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THIRD SERIES.

Vol. 4.

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TO

HIS MAJESTY.

By his Grateful & Obedient Servant—

R. ACKERMANN.



TRENT HALL.

The Seat of the Marquis of Epsom.

THE Repository OF ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.

JULY 1, 1824.

No. XIX.

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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.

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P. C. will find an answer to her inquiry in our XVIIth Number.

The truth of the communication of Verax, on which the writer lays so much stress, cannot redeem its want of interest.

My Old Cloak, and Defence of Widows, shall appear in our next.

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Repository

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.

JULY 1, 1824.

N^o. XIX.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

TRENTHAM-HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF
STAFFORD.

THIS beautiful estate derives its name from the river Trent, that winds through the grounds, lingering as if lothe to depart from the exquisite scenes which it traverses. In parts it expands into lakes, which, with the overhanging woods and islands, produce a fine effect, as viewed from the principal apartments of the mansion. The woods are beautiful and diversified, from the fine disposition of the ground, and here and there swell into the richest possible masses. Some fine drives extend through the domain.

The mansion is situated on the verge of the park, about four miles from Newcastle-under-Line, and five miles from Stone. It has been in the possession of the present noble family from the beginning of the 17th century, prior to which it was for many ages the property of the

Vol. IV. No. XIX.

Levesons. Our View of the House embraces the Entrance-Front and the Garden-Front. What may properly be termed the pleasure-garden is limited, but it contains some fine specimens of ancient sculpture. The edifice is of considerable extent, and has been built about a century; but considerable alterations and improvements have been made by the present marquis, who had recourse to the assistance of Holland. The dining-room and private apartments to the east, as well as the drawing-room to the west, are a portion of the admirable additions. The house is extensive, compact, and truly comfortable. The effect is pleasing, and as seen from various parts of the grounds, truly grand. The interior is fitted up with infinite taste; but what particularly deserves attention is the superb collection of paintings,

B

both ancient and modern, that adorns the various suites of rooms.

The hall is a fine room, about 39 feet by 27, and contains some fine full-lengths, the frames forming part of the embellishments of the wall; viz. the late King by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the late Queen by the same; the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, both by Romney; and Sir Richard Leveson, Vice-Admiral of England, by Vrouw. This hall communicates with the old library, a fine room, and the ceiling is highly ornamented. It contains a number of fine portraits by Phillips: among them are,

Portrait of Henry Charles Earl of Surrey.

Portrait of Charlotte Countess of Surrey.

Portraits of Lady Elizabeth and Lord Francis Leveson Gower.

Portrait of George Granville, Earl Gower.

Portrait of Charles James Fox.—*Jackson*.

Portrait of Frederick Earl of Carlisle.—*Jackson*.

Portrait of his present Majesty when Prince Regent.

Portrait of George Granville, Marquis of Stafford.—*Romney*.

Portrait of King Henry VIII.—*Holbein*.

Portrait of Caroline Countess of Carlisle.—*Romney*.

Portrait of Elizabeth Marchioness of Bath.—*Mrs. Mee*.

Portrait of Mademoiselle de Charolais.—*Nattier*.

Portrait of Thomas Earl of Arundel.—*Miss M. Mure*.

A copy from Vandyke's painting at Cleveland-House, from the Orleans collection.

Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, copied from a picture in the possession of the Earl of Morton — *Boyle*.

Portrait of Lady Jane Leveson Gower.—*Wissing*.

Portrait of Lady Jane Countess of Bath.—*Wissing*.

Village-Politicians.—*Bird*.

The Virgin, Christ, and St. John.—*Scarzellino de Ferrara*.

Virgin and Child, after Vandyke.

St. Stephen.—*Annibale Caracci*.

Girl's Head.—*Mrs. Hakewill*.

Moonlight.—*Hoffland*.

Landscape.—*Miss Palmer*.

Pyramus and Thisbe. — *Wright of Derby*.

Some frames containing fine miniatures, with some casts and mosaics, and a few fine paintings by Watteau and Giulio Clovio, finish the productions contained in this room, which communicates with the drawing-room, delightfully fitted up with some chaste pieces of inlaid work and ebony bookcases; the furniture blue and gold. This room alone contains a charming collection of paintings, which are as follows:

Old Man's Head.—*Sir Wm. Beechey*.

Young Fifer.—*Collins*.

Hare-Skin Man.—*T. Barker*.

Two Children.—*T. Barker*.

Landscape.—*B. Barker*.

Landscape.—*B. Barker*.

St. Peter.—*Shee*.

Cottage-Girl.—*Shee*.

Cobblers.—*D. Guest*.

Vulture and Serpent.—*Northcote*.

Christ and Mary Magdalen.—*Westall*.

Ruins at Rome.—*Paolo Panini*.

Ruins at Rome.—*Paolo Panini*.

Fruit-Seller.—*Lecount*.

Moses in the Bullrushes.—*Jackson*.

View at Lewisham.—*Nasmyth*.

Portrait of Edward Wortley Montague, Esq.—*Peters*.

Belisarius.—*Opie*.

Artist Reading.—*Bone*.

A Calm.—*Hoppner*.

View near Scarborough.—*Hoffland*.

Aurora.—*Howard*.

Home.—*G. Jones.*

The Circumcision.—*Guido.*

Satyr and Nymph.—*N. Poussin.*

Descent from the Cross.

Chevy Chase.—*Bird.*

Sea Piece.—*Morland.*

St. Catherine.—*Dominichino.*

Female Artist.—*Watson.*

Flowers.—*Hewlet.*

A Sorceress.—*Teniers.*

Hannah and Samuel, a copy by Reinagle of the painting at Cleveland-House by Rembrandt.

From the drawing-room the visitor recrosses the old library through the saloon, along which stretches the conservatory, forming a pleasing feature as connected with the flower-garden and lawn, with the sweet views that extend beyond, embellished with a fine sheet of water. This portion of the estate has been considerably improved of late by the formation of islands, which, when well covered with woods, will have a rich effect, with their fine and ever-varying reflections on the bosom of the lake, as viewed from the house.

On a line and connected with the saloon is the new library, fitted up in a tasteful style, containing an excellent collection of the works of the best authors, and some paintings, chiefly portraits.

Portrait of Elizabeth Marchioness of Stafford.—*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

Portrait of George Granville, Marquis of Stafford.—*Phillips.*

Portrait of a Venetian Senator.—*Titian.*

Portrait of Cardinal Barberini.

Portrait of Cromwell Earl of Essex.—*Holbein.*

Portrait of the Elector Palatine.

Portrait of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

Portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.—*Girolamo da Triviso.*

Portrait of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

Portrait of Christian Duke of Brunswick.

Portrait of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Portrait of a Burgomaster.—*Meerveldt.*

A Consistory.—*Tintoret.*

Landscape.—*Gaspar Poussin.*

Landscape.—*Gaspar Poussin.*

Landscape.—*Gaspar Poussin.*

Landscape.—*Claude.*

Landscape.—*Coninck.*

Virgin, Christ, and St. John.—*Pietro Perrugino.*

Holy Family.—*Rottenhamer and D. Segers.*

Marriage of St. Catherine.—*Venetian School.*

Christ crowned with Thorns.—*L. Caracci.*

Virgin and Child.

Subject.—*Watteau.*

Four paintings in one frame by Murillo and a Spanish painter unknown.

A Sketch.—*Velasquez.*

This library communicates with the anti-room and a noble dining-room. The pictures are,

Head of Titian.—*Tintoret.*

Head of Aretino.—*Tintoret.*

Education of Cupid.—*Titian.*

Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus.—*Spagnoletto.*

St. Margaret.—*School of Caracci.*

Rape of Proserpine.—*Nicolo del Abate.*

Portraits.—*Paul Veronese.*

Portrait of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.—*Zuccherò.*

Portrait of Don Garcia.—*Sarmiento d'Acuna.*

Ratcliff Earl of Sussex.

Mrs. Siddons, a copy on Worcester china, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The billiard-room contains a beautiful landscape by Vincent, and busts of the Roman emperors.

In the gallery, besides the *Entomb-*

ment of Christ by Hilton, there are some excellent views of the Frith of Forth by Elizabeth Marchioness of Stafford. The state rooms are rich and powerful in effect, and contain a number of fine paintings by the best masters. The bed is canopied, and crimson and gold, and the room hung with fine old tapestry.

STATE BED-ROOM.

Landscape.—*Clennell*.
 Landscape.—*Vincent*.
 Landscape.—*Cranmer*.
 Landscape.—*Barrett*.
 Landscape.—*Barrett*.
 Venus and Cupid.—*Coypel*.
 A Painting.—*Watteau*.
 A Painting.—*Watteau*.

This room contains also a beautiful bust of the late Queen of Prussia.

Connected with the state bed-room is the state dressing-room, which contains the following paintings:

Portrait of Elizabeth Marchioness of Stafford.—*Hoppner*.

Portrait of Caroline Countess of Carlisle.—*Angelica Kauffman*.

Portrait of Lady Louisa Macdonald.—*Angelica Kauffman*.

Portraits of Lady Ann Vernon, Lady Georgiana Elliot, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Countess of Harrowby, and Viscount Granville.—*Romney*.

Portrait of George Granville, Marquis of Stafford.—*Owen*.

The Standard.—*Cooper*.

Horse and Boa.—*Ward*.

Landscape.—*De Marne*.

Landscape.—*Wynants*.

Landscape.—*Wynants*.

View of Nimeguen.—*Van Goyen*.

A Painting.—*F. Mill*.

A Painting.—*Londonio*.

The Marchioness of Stafford's sitting-room is an elegant apartment, and contains the following works:

Landscape.—*Sir G. Beaumont*.

Landscape.—*Patel*.

A Gate at Edinburgh.—*Runciman*.

View of Scheveling.—*Van Goyen*.

Caerphilly Castle.—*Ibbetson*.

A Painting.—*Vander Meulen*.

A Painting in imitation of Salvator Rosa.—*Lingelbach*.

A Painting in imitation of Salvator Rosa.—*Lingelbach*.

A Painting.—*Le Duc*.

Christ on the Mount.

Portraits of King Charles II. James II. and Princess Henrietta Maria.—*After Vandyke, by Old Stone*.

Portrait of Sir John Leveson Gower.—*Marc Garrard*.

Portrait of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Portrait of Lady Elizabeth Belgrave.—*After Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Gummow*.

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD'S BED-ROOM.

Children.—*Rising*.

Game.—*Reinagle*.

Sea Piece.—*Brooking*.

A Subject after Titian.—*Cantrill*.

Head.—*Miss Geddes*.

Dunrobin Castle.—*Williams*.

Portrait of Sir Bevil Granville.—*Walker*.

Portrait of Frances Countess of Mar.—*C. K. Sharp, Esq.*

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S SITTING-ROOM.

Athens.—*Casas*.

Ephesus.—*Casas*.

Tivoli.—*Du Croz*.

Terni.—*Du Croz*.

Rhodes.—*Meyer*.

Rhodes.—*Meyer*.

Croyland Abbey.—*Cotman*.

Wetherby Bridge.—*Girtin*.

Cauldron Linn.—*Glover*.

Boys and Game.—*Heaphy*.

Interior of a Kitchen.—*Pugin*.

Landscape.—*Du Croz*.

Small Landscape.—*Craig*.

Landscape.—*Dewint*.



MAUSOLEUM, at TREPENTHAM
(the Seat of the Marquis of Stafford)

Landscape with Figures.—*Elizabeth Marchioness of Stafford.*

MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S BED-ROOM.

Sheep-folding.—*Stark.*

A School.—*Barney.*

The Holiday Feast.—*Miss M. Spilsbury.*

Danaë, after Titian.

Christ.—*Craig.*

A young Man.

A View of the New Gallery, Cleveland-House.—*J. C. Smith.*

Heraclitus.—*Spagnoletto.*

Peasant-Boy.—*Millichip.*

Saint and Angel.

Portrait of Sir Archibald Macdonald.—*Craig.*

THE STAIRCASE CONTAINS

A fine Holy Family.—*Rubens.*

Ithuriel.—*Alston.*

The Holy Family.—*Venetian School.*

Carnival at Venice.—*Tiepolo.*

Carnival at Venice.—*Tiepolo.*

Heidelberg.—*Tiepolo.*

Newmarket.—*Wootton.*

Landscape.—*Bochart.*

A Hunting Piece, containing Portraits of the Earl of Cardigan and John Earl of Gower.—*Wootton.*

This staircase leads to a series of bed-rooms and dressing-rooms, with

suites of other apartments under various denominations, containing a variety of capital portraits. Among them will be found works of the following masters: Jansen, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Phillips, Edridge, Downman, and some by Angelica Kauffman.

Attached to the back of the mansion is the parish church, the vaults of which and the burial-ground are said to extend beneath the dwelling. The church-yard is not now used as a burial-ground but for widows and widowers of the past century. A cemetery has been formed for the rising generation on the other side of the great road, in the centre of which the present marquis has raised a stately Mausoleum, which is the subject of our Second View. It is simple in its parts, and forms one spacious vaulted chamber, containing a number of recesses. As seen from the high-road, from which our view was taken, its form, surmounted with a cross, is impressive and picturesque.

THE NOVICIATE.

GREAT BRITAIN has been called the Paradise of Woman; and compared to other times and other regions, our isle in the 19th century is indeed a land of bliss for the gentler sex. There will indeed not unfrequently be found among us a father impenetrable to the arts of a handsome dashing fortune-hunter, and resolutely obdurate to the tearful, elegantly sentimental woe of an inexperienced girl; while he insists that a honey-moon of rapture affords no adequate compensation for the sacrifice of happiness in all the subse-

quent years of her life. Perhaps he is even so sordid and ungracious as to recommend a suitor endowed with no higher attractions than sound morals, sound sense, established character, respectable birth, liberal education, and unincumbered estates. There may be brothers so *quizzically particular* as to discourage levity in their sisters, however freely they amuse themselves with the frivolous allurements of coquettes, to whose welfare they are regardless. Nor is it incredible that in our day there are guardians unremittingly vigilant to

extend to their wards all the restraints derived from parental superintendence. Yet let our modern *belle* impartially compare her own exemption from oppression with the thralldom imposed upon young women in other countries, or in Britain previous to the 17th century, and she must dearly prize her own immunities. In the days of our ancestors the male population often shed their dearest blood in the cause of liberty; but liberty was denied to the weaker sex. Daughters were subjected to the most severe and unrelaxing controul; they were never allowed to sit in presence of their father or mother; they never spoke unless timidly to answer a question, or on their knees to crave pardon for some involuntary offence, which now would scarcely incur an angry rebuke, but which then was visited with the harshest invective and pitiless castigation. Fans with a very long handle formed a necessary appendage of dress for the superior orders, and these were employed to punish their daughters. The lower classes used walking-sticks for the same purpose; and though grown up; and of the highest rank, they were daily liable to manual discipline. Girls of all stations had a certain task of needle-work to perform, and be assured they were early at this occupation; their bower or bed-chamber was directly over the apartment of their parents. Young females were besides expected to subsist,ameleon-like, on atmospheric nutriment. To eat so much as to us should seem a very slender repast for the most delicate fine lady would have been condemned as an act of vulgarity, that must be expiated by corporal chastenings and floods of weeping penitentials. Such were the

decrees of fashion, and the arbitrary requisitions of fashion will be obeyed to the letter, if not always to the spirit. Many young ladies lost their health through inanition, which induced some mothers, less rigid than their contemporaries, to connive at satisfying their daughters' appetite in secret. But how execrable a system of tyranny on the one hand, and deceit on the other, prevailed over the parent and child! They were strangers to each other, though dwelling under the same roof; and children were trained to conceal or disguise, not to amend their failings. In our day, thanks to the progress of intellectual improvement, the inclinations or demeanour of young women undergo no constraint, which a virtuous and honourable mind would not voluntarily assign to itself; and therefore the lovelier counterpart of man is the companion of his erect principles and cultivated understanding.

In the *Repository* for January 1823, and succeeding Numbers, were inserted several sketches of the condition to which woman has been reduced in Asia, Africa, America, and some kingdoms of Europe. We are now slightly to depict the state in which our great-grandmothers and their fair progenitors passed their monotonous and sometimes woful youth.

In warlike spirit, and in multiplied years, Gavin Douglas, Lord of Balveny, was the Henry Dandolo of Scotland. The Doge of Venice took Constantinople in his ninety-seventh year, and died a few months after this victory, which was principally achieved by his valour, for he was among the first who rushed within the walls of the city. The Lord of

Balveny was almost a year older than Henry Dandolo when he fell manfully wielding his sword to suppress a feud, which threatened to lay the south of Scotland in blood and devastation. He had seen more than seventy winters before the demise of Lady Home left her daughter unprotected; as, by the attainder of Lord Home, she was bereaved of fortune and friends. Lord Balveny had been the guardian of Home's minority, and did not forsake him, though he acted in opposition to the counsels that guided his youth in honour and prosperity, and ruin ensued from his temerity and violence. His offences were flagrant. Sentence of banishment could not be averted by all Lord Balveny's influence; he could only assist the exile with his purse, and furnish Lady Home with an establishment properly adjusted to her rank and circumstances. On her deathbed, Lady Home committed Wilmina to his paternal care, and Lord Balveny engaged a matron of good family to reside in his castle with the beautiful orphan. Her pensive loveliness might have softened and warmed the feelings of a heart less generous and susceptible than the heart of her noble guardian; and when she recovered her usual flow of spirits, her vivacity was so amusing, so tempered by grateful affiance and respectful assiduity in attending to the kind and polite advices he bestowed on her, that he soon felt it a sacrifice to leave his castle on the most urgent business. He became impatient for the time when at morn he could with due decorum enter the bower allotted for Wilmina and her grave companion; and spring had not chased away the grim aspect of winter, ere the idea of a second

marriage predominated in his soul. His daughter had been many years the wife of Lord Glamis; his sons were estranged from him by political variance. They seldom came to Balveny Castle, except for a few days during the hunting season; but should they obtain a sight of Wilmina, her charms would engage their frequent return. They were, he believed, too ambitious to think of an alliance with a portionless girl: however, Sholto was a passionate admirer of female beauty; and Sylvester, the beloved offspring of his latter years, was universally admired by the fair sex. Wilmina's happiness, perhaps her reputation, was at hazard, and he who received her in trust from a dying mother was bound to preserve her from all possible dangers: he should and he would make her his bride. Thus pondered the good lord of Balveny; and, like most men, he was easily convinced, that reason and duty sanctioned the indulgence of a fond inclination.

His behaviour led Wilmina to expect the offer of his hand, nor was the prospect repugnant to her wishes, since a taste for magnificence had grown with her growth. Her infantine imagination had been powerfully excited by descriptions of the grandeur maintained by her grandsire Lindsay, Duke of Montrose; and as Lady Balveny, she could enjoy the gorgeous distinctions that in early life pertained to her mother. Yet another image rose in vivid portraiture to her memory: a tall graceful youth, with brilliant dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and a most fascinating smile, threw personal vanity and feudal pride into the shade; and her struggles to forget him only recalled more circumstantially the impression of

their transient encounters. Wilmina's only brother, in his nineteenth year, was stabbed in a night scuffle in the High-street of Edinburgh, near to the entrance of a house consisting of twelve stories, a height by no means uncommon in the ancient capital of Scotland. The Master of Home escaped from his assailants up several flights of stairs, as they were then called, and he sunk with a heavy groan near the door of a vacant lodging. The owners of that lodging lived below, and searching with lights for the sufferer, found him alive, but unable to speak. They laid him on a bed in one of the waste chambers; it being reckoned unlucky to take a dying stranger to a dwelling-house. They staunchd his wounds, and after a little time he could faintly beseech them to send for Lady Home and her daughter. They came. The Master of Home expired in a few hours, and Lady Home, who had been long an invalid, could not bear up against a shock so overwhelming. She perceived her approaching end, and desired to breathe her last sigh on the bed where the dearest object of her affections closed his earthly course. She never left the lodging until carried to her grave. During her illness Wilmina offered morning and evening supplications for her recovery at the chapel of Holy Rood.

The second week, as with downcast eyes and sorrowful heart she descended to her pious orisons, a small window at a narrow turn of the stair was so obscured, that she looked up to consider the way, and leaning on the window-sill, a handsome young man was intently gazing at her. Blushing deeply, she passed on; but he never failed to intercept her when

she went out, which was only to the chapel; and on the fourth night after their meeting, Lady Home joined her lamented son in a happier world. Wilmina was removed to Balveny Castle, and all the inquiries she ventured to make, procured no information concerning the theme of her anxious recollections. She had been reared in seclusion. Some old ladies and gentlemen called on Lady Home; Lord Balveny was a frequent visitor; but to the fascinations of youth in a fine countenance and figure she had remained a stranger, until she beheld them on the stair of her mother's lodging, and the effect was irresistible. The superb and novel varieties that engaged her attention at Balveny Castle in a great measure counteracted her rising passion, which grief had violently supplanted, and Lord Balveny's extreme kindness gave rise to ambitious hopes, congenial to her earliest predilections. The potency of gold has been known since the time of Danaë, Atalanta, Proserpine, and other belles of pagan celebrity: our heroine was vanquished by the golden threads of embroidery. Aprons and tippetts worked with threads overlaid by the precious metals were introduced at court by the queen and her Parisian ladies in waiting. Lord Balveny had always studied to give his fair ward employments that might beguile the tedium of a retired life with her mother; and he sent her materials for the new mode of decoration but three hours previous to the untimely fate of her brother. The sad events which ensued banished all thoughts of this gift, till her spirits rose above the pressure of grief, and she began to prepare for a gayer style of dress.

Laying aside the tent-stitch intend-

ed by her *chaperon* for cushions to the chapel of Balveny Castle, Wilmina rose with the dawn of a summer-day, and to gain the first rays of clear light, stood in an eastern window of the great gallery, while beginning to trace gold scollops on the border of the silken tippet so long neglected. She did not notice Lord Balveny leaning on a table covered with parchments, as he sat in another window on the same side, near a private door communicating with his bedchamber. The thickness of the wall concealed him from her view, and his mind was absorbed in contemplation of the dispatches which a king's messenger had delivered to him the preceding night; but Mrs. Halyburton's stately step soon roused his faculties, by exciting keen, though suppressed displeasure.

"Wilmina of Home," she said, "how came you to rise at an hour so unseemly? You stole away from me, and I sought you, trembling with alarm, all over the castle. Why do I find you here in the wide gallery, and your tent-stitch and all the worsteds packed in a basket on a bench of your inner bower? What is this that employs your fingers? A silken vanity you are working in threads of gold! Accurst be the enemy that tempted you with baubles to corrupt your silly youth!"

"Oh! do not curse the wisest, kindest, and most endearing of friends, dear, dear Lord Balveny!" returned Wilmina. "These are his gifts; and do I not owe all to him? and my soul shall ever bless him." Now the widow Halyburton had unfortunately misinterpreted Lord Balveny's good-nature and courtly politeness as symptoms of preference

for herself. Of late indeed she had suffered twinges of jealousy on account of his lordship's tender assiduities in amusing Wilmina; and supposing the silk was a late present, her uneasiness broke out in fierce wrath against the sinful follies of modern dress. She ordered her charge to pack off to more useful industry; and the helpless girl dared not disobey.

Lord Balveny sometimes took the privilege of paying his respects to the ladies in their exterior bower where they worked, and he availed himself of the custom to release Wilmina from the task imposed on her by Mrs. Halyburton. When his knock asked for admission, Wilmina was struggling to repress the tears she scorned to shed under Mrs. Halyburton's authority, and her fingers were almost unconsciously busied with the chapel cushions. After the morning compliments, Lord Balveny inquired, "What cumbrous piece of work have you here, Wilmina? I hoped you would gratify me by completing the apron and tippet so much in vogue with our courtly fair-ones. Be very diligent. You must be presented to the queen in the fashion she has introduced."

"Our own fashions are more becoming Scottish lasses," said Mrs. Halyburton, trying to soften her angry voice.—"We shall not dispute your taste, madam," replied Lord Balveny; "and of course you will be candid to ours. I must trouble you to order breakfast. I have letters to write when it is over; but I shall keep Wilmina company during your short absence."

This was no very delightful intimation to Mrs. Halyburton. She

employed a crowd of servants to expedite preparations for the early repast: yet brief as she made their *tête-à-tête*, Lord Balveny obtained from Wilmina a promise to grant him the fondest claim to protect her.

Wilmina, however, kept her own secret, as Lord Balveny represented to her the propriety of strict reserve on that head, until he could have an interview with the king. His lordship was forced to postpone his journey to Edinburgh. His sons were there; and as he did not think they deserved to be informed of his intended marriage, so neither could he be reconciled to see them without making the communication.

After a tedious interval, Lord Balveny received notice that his sons were gone to Angushshire, and he hastened to Edinburgh, to obviate objections, if any should arise in the mind of his royal master, against his marriage with the daughter of an attainted traitor. James gave his approbation in terms of cordial goodwill; and commanded Lord Balveny to tell the bride, she might expect the *gude man of Ballengeith* to look in upon the nuptial dance. Few are uninformed that, under the above homely designation, King James V. joined in the merrimakings of his subjects; and they were aware of his

wish to be treated with the familiarity his incognito seemed to demand.

Lord Balveny quickly returned to his castle, and was immediately united to Wilmina at his chapel, in the presence of only three witnesses, who were sworn not to divulge the event until the parties saw proper to give it publicity. Nearly a month elapsed in circulating invitations to the nobles and gentry within the circuit of many miles, and in preparing viands for their entertainment; while so little intercourse then subsisted between great families, that not a surmise of the tell-tale looks of Lord Balveny and his ward transpired, further than the gossip of the servants among themselves. Lord Balveny sent a special messenger to call his sons to the revel; and, more from curiosity than dutiful compliance, they attended the summons. They knew with what open-hearted hospitality their father welcomed every guest; but formal invitations to a feast had never been given from any of his castles since the death of his lady, and at his years a second hymen was not to be apprehended. Some political stroke must be in contemplation, and they should attend to watch the progress and result.

(*To be continued.*)

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. I.

You are not to suppose, good reader, that ours is a common village: no indeed; we pride ourselves upon its being cleaner, better built, and more genteelly inhabited, than most of the villages near Paris. There are even some among us who insist, that it ought not to be called a village,

but a town. Whether it really deserves that honourable appellation or not, I shall not attempt to decide, my intention being merely to amuse myself with sketching the place and its inhabitants.

If I could forget the tract of sea and land which separates me from

my favourite part of London, the New-road, I should sometimes fancy myself there as I walk down our village. The houses are of the same size, are built nearly in the same manner, and have each a neat little garden before the door. It has also another point of resemblance to a part of the New-road, in the number of short streets which branch from it on each side. The inhabitants of these streets, however, being mostly shopkeepers, must not be put upon a footing with us residents in the main street, who are all, in our own opinion at least, *gens comme il faut*.

Our only public building is a large handsome church, which, for the credit of the inhabitants be it spoken, is generally pretty well filled. The mayor, with a laudable attention to the amusement of his fellow-citizens, has fitted up a large hall in his own house as a public ball-room, where the genteel inhabitants of the village assemble every Sunday and holiday evening in grand costume, and caper away to the music of the village fiddler, at the moderate prices of ten sous for every lady and twenty for every gentleman, refreshments (that is to say, a glass of sugar and water,) included.

We have also a theatre on the first floor of the blacksmith's house, which is fitted up, as the play-bills assure us, quite in the Parisian style, and where there is as little distinction of pit, box, and gallery, as at Bartlemy-fair. A company of comedians, five in number, perform every Monday evening, and generally treat the audience with the three last new pieces. They strove hard for permission to open the house on Sundays; but Mr. Mayor was shock-

ed at the idea, and protested that, however other magistrates might sanction such irreligious proceedings, he, for his part, would never consent to such a profanation of the Sabbath. There are people in our village, as in all villages, a little given to detraction, who observed with a shrug, that Mr. Mayor's reverence for the Sabbath is considerably augmented by his fear of diminishing the profits of his ball. This is mere ill-nature no doubt, though it must be owned, that his never appearing at church does give some small colour to it.

Our little community, like many larger ones, is split into factions. Some of us pride ourselves upon our birth, and others upon our money. At the head of the first class is Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil, a virgin of fifty-three, one of whose ancestors, as she tells us, was the bosom friend and privy-counsellor of Louis XI. A wag of the village had once the hardihood to ask her, whether the ancestor in question was his majesty's provost-marshal, or Oliver *le Diable*? This sally was the cause of the unlucky wag's expulsion from the party; for mademoiselle, who has no notion of a joke, would never suffer him in her presence afterwards. It is certain that the family revenues must have been for a long time in a state of decadence, for her immediate ancestors had no other possessions than a few acres of ground and an old house nearly in ruins, which she chooses to call a *château*; but as none of them could be convicted of following any trade or profession, she piques herself upon having a noble and unblemished descent; and pretty frequently hints, that if she could have stooped to contaminate it by an inferior alliance, our village

would never have enjoyed the honour of her presence, for she might have been married half-a-dozen times at least to some of the most distinguished among the new nobility.

This good lady has taken upon herself the office of censor-general to the village; and certainly if we do not regulate our lives and expenses by the strictest rules of morality and economy, it will not be her fault. She knows to a *liard* the income that each of us possesses, and the uses we make of it. Not a single article of dress can appear in the village, from a handsome shawl to a sixpenny top-knot, without her sitting in judgment upon the right of the wearer to purchase such a thing; and if any of the inhabitants happen to have company, Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil is sure to prognosticate the ruin of the donor of the feast, if she learns that there has been the least approach to good cheer. One can't help admiring the impartiality with which she acts upon these occasions, for her being invited never appears to have the effect of mitigating the indignation with which she declaims against such abominable extravagance.

Monsieur Gasconade is a staunch supporter and devoted humble servant of Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil, for a French lady must have an humble servant even at fifty-three. This gentleman formerly held a distinguished situation under government, so at least he says, though there are people who declare that he was only a *commis*; but this assertion doubtless springs from that envy which never fails to pursue persons of merit; and truly our village may well be proud of possessing a man of such transcendent abilities, for one has only

to hear him talk, to be convinced that in comparison with him all the prime ministers in Europe are fools. He compliments the English ministry, however, with having upon the whole a much better notion of financial operations than their neighbours; and he has more than once assured me, that nothing but consideration for the welfare of France has prevented his offering them his services: but he patriotically declares, that his talents shall never be exerted to raise the glory and prosperity of a rival nation; and unluckily he cannot, at present at least, exert them for the benefit of his own, since a certain great personage, who must be nameless, is too jealous of his abilities to think of employing him.

He resolves therefore with the versatility of a true Frenchman, since he cannot turn his genius to account in one way, to employ it in another, and as he is prevented from regulating the affairs of the state, he occupies himself with those of our village: He is always at the head of the committee of inquiry, regularly instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether new-comers are *visitable*: it is peculiarly his province to impress them with a proper sense of the dignity of his party, and more particularly of his own. He is a universal referee in all matters of precedence, and remarkably useful to those who wish to be instructed in the art of proportioning their civilities to the rank of the person they address; an art which is perhaps more necessary among us than even in the capital, for our ancient captain of cavalry would never forgive you if you did not bow at least twice as low to him as to the mayor; who, for his part, would be extremely af-

fronted if your salutation to him was not much more profound than the one you make to the apothecary; and he, in his turn, claims an obeisance much more respectful than that you bestow upon the village schoolmaster, who, proud of the *Institution Royale*, blazoned in immense gilt letters on a green board over his door, consoles himself for the slight regards of our village *beau monde*, by exacting the highest possible degree of deference from every soul under his immediate influence.

