the social harmonies I knew,
Fond memory recalls with frequent sighs—
The blessings which in retrospect I view.
Autumn, thy glowing tints are flown—
I hail thy gloomier prospect as my own.

VALERIA.



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER 1, 1823.

N^o. XII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND VOL.	
2. VIEW OF DROPMORE-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF LORD GRENVILLE, NORTH FRONT	311
3. ————— SOUTH FRONT	312
4. VIEW OF BEAUMONT LODGE, THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT ASHBROOK	314
5. LADIES' FULL DRESS	364
6. ————— EVENING DRESS	365
7. SPECIMEN OF THE PORTRAITS OF THE PASSIONS	368

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Dropmore-House, the Seat of Lord GRENVILLE	311
Beaumont-Lodge, the Seat of VISCOUNT ASHBROOK	314
Letters from Reginald Filterbrain of the Inner Temple, Esq. Letter VI.	315
Letter from the Reporter of the Debates in the French Female Parliament	317
Adorgama and Olliena	319
GAELIC RELICS. No. VIII. The Fairies' Ball	321
Historical and Descriptive Particulars respecting the Town of Angers and its Environs	322
The Garden: A Rhapsody	327
Trifles	329
Oriental Fidelity and Love	332
On Shandean Prepossessions in Favour of certain Baptismal Names	333
Royal and Loyal Holiday Entertainment	337
On External Indications of Character	338
The Infant Shepherd and Poet, from the French of Florian	342
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. IV. <i>ib.</i>	
GUOST STORIES. No. III.—The Ghost of St. Germain	347
Of the Courts of Love in the Ages of Chivalry	350
Original Letters from the late Count Volney	356
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and PERSONAL—Thomas à Becket—Royal Knight-Errantry—Pyramids	358

MUSICAL REVIEW.

	PAGE
KITCHINER'S Sea-Songs of Charles Dibdin	359
LATOUR'S Airs in Rossini's Opera of Ricciardo e Zoraide	360
KALKRENNER'S Impromptu on the Irish Air, "The Bard's Request"	<i>ib.</i>
Les belles Fleurs. Nos I and II.	361
CRAMER'S Rode's celebrated Air sung by Madame Catalani	<i>ib.</i>
————— Arrangement of a Romance by Bishop	362
RAWLINGS' Divertisement	<i>ib.</i>
KIALLMARK'S "Yes, thou art gone!"	363
ROSSINI'S "Adieu, adieu, my love"	<i>ib.</i>
POOLE'S "We're a noddin'"	<i>ib.</i>
RIMBAULT'S Select French Romances. No. VII	<i>ib.</i>
HUGHES' "County Guy"	<i>ib.</i>
GUTTERIDGE'S "Thou rob'st my days of business and delight"	364

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Full Dress	364
Ladies' Evening Dress	365
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	<i>ib.</i>
French Female Fashions	366

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	367
Portraits of the Passions	368
INDEX	369

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the conclusion of a new stage of our periodical labours, we cannot forbear adverting to the signal success which has attended our endeavours for the improvement of the New Series of the Repository, the increased circulation of which requires the expression of our sincere acknowledgments, not only to those subscribers with whose support we have but recently been honoured, but to the old friends, to whose patronage and encouragement we have been long indebted. It is particularly gratifying to know, that one of these features of improvement has obtained universal approbation: we allude to the introduction of Views of the Country-Seats of our Nobility and Gentry, which in time will form a highly interesting collection, as they are all engraved from drawings taken on the spot, at a considerable expense, expressly for our Publication. We avail ourselves of this occasion to express our obligations for the facility of access, information, and assistance, afforded by the owners of many of these mansions to our artist in the prosecution of his task; and venture to bespeak the like favour of those whose Seats will be represented in our future Numbers.

To a CONSTANT READER, who is indignant at an opinion expressed in the paper of a correspondent inserted in our last Number, we can only intimate, that the same channel is open for the refutation of that opinion, as for its publication.

Another CONSTANT READER would esteem it a great favour if any of our Correspondents can inform him, "Where and in what year Thomas Tompion, the celebrated watchmaker, was born."

If this should meet the eye of the Lady who transmitted from Preston two articles to Mr. ACKERMANN for the FORGET ME NOT, she is requested to favour him with the address to which a packet for her may be sent, as the letter containing it has been unluckily mislaid.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the SECOND VOLUME, THIRD SERIES.

No.	PAGE	No.	PAGE
VII.	1. Frontispiece . . . to face the Title . . . 1	X.	20. View of Eaton-Hall, Cheshire, West Front . . . 187
	2. View of Tabley-House . . . 2		21. ——— East Front . . . 190
	3. Scene in Tabley-Park . . . 56		22. Temple at Eaton . . . 191
	4. Ladies' Morning Dress . . . ib.		23. Ladies' Morning Dress . . . 243
	5. ——— Ball Dress . . . 59		24. ——— Ball Dress . . . ib.
	6. Fashionable Chairs . . . 59		25. Muslin Patterns.
	7. Muslin Patterns.		26. View of Sophia-Lodge . . . 249
VIII.	8. View of Ditton Park . . . 63	XI.	27. ——— the Conservatory, Sophia Lodge . . . 250
	9. ——— Holly-Grove-House . . . 64		28. ——— Woodside . . . 251
	10. ——— the Pavilion, Font-hill Abbey . . . 103		29. Ladies' Head-Dresses . . . 305
	11. National Polonaise, by T. W. P. OGINSKY . . . 113		30. ——— Full Dress . . . ib.
	12. Ladies' Evening Dress . . . 120		31. Muslin Patterns.
	13. ——— Ball Dress . . . 121	XII.	32. View of Droppore-House, North Front . . . 311
IX.	14. View of Tatton-Hall, Cheshire . . . 125		33. — South Front . . . 312
	15. ——— Bury Hill, Surrey . . . 126		34. Beaumont Lodge . . . 314
	16. Ladies' Morning Dress . . . 184		35. Ladies' Full Dress . . . 364
	17. ——— Evening Dress . . . ib.		36. ——— Evening Dress . . . 365
	18. State-Bed . . . 185		37. Specimen of the Portraits of the Passions . . . 368
	19. Muslin Patterns.		

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. THORNBILL, 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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DROGHEDA,
SEAT OF EARL GREVILLE.

J. Cundall del.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER 1, 1823.

N^o. XII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

DROPMORE-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF LORD GRENVILLE.

THIS noble residence is situated in the parish of Hitcham, about three miles from Maidenhead, in Berkshire. In the reign of Henry VIII. the manor was the property of Lord Chief Justice Baldwin, from whom it descended to his grand-daughter, who conveyed it in marriage to Sir Wm. Clerke. It was purchased by Lord Grenville of the family of Freind, descended from the eminent scholar and celebrated physician, Dr. John Freind. The mansion was built by the present noble owner, and is an elegant structure, combining simplicity with richness. The North Front, as represented in the annexed engraving, is pleasing, from the delightful and harmonious play of lines; it is varied without being cut up, and from the boldness of the projections a fine relief is obtained, which bears

Vol. II. No. XII.

out a beautiful portico that graces the centre. A raised terrace of stone is continued from the portico on this side, which forms a pleasing walk to the South Front, decorated as it is with vases that contain flowering shrubs. The flight of steps on this side leads to the Hall of Entrance, which is a fine room, and contains, between scagliola columns of handsome proportions, some beautiful busts, chiefly by Nollekin. Among others, are those of the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Chatham, the Right Hon. William Pitt, the Marquis of Buckingham, the Right Hon. William Wyndham, Lord Grenville, the Right Hon. George Grenville (prime minister in 1763, and the celebrated author of the Grenville Act), the Hon. Thomas Grenville, and Richard Grenville. Connected with

T T

this is an Anti-Room, containing some beautiful cabinet pictures of Claude, Poussin, Canaletti, as well as some of the Dutch masters. Beyond this room on the one side is a fine proportioned Dining-Room, containing some capital portraits. The anti-room communicates as well with the library and drawing-room, a very elegant apartment, containing some superb inlaid and richly wrought pieces of furniture. The walls are of a warm tint in compartments, decorated with scrolls finished in gold, while the deep cornice forms a cone of elegant workmanship. At one end of this room is Lady Grenville's Reading-Room, fitted up with great taste, and nearly similar to the drawing-room, containing a collection of books of the choicest authors. At the other end is Lord Grenville's Reading-Room, which, besides a valuable collection of books, contains a capital portrait of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Hoppner. The house is situated on a commanding spot, and to the south has most extensive views.

Our Second View represents the South Front, along which is a pleasing verandah, decorated within and without by a variety of creeping plants; while the space immediately in front is gay and fragrant with flowers, formed in beds and growing from vases of elegant forms. The north front includes the hall, dining-room, and domestic offices, by which arrangement it is always cool and comfortable. The south front embraces the Drawing-Room, which constitutes as well an elegant library, as has been noticed, with its connecting reading and sitting rooms; and on a level with the lawn, the centre verandah forms by its breadth a

conservatory: thus affording a delightful dry walk in the wet season, while in the fine it throws on the rooms an agreeable shade, which renders them pleasing at all hours for reading or study. This blending of Drawing-Room and Library has been justly appreciated by an elegant and scientific writer*, who observes, that "formerly the library was placed in any retired part of the principal floor, or in some nook, and as far from the drawing-room as possible, as if wholly unsuitable to female occupation, and only to be consulted by the grave on abstruse points of gloomy study, and which admitted no feminine participation. All this is altered: the library is now in daily use; it is one of the chief apartments; it is a room of morning study, and of evening reading and recreation: its contents have been augmented by productions in the fine arts of every description, and would rather seem devoted to the most refined class of intellectual attainments, than to monastic seclusion, which formerly seemed to 'possess it merely.'"

In a line with this front are the green-houses, hot-houses, and other useful elegancies required in a flower-garden of such ample dimensions: the arrangement is so aptly made, that these buildings not only form of themselves embellishments of the first class, but conduce in part to screen the stables and out-houses, which in turn are rendered subservient to the general whole.

Immediately connected with this, and stretching along the commanding brow of a hill to the south, is the *winter walk*, formed of evergreens and flowering shrubs; thus carrying

* John Buonarroti Papworth on *Ornamental Gardening*.



J. Constable del.

ROMNEY,

SEAT OF LORD GREVILLE.

From the original.

forward the polished arrangement of the flower-garden into the pleasure-grounds; here a tent, as a retreat from sudden showers, constitutes a resting and a reading place. Hence the aviary, the singing of the birds, the endless variety of flowers of every hue that adorn the way, the rose, the myrtle, and sweet herbs that perfume the air, with charming breaks of the sweetest distances, contribute in the highest degree to the satisfaction of the mind. From this walk and from the front of the mansion, the ground slopes gracefully into the amphitheatre of woods beneath. Imagination can scarcely picture to itself a scene so sweet and so enchanting as the vast and beautiful vale stretching away, a sea of waving woods, to the distant blue horizon, bearing aloft in the middle distance, tinged with the warm grey of a summer's day, the noble pile of Windsor's royal palace and Eton's classic fane. As viewed from a circular Grecian stone seat that embellishes these delicious grounds, the home-scene so exquisitely blends with the distance, as to form a view fit only for the pencil of a Claude or a Turner. All breathes mildness and tranquillity, an air of loveliness and content: it is rich in the extreme, without wildness, and the happy combination indicates the finest taste, accompanied with the most luxuriant imagination. Few would conceive the place to have been a mere waste before the noble proprietor purchased it, when a small cottage only stood on the site of the present beautiful residence, where dwell ease and gracefulness, combining gaiety and luxuriance with uniformity and propriety. It is but justice to state the

whole to be the creation of Lord and Lady Grenville, who daily take delight in watching over and carefully improving the woods by judicious thinning. The lodges must not be forgotten; for the same taste that pervades the mansion and grounds, is displayed in the approaches. The principal Entrance-Lodge to the north is a fanciful cottage, of considerable size, that strongly reminds the spectator of those rich old English cottages that we now see only in prints, as in some of Cuitt's richest portions of Chester. It is formed after the best specimens of old English carved oak in panels; while the windows, particularly the porch, are as rich in carved work as possible, no expense being spared to obtain fine specimens for its completion. When finished, for it is we understand to have a carved gallery carried round it, this lodge will be a perfect model, which we should denominate the Swiss Lodge.

The Lodge to the south is equally pretty, but in a different style, being thatched, with luxuriant plants trailing over its surfaces: in form it is as elegant as possible.

Though the whole of the domain is private, any person who may wish to see these grounds is permitted to range where fancy guides. The artist avails himself of this opportunity to return his grateful acknowledgments to the noble proprietors of Dropmore, for the very polite attention he there experienced; as well as to many other families of distinction, who have kindly noticed his endeavours to do justice to their respective beautiful seats which he has had the honour to visit.

BEAUMONT LODGE,

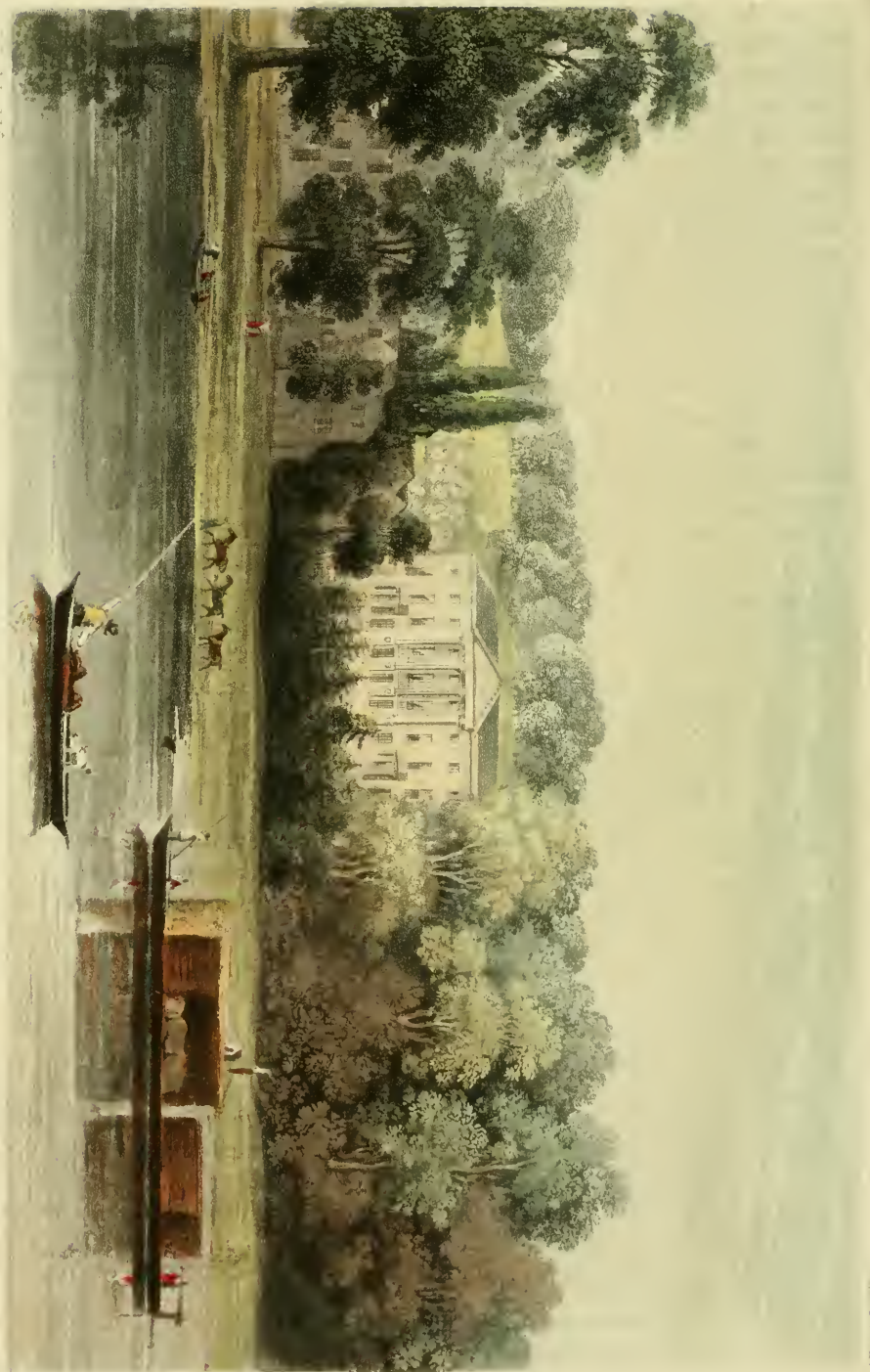
THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT ASHBROOK.

-THIS delightful villa is situated in Old Windsor, on the banks of the Thames, Berkshire, and is the property of Henry Jeffery Flower, Viscount Ashbrook, who purchased it in 1806. The original house, of which but little remains, was built in the beginning of the last century by Henry Frederick Thynne, Esq. of the family of the present Marquis of Bath. We find it next in the possession of the Duchess of Kent, who sold it to the Duke of Roxburgh in 1750, when it became the residence of his son, the Marquis of Beaumont; since which time it has borne the name of Beaumont Lodge, though it has successively been in the possession of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, Thoma. Watts, Esq. Warren Hastings, Esq. governor-general of Bengal, and was for some time the residence of Earl Mulgrave's father. Warren Hastings sold it to Henry Griffiths, Esq. to whom the mansion owes its present appearance; he demolished the old structure, with the exception of a portion of the west wing. The principal front is of considerable elevation; it has a corridor, which consists of coupled columns, or rather columns in imitation of twin trees growing from one root; the shield of a knight is introduced between the stems, and the capitals are formed after the caps worn by the knights of the Garter; the star of the order forms a centre, the whole furnished with Ionic volutes and other emblematical figures of the arms of England. The metopes are ornamented by the George and collar; the ornaments of the frieze over the columns are composed of ostrich feathers, tied with ribbons and blended

with acorns, while the continued frieze is made up of naval and military trophies. The columns in height are 36 feet 8 inches.

Our description of this novelty is particular, it being intended as a new order, to be denominated the British Order. It is well known that the French long since encouraged the attempt to compose a new order: in the reign of Louis XIV. a reward was offered by that monarch to any one who should form a new order; still it was not effected, and we must leave it to the world to judge if Mr. Emlyn has been more fortunate. The attempt is praiseworthy, but the purity and the splendour of our existing orders render all such attempts difficult, if not impossible.

The interior of this mansion is elegant and convenient. Among other pictures, is an original portrait of Oliver Cromwell, brought by Lord Ashbrook from his manor-house at Hitcham. The views from the front of the house are pleasing, embracing the Thames, with all its sinuosities and well-wooded banks. The grounds, though limited, are varied and beautiful, from their sweeping along the side of a hill, from the brow of which the views are very fine; the castle of Windsor coming full upon the view on the one side, while a rich extent of country is commanded on the other, embracing St. Leonard's Hill with its fine woods, crowned by the mansion of Earl Harcourt. To the east, a portion of London may be distinctly seen in fine weather. Our View is taken from the opposite bank, shewing the full extent of the river, with a portion of its surrounding scenery.



Windsor Hill

BEAUMONT LODGE,
SEAT OF VISCOUNT ASHBROOK

LETTERS FROM REGINALD FILTERBRAIN

Of the INNER TEMPLE, Esq.

LETTER VI.

“ Come in, and let us banquet royally.”

First Part—*Henry VI.*

You wish me to write, my dear friend, and you ask
 What, at present, I find not the most easy task.
 Ever since I got up, I've been stretching and yawning,
 Having not gone to bed till the daylight was dawning.

You must know yesterday was high festival here,
 'Twas the coming of age of our host's son and heir.
 On an ox roasted whole, with plum-pudding and ale,
 Did the tenants and poor of the village regale;
 While we, the *great folks*, had a feast, where the fare,
 Though in equal abundance, was splendid and rare.
 I'll not dwell on each dainty we had, for I'm sure
 'Tis a theme you detest, and I'm no epicure.
 The wines were surpassing, and, oh! such a blaze
 Of beauty you never beheld in your days!

But pass we the dinner—the dishes were clear'd,
 And a princely dessert on the table appear'd;
 Then follow'd a silence so dread and profound,
 You might hear e'en a pin had it dropt to the ground:
 'Twas a doubt who should rise and pronounce the oration,
 Prefacing a toast on the happy occasion.
 I soon found, from all eyes being tow'rd's me directed,
 That from me, as one “ bred to the bar,” 'twas expected.
 You may judge how in utter confusion I stared,
 For a task so appalling by no means prepared.

Taking courage at last, from the nearest decanter
 I fill'd up a bumper, and rising *instantly*,
 Address'd them as follows: “ Come, pledge me with wine—
 Here's a health to our friend!—fill your glasses as mine.
 May each hope and each promise which ever yet thrill'd
 The fond heart of a parent in him be fulfill'd!
 May time, the grand test of our hopes and our fears,
 Shed light on his name as it adds to his years!
 May the welcome from Friendship's and Beauty's bright brow
 Ever beam on his path as they circle him now!
 And when age with its honours comes silently on,
 And throws mellowness over the days that are gone,
 Oh! then while reviewing the book of his years,
 May he find, though some pages be moisten'd by tears,
 There are yet precious leaves on which memory will pore
 In rapture and fondness till life's latest hour!
 And, oh! might I add to these wishes one word,
 It would be, may the parents who furnish'd this board
 See their son when the ray of his honour's most bright,
 And long, long may they live to rejoice in its light!”