Mademoiselle Mont-Orgneil and Monsieur Gasconade are the acknowledged leaders of the high-born class; the other members of it have nothing remarkable about them; they are very poor, very proud, and very much occupied with cards, gossiping, and scandal. I shall speak of the other class in my next paper, for I perceive that I have already exceeded the limits allotted by the editor to my lucubrations.

E.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

TALE I.

THE ROBBER.

"BEWARE of committing a first imprudence," said the aged Merton to his children. "Though poverty steep you to your very lips, and would stimulate you to mischief, beware of committing one fault, lest another and a worse succeed it. You see in me," he said, addressing himself to a son and daughter, who had not long plighted their faith at the altar of Hymen, "however honourable I may be at present, a fatal instance of one departure from probity, plunging into an enormity at which I even now shudder. I might have kept this secret locked in my bosom; the divulging of it may rob me of your respect: but you would probably after my death have heard an exaggerated history of my wanderings, and the moral is too good to be lost. Thus I throw myself on the goodness of your hearts for the consequences.

"Not a very long period, Caroline, after I had married your mother, I departed from that good line

of conduct which had created an interest in my favour in her bosom; and to rid myself of accumulated debts, incurred by idleness, plunged into all manner of gambling transactions. But here I was unlucky, and became so much the more involved in debt. It was in vain that I would have borrowed money to satisfy the claims of my landlord; he at length threatened to levy a distress, and starvation looked all of us in the face. I had apparently no alternative but to go to prison, when some demon whispered in my ear, that there were many persons revelling in riches, who ought to spare me a little, to which indeed I had a just right; and that as entreaty had failed to procure this, force in such a case as mine might be resorted to. Something must be done, and instantly. I therefore pretended to take a journey, under the pretext of visiting and soliciting pecuniary assistance from a relative; but arriving at A——, I purchased a wig, a long coat, and other

habiliments, to disguise my person, and to these adding a pair of pistols, tied all up together in a parcel. I rose early the next morning, and having paid my reckoning overnight, found that my whole stock of property amounted to a few shillings only. I turned out of the public road, and changing my dress, loaded my pistols, and prepared to prey on the first passenger who should present himself to my view. Yes, my children, your looks betray your horror of my crime: what then must have been the state of my mind, when the contemplation of a robbery sunk in comparison with the wretchedness to which I had reduced my family?

"I had not proceeded far when I encountered a substantial-looking tradesman, of whom I immediately demanded his money. It required all the threatening position of my pistol to assist my courage, and I was in reality as much alarmed as the unfortunate subject of my attack. He informed me, that he had himself been collecting money to pay his debts, and if I robbed him of all that he had about him he should be a ruined man. I counted out a hundred pounds from his pocket-book, while he several times, coward as he was, urged by despair, seemed half-determined to strike the pistol from my hand, while he continued passionately imploring me to spare him. Thirty pounds was all I wanted for present use: this I told him my circumstances compelled me to appropriate to myself; and to his great delight, I returned him the rest, taking his address, and assuring him, that should Fortune prove favourable, I would certainly restore him the rest, which he might imagine that I

had indeed only borrowed of him. As soon as he was out of sight I returned to the field, and restoring myself to my usual appearance, threw my disguise into a ditch, and proceeded homeward.

"We are willing to believe what we wish; and my dear wife blessed the kindness of my relation over and over again. I now began as I conceived earnestly to repent of my guilty life, and seriously to set about redeeming the past. Every morning I eagerly perused the newspapers, in the hope that some situation might present itself. I determined to be very humble; but if I found not the intelligence I wanted, I found another: this was an account of the robbery which I had committed, a description of my then dress, and the offer of a reward for my apprehension. This gave me no very great alarm, as I viewed myself in a glass, and saw no traces of resemblance with the description. But my crime was not to be so easily glossed over.

"A few days afterwards, as I was engaged in copying a reference to a place which I thought might suit me, my eye was arrested by a paragraph in the next column, couched in the following words: 'We are happy to inform our readers, that the person who robbed Mr. Stevens last week was apprehended yesterday, and fully committed to take his trial at the next assizes. When charged with the robbery, he stoutly denied the fact; and when the prosecutor identified him, the fellow pretended that he had found the clothes in a ditch tied up in a bundle, and that he put them on for a frolic. So paltry a defence was not sufficient to prevent the worthy magistrate, who

knew him for an old offender, from fully committing him for trial.'

"Here then, my children, was the dreadful punishment of the crime which I had committed. I became responsible for the blood of a fellow-creature about to be shed for a crime of which myself only was guilty. I could not rest either night or day until I had formed a resolution to save his life, even at the loss of my own. No sooner had I come to this determination than I became easier in my mind, and acquainting myself with the name of the judge who was to preside at the assizes, I had the courage to obtain an interview with him. I threw myself at his feet; my distress witnessed for my sincerity, while I implored him to have compassion on one who dreaded an ignominious death, but much more dreaded the horrible alternative of allowing another to suffer for a crime of which he was the only perpetrator. The worthy judge endeavoured to compose my mind, in order to be made more fully acquainted with the facts of the case; and I retired from his presence, if not myself perfectly assured of an acquittal, yet certain that the blood of the innocent would not lie on my conscience.

"At length the awful day of my trial as well as that of the innocent man arrived. It was in vain that the poor wretch, a victim to the love of dress, endeavoured to prove an *alibi*. Mr. Stevens swore to his person, his dress; and, to my indignation, the man who, when I encountered him, had not the courage to defend his all, was now loud and courageous, and materially aggravated the case by setting up a false defence of his person, and declaring that he had

nearly overpowered the robber when his pistol luckily flashing in the pan intimidated him. The jury were about to leave the box, while the idea of guilty seemed to pervade the court. At length Stevens was once more asked by a counsel if he could swear to the man; and again he answered in the affirmative. It was now my turn to act the part set down for me by the worthy judge. On his making the sign agreed upon with his finger, I came forward from my hiding-place, and placing myself by the prisoner, attracted the attention of Stevens. He now became staggered in his opinion, and still more when I spoke to him, which I did by order of the court in my natural voice. My senses were now in a whirl: yet I recollect, that the jury without leaving their box pronounced a verdict of acquittal, and the innocent man, overcome with joy, sunk into a swoon, and the acquitted and myself were both conveyed out of court more dead than alive.

"All this affair was but a nine days' wonder. I contrived to convey myself and family into a distant county. I laboured hard, and Providence blessed my exertions. Not very many years after the occurrence took place I was enabled to send Stevens his 30*l*. A subscription had been raised in court for myself and the innocent man: of this I could not partake. The tale of my wanderings, my dear children, is finished. Withdraw not your respect from a parent who has bitterly suffered for his crimes; and, oh! remember how nearly a single error had hurried him into the crime of blood-guiltiness!"

J. C.

THE LOITERER IN PARIS.

No. IX.

I MUST absolutely return home; for these people, in spite of their idleness, contrive to keep up such an appearance of perpetual bustle, that it is impossible for a quiet lounge like myself to be comfortable among them. One is so incessantly called upon to wonder or to admire, to be shocked or enchanted, that there is no preserving any thing like tranquillity. Every thing that happens, no matter whether it is great or insignificant, creates a sensation, and every sensation must be expressed with all the violence and exaggeration of a hero in a ranting tragedy. A Frenchman is never sorry or glad; these are words much too weak to convey his feelings: he must be either delighted or in despair. This perpetual parade of sensibility, always disagreeable to the quiet part of mankind, is particularly so to one like myself; for, as I can't take the trouble to feign a corresponding sentiment, I know, that in spite of the politeness with which I am treated, I can never be cordially liked by a people who have no other standard of feeling than an exaggerated expression of it.

Notwithstanding this fault, and in my eyes it is a very grave one, they are an amiable people, frank, lively, and good-natured. As to the politeness which they are universally allowed to possess, I am ready to give the middling and lower classes, generally speaking, credit for it; but among the higher, politeness is too frequently made a flimsy covering to vanity and ostentation; and the English are not always grateful for their attentions, when they find that the

price they are expected to pay for them is an unqualified admiration of all they see and hear. John Bull's uncourtly sincerity does sometimes, it must be confessed, come too roughly in contact with monsieur's *amour propre*, and very great circumspection is requisite to avoid wounding it. I experienced this the other day on the following occasion.

On my first arrival, I renewed my acquaintance with a French gentleman with whom I had been formerly intimate in England. He volunteered to shew me the lions; and to do him justice, a more assiduous Cicerone could not be found: for, in his zeal to do the honours of his country, he fairly persecuted me into seeing every thing worth notice and not worth notice. The Chambers of Peers and Deputies were then both shut, but permission was easily obtained to view them; and my friend, in the triumph of his heart, could not help glancing a little at the superiority of these buildings to our poor old St. Stephen's Chapel.

When the Chamber of Deputies opened, I was surprised at his not offering to accompany me to the gallery; for I thought that he would have been at least as eager to display the oratory of his countrymen, as the beauty of their senate; but to my great surprise he evaded going till he found I intended to go without him, and even then he tried to dissuade me, at least for that day. Not being able to succeed, he accompanied me, but with a dissatisfied air, which I could not then account for.

We entered the gallery at a moment when a member, having just

descended the tribune, five or six others rose at the same time, and scampering across the immense hall with the speed of greyhounds, all vociferated at once, "*Je demande la parole—Je demande la parole*," with a vehemence and uproar absolutely deafening. While the one who was in the act of mounting was fairly seized and held back by those who were nearest to him, the president, by the strongest exertions of his lungs and his authority, induced them to submit to this gentleman's claim, since it was evident enough that he had outrun them, and been first at the tribune. This point being settled, the orator mounted with all the agility and much of the air of a monkey, and began speaking with a degree of grimace and gesticulation which had nearly put my gravity to flight. I concealed my risibility as well as I could, out of consideration for my companion, whose reluctance to my witnessing the debates of the French legislative body was now fully accounted for. But I could not help thinking, that if these people understood their own interest, and wished to keep up the character which they fancy they have acquired, of the greatest nation in Europe, they should never permit themselves to be seen in the act of legislation by foreigners. Let them dance, fight, or make love, three things which they certainly do admirably; but let them leave making laws to wiser, or at least cooler heads. And, by the way, it is not the least ludicrous thing in their debates, that the speaker, in the midst of the fire and fury with which he proceeds, generally intermingles some compliments on his own coolness, and repeatedly assures his

auditors, that he brought to the debate a mind free from prejudices, and fully prepared to treat the subject with the greatest coolness and impartiality.

The subject, however, was one which, it must be confessed, it was rather difficult to discuss with temper: it was the reduction of the interest of the national debt, a measure in which all classes of the people are deeply interested. Jacobins and royalists join in execrating it: the former assert, that it is a violation of the charter; while the latter, consigning the charter to the devil, declare, that if there never had been a charter, such a measure as this could not have been thought of.

However, though the dissatisfaction appears general, it is not those who will really suffer the most that are the loudest in their regrets. In Paris, as every where else, people who are really poor are not apt to descant upon the badness of their circumstances; folks seldom complain of being obliged to make retrenchments, but for the pleasure of shewing you how well they can afford to do it. Thus one cannot feel much pity for the Marquis de T—, who laments that he can now only afford to expend two hundred and fifty thousand francs in beautifying his country-seat, instead of three hundred thousand, which he meant to have laid out upon it; neither can one join very heartily in the regrets of the Vicomtesse S—, who is overwhelmed with sorrow at the idea of being able to give a grand ball only once in every five weeks, instead of once a month.

I was much amused yesterday at the calculation which the dashing

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Madame C— made in my presence of all the retrenchments that it would be possible for her to make. I found her seated at her writing-desk, with an air so grave and thoughtful, that I was almost afraid to inquire the reason. “Ah! heaven,” cried she, “have I not too much reason? Don’t you know that this odious Villele is going to ruin us all?”—“Not quite I hope,” said I smiling.—“Oh! yes, he will indeed, my dear sir, if some lucky thing or other does not happen directly to prevent him. Oh! how I wish your radicals would rise *en masse* and overturn your government!”—“We are really very much obliged to you.”—“Or those plaguy Spaniards, now if they would but break out again,” (by the bye, she was one of those who rejoiced the most when they were subjugated,) “ah! we should have the funds low enough then. But, no, we shall not be so fortunate I am afraid as to have insurrections any where; this odious law will certainly pass, and then I must make so many retrenchments! I was just considering as you came in what I could best manage to be saving in. Do you know I am afraid I must put down one of my carriages.”—“But you will still have two.”—“Ah! that is no matter: I can’t well do without three; nevertheless I must try. Then I shall be obliged to part with three servants.”—“However, you will have a great number remaining.”—“Only seventeen, and that is not enough for an establishment like mine. Then my toilette. Ah! no, positively I can diminish nothing in that article!”—“Yet you are always superbly dressed.”—“However, I assure you I am very economical: it has not cost me above thirty thousand francs for the

whole of last year.”—“Indeed!”—“Yes, really; to be sure I had only two cachemires, and I don’t include the jewels I bought. Let me see, now for my table: I can do nothing on public days, but when we dine *en famille*, I will positively be content with two courses; and,” she added, her features brightening up as the last idea struck her, “I will write immediately to my steward in the country, to retrench the soup and boiled beef and the cyder which are allowed to the servants at the *château*: let them eat vegetables and drink water; it is more wholesome, especially in summer. He must also stop immediately the allowance I make to the poor. I dare say that they can find work; and at any rate I can’t afford to be charitable now. I will write directly.”—“But the law is not yet passed,” said I.—“Oh! I have no doubt that it will pass; and when people are obliged to make retrenchments, it is better to begin in time.”—“You mean then to put down your carriage and discharge your servants immediately.”—“Why as to that, I believe I must wait a little; these are things you know, my dear sir, that one would not do till the last moment.”

I observed soon after that she appeared rather absent, and as she perceived that I noticed it, she accounted for it by owning very ingenuously, that she was trying to calculate how much she could save in the articles of boiled beef and cyder and the alms. I left her to finish the calculation at her leisure, and as I walked home was accosted by a mendicant with a clamorous demand for charity. For the moment it was unheeded, for I was engaged in ruminating upon the singular mixture of meanness

and prodigality in the character of Madame C—. “Do, pray sir,” continued the beggar, “give me something: indeed you are, as one may say, bound in justice.”—“And pray why so?”—“On account of the reduction of the *rentes*.”—“You are mistaken, friend,” said I in a softened tone; flattered, I confess, at the idea that I was actually taken for the minister himself.

“Not at all, sir,” replied he in an assured voice: “for I am certain you are English; and if your nation had not been so rich as to raise the stocks all over Europe by the overflow of their capital, we should not be exposed to this diminution of our income. I say our, for you may depend, sir, that there is no class of the community on whom the reduc-

tion of the *rentes* will fall so heavily as on the fraternity to which I belong.”

As the conversation I had just held with Madame C— afforded complete proof of the truth of the poor fellow’s assertion, I slipped a trifle into his hand, and then retreated as fast as I could from the *Dieu vous benisse, milord!* which he continued for some time to bawl after me.

I have now by me several letters, which I should before this have attended to, if the good people of this noisy metropolis would have suffered me to attend to any thing but themselves. I shall certainly notice some at least of these letters in my next number.

N. NEVERMOVE.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. XIII.

ALLAN THE LION, LEADER OF CLAN NA GEALLANA AND CHIEFTAIN OF DOWART.

THE primogenitor of this clan is said to have extended their bonds of friendship to every distinguished family from sea to sea. While yet in early youth, he equipped himself as a soldier of the Cross, in the army of Baldwin Count of Flanders, A.D. 1202. Returning in safety and honour from the crusade, he brought to his own country many articles for ornament and use, of which the neighbouring lairds hardly knew the names. He brought likewise an acquisition infinitely more valuable—enlargement of mind. His wisdom, erudition, knowledge of the world, and polished manners, gave him unbounded influence over the heads of families with whom his ancestors held

bonds of friendship, and he employed it for their mutual advantage.

The birth of Allan was attended with remarkable circumstances. His father and grandfather were conspicuous warriors in the reigns of James I. and II.; and in the reign of James III. Jan, the father of our hero, though only a second son of the chief, possessed more actual power over the affections and conduct of the vassals than his elder brother. He had hewn his way to martial distinction in the Spanish wars against the Moors; and when he settled at home, he found his brother, a gay courtier, had entirely neglected his hereditary estates and his people, leaving them at the mercy of a young-

er brother, who abused his authority. Jan asserted his right of seniority, and the clan soon felt and acknowledged his superior prowess in repelling the encroachments of neighbouring foes, or rovers from distant parts. Chasing a piratical squadron from the coast of Mull, Jan observed one of the ships keeping aloof from the fight, and with crowded sails making her escape. He sent some ships to intercept her, while he defeated her consorts. Having gained a victory, he hastened after the fugitive galley, and by dint of oars, and "wings of wind," bore down upon her. He expected a rich prize, and found only "a blossom of loveliness, wringing her hands in all the wildness of terror." She threw herself "into his strong arms of valour," pressing to her lips his tartan garb, and ejaculating blessings on his voice, which articulated the language of her own land. Her only surviving attendant, an old woman, made known to Jan the high lineage of this beautiful damsel, too lofty for the second brother of any chief. Though charmed by the artless graces of his captive, the irresistible spirit of knightly honour impelled Jan to propose giving her in charge to the holy sisters of Iona, until her father, the chief of the Oduines, should send a proper escort to take her to his own protection. On hearing this destination, the tender innocent uttered a piercing shriek, and besought the conqueror to sheathe his dirk in her bosom. She was on her way to a convent at Iona when captured by the spoilers from Gothland; but far against her inclination she had been doomed to the cloister, and preferred death to such a gloomy existence. "If you dread the terrible ire of my

father," continued the maid, "suffer me at least to escape from bondage to the holy sisters by plunging into the waves."

"If I dread the ire of your father!" interrupted the indignant Jan. "Daughter of Maccailan More, have you never heard of Jan, the broad-chested lion?"

"He has been the vision of my dreams, the song of my bower, though my eyes never beheld him," replied the maid. "Oh! that I might find him! My hands would cling to his valiant arm, and I must be safe."

"He lays his fame at your feet, angel of beauty," said Jan, with impassioned tone and gesture.

The maid covered her blushing face with her white hands; but after some entreaty, she gave way to tears of joy, consenting to go with Jan, and to become his wife. He sent a bard and harper to the Oduine chief, announcing the nuptials, and explaining the preliminary circumstances. The mighty chief sent his benediction by return of the messengers, right glad that Ghormuille was rescued from barbaric power, and that his daughter was spouse to a warrior, whose fame resounded in the voice of all nations visited by sun, moon, or stars. Three moons of glowing felicity rewarded Jan for his warlike toils; and the clan exulted, that a daughter of their feudal superior shone in the castle of their chief, and blessed the tutor and guardian administering in his name.

Jan was informed that suspicious sails were observed to lurk in a creek on the opposite side of the isle of Mull. He kindled the *cris targe*, or brand of summons to arms, and ascended a hill to descry the fleet.

He returned no more. When

night approached, his distracted wife obtained the certainty that no strangesail had hovered on the coast, and that Jan had not joined the mailed and helmeted bands he dispatched to meet the invaders, purposing to cross the country, and arrive before them at the place of rendezvous. Wringing her hands of snow, beating her high bosom, and tearing her raven hair, Ghormuille, fleet as a young hind of spring, rushed over glens and heath to climb the mount of observation. Jan had descended half way, but faint with the loss of blood, reclined beside a little brook. A barbed arrow had transfixed that valiant breast, where, in wisdom and honour, rested the security of *Clan na Geallana*.

"Flee to the brother of my father, only love of Jan! flee to the abbot of Oransay. Too sure the mortal shaft came from the son of my father. He has heard that our elder brother was killed in the lists at Cambuskenneth, and he has removed me, that he may claim the chieftainry."

He could no more. He waved his hand, pointing to Oransay, to urge the escape of Ghormuille, till the last chill of death stopped the heaving of his large heart. At Oransay the lady bore a son, the pledge of never-dying love. She reared him at her grief-wounded breast, where a broken heart throbbed daily towards the narrow house of long repose. In her wasting malady, she bequeathed the child, as a sacred trust, to the abbot of Oransay and the sanctified brethren.

Allan, the only offspring of Jan, the broad-chested lion, grew in beauty, in every manly attainment, and in learning, surpassing all the youths

of his age, as the stately ash waves thick branches and a towering head far above the slender fern of the hollows. His soul was on fire to mingle in the clash of arms, for he heard the fame of beams of valour shining in the ranks of war in early boyhood. He donned the shirt of mail and plumed casque, to earn renown amidst the troubles of England, while his chin was yet smooth as the lip of female loveliness. Twenty summers had not knit his elastic joints when he received knightly spurs from the hand of the royal Edward. The woes of Scotland were rumoured abroad. Allan, the son of Jan, the broad-chested lion, hastened to range his few followers under the banners of his king; but he soon discerned in the Scottish camp that the infatuation of James III. would frustrate every effort for his service. The renowned knight of England, experienced in arms, though immature in years, ventured to dissent from the prevailing opinion in a council of war. The president, in no gentle terms, scorned the youth of the speaker, and rebuked his presumption. Allan, unused to harsh command, laid his hand on the good sword which, in the cause of Edward of England, had reeked with the blood of traitors. The president ordered him under arrest.

"Who shall dare to touch the person of a free soldier for speaking the truth in the cause of his king?" said Allan, drawing his trusty steel.

No man was so foolhardy as to peril his own life, by attempting to lay a hand upon the indignant chief of *Clan na Geallana*. He deliberately strode from the chamber of council, to offer his services to the Duke of Rothsay, who, in tender age, had

been persuaded to head the nobles, that in martial array inforced their remonstrances to James III. against the pernicious influence of his favourites. Yet ere he finally resolved to implicate his high fame with men whose proceedings verged on rebellion, Allan took the delay of one night, bending his steps to a religious house, to consult with the sainted inmates. As the ancient legend designates the scene of this adventure, "the cradle of royal wisdom," we may in all particulars apply the epithet to Alloway, the Aluna of the Romans. At Alloway many Scottish princes received their first education, having been for more than two centuries the wards of the Earls of Erskine and Marr. The last heir of the Scottish crown nurtured at

Alloway was Henry, son of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England. The cradle and golf-clubs, with other infantine and youthful remains of that most promising prince, are still retained by the family of Marr. They also possess the private signet of Mary of Scotland, which she gave to the Earl of Marr, after the treaty at Edinburgh obliged her to desist from wearing the arms of England. The fame of Alloway tower has been revived by Burns, in his *Tam O'Shanter*:

"Caught wi warlocks in the mirk
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

The highest turret of this venerable relic is 89 feet in height, and the walls are 11 feet in thickness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TOGRUL BEY AND HIS THREE SONS:

A TURKISH TALE.

KING TOGRUL BEY, feeling that he had not long to live, sent for his three sons, and thus addressed them: "My children, I see the Angel of Death approaching my bed. Before he lays his head upon my pillow, I will give each of you a piece of advice. As you value your happiness, fail not to follow it." The three princes, shedding a flood of tears, promised compliance, and earnestly entreated him to delay no longer to communicate this advice: on which the king said to the eldest, "Build thyself a palace in every large town in my dominions." To the second he said, "Marry a virgin every day."—"And as for thee," said he to the third, "add butter and honey to all that thou eatest."

Togrul Bey died. The eldest son

immediately set about building a palace in every considerable town; the second took a virgin to wife every day, and put her away again next morning; and the third ate nothing without butter and honey. One day, however, a wise man addressed them in these words: "When the king your father gave you on his death-bed that advice which ye so strictly follow, it was not his intention that ye should literally obey his injunctions. Ye have not comprehended the true meaning of his counsels; I will therefore explain them to you. But I must first relate to you a story which has some resemblance to your own case.

"A Turkish king ordered the *caradschi*, that is, the tribute which the Christians of a certain province

had to pay, to be demanded of them. The Christians immediately assembled their priests, to consult them, whether and in what manner they should pay this impost. Among this assembly there was a prelate, a very distinguished man, who thus spoke: 'Send me to the court of the sultan: I have a proposal to make to him. I shall tell him that we are ready to pay the tribute, as soon as he or his vizirs shall have answered a question which I will propound to them.' This plan was unanimously approved: the prelate accordingly set out, with the tribute and various presents from the Christians to the sultan, in a large pouch.

"Being introduced to the monarch, he delivered the presents transmitted from his province in the most respectful manner, with these words: 'We are ready and willing to pay your highness the *caradschi*, if you, your vizirs, or learned men, will answer a question which I shall propound to you. But if none should be able to answer it, you must not take it amiss if I return home without paying the tribute.'—'Be it so!' replied the sultan: 'I have at my court very wise and learned men; thy question must indeed be a difficult one, if none of them should be able to resolve it.'

"The sultan summoned all his vizirs and doctors, and then asked the prelate what was his question. The latter, extending the fingers of his right hand, held the palm of it towards the assembly, and then turning the same fingers towards the floor, he said, 'That is my question: guess what this signifies.'—'For my part,' said the monarch, 'I shall not pretend to answer it: for it is a mystery, the meaning of which it seems scarce-

ly possible to penetrate.' All the vizirs and doctors now became absorbed in profound meditation; but to no purpose did they mentally review all the explanations of the Koran, and all the traditions of Mahomet, they could make nothing of the question. All of them stood silent and ashamed, till one of them, deeply mortified to see so many wise and learned men reduced to such a dilemma by an infidel, boldly stepped forth, and thus addressed the king: 'It was scarcely worth while to summon so many of us on account of such a trifle. Let the monk propound his question to me, and I will immediately answer him.'

"Hereupon the prelate held the palm of his hand, with the fingers extended, towards the doctor, who at the same time shook his clenched fist at the Christian. The latter then turned his fingers towards the floor; and the doctor opened his hand and turned the fingers upwards. The ecclesiastic, perfectly satisfied with this gesture of the doctor's, immediately drew forth the pouch with the tribute from under his garment, delivered it to the sultan, and went his way. The king, curious to learn the meaning of this mute dialogue, questioned the doctor, who thus replied: 'Know, mighty sovereign, that when the prelate turned his open hand towards me, he meant as much as to say, I will give thee a slap in the face. I instantly shewed him my clenched fist, to intimate, that if he did slap my face, I would fetch him a thump in return. When he turned his hand downward, this signified, If thou strikest me with thy fist, I will knock thee down and trample upon thee like a worm. I then held my fingers upward, giving him to

understand, that if he attempted to treat me in that manner, I would throw him up so high into the air, that he should be devoured by the birds before he could descend to the ground again; and in this manner, by means of signs, the Christian and I made ourselves perfectly intelligible to one another.'

"As soon as the wise doctor had finished his explanation, a murmur of applause pervaded the assembly. The vizirs admired his penetration, and the doctors, though inwardly vexed that they had not been able to comprehend the gestures of the prelate, freely acknowledged that their colleague surpassed them in sagacity and understanding. The sultan, highly delighted, was not content with bestowing mere praise, but gave the fortunate solver of the enigma five hundred zechins out of the tribute of the Christians; and he could not rest till he had communicated the whole affair to his favourite sultana. On hearing it she burst into a loud laugh. 'I knew,' said he, that the story would highly divert you:' to which she replied, 'But the most diverting part of it is, that the doctor has been imposing upon you.'—'How is that possible?'—'Only send for the prelate; he will confirm what I say.'

"The ecclesiastic had fortunately not yet quitted the city, and immediately appeared before the sultan and his consort, who said to him, 'Our doctor has explained your riddle; but we wish you to acquaint us with the meaning of it.'—'When I shewed the five fingers of my open hand,' replied the prelate, 'I meant to ask, whether the five commandments, which you Mahometans are in the habit of reciting, were given

to you by the Almighty God. Your doctor thereupon threatened me with his fist, as much as to say, Yes, that they are, and this I am ready to maintain against all the world. When I afterwards directed my fingers towards the ground, I asked him, Why doth the rain fall from heaven upon the earth? He very correctly replied, by turning his fingers upward, that it rains in order that the grass and corn may shoot up, and that all the fruits of the earth may grow and flourish. You know, O queen, that such is the precise answer given in the Koran to that question.' After this explanation of his enigma, the prelate departed, and the queen again burst into a loud laugh. The king, who now perceived that she did not laugh without occasion, protested that he would no longer give implicit credit to his wise men, or suffer himself to be the dupe of their pretended learning.

"In like manner have you, O princes," continued the philosopher, still addressing the three sons of Togrul Bey, "misunderstood the mysterious injunctions of your father." The princes requested him to explain himself; on which he thus resumed: "When the great Togrul Bey said to his eldest son, 'Thou shalt build a palace in every large town in my dominions,' he meant to intimate, that he would do well to endeavour to gain the friendship of some wealthy and distinguished man in every great city, whose house might serve him for an asylum in case Fortune should ever turn her back upon him. When he advised the second, 'to marry a virgin every day,' this signified, that he should never lie down to rest at night, without the delightful consciousness of having done

some good action during the day. And when the king said to his third son, 'Add butter and honey to all that thou eatest', his meaning was, 'Be sociable and affable; speak to

all men with such condescension and kindness, that they shall be obliged to commend thy benignity and goodness of heart.' "

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS OF ITALY.

I FULLY coincide in the opinion you express, that a man, even without possessing the talents of a Hogarth, may attempt a delineation of the inhabitants of the country towns of Italy; but whether those to whom nature has denied the requisite qualifications ought to venture upon such an essay, is a question that may be much more easily and decidedly answered, than Hamlet's *To be or not to be*. As, however, my desire to gratify your wishes outweighs the scruples arising from the answering of the above question, I take up the pencil, encouraging myself with the idea, that it is only the people of petty towns whom I undertake to portray; and therefore the consequences attending a failure cannot be of so serious a nature, as if I had undertaken to depict the habits, manners, and customs of the Italians residing at Rome*, or of the inhabitants of the principal cities. As you grant me an express dispensation from touching upon Rome and Naples, and have no curiosity to know whether I ejaculated *Ah!* or *Oh!*

* Duclos, it is well known, could not prevail on himself to give the name of Romans to the inhabitants of Rome: he therefore called them the Italians of Rome. I am now sensible myself of the impropriety of using the term Romans, when one is speaking of the people of modern Rome.

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at the sight of St. Peter's; as you neither require any account of the feelings which the mountains, rivers, lakes, and islands of Italy, and the temples and churches of Rome, excited in my soul; nor an enumeration of the treasures of art, any more than a description of the useless lumber deposited in the palaces of that city; and pointedly decline any observations on the political fortunes of the peninsula—but merely desire a few hasty sketches in illustration of the character of the people, let us commence our remarks with the Italian vegetating in small towns, and let us watch him in the hours devoted to pleasure and recreation, and see how he contrives to kill time by means of various amusements, which indeed in other countries would be considered as torments.

These amusements may be divided into ordinary and extraordinary. To the ordinary, that is, such as rejoice the heart of the easily satisfied Italian all the year round, belong, the coffee-house (called *caffè*, *bottega da caffè*, or merely *bottega*), the *casino*, and the *corso*. The extraordinary comprehend, the theatre, horse-races (*corso dei barberi*), playing at ball during the fair, balls, masquerades and the *tombola* during the carnival; and, finally, the *sagra*, which corresponds with the wakes or feasts of our English villages.

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The coffee-houses are places of rendezvous for the higher class as well as for the common people, the theatre of their joys and sorrows. They are amphibious animals, living chiefly at the *bottega*, and very rarely in any other element. As the Romans of old required nothing more than *panem et circenses*, so the modern Italian can, in case of need, dispense with the *panem*, but by no means with the *bottega*. A person not belonging to the class of those who have some occupation, or rather who occupies himself with nothing whatever (and this class is extremely numerous), spends ten or twelve hours a day in this favourite resort. But as he would no doubt find a continued stay in one and the same *bottega* rather tiresome, he changes his domicile at certain stated hours, and migrates from one *bottega* to another. Count Capitombolo, for example, quits his palace at the hour of ten in the forenoon, and repairs to the *bottega*, No. 1, in or before which he lounges till two o'clock. The hour of dinner summons him home; but at four o'clock we see him again, according as wind and weather permit, seated in or before the *bottega*, No. 2, where, with his chin propped by his cane, and looking straight before him, he awaits the evening; and when it grows dusk, after he has perhaps taken a few turns under the *portici* of the town, beyond the gates of which he rarely ventures, he proceeds to the *bottega*, No. 3, or the *casino*, where, in spite of wide and frequent yawns, he resolutely holds out till midnight; and then, after swallowing a cup of coffee, and having duly performed the routine of the day, he consigns his weary limbs to well-deserved repose.

Whether the conversation in the above-mentioned *botteghe* is always entertaining and agreeable, I pretend not to decide; but on this point doubts have frequently arisen in my mind, as profound silence often reigns there for half an hour together. Indeed the visitors of such places, seated round the room with their hats pressed down over the eyes, and their mouths and noses muffled up in their cloaks, are so far from manifesting any sign of life, that a stranger on entering would suppose he had got into a collection of wax-figures, or a museum of mummies. This is nevertheless the Elysium of the Italians. In every town, be it ever so insignificant, there are several coffee-houses, and also a *casino dei nobili*, into which no *bourgeois* is admitted. Every village of fifteen or twenty houses has its *bottega*, which differs from similar establishments in towns in no other respect than that, instead of lounging *conti* and *cavalieri*, meagre, long-nosed peasants occupy the benches, or in close groups surround a table, at which *bazzica* or *tressette*, the favourite game of the Italians, is played, following it with undivided attention, conversing while the cards are dealing on the game that is just finished, censuring the errors committed, shouting a *Ma bravo, per Dio!* to Bartolomeo, Pietro, or any other who has shewn himself to be an adept, and manifesting as strong and intense an interest as if the game, which has transferred three *bajocchi* from one pocket to another, had decided the fate of Italy*.

* No sooner had I committed this simile to paper, than I perceived that it is a lame one. What does Bartolomeo or Pietro care about the fate of Italy? Had it been reversed, it might indeed

In the evening the *botteghe* in the towns are filled with ladies, who take their places round the room, each with her *cavaliere servente* by her side. Though this term, as well as *cicisbeo*, is well known in England, yet I dare say many of my good country-folks have a very imperfect notion of this *anfibia animale*; and therefore some account of these notorious creatures and their various relations, together with a classification of them framed upon the latter, may prove not unacceptable.

The *cavaliere servente* is a gentleman who does nothing, who has nothing to do, who knows not how, and indeed has not the slightest wish to do any thing; but who devotes every moment he can spare from his own concerns to the service of the lady by whom he has been selected as her humble servant, or for whose constant attendant and companion he has been appointed by the husband or family of the *donna*. It is well known that the daughters of the nobles and gentry, as soon as they have attained their sixth or seventh year, are placed in some convent or other, to be educated, or more correctly speaking, uneducated. When the girl is grown up to be a *zitella da marito*, or in other words, when she is marriageable, and the family have found a suitable match for her, they hasten to present to the said *zitella* her destined husband, and not uncommonly at the same time her *cavaliere servente*; which precaution is the more to be commended, inasmuch as after the nuptial benediction, and the exhortation connect-

ed with it, to walk together in happy union through life, no lady can appear in public arm in arm with her husband, without rendering herself highly ridiculous: whereas, by the side of the above-mentioned *anfibia animale*, she may go wherever she pleases, and stay where she likes best. Hanging on his arm, she appears at church, in the theatre, in the *bottega*, in the *casino*, and on the *corso*; nor does she part from him till, weary with the occupations of the day, she hastens home about three in the morning, to assure her husband that she is well, neither knowing nor caring how or where he has passed his time since noon the preceding day.

The ladies are, as every body knows, always oppressed with business; and as in Italy no business out of doors can be transacted without the assistance of the *cavaliere*, whose duty moreover it is to collect all the news of the town, it is obvious that none but a man whose profession is the *dolce farniente*, can be qualified to undertake and perform the arduous office of a *servente*. These *cavalieri serventi* may be divided into three classes, according to the relation in which they stand to the lady and her husband. If a *cavaliere* be chosen by the lady herself, his lot is not rarely an enviable one; and he belongs to the first class, which I shall call the happy *serventi*. If he have been appointed by the husband, he is justly to be pitied; for he is not only the attendant and companion, but also, especially in the first year after marriage, the keeper and guardian of the jewel committed to his custody, and responsible to the owner for its safety: hence he is sometimes placed in the most difficult and dis-

troubling situations, since the said owner transfers a considerable portion of his own cares to his shoulders. Such a person evidently belongs to the second class, that of *poveri diavoli*. Lastly, there are *cavalieri*, who, at the expense of the husband, are the friends and confidants of their mistresses, assist them in their adventures, arrange assignments, keep watch, deliver messages, adjust petty quarrels, and must of course be constantly on the alert: these must be referred to the third class, or the deplorable.

But to return to the *bottega* full of charming females. Here every one on whom nature has conferred the blessing of sight, may doubly rejoice in the possession of that inestimable gift; but while he remains there he may well dispense with the service of his ears, for there is not much to be heard, at least not much that contains a particle of sense. It pains me much to be obliged to express myself thus concerning a country which has produced females who have been invested with the degrees and titles of doctors and professors; but in spite of my pain, and in spite also of the she-doctors and she-professors of yore, little or nothing that savours of good sense is to be heard in a company of the most fascinating females in modern Italy. This is perfectly natural, and might be easily accounted for, and that to the advantage of the fair sex. The attainments of the ladies invariably constitute the most accurate thermometer for those of the gentlemen; and if, in any country, the conversation of the former is deficient in sense, we cannot expect that of the latter to abound in that quality. Every one knows how susceptible the softer

sex is for all that is good and fair; how easy it is for an intelligent man to improve a female, even though somewhat neglected by nature; and how ready women are to enrich themselves with the stores that we are capable of furnishing: it follows of course, that where the ladies are not rich in accomplishments, the intellectual circumstances of the men must be at so very low an ebb, that no supplies can be spared on the one hand without incurring the risk of a disgraceful bankruptcy, and no accession of property can accrue on the other. In every country therefore where the minds of the men are deficient in cultivation, this circumstance is the best excuse for the women, who, there in particular, stand completely justified in our opinion where the eyes are so amply indemnified for the loss sustained by the ears, as in Italy. It is deeply to be regretted, however, that this ocular gratification should be greatly diminished by a vile habit which the greater part of the fair sex in Italy has adopted. This is the abominable habit of taking snuff, to which they are passionately addicted: in no part of the world is it carried to such excess as in Italy. Young and old, beautiful and ugly — all take snuff. Every female of twenty carries her box, or has it carried for her by her beast of burden, her *cavaliere servente*, who has to fetch it out and return it to the *pompador*, likewise committed to his custody, ten times every quarter of an hour. *Cavaliere*, or *contino*, *la tabacchiera*! Such is the requisition incessantly issuing from her beautiful lips, and the ever-officious *cavaliere* opens the *pompador*, takes out the box, and presents it with the utmost re-

spect; a delicate thumb and finger are dipped into it, and we behold an act which even the most fascinating woman cannot perform with grace, or in such a manner as at the moment to appear amiable or an object of desire to a person of the other sex: for one would no more wish to kiss the loveliest lips in the vicinity of which such abominations are committed, than the bristling beard of a nasty Capuchin. In Italy, however, people think differently: there they take snuff and kiss away. I was myself acquainted with an amiable young couple, who, animated by the purest emotions of love, had not only but one heart and one soul, but also only one snuff-box, to which both assiduously paid their devoirs; and every vow of love, every assurance of everlasting constancy, every embrace, was regularly sealed and seasoned by a mutual pinch. Tastes differ—that is all we can say for it.

For the ladies of Italy whom we have left in one of the *botteghe* already described, there is certainly this excuse to be made: that it would be scarcely possible to endure for so many hours the most oppressive *ennui* without occasionally rousing the mind by some stimulant or other. And yet the Italian fair, though they make a point of appearing as late as possible at the theatre, summon all their strength and perseverance to enable them to continue to the latest moment at the *bottega*, especially during the *fiera* or the carnival. In this particular too a no less creditable emulation subsists among the ladies. There they sit as immovable as if they were fixed to the spot by the spells of some wicked magician; they will not stir while a single pinch is left in the box, or till the

patience of the *cavaliere servente*, who, in his despair, calls upon all the saints in heaven*, is completely exhausted. And wherefore do they make this sacrifice? In order that, next morning, that is, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they may be able to say, "Yesterday I was one, two, three hours at the *casino*; we had a deal of mirth, and were highly entertained"—which assertion, as we have seen, is an evident violation of the eighth commandment.

Very early in the morning these *botteghe* are the theatres of most moving scenes. There you discover various figures holding a smoking cup of coffee in one hand, and in the other a glass of reeking water. This water reeks because it is hot, and this hot and reeking water, to which a little sugar is added, is swallowed by the above-said figures in long draughts, interrupted only by sighs. This beverage, called *acqua caldo*, is said to be highly conducive to health; and therefore the first cry of every son of Latium on entering the *bottega* is, *Olà! bottega! acqua caldo!* After finishing the glass of water, he sends after it the cup of coffee (which, to give the devil his due, is truly excellent); and then falls into a sort of stupor, during which the stomach has leisure to digest the liquids which it has received. Every body knows for what purpose warm water is drunk with us; but it agrees perfectly well with the Ita-

* In Italy they worship only saints, and pray only to saints: about God Almighty they care no more than if no God existed: indeed it would be quite superfluous, since, as it is well known, San Antonio di Padova complies with the solicitations of those petitioners to whom the Almighty has refused to listen.

lians, which is more than I can say for myself, since a trial that I once made of it at the urgent importunity of my friends had well nigh cost me my life. By way of conclusion he it remarked, that the only difference between the *casino* and the *bottega* consists in this, that the ladies appear at the *casino* in the evening only, but at the *bottega*, if they have occasion, in the daytime also. The gentlemen frequent the *casino* at all hours of the day and night, and there seek recreation after the disagreeables they have gone through at the *bottega*.

While we are quitting the *bottega* and *casino*, to enjoy the pleasures of the *corso*, I must describe a droll scene which I once witnessed in a *casino dei nobili*. In a small town in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, there is but one *bottega*, which is

occupied every evening by ten or twelve *illustrissimi* and *illustrissime*, and is then inaccessible to every *non-illustrissimo*. Just at the hour of this solemn assembly, the baker of the place, a *non-illustrissimo*, took it into his head to want a cup of coffee, and as he durst not invade the sanctuary, he appeared at the window with his peel, which he popped in, and forwarding it to the bar of the *caffettiere*, situated at the farther end of the room, he loudly intimated his desire. The words *impertinente, sfacciato*, passed from mouth to mouth in the circle of the *illustrissimi*: the baker, however, took no notice of them, but gently drawing back his peel, freighted with the coffee, briskly emptied the cup, which he returned by the same conveyance.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

A RUSSIAN officer, who is still living, not many years ago obtained leave of absence that he might pay a visit to his father. During this visit, he sometimes passed a few days with a neighbour in the enjoyment of the pleasures of the chase. Not long before the expiration of his leave of absence, this neighbour sent him another invitation to a hunting-party. His father expressed his displeasure at being thus deprived of the company of his son, and the latter gave him a solemn promise that he would return the same evening. The sport was prolonged till dusk; the friend of the officer strove to detain him, but, like a dutiful son, he set out for home agreeably to his promise. He was on horseback, and attended by one servant. Night de-

manded its tribute: wearied out with the exercise of the day, the sportsman looked about for some place where he might take a nap, as he could not very conveniently sleep on his horse, and a mizzling rain moreover threatened to wet him to the skin. A church, situated by the road-side, presented itself. The open but covered porch was all that he needed. Taking off his saddle and placing it for a pillow, he ordered his servant to let the horses graze awhile. No sooner had he begun to taste the sweets of sleep than his servant jogged him, and intimated that it was time to start. After reprimanding him for the disturbance, he again composed himself to slumber, and again his attendant awoke him. The master was angry, called him a

coward, and said he supposed he was frightened on account of the place.

"By my faith," said the man, "'tis no joking matter. Only look about you; see how the church is lighted up; and hear what a knocking and hammering is going forward in it."

The officer raised his head, and found that what his servant said was correct. Through a crack in the old door he perceived a coffin, and near it a figure dressed in white with dishevelled hair, making all sorts of motions. He seized his arms: the crazy door, incapable of resisting the force he applied to it, burst open, and he entered the church. The white figure had disappeared, but the coffin was still there. He hastened past it, took up one of the lights, and after a long search, discovered the figure cowering beneath the covering of the altar. He accosted it, but received no answer. He threatened to ascertain by means of his fire-arms, whether it was of human kind or a spirit. A female rose, fell at his feet, and implored him not to betray her, and she would confess what had brought her to that place at such a time. Her mother, she said, was a cunning woman, and possessed many supernatural arts and attainments. In short, she was one of those who are called witches, and who in that country are not yet all burned and exterminated. She added, that her mother was then lying dangerously ill, and was desirous of communicating her knowledge to her, but could not do it till she had procured three teeth extracted from a dead person; and had accordingly sent her thither on that errand. It should be observed, that in this part of Russia, especially in the country, people will not keep a corpse in the house a night if they can help it. A person who dies in

the morning, is invariably buried before sunset. In the government where this event occurred, the people had so much humanity as to deposit a corpse in the church for one night previously to interment. The female in question was engaged in procuring the teeth required for her mother from a body which had been brought thither the same evening. The sacristan, who was a relation of hers, had furnished her with the key of the church; and in order to deter passengers from approaching, and perhaps also to heighten her own courage, she had lighted up as many candles as she could find. She had already secured one tooth; and hammer and pincers lay near the corpse.

The servant, who had listened to all that passed, now came up, and recognised in the female the sister of his landlady. The circumstance being made known, the poor girl was severely punished. The officer, who proved on various occasions that he was not deficient in courage, acknowledged that the terrors of that night threw him into a violent fever.

This story is literally true; and similar ones, though perhaps not quite so terrific, may be heard every day in Russia. The people there believe that the cunning women, as they are called, who only strive to do mischief by their arts, frequently assume the shape of dogs. Hence the dog is no favourite with the lower classes. So much the greater is their fondness for cats, which they feed to such a degree, that you would scarcely meet with animals of that species so large and fat as in Russia. A gardener's wife at Petersburg assured the writer, that her cat would push away the saucer, if milk was put in to it for her instead of cream.

SIWALD AND HIS ELEVEN SONS: *An Iceland Tale.*

FAR away in the north there is a country called Iceland, because it is on all sides encompassed with ice. The men there are stout and robust, and their wives bear them sound and healthy children. In this country dwelt in ancient times a peasant, who was the most expert smith far and near, but at the same time extremely poor. His name was Gaumer the Strong; for none of his neighbours had such muscular limbs or such extraordinary bodily strength. At last, growing old and weary of life, and seeing his smithy, like himself, somewhat the worse for wear, for when he used the great hammer, the roof threatened every moment to tumble over his head, he called his son Siwald, who, in defiance of his father, assumed his surname of the Strong, and thus addressed him: "When thou seest that mine eye is ready to break, let me lie still that I may die in peace; but when thou perceivest that my heart has ceased to throb, and that no life is left in me, then lift up my pillow, and take what thou shalt find; for it belongs to thee."

When Siwald heard this, he was confident that it must be gold, or something of great value to which his father alluded; and as he was not the most dutiful son, but, on the contrary, rude in his manners, he had no rest till he had possessed himself of what was deposited for him there. He found nothing, however, but a sledge-hammer. Enraged at this disappointment, he threw it against the door with such violence, that the roof sunk still lower. The old smith was extremely vexed, and pronounced a curse on Siwald's posterity. That the hammer with which he had

forged many a good sword might not be left, as not worth picking up, at the door, he said to his son, "Thou oughtest by no means to despise the inheritance that I leave thee, though thou vauntingly callest thyself the Strong; for wert thou not mine own child, thou wouldst not be able to lift my hammer." Siwald angrily seized the hammer by the shaft, and gnashed his teeth as he raised it from the ground. "Know, Siwald," proceeded the old smith, observing his dissatisfaction, "that thine is a valuable inheritance, so surely as Thor in Trudvang has spoken a good word over my hammer. As long as thou carriest it, the gods will be with thee, and vigorous as thou already art, thy strength shall increase every day. But no sooner shalt thou part with it, than in vain shalt thou style thyself the Strong; for thy strength shall daily decrease, and then, I verily believe, that thou wilt be induced to change thy gods."

Siwald then threw the hammer over his shoulder, and travelled many a long mile over ice and snow, and found his father's words confirmed; for when he had thus journeyed many days, the hammer felt as light in his hands as a knife. It chanced one day that he came to a smithy, where twelve grimy fellows were labouring at the anvil. Here he solicited employment, promising to do as much work as all the twelve, if the master would pay him the wages of twelve. But when he was going to give a specimen of his professional abilities, it appeared that he was too strong to use such a hammer; for he shattered the anvil to pieces like glass, and destroyed with one blow what the

twelve others had been a whole week knocking together. The smith thereupon insisted that he should work with a smaller hammer till he had made compensation for the mischief he had done; which so enraged Siwald, that beating down the smithy about the ears of the master and all his men, he pursued his route. The farther he went, the stronger he found himself, so that by the time he reached the next smith's, the hammer seemed as light as a feather. The door was locked, for it was late, but he hit against the wall with the shaft of the hammer, so that the beams gave way, and the smith perished in the ruins. It was evident enough that he had nothing to expect here. Reflecting on past events, he considered that it was but a miserable life to do nothing but mischief wherever one went; for his provisions were quite exhausted, and he was in great need of meat and drink. He took the hammer peevishly from his shoulder, and flung it with violence upon the ground, in which it made a deep hole, and a pigmy figure instantly sprung forth amidst a shower of sparks that issued from the flint-stones. This dwarf, like the smiths in general, was black, and clothed in a thick bearskin. He stood still before Siwald, and asked what he wanted. "Wert thou not so shabby a smith," replied Siwald, "I would offer myself to thee for a journeyman: as it is, it would be of no great service to thee, if thy house were to tumble about thy ears, as soon as I should throw my hammer upon the ground." It was soon agreed upon between them, that if the dwarf could swing the hammer, it should be his, but he should give

Siwald in exchange as much gold as he could lift; if he could not, Siwald was still to receive the gold, but to retain the hammer. The dwarf thereupon seized the shaft with both hands, and swung the hammer thrice over his head as if it had been a straw. At that instant Siwald recollected his father's words; but it was then too late to retract. He therefore put his gold into a sack, travelled farther, and said to himself, "Now I am equal to the richest of them."

His strength, however, daily decreasing, according to his father's prediction, while he had still the same weight to carry on his back, he soon grew weary, and was obliged to stop in order to rest himself. It so happened, that when he was about to pursue his way, he found himself, to his no small mortification, unable to lift all his gold. He, therefore, divided it into four parts, buried one of them, and marked the spot, that at some future time he might fetch it away. He continued his route with the rest; but this soon became too heavy a burden for him, and he was obliged, however reluctantly, to bury a second portion. Going farther, his strength declined more and more, and unable any longer to carry the half of the gold which he had received, he was necessitated, much as it went against the grain, to bury the third fourth part. He then resolved to divide it into many small parcels, and when he felt fatigued as he journeyed along, he buried one of them after another; and hence the origin of the treasures found in many places in the bosom of the earth, especially towards the north.

Meanwhile he had proceeded far

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to the south, and the heat greatly contributed to make his burden oppressive to him. When he had still three small parcels left besides the last fourth, it happened, that at midnight, while he was sleeping with his gold under his head, a beautiful female appeared to him in a dream, holding in her hand a superb horn, carved out of a single precious stone. Grasping eagerly at the horn, he awoke, and heard a raven croaking over his head. Here he was forced to bury another portion of his treasure; and he travelled a great way before he came to the next spring. He was sorely vexed at his disappointment with the beautiful female. He again fell asleep, and again she stood before him, holding a gold horn in both hands. Again Siwald eagerly stretched out his hands to seize the horn; but awoke, and again heard the raven croaking over his head. He was compelled to bury another portion of his treasure; but now he did it without any reluctance, for he cared but little for the gold, and would cheerfully have given all he had for another sight of the lovely damsel. He travelled this day only till noon before he grew weary, and was forced to bury another portion of his treasure; hoping, at the same time, that he should be able to retain the remaining fourth. At night, as he was sleeping in the open air, the same female stood beside him, holding in her hand a silver horn, on which strange characters were engraven. She dexterously removed the last fourth part of the gold from under his head, and deposited the silver horn in its place, calling him by name, and saying, "Now thou hast nothing left but thine inheritance, and art relieved of the gold of thine

ancestors. In its stead I have given thee a horn, which is more valuable than thine inheritance, and more powerful than thy gods: for what is bound on earth by enchantment it can loose, if but a single tone be produced from it. This, however, cannot be accomplished but by a good Christian, and whoever would be a good Christian, must travel eastward. As soon as thou canst blow this horn, thou shalt see me again, and have reason to rejoice at it."

When Siwald awoke, his face was turned towards the East, but what had been told him in his dream was enveloped in profound obscurity. He extended his hand to pick up his gold, with the intention of proceeding farther; but before him lay a bright silver horn, and the gold was gone. He felt somewhat chagrined; for it seemed to him that the horn was too dearly purchased. When he once more beheld the coal-black raven flying away over his head, he bethought him of the beauteous maiden, and he longed more ardently than ever to see her. He now perfectly well recollected that he was to see her when he blew the horn, and nothing, thought he to himself, can be easier than that. All his attempts to produce a sound from it, however, proved fruitless. He tried at least ten times a day, but heard only the hoarse cry of the raven: the thoughts of his love engaged him more and more, and in this mood he repented him of all the heinous sins which he had committed.

Travelling onward he met a pilgrim, and rejoiced exceedingly that he had some one to whom he could communicate what he suffered. The pilgrim was filled with amazement at the sight of the horn, because it was

covered with religious signs and emblems. These he was capable of illustrating and explaining, for he was versed in every branch of learning. Siwald, therefore, took great delight in his society, and they travelled on together. When they had at length arrived in the East, Siwald's mind was so soothed by all the pilgrim had told him, that he had nearly forgotten the lovely damsel, for whom he had previously felt so ardent a passion. The pilgrim thence inferred that such a man could not fail to be a Christian, and admired the power of love, which was thus capable of changing the human heart. Siwald himself being earnestly desirous to become a Christian, the pilgrim took water out of the sacred river Jordan, and poured it over him, on which the unclean spirit departed from him.

They then set out on their return, and had traversed many fair countries together, when Siwald came one morning to the spot where he had had his remarkable dream. The idea darted across his mind, as if by inspiration, that if he could sound the horn, he should see the maiden who was the object of his passion. He applied it therefore to his lips, and, lo! it sounded so loud, that the very earth shook under his feet, and at the same time the raven dropt like a seagull into the water. They were both astonished at this circumstance; but the pilgrim was of opinion that it was a propitious omen. Having proceeded a little farther, they were met by a damsel more beautiful than imagination can conceive. Siwald could scarcely believe his eyes, for she exactly resembled her who had so long engaged his thoughts. It was then evident to both travellers, that

she had long been spell-bound by the raven; and Siwald rejoiced with exceeding joy at the wondrous power of his horn.

The pilgrim commanded Siwald to fix his abode on this spot, and gave him moreover this advice: That when his wife should have borne her first child, he should build a sacred house in the forest, but leave it without roof till the birth of her last. After this exhortation, he took leave of Siwald, and pursued his way.

The blessing of heaven rested on Siwald and his wife, and when she had borne her first child, he built a lofty portal, to serve as an entrance to the sacred edifice; and over the door he placed a black raven, as a grateful memorial. When they had led a pious life together for ten years, Siwald found himself the father of ten sons, and thought that he might now cover in the building. But it so happened that in two years more Siwald's wife produced her eleventh son; and he was troubled in spirit, because the edifice was already roofed, believing that this child was destined to fulfil the curse pronounced by his grandfather. He therefore resolved to overlay the roofs with plates of gold, so that it might appear to be still unfinished; and he strove by all the means in his power to collect as much gold as he possibly could. A very large quantity being required for this purpose, he longed for the gold which he had buried in his northern native land. As a punishment for indulging this desire, the father's former passion was infused into his eleventh son, who would grasp at gold while yet in his cradle. The ten seemed to vie with each other in virtue and piety, but the youngest grew up in

sin, to the destruction of them all: for when both Siwald and his wife were dead, they divided the whole property. Now the father had directed, that the sacred house should be set apart for the accommodation of pious travellers: all his sons were satisfied with this arrangement, excepting the eleventh, who declared that it was unjust, and plotted mischief against his brothers. He slew five of them in the forest, and buried them there. This happened before midnight; but after midnight he killed the five others in the sacred edifice, and interred them in the middle of the court-yard. Prompted by avarice, he then removed the gold plates from the roof, and exulted in the possession of the rich booty. But when he went forth into the forest, he felt as if a sword had pierced his heart; for, on the spot where he had buried his five brothers, five oak-trees had sprung up from their blood, and from that moment he could not abide in the forest. In a very short time five more oak-trees grew up in the middle of the court-yard, out of the blood of the other

five murdered brothers, and thereafter he could not enjoy any peace at home. In vain did he endeavour to cut down the trees with a keen axe, the steel would not so much as penetrate the bark, and the memorials of his guilt were not to be removed. Henceforward he could not remain either in the forest or in the house: he therefore formed a subterraneous abode for himself, taking with him his gold and his other effects, among which was the silver horn, and avoiding the light of day. Ever since that time the house has been held accursed by men. Tradition adds, that he at length sold himself to Satan for a certain term of years, in which he was engaged in seducing men into all sorts of wickedness: but some believe, that he is still living among his treasures in his dreary darksome solitude, tortured by remorse, and that he will not find the peace of the grave till he has converted a certain number of worldly-minded persons to the ways of righteousness.

Such is the history of Siwald and his eleven sons.

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

ON the 26th of May the annual distribution of the rewards adjudged by this Society took place, as last year, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. The house was filled with company of the highest respectability, eager to witness the interesting ceremony. The medals and other rewards were presented by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President of the Society, in the following order:

IN AGRICULTURE & RURAL ECONOMY.

Philip Hurd, Esq. Kentish-Town House, for raising oaks for timber—large gold medal.

Henry Blyth, Esq. Burnham, Norfolk, for embanking 253 acres of marsh land from the sea—large gold medal.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for cultivating 12 acres of poppies, and obtaining therefrom 196lbs. of opium—thirty guineas.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. R. W. Dickinson, Albany Brewery, Kent-road, for a machine for clearing beer while in fermentation—large silver medal.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Ludgate-Hill, for an

improved safety chamber to the oxyhydrogen blowpipe—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Griffiths, Kensington, for an improved stop-cock for chemical purposes—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. G. Chapman, of Whithy, for a mode of consuming the smoke of steam-engine boilers—large silver medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.—*Original Oil Paintings.*

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Mr. E. Knight, jun. Covent-Garden Chambers, for a landscape—gold Isis medal.

Mr. J. P. André, jun. York-place, City-road, for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss A. Robertson, Tweedmouth, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Miss A. Eggbrecht, Frith-street, Soho, for a portrait—silver palette.

The same, for a composition in still-life—silver Isis medal.

Miss Jesse Robertson, Tweedmouth, for a landscape—silver palette.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. Evan Williams, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, for a portrait—large silver medal.

The same, for a composition in still-life—large silver medal.

Mr. H. Johnson, Rodney-Buildings, New Kent-road, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Pearsall, Bath, for a landscape (a composition)—large silver medal.

Mr. J. M. Gilbert, Clifton, for a view of shipping—gold Isis medal.

Mr. J. Eggbrecht, Frith-street, Soho, for a composition in still-life—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Gill, Wilmot-street, Brunswick-square, for a composition in still-life—silver palette.

Mr. H. C. Slons, Bayham-street, Camden-Town, for an historical composition—large gold medal.

Copies in Oil.

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Mr. G. Hilditch, Ludgate-Hill, for an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Miss A. Robertson, Tweedmouth, for an historical subject—large silver medal.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. J. W. Solomon, Piccadilly, for an historical subject—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Sargeant, Burlington-place, Kent-road, for an historical subject—silver palette.

Mr. J. Eggbrecht, Frith-street, Soho, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Original Paintings in Water-Colours.

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Miss M. Smith, Bucklersbury, for a miniature portrait—silver Isis medal.

Miss Eliz. Twining, Norfolk-street, Strand, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Miss Fr. Strickland, Henley-Park, for a composition of flowers—gold Isis medal.

Miss A. L. Napier, Woolwich Common, for a composition of fruit—silver palette.

Miss M. J. Hull, Beverley, for a composition of flowers—silver palette.

Copies in Water-Colours.

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Miss Twining, Norfolk-street, Strand, for an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

The same, for a portrait, a miniature—large silver medal.

Mrs. Matheson, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, for an historical subject—silver palette.

Miss E. Twining, Norfolk-street, Strand, for a portrait, a miniature—silver palette.

Miss S. Cox, Nottingham-street, for a portrait, a miniature—silver palette.

Miss J. S. Guy, Bartlett's-place, for a landscape—silver palette.

Miss A. Hopkins, Berwick-street, Soho, for a landscape—large silver medal.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. Edwin Williams, St. Alban's-place, for a landscape—silver palette.

Miss L. J. Green, Argyll-street, for a miniature composition—silver palette.

Original Drawings in Chalk, Pencil, and Indian Ink.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. Ed. Williams, Ambroseden, for a drawing from the living figure—silver palette.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, and Indian Ink.

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Mr. T. Barrett, Mark-lane, for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Bartrum, Upper Bedford-place, for a head in chalk—silver palette.

Miss Stacey, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, for a head in chalk—silver palette.

Miss M. J. Lightfoot, Ebury-street, Pimlico, for a head in chalk—silver palette.

Mr. M. Starling, Weston-place, Pancras-road, for a landscape in pen and ink—silver Isis medal.

Miss S. H. Oakes, Mitcham, for a head in chalk—silver Isis medal.

Miss H. M. Lightfoot, Ebury-street, Pimlico—for a head in chalk—silver palette.