My speech would, of course, be applauded by all,
 Had my skull been as thick as the grand China wall.
 The glass circled gaily, although our potations
 Were less than is usual on such grand occasions.
 You'd have felt for your friend, for 'twas not very long
 Ere I heard—" Mr. Filterbrain, give us a song!"
 In vain were entreaties a substitute craving;
 In vain I declared myself hoarse as a raven—
 " Needs must" I soon found, and so clearing my throat,
 I sung thus, though of music scarce knowing a note :

I've found the world of wonders full,
 Some vex and some surprise one :
 I've seen a thick and brainless skull
 Pass current for a wise one.

I've been, like other folks, by slaves
 Of various sorts surrounded :
 Some were fools, and some were knaves,
 And some of both compounded.

I've seen many a man, for lack of pelf,
 Wed a woman as old as his mother ;
 And many a widow console herself
 For one husband by taking another.

I knew a priest, when he quitted the desk,
 Against grammar and rhetoric sinning ;
 He meant the sublime, but produced the *grotesque*,
 And set all his parishioners grinning.

I knew two foes—'twas a deadly feud—
 Lord, how they abused one another !
 When all of a sudden their rage was subdued,
 And they shook hands like brother and brother.

I marvell'd to see how well they combin'd
 Their *soda carbonas* and tartar :
 I look'd out at the window, and found that the wind
 Had chopp'd round to a different quarter.

'Then pour me forth a glass of wine—
 How bright! I pray you view it ;
 'Tis like—like what?—this purse of mine,
 For I see the sunbeam through it.

The fête with a ball and grand supper concluded,
 Nor thought we of parting till daylight intruded :
 But 'tis time, my dear friend, I was snoozing again—
 So believe me most truly yours, R. FILTERBRAIN.

W. H. H.

LETTER FROM THE REPORTER OF THE DEBATES IN THE FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

A FINE scrape you have brought me into! Here I am incarcerated, and likely to be guillotined, for ought I know, in consequence of my zeal in your service. *Ah! malheureux moi!* What had I to do with petticoat politics? And why did you throw temptation in my way in the shape of a handsome stipend for reporting the proceedings of the French Female Parliament? You well know with what reluctance I undertook the mission, and how often you declared to me that it could never endanger my neck. Now, sir, mark the end of all your specious assurances! Here I am in limbo, and what is worse, with little prospect of getting out of it, as you shall hear.

Finding my health rather impaired by my close attendance on the parliament, I determined during the last recess on an excursion into the country; and accordingly I set out in the *diligence* for Toulouse, carrying nothing with me but a few shirts and my last report, which I had taken as usual in short-hand. I amused myself now and then with looking it over on the road; while I was doing so I perceived one of my fellow-travellers, who, by the bye, had very much the appearance of a thief-taker, eyeing me very suspiciously, and soon after he began to ask me some rather impertinent questions, which I answered shortly enough. I had soon reason to repent of my abruptness; for a few minutes after I had taken possession of an apartment at the inn where we stopped, this man, followed by another ill-looking fellow, entered my room without ceremony, and sig-

nifying to me that they were agents of the police, demanded my name and occupation. "Occupation!" replied I, while all the blood of the O'Scribes rushed into my face at his impertinence; "I am a gentleman."—" *Sans doute,*" cried the insolent rascal in a tone of mockery, and glancing at the same time at my coat, which *entre nous* is rather rusty; "but you have, however, the condescension to make yourself useful to society in some capacity or other, have not you?"—"Yes," exclaimed I, warmed by a sense of my own literary importance, "yes, truly, I am the greatest benefactor to society that exists!"—"As how?"—"As an *homme de lettres,*" repeated I triumphantly; "I am a man of great science, of universal information, and——"—"That's enough," cried he, interrupting me and turning to the other: "yes, yes, the fellow makes precious use of his information no doubt: secure his papers;" and in spite of all my remonstrances, to it they fell. Every hole and corner of my apartment was rummaged, the closets and cupboards completely gutted; they even examined my bed, and peeped into my boots, which I had just taken off; and, finally, one of them informed me, with a low bow, that he must have the honour of searching my person.

By the beard of Apollo, Mr. Editor, this last piece of politeness was too much for my patience, and I lent the grinning rascal a box on the ear that made him stagger: but in the twinkling of an eye a number of *gens d'armes* rushed in; I was surrounded, stripped, the debates taken from my

pocket, and away I was hurried to a place that had very much the appearance of a Bastille, where I was received by a gruff-looking man, with the comfortable declaration, that the only way to save my neck was to acknowledge immediately all the particulars of the plot I was engaged in, and to give up my accomplices.

"Zounds!" cried I, "you are enough to drive a man crazy among you! I tell you I have no plot to acknowledge; no accomplices to give up. I am here in a literary capacity. In short, since the truth must out, I am reporter of the debates in the French Female Parliament."—"The what?" cried he staring at me.—"The French Female Parliament," repeated I emphatically; "that illustrious assembly, whose wise and patriotic measures, detailed in the most eloquent language by my classic pen —"

"Poor fellow!" interrupted he with a look of commiseration; and turning to the police agent, "here's some mistake: this man is mad, absolutely *non compos*."—"No such thing," replied the other, "he is no more mad than I am: 'tis a trick to evade the law. You may see what an artful traitor he is by the impossibility of decyphering the manuscript found on his person."

"That," said I, "is an account of the debates in both Chambers taken in short-hand, and which, with the permission of *Monsieur le Juge de Paix*, I will read to him directly." I began to do so with due emphasis and discretion. But, alas! Mr. Editor, my plain unvarnished tale had no effect upon these Goths and Vandals; they had never heard of the Female Parliament, and they persisted in declaring that I used the name of that

august assembly only as a cover for the treasonable designs which they had no doubt my papers contained.

In short, sir, after a two hours' examination, I was ordered to prison, where I have now been three days in limbo; and what is to become of me if you can do nothing in my behalf, heaven only knows! I might indeed apply for protection to the female legislators, but in escaping Scylla I should most likely rush upon Charybdis; for as I have never obtained permission from either Chamber to publish their proceedings, the probability is, that if they delivered me from the clutches of the police, they would punish me themselves; and you may perceive by the recent case of M. Dureau de la Malle, that mercy is not one of the darling attributes of this illustrious body. Lose no time therefore, sir, I beg of you, in representing my case to our ministers; and be sure to explain to them properly the great injury which the interests of literature must sustain by my detention, as well as the wound which would be inflicted on the national honour should I be guillotined. I protest, the probability of this last circumstance brings tears into my eyes; not for my own fate—no, sir, I have a soul above all selfish considerations—but for the irreparable loss which my country will sustain whenever she is deprived of the services of her and your ever devoted,

SKETCHER O'SCRIBE.

We present the above letter to our readers as an apology for not giving as usual the report of the debates in the French Female Parliament; and as we have no doubt that they are truly interested in the fate of our reporter, we have great plea-

sure in informing them, that we have been fortunate enough to procure his liberty, without being obliged to solicit the intervention of our government; and we have farther to add,

that matters are so arranged as to secure to us in future a continuance of his valuable labours without interruption.

EDITOR.

ADORGAMA AND OLLIENA.

AN expedition from Spain, under the command of Don Juan Bejon, accompanied by a dignified ecclesiastic, landed on the 22d of June, 1477, in the principal of the Canary Islands, and pitched their tents where now stands the city of Palma. The Canarians were then assembled to decide by duel a dispute between two of their chiefs. The custom of the country required the combatants to engage in full view of a vast assemblage of the people. The attack commenced by throwing three round stones, which, with dexterous agility, each endeavoured to avoid. Then, armed with a cudgel in the right hand, and a sharp stone in the left, they beat and cut each other, until the *gayres* or nobles cried *Gama*, which signified enough.

The champions were about to retire in perfect reconciliation, when five *magadas*, or religious women, breathless and half distracted, announced a hostile debarkation. The Canarians rushed to arms, and assailed the Spaniards with the desperate impetuosity of men resolved to die, or to expel the enemies of their freedom. During three hours the conflict was maintained with heroic perseverance on the part of the islanders, but with overwhelming power by the discipline and fire-arms of the invaders. The most illustrious Canarian chief, Adorgama, penetrating too eagerly a column of the Spanish ar-

my, fell wounded and insensible into their hands. His extraordinary stature and valorous exploits in the fight attracted peculiar notice, and he was carefully attended in the hospital, where youth and a constitution unbroken by luxury surmounted agonizing pangs of mind and body. To be a captive when his services might be so important to his country, to be torn from the beloved Olliena and his children, and to be uncertain of their fate, or the decisive struggles of his countrymen, were evils almost overpowering even to his magnanimous spirit. The image of Olliena never left his thoughts during the day; and when a short, a troubled sleep suspended the acute sense of calamity, his spouse and her infants seemed to float before him on the breeze—lovely, but thin, unsubstantial, yet endearing phantoms. He knew not their fate; he still hoped against the forebodings of his heart, that death had removed them from a land subjugated by pitiless strangers.

In the great mountain of Dormas resided Olliena, the young and beautiful mate of Adorgama. In fragrant groves she listened to the purling of limpid waters, responsive to whispering gales, and at intervals lost in concerts of a thousand Canary birds, chanting symphonies to the rising sun. A messenger sought the chieftainess Olliena in those enchanting solitudes. She was found. He cried

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aloud, ere he drew near, "Ravagers from distant lands have poured mortal thunders and horrible lightnings upon the Canarians. Adorgama, forcing a way through their ranks, to meet the leader of our foes hand to hand, hath been made captive."—"Words untrue!" said Olliena; "Adorgama would not be seized while life remained."—"Adorgama lives," said the messenger: "mangled and insensible, he fell into the power of the enemy, and perhaps breathes no longer. His father bids thee hasten to our camp, to save thee from dishonour, and thy children from slavery."

Olliena stood aghast one brief moment—then flew to her peaceful abode, the abode of innocence and connubial love. She called her faithful attendants to bear her little ones to the camp; and just as she was ready to depart, the house was surrounded by a numerous detachment of Spaniards. Olliena with her children and domestics concealed themselves in a hidden recess of the dwelling. The soldiers pillaged and then set fire to the building: Olliena, her offspring and attendants were suffocated and reduced to ashes.

Adorgama, the brave unfortunate prisoner in the castle of Guineguada, was the most athletic and dexterous wrestler of his nation, and in durance to the spoiler of his native land his only solace was to lose the recollection of past days in feats of activity. He was sent to Spain, to amuse the king and his nobles. When at Seville, a peasant of La Mancha, famous for address and vigour, chal-

lenged the Canarian prince to a trial of skill.

"Brother," said Adorgama, "I never have taken advantage of any man; and it is but fair to give thee a specimen of my prowess before we come to a more fierce encounter. Let us have a glass of wine together, and if you can prevent me from drinking a bumper without spilling one drop, then will I wrestle with you; but if not, you had better go home in peace."

Adorgama deliberately swallowed the glass of wine, though the peasant used every means to disturb and prevent him. This short trial convinced the challenger that he ought to proceed no further.

Sixteen months after Adorgama was sent to Spain, a Canarian, who came thither as servant to a Spanish officer, informed him of the fate of his loved Olliena. He had sustained all other misfortunes with undaunted courage, but his heart was incurably stricken by the melancholy catastrophe of those who were dearer to him than individual freedom and prosperity. He drooped, and soon died. When the Spaniards attempted to console his grief, he said, it was indeed sweet to his soul that Olliena had escaped for ever from oppressors; but their existence was one and inseparable. He had lived but in the hope of rejoining her on earth; and since she was gone, it only remained for him to follow, where no destroyer of unoffending strangers could be admitted. Adorgama expired, rejoicing that he was going to Olliena.

B. G.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. VIII.

THE FAIRIES' BALL.

MR. STEWART, in his interesting work on the Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland, relates the following tradition.

Nearly three hundred years ago there lived in Strathspey, two men greatly celebrated for their performances upon the fiddle. It happened upon a certain Christmas-time they had formed the resolution of going to Inverness, to be employed in their musical capacities during that festive season. Accordingly having arrived in the great town, and secured lodgings, they sent round the newsman and his bell, to announce to the inhabitants their arrival in town, and the object of it; their great celebrity in their own country, and the number of tunes they played, with the rate per day, per night, or hour. Very soon after they were called upon by a venerable-looking old man, grey-haired and somewhat wrinkled, of genteel deportment and liberal disposition; for instead of grudging their charges, he only said he would double their demand. They cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and soon found themselves at the door of a very curious dwelling, the appearance of which they did not at all relish. It was night, but still they could easily distinguish the house to be neither like the great castle Grant, castle Lethindry, castle Roy, or castle na-Muckeruch, or any other residence of their chief, nor any house they had seen in their travels. It resembled a huge fairy Tomhan, such as are seen in Glenmore. But

the mild persuasive eloquence of their guide, enforced by the irresistible arguments of a purse of gold, soon removed any scruples they entertained at entering so novel a mansion. They entered the place, and all sensations of fear were soon absorbed in admiration of the august assembly around them. Stringtuned to sweet harmony soon gave birth to glee in the dwelling. The floor bounded beneath the agile "fantastic toe," and gaiety in its height pervaded every soul present. The night passed on harmoniously, while the diversity of the reels and the loveliness of the dancers presented to the fiddlers the most gratifying scene they had ever witnessed; and in the morning, when the ball was terminated, they took their leave, sorry that their term of engagement was so short, and highly gratified with the liberal treatment they had experienced. But what was their astonishment on issuing from this strange dwelling, when they beheld the novel scene which surrounded them! Instead of coming out of a castle, they found they had issued from a little hill, they knew not by what way; and on entering the town, they found the objects which yesterday shone in the splendour of novelty, to-day exhibit only the ruins and ravages of time, while strange innovations of dress and manners displayed by the numerous spectators, filled them with wonder and consternation. At last a mutual understanding took place between themselves and the crowd assembled to look upon them;

and a short account of their adventures led the more sagacious among the crowd to suspect at once that they had been paying a visit to the inmates of Tomnafuirach, which, not long ago, was the grand rendezvous of fairy bands inhabiting the adjacent districts; and the arrival of a very old man on the spot set the matter at rest. He walked up to the two poor old oddities who were the objects of amazement, and having learned their history, thus addressed them: "You are the two men my great-grandfather lodged, and who, it was supposed, were decoyed by Thomas Rymer to Tomnafuirach. Sorely did your friends lament your loss; but the lapse of a hundred years has now rendered your name extinct."

The Gaelic Relics that have appeared in the *Repository* afford animated sketches of the genius, sentiments, and manners of the mighty chiefs who were the nearest de-

scendants of Fingal and his heroes. They bear internal evidence of being the composition of bards in the highest classes of society. The very amusing volume from which we have taken the adventures of a Highland Van Winkel has preserved the traditional lore of their vassals in extensive districts. It is a curious coincidence, that a people who never could have heard of the German or Transatlantic Epimenides should have a story on the same basis current among them from time immemorial. Several of the narratives related by Mr. Stewart will afford gratification to readers who find an agreeable exercise of their higher faculties, in comparing those similitudes in the creations of fancy among tribes the most distant in situation and circumstances. For instance, to compare them with the German, or Northern, or Asiatic tales, might furnish speculation for a metaphysical genius, in tracing the affinities of imagination.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE TOWN OF ANGERS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE following miscellaneous particulars respecting one of the less known districts of France, are extracted from the interesting *Recherches Historiques sur l'Anjou*, &c. by M. Bodin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, just published at Paris.

René le Bon, King of Sicily, and Count of Provence and Anjou, a prince of a chivalrous disposition, announced in 1446 his intention to hold a tournament, which he did soon afterwards. It took place in a plain near Saumur. The first prize was a fine *dextrier* (horse), and the second was a *fermaille* (coffer) enriched

with diamonds. The king defrayed the expenses of the tournament.

Three years afterwards the same prince gave another tournament at Tarascon in Provence, an account of which has been written by an Angevin, Louis de Beauvais. "At that epocha," says M. Bodin, "such was the gross ignorance of the French nobility, that the greater part of them thought it an honour not to know how to read or write. At the court of Anjou, on the contrary, most of the great, following the example of their prince, were men of letters, and many of them have left us in their works proofs of no mean talent."

The prince who excited this noble emulation was indeed an honour to the age in which he lived, and not less distinguished by the goodness of his heart than by his talents. He was well skilled in painting, and has left a treatise on tournaments enriched with designs by his own hand, which is still extant in the king's library in Paris.

Prefixed to the account of the tournament at Tarascon, given by Beauvais, is a miniature representation of the opening of this tournament. You see a landscape, in the middle of which is a shepherdess, and near her a large tree, from which hang two helmets, one white and the other black: the first was the symbol of joy. The prize was a bouquet and a kiss of the shepherdess.

This tournament lasted three days; several of the champions broke three lances, but Ferri de Lorraine was the only one who broke four, and he consequently gained the prize.

Private houses, however magnificent, were formerly called in Anjou *logis*. *Le Logis Barrault* at Angers was built in the 15th century by Oliver Barrault, treasurer of Bretagne.

When Cæsar Borgia, Duc de Valentinois, went to France, bringing from Rome to Louis XII. bills of divorce and dispensation of marriage, the prince, who received him at Chinon, and accompanied him to Angers, conducted him to the *Logis Barrault*. This hotel belonged afterwards to Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV. This princess made it her residence. It is now appropriated to the public service, and contains the Museum, the Cabinet of

Natural History, and the Public Library of the town of Angers.

The *Château du Verger*, four leagues from Angers, which was begun in 1499, was demolished in 1780 and the following years. This superb *château* consisted of two grand paved courts, flanked by round towers placed at its extreme angles: it was built of beautiful white stone; the architecture was demi-Gothic; it was a sort of compound of the Arabian, Grecian, and Roman architecture, on account of which this edifice was extremely interesting to the history of the art. Its execution was perfect; its ornaments, of which it had a great number, were executed with an admirable delicacy, which accorded well with the *regeasse* of which it was built, a sort of stone a great deal whiter, nearly as hard, and of a grain as fine as alabaster.

Our author gives the following account of the entry of the Duc de Valentinois into Angers: The procession was opened by twenty-four beautiful mules loaded with coffers, the lids of which were ornamented with the arms of the duke; they were followed by the same number of mules, whose housings were of red and yellow cloth, the colours of the king's livery; twelve mules of still superior beauty, with housings of yellow satin, came next; and after them ten more mules, whose housings were cloth of gold, making in all seventy mules of the finest kind. These were succeeded by sixteen stately horses, whose housings were of red and yellow cloth. Next came eighteen pages well mounted, sixteen of whom were attired in crimson velvet, and two in cloth of gold. Then

appeared six most beautiful mules richly caparisoned, which were led by grooms dressed in crimson velvet; they were followed by two mules carrying coffers covered with gold cloth, which were filled with gold vessels and precious stones. After them came thirty gentlemen dressed in gold and silver cloth. Then followed musicians and trumpeters richly habited, preceding the duke, who was surrounded by twenty-four valets habited in crimson velvet and yellow satin. Nothing could be more magnificent than the appearance of the duke: he was mounted on a superb courser, magnificently caparisoned; his habit was of gold cloth and red satin, embroidered with pearls and precious stones; in his cap was a double row of five or six rubies, of the size of a large bean, which shone with a dazzling lustre; round his boots were twined strings of pearls, and the collar that he wore was valued at thirty thousand ducats. The horse that he rode was entirely covered with gold lama, ornamented with pearls and precious stones. He had besides a most beautiful little mule to ride through the town, whose harness, saddle, and bridle were entirely covered with roses of fine gold. The duke was followed by twenty-four mules with red housings ornamented with his arms, and the procession was closed by a number of chariots loaded with his baggage.

In the Memoirs of St. Simon, there is an account of a trick of the Marquis de Charnacé, who, not being able to prevail on a tailor to sell him a house which obstructed his view, found means to displace it, without the good man being conscious of his having done so. M. Bodin relates an

anecdote of this marquis which is less known. The proprietor of a small estate in the country, named Pioger, a great huntsman, was employed to train the king's dogs, and every year he presented some of them to his majesty. One day he arrived at Versailles with a beautiful setting-dog; the king wished to try the animal on the following day, and he was so pleased with it, that he expressed his satisfaction to Pioger, who had the honour to accompany him to the chase. Pioger, who, in spite of his journeys to court, always retained an air of rustic simplicity, replied, "I am very glad of it, sire, for it is perhaps the last that your majesty will receive from me." Surprised at what he heard, the king insisted on knowing who had the power to prevent him from continuing to train his dogs. After some moments' hesitation, Pioger replied, "Monseigneur de Charnacé does not please that I should; and although I always have engraved on the collars of my dogs, 'I belong to the king,' that does not hinder M. de Charnacé from firing on them; and truly I fear that some day or other the ball may hit me." The king said not a word in reply, but the very same day he ordered the Marquis de de Charnacé into exile, nor could he ever be prevailed on to recall him.