Miss E. Guy, Bartlett's-place, Holborn, for an historical subject in chalk—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Guy, Bartlett's-place, Holborn, for a landscape in pencil—silver Isis medal.

Miss Mumford, Thames-Ditton, for an historical subject in chalk—silver palette.

Miss M. Hartman, York-street, Portman-square, for an historical subject—large silver medal.

Miss J. Robson, Doncaster, for a landscape in pen and ink—silver palette.

Miss C. F. Gray, Burton-street, Burton Crescent, for a landscape in pencil—silver palette.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. D. Pasmore, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, for an historical subject in pencil—silver palette.

The same, for a head in chalk—silver palette.

Mr. G. Brown, Regent-street, for an historical subject in Indian ink—silver Isis medal.

Miss Leonora Burbank, Camberwell, for a head in chalk—silver Isis medal.

Drawings from Statues and Busts.

(HONORARY CLASS.)

Miss S. Cox, Nottingham-street, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—large silver medal.

Miss Augusta Hamlyn, Plymouth, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Miss Di. Laurance, Oxford-street, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

(ARTISTS' CLASS.)

Mr. H. T. Wright, Great Titchfield-street, for a drawing in outline from the antique—silver palette.

Mr. S. M. Smith, Great Marlborough-street, for a finished drawing from the antique—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Edwin Dalton, Aldgate, for a finished drawing from the antique—silver palette.

Mr. J. W. Solomon, Piccadilly, for a finished drawing from the antique—large silver medal.

Mr. J. F. Denman, Cannon-street road, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. B. R. Green, Argyll-street, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. W. Gill, Wilmot-street, Brunswick-square, for a drawing in chalk from the antique—silver palette.

Models in Plaster.

(ORIGINAL.)

Mr. Joseph Deare, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for a bas-relief from the life—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Ed. Edwards, Newcastle-place, Clerk-

enwell, for a bas-relief from the life—large silver medal.

The same, for a bust from the life—silver Isis medal.

Mr. E. G. Physick, Spring-street, Montague-square, for a model of a group—large silver medal.

Copies.

Mr. T. Butler, Dean-street, for a model of a figure from the antique—large silver medal.

Mr. Frederic Tatham, Queen-street, May-fair, for a model of a figure from the antique—silver palette.

Mr. Jos. Deane, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for a model of a group from the antique—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. Sargeant, Burlington-place, Kent-road, for a model of a bust—large silver medal.

Architecture.

Mr. R. G. Wetten, Bryanstone-street, for a design for London-bridge—gold medallion.

Mr. Henry Roberts, Camberwell-terrace, for a design for London-bridge—large silver medal.

Mr. J. D. Paine, High-street, Bloomsbury, for a design for London-bridge—large silver medal.

Mr. G. Parminter, jun. High-street, Blackfriars, for a perspective view of St. Paul's; Shadwell—large silver medal.

Mr. J. B. Watson, Surbiton-hill, Kingston, for an original design for houses in Greek architecture—gold Isis medal.

Mr. G. T. Andrews, Lower Brook-street, for an original design for houses in Greek architecture—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Plowman, Oxford, for an original design for houses in Greek architecture—large silver medal.

Mr. P. H. Desvignes, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, for a perspective view of Pancras new church—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. G. Welford, jun. South-street, Grosvenor-square, for a perspective view of a Corinthian capital—silver palette.

Mr. W. Morris, St. Paul's church-yard, for a perspective view of a Corinthian column—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Henry Roberts, Camberwell-terrace, for a perspective drawing of a Corinthian capital—large silver medal.

Drawings of Machines.

Mr. J. B. Watson, Surbiton-hill, Kingston, for a perspective drawing of a crane—silver Isis medal.

Mr. P. W. Barlow, Woolwich, for a perspective view of a transit theodolite—large silver medal.

Engravings.

Mr. G. Presbury, Denzell-street, for a finished historical engraving—large silver medal.

Mr. Ed. Radclyffe, Birmingham, for an etching of animals—silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. Clint, Rolls-Buildings, for an original medal die of a head—large silver medal.

Mr. James Howe, Little Tufton-street, for an original whole-length miniature in wax—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Edm. Turrell, Clarendon-street, for an improved menstruum for biting in on steel plate—large gold medal.

Mr. J. Straker, Redcross-street, Cripple-gate, for a new mode of embossing on wood—silver Isis medal and ten guineas.

IN MANUFACTURES.

D. Maclean, Esq. Basinghall-street, for cloth made of New South Wales wool—gold Isis medal.

Rewards given for Bonnets made of British Grass in Imitation of Leghorn.

Miss L. Hollowell, Neithrope, Banbury—fifteen guineas.

Mrs. Morrice, Great Brickhill, Bucks—fifteen guineas.

Priscilla Surry, Harpingden, Herts—fifteen guineas.

Betty Webber, Clatworthy, Devon—ten guineas.

Mrs. E. Mills, Bath—ten guineas.

Mary Marshall, Bandon, Cork—silver Ceres medal.

The Children of the School at Bandon—five guineas.

Messrs. Jas. and A. Muir, Greenock—silver Ceres medal.

Mrs. Mears, Dureley, Hants—silver Ceres medal.

Mrs. Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk—silver Ceres medal.

Mrs. S. Pyman, Coombs, Stowmarket—silver Ceres medal.

Messrs. Cobbing and Co. Bury St. Edmund's—silver Ceres medal.

Mrs. E. Bloomfield, Bury St. Edmund's—five guineas.

Mrs. M'Michael, Penrith—five guineas.

Jane Hurst, Leckhampstead—two guineas.

The Children of the National School at Nunney, near Frome—two guineas.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. F. Watt, for a screw-wrench—ten guineas.

Mr. T. Eddy, Oxford-street, for a screw-wrench—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. G. Gladwell, Vauxhall, for an improved plane for carpenters—five guineas.

Mr. G. Welsh, Walworth-common, for an original screw—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Mr. J. Duce, Wolverhampton, for a quadruple lock for safe-chests, &c.—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Ed. Speer, Esq. New Inn, for concentric chucks for turners—large silver medal.

Captain Bagnold, Knightsbridge, for an improved culinary steam-boiler—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. Aitkin, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, for a remontoire escapement—twenty guineas.

Mr. J. Bothway, Devonport, Plymouth, gunner in the Royal Navy, for an apparatus for raising invalids in bed—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. Stirling, Glasgow, for a set of working drawings of a steam-engine—large silver medal or twenty guineas.

Mr. R. W. Franklin, Tottenham-Court-road, for an improved mode of feeding the boilers of high pressure steam-engines—large silver medal and fifteen guineas.

T. Bewley, Esq. Monrath, Ireland, for an improved mode of heating manufactories—large silver medal.

Mr. F. Richman, Great Pultney-street, for a method of raising a sunken floor—large silver medal.

Mr. A. Ainger, Everett-street, for his mode of supporting beams or other timbers, the ends of which have become decayed—large gold medal.

Mr. R. Soper, Royal Dock-yard, Devonport, for a pitch-kettle and ladle for paying the seams of ships—ten guineas.

Mr. W. P. Green, lieutenant R. N. for improvements in working ships' guns—large silver medal.

Mr. R. C. Clint, for his balanced masts—large silver medal or twenty guineas.

G. B. Burton, Esq. captain R. N. for his improved mode of catting an anchor—large silver medal.

Mr. W. J. T. Hood, lieutenant R. N. for his improved quadrant for naval use—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. G. Smart, Lambeth, for an improved mode of supporting the topmasts of ships—gold Vulcan medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

M. Chazal, Isle of France, for silk the produce of the Isle of France—large gold medal or fifty guineas.

Mr. T. Kent, for preparing and importing

from New South Wales extract of Mimosa bark, for the use of tanners—thirty guineas.
J. M'Arthur, Esq. Sydney, New South Wales, for the importation of the greatest quantity of fine wool, the produce of his own flocks—large gold medal.

Hannibal M'Arthur, Esq. Sydney, New South Wales, for the importation of the next greatest quantity of fine wool, the produce of his own flocks—large silver medal.

After the distribution, a numerous company of members and friends of this useful institution dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern. The increasing prosperity of the Society may be inferred from the addition of one hundred and thirty new members since the last anniversary.

ON DR. STRUVE'S ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS,

And Directions for the Use of Mineral Waters in General.

AMONG the modern triumphs of chemistry, one which may possibly be new to the majority of our readers, is the discovery of a method of imitating natural mineral waters in such perfection, that all their minutest chemical properties are retained in the artificial production. The importance of this discovery may be appreciated, when it is considered that every attempt to transport such waters from their natural sources has proved abortive, owing to the derangement of that intimate union of their constituent parts in which their valuable properties consist, by exposure to the atmospheric air in the process of bottling.

The author of this discovery is Dr. Struve of Dresden, who has so completely demonstrated the utility of his imitations of the most celebrated mineral waters of Germany, by the establishment of institutions for patients at Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin, that his colleagues of the faculty now prefer using his artificial waters to sending invalids, as formerly, to the natural springs.

We learn that England is about to participate in the benefits of Dr. Struve's discovery by the establishment of a laboratory of his mineral waters at Brighton, in conjunction with an English gentleman, who was personally witness to the progressive

increase of success which has attended the parent institution. Patients will thus be enabled to make trial of such waters, either native or foreign, as their physicians may deem suitable to their respective cases, without the expense of a journey to and residence at the place where alone they are to be procured in their natural state.

Dr. Kreysig of Dresden, whose attention has been particularly devoted in a long and extensive practice to this particular branch of the medical science, and who has expressed his decided approbation of Dr. Struve's plan, has recently published a small treatise on the Use of Mineral Waters in general, which has been presented to the English reader in a translation by Dr. Gordon Thomson. It contains in particular a chapter on the precautions necessary to be observed while drinking them; from which our visitors to Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Buxton, Harrowgate, and other native spas, may derive some serviceable hints.

The following, says Dr. K. is perhaps the best method of administering mineral waters: The most proper time is early in the morning, before the heat of the day approaches, the patient having retired early to rest on the preceding evening, without taking any, or only little,

refreshment. The quantity of water to be taken may be gradually drunk at different times during the space of one or two hours. This, with some very few exceptions, ought to be performed in the open air, accompanied with continued and gentle exercise. The quantum to be daily drunk, as well as the proportion of the single draughts, will depend partly on the stomach, and partly on the evacuations we wish to effect thereby.

At the commencement, small doses of two or three ounces may be ordered, and these augmented to six; the usual capacity of the cups or beakers employed in Eger, Pyrmont, and Carlsbad. The water is to be drunk slowly, the individual walking about in the open air between each glass; and a succeeding one to be taken when the stomach no longer feels any repugnance. In general, it may be well to allow fifteen minutes to elapse between each beaker or tumbler full.

From four to six or eight tumblers of the tonic springs, and often less, will generally be found sufficient: this will be the case also with the deobstruent ones, as, for instance, with Ems. Six or eight glasses of the Marienbad waters, and about the same quantity of the Carlsbad, will commonly suffice. In this respect, however, we find considerable diversity, arising as well from individual constitution, as the nature and degree of malady: but notwithstanding this, most patients are able to take an astonishing quantity of the Carlsbad waters, without the stomach suffering any inconvenience therefrom, and much more than of other cold springs. Formerly it was even customary to drink to the extent of twenty glasses daily; many patients can bear fifteen with ease, nay often find it necessary to take this quantity: the medium quantity, however, for an adult is about ten. During the whole time of drinking, and for about an hour after the last portion has been taken, gentle and continued

exercise in the open air is requisite, in order to promote the entire digestion of the water, after which alone the patient will feel an appetite for breakfast: this may consist of coffee, with cream and white bread, a cup of chocolate, or of broth.

In order to ensure a successful issue, the patient must devote himself entirely to the recovery of his health, by a correspondent regulation of his diet and mode of life, sacrificing such habits of pleasure as might prove injurious. Here it is of the highest importance that the patient do not fatigue himself by mental or corporeal exertions; that he avoid remaining in a sitting posture for several hours together; and that he do not occupy himself with writing, especially in the fore part of the day. He ought to seek out agreeable amusements, particularly such as consist in the enjoyment of nature, and at the same time afford suitable bodily exercise, as walking, and riding on horseback or in an open carriage, so as to enjoy as much as possible the good effects of the air.

Great as are the benefits of society, still they are often completely lost, when the chief object sought is a well-served table, balls protracted to a late hour, or, in a word, any party which is kept up to an advanced hour of the night. To overheat the body when under a course of mineral water is always dangerous; and dancing in crowded rooms, the air of which is charged with carbonic acid gas, certainly acts very prejudicially, nay is frequently the cause of subsequent irremediable evils, as consumption, or organic affections of the heart.

Proper clothing is also another subject of moment; since a cold not only does more harm to the patient under his present circumstances than it otherwise would do, but is also more readily caught, on account of the increased perspiration caused by the warm springs; and, se-

condly, the facility with which the cuticular function is deranged by the cold ones, which it is frequently necessary to take in a cool atmosphere: the dress therefore must afford a sufficient protection against cold (and consequently not be too light); a caution especially to be observed on taking evening walks.

Further, as diet in every instance is an object of primary consideration, so here a proper choice of the articles of food is of the greatest consequence, and quite indispensable to the success of the treatment. The absolute quantity of food required by the constitution is very moderate; and nearly all men, even the most temperate in this respect, take much more than is essentially requisite for the maintenance of the body in a due state of strength. The history of Cornaro, who, on a very spare regimen, attained a great age, even after great derangement of his health from previous excesses, together with various instances of men who have been found stout and fat, although their meals were exceedingly scanty, are sufficient proofs of this position. We have ourselves, in the clinical institution under our care, often witnessed cachectic and bloated subjects, under the management of a light, nutritious, but very spare diet, at first become thinner, but at the same time put on a more natural appearance, after which the nutritive processes assumed a more healthy state. We have also seen patients, much reduced through acute disease, again recover flesh on taking the Carlsbad waters, and observing a spare regimen. And we cannot therefore but reject the commonly received doctrine, that a considerable quantity of strong food is requisite in order to restore the powers of the animal frame, as being ill founded; and we should rather be tempted to substitute the following maxim in its place: That in chronic complaints, and during a course of mineral waters, a light, spare, wholesome, and nutritious diet is most suitable and

appropriate. Our means ought to be such as are calculated to direct or excite the actions of nature to the removal of the internal existing vices; and this effort we must facilitate as much as possible, by sparing her powers. Hence we ought to commence by avoiding any unnecessary expenditure of those employed in the digestive process; a principle which must be observed in all diseases, but is of double moment in such as are seated in the organs of digestion. By this means the water taken becomes fully acted upon, and the more perfectly formed chyle thus indirectly contributes in a greater degree to give real tone to the system.

The necessity therefore of great temperance in eating during a course of mineral waters, ought ever to be the first object of our thoughts; and we must further consider the quality also as well as the quantity of the food partaken of: the plainer the better. Hence we are to prefer broths, meat tenderly roasted or boiled, such as beef, veal, mutton, poultry, and venison; but not fat, or served up with rich and highly seasoned gravies or sauces. The vegetables ought to be fresh and of a mild kind, such as carrots, young green peas, artichokes, spinach, asparagus, cauliflower, stewed fruit, as prunes, apples, or fresh cherries*. The bread ought to be light, not quite new, and of fine wheat flour. Every thing fat, on the other hand, is to be avoided: consequently butter; all pastry, whether in the form of cakes or pies; whatever is sad or heavy, as most farinaceous compositions are; even puddings, unless of the lighter sort, well boiled, and then only in moderate quantity. Of fish, such only as are easy of digestion, and

* We may here remark, that what the French call *compotes*, composed of all kinds of fruits, are usually eaten on the Continent with the meat in the same manner as vegetables. This will tend to explain the text to the mere English reader.

not rich, are to be chosen; for example, trout or pike. Milk ought only to be allowed those with whom it perfectly agrees, without in the least oppressing the stomach. It must not, however, be considered merely in the light of a drink, but as an article of food.

It has been long since fully demonstrated by experience, that diet of an acid nature, or which tends to fermentation, by no means suits patients under the above treatment: hence crude fruits, salads, and, in general, all acidulous articles, are to be carefully shunned.

We would wish to observe still further, that it is much better not to eat suppers, or at least very light ones, and taken at an early time, so that the stomach may be perfectly empty in the morning. It is proper also to retire early to rest, in order to be able to rise betimes, and commence the use of the remedy early in the morning*.

Any liquor, which may be more or

* The author does not mention here the time of dining, as this generally takes place in Germany between the hours of twelve and two, and is a universally prevailing custom: hence there is no room for animadversion. But it is a very different thing to sit down to dinner at five or six o'clock, or even later, in the evening, which our fashionables are in the habit of doing; and in general all, whether in town or country, who lay any claim to gentility, dine late. This must not be lost sight of by the English physician, since nothing can be more inconsistent with the author's views, than the system of loading the stomach late in the evening: for it is well known, that late dinners, after fasting from breakfast, generally distend the stomach with a more than usual quantity of food.

less of a spirituous nature, must be allowed with extreme caution in chronic disorders; and heating spirits ought to be absolutely forbidden. A very common prejudice in favour of wine is, that it assists digestion. Granting that it excites nervous action, and that in general it is to be looked upon as a restorative of the vital powers, it does not thence follow that it is always calculated to aid digestion; on the contrary, it not unfrequently proves injurious, by promoting acidity where there is a deficiency or vitiation of the digestive fluids. We have seen hypochondriac and stomach complaints almost entirely removed merely by abstinence from wine, so that even the patients themselves would never drink it again. At all events, wine is not a necessary addition to the meals of all patients, and least of all for such as are not accustomed to take it; and whenever an individual finds it heating, or that it deranges digestion, it ought to be omitted. It may be allowed those who have been in the habit of drinking it, provided there are no particular circumstances of contra-indication, but only in a small quantity, so as to prevent its heating effects, since mineral waters themselves produce increased activity of the sanguineous system. Heating wines are the least admissible; a small glass of some sweet or sack wine may be permitted, as Malaga or Madeira: in other respects, a mild table wine is the most proper, provided it be not acidulous. Small beer, that is well impregnated with hops, and *not new*, may also be taken as a beverage; but by no means *strong*, or what are termed *double beers*.

MARY DAVIS: A TRUE STORY.

THIS simple but affecting narrative is extracted from the *Chimney-Sweeper's Friend and Climbing-Boy's Album*, a volume just ushered before the public by MONTGOMERY the poet, with the benevolent intention of interesting the feelings of all classes in behalf of infant Chimney-Sweepers. That the book will have this effect cannot be doubted; and with a view to contribute our mite, by making known its object and recommending it to the notice of the philanthropist, we have extracted

the following piece, not as possessing higher interest than the rest of its contents, but because it is one of the shortest articles in the collection.

We shall only farther premise, that the truth of this narrative is attested by Mr. C. E. Welbourn of Folkingham, who was himself a witness in part of the circumstances which it details.—EDITOR.

ON the evening of August 25, 1812, a poor yet interesting young woman, with an infant about six weeks old in her arms, came with a pass-billet to remain all night at the Greyhound Inn, at Folkingham, in Lincolnshire. Apparently sinking with hunger and fatigue, she unobtrusively seated herself by the kitchen-fire, to give that sustenance to her baby of which she appeared to be in equal want herself. Silently shrinking from observation, she neither solicited nor obtained the notice of any one. The sons of intemperate mirth neither ceased their riotous tumult, nor relaxed their hilarity to sooth her sorrows. The bustling servants brushed past without regarding her, and the rustic politician continued to spell over again the thrice conned paper, without casting his eyes upon her.

There is, however, an eye that never slumbers, there is an ear that is ever open to the supplication of the afflicted, and there is a hand which is ever ready to be stretched out to succour and to support them in their necessities.

That eye now beheld her unobtruded sorrows, that ear was listening to her silent prayers, and that hand was supporting her apparently sinking frame, and preparing for her the cup of consolation. Hers was indeed a tale of many sorrows! This, the following slight sketch of her story previous to her arrival at Folkingham, will serve to evince. Her name was Mary Davis; she resided with her husband and one child, a

boy about seven years of age, in the city of Westminster. Her husband, who is a private in the 2d regiment of Foot-Guards, was compelled to leave her, pregnant, in the beginning of the above-mentioned year, to accompany the regiment to fight the battles of his country under the gallant and victorious Wellington. Impelled by poverty and maternal affection, poor Mary (though in a situation, in which the daughters of affluence often find every accommodation and consolation which riches and friends can afford unequal to banish despondency,) was under the necessity of leaving her darling boy, now her only remaining comfort, to the care of strangers, whilst she went out to wash for his maintenance and her own.

She, however, repined not; her toil was lessened, and her cares were enlivened by the reflection, that she could, after the labours of the day, return to her beloved boy, gaze on the reflected features of his father, give him smile for smile, press him to her maternal bosom, join him in his sports, enlighten his understanding, and teach him to know, to fear, and to love his God. With these delightful enjoyments, even the poor, labouring, widowed Mary could not be termed unhappy; but these were the *only* sweet ingredients in her cup of bitter sorrows. Let those, then, who have feeling hearts, and know the force of parental affection, when confined to one object, judge, if they can, what must be the agonies of poor Mary, when, on re-

turning from her daily task, only eight days after the departure of her husband, she learned that the woman (if she deserves that name) in whose care she had left her darling boy, had absconded with him—nobody knew whither. Now then she might indeed be termed unhappy, for hope itself could scarcely find admittance to her bosom, so entirely was it occupied by affliction and despondency. View her seated after the toils of the day in her cheerless apartment, exhausted with exertions beyond her present strength, solitary and friendless, a childless mother and a widowed wife; awaiting in silence and solitude, in grief and despondency, her painful trial; her gloomy imagination figuring and dwelling upon a dying husband and a famished child.

Could a weakened, human, female frame, support all this and live? Yes! through all these sore afflictions, these accumulated evils, did her God support her, and even after the birth of her child, shed a ray of hope on her returning strength.

Soon after that event she was informed, that it was discovered that the wretch who had stolen her child was a native of Leeds. This truly, to those who bask in sunshine, would appear a feeble ray; yet this on Mary's midnight gloom shed a glimmering, cheering light. This, faint as it was, aroused and animated her desponding soul; it seemed to her as sent in mercy to direct her to her son, and she lost no time in taking the path to which it pointed. Five weeks after the birth of her child did she set out in her weak state, without money, on foot, to carry her infant nearly four hundred miles (thither and back again,) on a road and

to a place with which she was totally unacquainted. O Nature! how powerful are the feelings which thou hast implanted in the maternal bosom! how do they set at defiance all opposing difficulties and dangers! how do they grasp at, or create, objects to which hope may cling, or on which it may rest to spurn away despair! Never, perhaps, were those feelings more strongly evinced than in this instance; never, perhaps, were their exhilarating and beneficial influence more powerfully experienced.

An object, apparently, more truly wretched than poor Mary, as she pursued her journey, could, one would think, scarcely be imagined: weak, languid, poor, and friendless; plodding, with an infant in her arms, through the alternate vicissitudes of heat and wet, of dust and dirt; now sinking beneath the sun's oppressive rays, now dripping with the driving storm; without a husband to support her; a beggar and an unwelcome obtruder wherever she came.

And yet, with all these aggravating circumstances, poor Mary was, in reality, perhaps less miserable than many, even of the sons and daughters of affluence. So little does happiness depend upon external circumstances; so comparatively impartially has God distributed good and evil amongst his creatures, even in this life, that the most miserable are not without their consolations, nor the most prosperous without their sorrows. Mary, it is true, seemed to have only one hope, one animating expectation, but it was one which appealed to and warmed the heart; it was one in which the whole faculties of her soul and body were embarked; it was one which nature, conscience, and God approved. It

set difficulties at defiance, and it penetrated or dispersed the deepest gloom that despondency attempted to cast around her. But what is the hope, what is the source of consolation to the *unnatural mother who forsakes her sucking child*; who abandons her offspring to the guidance and the care of others, or initiates them herself into scenes of frivolity, vanity, and vice; who smothers every maternal feeling, and flies to scenes of tumult and dissipation in search of that happiness which they cannot bestow? Listless and dissatisfied with herself and all around her, possessing no source of consolation, no object to arouse and stimulate to spirited exertions, her conscience upbraiding and the world failing her, she is an object much more demanding our pity than poor Mary, under all her external sufferings.

Labour and sorrow are the lot of humanity; and they must be unhappy indeed who, from a mixed company, cannot select those with whom they would be unwilling to exchange situations. So perhaps thought poor Mary, as she sat by the side of the kitchen-fire of the inn at Folkingham, regarding with looks of attention and pity two poor chimney-sweepers' boys, who were getting their frugal supper before the same fire. They had been sent for from a distance, to sweep some chimneys early in the morning, and were now taking their scanty meal before they retired, to obtain, by a few hours sleep, a short respite from their sufferings. Mary long viewed them attentively; perhaps the sufferings of her lost boy might be connected with the commiseration which she felt for these poor oppressed chil-

dren. However that might be, she continued to gaze upon them, till the younger, who sat with his back towards her, turned his sooty face, and fixing his eyes upon her, regarded her for a few seconds with attention; then springing up, he exclaimed, "*My mother! that's my mother!*" and in an instant was in her arms. The affectionate and astonished Mary, on hearing his voice, in a moment recognised her boy, and clasped him to her bosom; but she could not speak, till a flood of tears having relieved her almost bursting heart, she gave utterance to her feelings.

After the confusion and the agitating sensation which this unexpected rencontre had occasioned amongst both actors and spectators, were in some degree subsided, the master of the boy, who was present, was particularly questioned how he came by him. His account was as follows: He was walking on his business in the neighbourhood of Sleaford, where he resides, when he met a ragged woman with a little boy, whom she was beating most unmercifully. On inquiry, she told him, that "she was in great distress; that she had a long way to go; that the boy, her son, was very obstinate, and that she did not know how to get him along with her." This led to further conversation, which ended in her offering to sell the boy to him as an apprentice for two guineas. The bargain was soon struck, and the lad was regularly bound, the woman making oath to his being her own son. There did not appear to be any reason for questioning the account of the master, especially as it was corroborated by the boy, with this addition, that the woman was

beating him so unmercifully, as she had frequently done before, because he would not call her mother.

The story soon became generally known in the place, and through the exertions of Mr. Welbourn and others, a subscription was raised for poor Mary, and the little chimney-sweeper, who was soon cleaned, clothed, and transformed into a very different looking little being;

“ And restor'd to his mother, no longer
needs creep
Through lanes, courts, and alleys, a poor
little sweep.”

After they had stopped for some time to rest and refresh themselves, the mother and son had places taken for them in the coach to proceed to London. Thither they departed, with hearts overflowing with gratitude both to their heavenly and earthly benefactors.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

SINGULAR ANACHRONISM.

FOUCHE, Duke of Otranto, when at the zenith of his power, was one day walking with an old friend along the Quai de Tuileries, and pointed as they passed to a building: “ Here,” said he, “ I once had a very narrow escape with my life. The Convention was sitting, and Robespierre presided. I ventured to differ from him. With that look which you must recollect, and with a voice that still rings in my ears, he cried, or rather thundered forth, “ Duke of Otranto —” Fouché paused in evident confusion; and his friend acknowledged, that he could not forbear laughing inwardly at this curious anachronism.

TRAGICAL MISTAKE.

The following truly tragical event is said to have recently happened in a village near Berlin. A farmer's wife came to that city to receive one hundred dollars, and set out immediately on her return to her place of abode. As some delay had occurred in the payment of the money, it was late in the evening when she reached the village of S—, which was four or five miles from her home. Thinking it not quite safe to pursue

her journey in the dark, she called upon a shoemaker, an acquaintance of hers, informed him of her situation, and begged him to give her a night's lodging. He cheerfully complied with her request, and a bed was allotted to her in a closet by the chamber, in which the wife of the shoemaker slept. He himself lay in another room. They went to bed; but the traveller could not sleep—the place was strange and close, and she felt a sort of uneasiness, which she could not suppress. She rose therefore in the night, went into the chamber of the mistress of the house, awoke her, and told her that she found it impossible to sleep in the adjoining closet. “ Then lie down by me,” said the good-natured hostess; and the stranger did not need a second invitation. Here her unpleasant feelings were dispelled, and she soon fell fast asleep. The bed was small, and the owner found herself crowded and overheated. Thinking to make it more comfortable for both, and to get some rest herself, she softly left her own bed, and went to that which her guest had quitted. The shoemaker had meanwhile formed the atrocious plan

of murdering the woman who had sought a lodging with him, that he might possess himself of her money. In the dead of the night he accordingly crept to the closet with a hatchet, and struck the stranger, as he supposed, several mortal blows. She, however, awakened by the noise, and suspecting what was going forward, hurried out of the house, and alarmed the village. The murderer, not yet conscious of his mistake, was seized beside the corpse of his wife, and delivered up to justice.

OPTICAL ENIGMA.

Dr. Kitchiner, in his useful and entertaining little work on the *Economy of the Eyes*, just published, relates the following whimsical anecdote: In the city of Leyden, in Holland, a young woman lost her sight from a cataract. The operation of couching was successfully performed upon her eyes, and she recovered the use of them; but it appeared that the visual organ, as is usual in such cases, was not completely restored to its primitive condition. Some very singular and unaccountable anomalies in her vision presented themselves, which not a little puzzled the curious in physiology and optics. It was ascertained that her eye was able to define with abundant accuracy a certain class of very minute objects; such as the eye of a needle, for example, which she could thread as well as ever: but on being presented with a book, it was evident that she could not distinguish a single letter, but complained that she could see nothing but a heap of odd marks. These facts, no less strange than true, excited an intense interest among the medical professors and students. Every one was anxious

to distinguish himself by affording a satisfactory elucidation of these inexplicable phenomena. A hundred theories were framed, every one more ingenious than the other. The professors, Van Kracbraner and Puzledorff, favoured their pupils with most excellent lectures on the subject, with which they were greatly edified. However, none of the disputants succeeded in establishing a theory which met with universal approbation. Many of the vulgar still chose to think that all the said theories, however satisfactory and plausible they might appear, might be liable to the old objection, that they were not true. Matters were in this state, when a mischievous rogue of an Irish student, who took a singular delight in ridiculing every thing learned and philosophical, contrived to insinuate himself into the confidence of a younger brother of the patient's by a present of an extra portion of double-gilt gingerbread, which so entirely won the youngster's heart, that he confessed, though with some reluctance, that, to the best of his belief, his sister *Sarah had never learned to read*; but unwilling to acknowledge her ignorance, had made him and all the family promise not to tell.

HOLBEIN.

Holbein the painter once engaged with his landlord to paint the outside of his house. The landlord soon found that the painter left his work very frequently to amuse himself elsewhere, and determined to keep a constant eye upon him. Holbein, anxious to get rid of his suspicious task-master, ingeniously contrived to absent himself at the very time when the landlord fancied he

was quietly seated on the scaffold, by painting two legs apparently depending from his seat; and which so completely deceived the man, that he never thought of ascertaining whether the rest of the body was in its place.

THE HORN OF THE ALPS.