The town of Angers was formerly called *La Ville Noire*, because the wooden pillars in front of most of the houses were covered with slates. Its appearance is now much changed: many of the houses have been built within the last thirty years; they are constructed of beautiful white stone, and some of the quarters are entirely new. M. Bodin observes, however, that there is still one very essential thing wanting in the town of

Angers; that is, good water: it is true that such of the inhabitants as are in easy circumstances have their water fetched from the Loire, but the greatest number are obliged to drink the waters of their wells, or that of the Maine, which is still worse.

In paying a just tribute of praise to the administrators, who, for the third part of a century, have made such happy efforts to embellish their town, and to render it wholesome, M. Bodin says, " Might I be allowed to form a wish for Angers, it would be to see fountains raised in the public places, where all the inhabitants might draw salubrious waters from the sources nearest to Angers, or what would be still better, those of the Loire; and that those fountains might serve as historical monuments, to transmit to posterity the names and actions of our most illustrious countrymen, and above all, those of the benefactors of humanity."

On the high road from Angers to Nantes, four leagues from Angers, is the *Château de Serrant*, which M. Bodin describes as a vast edifice, composed of many different masses of buildings, raised during the three last centuries; and this medley of various kinds of architecture, far from shocking the eye of taste, serves on the contrary to give to the whole an appearance at once picturesque and imposing. One of the fronts, which is opposite to the Loire, is flanked at its extremities by two beautiful round towers, crowned with entablatures and covered in the dome form. The principal front faces the road from Angers to Nantes; it is placed between two grand wings, that form two sides of the court of honour. Buonaparte visited this *château* in

1808, and said of it, " I see at last a *château* in France, the architecture of which reminds me of Italy."

The *Château de Serrant* is composed of a *rez de chaussée* and two stories: the grounds correspond in beauty. The park contains wood, water, natural and artificial meadows, orchards, pleasure-grounds, kitchen-gardens, a hot-house, and one of the most beautiful orangeries in France, after those of the royal palaces.

In describing the church of St. Florent, M. Bodin gives an anecdote of the Marquis de Bonchamps, whose tomb has been lately erected there. In 1793, the Vendéans had lodged four thousand prisoners in the church of St. Florent, and not being able to carry them off in their precipitate retreat after the battle of Chollet, were going to massacre them, when the marquis, one of the Vendean chiefs, who was mortally wounded, obtained on the spot, by his pressing entreaties, their liberty and life. Such a trait in a civil war is more glorious than the most brilliant victory.

The base of his tomb is decorated with laurel and cypress, and two allegorical figures in bas-relief, the one representing Religion, the other France. The figure of the marquis, a little larger than life, lies upon a litter. He is in the attitude of raising himself; and leaning upon his left arm, he raises his right, extending his hand, as pronouncing the last order he ever gave: "*Grace aux prisonniers! Bonchamps l'ordonne.*" This memorable order is engraved above the litter. He is represented naked to the waist, and his mantle, thrown over his right arm, partially covers the lower part of his body.

M. Bodin claims for the town of

Angers the honour of having erected the first theatre: he thinks that it was opened in 1420, with "the Mystery of the Resurrection," written by Jean Michel, a physician.

In enumerating the eminent natives of Angers, the author takes occasion to pay a warm eulogy to the celebrated Volney, of whom Denon, in his work on Egypt, says: "In traversing the city of Alexandria, I was forcibly reminded of the account given of it by Volney, who has indeed described it with such truth, that when some months afterwards I again read his delightful work, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not once more in Alexandria. If Volney had thus described to us the whole of Egypt, no one would ever have thought any other description of it necessary."

On Volney's return from Alexandria, he was admitted into the first literary circles, and particularly into that of Madame Helvetius, where he became acquainted with Cabanis, Morellet, the Comte de Tracy, Jefferson, then ambassador of the United States, &c. &c. He was a member of the National Assembly, but spoke very little, from the defect of his organs; and after it was closed, he went to Corsica to form an agricultural establishment.

In 1795, he was a professor of history at *l'Ecole Normale* in Paris; and notwithstanding the little time he had to prepare his lectures, he rendered them very interesting. Soon afterwards he went to the United States of America, carrying with him that spirit of observation with which

nature had so liberally endowed him, and which experience had improved. While he was in America, the Institute was established in France, and Volney's name was inserted in the class that replaced the French Academy.

On his return, he published his "Travels in the United States." But he now began to advance in years, and it became apparent that the continuance of his literary labours impaired his health: on that account, and also in the hope of finding amusement, he bought a country-seat, four leagues from Paris, where he found health and recreation. It was there that he composed his "*Recherches nouvelles sur l'Histoire Ancienne*," a work which alone would have given a high degree of celebrity to his name, from the talents and learning he has displayed in it. In 1814, Volney was elevated to the dignity of a peer of France: on this occasion he returned to the capital, and died in 1820.

Having given himself up almost exclusively to the study of Oriental languages for twenty-five years, he founded in the Institute an annual prize of 1200 francs, to stimulate the zeal of those who were willing to continue his useful labours.

M. Bodin concludes his eulogium in the following words: "Volney is, without dispute, the most illustrious man that Anjou has produced; he is the ornament and the glory of that province; his celebrity has extended itself over both hemispheres—it is universal."

THE GARDEN; A RHAPSODY:

Addressed to my Friend on his "Hints for Ornamental Gardening."

And thus, Amanda—
 ———— together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair.

THOMSON.

OF all the pleasures of a country life, perhaps there are none which exceed those of gardening. To train up a jessamine in the way it should grow, is a more certain thing than training up a child, because the former will not depart from it. Thomson had no children; if he had had any, and had educated them himself, he would never have written the lines beginning

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought;" but rather, "to teach the young clematis how to shoot."

When I rise in the morning my ear is not greeted with the sound of "Milk below!" or "Old clothes!" but in the spring the lark and all the other birds seem to hail my appearance. In the autumn—aye in December too—the robin twitters at my door: but the garden!—even in February what a broad expanse of sun I behold on that lawn! more than you in London catch from your chimney-tops in a month, unless indeed in a suburban residence you take up your abode. How brightly then does Sol gild those crocusses! and the blanch of those snow-drops, what can be more delicately white! 'Tis cruelly perplexing, it is true, to know through all the winter when to water and how much to water your plants; to see the geranium reared by your own hand droop and decay, and to know you are losing irrecoverably what has cost you so much trouble. This is as bad as to see your book fall still-born from the

press. But then how sweet it is to behold those plants, which you have regretted as deceased friends leaving you for ever, bud forth afresh and throw out new leaves! Your roses, which have withstood all the storms of winter, again bloom, and fling delicious odours through the garden. Who but the lover of gardening knows the pleasure of watching the annuals rise, and the tulips burst from the ground! Are they the kind he has often wished to possess? Will they flourish in his soil? At length a nucleus bud is seen to rise from the ground; it throws out a lengthened leaf, a stem and bud; it opens, and the gaudy flower he wished for bursts forth.

Throw open now your green-house doors; there many a sickly plant is become a thriving shrub, and many a naked stick is now clothed in waving verdure—flowers of every hue, nor without scent the rose. How flies the time in training each tender stem! Quickly would the man who divides his time between literary lore and botanical or floral pursuits, tear himself away from the latter almost too fascinating enjoyment, but some plant still wants a stick, some flower still droops for want of the cheering draught: he must obey this call, and then will leave—but he perceives weeds choking the richly ultramarine gentiana, or some other cherished *child* wants a firmer support, and then he will resume his literary task, even should the mignonette, though

blown about by winds, seek to detain him while begging protection from its chequered *treillage*.

Yet perhaps he has forgotten the heated frame where cuttings of rare plants of his own *taking* make a loud call on his egotism. They must not be suffered to be burnt up alive; the glasses must be raised: those small apparently dry sticks are now bursting with sap; some have thrown out leaves; they will bear flowers, and throw out odours. Now and then indeed he has his vexations: his knife, too blunt, crops the long-expected flower, too closely seated to a decayed stem; he tears up with the roller's iron plants which long were wanted for some ill-looking space, and time and seasons alone will retrieve the devastation. Storms also check and frosts kill his tenderest children; snails devour his dahlias, and the earwig spoils his pinks: yet spring again appears, and again he plies his task.

Gardening is the most ancient as well as the most innocent of amusements. A man of irritated feelings may dig himself into composure, or rake himself into complaisance. In the enjoyment of a garden Cowper soothed his wretchedness; but Lambert, the coadjutor of Cromwell, did not forget all his political schemes of reformation in cultivating a commonwealth of tulips*.

The garden too must have a bower; and what is so delightful as a country garden-bower? It is as un-

* Roger Coke informs us, that after Lambert had been discarded by Oliver, "he betook himself to Wimbleton House, where he turned florist, and had the fairest tulips and gilliflowers that could be got for love or money." He also painted flowers.

like that at Hornsey-wood House as a myrtle is unlike a watchbox. The country garden must have a retreat, Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch.

Here must be not only the woodbine but the virgin's bower, or clematis of different scents and hues, the everlasting pea, and curling up to each devious stem, the brightly purple and white-cupped convolvulus, and the scarlet ipomea.

In my youthful days I built a bower—yes, such a bower! But what is a bower without a lover! Then how could I better finish the effect of this bower than by becoming a lover also? Emma, then beautiful and fair as a Houri, beheld my works, until I, Indulging all to love, on the green bank Thrown among drooping lilies, swel'd the breeze

With sighs unceasing.

But she proved false—yet I not undone, for I wedded another. The bower I built I visited not long since; but years had come and gone, and I found my bower, for

—whispering lovers made, shorn indeed of many of its honours; but it had become a play-house for more beautiful productions of nature—Emma's children.

It is now autumn, and I will conclude this rhapsody. How often do we scribblers write to please others! This I have written to please myself. To see it in print will perhaps gratify none but myself, and yet it may entertain some one else. The scarlet leaf now lies wet upon the lawn; the shrubbery is gilt with golden hues, the copper beech, the crimson-leaved azalea. The sun gleams on the borders, and gives a not unpleasing melancholy to the scene. It tells that another year is going, and that we are fleeing also. But still the garden

has its charms; and if devastation and rustling leaves cheer not the heart of man, the green-house dressed in a thousand hues will make a second summer. Here the carnosian hoyá sheds its odoriferous honey;

the cyrilla throws out a thousand ruby flowers; and should even the snow fall, pelargoniums, geraniums, and myrtles will still impart amusement and instruction to the gardener.
C.

TRIFLES.

GENIUSES of the very first order seem to have enjoyed, time immemorial, a licence, granted by the common consent of mankind, exempting them from attention to such concerns as might interrupt their important avocations; and accordingly, in the greatness of their intellectual strength, we are apt to forget those weaknesses which shew that they are no more than human. But the licence has been too often claimed by individuals who could at best produce a title to the second or third order of intelligence; and from their ostentatious display of weakness in trifles, without a redeeming strength in essentials, has arisen the popular error, that the man of letters must present in his person a complication of oddities, and in his actions either an ignorance or a recklessness of the ways of men.

This artful self-abasement is admirably hit off by Swift in his History of the second Solomon, Dr. Sheridan, wherein, although much is set down in malice as far as regards the doctor, yet the folly itself is more strikingly exhibited than I remember to have found any where else. "He became acquainted with a person* distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions, and he became familiar in this person's house. In three

months time Solomon, without the least provocation, writ a long poem, describing that person's Muse to be dead, and making a funeral solemnity with apes, owls, &c. and gave the copy among all his acquaintance. The person whom he thus lampooned procured him a good preferment from the lord lieutenant: upon going down to take possession, Solomon preached at Cork a sermon on King George's birth-day, on this text: 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' Solomon having been famous for a high Tory, and suspected as a Jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get any thing for him; but that person being an old friend of Lord Cartaret†, prevailed against all Solomon's enemies, and got him made likewise one of his excellency's chaplains: but upon this sermon, he was struck out of the list, and forbid the Castle, until that same person brought him again to the lieutenant and made them friends. Solomon has no ill design upon any person but himself, and he is the greatest deceiver of himself on all occasions. His thoughts are sudden, and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost, and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts, and then asks advice, but never once before. Solomon is under-tenant to a bishop's lease; he is bound by articles to his lordship to renew and pay a fine whenever

* Swift himself.

† Then lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

the bishop renews with his landlord, and to raise his rent as the landlord shall raise it to the bishop. Seven years expire, Solomon's landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays; then asks for a lease, and the landlord says 'he may have it at any time.' He never gets it. Another seven years elapse, Solomon's landlord demands another fine and an additional rent. Solomon pays both, asks to have his lease renewed; the steward answers, 'he will speak to his master.' Seventeen years have elapsed; the landlord sends Solomon word 'that his lease is forfeited, because he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles;' and now they are at law upon this admirable case. It is Solomon's great happiness, that when he acts in the common concerns of life against common sense and reason, he values himself thereupon as if it were the mark of great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to descend into the knowledge of vulgar arrangement; and you cannot make him a greater compliment than by telling instances to the company before his face, how careless he was in any affair that related to his interest or fortune."

A much more criminal negligence of trifles is practised by the dashing dog, or real good fellow. He indeed glories in a round of thoughtlessness, but small things he treats with sovereign contempt. It is late in the day before he can shake off the effects of his last night's merrymaking. He lounges about all the morning; time flies, "but," says he, "the old boy travels at the rate of only sixty seconds a minute—and what is a minute?" Not much: but when noon arrives, the morning has vanished in

minutes. He takes a turn abroad to learn the news, and to get an appetite for dinner. In his course he looks in at the shops, where he finds a variety of commodities for use and ornament: he buys whatever he takes a fancy to, without considering whether he has occasion for it, and without once troubling himself to calculate the total cost of his purchases, his mind being much too generous to take an account of petty disbursements. He receives a nod of recognition from some person of pleasant countenance and genteel address, whom he may remember chatting with in some mixed company: he invites the gentleman to dine with him. "Another and another quick succeeds," each of whom being separately invited, makes "only one more," though by such means a round party is punctually assembled at his dinner hour, fully prepared to enter upon the discussion of anticipated luxuries. If his larder is well enough stocked to realize their expectations, things pass off smoothly; if not, the whole house is in uproar. The mistress remonstrates; the servants are dispatched in all directions for provisions; the cook is confounded with a multiplicity of orders, and dismayed at the impossibility of fulfilling them. The roaring of the fire, the clank of jack-chains, of stewpans and saucepans, is loud enough to be heard in the drawing-room; whither also the fumes of preparing viands slowly ascend, like the incense from heathen sacrifices, to appease the impatient beings above, and to give an endurable savour to the protestations and apologies of the author of so much confusion and disappointment. However, all disagreeables give way when dinner is announced, as that

in its turn gives way to the hungry company; and the good fellow, being once more over his wine, and surrounded by choice spirits, "is himself again." Notwithstanding the vow he makes over every glass or bottle, to take "only one more," it will sometimes happen that in the course of the hour his prudence abates a little of its coolness. He considers himself bound, as a man of spirit, to provide for the amusement of his visitors. What so innocent as a hand of cards? But he forswears gambling; therefore he insists that they begin with small stakes. To be sure a trifling addition at the end of every game is quite unavoidable; and if he loses a considerable sum, he is totally at a loss to account for it: he suspects foul play, and now for the first time he would fain inquire into the character of his associates.

Nothing can be more difficult than to decide what things may with propriety be termed trifles. The greatest events in history, those which have shaken thrones and rent empires asunder, may be traced to circumstances comparatively minute, and memorable only in their vast and unalterable consequences. But although nothing ought to be overlooked merely because it may be called a trifle, too much solicitude about things of acknowledged insignificance is equally ridiculous and prejudicial. It contracts the mind, and filling it with petty griefs and anxieties, leaves no room for enlarged conceptions, or for liberal enjoyments; at the same time that it renders those who indulge in it, even more contemptible than the objects they are employed upon. If you meet one of this cast—Mat. Minimy for example—he approaches you

with a dejected air, and seems as much oppressed with weighty cares as a minister of state. You naturally ask what calamity has befallen him. "Alas!" says he, "I have lost——"—"Your sister?"—"Oh, no! one of my gloves, and I dangle the relic about in vexation, ready to throw it away when I think how useless it is without its fellow. Besides that, I've a great deal upon my mind at this time. I'm preparing to leave town to spend my Christmas in the country. Now as 'delays are dangerous,' about a fortnight before my departure I send for the tailor, and order what I stand in need of, so as to allow time for sending the clothes backwards and forwards to be altered and corrected. Happily for me, the man I employ at present is tolerably skilful; I seldom have to send them back more than four times. I have latterly adopted the plan of standing between two looking-glasses to fit them on, in order that I may see what creases are likely to be made in those attitudes and positions which I am most given to. For my rascal, Peter—you remember Peter—sir, you'll hardly believe what I'm going to tell you, but I have strong reasons to suspect that that fellow was in the pay of my former tailor, and used to say I was fitted, when the contrary was the fact. Sir, I have found wrinkles in my old coats in which you might have inserted a straw—aye, sir, a barley-straw—and those very coats the rascally Peter has told me to my face fitted as if they had been pasted to my back. Then, sir, come the laundress's bills to be compared with my filed lists of linen delivered: the charges require to be investigated, and the additions to be carefully checked; for

I once detected one of this sisterhood in an attempt to cheat me out of threepence-halfpenny and a pocket-handkerchief. Next follows the business of packing. In early life I bundled the things in any how, or left it to my man: but *experientia docet*: I suffered deeply from the ill effects of this incautious system, my neckcloths turning out as rumpled as a waiter's napkin; and I am quite satisfied that the only reason for my rejection by the Lady Betty Smoothly was, that I paid my addresses to her in one of those unfortunate neckcloths. But my present plan is this: I double each article in the largest number of folds it seems capable of sustaining without damage; I then take its dimensions every way; these being squared, according to the principles in the second book of Euclid, gave me the quantity of space requisite for the accommodation of the whole. I then calculate the capacities of my trunks, and regulate my proceedings accordingly. In the next place, I go about to the livery-stables in quest of the best postchaises at the cheapest rate. I examine the linings, to see whether they are dusty; and I try the springs for the sake of my ease, and the linchpins for my security. At length, when all is ready for starting, I never get a wink of sleep the last night of my stay in town, for fear of being too late in the morning."

It would be an injustice to pass over the *useful* parts of Mr. Minimy's character. He is perfectly com-

petent to direct one to the best boot-makers and hatters in the town; he knows where the best wines can be procured, and where the most elegant turn can be imparted to the whiskers. I always resort to him as a fit tribunal for deciding between the silks of India and Spitalfields, and also for settling questions of precedence and etiquette. He is exceedingly well read in the chronicles of nobility; can remember the maiden name or title of married peeresses, and the dress in which they were first presented at court. Indeed his knowledge in such matters is so profound, that he can inform you what many noble lords were before their creation. He has also some pretensions to the literary character, having been long engaged upon a truly elaborate work, to be entitled "A Treatise on the Dissection of Pies, where, in the present method is cut up somewhat tartly, and several cases of gross injustice are cited, by which the author hath been sorely aggrieved. With an appendix, containing practical directions for a fair distribution or apportionment of crust and fruit." Whether this composition will ever be presented to the public, I shall not take upon me to predict: thus much I will venture to assert, that the lives of Mat. Minimy and some others continually present so many commentaries on that saying of Attilius's: "It is better to have nothing to do than to be doing nothing."

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ORIENTAL FIDELITY AND LOVE.

THE name of General Goddard will live in the recollection of all who are acquainted with the history of East Indian warfare. This officer signalized himself by a forced march from Bengal, through the Bherar, to

Guzzerat, which province he reduced by his valour and conduct. He had previously married a Hindoo lady of high rank and uncommon beauty, with whom he lived in the most perfect harmony, and she brought him a large family of very promising children. The general tenderly loved her, and wishing to support her hereditary claims to distinction, presented her with many valuable gems to adorn her dress. In the course of some years the general's affairs were embarrassed: his lady observed that his mind appeared to labour under some secret affliction: she entreated him to let her participate the load; perhaps she might sooth, if she could not relieve his distress. He acknowledged his pecuniary involvements; and saying she suspected such was the case, she produced her jewels.

"These," she continued, "were given to me by the best of men while he could afford the gift: they are of no value to me since he is a prey to anxiety; allow me to sacrifice them to his happiness, and his happiness is mine." The jewels produced thirty

thousand rupees; that sum relieved all urgent claims, and prosperity rewarded the happy pair.

General Goddard wished to introduce his lady to British society; but faithful to the principles of her country, she said, "You only have seen me, no other man can have that privilege."

When General Goddard went on the Guzzerat expedition, he wished his lady and family to meet him at Bombay. They embarked at Calcutta; but the vessel perished with all her passengers. Their fate remains unknown. General Goddard died at Falmouth soon after his arrival from India. His fortune devolved to Lady James, wife of Sir William James, some time chairman of the East India Company, and grandfather to the present Lord Ranelagh. Sir William James had been naval commander-in-chief at Bombay, and took the fortress of Sevendroog from the pirates of the Malabar coast; in memory of which, his widow built the castle on Shooter's Hill, in Kent, bearing the name of Sevendroog.