The shepherd's horn in the Alpine regions is the signal for a solemn and religious duty, and is used for a much more noble purpose than the mere recal of the cattle from their pasturage. When the sun has quitted the valley, and his lingering beams still cast a glow of fading light on the snowy summits of the mountains, the shepherd, whose hut is placed on the highest Alp, grasps his horn, and pronounces through this speaking-trumpet the solemn injunction to the world below: "Praise ye the Lord!" Every shepherd in the neighbourhood who catches this sound in succession repeats the same sentence at the door of his cabin. Thus perhaps for a quarter of an hour the cliffs and rocky precipices fling to each other the oft-repeated echoes of the sublime "Praise ye the Lord!" A solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation: all kneel bare-headed and in silent devotion, till darkness rests upon the earth and veils the towering mountains. Again the horn sounds, and the peaceful social "Good night!" once more awakes the echoes. Hills, vales, and rocky cliffs, and all sink to rest.

JEMMY DAWSON.

Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson has drawn tears from every person of sensibility.

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lity, or possessing the feelings of humanity; and it will continue to be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by, Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage. I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence of death being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies: besides, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity. Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she

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found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus, receive both our souls together!' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking. That excessive grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered in her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, August 7, this narrative is copied with the remark, that, "upon inquiry, every circumstance was literally true."

A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on this melancholy narrative; but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.

SUPERSTITION.

Near the abbey of Clairvaux, in Switzerland, there is a tradition, that an evil spirit lies beneath a mountain enchained by St. Bernard; and the smiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to strike three strokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters. This infernal being deserves much less compassion than those industrious phantoms who, according to a reputable tradition, are still to be heard near a southern cliff in Wales, constantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedless enchanter having, after he had set them to work, been decoyed by the lady of the lake into a perpetual confinement, the poor spirits still continue their unavailing labour,

and must hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The great Tsi was informed, that a favourite horse had died from the negligence of the groom to whose care he was consigned. The emperor in a rage pursued the man with menacing gestures, and declared he would put him to death on the instant; but the mandarin Yem-se averted the blow. "Gracious sire," said he, "the man is unconscious of the crime for which he is to forfeit his life."—"Explain it to him," said the emperor.—"Hear, guilty wretch!" said the mandarin; "listen while I recite thy crimes. They are three-fold. First, thou hast suffered a horse to die which thy lord committed to thy charge; secondly, thou hast occasioned such fury in the breast of thy prince as to lead him to threaten to kill thee with his own imperial hand; but now hear thy third and greatest crime: thou hast endangered the fame of our sovereign ruler. Our emperor has been about to disgrace himself in the eyes of all contemporary princes and states, by shewing them that he could think of sacrificing a man to avenge the loss of a horse. This hast thou done, even this, guilty wretch!"

A SPORTING PIG.

Slut, the famous sporting pig, was sold to Sir Henry Mildmay for ten guineas. She was bred by Messrs. Richard and Edward Toomer, and maintained herself by gathering acorns about New Forest. Like a dog, she was elated at the sight of a gun; but no dog was satisfied in going to the field or moor in her company. The canine race appeared to

hold her in antipathy, or to be jealous of the favour shewn by her master. She was a staunch pointer for partridges, pheasants, black game, snipes, and rabbits, and has been known to point at all these in one day, but never pointed at a hare.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF A CHANGE
IN DIET.

The Jemptland regiment of militia was ordered to do duty in the capital; but the men were not long settled in quarters ere a mortal epidemic raged among them. Inquiry into the cause elicited the fact, that the men had been accustomed to subsist upon meal kneaded with a considerable admixture of sawdust. Bread adulterated according to their habitual diet was then prepared for the regiment, and a strict attention to this meagre and indigestible food restored the stomachs of that hardy race to a healthy tone. This fact, if more generally known, might lead to the cure of distempers often fatal to regiments newly embodied, and where the majority of the soldiers have been drawn from countries or districts where the lower orders are strangers to luxury.

SPANISH GALLANTRY.

Perez, the minister and favourite of Philip II. of Spain, a man of great talent, as we may judge from his political writings, placed all his happiness in the possession of a mistress who, from her birth, had but one eye. All the wealth and honours which his royal master had the power to bestow on a favourite were trivial in his estimation compared with the charms and the society of this one-

eyed beauty. Philip, almost in love from the description of the lady, insisted that Perez should introduce him to her. The king was so captivated by her face, illumined by one bright eye only, that he sacrificed his friend and minister to his passion. The lady became mistress to Philip. Perez was disgraced for using some harsh expression on the occasion, and all intercession in his behalf proved unavailing. He retired to France, where he was graciously received by Henry IV. Conversing one day on his misadventure with the single-eyed charmer, Henry observed, that he could not understand how a lady, deprived of half the most enchanting feature of beauty, could have set all Spain in combustion. "Sire," said Perez, "it is by the providence of Heaven that this young lady was born with no more than one eye: with this moiety of natural fire she has kindled flames in every Spanish heart—had she possessed two eyes, she would have reduced the whole world to ashes.

REMARKABLE CASCADE.

In the Island of Quicara, on the coast of Veragua, New Spain, Commodore Anson found a cascade of singular beauty. A river of transparent water, 40 feet wide, rolled down a declivity near 150 feet in length. The channel was very irregular, being intersected by masses of rock; and the banks, cut into many projections, were covered with lofty trees. To beautify and animate the scene, prodigious flocks of macaws from the wood, which extended to the water's edge, were hovering round, their variegated plumage glittering in the sun.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*La Speranza*," an Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bissett, by J. L. Abel.—(Boosey and Co.)

THIS is the first work of Mr. J. L. Abel that has met our eye; we never heard of him before, and we do not know whether he be a relation to the celebrated Chas. Fred. Abel, of whom some amateurs of a maturer age still speak with delight; for he died as long ago as 1787, in a sleep of three days' duration, and, with him, the renown of an instrument, now scarcely known by name, the *viol di gamba*.

The rondo, now at our side, is worthy of the great name it bears: it is evidently any thing but an essay; it must be the fruit of a talent cultivated by diligent study, and guided by innate taste. Much good music must have been written before such a rondo could be produced. The motive, the interspersed cantilenas, the manly modulations, the treatment of the harmony, especially under the left hand, the manner of launching into extraneous tonics, and of retracing the homeward steps; all, all bespeak a mind that has the art within its grasp, and a hand well trained to follow the dictates of the imagination. The dedication to an *English* lady, to whose accomplishments we take pleasure in offering tribute, warrants a hope that Mr. A. resides amidst us; an inference which we shall rejoice in seeing confirmed.

Impromptus, or brilliant Variations on a favourite Cotillion by Gal- lenberg, for the Piano-forte, by Chas. Czerny. Op. 36. Pr. 3s. —(Boosey and Co.).

The foreign catalogues have for some time brought this name into notice, and the various productions which we have seen under it have more or less impressed us with a very favourable opinion. Most of them were variations of uncommon brilliancy, considerable originality, and a surprising facility of the most tasteful amplifications of themes. This artist resides in Vienna, we believe, the grand head-quarters of German music, the nursery which, more than any other continental city, supplies the rest of Europe with superior compositions, composers, and instrumentalists. The musical taste of its population, like the tact of the Athenians in matters of *belles lettres* and the fine arts, is well calculated to rear, foster, and encourage musical genius, and to stifle the growth of weeds, which, in less favoured spots, such as Paris, and London, alas! too, are allowed an ephemeral, yet luxuriant existence.

Our readers know how little we patronise variations. We are saturated with them; and yet, to our vexation, it has become almost the daily bread of the musical critic. In considering the present variations therefore, we had first to try to divest ourselves of an awkward prejudice; and this prejudice, as we went on, gave way more and more, until we were brought to a disposition which enabled us to enjoy Mr. Czerny's production as if it did not consist of variation at all, particularly the superb var. 7, which grows into a finale of some four pages of uncommon beauty and richness. The other variations, if executed with skill and an intuitive perception of the com-

poser's meaning and feelings—and to do this will not be found to be an easy task—cannot fail to rivet the attention, and earn the applause of the higher classes in musical civilization. They are excellent in their kind.

Three characteristic Marches for Two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed by W. Plachy. Op. 9. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Another new name, not previously known to us, apparently of the Vienna school, if we are to judge from the style. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are less abundant in their publications than most of their competitors, but what they give us is generally of so superior a stamp, that their name on the titlepage alone may be taken as a pledge of the value of the contents. This is the right course; it evinces taste and judgment, and a laudable view to respectability.

Mr. Plachy's marches are charming things. The first, in E \flat , is full of energy and original ideas; and the trio in four flats sweet in the extreme. The second, in C, although quite dissimilar to the first, abounds equally in decisive martial thoughts, good melody, and manly and select harmony. In the latter respect we have specially to draw the student's attention to the trio, in which a considerable degree of fugued elaboration comes in with the best effect. The third and last march, a *marcia funebre*, is, of course, of a deeply solemn tenor, chromatically sombre, and on account of its tonic, E \flat minor, somewhat difficult. Beethoven's celebrated funeral march has rendered it an arduous undertaking to excel in this species of composition; but our author's labour is not injured by a recollection of the stern beauty of Beethoven's production.

In the two first marches, amidst their beauties of a higher order, such a dashing vein of military spirit prevails, that, from what we have witnessed of his majesty's taste, we are sure King Riho Riho would be delighted with hearing them. When we saw him at the King's Theatre, accompanied by Queen Kamehamea and the Hon. Mr. Boky, the governor, with his interesting lady, none of the music of Tancredi produced a visible manifestation of the royal approbation, save and except the marches, the measure and rhythm of which his majesty involuntarily followed with complacent nods; thereby shewing how deeply the perception of rhythm and measure is implanted in human nature under every zone.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which is (are?) introduced three of Dibdin's popular Melodies, composed, and dedicated to Miss Barclay, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

An adagio in E \flat , $\frac{4}{4}$, terminating in an allegro, forms the introduction, which is throughout conceived in a tasteful and classic style; the cantilenas in p. 2 are very pleasing (the two parts, perhaps, a little too much asunder), and the passages in the third page are distinguished by their peculiar neatness and fluency. In p. 4 we meet with the first Dibdinian melody, "Tom Bowling," supported by an harmonic arrangement far from Dibdinian; *i. e.* much more select and entwined than any which proceeded from the pen of poor Dibdin, who was quite satisfied when he had seasoned his melodies with a thin sprinkling of bare chords. *His* harmonies, compared with the colouring

bestowed by Mr. R. are like the viands of a suburban Sunday ordinary to the delicacies of a Palais Royal *restaurateur*. The digressions which Mr. R. has appended to this first theme are very satisfactory in themselves, but they partake in a slight degree of the character of the antecedent subject. The second melody is "The Sailor's Journal," first simply propounded, but with considerable harmonic addition, and afterwards submitted to variation and other digression of greater latitude, such as befits the nature of a fantasia. The third and last air is "The Soldier's Adieu," again harmonized with great taste, and subsequently amplified in the best style. In winding up, Mr. R. with great propriety rehearses, as it were, his three themes, and with these combined materials effects a brilliant termination. The whole of the fantasia does the author great credit; it is good music throughout.

An original Swiss Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Tower (Weald Hall), by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 78. Pr. 3s. —(Goulding and Co.)

The air is one of melodious simplicity and complete rhythmical symmetry, well calculated for variations; and Mr. H. must have considered it as such, for he has varied it in so many ways, that if the pupil will learn one variation every day, he will derive just a fortnight's practice from the book. Without commenting upon all the fourteen variations, we shall content ourselves with observing, generally, that as a whole they are entitled to very favourable notice, and four or five of them cannot fail to secure the amateur's special

approbation. If the number had been more limited, however, it would have been all the better. Among those which preferably attract attention, we may number var. 4. as particularly characteristic and striking; the *legato* thirds in No. 7. also are well imagined. The cantilena pervading No. 8. is pretty. No. 9. has a peculiar air of gentility. No. 13 possesses considerable brilliancy; and No. 14, whether from being the last of the long string, or from its intrinsic attraction, appeared to us the most interesting of any. All are written in a style of ease, which renders them accessible to moderate abilities.

"Oh! my love's like the red rose," a popular Scotch Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The variations which Mr. R. has added to this simple and affecting Scotch melody are pleasing, and free from any difficulties. They do not rise beyond the conventional standard of compositions of this class, nor sink to the level of absolute commonplace matter. The performer has wherewith to be satisfied, and entertained indeed; and although the flute is meant to be an effective co-operator, it may, upon a pinch, be dispensed with.

Handel's celebrated Overture to the "Occasional Oratorio," newly adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

We have seen this overture in various shapes, but in none which afforded us greater satisfaction than

the present adaptation, so far as the piano-forte part is concerned. It is full and effective, and the spirit of the original pervades the copy. With the accompaniments, too, we have no right to find fault, under the condition with which they are given, and which, indeed, is perhaps the more generally acceptable. But when we see two or three additional instruments brought to bear *ad libitum*, we can never help fancying what might have been done with such means if the parts had been written for as *indispensable* auxiliaries.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte.

No. LIV. Price 2s.

Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," with five variations by Mr. S. Poole, which have given us much satisfaction. The score penned for the four hands is workmanlike and effective; the harmony is well distributed, with an attention to concertante treatment, and the style of the variations presents due diversity.

A first Set of Brighton Quadrilles, composed and arranged for the Piano-forte or Harp by E. Sandell, Musician to his Majesty's private Band, with new Figures set by E. G. Jackson. Pr. 3s.— (Fitzwilliam, King-street, Soho.)

Although the melodies do not exhibit great novelty, they are agreeable, and their character and construction are such as to render them very eligible for the ball-room. No. IV. appears to us the most attractive, and the most striking as to style; for several parts of these quadrilles bear considerable affinity of manner to each other. This, for instance, will be found to be the case in some periods of No. III. and No. V. The book concludes with a waltz, the beginning of which strongly reminds us of one of Mozart's waltzes: it proceeds tastefully and smoothly through its three parts, and presents altogether a favourable specimen of Mr. Sandell's musical pen.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition of the British Institution consists of a selection from the works of the best masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools. His Majesty, with his usual attention to the growth of the fine arts, has graciously contributed some very fine pictures from the royal collection. The old masters whose works are now exhibited, are, Titian, Raphael, Guido, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Murillo, Ostade, Teniers, Cuyp, Vandyke, and some

of the lesser Dutch and Flemish painters of contemporaneous celebrity. Among these, some of the Murillos and Rembrandts are splendid examples of the powers of these great artists.

There are few of the English school in this collection: among them are some good landscapes by Wilson and Gainsborough; some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the late Mr. West's sketch of *Christ Rejected*; and a few others by De Louthembourg, Hogarth, and Romney. Mr.

West's large picture of *Christ healing the Sick in the Temple* is here exhibited for the second time: it was originally purchased by the British Institution.

The principal pictures in the present Exhibition have been repeatedly seen in preceding ones, both in the British Institution and elsewhere: many of them, however, cannot be

seen too often by those who seek the attainment of excellence in art, or admire its most splendid examples. The noblemen and gentlemen who follow the illustrious example of his Majesty, in contributing from their respective private collections to the formation of this gallery, are entitled to the gratitude of artists and the warm approbation of the public.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of lavender-colour *gros de Naples*: the *corsage* made plain and close, displaying the beauty of the form; broad band of the same, edged with a double cording of satin, round the waist, which is rather long: the sleeves fuller than have been lately worn, and from the wrist nearly to the elbow, are three full puffings, confined with bands, and fastened by circular silk buttons: the epaulette is plain, being merely divided up the centre, and edged with a double cording of satin, which surrounds the whole of the pelisse and the trimmings: the bottom of the skirt has two broad rouleaus beneath a row of deep points, each finished with a silk button at top; the front ornamented to correspond. The trimming being placed longitudinally, and the points united by the buttons, as usual, the trimming is very broad at the bottom, lessens as it approaches the waist, and widens as it extends to the shoulders. Bonnet, manufactured from British grass, being a close imitation of the finest Leghorn; the brim broad, and standing out, except in the front, where it

bends downwards: the crown is rather low, and has two large bows of lavender-colour gauze ribbon and two of yellow in front, with an intermixture of flowers. Cottage cap of net, with very full single border of Buckinghamshire lace, and a bunch of roses on the right side. The hair slightly parted on the forehead, and disposed in light curls. Gold chain and eye-glass. Primrose-colour gloves and shoes.

OPERA DRESS.

Pink silk striped gossamer or gauze dress, the stripes having a narrow satin edge: the *corsage à la blouse*, and confined at the top with a narrow pink satin rouleau, ornamented with detached pink satin triangular corded leaves: the sleeves are very short and full, confined and regulated midway by pink satin leaves, which form a kind of wreath round the arm, being so arranged as to correspond with those on the bust: pink satin corded *ceinture*, fastened behind with hooks and eyes, beneath a rosette of triangular leaves. The skirt has a very full trimming of white tulle, tastefully decorated with pink



TRAUTMANN & CO. PARIS.



UPPER DRESS.

satin diamonds, edged with tulle and satin, and drawn into a little fulness from the two opposite corners, and are placed up and down alternately, so as to form two rows. Opera hat of pink tulle and satin; the brim round, and deeper in the front and sides than behind: white marabouts, placed in front, fall over the crown, which is rather high. Necklace and ear-rings of pink topaz. White kid gloves; white satin shoes. Cache-mire shawl.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Our *élégantes* at the different fashionable watering-places are now distinguished for the simplicity rather than the splendour of their costume. Muslin high dresses, with the addition of a light scarf or shawl, are most generally worn for walking, especially in the early part of the day. A dress of this description has just been submitted to our inspection, which appeared to us more novel than any thing that has been lately seen: the back is full, but formed to the shape by a double row of gaging, about an inch in breadth: the front of the dress is ornamented with three broad tucks on each side; these tucks go round the lower part of the bust, and form a pelerine: the upper part of the bust consists of gaged cambric, the gaging done in bias, with a small pelerine collar falling over, trimmed with a single row of clear muslin, small-plaited. The bottom of the dress is finished by a clear muslin flounce, also small-plaited, and surmounted by three tucks, of the same size as those which go up the front. The upper part of the sleeve is extremely full, but

it is confined at the wrist by three gaged bands, finished by a small plaited ruffle.

Cambric muslin *capotes* and Leghorn bonnets seem to be in nearly equal favour for undress bonnets: the former are finished by oval puffs of clear muslin round the brim, and full rosettes on the crown; the latter have no other trimming than the broad ribbon that ties them down. Veils are generally worn with both.

One of the most elegant carriage pelisses that we have seen is composed of spotted net, over peach-blossom-coloured satin. The trimming consists of a deep flounce of lace, above which is a row of satin ornaments of a triangular form. The *corsage* is *en blouse*, but it is nearly concealed by a rich pelerine, of the Angouleme tippet shape; there is no collar, the *corsage* being trimmed at the throat with a single fall of lace. The half-sleeve is a mixture of net with satin ornaments, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The long sleeve, of an easy width, is simply finished at the hand by a lace ruffle. The *ceinture* is of satin, to correspond with the lining of the pelisse, and fastens with a gold clasp.

The most novel among the new transparent bonnets is composed of *crêpe lisse*; it is nearly in the form of a hat, with a very small crown, which is surrounded by a wreath of Provence roses; the edge of the brim is fancifully ornamented with the same material, entwined in a loose rouleau, from which rose-buds issue at regular distances: this trimming has a singular and tasteful effect.

Muslin maintains its usual pre-eminence for home costume at this season of the year. An intermixture of

ribbon in the trimming continues to be much used both in morning and dinner dress. Robes are not so much worn in the former as was expected. *Blouses* are more in favour. High dresses, made with the *corsage* full, and the fulness confined to the shape either by gaging or bands, are likewise in much estimation. There appears to be no regular standard for the trimming of morning dresses; some being very much trimmed, and others very little. Three rows of flounces arranged in triangles, and placed at some distance from each other, have a novel effect, and form a moderately deep trimming: another trimming consists of an intermixture of puffs and tucks; it is made by tucking a piece about a quarter of a yard in length, and then leaving a space of rather more than a nail untucked to form the puff: the tucks are very small, and seven or eight in number: there are generally three or four rows of this kind of trimming.

A muslin dinner gown that has just been introduced is trimmed with rouleaus of net over lilac satin; these rouleaus are very small, and are so disposed as to form stars in the centre of full *bouffants* of net. The *bouffants* are united at each end by bows of ribbon, to correspond. This trimming surmounts a very broad satin tuck, also covered with net.

Lace, tulle, *crêpe lisse*, and white satin, and *gros de Naples*, are much in favour in full dress. India muslin also, both sprigged and plain, is in favour, particularly for *blouses*. Those ladies who wish to copy the French mode exactly have them trimmed with four or five very deep tucks, each surmounted by a wreath of flowers in coloured worsted. Many ladies have only the *corsage* of the dress made *en blouse*, which is certainly more becoming to the figure. Dresses of this last description are trimmed with flowers, *bouillonnés* intermixed with flowers, and *ruches*; and whenever the *blouse* form is adopted in evening dress, it is always cut moderately low round the bust.

Some ladies have the hair in full dress arranged in very large full curls on the forehead; while others adopt that profusion of light curls on the temples which forms a part of the French *coëffure à la neige*: but in either case the hind hair is worn moderately high. Dress hats, particularly those in the Spanish style, are much in estimation. Toques and turbans are also fashionable; but flowers are more in favour for youthful *belles* than any other head-dress.

Fashionable colours are, blue, rose colour, primrose, pale lavender, grass-green, pea-green, and gold colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, JUNE 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

WALKING dress is now generally of light materials: silks are little seen; percale, coloured muslin, and *barèges* being the materials most in request. Coloured muslins are printed in bouquets of flowers

of a changeable colour: according as the wearer moves, they appear either rose, lilac, or blue; they are called *des trompeuses*, and are generally employed for *blouses*. Cambric muslin is also much worn *en blouse*; but jaconot is more used for *rédingotes*. These are generally made *en blouse*,

with one or two large pelerines, and a row of buttons down the front.

Spencers are very much worn, but there is nothing new in their form; they all fasten behind, and are very long in the waist. Some have a row of buttons in the centre of the bust both before and behind; others are ornamented with satin or braiding disposed in the stomacher style, with a long tight sleeve and a very full epaulette. The spencers that are made *en blouse* have sleeves of a preposterous width; they have always a low falling collar, which turns down in the pelerine style: the others are made without a collar. Many young people appear in public in cambric muslin *blouses*, with *fichus* formed of very broad watered or shaded ribbon; these are doubled in a point behind, and the ends, crossed on the bosom, hang a little below the *ceinture*. Lace *fichus* and *barèges* scarfs are nearly as much worn as spencers. The scarfs most in favour are styled *à l'Ourika*; they are of Indian red, with narrow black stripes at the bottom: this you will say is a curious mixture of colours for this season of the year; but as the romance of *Ourika* is just now in fashion, the colours of the heroine, red and black, are also the rage; and we have flowers, feathers, hats, every thing in short, *à l'Ourika*.

Ruffs have not been seen since the warm weather came in, lace collars being substituted in their stead. The most fashionable are styled *collets à la chevalière*; they are pointed at each end only: embroidered muslin collars with *entre-deux* of lace or tulle are also fashionable; these are cut into five or six points.

Leghorn, rice-straw, cotton-straw, crape, gauze, tulle, satin, and *gros*

de Naples, are all in favour for *chapeaux*. The form has not altered since my last. The newest trimming for hats is a mixture of puffs of ribbon bordered with blond and flowers. Bonnets trimmed in this way are worn without a cap; but under one side of the brim are three puffs, also of ribbon bordered with blond: the strings are of ribbon only. Leghorn hats with very large brims of an equal size all round are in much favour: these are called *chapeaux à pelerines*. Some of these hats have a garland of short Marabout plumes or flowers; others are ornamented with *coques* or triangles of ribbon. These hats have all very broad strings placed inside the brim, but now in consequence of the heat these strings are never tied.

Our most fashionable dishabille is the *rédingote à la neige*; it is made *en blouse*, and trimmed with lace with very wide sleeves, finished with a frill of lace at the hand. It is made in general without a pelerine, but some ladies add to it the *fichu à la neige*: this is a cape of the handkerchief form, cut round in wolves' teeth, which are very deep and pointed.

Blouses are at present most fashionable in evening dress: those of English lace are very much in favour; they are made in the *robe-blouse* style, and trimmed with three flounces of very rich lace. Clear muslin and *barèges* are trimmed with tucks: some of the former are embroidered above the tucks in coloured worsted; and if the *barèges* is white, the tucks are frequently of coloured satin.

The *coëffures à la neige* and *à l'Espagnole* are still in favour: the latter have frequently no other ornament than a ribbon wound among the tresses; the former are deco-

rated with flowers or jewelled combs. The combs are frequently of coloured gems, to correspond with the flowers.

Fashionable colours are, the mixture of red and black, called *Ourika*,

walnut-tree, lilac, blue, rose, yellow, and different shades of green. Adieu, my dear Sophia! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

ALCOVE WINDOW-CURTAINS.

THE annexed design is intended to assimilate with the decoration of an apartment, in which the walls are formed into arches, and coloured in corresponding bluetints. The arches of the curtains are formed by fine cloth strained on brass rods, which project so much as to receive the

draperies, and to conceal the curtain-laths, &c. The transparent hangings are looped to the supporting rods, and the festoons are thrown over the upper poles. This is altogether a new arrangement, and has a very agreeable effect when executed.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has just ready for publication, a new division of *the World in Miniature*; containing a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the South-Sea Islanders, in two vols. with twenty-six coloured engravings. It comprises, among the rest, an account of the people of the Sandwich Islands, which it is presumed will be found at the present moment peculiarly interesting. The next division of this popular collection will embrace the Asiatic Islands and New Holland, in two volumes.

A new work on the *Discoveries of the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique*, by the late Mr. Bowdich, with some geographical corrections in Mungo Park's last Travels in Africa, is speedily coming before the public.

Dr. Macculloch has nearly ready for publication, a work in four volumes 8vo. with the title of *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*. It treats of the scenery and antiquities; the political history and ancient manners; the language, music, economy, and condition of the people, with a multitude of other

topics, illustrative of this most curious and primitive portion of the British empire.

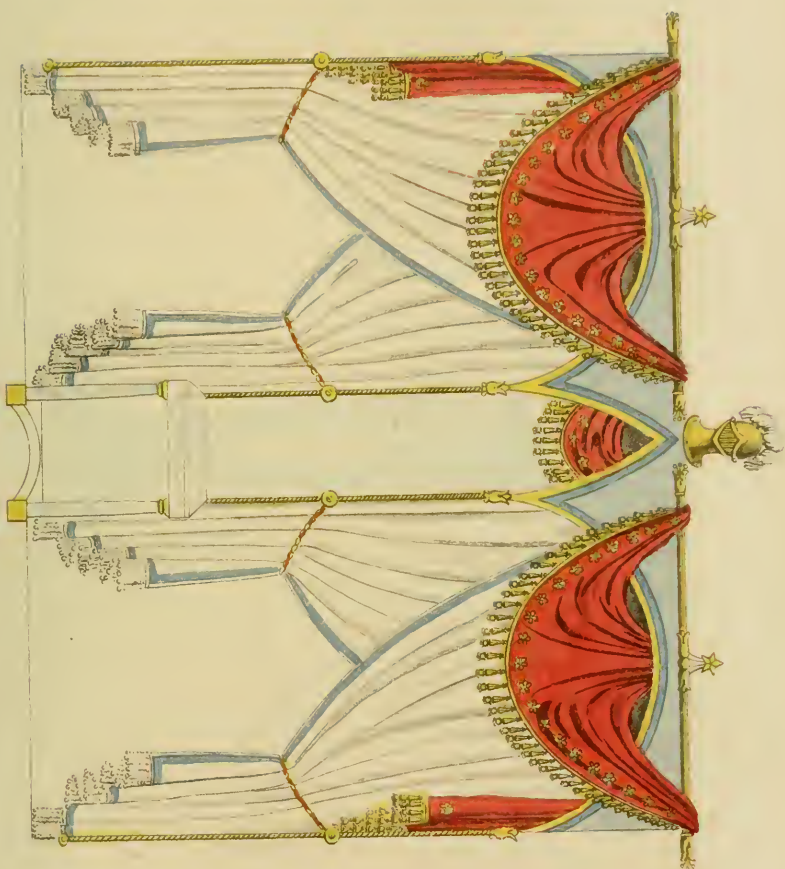
Mr. Dupuis, late his Britannic Majesty's envoy and consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a *Journal of his Residence in that Country*, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war. It will comprise also his notes and researches relative to the Gold Coast and the interior of Africa, chiefly collected from Arabic MSS. and information communicated by the Mahometans of Guinea.

Mr. Loudon, author of the popular "Encyclopædia of Gardening," is about to follow up that work by an *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved by Miss M. L. Hawkins, are shortly expected.

The Sisters of Narsfield, a Tale for young Women, by the author of "The Stories of Old Daniel," in two vols. 12mo. is in the press.

Mr. Swainson has in the press, a small work on the *Zoology of Mexico*, contain-



ALCOVE WINDOW CURTAINS

ing descriptions of the animals collected there by Mr. Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the travels of the latter in that country, which are on the eve of publication.

Mr. R. C. Dallas, one of the first literary friends of Lord Byron, will speedily publish *Some Account of the early Youth of his Lordship*.

Lieutenant Morgan has in the press, *The Emigrant's Note-Book*, with recollections of Upper and Lower Canada during the late war.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada in 1822-3, by an English gentleman, is in preparation.

A Series of Lithographic Prints of Scenery in Egypt and Nubia, from drawings by Bossi, a Roman artist, executed by Messrs. Harding and Westall, are about to appear in numbers.

A new musical instrument, called Organon Pan-harmonicon, has been invented by a Mr. Friderici, organ-builder of Vienna, who is said to have spent several years and a large sum of money in its construction. According to his statement, it is composed of more than 450 instruments; namely, 253 flutes of various tones, 92 violins, 27 *flauti traversi*, 27 *flauti picoli*, 24 *fagotti*, 27 clarionets and oboes. The last three, which are most naturally imitated, are said, however, to be heard above all the rest. The *crescendo* and *decrescendo* are exquisitely managed. The inventor does not

exhibit the internal structure of this complex machine, and merely intimates, that the mechanism is set in motion by clock-work. It is played in the same manner as an organ, and the keys are pressed down with the same facility as those of the piano-forte.

Joseph Hamilton, Esq. of Annadale Cottage, near Dublin, has recently published a small work, with the benevolent design of checking the destructive practice of duelling. A portion of the profits is to be applied to the purchase of a press and type for printing such cheap tracts as are best calculated to abate a vice which annually occasions thousands of actual or intended murders. The author is also exerting himself for the formation of a society, the objects of which shall be: 1st. To promote a more general opinion, that duelling originated in a false idea of true honour, and should be discontinued in this enlightened age.—2d. To promote the establishment of one or more courts, for the redress of injured feelings in such cases as are not within the spirit of existing laws.—3d. To obtain the enactment of new legislative measures, for the abolition of a practice which was despised by the bravest of mankind, including Turenne, Raleigh, Caesar, and Napoleon. — We sincerely wish that Mr. Hamilton's benevolent endeavours may experience all the success which they deserve.

Poetry.

SONNET.

Written during a severe Thunder-Storm.

By J. M. LACEY.