ON SHANDEAN PREPOSSESSIONS IN FAVOUR OF CERTAIN BAPTISMAL NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING in my own person experienced the consequences of a prepossession in favour of peculiar names, I beg to claim your attention to this subject.

Although few persons are weak enough to believe with Mr. Shandy, that all or any of the qualities of a favourite hero or heroine can be communicated with the name, many parents are careless in conferring

such names on their children as seem harmonious or sonorous, without advertent to the casual or natural occurrences which may render them ridiculously inapplicable to their owner.

As baptismal names are generally fixed in infancy, or very early life, it is impossible to ascertain the indelible character which nature may have given to the mind or the physical powers of the body. How then can

those qualifications be commanded which ought to concur in the character of those who are designated by the expressive names of celebrated persons? Parents, nevertheless, by the thoughtless adoption of such appellations, frequently prepare for themselves and their offspring an infinite source of vexation and disappointment. Hence we have cowardly Alexanders, idiot Sophias, and narrow-souled vulgar beings disgracing the name of Augustus. A well-meaning tradesman may introduce to your notice his sons, Scipio Africanus and Pomponius Atticus, and the poor children may pass their days peacefully behind their father's counter, happy if no kind friend informs them that the second at least of their beautiful names implies local or virtual causes, which they can never recal but in the most vexatious satire on their own insignificance.

As example is said to be more efficacious than precept, I offer my own history to illustrate and explain the serious and ludicrous causes which have operated on me as an individual, to warn others against a system of which I am a living witness and victim.

I am the son of a country schoolmaster, a man of the best intentions, but of weak judgment, who, having received his education and a college exhibition from Christ's Hospital, attained academic degrees. Through the patronage of an idle student of fortune, whose scholastic exercises my father performed, he obtained a curacy, which, after some time, he resigned, not consenting to perform the duty of three parishes for thirty pounds per annum. He was now a married man. He had translated Virgil's *Bucolics*, and read them to

my mother, a farmer's daughter, who thought them vastly pretty verses; and he married her, to have an admiring auditor in his shepherdess. His patron and his rector both agreed that he was a living monument of ingratitude, and they abandoned him to the fate which they said he deserved.

After much suffering, he was fortunate enough to be appointed to the mastership of a free school, and he soon reconciled himself to an employment, which, being classical, was consonant to his taste, all his passions being concentrated in the study of ancient literature. Unluckily the frequent readings of Livy, Xenophon, and Tacitus revived a prepossession which he had always cherished for perpetuating the names of the great men these authors have immortalized; and he flattered himself that, with the name, his eldest son would receive the virtues of his favourite Epaminondas. My mother thought it was a terrible hard name, but secretly determined to call him Pammy on all common occasions, and my father engaged to pronounce the word for her when the child was presented at the font. But his scheme was defeated in his eldest son's destiny. My grandfather, a stout Yorkshire farmer, was invited to the christening. He offered to stand sponsor, but on condition that the boy should have no such heathenish name, but *his own*; and as my father thought his child's worldly interest might be endangered if he offended the only man of his family who could leave them any thing, he yielded, and with a groan of acquiescence repeated the name of *Giles*. After closing his books in despair, none of which presented to his searching eye the re-

cord of a hero or a worthy of the name of Giles.

The two next children were twin girls: my grandfather did not care about girls; it did not signify he said what foolish names girls had: if they could make a pudding, a cheese, and a shirt, he should like them well enough. Now then, thought my father, I may indulge myself, and my admiration of the two first states in the world be evinced. Owing to this classical mania, my unfortunate sisters received the names of Lacedæmonia and Athenæ. Alas! Nature herself seemed a conspirator against my father's wishes. *Lacy*, as my mother complacently called her, talked incessantly, was very fond of finery, was an incorrigible glutton, and never could bear the slightest degree of pain without screams and tears. My sister Athenæ stammered horribly: in vain my father repeated and urged a trial of the various methods which are said to have succeeded with Demosthenes in a similar case. My mother said it was a very odd way of making people speak plainly, to put stones in their mouths and give them hard words to pronounce. My sister could neither remember nor articulate even the first sentences of the fine orations she was compelled to hear read.

It is impossible to describe or enumerate the various vexations to which both my father and sisters were subjected by this unhappy mania. The schoolboys were incessantly and ironically repeating their ill-applied names. The village-girls, who did not recollect or understand how innocent they were of the learning which their hard names and supposed education implied, derided them

because they learned with the boys and talked Latin. My mother, by her abbreviations of Atty and Lacy, left not even the sonorous terminations to console the ear.

My father, like many other system-mongers, attributed the failure of his hypothesis to every possible and impossible cause, without dreaming of the fallacy of his own measures. He assured my mother, that if she had studied with the girls, talked less of poultry, pigs, and cheeses, or had pronounced her daughters' names properly, they would have become all he wished. His anger sometimes silenced his scholars, but they avenged themselves in his absence by a double portion of insult to their victims, who felt only horror and detestation of those names which seemed to them to concentrate every degree of suffering; the tears they shed in their own little garret being the only Attic salt of which they ever tasted.

I was the last of the family. My father, not cured of his mania, thought he would be cautious how he indulged it by consulting the promises of nature in my formation. My athletic and muscular limbs promised the strength of a gladiator. Here at least, thought my father, I cannot be deceived. My child's intellect is not developed, and may disappoint my hopes; and as Nature will not be entirely controverted, I will follow her indications. The boy's corporeal vigour is manifest; I will name him Milo. After a long argument, in which he at length convinced my mother that *Milo* was at least as short as *Milly*, she consented not to spoil the *charm* by altering my name; but unfortunately she heard so much of my natural strength, that she spared

herself the trouble of nursing such a stout healthy boy. She trusted me to my own legs, and in two years I was a confirmed cripple in the rickets. From this neglect in infancy, my health and personal appearance were ever after materially injured; and this final experiment completely undeceived my poor father, destroying at once his system and his comfort. Too late he lamented his error, and by his patient and attentive kindness, he tried to alleviate my sufferings.

Denied by ill health the active amusements of other boys, I became sedentary, studious, and melancholy; but, being mild and inoffensive, I was glad to purchase peace and forbearance from the more lively of my school-mates, by writing the exercises of the idle or the impetuous. Endeared to my father by coincidence of taste and the misfortune which he thought he had occasioned, I was soon qualified for his principal assistant; and if, in the class-reading, a boy glanced at my distorted joints and pale face as he repeated the feats of Milo, his compassion forbade his more openly pointing the satire.

Having perused this history, you will forgive the earnestness which dictated my application to you, Mr. Editor; and you will admit, that some, if not all, the consequences I have experienced may arise from the adoption of what may be styled *noms parlans*: yet, when appropriate, or conferred after maturity, as in the sect of Anabaptists, these names may be indicative of such talents, virtues, or qualities as their owners possess. Let hardy and intrepid sailors illustrate the name and achievements of Nelson in the Victory. Seamen are frequent-

ly superstitiously affected by names, and they perhaps would feel depressed in the frigate called the Storm, who conquered in the Audacious; the Glory, or the Invincible. Let their very weaknesses be indulged: If they place confidence in the sound of the Albion, the Wellington, the Royal George, they will struggle to make these ships as invincible as they think them. Let Master Meanwell and Miss Goodchild shine in gilded history books; but I cannot but think these characteristic names degrade the higher classes of literature. Can we feel much interested in reading the correspondence of Sir Charles Freewill and Lord Flutter, or Miss Flora Flirtwell and Miss Lucinda Lackwit? Yet a modern and justly admired writer has given names nearly as strongly declarative of the characters of her principal personages.

In the drama alone I approve of this anticipation of character. When the time of representation does not always afford an opportunity for the perfect development of peculiarity; and when few of the audience can discriminate every nice touch, Sir Antony Absolute prepares them for an irritable, and Lydia Languish for a romantic and sentimental personage.

Thus, sir, while I condemn the obstinate adoption of any system, when contrary to good sense or the dictates of natural reason, I think many useful ideas may be drawn from a judicious use of the hints they may suggest; and that my story may be productive of some benefit materially or individually, is my wish, and will be my consolation for the calamities which were occasioned by my name of

MILO WILKINS.

ROYAL AND LOYAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

CHARLES I. succeeded to the crown, and married Henrietta of France in 1626; was crowned at Edinburgh in 1633; and that year, about All-Hallow tide, the principal members of the four Inns of Court proposed to join in testifying their loyal duty to the king and queen, by a splendid masque for their entertainment. Accordingly, when preparations were nearly completed, Hyde and White-lock were deputed to the lord chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and to Sir Henry Vane, the comptroller of the king's household, to make arrangements in the Banqueting-House. The scenery was painted by Inigo Jones. The grand maskers were four gentlemen of each Inn of Court, most accomplished in personal and graceful distinctions, and most capable for dancing. They were drawn in four rich chariots, six horses in each. The first that marched in the procession were twenty-four footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each having a sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch in the other. These were the marshal's men, clearing the way for him, and waiting his commands. This gallant show was on Candlemas-night, to finish the Christmas holidays.

After the marshal's men came Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king; he was mounted upon one of the king's best horses and richest saddles, his own habit being superbly magnificent: two lacqueys carried torches before him, and a page in livery behind carried his cloak.

Next followed one hundred gentlemen, five and twenty chosen from each house, for the most handsome

and high bred in their societies. They were all gallantly mounted on fine horses, with housings glittering in the torch-light.

After the horsemen appeared the anti-maskers; and as the maskers were preceded by a dozen of the best trumpets, the anti-maskers, cripples and beggars on horseback, had suitable music, keys and tongs rattling on all sides; but their miserable, jaded, foundered horses were too sorry to be disquieted or set to prancing by the noise. The beggars were followed by anti-masks playing upon pipes, whistles, and imitating the call of birds.

Next came little boys put into covers of the shape of birds, and representing an owl in an ivy-bush, and several other birds around her. The boys personating feathered maskers were mounted on little horses, and footmen bearing torches attended them.

Musicians on horseback, playing on bagpipes and all kinds of northern music, came in the train of a projector, riding a small horse, with a great bit in his mouth; and upon the man's head was a bit, with reins and head-stalls fastened. Another projector begged for a patent to feed capons with carrots.

We need give no further specimen of these puerilities; but they are remarkable on account of shewing the progress of mind in the course of two centuries. In our day such a procession would be hardly well received by the rabble of London. At that period it was accepted as a royal and courtly entertainment. Brugh, in his *Anecdotes of Music*, has described it at large, and he concludes thus:

"The king and queen stood at a window looking straight forward to the street, to see the masque go by; and being delighted with the noble bravery of it, they sent to the marshal, to desire that the whole show might take a turn about the tilt-yard, that their majesties might have a double view of them." Brugh afterwards tells us, that the queen desired to see the solemnities acted over again. The clothes of the horse-men for one item cost ten thousand pounds.

ON EXTERNAL INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM no physiognomist; I am no craniologist; I have no faith in the systems either of Lavater or of Spurzheim. I do not believe that the formation of the features of the face, or the construction of the cranium, is at all indicative of the human character. But I do believe that the countenance will in time acquire a certain character according to the long-practised habits of the mind, and that the tone of the features will indicate the disposition and prevailing passions of the man; also that the gait, carriage, and common attitudes will bear relation to the habits both of the mind and body.

The passions we know are naturally expressed in the countenance; and this expression must be conveyed by a movement of particular muscles of the face. The more these muscles are brought into action, the stronger will be their lines; and thus a certain character will in time be imprinted on the face, according to the prevalence of particular passions. A silent or a talkative person may also be distinguished by the same means. In one the muscles about the mouth will appear smooth and faintly delineated; in the other they will be more strongly marked; and for this reason, those languages which require more than others the movement

of the lips, will cause the corresponding muscles to be the most defined. For instance, a Frenchman past the age of forty is sure to have the lines about the organ of speech strongly delineated.

Now with respect to the gait, carriage, and attitudes, every one will admit, that they bear some relation to the disposition of a man, or more properly speaking, to the habits and impulses of his mind; but it is on the last I would particularly dwell, as being, in my opinion, more indicative of the character than either of the former. I conceive the prominent feature in the disposition of a man may be pronounced upon by the attitude he commonly assumes. Thus, if a man's prevailing habit be that of intense thought, his common attitude will be such as he would naturally throw himself into were his mind engaged in thinking; for this posture, as being the most practised, becomes the most familiar to his body, and he will naturally fall into it even when his mind is disengaged from its usual habit. This attitude will be such, that every muscle of the frame may be in complete repose, and nothing be at work but the brain. Our arch-enemy, now no more, was a strong instance in confirmation of what I have advanced: his ordinary posture was such as I have described; and who

can say that his was not a profound mind? On the same principles, when a person is not in the habit of thinking much, there will be generally something constrained in his common attitude, something indicating that some faculty besides that of thought is usually predominant. His attitudes will therefore commonly bear relation to external objects, with which, it is probable, his mind is mostly engaged. If vain of his person, his usual posture will be that which he thinks most favourable for its display. If of a vacant mind, and accustomed to "whistle for want of thought," his common habit will probably be that of dangling his watch-keys, or picking his teeth; and these postures and habits he will naturally assume even in those moments when the mind, being wholly engaged in thought, pays no regard to external objects. In this manner the different professions of persons may often be distinguished; for the habits incident to their calling, when long practised, will imprint a peculiar character on the externals of each.

For the above reasons most people are, without being conscious of it, judges of strongly marked characters; *i. e.* they can easily distinguish two persons of opposite characters and habits: for instance, they can tell a philosopher from a fool; a great captain from a martinet; an eminent statesman from a cobbler; a Greenwich from a Chelsea pensioner, and so on. But I aspire to something more. There are few instances in which I cannot guess the character of a man and his situation in life; but it is on the latter I pique myself more particularly, and in which I delight to speculate. But the object must be past the age of forty; for I

do not conceive that much before that age the features can have settled into their peculiar cast, derived only from long - practised habits. No doubt there are persons who will baffle my skill in this particular; for how could I pretend to tell the vocation of a person who has never practised in his profession? of a soldier who has scarcely ever joined a regiment? of a tradesman who has never been behind his counter? of a lawyer who has never held a brief? or of a man in the situation of a gentleman who has constantly associated with, and imitated the manners and customs of those beneath him?

Being, Mr. Editor, an idler in every sense of the word, I take pleasure in the indulgence and practice of this my only talent; and for this laudable purpose I frequent those places of public resort yeilded *watering-places*, where such as have either time or money, which they do not know what to do with, may very easily get rid of both, and receive but little in exchange. There I am sure to meet with fresh faces every year, and the same set of features every day, so as to afford me full scope for my favourite amusement and study. But above all, I delight in such places as Margate. There I love to post myself on the quay, and to witness the disgorgement of the steam-packet. There, taken off her guard, Nature, or rather her proxy, Habit (for in society of any kind she never condescends to appear *in propria personâ*), sports in endless variety and luxuriance. There the cockney, escaped from counter and from care, cracks jokes and sucks his oranges, till the mingled juice of eyes and fruit flows in copious streams down his chaps; while his weaker-

stomached and chap-fallen companion, the object of his merriment, has his primrose-coloured visage spun out into a most woeful longitude, the very opposite to the Norfolk-duffin face of his hard-hearted tormentor. But this is mere recreation to me. Let them rest till they have put themselves into order, and assumed their *nom de guerre*, with all the concomitants of airs, 'gaits, looks, and what not. Now see them parading the public walks with all the consequence of appearing what they are not (for no one prides himself upon seeming what he is). It is there I attack my game; I fix my scrutinizing eyes upon them; I dissect the subject, and lay it open to my view. It is there I can discover Mr. and Mrs. Quid at a glance, although his coat be as far removed from a snuff colour as possible, and her ambient air as far from the fragrance of the shop as all the essences can make it. It is there that Mr. Deputy Molasses and his *cara sposa* pass in review before me in all their native vulgarity, although no opportunity should have been afforded them of displaying that interchange of places which the *v* and the *w* have thought proper to make in the cockney vocabulary. Nor do I there fail to recognise Mr. Zachariah Barebones, although divested of his black gaiters, for one of those choice spirits who have left a creditable handicraft for the less fatigue and more profitable occupation of driver to one of those opposition vehicles of conscience, where the sinner may be taken to heaven for half price, the fare demanded being *faith* only, without the usual accompaniment of *works*.

Stage-coaches and steam-boats are also my delight. Here my prevailing

taste wallows in luxury. It can feast upon a good subject from London to Manchester. But when two or more prime ones get together, so as to set each other off to advantage, without the necessity of my exerting my naturally indolent disposition, then, indeed, I am in clover. I draw myself up in the corner, and enjoy the scene as a connoisseur from the back of his stage-box. My bowels shake convulsively with internal laughter. To see the brazen and vulgar upstart preying upon his weaker, but not less vulgar neighbour; to see him, in the attempt to expose the other's infirmities, displaying his own ill-nature and vulgarity in all their deformity; to see him unconsciously playing himself before me, and laying himself open to that chastisement which I think it fair occasionally to inflict; to witness vanity conspiring with ignorance and vulgarity to expose their self-contented but self-devoted possessor to ridicule and contempt; to listen to shallow pomposity puffing forth the commonplace and the stale with the importance due only to, but never claimed by, genius and originality; to hear the pert jackal of the law retailing as his own his only half-conceived scraps of barrister wit, or fishing for the introduction of the last-imported *bon-mot* from the bench of a sister island, where *wit*, instead of *wisdom*, holds the scale of justice, and life trembles on a pun; to see the militia-captain going over his Peninsular campaigns, to the astonishment of the folks: in short, to see people trying to appear what they *are not*, but fully displaying what they *are*; to see vanity in all its stages, ramifications, and operations, is to me a source of infinite amusement.

Vanity in combination with vulgarity forms the *picturesque* in character (if I may be allowed the expression), and this is chiefly to be found in the middle classes of life. No doubt a character or an oddity are always picturesque objects, in whatever situation they may be found. These may occasionally be met with in high life, and often among the studious. But it is not there I would seek the true picturesque. A polished gentleman would be as bad a subject for the fore-ground of a scene, as a barouche with four sleek bays would be in the landscape of a Claude Lorraine. In the upper classes, fashion and education reduce all in external appearance and language nearly to a level, while the polish of society prevents the workings of the mind from being visible either in the countenance or manner. Here the face, instead of being the index, becomes the mask of the mind. Nor is it among the lower classes I would look for the picturesque; for, the body being here the principal agent in the business of life, the mind has little else to do but to direct the operations of the hand. Thus no particular character will be imprinted on the features or manners. Nature is not vulgar in the sense we use the word. Adam, I conceive, was a very gentlemanly kind of man, compared with the mass of his descendants. In the lowest class we find *brutality*, but not *vulgarity*. Here we may view the *grotesque*, but not the *picturesque*. While education tends to improve and civilize mankind, labour, without leisure for the cultivation of the mind, tends to brutalize it; and both will naturally diverge towards extremes. Thus we may account for the simultaneous increase of civiliza-

tion and of crime, so apparent in this country. But in that class of life where the body is but slightly employed, and the mind almost wholly taken up in professional avocations; where the mind, though actively employed, is tied down to business, so as to leave no time either for reflection or study in polite or learned subjects; but where recreation is sought in free social intercourse, unrestrained by the influence of fashion or decorum, there vulgarity will naturally be generated, and increased by the contagion of uncultivated minds; and the countenance will in time obtain a peculiar cast from the usual train of thought, and habits be acquired according to the profession of a person or the society he has kept.

Although it is not my wish to dwell among the middle classes, yet I delight in feasting on the honest effusions of vulgarity there evinced, whether in sturdy John Bull when he looks up at his superior as a mastiff would at a jackdaw, or in his better half, of quite the opposite character, aping the manners and customs of the great, as it were catching at high life with greasy fingers. I like occasionally to accept the hearty invitations of such people, and to feast on themselves as well as on the good cheer they spread before me. But I keep all the fun to myself, for I abominate quizzing. The joke goes between my head and my heart; all I see is nuts to me, but these nuts I crack in silence. I am even so particular in this respect, that I make a point of never visiting my female acquaintance of the middle class in the forenoon; for I cannot bear to witness the blush of being caught in curl-papers, or to be compelled to view the

internal flutter and assumed composure with which a lying excuse is delivered to account for the delay caused by a change of dress.

It seems to me that the great qualification of that inimitable humorist, Matthews, consists in his talent at hitting off what is picturesque in character. He is the Hogarth of the histrionic art. I would sooner see

him and my dear, chastely ludicrous Liston, than all the Garricks and Siddonses that ever trod the stage. Let greater spirits enjoy the sublime and beautiful. Give me the vulgar and picturesque. *Chacun à son gout!* If this suits the taste of your polite readers, you shall hear further from
B.

THE INFANT SHEPHERD AND POET.

From the French of FLORIAN.

DESPISE not, swains, my infant lay!

Hewhom alike you all adore,
He whose soft empire all obey,

A smile alone declares his power.
Of princes, shepherds, sov'reign mild;
Ah! is he not, like me, a child?