HARK! what an awful burst! it rolls afar
Inimitably grand! Man's art in vain
May try to give, in life-destroying war,
Some faint resemblance. Mercy! there again
It peals tremendously, and seems to shake
The vast foundations of the solid earth.
Such sounds should bid the bravest bosom
quake,

For heav'n appears to give the tempest
birth!
Who shall dare pity the poor Indian's
thought,
That 'tis the voice of an incensed God;
That the pale lightning is with vengeance
fraught,
And works destruction at his mighty
nod?
Philosophy may smile amid its lore;
Be mine to wonder, tremble, and adore.

NATURE AND ART.

Nature and *Art* at variance were,
Which shewed most favours to the fair.
First *Art* began to urge her pleas
For preference, in words like these :

“ The unfinish’d pieces from thy hand
Around my toilet daily stand.
Beauty and bloom by thee denied,
Are by my friendly aid supplied.
I with nice skill the tints dispose
Of the pale lily and the rose.
With silken brace and plastic stay,
I shapely symmetry display ;
And various other graces deal,
Which the most finish’d *belles* reveal.”

“ Thy works, though specious they appear,”
Nature replied, “ but specious are.

Grant to give beauty thou hast power,
’Tis but the beauty of an hour.
Grant with thy *rouge* the cheeks may glow,
This hue canst thou bid ebb and flow ?
Call the bright blush now here, now there,
As soft confusion warms the fair ?
In vain thy vaunted powers supply
The air genteel, the sparkling eye.
The strife unequal to make short,
Let models too our pleas support.
The matchless *Anna* shall be mine :
Now, boaster, tell me who is thine ?”

OXONIENSIS.

TO SLEEP.

O *Sleep* ! if thy soft dreams can charm to
rest,

Come, gentle *Sleep*, in visions make me
blest :

Through worlds mysterious, borne on fairy
wings,

Darkness is light, another *Eden* springs.
Then *Poverty* lifts up her weaken’d head,
And *Sickness* sees fresh roses deck the bed.
The slave unfetter’d starts from dumb de-
spair,

Bursts through his iron cell, and breathes
the balmy air.

In each calm’d bosom, lull’d by *Sleep*’s deep
spell,

Soft scenes arise where *Fancy* loves to dwell.
Angels of peace ! ah ! watch their slumber-
ing woes,

And guard the *Sabbath* of their dear repose !

J. F.

THE ROSE TO THE ZEPHYR.

Inconstant Zephyr, whither toying ?

You, with every flower that blows,
Longing, hasten to be joying,
And forsake your faithful Rose.

I nor court the summer breeze,
Nor kiss the gale that fans the trees :
Yet for any new-blown flower,
You forsake my odorous bower.

Here, O Zephyr, breathe thy sighs ;
In my fragrant leaves repose ;
And, till life within me dies,
I will be your faithful Rose.

FELICITE.

FORGET ME NOT.

Emma, when I am far away,
Far from thy happy woodland cot,
Let not thy love to others stray ;
Fair Emma, then forget me not !

Forget me not ! ’tis thy lov’d form
Which chains me to this earthly spot,
Mid Fortune’s smiles, or Life’s rough storm :
Then, dearest maid, forget me not !

When Spring with early blossoms crown’d
Visits thy vine-encircled cot,
And sheds her sweetest smiles around,
Then, Emma fair, forget me not !

When Summer’s sun all fervent glows,
And Sol his brightest ray has shot,
And lovely looks the blushing rose,
Then, then, my love, forget me not !

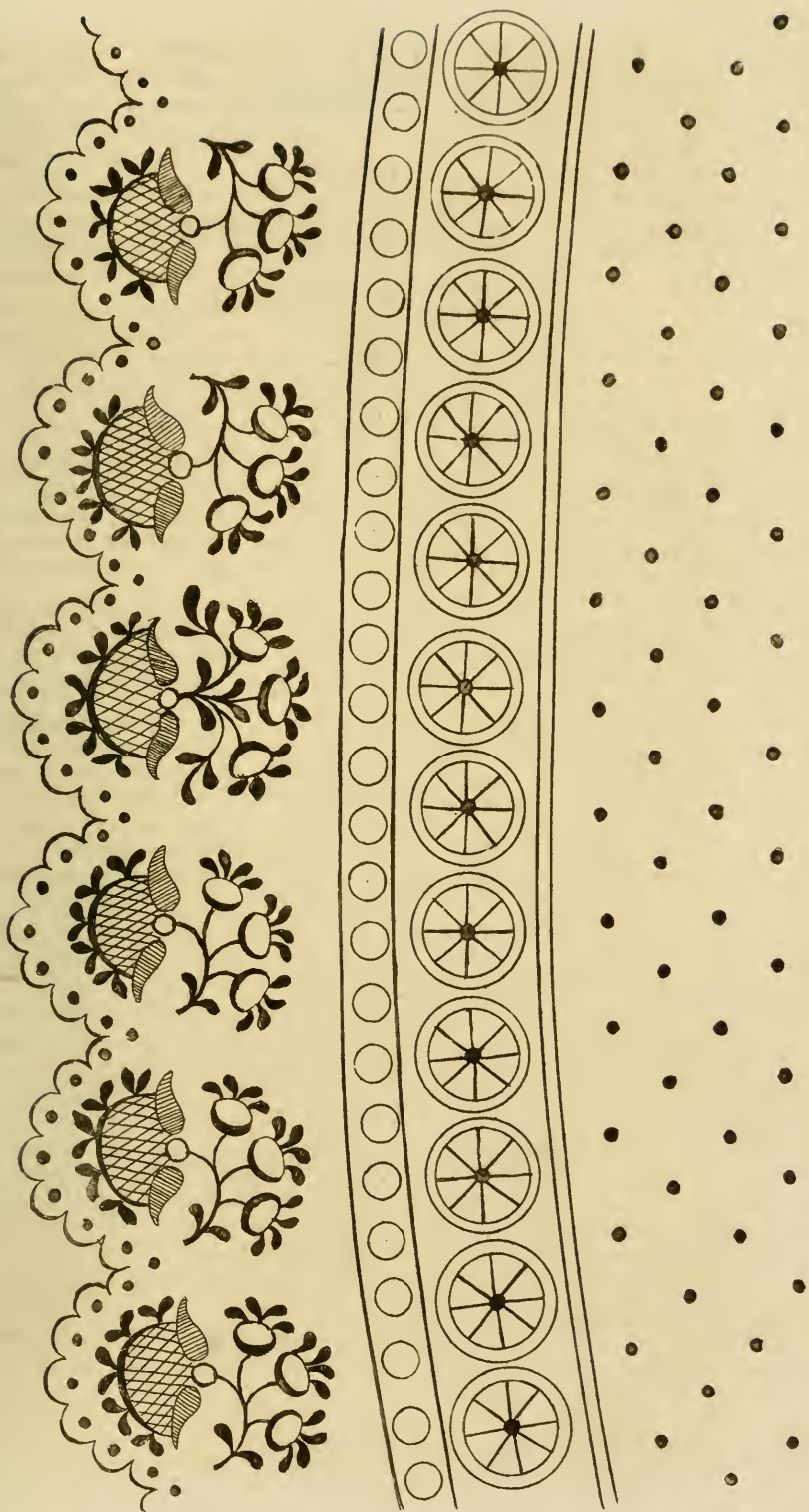
When Autumn, mild and pleasing maid,
In russet garb shall seek thy cot,
And deck with varying tints the glade,
Then, Emma fair, forget me not !

When Winter from his frozen bow
Shoots icy arrows o’er thy cot,
Thy bosom, spotless as his snow,
Shall sigh to me—forget me not !

If, mid the battle’s rage, fair maid,
I fall on War’s impurpled spot,
And sleep in Death’s oblivious shade,
Then, Emma fair, forget me not !

Forget me not ! but o’er that sod
Plant flowers, to mark the hapless spot ;
There lift thy heaven-blue eyes to God,
With prayers that he forget me not !

M.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.

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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.

Witless Wildfire's Ode on the Death of Lord Byron—Verses, on the same subject—The Emancipation of Greece—The Three Pilgrims—A Song (from Liverpool)—Lines to R. C. are inadmissible.

We are of opinion, that no benefit could arise from the discussion of the subject of Detector's communication.

If J. J. S. can furnish us with such a Memoir as he alludes to, or materials for one, we have no doubt that it would gratify many of our readers.

The Second Number of Village Sketches near Paris has been received, and shall appear in our next Number. The curious narrative in illustration of a popular superstition of Germany, shall also have a place in our next.

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

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THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MRS GARRICK

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N^o. XX.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

HAMPTON-HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. GARRICK.

IN delineating scenes on the Thames, or in a collection of seats famous for their possessors, for beauty of situation or architectural pretensions, whichever of these points we look to, the residence of Garrick cannot be omitted. This house is delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, about thirteen miles from London. The grounds about the dwelling are laid out with great taste; but immediately in front of the house, the lawn, which otherwise sweeps down to the margin of the river, is cut off by the high-road. To obviate this inconvenience, and to screen the walls, the woods have been suffered to increase, and the lawn is connected with the house by an archway beneath the road, as shewn in our present View taken from the Thames.

The temple to the left was erected

by Garrick in honour of Shakspeare, the man after his own heart, and the only poet capable of drawing forth the energies of his inimitable representation. This temple is an octagon building, and contains a statue of the immortal bard, by the masterly hand of Roubillac. Few statues have been erected with so much veneration, or received so much homage from the intellectual world, as this.

The house was purchased by Garrick in the year 1754. It was then but an indifferent building; it remained for Garrick to make it what it is. There are many and valuable works of art in the various apartments, by Perugino, Poussin, Gerard Douw, Del Sarto, Hogarth, Wilson, Louthembourg, Zoffany, and others by the following:

Nicolas Poussin.—A fine Landscape, with a group of Naiads, infant Bacchantals, Fauns, and Satyrs: the whole finely painted.—Remains of Roman Architecture, with Figures in the fore-ground.

A. del Sarto.—The Virgin Child and St. John attended by Angels: exquisitely finished. This picture was presented to Mr. Garrick at Rome by Lord Baltimore.

Guido.—Landscape, with Figures: painted with great delicacy. This painting was presented to Garrick by Lord Burlington.

Gerard Douw.—Portrait of a Boy.—Companion.

Breughel.—Flight into Egypt.—Companion.—View in Holland.

P. Perugino.—Dead Christ surrounded by the Maries.

Stella.—The Salutation.

Wilson.—Scene on the Tiber.

Salvator Rosa.—Landscape.

Hogarth.—Canvassing.—The Poll.—The Charring.—Election Feast. These four Election Scenes are painted in Hogarth's happiest style.—Portrait of Garrick at his Writing-Table composing his Prologue to Taste, with Mrs. Garrick behind interrupting him.—Happy Marriage.—Falstaff enlisting his Recruits.

Gainsborough.—A Landscape, with Animals.

Loutherbourg.—Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.—Landscape, Morning, with Pastoral Figures: highly finished romantic scene.—Companion ditto, Evening, Scene with Figures.—Interior of a Coffee-Room: a spirited drawing.—Peasants and Cattle.—Rustic Figures.

Mieris.—A Lady singing at a Window, with a Gentleman playing on a Guitar.

Both.—A fine Landscape.

Tilborg.—Interior of an Apartment, with whole-length Portraits of Artists: the walls hung with pictures, said to be specimens of the various Flemish painters.

Fabris.—Bay of Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.

Nieulandt.—Worshipping the Golden Image.

Van Hacken.—A Concert.

Brouwer.—Boors at Cards.

Wootton.—Landscape, with Figures.

Lambert.—Mountainous Landscape.

Hayman.—Portraits of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Wyndham seated in a Garden.—Study of two Boys.—Portrait of Quin in the Character of Falstaff.

Marlow.—Scene on the Thames, Morning.—Ditto, Evening.

Van Eyck.—The Crucifixion.

Netcher.—A Lady and Child.

—*Taylor, Esq.*—Landscape: presented by this amateur to Mr. Garrick.—Companion: ditto ditto.

Le Nain.—Italian Peasants at a Game.

There are also several scenes by Bonamy, and some fine portraits by Lely, Kneller, Hals, Vandergucht, with many portraits by Zoffany of Garrick in various characters, some of which are as follows:

Portraits of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in the Characters of Jaffier and Belvidere.

Garrick in *The Farmer's Return*.

Mrs. Garrick with a Mask.

Garrick in the Character of Lord Chalkstone.

Garrick in the Character of Sir John Brute.

A Tea-Party on the Lawn, consisting of Garrick, Mrs. Garrick, Mr. Bowden, with Mr. George Garrick angling.

The Temple at Hampton, with Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick resting on the steps.

Views of the Grounds at Hampton, by the same artist.

Since the above was written, in consequence of the death of Mrs. Garrick, the whole of this property has been sold, and consequently distributed. The Statue of Shakspeare



by Roubillac was willed by David Garrick to the British Museum, at the death of Mrs. Garrick. The four celebrated Election Pictures by Hogarth were bought by John Soane, Esq. for the sum of 173*l.* 10*s.*;

the Del Sarto for 267*l.* 15*s.* by Prince Leopold; as well as the Loutherbourg Landscape and Cattle with Figures, which was knocked down for 103*l.* 19*s.*: the whole being sold by Mr. Christie.

RICHINGS LODGE,

SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN SULLIVAN.

THIS delightful residence is situated in the parish of Iver, and but a short distance from Colnbrook, on the Bath road. An old but convenient house formerly stood on the lower part of the ground, which must have been of some consequence, from the number of noble proprietors who have held it. Among others we find, in 1739, it was purchased of Lord Bathurst by the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset: on the death of the duke, the duchess made it her constant residence. Among other poets of the day who dwelt on its beauties, may be reckoned Shenstone. His poem of *Rural Elegance*, dedicated to the duchess, is supposed to owe its origin to this place. After the death of the duchess, which happened here in July 1754, it became the property of the Lady Elizabeth Seymour, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset; who, after the death of her brother, conveyed it by marriage (which took place at this house 1740,) to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart. who, in 1749, assumed the name and arms of Percy, and was created Baron Warkworth, of Warkworth Castle, and Earl of Northumberland; and in 1766, Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland. It was next sold to the Countess of Charleville, of whom it was purchas-

ed by the present proprietor. This gentleman completely repaired the old house, which, by some accident, took fire, and was entirely destroyed. It was succeeded by the present elegant mansion.

The annexed View is from the Lawn of the Entrance-Front. The portico is in good taste; and the offices form, with the wings, a semicircle that has a pleasing effect. The garden-front is circular, which adds considerably to the effect of the principal apartments. The green-house, with the flower-beds attached to and on each side of this front, has a pleasing effect. The grounds are completely in keeping with the modern taste of ornamental landscape, enlivened by water winding through the richest verdure, and falling into the Colne, to the west of Colnbrook.

The mention made by Lady Hertford of a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, which stood about one hundred yards from the site of the present dairy, the abbey-walk which she describes, and the yet existing denomination of Pilgrim given to the lane and to a spring on the verge of the grounds, with that of Holy Hill assigned to fields adjoining, would seem to indicate that this was formerly a consecrated spot.

THE HONEST CHEESEMONGER.

IN the year 1792, the young Marquis d'Orgland quitted his native province, in which he had till then resided, for Paris. His parents were dead, and his friends and relations had one by one emigrated: he could not, however, resolve to follow their example; the land of his birth, torn as it was by the horrors of revolutionary fury, was still too dear to him to be resigned, while a possibility of staying in it remained. His faith was besides plighted to a young and lovely relation of his own, whom he only waited for a favourable moment to espouse. She, like himself, preferred remaining at the risk of life, to flying, with the chance of being for ever an exile. The marquis accordingly conveyed her to Paris, where he placed her in the house of a respectable woman, and hiring a small lodging for himself in the neighbourhood, determined to regulate his conduct according to events.

A week had hardly passed when D'Orgland received an anonymous letter: the contents were only a little drawing, representing a distaff. There was not a word of explanation; but D'Orgland did not need it: the letter bore the post-mark of Coblenz, and that was sufficient to shew that it came from some old companion, who thus indirectly reproached him for not joining the emigrant army. The blood burned on the cheek of D'Orgland as he looked at this symbol of feminine occupation; but as he had no hope that the emigrants would succeed, he repressed his feelings; and it was not till he had received six drawings of a similar kind, which followed each other at

short intervals, that he determined to obey the summons.

He hastened to his notary, a worthy old man, who had been the friend as well as the lawyer of his family for more than forty years. "My good Mr. Bertin," said he, shewing him the letter that he had just received, "I can bear this no longer. Our cause is desperate, I know; but I would rather sacrifice myself at once, than be thus continually reproached with cowardice. Give me then bills on Germany for half of the forty thousand francs I have placed in your hands; keep the rest of the sum for my cousin; and tomorrow I shall go to convince these scoffers that I dread danger no more than they do."

"Very well," said Bertin coldly; "so in order to lend yourself to a project, the success of which appears to you more than doubtful, you become an exile, and what is worse, leave unprotected the woman you are engaged to marry."—"Ah! my God, what can I do?"—"Why, in the first place, listen to me."—"I can listen to nobody."—"Not even to the friend whose advice your father in his last moments engaged you always to follow?" These words sensibly touched Augustus. "Speak, my friend," said he in a softened tone; and the notary continued:

"My advice is, that you remain in Paris: but lay aside your title, and call yourself only by your family name. Marry your cousin; and as you cannot in these times be sure of retaining your estates in Bretagne, settle yourself with your wife in a small apartment, and resolve to live on the interest of your forty thousand francs,

which I will take care to place for you properly. Do not answer me now: go and consult with your cousin; and if, after talking to her, you still remain bent on going to Colblentz, come to-morrow, and in a couple of hours I will arrange your business."

An hour's conversation with his Sophia decided D'Orgland to follow the advice of the good notary. The young couple were married; they ate their wedding-dinner with their old and now only friend, the worthy Bertin, who, in the evening, called D'Orgland into his closet, and said to him:

"It is not now that you can judge whether I have given you good advice, but reckon in ten years hence with those who have sent you the anonymous letters, and you will see then who was in the right. To-morrow I shall go with you to the section, to take a card of safety. You have some skill in painting: call yourself an artist, and pursue the profession; it will enlarge your present scanty income, and may be of use in case anything should happen. I have found a good opportunity of disposing of your money on a mortgage of a house in the *rue de la Tixéranderie*: it will bring you a thousand crowns a year. I could get you a good deal more, for the interest of money is now very high; but I advise you to be content with this sum, because your money will be safe."

Augustus agreed very readily: all was arranged as the good notary desired; but a month had hardly passed after their marriage when the death of this worthy man deprived them of their only friend; and a very few weeks afterwards a decree was pub-

lished, which authorized all persons who had borrowed money to pay their creditors in assignats. The unfortunate marquis thought that he thus saw his ruin completed, for the value of paper-money was so low at that moment, that his forty thousand francs would scarcely have brought him one thousand; and to add to his distress, his wife was pregnant.

He carefully concealed what had happened from her, though he started at every knock at the door, supposing it was a summons from his debtor. Time passed on, however, and none arrived. On the morning when the interest became due, Augustus rose with the dawn, and hastened to the *rue de la Tixéranderie*, which feelings that the reader will easily understand had before kept him from visiting. He inquired for the house of the citizen Gorju, and was directed to a cheesemonger's shop. The shopman told him to go into a court on one side of the house, and that at the bottom of it he would find citizen Gorju employed in receiving cheeses from Marolles. He found the entrance of the court stopped by a waggon loaded with cheeses, and on asking the waggoner to let him pass, the man gruffly told him he might pass under the cart if he liked; at the same time he roared out, "Holla! citizen Gorju, here's one wants you!" A stentorian voice from the bottom of a cellar replied slowly, "Let him wait;" and our poor marquis, who had a strong antipathy to the smell of cheese, was obliged to remain in this state of suffocation for nearly three quarters of an hour.

At last a short fat man, covered with dust and perspiration, came out of the cellar, and said roughly to

the marquis, "Well, what do you want with me?"—"Citizen Gorju," replied D'Orgland timidly, "I am come to receive the half-year's interest."—"Ah! it is you: truly you got up early enough to receive it; but it will be soon settled. Come this way;" and taking him into a small room at the side of the court, opened a drawer. "Let's see, the interest of your money is just sixty-two louis and twelve francs: here take it, and write me a receipt."

At the sight of the money the astonished marquis could hardly believe his eyes; he snatched the hard hand of the honest cheesemonger, covered as it was with dirt and perspiration, and pressed it fervently between his own, while tears of gratitude sprang to his eyes. With all his roughness Gorju had feeling: he returned the pressure, saying, in a softened tone, "Suppose now you had the law on your side, and that the assignats were worth more than the money you had lent me, would you force me to pay you in assignats?"—"God knows I would not."—"Very well then, we are quits, unless you think you owe me a bottle of wine. But, hark ye, another time don't get up so early: we dine at twelve, and you are always sure to find me then; so come and take pot-luck with us."

D'Orgland hastened to relate what had passed to his Sophia; and we

may well believe, that at their frugal dinner the health of the honest Gorju was not forgotten. When the times became more settled, and D'Orgland could without danger return to his paternal mansion, he hastened to Bretagne. He found on his arrival that the estate of one of his neighbours, which had been seized as national property, in consequence of his emigration, was going to be sold. The marquis bought it for a mere trifle. He had discovered that it was the owner of this property to whom he was indebted for the drawings of the distaffs; and when several years afterwards the same gentleman returned to France, D'Orgland, in restoring the property which he had preserved for him, said, with a smile, "My friend, I don't blame you for having gone to Coblenz, or even farther; but confess also on your side, that it was lucky I staid at home."

Gorju has quitted his shop, and with the earnings of his honest industry returned to his native province, which happens to be that of the marquis, whose neighbour he now is; and no guest is more warmly received at the *château* D'Orgland, where he has a general invitation to take pot-luck, and is often reminded by the marquis of the occasion of their first meeting in the *rue de la Tixéranderie*.

GAELIC RELICS.

No. XIV.

ALLAN THE LION, LEADER OF CLAN NA GEALLANA AND CHIEFTAIN OF DOWART.

(Concluded from p. 22.)

IN a wood, which formed some of the striking decorations of the castle of Marr, some religious, more ho-

noured by Christian piety, than endowed with worldly wealth, had formed an establishment, to which

multitudes applied for the relief of conscientious scruples. Probably the council of war had been held in Alloway tower, since Allan was obliged to pass from thence through a wood to seek the advice of the holy casuists; and near the verge, by the light of the moon, he observed a boy resolutely defending himself against two assailants in manhood. Allan rushed upon the dastards, and cut them to the earth with a few strokes of his unfailing sword. Several horsemen now rode up in great consternation, and were so occupied in binding up a wound of the valiant boy, that his deliverer was allowed to pass away unheeded. He had received several stabs in his arm, his thigh, and reins; but the most severe was a gash in his thigh from a two-edged short sword. He tied his scarf over it, a mist came on his eyes, and he could not proceed to the religious house. When a little recovered, the moon was set, and he mistook his way among the trees. Another track led to a spacious garden: his strength and spirits were sinking under exhaustion; he leaned against a gate; it yielded to the pressure; he staggered almost unconsciously to a bower, and fainted near the entrance. —Recovered from insensibility, he found himself in a cottage; an old woman pouring unguents upon his wounds; while, benignant and beautiful as a seraph, a young female supported his head, and chafed his temples with fragrant waters. She was intently contemplating his fine features when he opened his eyes, and, as their piercing glances met hers, she dropped her long silken eyelashes; crimson blushes taking place of the lily on her fair forehead, neck, and arms.

"Sir knight," said the old woman, "think not hardly of my high-descended lady—my darling foster child, though, to conceal your retreat, she assists in offices of mercy. Your figure and garb agree with the far-circulated descriptions of a warrior, whose ill-timed interference prevented a happy conclusion to the troubles of Scotland. Were it known you are here, not all the entreaties of the Lady Dervongilda, of Galloway and Kilsyth, could save you from the vengeance of her guardian uncle."

The knight responded in words of burning gratitude and admiration: the lovely Dervongilda bowed and smiled acknowledgment; but no articulate sound breathed from her compressed lips.

"Is this peerless beauty denied the interchanges of thought in speech?" said Allan. "Be it so. The eloquence of her charms can speak to the heart."

The hoary dame interrupted these impassioned phrases, saying, "Sir knight, though humanity to a brave warrior has so far overcome maidenly reserve in my young lady, as to aid her nurse in using means to save him from certain death, she can hold with him no verbal communication; nor will she listen to soft flatteries from an unknown."

The old woman hoped thus to learn the name and condition of her guest; but Allan had weighty reasons for withholding the information, and he simply replied,

"If in the utterance of thanks for the most important benefits I have been too bold, I crave pardon."

Dervongilda again bowed in mute acquiescence.

One quarter of a moon rolled away

in ceaseless assiduities to the unknown; and then the gentle lady seldom appeared with her nurse, and her face wore heavy clouds of anxiety and sorrow. In the absence of Dervongilda, the aged dame informed Allan, that the Lord Kilsyth had come to a neighbouring castle, recently granted to him by the king. The Lord of Wigton was also arrived there. The attachment of Wigton to his liege lord was evidently wavering; and to fix him, the broken-hearted Dervongilda must be sacrificed to his aged arms. Had she been of manly sex, the honours and wide-extending lands of her father, the Lord of Galloway, would have owned her their lord; but as a female, she was dependent on her stern uncle.

"But I must, I will save her from this last, this worst evil," said the old woman in accents of vehemence; and, rushing from the chamber, left Allan the prey of corroding solicitude and conjecture.

"Why did she not unfold her purpose?" said the chief to himself. "Though this frame is wounded and wasted, I could try to wield a sword in the behalf of Dervongilda."

Such reflections banished sleep, and about midnight the clattering hoofs of war-horses in the court of the castle, the din of iron-shod and booted combatants hurrying to and fro, and the slogan of fierce onset, enkindled a bright flame of valour in the breast of Allan. He made a desperate exertion against the pain and weakness of his limbs, and rose from his restless couch; but was soon thrown into transports of rage, on finding that his garments and arms had been removed, and his chamber fastened on the outside. The clash

of steel was loud in the direction of the castle; and after some time, which, to Allan's impatience, seemed a lapse of hours, the door of his apartment hastily opened, and he was clasped in the arms of that gallant boy in whose defence he had suffered.

"You are free, you are among friends," said the youth. "Bring forward the litter, and take this knight in safety and honour to our camp."

"I must previously be assured of Dervongilda's fate," said Allan.

"She is lodged with all the deference due to her rank and virtues; she is unmolested and secure under our protection," answered the youth. "You shall meet by the dawning morn."

Arrived at the camp, Allan soon learnt the high name of the valorous boy he had rescued. Two partizans of the favourites, who misled the royal James, under pretence of guiding the Duke of Rothsay to the confessional, seized the opportunity to earn a large bribe from a band of conspirators, who either dreaded the resentment of the heir apparent, on account of past offences, or foresaw that his energetic mind would not be the dupe of their artifices, like his too easy father. They persuaded the king to issue a mandate, promising a vast recompence for bringing the young prince to his presence, and thus to terminate the woeful dissensions of Scotia. The conspirators assured their agents of the bribe, though, to prevent his escape, they should be under the necessity of taking the prince's life. His brave resistance provoked the assailants to murderous extremities.

The Duke of Rothsay called his most skilful leeches to prescribe for

Allan, whose mental agitation retarded the cure of his wounds. The leeches unanimously pronounced, that some hidden malady undermined his youthful vigour. The duke recollected his anxious solicitude for Dervongilda's safety, and spoke of her to the pale languid chief. His heightened colour, eager eye, and tremulous voice in response, confirmed the duke's suspicion, that for her sake his deliverer pined in secret.

"Her uncle is slain," said he, "and hers shall be the titles and lands of Kilsyth: but is not her own loveliness a far richer dower? Tell me, brave knight, have ever you beheld a fairer than the lily of Kilsyth?"

"The lady of Kilsyth saved me from death," said Allan, evading a direct reply. "I would see her, to express my gratitude ere I die."

The Duke of Rothsay led Dervongilda near the couch of Allan. Mistaking the amorous despondency of the hero for mortal symptoms, tears and sobs betrayed the inmost emotions of her artless soul.

"Sir knight, my brave deliverer," said the Duke of Rothsay, "wealth and titles hast thou earned in blood; but a high lineage is only the boon of heaven. Say, art thou far descended?"

"I am the only offspring of Jan, by his people, the Clan na Geallana, called the broad-chested lion, a name he acquired when his sword (the sword I have never drawn in vain) reaped renown in the wars of Iberia against the infidels. Gormhuilla, daughter to the chief of the great Clan Oduine, bore me in the abbey of Oronsay, and there concealed me from the death-stealing grasp of a false uncle. The abbot and the holy

brethren preserve the attestations of my birth in their archives of truth."

By the command of the Duke of Rothsay, Allan related the story of his mother's captivity and marriage; of his father's death; and his own adventures in foreign lands, and since his return to Scotland. The vivid and profound sympathy of Dervongilda sparkled in her radiant eyes, or blanched the roses on her cheeks. The duke summoned his trusty counsellors, and the lady heiress of Kilsyth was betrothed to the chief of Clan na Geallana. Her attendance on his couch embalmed every wound, and he was soon in a condition to accelerate the nuptials with due pomp and festivity. The joyful day was not declined to evening, when a sudden attack from the favourites of James III. called to arms. Allan rushed to arms with a high command as spouse to the heiress of Kilsyth, and in his own person a chief and a knight of fame. Attended by his faithful nurse, her maiden foster-sisters, and many dames and virgins of her lands, Dervongilda looked fearfully from the battlements of her castle, agitated by hope, or trembling with alarm, as in the fight she caught transient glimpses of the waving plumes and nodding fern that distinguished her warrior. The battle is won; Allan returns victorious and unhurt. Overpowered by excess of joy, the lily of Kilsyth bends her head on his bosom. Tears of rapture dimmed the eyes of the hero as she revived from the swoon of delight. Her white hands unclasped his helmet, and severed the rivets of his armour, rejecting all service from the attendants, until she handed to

them the garb of war to hang on the walls, as emblems of peace and security to Scotia; yet ever ready at the call of her young triumphant king.

The following summer James IV. said to the chief of Clan na Geallana, "Allan, my best knight, yearns not your soul to shew Dervongilda the land of your fathers, and to give your castle of Dowart a star of the south?"

"My liege," replied the warrior, "to regain the land of my fathers, and to behold my star of the south in my castle of Dowart, I would peril a thousand lives, if so many lives were mine: but to embroil the men of Kilsyth with my own clan would plunge my Dervongilda in grief; nor

can my single arm uproot the usurper and his numerous ravagers assembled from every coast."

"They are uprooted, blasted, and hewn to pieces," said the king. "The sons of the usurper were pirate scourges of the seas. Our ships and our warriors have slain or banished all their adherents. Take Dervongilda to Dowart. Let your clan behold how an angel loves a hero; and let you, and your posterity for ever, bear the lion in your name. Return to us speedily, to stand the counsellor of wisdom in war or peace, and the guard of the Scottish lion."

The posterity of Allan have since been styled Mac Lean, or Sons of the Lion.

B. G.

COUSIN MARY.

(From "*Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.*" By Miss MITFORD.)

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word: as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely proportioned it must have been, for, in all attitudes in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same: she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No

one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour, in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies which caused poor cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it indeed now and then, but she only talked; so that in this age of universal education, Mary C. at the age of eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenome-

non of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effects of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty, not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could; for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best: it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hand almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress; she would sit "printing her thoughts on lawn," till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of

old point-lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was: muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair ignorant, or

was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang and laughed, and skipped about from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shiness would let her, not the least in the world of a romp. She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement, has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest?—Oh! she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence, which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a

shallow rivulet with her petticoats caught up just a little above her ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing and garlanded and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her was, driving a donkey-cart up a hill one sunny windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine; while the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep, that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey-curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of

her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing in the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under an arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy, breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild fore-ground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display (for her sister was a match-making lady, a *manceuvrer*), for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house, and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence among us all; for I myself, though

admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose among roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutoress had at least done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered, and after our mutual expression of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying, “So you are really a governess?”—“Yes.”—“And you continue in the same family?”—“Yes.”—“And you like your post?”—“O yes! yes!”—“But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?”—“Why, they wanted a governess, so I went.”—“But what could induce them to keep you?”—The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the other end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man, in the prime of life, shewing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children.

"Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile.—"We kept her to teach ourselves," said the young lady.—"We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother.—"We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me.—"She was a bad governess; but she is an excellent

wife—that is her true vocation."—And so it is. She is indeed an excellent wife, and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his children shew to the sweet Cousin Mary.

THE NOVICIATE.

(Continued from p. 10.)

WE are treating of a period when the felicitous expedient of connecting rooms by folding-doors was unknown; but the great hall of Balveny Castle was capable of containing some hundred persons, and the spacious gallery was fitted up for a multitude of dancers. The company directed their course to the scene of festivity in barges, so far as the sea or rivers could convey them, and the inland journey was performed on horseback. Wheel-carriages were unheard of, unless within the circle of the court, where the appearance of a few such vehicles at Vienna was related as a phenomenon almost marvellous. In the preceding reign, the Princess Margaret of England made her entry into the city of Edinburgh riding on a pillion behind her royal spouse, James IV.; and though the Scottish nobility had now improved the breed of horses, and their caparisons were more elegantly ornamented, the most pompous display they could make in travelling would appear, in the present day, a mockery of grandeur. Stately chargers for the nobles and gentlemen, and beautiful palfreys for their ladies, with saddles, housing, and other appurtenances, loaded, not adorned, with

gold or silver, made an odd contrast with crowds of retainers, bringing up the rear of the running footmen in costly liveries. Yet proud and satisfied in their ignorance, each believing the customs of his own country or district superior in all points of excellence, they individually strained all their means to do honour to their own family by a sumptuous style for themselves and their immediate attendants.

The Lady of Balveny devoted to her toilette all the morning of her nuptial feast. Plates of polished silver or steel were then in use to reflect the image of beauty, and many of these, manufactured in foreign countries, were among the heirlooms of the Balveny heritage. Several damsels, bearing plates of shining metal, attended Wilmina on this occasion; and her lord, though he had times innumerable repeated whatever seemed to him best adapted to give due effect to her native charms, came often to her bower to suggest some improvement, or to admire the blaze of attractions that eclipsed the gorgeous apparel and sparkling gems in which she was arrayed. Magnificent trinkets had been brought from the East by crusaders of the

house of Balveny in successive generations; and as Fashion had not extended her arbitrary rules to female dress, Lady Balveny was at liberty to adjust hers for the most favourable exhibition of those ornaments. Her tight jacket of pale blue silk was of the form commonly used in Scotland; but the wide and longsleeves were Oriental, and looped up over the elbows with chains of twisted gold set with precious stones; and on her wrists Wilmina displayed bracelets to correspond. Her fingers were decked with rings. Her neck and half-uncovered bust were in a great measure shaded by many rows of golden links, decorated with gems similar in kind, but of greater size and value than those employed in looping up the sleeves. A petticoat of rich purple silk, embroidered to suit the bright crimson apron and tippet, completed the bridal costume. Wilmina's luxuriant tresses of glossy auburn were confined by braids of gold, superbly enchased and intermingled with costly pearls. On the crown of her head she fixed with golden skewers a small cornet of blue shag or velvet, scalloped and bordered with pearls. This was indispensable, according to the received opinion, that it was indecorous for a married woman to appear with her head uncovered.

A loud symphony from the harps announced that a grand assemblage filled the hall, and the chords had just ceased to vibrate on the instruments, when the *gude man* of Ballengeith led forth the Lady of Balveny from an anti-room. Clad in a sober suit of gray, and with no mark of royalty except wearing his broad blue cap, as he passed a crowd of peers and chieftains, he conducted

the blushing, trembling Wilmina to the upper end of the hall; then saluting her on both cheeks, he also pressed her forehead and ruby lips; and this last freedom he said she must excuse from an unmannerly clown, who, nevertheless, forbade it to all others except his host. He supported her by his arm and by many encouraging attentions while she underwent the trying ceremonial of presentation to her guests. From the hall he drew her to the gallery; the company of course followed: the *gude man* of Ballengeith danced gaily with Wilmina and a party he called up to join them, and having placed her in the chair of state, he stood by her side, talking and laughing with her, inspiring the dancers by cheers and plaudits, or promoting a circulation of the cup of welcome, which, in massive silver tankards, was handed round. Wilmina drank to her partner in an antique cup of gold. He emptied it to her health with loud acclamations, and kissed the reverse, on which her name was engraven. This cup and the strings of pearls were the bridal gift of the sovereign. Dinner being announced, the *gude man* of Ballengeith performed the office of *best man* in leading the young matron to her elevated seat; and while the company took their places at table, he disappeared. As Lord Balveny made no inquiry for him, it was well understood, that the king had concerted with him to remain only while his attendance might be essential to Lady Balveny.

She had in some measure composed her fluttered nerves, and was toiling in her vocation as lady of the feast, when the Master of Balveny and his brother were announced. Within

four miles of the castle a confused rumour of the marriage was intimated to them; and to manifest displeasure to their father, and to incommode the hostess by disturbing the economy of her table, they lagged by the way, till certain she must have begun to dispense dinner among the guests. Lord Balveny received them with cold politeness; but Wilmina, always conciliating, rose to welcome them with expressions of kindness, uttered in a tone of diffident and sweet agitation. The Master of Balveny hardly touched her cheek as he stiffly saluted her; she did not venture to raise her eyes, when the frenzied pressure of Sylvester's lips, and the wild grasp of his hands, made her look up: she became deadly pale, and would have fainted, if he had not raised her in his arms, and almost dashed her on the chair she left in compliment to him and his brother. In the son of her hoary spouse she beheld the youth whose "dark bright eyes" had made ineffaceable impressions on her heart. A feeling almost amounting to criminality mingled with the horrible discovery, and she must have sunk amidst the tumult of agonizing sensations, if a dread of exposure had not impelled her to exertion. Besides, the haughty demeanour of the Master of Balveny piqued her pride; and she could have braved every danger or hardship to shew him, that the blood of the Lindsays and Homes would not bend to the supercilious rudeness of any Douglas.

Sylvester, defying his fate, seated himself by one of the most brilliant beauties of the court, and talked with volubility, or laughed with noisy mirth, to display his indifference to an event that wrung his inmost soul.

Happy for Wilmina, could she always have regarded his behaviour in that light; but in the affectation of gaiety and ease, with real absence of mind, he swallowed more wine than he was accustomed to take; and before dancing recommenced, he was in a state of half frantic intoxication. The Master of Balveny, according to the usual etiquette, should have opened the ball with his new ally; he declined the honour, calling aloud upon Sylvester to act as his substitute, because, in dismounting at the gate, he had wrenched his ankle, and could not dance with their young mother. Sylvester made a ceremonious bow to Lady Balveny: a tremor seized all her joints as she rose in compliance; but a sense of dignity, not unmingled with some consciousness, that her beauty and magnificence were the gaze and admiration of the high-born throng, gave her spirits, which the music and exhilarating exercise sustained, as she moved along with graceful agility. The immoderate quantity of wine inflamed the vehement passions which Sylvester had never sought to controul; he forgot all but the enchantment of Wilmina's loveliness; and as he handed her to a seat, he whispered, in accents of despondency, "O mother! too dear mother! that name rends the heart of Sylvester, the son of Balveny."

The sentence was scarcely spoken, when its guilt, folly, and self-dereliction glared before the conscience-stricken Sylvester: his head grew dizzy, he staggered, and fell upon a gentleman, who, having observed the change in his countenance, hastened to assist him. Wilmina, in desperation, gathered presence of mind to repress her emotion; and her com-

plexion being heightened by dancing, accounted for the blushes that scorched her cheeks: the ladies crowded around, praying her not to mind punctilio with them, but to give all attention to her step-son. Her step-son! in these two syllables were implied incurable pangs of horror and misery: she stood irresolute and confused, when the good father Roderick, seeing her perplexity or alarm, came to ask if she would go with him to comfort Lord Balveny, whose grief for his son's illness would be soothed by her presence.

Wilmina and father Roderick in silence trod along a gloomy passage to a detached range of dormitories, whither Lord Balveny directed the menials who bore away his son, to remove him from the noise which reverberated through the vaulted compartments, lofty halls, and far-stretching corridors of the castle. They met his lordship returning; he took his lady's arm, and happily no suspicion crossed his thoughts in regard to the conflicting excitements apparent in her varying complexion, while she inquired for Sylvester under the maternal character. He knit his brows, and glared wildly as he fixed his eyes upon her. She requested to know what he would take for food or nutriment. He fiercely answered, "I have already taken too much. I want nothing but quiet. Go back all of you to your revel. I desire only that my own people shall be enjoined to attend their duty, in guarding the access here against intruders."

Lord Balveny hurried his lady away from an invalid who had not the civility to thank her for the attentions she paid to him. Father

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Roderick sat down beside him; but he insisted on being left alone, and would not be persuaded to undress. When Lady Balveny reappeared in the gallery, she was assailed on all sides with interrogatories concerning *her son*; and every one vied in filling her ears with encomiums on the transcendent graces of his person, his varied and high attainments, and the premature manliness of his daring courage. She struggled, and succeeded in the efforts to dissemble her emotion; but the torturing exertion shook her frame almost to annihilation. She was obliged to retire. Lord Balveny attributed her illness to the fatigues of the day; his guests imputed it to the affronting behaviour of her step-sons; and a few malignants insinuated, that if a sudden call of state affairs had not taken off the *gude man* of Ballengeith, the young matron would have had no ailments. Lord Balveny endeavoured to act for her and for himself in performing the rites of hospitality: he placed his niece, Lady Calderwood, in the chair of state, as a temporary representative of Lady Balveny; but this arrangement implacably offended Mrs. Halyburton. She resolved, and adhered to the resolution, to bid a last farewell to the castle, in accepting an invitation from her twentieth cousin's spouse, the Lady Piteur, who had asked her to see a religious procession, soon to take place at St. Andrew's. She absented herself from the supper-table, to collect her property for a final migration. Lord Balveny took for granted that she was with his lady: she indeed went to offer her several nostrums, which were declined; and she unintentionally furnished Wilmina's agitated

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mind with the best sedative, by mentioning, that while the company were dancing, the Master of Balveny and his brother galloped away, followed by all their reluctant train. Lady Balveny never again beheld the sons of her lord; nor, unless in confession to the pious and sympathizing father Roderick, did she ever again articulate the name of Sylvester.

To prolong a wedding festival amidst the rising and setting of three, seven, or nine suns, was deemed a propitious omen. This aphorism, so convenient for the multitudes who enjoyed pleasure, or benefited by fragments of the sumptuous entertainments, was communicated to Lady Balveny from authorities of all degrees on the day of her public introduction. The waiting damsels, as they disencumbered her of her weighty ornaments, repeated the most exaggerated tales of good fortune attending the nine-day rejoicings, and of disaster pursuing an abbreviated term: the effect would have corresponded to their designs if Wilmina had awoken with the power of recollection next day. The guests separated earlier than was customary on such occasions. Lord Balveny found his lady so ill, that he called father Roderick. The priesthood were then the only practitioners of medicine; and happily for Wilmina, her physician made a compassionate and generous use of the secret her ravings betrayed to him. He explained away to Lord Balveny the perplexing exclamations she uttered, and employed a dumb woman in the neighbourhood as her sick-nurse. Indeed no prescription could so effectually promote her recovery as the cares of a speechless attendant. The household took a different view of the case: they

gave Elspa Hossack full credit for restoring their lady from the bed of disease by fairy influences. She had a boy seven years old, not taller than a child of forty moons, and fearfully misshapen: he was supposed to be the progeny of a "green chieftain of the hillocks;" and old women averred, they had heard at dead hours of night, a *sough*, or dull, low, unearthly tones, muttering *wierd* spells over the Lady of Balveny. The attachment Lady Balveny evinced for her mute sick-nurse and the goblin boy were attributed to preternatural ascendancy: her first request to Lord Balveny was, to have Elspa and Gabriel Hossack as inmates of the castle; a boon cheerfully accorded, and as the event shewed, it came in a lucky hour.

The distemper left Wilmina's bodily constitution impaired; but the oppression that weighed down her spirits was not to be overcome by medicine. The stories related by her guests and waiting damsels haunted her imagination. When she ventured to quit her chamber in the morning, she shuddered at the sound of her own light steps, dreading the approach of some hideous foe; and when night hushed the voices of all but the warder of the castle and his sentinels, she shrunk from the moonbeams that fell on the gilded cornices of her sleepless couch, lest they might rouse supernatural agency to accomplish the evil omens of her destiny. Father Roderick had roamed the devious paths of dissipated gratification, ere a disappointment in the most tender susceptibility of his heart devoted him to monastic vows; he had studied, he had felt human infirmity; and he adapted his experience to the advantage of his pati-

ent. He deeply commiserated her sorrow, and respected her self-restriction. Domestic amusements could not interest her; yet, by engaging her in a favourite employment, the preparation of dresses, her melancholy might be relieved. He advised Lord Balveny to present her at court. The journey and change of scene were proposed; Lady Balveny assented with a languid smile: but when Lord Balveny by importunate entreaty drew her to the wardrobe-chamber, her countenance brightened. The massive oaken chests and closets were opened, and the gorgeous robes of many generations unfolded by the waiting damsels. Lady Balveny ordered the bales of splendid silks and cloth, the gold and silver lace and jewels, to be displayed; several days passed in a review of their comparative beauties, and a rumour having gone forth that the Lady Wilmina was to grace the circle of royalty, many vassals waited on her with costly gifts appropriate for the exhibition. She must exert herself to receive and entertain the donors; and again the long table was added to the *dais* in Balveny great hall; the smoking feast was spread from end to end; wine-cups circulated above the salt, and reaming ale or burnt plates of spiced brandy invoked mirth unrestrained to pass from eye to eye, and voice to voice, at the lower board. Lady Balveny's sadness abated; she smiled, and almost laughed at the jokes Lord Balveny and his friends bestowed on the damsels, when his lordship came to help the lady, as he said, to keep them diligent: in fact, those visits set them idle; but Lady Balveny was a little diverted, and her idolizing lord asked no more. Her eyes resumed their

brilliance; a bloom, beautifully delicate, yet portentous, returned to her cheeks: her voyage and journey were favoured by the weather; the king and queen received her with the most gratifying distinction; and during six weeks all the symptoms of her malady disappeared. She had been married more than a year, and if she looked back, it seemed a lapse of ages; now time careered with rapid pace. Lord Balveny perceived, that in a few months she could not with safety go back to Balveny castle; but to his representations on the subject, she replied by entreaties for another and another week to confirm her health, and he could deny her no request. He agreed to wait a grand court ball: Lady Balveny shone conspicuous amidst a constellation of beauties, "a lovely beam," soon to be extinct for ever.

The king led her to dance "the Dutch Skipper," a figure newly imported from foreign shores. Wilmina had daily received lessons in it, with a select party of ladies, under the direction of the king and queen. To modern ears and eyes, the slow tune and movements would appear fantastically insipid; the quicker measures and clapping of hands, absurd and vulgar; but in the court of the most accomplished monarch of the 16th century, it was admired as the perfection of elegance. Soon after the dancers were all engaged, the domestics trimmed the lamps. Lady Balveny screamed, and threw herself into the arms of the king: a general shriek of female voices ensued; each fair-one clung to her partner, and the loud laugh of lords and gentlemen echoed around. The king placed himself on the floor, taking Lady Balveny on his lap. Lord Balveny

knew her voice, and pressed through the crowd to inquire for her, and hardly could avoid stumbling as he made his way among the nobles, chiefs, and knights, who imitated the king in taking a lowly seat to support their fainting partners. All, but a few who were in the secret, when they looked at a neighbour, roared or groaned, and hid their faces with their hands; and none sat still, but gathered about the king, without knowing why. He resigned Lady Balveny to her lord, and gave orders for the lamps to be trimmed again. Many of the nearest bystanders observed, that the lamps were not only trimmed but changed; and when the king had for some time enjoyed the confusion, he went round the room, laughingly explaining, that the lamps had been displaced by vessels of a similar form, replenished with burning spirits mixed with salt, which gave every face a ghastly hue. This specimen of a courtly *hoax* in olden time will shew how rude and puerile were the ideas of merriment. The salted spirits became a standing jest; and the king said, that looking on all sides, on men and women in the fashions of different eras and countries, with ashen pallor in every face, he could have fancied the tombstones of Holyrood chapel had sent forth their dead to exhibit a dance of Death.

Some months after her return to Balveny Castle, Wilmina bore a female child, and expired. Lord Balveny mourned in ever renewing anguish over her premature tomb; but his religious fortitude sustained him in the parental duties wholly devolved upon him. The babe received her mother's name, and with her growth increased in likeness to the lamented Wilmina. The same sweet-

ness of countenance, but expressive of more sagacity and firmness of mind, gave father Roderick room to hope, that the maturity of her age would afford a continual solace to her parent. Father Roderick had exerted his ghostly influence to mollify the rigour of female tuition: that error was not to be apprehended in training the Lady Wilmina; she was in more danger from the opposite extreme; and to guard against it, father Roderick took her under his immediate charge. He was not ambitious that she should figure as a prodigy. He discerned in her the lustre of genius, and the wisdom of stedfast application to her studies: yet he took care not to blazon her attainments, lest the praises of indifferent persons, or of sycophants, might tarnish her moral excellencies with self-conceit. For her advantage, Lord Balveny repressed his fond exultation in her endowments of exterior and intellect; and her preceptor allowed him to vent his feelings in just applause for every emanation of benevolence, uprightness, humility, or, in few words, for all the evidences of practical piety. She was taught to avoid all display in her good deeds; but an attentive observer rehearsed them. This was the reputed "goblin boy," Gabriel Hossack. He always retained a lively gratitude for Lady Balveny's kindness to him and his mother, and with her first perceptions, Wilmina won his attachment to herself. All other infants turned away with terror from his hideous figure; Wilmina laughed, crowed, and held out her little arms, to shew how acceptable were his endeavours to amuse her.

(To be continued.)

A DEFENCE OF WIDOWS.

"Why ladies in that grief-worn state should be exposed to the mirth of artists or of talkers, we know not, and yet so it is."—*Critique on MULREADY'S Picture of "The Widow," in the Repository of Arts* for June, page 354.

I AM fearful I shall prove but a weak defender of that interesting portion of the fair sex who have unhappily become widows; but till a better shall arise, they must take the will for the deed.

My attention was called to the subject by reading the passage which I have quoted above as a text for my ten minutes' sermon; and I do most heartily agree with the reviewer of Mr. Mulready's picture, that "pity 'tis" such a generally received scandal should go forth against this unprotected class of females uncontradicted: nor is it even confined to scandal in its genteeler sense (if any thing so base can be genteel at all), but frequently degenerates into low vulgarity and abuse. Many a man, who ought to know better, fancies himself very witty, if he chances to meet a female in widow's weeds, when he repeats the hackneyed speech of, "There's a house to be let." Many respectable widows could, if they would, retort on such a scapegrace with another witticism, as old and as hackneyed it is true, by saying, they are to be *let alone**.

Neither is this scandal, as a general remark, at all true: many, very many widows continue, after the loss of their partners, in a state of celi-

* We were lately amused by the repartee made, according to the newspapers, by a lady under similar circumstances, which possibly escaped the notice of our correspondent. The stale remark cited above being repeated in her hearing, "You are mistaken, gentlemen," said she: "the house *is* let; but the bill is not taken down yet."—*Editor.*

bacy for the rest of their lives; and that too without a murmur, or without a wish to change their conditions. But it is not with such that I have to do; my wish is to defend those who marry again from what I consider an unmerited aspersion.

It must of course be admitted, that in so numerous a body of persons, there must be some few who marry again from unworthy motives; from indifference to, or forgetfulness of, their former husbands, or some worse cause; and it is such, few as they are, who have given some sort of ground for the malignant attacks of malignant men, who *should remember*, that a widow is an almost sacred character.

Many women are left by the sudden death of a husband in great poverty, who, during the lifetime of that husband, have been used to comfort and affluence; he might be either in trade, or hold some official situation, from which he had not yet been able to save any property to cheer the remaining years of the wife of his bosom. Death snatches him from her; she buries him handsomely, pays his debts, and finds herself penniless! She has been well educated perhaps: but in these times of neglect as to the employment of females, and of giving them a proper remuneration when employed, she finds it impossible to exist; even the parish workhouse stares her in the face! Is there no excuse, let me ask, for such a woman marrying again? Surely there is. Let the proud, the supercilious, the *witty* man, who can indulge his wayward fancy in utter-

ing bitter sarcasms against a feeble woman, let him, I say, feel such a state of utter destitution and want, and he will know how to excuse many a helpless, and otherwise lost, woman, who seeks comfort and consolation in the arms of a second husband.

In the case I have just put, I have not added to the aggravation of the widow's circumstances by supposing her to have children; but I can very well imagine a case, where a widow left with a family (though the experiment is doubtless a very dangerous one, for it is seldom that step-fathers or step-mothers feel as they ought towards the helpless offspring of another person)—but, I repeat, that I can imagine the case of a woman in such a situation, who, if a wealthy man made her an offer, would accept it, from the mere hope that it might advance the interests of her children; and this is some sort of sanctification for the circumstance of her marrying again: for such a woman would be apt, at the moment, not to think of the probability that there might be a second family of children; and, alas! we have sometimes even seen women themselves forgetful of the title of the first, when surrounded by new claimants upon their affections. Thank God, however, such instances are rare.

Other women again (leaving worldly considerations out of the question) are left widows, without any incumbrance, at a very early age, and with all the feelings of early life about them: would these cavillers expect that human nature should altogether change to forward their favourite theory? If they expect any such thing, they will, and they ought to be, disappointed. As well might

a man attempt to justify the horrible, and most frequently compulsory, *suttees* of the poor Indian widows, as to expect that European youth and beauty should remain single for fear of his ill-natured jokes,

“And waste its sweetness on the desert air.” Youth and beauty will do no such thing, he may depend on it.

Many widows, who are left with a business to take care of, soon begin to find the want of a husband to bear up against the wrongs and insults of the world; and such are frequently more than half ready, from this sort of necessity, to meet the proposals of a sometimes designing man. Such a case appears to have been in the mind of Mr. Mulready when he painted the picture in question: but be it remembered, that there is much excuse for such a woman. She feels, and knows, better than any other person, the injury which her business sustains for the want of a more competent manager than herself; and as to the design the man may have upon the snug shop and parlour, and the substantial comforts that frequently are to be found in such situations, it ought to be recollected, that she can no more look into the inmost recesses of his heart, than the wisest man of us all.

But the most astounding thing of all to some of the wonderers at widows for marrying again is, that of a woman doing so, who has been eminently happy with, and decidedly and truly fond of, the husband she has lost. At the first glance I admit that this does seem astounding; but I am by no means the only one who thinks that such a circumstance may be traced to that very happiness and fondness. Women who have been miserable and wretched with a husband

for many years, will be more likely to pause when they lose him, and, as the song says,

“Take care how they marry again.”

We have certainly a thousand instances of men who have been very happy with their first wives, marrying again: why then should not the same feeling operate with women? That it frequently does so operate I have not the smallest doubt. Some women indeed (and I respect their feelings too) have, upon the loss of a beloved husband, spent the remainder of their days in singleness of body and soul; have felt a luxury in continually calling to mind the man they so loved, and have so lost; and this has sometimes happened to very young women: but if other young women who have been thus happy in wedded life should marry again, I, for one, deem them excused, and heartily despise that man who would endeavour to hold them up to the finger of malicious scorn.

An elderly and respectable widow, and an elderly and respectable man, both without children, and both having a small income, almost too small to render them individually comfortable, have often been “joined together in holy matrimony,” much to the advantage of both parties; and I presume, that even the snarlers will coincide with me in thinking that such a union ought not to be laughed at, considering the increase of comfort which it is likely to produce.

In conclusion let me observe, that very many widows have been wearied out with the protracted and unceasing solicitations of their suitors; even the supposed widow Penelope, that pattern of women, was very near yielding to them, but for the contri-

vance of undoing at night that part of her web which she had woven in the day: so that it should seem the young fellows among the ancients were as worrying and as persevering as they are in the year of our Lord 1824. Another instance is given us by Shakspeare in his *King Richard III.* where Lady Anne is made to yield (too soon as I have always thought) to the usurping murderer. I certainly cannot bring her forward as an instance fit to form an excuse for those who “go and do likewise;” but merely as an example, to shew what perseverance may sometimes accomplish with the fair sex: though indeed, on the mimic scene, some of the *croaking* representatives of Richard who have recently had possession of the stage, would, I should imagine, have frightened most women away at the very first volley of voice. But be that as it may, worldly views and perseverance on the part of the men have done much to bring this unmerited disgrace on many widows. I have but one other word to say in extenuation, and that is, to remark that the sexes are made for each other; and therefore, after all, the blame must fall, in a great degree, upon *poor human nature*, that compound of virtue and vice, firmness and frailty.

I will add a few more “last words” just to observe, that the widowers marry again as often as they like with complete impunity, though frequently they have even less excuse than the widows, for they do not want *protectors*: if very old indeed they may want *nurses*; and, alas! youth and beauty are sometimes known so to throw themselves away. I have merely subjoined this remark about

widowers, in the hope that Mr. Mulready will next year balance the account fairly, by giving us "The Wi-

dower," as he has this year given us "The Widow."

J. M. LACEY.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. X.

I FLATTER myself that the interesting nature of Mrs. Ridley's adventures will be a sufficient apology for the length to which they extend: my readers I am sure must feel infinitely more gratified by the perusal of them, than by the narration of any of which I was the hero.

I left that lady just landed in America; and she felt less fatigue after her voyage than might have been expected. But a long and dreary route lay before her. She ascertained that Major Ridley was at a depôt of prisoners upwards of two hundred miles in the interior; and the country was all in possession of the Americans, whilst the road, in some places, lay through almost impervious forests. But she who had braved the dangers of the ocean was not to be daunted or dismayed by the perils of the land. Two strong horses were bought for the journey, for Mrs. Ridley was an excellent horsewoman; and she succeeded in obtaining a passport from the American commander, who, to his honour be it recorded, evinced every wish to facilitate the accomplishment of her glorious purpose.

Properly equipped for her enterprise, and taking with her such necessities as she thought would be most beneficial to Major Ridley, accompanied by the faithful Hammond, this excellent wife again set forth. For the first day they journeyed through a cultivated country, which had not suffered from the devastations

of war: yet here its terrors had spread by report; and the peaceable inhabitants were every day anticipating a visit from the hostile forces; whilst some were lamenting the absence of their heads, who had left their homes to join the army of the republicans. At night they sought for and obtained a lodging in a little farm-house, situated on the main road, at the entrance of a wood which they would have to cross. The inmates (a man and his wife, both far advanced in years,) were quiet, harmless people. They knew little of the world or its cares, and would have had as much pleasure in hearing that King George had succeeded in bringing back his revolted colonies to their allegiance, as in hailing the victorious progress of General Washington. They received the wanderers with kindness, spread before them the simple fare which their home afforded, and resigned their own bed to the lady with unaffected good will. When the travellers pursued their journey in the morning, the aged couple blessed them as they departed; and Mrs. Ridley thought of her parents and wept.

For several days they met with no occurrence worth recording. But on the sixth morning, when they had journeyed over considerably more than two-thirds of the distance, hostile sounds burst on their ears, and they began to be alarmed, lest they were getting into the vicinity of the contending armies. As they advanced,

the noise and tumult of battle raged fiercer, mixed with sounds of the most appalling description: they were the war-cries of the Indians, and struck terror to the hearts of Mrs. Ridley and her attendant.

From any of the regular soldiers on either side our travellers knew they had nothing to fear. The British would aid and assist them, and the Americans would at least respect their general's passport. But from the wild and savage native tribes, whom the contest had called into action, they could expect little else but rude and ungentle, if not cruel treatment.

The road which they were now traversing seemed to have been formed by Nature in one of her wildest moods. They were gaining the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and every step that they advanced seemed to carry them farther from civilization and from the haunts of men. On either side, high arching trees and rocky eminences bounded their prospects; and their inability to discern what was passing around them added to their horror. They knew not whether to advance or retreat: but their motions were soon decided; for, from a thicket on their left, a band of wild and savage warriors burst tumultuously, who, on seeing Mrs. Ridley and her servant, at first paused in amazement, and then in an instant surrounded and dismounted them.

Mrs. Ridley was too much oppressed by terror to speak, but Hammond loudly protested against their detention. An aged warrior, of a truly patriarchal appearance, and who seemed to have the direction of the party, told them in broken English to be quiet; and the horses being

turned adrift, Mrs. Ridley was placed in a litter, hastily and rudely constructed of some branches of trees, which, on a signal from the chief, four men hoisted on their shoulders, whilst Hammond was compelled to follow on foot, bearing the *valise*, which contained the property of his mistress.

Mrs. Ridley's reflections were of the most agonizing description. In the morning she anticipated a speedy termination to her toilsome journey, and expected to receive in the smiles of her husband an ample repayment for all her cares and all her trouble. Now she was fallen into the hands of rude and cruel men: she knew not what insults she might receive, what injuries she might experience; and she was totally ignorant as to whither they were taking her. Several times she essayed to address the men by whom she was carried; but they either did not, or pretended they did not, understand her; and she had no resource but in patience. The direction they were taking appeared, as far as she could judge, to be nearly the same with that of the road they had left; and she silently prayed to Providence for aid and assistance, for in heaven alone she now placed her trust.