The timid he can render bold;

With ease subdue the fiercest heart;
The sage in rosy fetters hold;

The chains of love can bliss impart.
Of heroes, sages, sov'reign mild;
Ah! is he not, like me, a child?

Creation is his work alone;

His breath the universe inspires;
Heav'n, earth, and seas his empire own;
O'er all pervade his genial fires.

All Nature owns her sov'reign mild:
Yet is he not, like me, a child?

They say his favours must be paid
By ceaseless toil, by doubt and care;
But Hope is sent, consoling maid,
To mitigate his wounds severe.
Alone o'er hearts the sov'reign mild:
Yet is he still, like me, a child!

Though at my age unskill'd in verse,
Fair Stella has inspir'd my song:
When the bright day-star burns most
fierce,

Its beams are felt from morning strong.
Of gods and kings the sov'reign mild:
Yet is he not, like me, a child?

VALERIA.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. IV.

I PASS over my introduction to Mrs. Fitzherbert and her family, and our journey to Liverpool, from which port we embarked on the 22d July for Baltimore, on board the "good ship" Fame, Captain Roberts. I had never before been on board a ship; every thing therefore was new to me, and afforded ample scope for investigation.

As we dropped down the Mersey, the number of vessels which were

passing and repassing gave me a high idea of the extensive commerce of my native land, and of the opulence of her citizens, notwithstanding the croaking productions of certain dissatisfied politicians; and as we gradually cleared the river and stood out to sea, as the majestic ocean opened to my view, and the wide expanse of waters spread before me, whilst o'er my head heaven's canopy extended in majestic amplitude, my

mind was impressed at once with feelings of awe and wonder; emotions, unknown before, thrilled in my veins, and I felt as if a new being inspired and animated me.

I confess, that as the land of my fathers receded from my view*, I at first felt a sickening sensation, as I reflected that I was about to become "a sojourner in a strange land," where I should have

"No father to guide the dark way ;

No mother to wipe the salt tear :"

but the recollection that in England, though dear to me as the land of my birth, as the land of sages and of heroes, as the birthplace of freedom, as the abode of all that is great and good, and wise and honourable, and as the asylum for the destitute and distressed of whatever clime or persuasion,

"Misfortune's refuge, and the Muses' seat;" that even there I had left few individuals who cared whether such a being as myself was borne aloft upon the tempestuous ocean of life, or whether I was overwhelmed by the boisterous waves of adversity and misfortune. This thought reconciled me to the step I had taken, and with renovated gaiety and added spirits I set about finding amusement in my present situation, which, to say the truth, afforded plenty of facilities for dissipating chagrin and banishing dull care.

Besides the four ladies who formed my particular party, we had about

* I can't but say it is an awkward sight

To see one's native land receding through
The world of waters; it unmans one quite,

Especially when life is rather new.

I recollect Great Britain's coasts look white,

But almost every other country's blue,

When gazing on them, mistified by distance,

We enter on our nautical existence.

Lord BYRON.

Vol. II. No. XII.

half a dozen cabin-passengers, and several in the steerage. One of the former was a most curious compound of cockneyism and affectation. He had never before been beyond the sound of Bow bells, and was now going out to America to transact some business for his father: a very unfit person for such an object, as I at first thought; but though extremely ignorant upon every other subject, I found him subsequently "quite alive" to any thing which related to trade; and so keen and sharp in his dealings, that I soon *guessed* if Jonathan* cheated him, he would have only another to cheat. His fears, real or pretended, amused us not a little, and as he was the only one of the company who was really ill with that distressing and painful complaint, incident more or less to all young sailors, sea-sickness, we were enabled to make ourselves the more merry with his misfortunes; and so much comicality was mixed with his distress, that we were hard-hearted enough to laugh heartily at his wobegone visage and his most "dolorous complainings." It was with some difficulty that we persuaded him it was not possible to tie the ship to a tree, and avert her motion till "the vaves vere a little bit stiller, and the vind was dropped;" and the moving accent with which he sung out to the steward to "come and old his ead, for he feared he vas agoing to womit," was irresistible. But sea-sickness does not last for ever; and if our cockney had amused us whilst suffering under that malady, many a

* *Jonathan* is a cant name for the Americans, as is *Yankee* for the inhabitants of the Northern States, and *Buckskin* for those of the Southern.

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time was a hearty laugh elicited at his expense in the course of our voyage.

Two other of our cabin-passengers were humdrum uninteresting personages, who talked of nothing but politics, and settled the balance of power every day over their wine. A fourth was a melancholy swain, who walked the deck all day with his arms "folded in a true lover's knot," and who spent the night in "writing sonnets to his mistress's eyes," or perchance in dreaming of her when

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer,
Balmy sleep,"

"lighted on his lids," and made him "oblivious" for a while to the woes which his Belinda's neglect (for we found out at last that he was "unhappy in his love") had heaped upon him. A fifth was a bonny Scot, come "a' the wa' fra' Aberdeen;" and a canny chiel he was: he was going to America because the tax-gatherers made Scotland--poor country!—"a land," said he, "now almost afraid to know itself, and not worth living in." The sixth was a fine spirited young man of one and twenty, who was going out as agent for his uncle, an eminent merchant of Liverpool, with extensive connections in America. From the first moment of our meeting, Henry Bertram and myself were sworn friends; we ate together; we slept together; we alternately romped with the ladies, quizzed the cockney, talked politics with the two "humdrums," or roused all the Scotchman's hot blood by praising the late minister, the lamented Pitt, and extolling his measures as the very acme of political wisdom and sagacity. Oft too at night, when "o'er the one half world nature seemed dead," have we paced the

deck, listening to the rude songs of the sailors, laughing at their practical jokes, or forming one of an attentive circle, whose ears were greedily drinking in some tale of superstition or of horror, narrated by a veteran tar, whose weather-beaten form was evidence of the service he had seen. At these moments we have noticed men, who could have faced death in its worst form, and braved danger in its most horrid shape, shrink with apprehension as the wind rustled in the cordage of the gallant vessel, or start with horror as they fancied they saw some unembodied shape, "the mere creation of their heat-oppressed brains," inflamed by the stories to which they had been eagerly listening, flit before them. Such is the influence of superstition on the minds of men, who, in every other respect, are the bravest of the brave.

I have said nothing yet of the ladies, who were more immediately my *compagnons du voyage*. But they must not be forgotten, for they formed the greatest charm of the voyage, the link which kept us all in amity, the soothing spirit which softened down all our asperities, and promoted and strengthened the *sociality* of our party. At all times endearing, ever possessing the power to smooth the anguished brow, and to light up a smile upon the cheek of woe, on ship-board I have found the society of woman interesting and enchanting beyond any thing which mere dull plodders, who have no idea but those of "profit and loss;" or heartless mortals, who, "concenter'd all in self," have no feeling for the ecstatic delight which the society of "dear lovely woman" confers, can conceive. There, where

"All around is one wide ocean,
All above is one blue sky;"

where there is only a plank between life and eternity, and where not unfrequently the "demon of the storm," careering on the winds, threatens destruction to the frail bark which bounds upon the billows, I have witnessed such self-devotion, such fortitude, such magnanimity in this "fairer half of the creation," as would put to shame one half of that sex who arrogate to themselves not unfrequently the whole of these qualities; whilst at other times I have beheld such playful innocence, such a bewitching suavity, such a desire to promote the happiness and to contribute to the comforts of others, with such a total disregard of self, that woman, "lovely woman," has long become the goddess "of my idolatry," the object of my fondest wishes, as she was of my earliest cares. But to return.

The society in the cabin was further increased by the captain and the mate, both of whom were gentlemanly in their behaviour, though their academy of arts had been the ship; and when we were all assembled in the cabin, we formed a jovial party of twelve* "merry souls, and all agog" for any kind of fun, not excepting even the cockney, our love-sick swain, and the two "humdrums," as I have denominated the elderly gentlemen, who, when not engaged in any general scheme of diversion, were always talking politics, to the great annoyance of the rest of the company.

Such then were my companions

* Including myself, the cabin party formed thirteen; but either the mate or captain was always absent if all the passengers were present, in order that there might not be an odd number in company, which the sailors said was unlucky.

in the first voyage I ever took, and with them the time flew merrily on. Reading, singing, dancing, a game at romps or at cards, formed our amusements, and but for one melancholy event, our voyage would have been indeed a joyous one.

We had been out nearly three weeks with delightful weather; a fair wind and a fresh breeze had wafted us over the Atlantic at a glorious rate; and we were anticipating the sight of land in a few days, without having any accident to mar the happiness of our voyage, when, on the 3d of August, early in the morning, the breeze began to freshen, and to foretel a gale. All day the clouds were gathering around us, and the sailors were busily engaged in "making all tight," in stowing away every moveable upon deck, and in reefing and taking in the sails, preparatory to the storm which was fully anticipated. Evening came on, but it brought no abatement of our fears. The wind was evidently increasing in violence; and when the passengers were requested to keep between decks, that the sailors might not be impeded in their movements by their interference or their fears, we obeyed the mandate with aching hearts and fearful anticipations of coming evil; and as the

———"pealing gust
Rolled along the mountainous waves, as
'twere
Thunder among the Alps——"

we shuddered to think what that night might bring forth. The captain and mate were both on deck; our cockney had crept into his birth; but the rest assembled in the cabin, too awfully impressed with the nature of our situation to read, to converse, or to engage in any device for

hurrying on the leaden foot of time. From time to time the voice of the captain or mate was heard issuing orders, all of which were of a precautionary nature. These, with the hoarse "Aye, aye, sir!" of the men, as they flew to execute the directions of their officers, were the only sounds which broke in upon the deep howling of the winds, and loud roaring of the waves, as they beat against the sides of "the gallant vessel." Occasionally the captain came down, but neither his words, nor still less his looks and manner, were calculated to dissipate the alarm and dread which hung over us. He told us he had a tight sea-boat, and need not fear weathering the storm; which, however, he admitted to be one of the most violent he had encountered for some voyages. The agitation of the vessel convinced us that she "worked dreadfully;" we could not keep our seats without "holding on" by some fixture; and if we could have been amused at such a time, we certainly should have been so by the exclamations of the cockney, who every now and then broke forth in a most curious strain of lamentation. The ladies behaved most heroically. We were all seated on the seats which ran round the cabin, for the convenience of holding on by the lockers. Mrs. F. was under the care of the Scotchman, who, to say the truth, conducted himself that night in a way which considerably raised him in my esteem; Miss F. was protected by Henry Bertram; and the fair Matilda and Charlotte fell to my care; and as I sat with an arm round each of these sweet girls, whilst they reclined on my shoulder, I felt, that "then to have died would have been to be most happy," and I

recked little of the storm without, so earnestly was I engaged in contemplating the charms within. Our silence was frequently disturbed by the loud outcries of the steerage-passengers, as they were dashed to and fro in their narrow abode, for the want of taking due precautions to secure themselves; whilst the screams of the children, for there were several on board, added to the horrors of the scene. In truth it was a melancholy night: we were aware of our imminent danger, not only from the loud uproar of the elements, but from the continued absence of the captain and the increased commotion on deck; and when this last subsided into a solemn and deathlike stillness, we knew not of what horror it might be the forerunner. At length "wished morning came," and the captain descended to visit us. He told us he hoped the danger was over; said it had been indeed a dreadful night, and complimented us upon our fortitude, inviting such of us as wished to go upon deck, and contemplate the ocean in its most sublime but most appalling form. None of us would stay behind, except the cockney, who, completely exhausted by watching and apprehension, was now in a sound sleep; a heavy perspiration was settled on his brows, which sufficiently denoted how great his fears had been, and the captain thought it best not to disturb him, so we left him to his repose.

When we got upon deck an awful scene presented itself. The sea was running mountains high, and the vessel, one moment carried on the summit of the waves, till its masts seemed to pierce the clouds, was in the next hurled into an abyss of waters, which appeared as if certain

to overwhelm her. She was scudding under bare poles, the helm was lashed hard up, and she drifted completely at the mercy of the winds and waves like a log of wood, abandoned to their fury. The ladies gave a shriek of horror, and covering their eyes, shrunk, shuddering, from the contemplation of the scene. But the assurances of the captain induced them to conquer their fears, and having seated themselves upon a hen-coop, which was lashed to the mizen-mast, and holding on by the rigging, they cast a fearful gaze around. Whilst we were all stationed on the quarter-deck, we saw a woman helped out of the steerage by her husband; she had a child in her arms, who wanted a little fresh air, she said, for it was almost smothered. Mrs. F. called to her to come to them, and they would make room for her on the hen-coop, where they were sitting. The poor creature was turning round to advance in that direction, when a heavy sea took the vessel on her quarter, washing over every thing that stood in its way. I was thrown with great force against the companion, and my comrades escaped with more or less injury, according as they had been prudent enough to secure themselves previously. The ladies were completely wetted, though they kept their seats;

but a heart-piercing shriek called our attention, as soon as we had a little recovered ourselves, to the poor woman and her child. We found the former stretched on the deck; the latter had been washed out of her arms; we caught one glimpse of it on the surface of the waves; we heard its faint scream as the billows washed over it and hid it from our sight, and it was gone for ever!

The wretched mother would have precipitated herself after her infant if she had not been withheld; and her frantic grief, with the more subdued but equally acute sorrow of the father, was almost heart-breaking to witness. She was taken into the cabin, and attended to as well as things would permit; and frequently have I heard her invoke blessings on the head of the "kind angels," as she called them, the Miss F.'s, whose attentions, she declared, had alone enabled her to preserve her senses after that dreadful shock. This accident gave a tone of sadness to our after-voyage, during which we had much less of that gay and careless hilarity which marked the former part of it; and when the seaman at the mast-head sung out "land!" it was a joyful sound to all, and to none more than to

A RAMBLER.

GHOST STORIES.—No. III.

THE GHOST OF ST. GERMAIN.

THE Abbé de la Chapelle, doctor of the Sorbonne, had a brother at St. Germain en Laye, who once wrote to him that the house of his good friend and neighbour, St. Gilles, the grocer, had been haunted for a considerable time by a ghost, which in-

deed had never injured any one, but yet terrified all who, from curiosity, entered the house, by its singular tones and significant expressions. It was impossible, he continued, that there could be any deception in the affair, as had at first been surmised;

for many persons, and some of them men of the acutest penetration, had exerted all their resolution and ingenuity to discover some natural cause of the phenomena in question, but to no purpose. Even the Catholic clergy of the town and neighbourhood had lent their assistance, and had courageously placed themselves in the way of the talkative spirit, and attempted to drive it away by means of holy water, Ave Marias, and exorcisms; but the ghost had indulged in many witty sallies at the great preparations made for his expulsion, and sneered at his impotent adversaries. These circumstances had completely puzzled every one, whether free-thinker or orthodox Catholic, so that nobody knew what to think of the invisible but loquacious visitant.

The doctor, whose faith was not strong enough to attribute such effects to supernatural causes, determined, on the receipt of this letter, to pay a visit to his brother at St. Germain, that he might personally examine into the affair, with a view to detect the imposture; for he took it for granted that there must be some deception, and was vain enough to imagine that it would not long escape him, with his observation, and the knowledge of men and things which he possessed.

He arrived quite unexpectedly at St. Germain, and scarcely had he alighted at his brother's, before he hastened to his neighbour's, minutely inspected the whole house, and examined doors and windows. St. Gilles, the master of the house, assisted him in this survey. All at once the doctor heard a faint voice saying to him, "What seek you here, doctor? Your presence is more ne-

cessary at Paris, where you have commenced the conversion of a fair Saxon, whom you run the risk of losing."

The doctor reddened. "That voice came from the top of the house," said he, after a short pause. "Let us go up stairs. This ghost seems anxious to get out of the way, the more one tries to approach him."

Accordingly they proceeded to the floor above, from which the voice apparently proceeded. "Who hath spell-bound thee here?" said the doctor to the spirit.

"That is no business of yours," replied the voice, as if from the garret: "but let me ask you, doctor, who sent you hither? Assumptions are not proofs; neither is self-conceit strength."

The doctor, who expected nothing less than this retort from the invisible being, now had recourse to stratagem, and holding out his closed hands, he said, "If thou art really a spirit, tell me what I have in my hands."

The spirit without delay returned this equally severe and appropriate answer: "In the right a Portuguese, and in the left a Spanish coin; and on your mantel-piece at Paris you have left a third, with which you hoped to drive me before this into a corner."

The doctor actually had nothing in his hands; but still he could not but feel sore at the reply, since he had certainly placed himself with his ticklish question on an equality with the grand inquisitors of Spain and Portugal. Neither perhaps was the spirit so very wrong in intimating to the doctor, that it was much easier to satisfy himself of the non-existence of a goblin over the pipe which he

had left on the mantel-piece of his study at Paris, than to detect and expose it on the spot.

The doctor, however, strove to conceal his embarrassment as well as he could, and said, "It seems as if the spirit was afraid of me, for he will not speak to me except at a distance."

"Come nearer to me," replied the voice from the uppermost floor; "I will wait for you without stirring."

The doctor, who could not for shame decline the invitation, began slowly to ascend the half-decayed stairs, which unluckily broke down under him. The unfortunate abbé fell; and this accident, together with the crash of the crazy stairs, greatly augmented his trepidation. The sly spirit seized this favourable moment, and declared with a terrific voice that he would be the death of him.

The affrighted doctor now had recourse to supplications; he earnestly implored his antagonist to spare his life, and solemnly promised to leave in peace all the goblins that he could not drive out.

"I am glad," said the voice, "to find that you begin to have better notions. Go your ways, but never meddle in future with such beings as we are; and bear continually in mind this maxim, that modesty is far safer than foolhardiness."

The doctor, trembling in every joint, went down stairs to the ground-floor, and was resolved not to stay any longer either in the haunted house or in the neighbourhood. He declared that he would return that very day to his colleagues, the gentlemen of the Sorboune, to hold a formal consultation with them on this mysterious business.

To spare him this probably useless trouble, M. St. Gilles, who had never quitted his side till the final accident, stepped to him with a smile, and assured him that the ghost was no other than—himself. "I understand something," continued he, "of the art of ventriloquism, which is yet but little known, and all the mysterious tones which seemed to come from above proceeded only from the inside of my chest."

The doctor stared in astonishment at this instructive confession. An oppressive weight was removed from his heart by the repetition of this most welcome assurance; though he had at first great difficulty to believe it. St. Gilles, in pity to the incredulous abbé, gave him on the spot the most irrefragable evidence of the truth of his assertions.

St. Gilles had learned the art of another ventriloquist at Martinique, with whom he was intimate there, and he declared that it cost him only a week's practice to make himself perfect in it.

The Abbé de la Chapelle read a paper to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the subject of his adventures at St. Germain; and the academy deputed two of its members, Fouchy and Le Roi, to institute a formal investigation of the matter on the spot. This commission they executed in August 1777, and heard such extraordinary things that they were not less surprised than convinced.

How often may not accomplished jugglers have profited by the flexibility of the organs of speech to impose upon the simple and unsuspecting!

OF THE COURTS OF LOVE IN THE AGES OF CHIVALRY.

THE life of a German gentleman in the middle ages was divided into three important periods. Till his seventeenth year he was left under the care of women, who took charge of his early education, and excited his emulation by narrating the feats of valiant knights. When taken out of their hands, he was placed in the quality of page about the person of some knight, at whose castle he was taught all that was requisite for his future condition. Fidelity, love, and valour were the virtues incessantly instilled into him. When it was remarked that the young page, after having performed with zeal the duties of his situation for his knight and his lady, was fond of indulging in martial sports, pains were taken to confirm him in his faith, in order to prepare him to become one day a defender of religion and the church. The ladies also formed a main point in the principles which were assiduously impressed on the mind of the young gentleman. Feeble and unarmed as were the church and the sex, they had need of a particular protection. To succour the oppressed, to defend the widow and the orphan, belonged to the vocation of the novice, whose heart was yet unacquainted with the pleasures and dissipations of a corrupting world. The pious knight not only deemed it an imperative duty to save at the risk of his life, and to endow rich foundations for monks and priests, but also made it his glory to love and to serve the ladies. The Greeks and Romans of old considered women as merely subservient to their pleasures; whereas the German gentleman, less enslaved to the senses,

and enlightened by a pure and sublime religion, looked upon them as the master-piece of the creation, and their service as the most delightful of his duties. The continual example of models of chivalry, the society of the esquires who had attended the knight in his expeditions, and the songs of the Troubadours, excited juvenile courage to generous actions. The youth longed for the moment when the priest should deliver to him at the foot of the altar, the sword of which he should one day make such noble use. The pages passed seven years in this new state, which rendered them the companions and assistants of their masters. Admitted into the family circle, the page felt an interest in every thing that related to his knight. It was his duty to take care of the armour and the horse of the latter, to provide for the defence and safety of the castle, and to devote the rest of his time to his mistress. He accompanied his master to tournaments and in his expeditions, to fight under his eye, and to form himself by his example. Sometimes the distinction of rank between the knight and his esquire was wholly overlooked, and gave way to a sincere friendship, which, tried by common dangers, and renewed by the recollection of them, united the two so closely, that they could never afterwards part from each other.

But if the servant wished to become master in his turn, he might do so at the age of twenty-one, which, according to the Saxon law, was the age of majority. He was then invested with the arms and insignia of knighthood, if he had not already obtained that distinction by some

achievement. The new knight swore to serve with fidelity his prince and country, to defend his religion, to succour the widow and orphan, to protect the oppressed, to fight the infidels, to respect the chastity of women, and to extol on all occasions their beauty and their virtue. This oath was at the same time the catechism of the knight. As chivalry was the pivot on which not only his existence, but that of his contemporaries in general revolved, the consequence was, that he could not but consider chivalry as a most sacred vocation, to which every thing else in the world ought to be subservient, and that it behoved him to fulfil its duties most religiously. This spirit, and the emulation of princes to render themselves the most distinguished members of chivalry by their valour and personal merit, as they were the most illustrious by their birth, ensured to this institution an honourable duration of several centuries. The tournament was not only a public and military festival, but at the same time a most rigid tribunal. It was from the hands of their ladies that the victors received the prizes won by their courage and address. Every tournament drew together the females most distinguished for beauty and rank. The respect and admiration which the competitors evinced for the ladies who were the umpires and rewarders of their merit, easily changed to a softer sentiment, that of the tenderest love. The most gratifying triumph of valour was to please beauty. This sentiment, devoted no doubt rather to the sex in general, than to any particular individual, was moulded into an art, which the French have very aptly

designated by the term *galanterie*. This art soon became the object of a diffuse theory, which, agreeably to the spirit of the age, gave rise to particular tribunals for taking cognizance of, and deciding all matters relating to, *love*. Respect for the ladies soon began to assume a tincture of idolatry. Blood was spilled for unknown fair-ones, and for sovereign commands which an adored mistress had not even thought of giving. Complaints, sighs, and genuflexions occupied the leisure left by religion and military exercises. The more nearly the intercourse of the two sexes approached to Platonic love, the more it became the object of the profoundest speculation.

At first there were but occasional assemblies of females to which disputed points and difficult questions were submitted: for who could be better qualified to decide in such cases than women, who are formed for love and are its fairest ornament? The genial climate of Valencia, Catalonia, Arragon, and the southern provinces of France, gave to the happy inhabitants of those countries that flexibility of mind and fertility of imagination, which seem to diminish in more northern latitudes. There was formed in the tenth century the Provençal language, alike adapted to sing the sweet pangs and power of love, and the exploits of chivalrous valour. Princes and nobles, men and women, composed in that language, and were eager to enrol themselves among the Troubadours. Their art had for its aim to sooth the pains of life, and it was therefore denominated *la gaya ciencia*, or the jovial science. These compositions, besides celebrating the

pro prowess of the knights, likewise extolled love, that noble and chaste passion, such as a mystic theory delighted to represent it. The accidental meeting of several minstrels soon produced poetical competitions, and it was females who decided in this case also, for they were chosen by the poets for umpires. Assemblies of this kind were called *Courts of Love*; and they borrowed their ordinary formalities from the courts of justice. Though the period of their first institution cannot be precisely ascertained, yet we find, so early as the commencement of the twelfth century, in various parts of the south of France and the adjacent countries, Courts of Love, of which historians have left us detailed descriptions. It is probable that there were several others, of which no historical traces are to be found. It was chiefly in the month of May that these Courts of Love were held in the north of France, and as the tribunal was commonly placed under a shady elm, they were called *Sports under the Elm*.

The Courts of Love were composed of a female president, and from ten to sixty counsellors of the same sex. Sometimes kings or princes presided, and they were then styled *Princes of Love*. At each court there were numerous offices and dignities. At the Court of Love, which flourished for example at Paris, under the presidency of Isabel of Bavaria, in the time of Charles VI. there were two great huntsmen to the court, one hundred and eighty-eight keepers of archives and registers, fifty-nine knights of honour as counsellors to the court, fifty-two knights-treasurers, fifty-seven masters, and thirty-two secretaries.

Among these different classes of dignitaries we meet with the names of the most illustrious families, and of the most celebrated scholars and statesmen of the age. There were besides many inferior tribunals, from which appeals might be made to the high court sitting at Paris. The sentences of the court, called *Arresta Amorum* (Decrees of Love) were guided partly by the code of love ascribed to King Arthur, the regulations of which are subjoined to this article, and partly by the common law.

The execution of these decrees was assured beforehand, for the parties were required to swear that they would submit to the sentence that should be pronounced; and, besides, they durst not refuse compliance with the decision of the most honourable and powerful persons of the city or country. There are instances of pecuniary fines, but banishment from the *Kingdom of Love*, that is to say, exclusion from good company, and other degrading punishments, were more frequent.

It is obvious, that as the influence and authority of these tribunals depended on public opinion alone, they could subsist no longer than while that sovereign of the world continued to favour them. The discredit of chivalry was attended with the decline of the Courts of Love, and of gallantry, on which they were founded. More grave and important concerns began to engage the public mind: jousts and tournaments gave place to long and sanguinary wars; standing armies enabled the sovereign to dispense with the aid of his vassals; poetry fled from the courts of the great and from the castles, and became the exclusive property

of a few individuals, chiefly of the commonalty, which class, finding itself associated in the glory of arms and the defence of the country, began to be sensible of its consequence. The power of the clergy, founded on the cultivation of the sciences, was also shaken; and while the nobility and clergy prepared to defend their prerogatives, commerce gave fresh importance to the commons. The citizens, formerly accustomed to passive obedience, insensibly raised doubts respecting the superiority of the privileged classes, which they had then begun to rival in knowledge, understanding, and refinement.

But to return to the Courts of Love. The mode of proceeding was mostly verbal, and this was the most natural course in tribunals composed of judges endowed by nature with an admirable loquacity: but yet there were also records for perpetuating the memory of the most celebrated causes. Here is an example, of the commencement of the 13th century. Guillaume de Cabestaing was accused by Dame Eleonore de Comminge with misbehaviour towards her and one of the fair followers of the laws of gallantry. The ladies summoned as judges in this affair were, Madame de Sabran, the Comtesse de Forcalquier, Mesdames d'Ampus, de Blacres, de Simiane, de Villeneuve, de Turenne, de Montfort, Marguerite de Tarascon, the wife of Berenger, Comte de Toulouse, Dame de Vintimille, the lady of the town of Glandèves, Mesdames de Sault and de Castellane, the Dame de Pourrières, and the Comtesse de Porcelet. The knights belonged to the same families, with the exception of Antoine de Boulins, Claude de Montauban, and several others.

Most of these knights had returned from beyond sea: they had fought against the Saracens or in Bohemia, or served the King of France. All of them were covered with honourable scars.

The accused stopped outside the barriers. A lady, who acted as herald, summoned him three times; he appeared within the inclosure, where another female took him by the hand, saying, "Young gentleman, leave your arms outside the barriers: you need no other arms for ladies than your politeness and courtesy; only add thereto a desire to please, and you will be sure to succeed."

When he heard the complaint preferred against him by Dame Eleonore, and that of her waiting-damsel, he blushed; for he was sincere, and too sincere not to be embarrassed. He knew not how to defend himself, and was fearful of offending his amiable judges. He was not aware that this was one of those causes which the court had selected for the sake of amusement. He applied for an advocate, and he was permitted to choose one himself from among his judges. Having approached Dame Marguerite, he fell upon one knee and presented his glove to her. Dame Marguerite took it blushing, and stationed herself at a little distance from her client, at the farther end of the barriers.—The defence was heard with profound attention and interest, and generally applauded. Enchanted with the eloquence of Dame Marguerite, the accused threw himself at her feet to express his gratitude. "The court," said an usher, "permits you to kiss your advocate's cheek." There was no need to repeat this intimation. The Sieur Raymond, the husband of the fair lady,

would have protested against it, but bursts of laughter were the only answer he received. The young gentleman was then presented to each of the ladies, and kissed the hands of them all. There was not one but squeezed that of the gentle Guillaume; such is the power of youth and beauty over the hearts of the fair! He retired while his judges delivered their votes.

A monk who was present then demanded vengeance, crying, "Listen one moment, honourable ladies!"—Universal silence ensued. "I will be as brief as possible," continued the monk. "This youth, if you were to believe Dame Marguerite, is a perfect lamb; but I—yes, I—who am addressing you, know something more of his pranks, which these eyes have witnessed. A young and beautiful peasant-girl, daughter of a serf to our monastery—O the wretch! how he did kiss her! But for my presence, I know not to what extremities he might have proceeded. This thought is almost as galling as the unworthy cords by which I appear at this moment bound before you."

At this speech of the monk's the whole assembly could scarcely suppress its laughter. Dame Marguerite was the only one who maintained her gravity. "What say you to this, young gentleman?" asked a herald. At this moment Dame Marguerite rose to address the court, when a village-damsel, beautiful as an angel, brisk as a Love, and fresh as one of the Graces, darted through the crowd, and cried, "Hear me! hear me!" It was the damsel of whom the monk had just spoken. A large hat overshadowed her lovely face; she had put on her best apparel, and adorned herself with ribbons, to be

present at the sentence of the court, less from curiosity than to see the young gentleman again—for he had made on her heart one of those impressions that are not so easily effaced. "Hear me, ladies!" said she. "This handsome young gentleman took nothing from me by force. You are well aware that our favours are not to be stolen from us against our will. Who in my place would not have shewn the same complaisance towards her deliverer? He rescued me, not without a struggle, from the grasp of that vile monk; and you will believe me, most honourable ladies, when I assure you, that it seemed as though I had passed from the arms of the devil into those of an angel."—The young villager was so beautiful, so unaffected—who could help excusing her? Dame Marguerite, who had a tender heart, thought the case extremely venial. The whole court, and the knights in particular, eyed the girl with looks expressive of admiration, and also of their envy of the young gentleman who had made such a conquest.

The court commanded silence, and Elise de Turenne, the president, pronounced sentence as follows: "There is nothing punishable in your conduct, gentle youth. You have acted as you ought to do in regard to the damsel. You were not aware of the nature of your duty to Dame Eleonore. The court acquits you, and merely recommends to you to be less embarrassed, less timid, and more courteous to the ladies: it commands you therefore to take of us lessons of politeness. It is the duty of a knight to strive to please, to make love truly and honourably, and to be discreet. At any age ladies are capable of loving, and of expecting a

just return. Beware of slighting those who are past the hey-day of youth: it is then that honour and delicacy are particularly requisite. It is to be hoped that the lady of your thoughts will forgive the adventure with the damsel. As to the monk, let him be released from his bonds, and condemned to say his prayers; and the court particularly recommends to the knights to cut off his nose, if he should ever presume to meddle with peasant-girls again. It is quite enough for a man of his class to say his prayers, and to give us absolution."

Thus ended this trial. Several other sentences of the same kind are recorded in various works which treat of the Courts of Love. The collection of laws, which probably date from the beginning of the 12th century, and which served to guide the resolutions and decisions of the Courts of Love, are as follows:

RULES OF LOVE.

1. Marriage cannot be a legitimate ground of exemption from love.

2. Whoever cannot dissemble ought not to love.

3. No one can wear the chains of a twofold love.

4. It is certain that love augments or diminishes.

5. The favour which a lover snatches from his mistress against her will cannot but prove insipid.

6. A man does not begin to love truly till of mature age.

7. The surviving one of two lovers must observe a widowhood of two years.

8. A person ought not to be deprived of his amours without a very weighty reason.

9. He only is capable of loving who feels the necessity of loving.

10. Love is incompatible with avarice.

11. You should not love any but those with whom you would not be ashamed to ally yourself.

12. The real lover desires nothing but the kindness of her whom he loves.

13. Love divulged can seldom subsist long.

14. An easy conquest causes love to be underrated; a difficult one enhances its value.

15. Every lover is accustomed to turn pale at the sight of his mistress.

16. The heart of the lover throbs at the sight of the beloved object.

17. Fresh passions compel the old ones to give way.

18. Integrity alone can render any one worthy of love.

19. When love begins to decline, it soon languishes, and seldom recovers.

20. The lover is always timid.

21. Real jealousy serves only to increase the passion of love.

22. When suspicion arises between lovers, jealousy and the flames of love become more fierce.

23. When the thoughts of love torment, the lover sleeps and eats less for it.

24. Every action of a lover is accompanied with a thought of his beloved.

25. The real lover is gratified with nothing but what he thinks likely to please his mistress.

26. Love cannot refuse any thing to love.

27. Love cannot be satiated by the consolations of love.

28. A slight distrust compels one of two lovers to conceive bad suspicions of the other.

29. Whoever loves truly is continually haunted by the image of the beloved object.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM THE LATE COUNT VOLNEY.

PARIS, April 6, 1818.

YOUR last letter, sir, recalls to my memory an anecdote which I have heard related by Baron Holbach, who knew many instructive ones. Diderot chanced to be in company where the conversation turned on the pleasures of the country, which were painted in such lively colours, that Diderot's imagination took fire, and he became immediately desirous of passing some time out of town. But whither to go was the question. The governor of the Château de Meudon came to Paris; he knew Diderot, learned his desire, and offered him an apartment in the château. Diderot went to see it, was enchanted, declared that he should never be happy till he was there, and returned immediately to town. The summer passed without his revisiting the country; a second summer was nearly over, and still he had not left Paris.

One day in the month of September, Diderot met the poet Delille, who came up to him, saying, "I have been looking for you, my friend: I am engaged upon my poem; I long for solitude, that I may write without interruption. Madame d'Houdetot tells me that you have a pretty apartment at Meudon, to which you never go——"—"My dear abbé," interrupted Diderot, "hear me. We must all have something to look forward to: it is necessary for our happiness to have always some favourite object in view; but if once it is attained, it charms no longer. I don't go to Meudon, but I say to myself every morning, I shall go to-morrow. If I had not this little place I should not be happy, at least not till I had found something else to wish for."

You, sir, who live in the country, place your happiness in the idea of going to town; but let the example of Diderot be useful to you. You tell me your life is so serene, your days fully occupied appear so short, that you have no *ennui* even in winter, and your greatest trouble is the idea of undertaking a journey, however short it may be. Take care then that you do not for an uncertain future sacrifice a present good. Has not the town also its inconveniences? Can you enjoy there those pleasures which you now possess? Can you take that regular exercise which at present renders you so healthy? Shall you have even one domestic faithful and attentive? Depend upon it, you have now the true philosopher's stone. While there remains any morality in the country, a man may, by doing good while he lives, always attach to himself a faithful servant. I say while he lives, because to promise something after one's death is in effect to encourage others to wish for it.

I repeat, take great care not to make yourself a slave to an old engagement taken under other circumstances and in very different dispositions of the mind. The thought of this engagement of your's recalls to my memory a Dutchman, a singular character, who was formerly ambassador to Japan, whom I was acquainted with in Paris. Titsingh, that was his name, said to me one day in February, "I shall set out on the 6th of next September at seven o'clock in the morning, to see my sister at Amsterdam; I shall arrive on the 12th at four o'clock." If he lost half an hour he was unhappy. I

have been a little like him: formerly I was a precise man; I am pretty well cured of that now. I regulate circumstances; they do not govern me. Every year, when the return of winter brings with it *ennui*, I speak of going into Provence; and when the moment arrives for my departure, I sink into my easy chair, order a large fire as a substitute for the sun, and say to myself, Ah! what a good thing it is to have a comfortable home!

Let us use each day without too much solicitude for the ensuing: prudence, it is true, goes for something in one's concerns; but after all, how much more must depend upon chance! "I am the youngest of the senate," said Fargue to me one day; and he gave me a long account of all the things he intended to do. Ten days afterwards we buried him. I expected to die every year from 1802 to 1805, and yet here I am in 1819. All must be as God pleases: let us then leave the future to him, and not torment ourselves by solitudes, which can avail nothing.

EXTRACT OF ANOTHER LETTER FROM
THE SAME.

You remark very justly that so-

ciety, so far from being an amusement, has become an embarrassment, and that solitude is not less a good than a want. This brings to my mind what I once heard Franklin say at the age of thirty. I could not comprehend his speech, but now I understand it perfectly well. We were with Madame Helvetius, whose husband, as you know, wrote a bad poem. We talked and reasoned a great deal; Franklin was more silent than the rest. "My dear Franklin," said Madame Helvetius to him, "I love to think that you are happy."—"I become more and more so every day," replied he: "I never had the malady of finding myself unfortunate. At first poor, then rich, I was always satisfied with what I possessed, without troubling myself about what I had not: but since I grow old, since my passions are extinguished, I feel a peace of mind which it is impossible to know at the age of these young men," looking at Cabanis and me. "At that age the soul is without, at mine it is within; it regards as from a window the bustle of the passengers, but takes no part in their quarrels."

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THOMAS à BECKET.

It is little known that Thomas à Becket, so formidable to Henry II. of England, was on his mother's side of Saracen descent. His father, Gilbert Becket, was a soldier in the Crusades; and being made prisoner, became slave to an emir, or Saracen prince. He obtained the confidence of his master, and having opportunities of seeing his daughter, she

conceived a violent passion for him. He escaped from bondage, and the lady followed him. All she knew of English was the name of London and that of Gilbert Becket; yet she got on board a vessel, and arrived safely in England. She travelled to London, and went through every street repeating Gilbert Becket, and by some fortunate incident met with the object who had won her faithful

heart. He had become a prosperous citizen, but did not prove ungrateful to the benefactress who had soothed his captivity. He married her, and she became the mother of Thomas à Becket, at whose tomb one of the greatest monarchs of England submitted to the scourge of monkish arrogance.

ROYAL KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, paid his addresses to the daughter of Frederic II. of Denmark; but his ministers, instigated as it is said by Queen Elizabeth, required such terms, as made Frederic conclude that the Scottish king was not seriously disposed for the alliance. He therefore gave his daughter to the Duke of Brunswick. James imputed the failure of his matrimonial treaty to some misconduct of his ministers; and nothing discouraged, sent proposals to Anne, second daughter to the Danish monarch; and though Elizabeth endeavoured to mar the attempt, by recommending Catherine, daughter of the King of Navarre, he persisted in his choice, and finding his ministers obstinately bent against it, he secretly encouraged the citizens of Edinburgh to take arms. They threatened to tear the chancellor in pieces, if he disappointed the wishes of the king and the expectations of the people. In consequence of this impressive argument, a splendid embassy, conducted by the earl marshal, was sent to Denmark. The marriage was soon agreed upon, and the young queen set sail for Scotland. James ordered great preparations for her reception, and impatiently waited her arrival, when the sad tidings arrived, that her fleet

was driven back to Norway in a shattered condition. The king instantly fitted out some ships, and without communicating his intention to any of his council, sailed in person, attended by the chancellor, with several noblemen, and a train of three hundred persons, in quest of his bride. He arrived safely in a small harbour not far from Upslo, where she was lying. The marriage was solemnized, and the royal pair accepted an invitation to Copenhagen, where they passed several months in feasting and diversions, and waited for a more favourable season for crossing the sea to their own dominions.

PYRAMIDS.

The Pyramids of Egypt are perhaps the oldest monuments of human labour. Those of Mexico, scarcely less considerable, have their origin hid in the night of antiquity. Humboldt is of opinion that these monuments should be classed with the pyramidal edifices of Asia, of which traces are found even in Arcadia: for the conical mausoleum of Calistus was a true tumulus, and served for a base to a small temple consecrated to Diana. Humboldt remarks with astonishment the striking similarity of the Asiatic and Egyptian pyramids to those of Mexico. Another remarkable coincidence in the tastes or habits of some civilized people is the addiction to astrology, alchemy, or some resembling self-delusion. Ali Bey found that the Moors confounded astronomy with astrology; and we find that all nations, while groping their way in the paths of true science, are for a time misled by fallacious lights.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE SEA-SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by William Kitchiner.—(Whitaker, Ave-Maria-lane, and Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

THE effect which Dibdin's naval songs produced among the sailors of Great Britain is notorious and universally admitted, even on the part of government, from whom his widow enjoys a pension of 100*l.* per annum. These songs, as he truly states in his autobiography, "have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline." With all their humour and jollity, they possess the rare merit of pure loyalty, patriotism, and morality; a circumstance which drew from the late Dr. Knox, the observation, that Dibdin "was the only man he ever knew who could convey a sermon through the medium of a comic song."

In his profession, Mr. Dibdin evinced an unceasing and indefatigable industry, which is perhaps without example. "I have written," he says, "in the course of my life, exclusive of my entertainments of *Sans Souci*, nearly *seventy* dramatic pieces, of different descriptions, besides having set to music *fifteen* or *sixteen*, the productions of other writers. In the whole of those which I have invented and brought forward, are included more than *NINE HUNDRED SONGS*; a number, I should imagine, not again to be found in the English language, nearly *two hundred* of which have been repeatedly *encored*, and

Vol. II. No. XII.

perhaps twice that number have been sung in public companies; and among them will be found about *ninety sea-songs*."

It is to this latter class that the present publication is appropriated, the volume before us (part the first) containing twenty-six sea-songs, and three more parts being intended to conclude the work. The propriety of making and arranging this collection is self-evident, and the accomplishment of the task, so far as it has proceeded, entitles its estimable author to the thanks of the vocal amateur and British public in general, in addition to the numerous other obligations which every class of society owes to Dr. Kitchiner. With an intellect stored with the most varied acquirements, a mind breathing loyalty and patriotism, and a heart full of kindness and benevolence towards the whole human race, the life of Dr. K. seems exclusively to be devoted to the benefit and the innocent pleasures of the public at large.

Strongly impressed as we are with these feelings, and fully sensible as we are, of the meritorious undertaking of editing these songs collectively, our critical office renders it our duty to advert to one or two imperfections we have observed in the perusal of the work. In the musical portion we have observed several typographical errors; and the accompaniment, however authentically Dibdinian it may be, is exceedingly naked: its primitive barrenness, suitable to the meridian of 1770 and 1780, will appear but plain fare to palates of 1823; and, if we go on in musi-

cal *bonne chère* as we have done for these twenty years, it is a question whether the epicurism in another dozen of years will not be such as to refuse even a taste of the solitary fundamental crotchets in Mr. Dibdin's accompaniments. We are quite aware of the arguments we may have to encounter on this subject—authenticity, general accessibility, &c. But we are nevertheless of opinion, that if Dibdin had found in Dr. K. what Händel found in Mozart, the object of the present work would have been considerably forwarded.

The biographical memoir prefixed to the music is, we presume, to be continued in the succeeding parts of the work. As far as it is before us, it consists more of large extracts from Mr. Dibdin's autobiography, than of original narrative, and the arrangement of these materials would have been susceptible of a greater degree of order and method: an observation which we submit with a view to draw Dr. K.'s attention to the portion of the memoir not yet published. In p. 10, flattering mention is made of Mr. Dibdin's sons, now living; and in p. 15 it is stated, that of the five children he had (three sons and two daughters) *all* died, except one daughter.

The favourite Airs in Rossini's Opera of RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE, arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by T. Latour. Books I. II. and III. Pr. 6s. each.—(Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)

The opera of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, although not one of the best dramatic compositions of Rossini, and pretty well stocked with reminiscences and imitations from his prior works,

was favourably received at the King's Theatre, not only because the parts were extremely well cast, but because it was found to contain several pieces of a really superior order, and some very original melodies and combinations. Of these, the trio between Madame Camporese, Madame Vestris, and Signor Garcia, appeared the most conspicuous and interesting; a duet too between these two ladies contained some new and beautiful ideas; and the choruses, although indifferently sung, were written with skill and force.

The work, therefore, as a whole, deserved the labour required to render it accessible to mere piano-forte players; and Mr. Latour is entitled to our thanks for having undertaken the task, and more so, for having accomplished it in a very satisfactory manner. The three books will be found to include a rich store of amusement to the lovers of Italian music; to us they have afforded many pleasing recollections of the performance at the Opera-House. The arrangement, effective as it is, has moreover the merit of being destitute of any executive intricacies: all that is wanted is steady time and proper expression; not a *p* or *f*, or any mark of expression, must be left unattended to. This caution is particularly necessary in piano-forte extracts from operatic music, and doubly so in Rossini's works. The flute-part did not appear to us to add greatly to the performance, and may therefore be dispensed with, without particular inconvenience.

Impromptu on the favourite Irish Air, "The Bard's Request," for the Piano-forte, composed by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 69. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

This difficult "Impromptu" may be considered as a monument erected by the author to the extraordinary musical precocity of a child, stated to be nine years old, the little Miss Schauroth from Germany, who played it last summer in public at the Argyle-Rooms. Supposing (what we suspect) her age to be somewhat more, the circumstance would still be inconceivable, if the fact were not within fresh recollection.

But without reference to the occasion which produced this impromptu, and probably at very short notice, the composition deserves a favourite place in every amateur's collection. It consists of variations, it is true; but for the purpose in view, nothing was better calculated; and when they are written so entirely *con amore*, we cannot help relaxing in our antipathies. The introductory *capriccio* is masterly; the second variation fascinating; the adagio (var. 5.) full of deep feeling; the waltz movement, in the Vienna style, full of sweet briskness; the modulations, p. 14, genial and striking: in short, the whole is a happy effort, perfectly classic.

"*Les belles Fleurs*," consisting of select Pieces from the Works of the most celebrated Authors, selected, and most of them newly arranged, for the Piano-forte and Flute. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 4s. each.—(Chappell and Co.)

The arrangement of the piano-forte part is by Mr. Bruguier, that of the flute by Mr. Sola. The latter is not only indispensable, but written in a style of elegance and effectiveness which must render the performance delightful, wherever a flute-player of adequate abilities can be called in: it is in this way that ac-

companiments should be written, not mere hangers-on, fifth wheels to a waggon. Mr. Bruguier's share of the arrangement also claims our approbation.

The first book is devoted to a composition of Mr. Bochsá's, consisting of an adagio, allegro, theme with variation, &c.; and the second contains Rossini's air "*Di piacer mi balza il cor.*"

Rode's celebrated Air, sung with the greatest applause by Madame Catalani, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

There is some ambiguity in this title, the right interpretation of which we take to be, that these variations are made by Mr. C. upon a theme of Rode's, with variations for the violin, which Madame Catalani sung at her late concerts here, and which she had better kept to herself. The idea was of bad taste, quite a perversion of the rightful province of vocal art, something like the *Minuet de la Cour* danced——But enough. We have often listened with wonder and delight at the legitimate efforts of Madame C.'s unrivalled powers. The fame of these is established and spread over all Europe, and needs not any accession from an imitation of cat-gut.

Mr. Cramer's variations upon this sweet air (as we must be dosed with variations) are, for the most part, of a superior order. The first, for instance, is woven with extreme delicacy; and No. 3. in G minor, exhibits some very original strokes of imagination: but amidst these good things, there is matter of a more common cast, such as in var. 5. The introductory largo, however brief, exhi-

bits the master; the few staves are replete with taste and feeling.

Romance by H. R. Bishop, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed, and dedicated to Miss Lucy Rooke, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s. --(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

The rondo is introduced by a short movement (rather of slow motion we should guess, for Mr. Cramer seems to have given up marking the tempo metronomically). The direction is "risoluto con moto:" the piece exhibits some fine touches of plaintive expression, and has bars which strongly remind us of Beethoven's Funeral March. Mr. Bishop's melody, and the deductions from it, are treated with that perfection of harmonic arrangement, that sweetness and elegance, which the works of no other composer exhibit in an equally conspicuous degree: several of the thoughts, however, are far from being original. Some fine passages occur pp. 4 and 5; very good modulations are brought forth in p. 6; and the winding-up possesses peculiar freshness and energy.

All this is very well, and the production cannot fail of being attractive. But when we look over our portfolio, and behold a mass of piano-forte publications by a variety of authors, some of them great in name and fame, all of which, instead of being originals, present us with rondos upon such and such a theme; variations upon this or that favourite melody; divertimentos or fantasias upon operas; in short, nothing but other people's things dressed up with new sauces, plain or savoury, we cannot help feeling deep regret. The art must be on the decline when ori-

ginality is no longer the proud aim of its votaries.

What should we say of the state of painting or sculpture, if the principal occupation of these arts were to consist in selecting some favourite painting or statue for the basis of a new work—Titian's *Venus* at one time dressed up in lace, at another placed on a rich couch, or represented under a different aspect; Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille* without the hat, but the hair dressed *à la Grecque*, or with a turban of cashmere shawl: the *Apollo Belvedere* brought forth in the costume of a Polish lancer or a Chinese mandarin?

Divertissement, with an Introduction and Allegretto for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced "Hark, the convent bells!" from the Second Volume of "The Melodies of various Nations," by F. Bayly, Esq. and Sir J. A. Stevenson; arranged, and dedicated to Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. R. is one of the select few English piano-forte composers who have studied classic foreign models with such success, that their works might be deemed of continental origin. He combines science, good taste, and freedom of imagination in a conspicuous degree. In the present divertimento the introduction attracts attention by its sweet simplicity. The hunting theme in the allegretto is pretty, and in its termination we perceive a vein of pathetic feeling. Then we have chimes, and the Portuguese melody, and variation thereupon; some neat thoughts present themselves in the sixth page. The theme is afterwards cast into D,

and some interesting, we might say, dramatic ideas, are engrafted upon it. In the ninth page the same ideas are ably modulated through a variety of keys, and the termination is full and brilliant.

"*Yes, thou art gone!*" *Ballad, written by Mrs. Opie; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.*—(Goulding and Co.)

The air is one of pleasing simplicity, although there is a considerable degree of sameness in the constituent ideas. The whole of the four verses are set to music, that is to say, the melody is mainly the same in each; but, independently of decisive diversity in the accompaniment, there are also *melodic* variations, not only upon the same harmony, but the voice, according to the text, occasionally deviates into different harmonies. This proceeding, although at the expense of the purchaser, we cannot object to; for it is seldom that the air devised for the first stanza will suit all the impressions conveyed by the others; and the idea in the present case, together with the tasteful varieties of accompaniment, contributes to render Mr. Kiallmark's labour peculiarly interesting.

"*Adieu, adieu, my love!*" *the admired Duet sung by Madame R. de Begnis and Madame Vestris in the Opera "La Donna del Lago;" composed by Signor Rossini.*—Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The words are both Italian and English, and the latter fit very fairly. The arrangement is also unexceptionable. One or two awkward intonations in the melody, and some other niceties, are above the sphere of a mere ballad-singer, and much

below the usual female scale. For general circulation, we should have been inclined to transpose the whole a third higher, and to simplify one or two passages.

The favourite Air, "We're a nod-din," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Select French Romances, No. VII.

"*Le petit Tambour,*" *arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.*—(Hodsoll.)

These two publications are of a nature to suit the abilities of players of moderate proficiency, and to afford them entertainment. Mr. Poole's variations, without deviating from the usual routine, are imagined in a fluent and easy style; and in Mr. Rimbault's "*Le petit Tambour*" we meet with all those features of recommendation, which have already received our favourable comment in the review of the former numbers of his French Romances.

"*County Guy,*" *sung by Miss Williams of the Royal Vauxhall Gardens; the Poetry from "Quentin Durward;" the Music by T. A. Hughes, Composer and Director of the Music to the Royal Coburg Theatre. Pr. 2s.*—(Fitzwilliam and Co.)

The text of this song in "*Quentin Durward*" is given with the following remark: "And as the tune is lost for ever, unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air, we will risk our credit, and the taste of the lady of the lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are."

Such a challenge, as may be sup-

posed, was quite sufficient to excite among our tuneful bards a general search after the lost treasure. Mr. Hughes, among many others, was on the look-out, and found, as he states, a small scroll that had dropped from the paper, which Mr. Bishop picked up.

In our opinion, the authentic original remains still fair game to look for: in the mean time we should be sorry to reject some of the booty which the chase has yielded; and among the offerings of this description, we place the result of Mr. Hughes's industry. His "County Guy" presents a pretty playful melody, fresh and effective, correct as to rhythmical arrangement and accompaniment, and particularly active and showy in its conclusion. The song is a good one.

"Thou rob'st my days of business and delight," composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-

forte, by W. Gutteridge. Pr. 1s. 6d. — (Fitzwilliam and Co.)

There are some objections to the text; the melody, also, is of too grave a cast, and contains some erroneous accentuation; and both the music and words present typographical mistakes. But the composition is one of decided merit: the symphony is good; the air is imagined with taste and feeling, indeed it is of a superior order; and the same praise is due to the accompaniment, which proceeds in a select and chaste manner: the component parts of the chords are well picked out, if we may be allowed the expression; there are no offensive or unnecessary duplications (a great and rather unfrequent merit!); and some modulations, such as p. 3, l. 2, in all their boldness, evince a skill, and, we will add, an elevation of sentiment, which unequivocally pronounce the author's talent for the art.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FULL DRESS.

DRESS of bright poppy-colour India muslin, ornamented with small sprigs of gold. The *corsage* to fit, with an elegant stomacher, composed of double rows of gold lace, placed diagonally from the front and continued over the shoulder; the outside formed into vandykes: short full sleeve, incased in bands edged with gold; broad gold lace band round the waist; tucker of narrow blond. The skirt is decorated with gold lace, placed flat on the dress in perpendicular double columns of different height; the upper part finished with

a wave, and the highest points terminated with three unilateral leaves of gold edged with very narrow blond; broad wadded hem at the bottom of the dress. Turban of gold and poppy-colour *crêpe lisse*; the frame of alternate rows of the same coloured satins brought to a point in front, and satin bands of French folds supporting the large *bouffants* of *crêpe lisse*: short coquelicot feather placed on the right side. Pearl ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace; blond lace scarf; French trimmed gloves, and white satin shoes.



FULL DRESS.



EVENING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

British lace dress: the waist rather long, and the *corsage* plain, with a Farinet tucker of fine tulle, tied in front by a bow of white satin ribbon: short full sleeve, set in a white satin band; perpendicular corded satin bands, ornamented half way with bows of white satin ribbon, support the fulness of the sleeve: corded satin *ceinture*; rosette of corded leaves behind, with a highly wrought steel buckle in the centre. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of deep blond lace, arranged in festoons; and a corded satin leaf, pointing downwards, unites three narrow satin pipings that head each flounce: a broad satin rouleau terminates the bottom of the dress. The hair is parted on the forehead, and in light curls round the face; hind hair disposed in bows at the top of the head, and a garland of flowers is placed rather back. Necklace of gold, with ornaments in front; ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The actual state of promenade dress at this moment offers little either for observation or description, nor can we expect it should afford us much room for either before next month, that being the period in which the London winter may properly be said to begin.

Fancy and taste are, however, busily employed in preparing winter novelties, several of which have been submitted to our inspection; and from these we select what we consider most worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

One of the most striking is a crimson velvet pelisse: it is wadded, and

lined with crimson sarsnet: the waist is somewhat longer than last month; the collar, standing out from the throat, but not high, falls a little over, and the long sleeve sits close to the arm. A full rouleau of satin to correspond is disposed in waves up the front and round the bottom; and in the hollow of each wave is placed a branch of trefoil, composed of a mixture of satin and chenille. Full epaulette, ornamented with trefoil, disposed irregularly among the fulness: the bottom of the long sleeve is also ornamented with a light wreath of trefoil.

A hat and spencer of dark green velvet are also remarkable for their novelty and elegance. The bust of the spencer is ornamented with a wreath of vine-leaves in satin, two shades lighter than the spencer: the half-sleeve, made very full, is fancifully ornamented with vine-leaves, which fall over the point of the shoulder. Low collar, finished at the edge by three narrow satin cords: the bottom of the long sleeve is ornamented to correspond. The spencer fastens behind by silk buttons; and the *ceinture*, which is composed of intermingled silk and velvet folds, is clasped by a gold or steel buckle.

The crown of the hat is of the melon form, but low; the brim is shallow, of the same depth all round, but turned up in front, where it is slashed in three places; the slashes are filled with blond, and finished round the edge by a narrow piping of white satin, of which material the lining is composed. A very full plume of white ostrich feathers, tipped with green, falls over to the left side: the strings are of that rich ribbon called by the French *ruban des plumes*.

A morning carriage bonnet, composed of intermingled black velvet and satin, is remarkable for its elegance. The crown is low; the velvet and satin are disposed on it in the lozenge style; the inside of the brim is covered with broad black blond lace, arranged in flutings, and the edge is scalloped so as to suffer these flutings to be partially seen: seven or eight marabout plumes, of different sizes, are disposed in front of the crown, so as to form a very graceful ornament; and black blond lappets, edged with a narrow lace, tie under the chin.

We have seen some dinner dresses of *bourre de soie*, trimmed with an intermixture of satin and *pluche de soie*. One of the prettiest of these was a bright scarlet, the body made à la vierge. The centre of the bust was ornamented with rouleaus of

pluche de soie, which formed a fan; the bust was cut square, and ornamented by a narrow twisted rouleau of intermingled *pluche* and satin. Short full sleeve, finished at the bottom with a rouleau similar to that of the bust. The trimming of the skirt consists of a fulness of satin, interspersed with ornaments similar to those in the centre of the bust. This style of trimming is striking, but would look better in lighter materials.

Toques, turbans, and dress caps are expected to be very general in full dress; and the two former very much in the French style; that is to say, ornamented with plumes of at least two different colours.

Fashionable colours are, crimson, bright scarlet, lavender, chesnut-brown, dark green, violet, *ponceau*, rose, and azure.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR public promenades are at present very brilliant, most of our distinguished fashionables having arrived within the last few days in Paris from their country-seats. *Gros de Naples rédingotes*, which are always worn with shawls, are much in favour for the promenade, but not quite so general as *manteaux*: these latter are mostly composed of coating, lined with satin or levantine: a few *élégantes*, however, still continue to wear them in that peculiarly lustrous black satin which was last winter so fashionable. The colours most fashionable for those in coating are, the mantle of Socrates (a peculiar shade of grey), and a reddish brown, called bear's ear. The *manteau* has seldom

any trimming, but the collar and pelerine are occasionally of fur. *Rédingotes* are made in two ways, both equally fashionable: the first wrap considerably across, have a band of velvet which goes all round, and a double pelerine, trimmed also with a band of velvet to correspond: the sleeves are very large and loose, and the standing collar falls over. The other description of *rédingote* is very much trimmed; it meets but does not wrap in front, and has a broad wreath, either of foliage in satin, or else of very small rouleaus, disposed in a scroll pattern. The most fashionable shawls are those with a crimson ground, or else with a deep palm border.

Morning bonnets consist for the most part of an intermixture of satin

with *pluche de soie* or *velours épingle*, or *gros de Naples*, and always of two colours, which are generally strongly contrasted; they are trimmed either with a garland of satin *coques*, or knots of satin.

Breakfast dress is always made in the *rédingote* style, and is still generally of cambric muslin. The most fashionable are trimmed with rouleaus of clear muslin, disposed in waves all round; they are fastened up the fronts by knots of clear muslin. A large pelerine, trimmed with a fall of clear muslin, disposed in *dents de loup*, and a *collerette* formed of muslin *bouillonné*, completes the dress.

Dinner gowns are of levantine, *gros de Naples*, or Merino. Those in silk are usually trimmed with an intermixture of satin and *crêpe lisse*, or satin and *velours épingle*. The crape is disposed in *bouffants*, which are interspersed with leaves, rouleaus, cockle-shells, &c. &c. in satin or velvet. Many dinner gowns are made *à la vierge* and with long sleeves. The sleeves are frequently of *crêpe lisse*, surmounted by an epaulette of the same material as the gown. The sleeve is either very loose, except at the wrist, where it is confined by the bracelet, or else the fulness is divided into compartments by satin bands.

Gauze, *crêpe lisse*, tulle, and China crape, are all in favour in full dress. The most fashionable China crape is that *à colonnes en feuille*. When the gown is of this material, it is usually trimmed with an inter-

mixture of plain velvet and satin. Coloured tulle is more fashionable than white; it is mostly worn over a satin slip of the same colour. I have seen one, however, in crimson over white satin, which I thought was really striking and magnificent. The trimming consisted of a net-work of white satin, disposed in the form of little baskets, and attached to each other by bows of crimson ribbon; in each of these fairy baskets is a sprig of poppies in crimson satin, and a bunch of silver wheat. The *corsage* and sleeves are richly embroidered in silver.

Turbans of mingled white and rose-coloured gauze, trimmed with white *aigrettes*, from which issue plumes of rose-coloured feathers, are very fashionable in evening dress; as are also dress caps in tulle, the cauls of which are in the form of a cockle-shell, and the fronts adorned with a garland of short plumes of marabouts. Others have the crown of a helmet form, and a tuft of flowers placed at one side, in the style of a plume. White satin *toque* hats, adorned with turquoise-blue scarfs, either of gauze or crape, which are twisted round the corner, and form a rosette at the sides, are also much in favour.

Fashionable colours are, bear's ear, mantle of Socrates, Carmelite brown (which we call *la Vallière*), *ponceau*, rose colour, raisin of Corinth blue, straw colour, and light green. Adieu! my dear Sophia! Always your
EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. ACKERMANN is printing, in a neat pocket volume, particularly suitable for a present to youth of both sexes, *Parables*,

Vol. II. No. XII.

instructive, moral, and religious, translated from the German of Dr. F. A. Krummacher.

3 C

Mr. John Curtis has in the press, the first number of his *Illustrations of English Insects*. The intention of the author is to publish highly finished figures of such species of insects (with the plants upon which they are found) as constitute the British genera, with accurate representations of the parts on which the characters are founded; and descriptive letter-press to each plate, giving as far as possible the habits and economy of the subjects selected. The work will be published monthly, to commence the 1st of January, 1824.

In a few days will be published, illustrated with a portrait by Scriven, and an interesting plate by J. Scott, *Nouveaux Morceaux Choisis de Buffon*; with authentic interesting anecdotes, and the life of the author, written expressly for this work; forming the fourth part of the series of French Classics, edited by Mons. Ventouillac.

A. Bernardo is preparing for publication, *The Italian Interpreter*; consisting of copious and familiar conversations on subjects of general interest and utility; together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian: to which are added rules for the pronunciation of each word, exemplified in a manner calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian language.

St. Ronan's Well is the title of the new novel upon which the author of *Waverley* is engaged. The scene is laid in Scotland, and the time about forty years ago.

Mrs. Opie will shortly publish a tale in two volumes, entitled *The Painter and his Wife*.

The Memoirs of Göthe, the celebrated German poet, are nearly ready for publication.

The Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, Esq. in two volumes 8vo. now first published from the originals, is in a forward state, and is expected to form a valuable addition to the author's "Life."

The Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty during the reign of Charles II. now first decyphered from the original MSS. written in shorthand, and preserved in the Pepysian Library, are preparing for the press. The work will form two volumes 4to. printed uniformly with Evelyn's *Memoirs*, and be embellished with portraits.

Sir Andrew Halliday has nearly ready for the press, *The Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brunswick*, ancestors of the Kings of Great Britain of the Guelphic dynasty; with portraits of the most illustrious of these princes, from drawings made from ancient statues and paintings by old masters.

Mr. Wight, Bow-street reporter to the *Morning Herald*, has in the press, a Selection of One Hundred of the most humorous and entertaining of the *Reports* which have appeared in the *Morning Herald* in the last three years, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

PORTRAITS OF THE PASSIONS.

IN our last Number we announced the speedy appearance of a Series of Heads with the above title, designed to exhibit the physiognomical expression of all the principal passions which affect the human mind. We here submit to our readers an exact specimen of the portraits which will

be given in that interesting work, from a drawing on stone by Mr. Grattan: with this difference, that the annexed print is on royal octavo paper; whereas the work itself will be considerably larger, being printed on imperial paper. The first number is ready for delivery.



Grattan del

Pub. by R. Ackermann, 1823.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

"Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature turn from the cur; there,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of authority,
A dog obey'd in office"

Shakespeare



INDEX.

A.

ABBEY ruins by moonlight, 169
 Academicians of 1823, announced, 247
 Adorgama and Olliena, 319
 Anecdotes, &c. historical, literary, and personal, 5, 105, 170, 240, 357
 Angers and its environs, particulars respecting, 322
 Animation, voluntary suspension of, 172
 Arracacha, an American root, its introduction into Great Britain, 247
 Artists, notice respecting the new Society of, 61
 Arts, fine, 51, 118, 302
 Ashbrook, viscount, view of his seat, 314
 Atherstone, Mr his Midsummer - Day's Dream announced, 309
 Autumnal evening, lines on an, 310

B.

Ballad, 248
 Baptismal names, prepossessions in favour of some, 333
 Barclay, R. esq. view of his seat, 126
 Barnett, J. his "Ode to the Bark" reviewed, 117
 Barret, G. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Barton, B. on the death of Robert Bloomfield, 231—verses on a seal belonging to, 271
 Beale, R. his "County Guy" reviewed, 117
 Beauty and Fashion, 265
 Becket, Thomas, his descent, 357
 Bed, state, description of a, 185
 Before and after marriage, 106
 Beggar-woman of the Chaussée d'Antin, 156
 Behaviour, 101
 Behaviour, good, 160
 Bernardo, A. his Italian Interpreter announced, 368
 Biagioli, Mr. his Boccaccio's Decameron announced, 246
 Bishop, H. R. review of his "Home, sweet home," 54—his "Oh! sweet is the gale that blows over the sea," 302
 Blackstone's Commentaries, translation of the Greek, &c. Notes in, announced, 247
 Beaumont lodge, view of, 314
 Bloomfield, Robert, verses on the death of, 231
 Bodin, M. extracts from his historical work on Anjou, 322
 Bonchamps, marquis de, his humanity, 325
 Borgia, Cæsar, his entry into Angers, 323
 Borri, the alchymist, some account of, 296
 Bouillé, mademoiselle de, anecdote of, 106
 Bramsen, Mr. his Remarks on Spain announced, 246
 British Institution, exhibition of the, 54
 Broadhead, T. H. esq. view of his seat, 64
 Brothers, the three, 9, 83, 129
 Bruguier, D. his "What phrase, sad and soft," reviewed, 302
 Buccaneers, the, 38
 Bunyan, John, anecdote of, 172
 Buonaparte, anecdote of, 241

Burrowes, J. F. review of his Locke's Music in Macbeth, 116

Bury-hill, view of, 126

C.

Campa na Aillach, the song of, 109
 Campa-Run, 42
 Campbell, T. his Selection of Songs, &c. reviewed, 51
 Card, Rev. H. his Life of Bishop Burnet announced, 60
 Cards, origin of, 105
 Carey, F. J. her Tour in France announced, 60
 Castle and the farm, a tale, 23, 78, 149, 198
 Caterpillars, method of destroying, 310
 Catherine of Russia, anecdote of, 108
 Chairs, description of, 59
 Chapelle, abbé de la, his adventure with a supposed ghost, 347
 Character, on external indications of, 338
 Charles I. masque given for his entertainment, 337
 Charles V. of France, description of his palace, 298
 Charles XII. anecdote of, 107
 Charnacé, marquis de, anecdote of, 324
 Chaussé d'Antin, the beggar-woman of, 156
 Chivalry, its principles and spirit, 350
 Christall, J. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Christina, queen of Sweden, particulars respecting, 296
 Clarke, Rev. W. B. his verses to Bernard Barton, 271
 Clementine d'Isaure, 217
 Clennell, L. remarks on a picture by, 118
 Cohen, B. his Memoirs of Pope Pius VII. announced, 309
 Combe, W. particulars respecting, 87—his Letters between Amelia and her Mother announced, 309
 Confessions of a Rambler, 154, 194, 284, 342
 Convict-ship, letter from the captain of one, 34
 Cook, Mr. his discovery of a process for rendering linen, &c. incombustible, 248
 Coronation anecdote, 105
 Corfu, discovery of a Grecian temple near, 290
 Country-seats, views of, 1, 63, 125, 187, 249, 311
 Courts of Love, account of, 350
 Cowper, William, his Private Correspondence announced, 368
 Cramer, J. B. review of his Rode's celebrated Air, 361—his Romance by Bishop, 362
 Curtis, J. his Illustrations of English Insects announced, 368

D.

Dancing, the universal passion, 167
 Dannecker, J. H. some account of him and his works, 270
 Danneley, J. F. his "Queen of every moving measure" reviewed, 52
 Dawson, W. esq. view of his seat, 249

- Deafness, the advantage of, 23
 De Berry, duchess, anecdotes of her and her children, 240
 Deinhardstein, lines from the German of, 310
 Dewint, P. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Dibdin, Charles, his Sea-Songs by Dr. Kitchiner reviewed, 359
 Diderot, anecdote of, 356
 Diorama, the, exhibition of, 302
 Ditton park, view of, 63
 Douglas, sir R. anecdote of, 5
 Drama, on the, and its actors, 287
 Dropmore-house, views of, 311
 Dubois, Mr. C. his Introduction to Lamarck's Arrangement of the Genera of Shells announced, 60
 Dubois, Pierre, mistake of, 240
- E.
- East Indies, hail and ice in the, 107
 Eaton-hall, view of the entrance front of, 187
 —of the west front of, 190—of the temple at, 191
 Egerton, W. esq. view of his seat, 125
 Elephants, white, anecdote respecting, 172
 Entertainment, royal and loyal, 337
 Evans, R. W. his "Five Bumper Toasts" reviewed, 299
 Exhibitions of pictures, 54, 118, 302
- F.
- Fair incognita, the, 99
 Fairies' hall, 321
 Fairy-well, the, 62
 Fallen son of Switzerland, 212
 Fallen tree, the, 74
 Family Oracle of Health announced, 186
 Fashion and dress, general observations on, 57, 121, 182, 244, 305, 365
 Fashion, the progress of a, 35
 Fashions for ladies, 56, 120, 181, 243, 305, 364
 Fashions, French female, 58, 122, 183, 245, 307, 366
 Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths announced, 309
 Fidelity and love, oriental, 332
 Fielding, C. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Filterbrain, Reginald, letters from, 3, 65, 128, 192, 251, 315
 Fine arts, 54, 118, 302
 Florian, translations from, 217, 342
 Fontenelle, anecdote of, 8
 Fonthill abbey, description of the pavilion at, 103
 Forbes, sir W. his Life of Dr. Beattie announced, 186, 309
 Forget me not announced, 308
 Foster-brothers, 23, 78, 149, 198
 Franklin, Dr. anecdote of, 357
 French female fashions, 58, 122, 183, 245, 307, 366
 French female parliament, debates of the, 32, 75, 203, 307—letter from the reporter of the debates of, 317
 Funerals, sacrifices at, 106
 Furniture, fashionable, 59, 185
- G.
- Gaelic relics, 42, 108, 219, 321
 Gamble, Mr. his Charlton announced, 309
 Garden, the, a rhapsody, 327
 Genius, the wife of a, 67, 161, 225
 Ghost stories, 9, 83, 129, 274, 347
 Glover, J. remarks on a picture by, 120
 Glow-worms, East Indian, description of, 106
 Goddard, general, anecdotes of him and his lady, 332
 Good behaviour, 160
 Göthe, Memoir of, announced, 368
 Grenville, lord, his seat at Dropmore, 311
 Grimm, H. N. his description of East Indian glow-worms, 106
 Grosvenor, earl of, his seat at Eaton, 187
 Gutteridge, W. his "Thou rob'st my days," &c. reviewed, 364
- H.
- Hackney-coach, horrors of a, 28—the pleasures of one, 72
 Hail and ice in the East Indies, 107
 Halliday, sir A. his Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, &c. announced, 368
 Hamond, E. E. her Juvenile Songs reviewed, 180
 Hazelwood Hall announced, 60
 Heaphy, T. remarks on a picture by, 120
 Henderson, Dr. his History of Wines announced, 309
 Hervey, Miss J. her Mountalylth announced, 309
 Hill, colonel, anecdote of, 172
 Hill, Joseph, his "The Dawn, or the Shepherd's Call," reviewed, 301
 Hills, R. remarks on a picture by, 120
 Holly-grove house, view of, 64
 Holmes, J. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Holt, chief justice, anecdote of, 172
 Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect, announced, 185
 Hughes, T. A. his "County Guy" reviewed, 363
 Hullmandel, Mr. his lithographic discovery, 124
 Humanity, the valour of, 171
 Hummel, J. N. review of his Mozart's Six Symphonies, 50, 177
 Hurtado and Miranda, history of, 174
 Hydrophobia, cure of, 48
- I.
- Imagination, the power of, 267
 India, remarks on the condition of the people of, 31
 Infant shepherd and poet, 342
 Influence and Example, or the Recluse, announced, 60
 Intelligence, literary, and scientific, 60, 123, 185, 246, 308, 367
 Italian Tales announced, 309
- J.
- Japan in Miniature announced, 124
 Jay, J. his Introduction and Variations on a French Air by Fontaine reviewed, 301
 James I. circumstances attending his marriage, 358
 Johnson, Dr. anecdote of, 107
- K.
- Kalkbrenner, F. his Impromptu on the "Bard's Request" reviewed, 360
 Kiallmark, G. his "Orpheus lost his blooming bride," reviewed, 301—his "Yes, thou art gone," reviewed, 363
 Kissing, origin of, 5
 Kitchiner, Dr. his Sea-Songs of Charles Dibdin reviewed, 359
 Klaproth, J. his Description of China announced, 124
 Knight-errantry, royal, 358
 Knights of the holy war, 219

- Körner, T. his address to the five oaks at Dallwitz, 62—his address to the Rhine, 148
 Krummacher, Dr. translation of his *Parables* announced, 367
 Kummer, C. W. notice respecting his projecting globe, 124
- L.
- Lacey, J. M. his recollections of West Mill, 15
 Ladies, London fashions for, 56, 120, 181, 243, 305, 364—general observations on fashions for, 57, 121, 182, 244, 305, 365—French fashions for, 58, 122, 183, 245, 307, 366
 Lambert, Rev. J. his lines to Lady Leicester, and some account of him, 134
 Landseer, Mr. his *Sabæan Researches* announced, 60
 Latour, T. his *Arrangement of Airs in Rossini's Opera of Ricciardo e Zoraide* reviewed, 360
 L'Aurora d'Italia, review of, 51
 Lavater's Introduction to Anatomy announced, 309
 Leczinska, Maria, anecdotes of, 6
 Leicester, sir J. F. bart. view of his seat, 1
 "Les belles Fleurs" reviewed, 361
 Letter from the reporter of the debates of the French Female Parliament, 317—from Count Volney, 356
 Letters from Reginald Filterbrain, 3, 65, 128, 192, 251, 315
 Lhauda, 276
 Library, royal, notice respecting, 61
 Linen, lime-bleached, method of detecting it, 248
 Lines on a painting of a jay's feather, 186—to a young lady on her birthday, 186—on an autumnal evening, 310
 Literary and scientific intelligence, 60, 123, 185, 246, 308, 367
 Loiterer, the, 70, 261
 London fashions, 56, 120, 181, 243, 305, 364
 Louis XIV. *Memoirs of the Court of*, announced, 185
 Louis XV. anecdote of, 242
 Love, 310—account of the courts of, 350
 Lucknow, description of General Martin's house at, 99
- M.
- Macdonald, Mr. his method of preserving corn, &c. from mice, 61
 Mackenzie, F. remarks on a picture by, 120
 Mac Leod, Dr. his *Ellen Gray* announced, 60
 M'Murdie, J. his *Glee* reviewed, 52
 Magazines, remarks on, 173
 Malcolm, sir John, his *Memoir of Central India* announced, 60
 Mammoth, remains of one discovered, 30
 Marochetti, Mr. on a cure for hydrophobia, 48
 Martin, general, description of his house at Lucknow, 99
 Masque given for the entertainment of Charles I. and his queen, 337
 Maturin, Rev. Mr. new *Romance* by him announced, 185, 309
 Milan, the widow of, 274
 Milton, Mr. notice respecting his new hive for bees, 186
 Miranda and Hurtado, history of, 170
 Mistakes, melancholy, 240
 Mocking-bird, anecdote of, 173
 Monitor, the eccentric, 11
- Monro, J. his "The Champion Waltz" reviewed, 53
 Montagu, lord, view of his seat, 63
 Morgan, lady, her *Memoirs of Salvator Rosa* announced, 309
 Moscheles, T. review of his *Variations on "The Fall of Paris,"* 50
 Murder, discovery of a, 8
 Musical review, 50, 113, 177, 299, 359
- N.
- Names, baptismal, prepossessions in favour of, 333
 Nash, F. remarks on a picture by, 118
 Nicholson, C. his *Fantasia on "Home, sweet home,"* reviewed, 300
 Nixon, H. C. review of his *La Danse*, 117
 Neele, H. stanzas by, 310
 Netherlands in Miniature announced, 309
- O.
- Oginsky, F. W. P. national polonaise by, 113
 Oil of Blarney, singular properties of, 253
 Old maid, portrait of one, 176
 Old maids, remarks on the popular prejudices against, 17
 Opie, Mrs. her *Tale of the Painter and his Wife* announced, 368
 Oriental fidelity and love, 332
- P.
- Parliament, French Female, debates of the, 32, 75, 203, 307
 Parlour, tour round my, 142, 207, 256
 Passion, the universal, 167
 Passions, portraits of the, announced, 309
 Pawnee Indian, anecdote of, 170
 Pennington, Rev. C. his *Former Scenes Renewed*, announced, 309
 Pepys, Samuel, his *Memoirs* announced, 368
 Poetry, 3, 15, 23, 62, 65, 74, 128, 134, 145, 148, 169, 186, 192, 209, 213, 217, 231, 248, 251, 265, 271, 283, 295, 310, 315, 342
 Polonaise, national, 113
 Porter, Miss, her *Duke Christian of Lüneburg* announced, 309
 Portrait of an old maid, 176
 Portraits of the passions, specimen of, 368
 Poole, S. his *Arrangement of "We're a noddin'"* reviewed, 363
 Power of imagination, 267
 Preville, the actor, anecdote of, 41
 Prinsep, Miss L. her translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered* announced, 309
 Prout, S. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Pugin, A. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Purkis, John, review of his *Sixth Fantasia*, 116
 Pyramids, remarks on, 358
- Q.
- Quadrilles, review of, 117
 Quin, M. his *Visit to Spain* announced, 60
- R.
- Rambler, the confessions of a, 154, 194, 284, 342
 Ramshotbottom, J. esq. view of his seat, 250
 Reformation, 172
 Reinagle, R. R. remarks on a picture by, 119
 Rawlings, T. A. his *Divertisement* reviewed, 362
 Renard, anecdote of, 7
 Review, musical, 50, 113, 177, 299, 359
 Rhine, address to the, 148
 Richter, H. remarks on a picture by, 120

- Ries, F. review of his "When meteor lights," 54—his the national Air "Nelson," 300
- Rimbault, S. F. review of his Rossini's Overture, &c. to "La Donna del Lago," 53—his Select Italian Airs, 116—his Paer's Overture to Leonore, 117—his Shield's Air "What are the boasted joys of love," 117—his Select French Romances reviewed, 363
- Rob Roy Macgregor, anecdote of, 53
- Robson, G. F. remarks on a picture by, 119
- Rossini, the Life of, announced, 246
- , Mr his "In morning's dawn no hope I see," 53—his "Adieu, adieu, my love," reviewed, 363
- Russians, character of the, 6
- St. Germain, the ghost of, 347
- St. Johnstown, an historical novel, announced, 309
- St. Ronan's Well, by the author of Waverly, announced, 368
- St Paul, hotel de, description of, 295
- Salmon, J. his "La Récréation" reviewed, 115
- Sauderson, J. review of his Series of Popular Airs, 114—his "Anxious by the gliding stream," 115
- Scrofula, asylum for the cure of, 124
- Serjeant's wife, adventures of, 140
- Serrant, Chateau de, description of, 325
- Sharp, Mr. notices respecting his portrait of Dr. Jenner, 60, 123
- Sheldrake, Mr. his Inquiry into the Origin and Practice of Painting in Oil announced, 185
- Shepherd and poet, the infant, 342
- Sheridan, Dr. his character by Swift, 329
- Snuff-box, verses on an antique one, 295
- Society of Arts, rewards adjudged by the, 46
- Sophia lodge, view of, 249
- Stael, madame de, character of the Russians by, 6
- Stanzas in acknowledgment of a piece of bride-cake, 283—by H. Neele, 310
- Stephanoff, J. remarks on a picture by, 120
- Stewart's Popular Superstitions of the Highlanders, extract from, 321
- Storm at sea, description of, 345
- Sunday in Bristol, 89
- Swallow, similes on a, 234
- Swift, dean, his history of the second Solomon, 329
- Switzerland, the fallen son of, 212
- T.
- Tabley-house, view of, 1—Scene in Tabley park, 2
- Tatton-hall, view of, 125
- Temple, Grecian, discovery of a, 290
- Three brothers, the, 9, 83, 129
- Time's Telescope for 1824 announced, 310
- Tooke's Diversions of Purley, new edition of, announced, 60
- Topliff, R. his Quadrilles, 117
- Tour round my parlour, 142, 207, 256
- Tournaments, ancient, 322
- Townsend, colonel, suspension of animation in, 172
- Trial of the Witnesses announced, 309
- Trifles, 329
- Turner, J. M. W. remarks on a picture by, 118
- Twin sisters, the, 92
- Tyrol and Tyrolese, sketches of, 234
- U.
- Uwins, T. remarks on a picture by, 119
- V.
- Ventonillac, L. T. his French Classics announced, 185—his Nouveaux Morceaux Choisis de Buffon, announced, 368
- Views of country-seats, 1, 63, 125, 187, 249, 311
- Vocal Anthology, review of, 113, 180, 299
- Voice from St. Peter's and St. Paul's announced, 60
- Volney, count, biographical particulars of, 326—original letters from, 356
- Voltaire, anecdote of, 108
- W.
- Warren, Mr. sale of his collection of prints, 186
- Warton, Mr. his History of English Poetry announced, 60
- Water-Colour Exhibition, notice respecting, 61
- , review of, 118
- Webbe, S. review of his Ode to Spring, 53—his Ode to Solitude, 114—his *La mia Dorabella*, *ib*—his "The Winter Rose," 180—his Introduction and Triumphal March, 181
- Wensley, F. H. her Four Songs reviewed, 178
- Westall, W. remarks on a picture by, 118
- Westmacott, C. his Points of Misery announced, 310
- West Mill, recollections of, 15
- Whitmore, colonel, his description of the Grecian temple discovered near Corfu, 290
- Widow of Milan, 274
- Wife of a genius, 67, 164, 225
- Wight, Mr. his Humorous Reports announced, 368
- Wild, Mr. his Illustrations of Worcester Cathedral announced, 247
- Williams, Mr. his Designs from the Phigalian Marbles announced, 247
- Wilson, bishop, anecdote of, 105
- Wirtenberg, discovery of remarkable animal remains in, 30
- Witchcraft, 172
- Wives, prospectus of a new institution for the formation of, 135
- Woodside, view of, 250
- Woodward, E. his "Orythia" reviewed, 53
- Worcester in 1823, 20
- Wright, Mr. his Mercantile Assistant announced, 60
- Wry mouth, the, 7