They journeyed thus till noon, during which time they had not once emerged from the forest. The route they were taking did not appear to have been often trod by human feet. —The underwood obstructed their path, and the thickly entwined branches frequently hung so low, that they were obliged to stoop considerably to clear them. The Indians, however, pursued their course with as much ease, and apparently

with as much certainty, as if they were on a beaten road; and towards night they arrived at a kind of prairie, a sweetly sylvan spot, where the trees had been cleared to a considerable extent; and the plain was covered with flowers of fantastic hues, and plants of various and opposite qualities. Here the party made a halt, and Mrs. Ridley was taken from her litter; whilst Hammond, who had had great difficulty in keeping up with the party for the last few miles, dropped down with fatigue. Mrs. Ridley flew to her attached follower, and some of the restoratives which the *valise* contained, and which were intended for Mr. Ridley, were administered to him. He soon revived, and they watched with painful suspense the movements of the Indians. They seemed to intend spending the night in this place. Scouts were placed at the only two avenues it appeared to present; a fire was kindled by rubbing two sticks together; and they proceeded to dress some deer's flesh which they had with them. From the conversation occasionally carried on, Mrs. Ridley learnt with horror, that they were in the hands of a hostile party. The tribe to which these Indians belonged was attached to the American cause; they had been defeated that morning by a detachment of English soldiers, and vowed to take a deep revenge the first opportunity that offered. What they meant to do with their prisoners, the latter could not ascertain; but they conjectured that death, or a worse fate, awaited them. No hope of escape presented itself; the savages were ever on the alert and watchful; and the slightest motion produced a kind of alarm amongst the barbarians, who turned

upon them with looks which bespoke the fixed resolve of putting them immediately to death, should they offer to escape. They were served with refreshments, of which they partook only sparingly; and the meal over, the Indians laid themselves down around the fire to take some repose, leaving guards at the two outlets before alluded to, as well as two armed warriors to watch the captives. They had not slept long, before a hideous cry was given by one of the scouts: in a moment all were on their feet and had seized their arms. Before Mrs. Ridley and Hammond could ascertain what caused the alarm, the chief stood before them with an upraised battle-axe, ready to smite them to the earth. That instant the report of a musket was heard; the next the Indian rolled a lifeless corpse; and a general discharge of musketry, mixed with the appalling cries of the savages and the groans of the wounded and the dying, altogether created a scene of terror and alarm which was too much for Mrs. Ridley, who fainted in the arms of Hammond. This faithful follower found that the party who had captured them were attacked by another tribe of Indians, who had probably followed them unobserved: the confusion afforded him an opportunity of escape, which he availed himself of, and he bore Mrs. Ridley to the nearest outlet from this scene of death. He had no difficulty in gaining the wood, but when he had once entered it, he found himself quite bewildered in its mazes. Encumbered with his burden, he found it impossible to make his way through the thickly matted trees, and he sat down on the ground, resigning himself almost to despair.

In the mean time the deadly strife fiercely raged in the plain they had just left; but the assailants were worsted; and after a contest of some duration, they betook themselves to flight, once more seeking the shelter of the wood.

The scene now became truly terrific. The Indians, enraged at the loss of their comrades, amongst whom was their chief, flew to the fire round which they had been sitting when they were surprised; they snatched up the flaming brands, and hurled them amidst the trees. For weeks before not a drop of rain had fallen; the sun had shone with undiminished lustre, and had extracted every drop of moisture from the herbage on the ground, as well as from the under-wood, with which the forest was thickly studded. The brands were scattered on every side, and in an instant dense flames arose from every quarter. The shouts of the Indians can only be compared to the cries with which fiends hail their victims. They knew that the flames would overtake the defeated party before they could thread the mazes of the almost impervious wood into which they had penetrated; they knew that for miles a similar open space to that which they occupied would not be found; and calculated upon

the destruction of their foes by the agency of the most terrible and fatal of all the elements. They themselves took an opposite route; for discovering the escape of their prisoners, they set off, bearing with them their dead, in hopes of again surprising and retaking them.

The fire spread rapidly, and soon reached the spot where Mrs. Ridley and Hammond remained. She had just revived to a consciousness of her wretched state, when the flames, darting through the trees, and the thick sulphureous smoke which darkened the air, filled her with new apprehensions. In vain she roused herself, to seek with Hammond an outlet from this scene of horrors; not one could be found. The flames surrounded them on every side; they assumed a fiercer, a more brilliant aspect; and if the prospect could have been contemplated without a sense of danger, it must have excited emotions of profound awe and admiration. For some time these unhappy fugitives struggled with the difficulties that surrounded them; but nature was soon exhausted, and Mrs. Ridley once more became unconscious of the perils by which she was surrounded.

A RAMBLER.

MY OLD CLOAK.

"WHAT transitions there are in the world!" I exclaimed, as I wrapped the ample folds of my old military cloak round two of my children, seated in the after part of the pony-chaise in which my wife and I were about to take our diurnal airing. To conceive that my old cloak, which had been my constant companion in all

the dangers and reverses of war, which had been my coverlet in the tent, and my shelter in the bivouac, through all the hardships and changes of the seasons, should now be turned to so peaceable a purpose, was matter of meditation to me during the first half hour of our drive, and drew upon me the familiar accu-

sation of being "particularly dull this morning." I could not help it; I had got into a reverie, and reveries, as well as hobbies, must have their swing before they can be stopped. My poor cloak! many a dream have I had in thee, and why should I not bestow a few waking thoughts on an old friend and comrade? Of all my military insignia, preserved for the admiration of my posterity, this I most prize. My sword, to be sure, as it hangs over the mantel-piece, surmounted by my sash in a graceful festoon, may look more martial and more pompous; but neither that, nor its companion, occupies a place so near my heart as my old cloak, whose weather-beaten surface bears a strong analogy to the visage of its veteran master. The sword, God bless it! fierce as it looks, is altogether innocent of human blood; for in all my dangers, and I have seen a few, I never had occasion to use it, except in hacking wood for the winter's bivouac, or in toasting my scanty rations. The sash, although intended, as I have understood, to serve as a litter to carry its owner off the field when wounded, I never found to be used for that purpose, having, like most parts of dress, descended from use to ornament. 'Tis true, it has occasionally served to bind up a wound, or to act as a sling for a disabled arm; and for those kind offices I feel myself indebted to it. Towards the beguiler of my barrack-hours, my time-killing German flute, and to my case of man-killers, now ready at the call of honour, though happily guiltless of a comrade's blood, I cannot but look back with some degree of affection. To my lady-killers, or full-dress regimentals, which now slumber in ig-

noble repose at the bottom of a chest, only to be brought out occasionally for the amusement of the children, or for the purpose of exciting a military ardour in my second boy, whom I destine for the military college, I must confess myself under a load of obligation; it being to these, and a tolerably good leg, that I consider myself indebted for the highest prize in the lottery of life, a kind and affectionate wife: for, whatever may be my good qualities, I cannot suppose, that in a ball-room, where our eyes first crossed rays, and when each retired wounded from the field, she could have had penetration enough to discover at a glance the virtues of my mind or heart. But to my old cloak I am, if possible, still more indebted; for without it I should not now be alive to enjoy the blessings of a comfortable home, or to bring up brats for the service of my country.

In the apostrophe I had made on the transitions of life, my own fate, as well as that of my cloak, could not but cross my mind. It was matter of gratitude to the Father of mercies that I should have to be a principal object in the group assembled at my cottage-door. It was a family piece worthy of the pencil of a Wilkie; and as such I shall, as far as my feeble pen will allow, endeavour to describe it. Foremost stands a shaggy Shetland pony, which, with the addition of a little ochre, might have sat for the sign-painting of the Red Lion, and would certainly have stood competition with most of the delineations of that noble animal, depending over the doors of village alehouses, denoting, like the stocks and pound on the contiguous green, entertainment for man and

horse. To this somewhat equivocal-looking quadruped is attached a low four-wheeled vehicle, the manufacture of the village carpenter; the contents of which consist of a tall, erect, weather-beaten, one-armed, rather red-nosed gentleman, about forty years of age, in a blue surtout coat, somewhat the worse for wear, and a black stock; a trim good-looking wife about ten years younger, whose glistening eyes are turned towards the door of the house, where a baby, with arms extended, seems in the act of flying after the carriage out of the nurse's arms; a six-year old miniature of mamma occupying the post of honour between the parents, and two chubby-faced brats behind peeping through the collar of the old cloak aforesaid. As out-rider to this dashing turn-out, a ruddy freckled boy, about eight years old, bestrides a picturesque donkey in all the pride of juvenile assmanship; and last, though not *least*, being full six feet high, stands, in a military posture at the pony's head, my old companion in arms and faithful servant, Pat, who has followed me into my retirement to help me to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of a half-pay captain, his honest potatoe face vying with our little spaniel Cartridge, who stands wagging his tail at the party, in the expression of fidelity and affection, joined to a semi-parental look towards the younger part of the group, with a kind of leer, betokening a co-partnership in fun, lurking in the corner of his mouth, ready to be discharged at the boys as soon as his master's back is turned.

As the cavalcade proceeded, the course of my thoughts naturally led from my cloak to the camp, from

camp to battles, from battles to charges. Involuntarily I flourished my whip; I dug my heels into the seat-board; the pony dashed off at full speed; and I had already, in imagination, crossed bayonets with the enemy, when suddenly I was roused from my reverie by the chaise coming in contact with a wheelbarrow. "Tis thus in war," cried I; "the weak must give way to the strong. Poor wheelbarrow! the odds were too much against thee—four wheels to one. 'Tis true, thou art *renversé, culbuté*, as the French bulletins would say; but thou hast lost no honour in the encounter, and thou hast come off well with the loss of a limb!" A shrug of the shoulder, and a "*fortune de guerre*," followed as a matter of course. I threw the owner half-a-crown, and my reverie, as well as the wheelbarrow's leg, being completely broken, I resumed the jog-trot of life, much to my wife's satisfaction.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said I: "I was thinking of my old cloak; and, in drawing a contrast between its present and former uses, I was led on from one thing to another, till I found myself leading on my company to the charge. But to make up for the fright I have caused you, I will relate to you a dream which I once had in this old cloak. It was on the eve of the battle of Vittoria, as our division lay within a few miles of the enemy, I dreamt that we had a general action, in which I lost an arm from a cannon-shot; and that no surgeon being at hand, I died from the loss of blood. I supposed myself lying among other dead bodies, waiting for the last trumpet to call us to judgment. I had read in Scripture that we were to rise in

our bodies, and I began to think what a pretty figure I should cut without my arm; for I could nowhere see it, the military sextons, who are not over nice in these particulars, having most likely deposited it in the neighbouring grave of some grenadier. At last I spied one at a short distance, which had on the facings of my regiment. I made a grab at it; but it would not fit at all, having been carried off full three inches higher up than my own. It had besides a large mutton fist attached to it, and the owner had been in the habit of biting his nails. Now I was particularly nice in my hands, and had no more disposition than Prior's lady to the looking "ugly when one's dead." I determined, however, to keep the arm by me, supposing the owner might have mine, in which case we might set each other to rights when we met at the general muster. In this perhaps I argued wrong; for I have since observed, that, if in a ball-room you happen to take home an old hat instead of your own new one, the proprietor of the former is

seldom at any pains to rectify the mistake. While this was passing in my mind, and I was engaged in these metaphysical subtleties, suddenly the awful trumpet sounded. I started up at the noise, but could scarcely believe that I was actually awake and alive; for I heard the trumpet, or rather bugle, sounding in earnest. It was the first call for the march. I rubbed my eyes, fell in with my corps, and soon forgot my dream in the march and battle. Towards the end of the day, as you know, my arm was carried off by a cannon-ball. It was then that my dream rushed in full force upon my recollection. As far as the arm went it was verified; but, as I took all possible care to prevent the prognostic being fulfilled *in toto*, by bawling out lustily for a tourniquet, I am happily alive to communicate to you this remarkable dream, the forebodings of which, I confess, haunted me till my entire recovery. The extraordinary coincidence of the last trumpet and the first bugle, I leave to philosophers to account for.

B.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS OF ITALY.

(Continued from p. 30.)

CONCERNING those airings which the people take in Italy by the name of *corso* it is written, They please us not. While the natives of all those countries which are not shaped like a boot go abroad to change the oppressive atmosphere of towns for the pure air of the country, to be drawn by spirited steeds through luxuriant scenery, to roll along between flowery meads and golden corn-fields, and to revel in the charms of Nature;

the inhabitants of Italy repair to the *corso*, to demonstrate in the clearest manner to all who are not Italians, how much misery may be crowded into the short space of an hour. Should any one be desirous of acquiring more precise notions of the said *corso* and all its pleasures, let him accompany me to the *Porta nuova*, or any other *Porta* of the good town of A. or B., through which, at the hour of six precisely, all who would

be reckoned genteel and fashionable must, *ex officio*, go forth to take their airing. Hark! the clock strikes, and the equipages are already in sight at the outlets of the nearest streets running towards the *Porta nuova*, or other *Porta*, where we are already posted. We may survey them at our leisure as they pass; for the horses seem to have just strength sufficient to drag the machine to which they are attached to the place of destination, distant an Italian mile or thereabout, and back again to the town. Like the good steed of the far-famed knight of La Mancha, their modest wishes seem never to rise higher than to what is called a dog-trot; and one would be tempted to imagine that they had lost something in their last journey*, for nose and eyes are fixed stedfastly on the ground, which their feet skim so closely, that the lost article, were it but a pin, could scarcely escape them. Even without being a connoisseur in equine physiognomy, you may read in the faces of these animals, that their taste differs from the taste of their respective masters and mistresses, and that they heartily execrate the tedious promenade. We at the gate, indeed, ought to feel particularly obliged to their deliberation, as we shall thereby gain time and opportunity to have a good view of the fascinating females of Italy—for each carriage regularly contains one sample of them, together with her *cavaliere servente*—and thus enjoy a rich treat for our visual organs at least. Yes, if this prospect could be realized; but, alas! so far from it, all

* Yesterday of course; for every evening regularly at the same hour, they are seen trailing the same machine out at the same gate.

that our visual organs may hope for or expect is an abundant share of dust. All these carriages are hermetically closed: that they are laden with choice treasures we can only conjecture; for as to seeing, that is totally out of the question.

But, that we may not deprive our eyes, the only organs after all for which any food is to be found in the *corso*, of their due gratification, we must quit our post at the gate and follow the said coaches, which, forming a long file, proceed slowly and solemnly, as though they were acting a part in a funeral, to the place of their destination, where we may perhaps be more fortunate. On the way thither, however, an ample stock of patience is a most essential requisite; for beyond the gate, as well as in the town, the carriages continue closed, and there is still nothing to be seen. But how can the ladies, packed within so narrow a compass, breathe the fresh air, how enjoy a view of the picturesque landscape, how feast on the beauties of Nature? Such feasts, such gratifications, the moderate females of Italy do not covet: they are quite content with exchanging the air of the *bottega* for the air of the carriage; their eyes wander over its variegated sides, or perhaps the back of the coachman. It is true, that by letting down the windows of the coach, they would gain little or nothing, since the procession usually moves along a bare road, perhaps bounded on either side by high walls, where nothing is to be seen but dense clouds of dust, which the first carriages, with genuine liberality, kick up for the benefit of those that follow. Under these circumstances, therefore, the ladies cannot adopt a more rational

course than to remain invisible, and to content themselves with the mouthful of air which their close vehicles afford them.—Well then, let us hasten to the oft-mentioned place of destination, where we shall be more lucky, and certainly obtain compensation for the inconveniences and privations which we have had to endure. I behold already in imagination a picturesque landscape resembling a delightful garden, amidst which the coaches halt; all the doors open, and angelic shapes descend to trip with light step over the verdant turf, or to walk along the bank of some murmuring stream. Quick! *per l'amor di Dio*, let us make haste!—Softly, softly, my friend, reserve your poetic enthusiasm for a more suitable occasion; for I am compelled, however reluctantly, to dispel these pleasing reveries, to annihilate these fond hopes. Neither garden nor beautiful landscape will receive us, but a bare spot, covered with stones and plenty of dust; or a piece of ground, the pleasant or unpleasant situation of which is not regarded, if it but affords the necessary space to allow the equipages to draw up; a place where we pedestrians shall find neither chair nor bench, nor so much as a draught of water to cool our parched throats; a place where nothing is to be seen or heard of meads, and streams, and banks, and all the trumpery that you have been dreaming of; and where no rational person would ever think of alighting, much less of tripping or walking.—But, gracious heaven! why then do they come hither?—To sit still in the vehicle for half an hour.—To sit still?—Yes, to sit still. By and by a window is let down and a head thrust out to communicate to the *conti*,

marchesi, *cavalieri*, *marchese*, *contesse*, &c. who likewise remain patiently in their receptacles to the right and left, the important information, *Fa molto caldo* (It is very hot); to which the party addressed responds, *Si, molto caldo* (Yes, very hot). The dashing *marchesi*, *conti*, and *cavalieri* then appear on foot, and the doors of the vehicles are opened, that the fair inmates may chat with them more conveniently. Should any gallant spark be seen on horseback, he attracts general notice; the company admire his extraordinary courage, and from many of the carriages resounds the cry of *Ma bravo continuo*.—Well and then?—Then!—why then it is all over.—Over! impossible!—Nevertheless so it is: it may indeed be farther remarked, that those vehicles which are occupied by young and beautiful females are most resorted to by the above-mentioned *marchesi* and *conti*; and that the *cavalieri serventi* belonging to the first class, who are seated by the ladies, look rather blue on the occasion: moreover, that nobody is fond of approaching too near to such carriages as contain *cavalieri* of the second class; while those whose female inmates are gifted with more years than charms, stand as lonely and unnoticed as if they were wholly untenanted. With disappointed looks, one of this neglected class thrusts her head out at the window to see whether any thing in the shape of a man is approaching—in vain; she has no other resource than with becoming resignation to draw back her head within her receptacle, and return with her snoring *cavaliere* to the town, whither she is presently followed by the other coaches, and at length by us too, since we have en-

joyed in fullest measure the delights of the *corso*, and made ourselves acquainted with the last of the ordinary amusements of these people.

Among the extraordinary, the *fiera* (fair) certainly deserves the first place. Why this *fiera* is thus named heaven above knows, I cannot tell; for as to buying and selling, there is nothing of the kind, nor do I recollect having observed, that at the time of the *fiera* there was a single night-cap more in the *piazza*, than at any other season of the year. This *fiera* nevertheless, like every thing else in Italy, is announced with great noise; for many weeks beforehand the people talk of nothing but the pleasures which it will bring in its train, and in which they revel by anticipation. Whatever is passing beyond the walls of their town is deemed unworthy of the least notice: whether an absolute or a constitutional king reigns in Portugal, whether human beings are boiled or roasted in Spain, they neither know nor care; and the newspapers, to which the Italians never pay much attention, are now totally neglected.

At church, at the *corso*, in the *casino*, in all the *botteghe*, and in the boudoirs of the ladies, nothing is talked of but the opera, the *Corso di Barberi*, and the game at ball; and no information but what relates to one or other of these subjects may expect a favourable reception. Accordingly the indefatigable *cavaliere servente* surprises his mistress early in the morning with the intelligence, that the *famoso buffo cantante* Signor Bertuccia, and the unrivalled *buffo comico* Signor Pipistrello, are secured for this *fiera*; and that Count Cicalone, a man who

knows every thing; whose authority, especially on theatrical matters, is unquestionable; who is fond of the society of artists of both sexes, and is the friend and confidant of all the performers that visit his native town — this Count Cicalone is already exclaiming at the door of the *bottega*, to his friends assembled there as usual, “Do you know that the *celebre cantante Signora Anitza*, and the *vezzosissima seconda donna Signora Lodola*, are engaged for our opera?” The intimation is hailed with shouts of joy. “And do you know that the never sufficiently to be extolled *tenore Signor Gallinaccio*, and the never enough to be praised *prima ballerina Signora Saltimbanca*, together with the *maestro Zanzara*, whose talents transcend all commendation, are already on the road?” *Evviva el nostro Cicalone!* “And have you heard that the Signori Spazzastrade and Parabolani, the inimitable ball-players, will spend the *fiera* with us? *In fede!* I have just received letters stating that they will be here next Sunday.” The *bottega* resounds with acclamations. In these days of joy a husband is known to forget the rules of decorum, and to hurry to his wife’s chamber, to carry her the enchanting news that a celebrated steed, *un famoso barbero*, whose fame is spread over all Italy, will embellish the *fiera* by his presence. When at length all this joyful intelligence is confirmed, when the Signora Anitza, Lodola, and the racer, the Signori Pipistrello and Gallinaccio, together with the *celebre maestro Zanzara*, are actually arrived, *o che giubilo! o che contento!* Friends communicate to each other this rapturous certainty with

tears of joy; the above-mentioned husband bursts a second time into his wife's chamber; the *cavaliere servente*, who has not arrived in time to escort his mistress to the *casino*, and who for this offence would have been treated at any other time like a poodle-dog, receives a full pardon; mortal enemies are reconciled; and utter strangers hug one another in the public streets as fervently as the Russians do on Easter-Sunday.

But now they wish that leaden time had wings, and count the hours till the evening of the general rehearsal, the first *fête* that the *fiera* brings in its train*; and Conte Rimario, who is accounted a great poet, because he has written with his own hand three sonnets, which he himself ranks above Petrarch's *canzoni sorelle*, is preparing to tag together a fourth in *lode dell'egregia Signora*

* For the information of such of my readers as may not comprehend how a rehearsal can be a public *fête*, be it observed, that to this rehearsal, which is held by the newly arrived company of performers the evening before the first representation, the public is admitted on the payment of a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the labouring class of the company. The theatre is not lighted; but lamps distributed here and there in the orchestra and in the side-wings afford the spectators a glimpse of the faces of the virtuosas, charming and otherwise: young, and more especially old, gentlemen throng to this rehearsal, not only that they may be able to make a due report next morning on the music and singers, male and female, but above all in the hope that chance may favour them with an opportunity of exchanging a few words with the *celebre* Signora Anitza, or of touching as they pass the robe or the shawl of the enchanting Signora Lodola.

Lodola, in order to present it as speedily as possible to this *divina Lodola*, printed on azure-blue satin, that he may thus drive all less rapid sonneteers to despair. For the ladies a most important era commences with the *fiera*: fashion requires them to appear daily in a new and tasteful costume at the *corso*, the theatre, the *casino*, and, above all, on the stand at the races, in a dress combining all that art and elegance are capable of producing. It is the more essential to pay particular attention to their appearance on this occasion, as the ladies of Italy, of whom in general you can only obtain a sight *en buste* (for wherever you see them they are sitting), shew themselves on this important day at full length. Their whole stock of fancy and invention is therefore laid under contribution, and many an hour, otherwise devoted to Morpheus, is sacrificed to the study of the Parisian or Milan *Journal des Modes*, in order to make conquests not only of the native but the foreign hearts that may be attracted to the *fiera*, and to signalize these days of delight by victories.

But to many individuals these days of delight are days of misery, and with the tones of general joy are mingled sighs of the deepest distress. They proceed from the *cavaliere servente*, whose fate during these delicious days is truly deplorable. He can scarcely find time to take the necessary food; as for sleep, that is totally out of the question. A hundred different errands, which threaten to drive him out of his wits, are to be performed all at once with the rapidity of lightning; and a hundred times a day he receives reprimands, which savour much more of

southern vivacity than of feminine gentleness. Has he at length, after the fatigues and hardships of the day, reached the theatre with his mistress, alas! there his torments recommence. In ordinary times he is permitted to sit opposite to the lady in the front of the box; but now he is not only thrust from this post of honour by the strangers who come thither to pay their visits to his absolute sovereign (for visits are very rarely paid to ladies at their homes, but generally in their boxes at the theatre), but being obliged to give way to each new-comer, he is gradually removed farther and farther back to the very door, where he can neither see nor hear, and where, unnoticed by his lady, he may think himself lucky if he is not completely excluded from the box. It must, however, be admitted, that the *cazaliere* is seldom subjected to this

indignity, since some respect is always paid him for the sake of the lady, and in consideration of his office. Should, however, a husband, to whom no such respect is due, take it into his head to post himself in his wife's box, where he has manifestly no business, the gay visitors are not so indulgent, and very justly express their displeasure in no equivocal manner. As such a stray Benedict is commonly soon aware of the indecorum of his conduct, he beats a retreat, and quits the house altogether, or seeks a place in some other box. At his departure, the young gentlemen whom he leaves behind fail not to vent their astonishment in some such expressions as, *Che diavolo! che idea!* "What a fancy! What could he want here?" &c.

(*To be continued.*)

WAS IT A GHOST?

THE nephew of the Baron de Waldenheim quitted his uncle's mansion in Germany, where he had been brought up, to spend some months with a distant relation of his deceased mother in Provence. The time of his absence appeared very long to the baron; he had never before been separated from the youth, who was in fact the sole remaining tie that bound him to existence. He was looking forward with delight to the moment in which he should welcome him to a home that he secretly determined he would not again consent to his quitting, when he received a letter from his relation, Madame de Chauvelin, informing him that Frederic was dangerously ill, and entreating him to

lose no time in setting out for Provence. It was evident from the tone in which the letter was written, that the writer's fears were even greater than she ventured to express. The poor baron, therefore, anticipated the worst; he thought that death was about to rob him of the only stay of his declining years, and he set out for Provence in a state of mind bordering on despair.

"Is he alive?" was his first question on alighting.—"Alive, yes; but ——"—"Shew me to his chamber."—"That must not be; he is so weak that the least surprise would ——"—"He shall not be surprised: I will not speak, nor even stir; only let me be in the same room with him." Madame de Chauvelin led him in si-

lence to the chamber of Frederic. Ah! what a sight met his eyes! The youth whom he had seen so recently in the highest glow of health and beauty, was extended on his bed in a deathlike slumber, that seemed the precursor of his dissolution. It was only the eye of affection that could trace in his sunk and ghastly features the resemblance to what he had so lately been.

All the baron's self-command was scarcely adequate to repress the anguish of his soul. He hastened from the room; Madame de Chauvelin followed: she told him that about a fortnight before the spirits and appetite of Frederic began to fail him, but he made no complaint; she wished him to see a physician, but he resolutely refused, declaring that he ailed nothing. His illness, however, increased rapidly, and she called in a physician, who had declared that there was very little hope.

The sentence of his own death would have been comparatively welcome to the poor baron. "God's will be done!" said he; but he added, with quivering lip, "and if it be his will, may I soon follow my poor boy!" The physician at this moment arrived: he assured the baron that he must not venture to make himself known to his nephew, at least for some hours. It was then late at night, and the baron, exhausted by his long and fatiguing journey, which he had pursued without intermission, yielded to Madame de Chauvelin's pressing request to retire for a few hours to bed. The nurse who attended Frederic was an old and faithful servant, upon whom madame could entirely rely. That lady herself also slept in a small chamber adjoining that of the young man,

and visited his apartment generally two or three times during the night. "To-morrow," said she to the baron, "I will give up my room to you; you will then have an opportunity of seeing him from hour to hour; but for to-night you must seek a little sound repose."

The baron felt that to sleep was impossible, but he was too much exhausted to argue the point, and he retired to the chamber prepared for him. It was a large old-fashioned apartment; its immense size and heavy antique furniture gave it altogether a gloomy air, which added to the deep depression of the baron's spirits. He tried for a long time in vain to sleep; at last he just began to close his eyes, when a slight noise roused him. He started up, and beheld a figure dressed in white and covered with a long veil close to his bed-post. Surprise, perhaps terror, chained his tongue: the figure glided on; he saw it distinctly reach the extremity of his chamber, and vanish. Springing from his bed and seizing a light, he ran to the spot at which it had disappeared, in expectation of finding a door: there was none. He then turned to that of his chamber; it remained locked. Unwilling still to give credit to the belief that he had had a supernatural visitor, he carefully searched every part of the room, but in vain, no traces of the figure could be found; and he was driven to believe that either his imagination had deceived him, or that he had really seen a spectre. "Was it a ghost?" said he to himself. "Pshaw! impossible! besides, for what purpose could it come?" He paused: his conscience acquitted him of crime, save the common frailties of humanity, and

more composed, he threw himself upon his bed, and tried, but in vain, to sleep. After some time he rose, and dressing himself, proceeded to the apartment of his nephew. He found the old nurse in tears. "All is over," said she to him softly.—"O heaven! is he then dead?"—"No, he still lives; but——"—"But what?"—"His last moments are drawing on." The baron fell on his knees by the side of the bed; he scarcely dared to look upon his nephew: what then was his astonishment and joy to find him in a soft and tranquil sleep? "Wretch," said he to the nurse, "why would you crush the little hope that still remains to me?"—"Hope! there is none."—"And why?"—"He has received his last warning; and, poor soul, he knows it too, for I distinctly heard him say, 'I come!'"

At this moment Mad. de Chauvelin entered the room, and her interrogatories drew from the old woman an account of her having seen a female figure, robed in white, bending over the invalid. Whether the spectre had spoken the nurse could not say, but she distinctly heard Frederic exclaim, "I come!" What followed she knew not; for, with a sudden impulse of terror, she threw herself by the side of the bed and hid her face in it, and when she ventured to look up the figure had disappeared.

Madame de Chauvelin treated this story as the mere effect of a disordered imagination. The baron would have gladly thought the same, but he could not forget the figure that he had himself seen; and though not much tinctured with superstition, he found that the last moments of his nephew were indeed drawing nigh.

Nevertheless, the slumber of the invalid was long and tranquil. The physician arrived: he pronounced that the crisis of the disorder was approaching, and from the tranquil appearance of the patient, he augured a favourable one. He was right: Frederic slept for more than twelve hours; he awoke free from fever; and the physician, who, at the baron's desire, had not quitted his bed-side, declared, that with proper care his recovery was almost certain. The nurse, however, shook her head in dissent; and the baron, who hardly dared as yet to give himself up to hope, could not help repeating to himself, for at least the fiftieth time, "Was it a ghost?"

And as our readers may probably say so too, it is time to let them into the secret. The next-door neighbour of Madame de Chauvelin was a widow with a charming daughter. The families were not acquainted; but as the gardens joined, our young German was not long in introducing himself to the young lady, whom he saw almost every day in the garden. Her mother was then from home, and she was left under the care of an old aunt, who rarely stirred from the house, and as the habits of Madame de Chauvelin were also very sedentary, the young people had consequently many opportunities of meeting unobserved. They talked not of love, however, though they both felt it, till one morning that Frederic surprised his mistress in tears, and learned that they were caused by the expected arrival of a suitor whom Adelaide had never seen, but for whom, nevertheless, her mother informed her that her hand was destined. We may believe that this intelligence unsealed the lips of

Frederic; but he pleaded in vain. Adelaide did not attempt to deny that she loved him, but she regarded her passion as a crime against the duty which she owed to her mother, and she avowed her determination to conquer it.

"You avow then, that you are determined to forget me, and to marry another!" cried the distracted Frederic. Adelaide's tears flowed fast, but she only replied, in a voice suffocated by sobs, "I must do my duty." Frederic quitted her, as he believed, in anger. The following morning she was not in the garden; day after day passed, she did not appear. He found means to get a letter conveyed to her; it was returned unopened. The mother and the lover arrived; and Frederic, believing his fate to be sealed, gave himself up to a despair which soon threatened the most fatal consequences.

Meanwhile, the tender and dutious Adelaide suffered no less than her lover; it was in vain she strove to reconcile herself to the choice of her mother. The form of Frederic was for ever before her eyes; but her sense of duty was too strong to permit her to relax in her rigour, till she found that the effects of it were such as to endanger her lover's life. Then, indeed, she bitterly regretted her severity, and internally vowed to live and die for him alone. But how was she to convey to him this resolution? She dared not apprise her mother of her sentiments; she had no confidant, no friend upon whom she could rely to reveal them to her lover, and to procure access to him herself was impossible. In this dilemma a plan occurred to her, which nothing but the force of love could have enabled her to execute.

Some time before her mother had occupied the house in which Madame de Chauvelin then lived, and Adelaide had accidentally discovered a secret door which opened from the baron's chamber into that in which she herself slept. At the end of the baron's apartment a recess had been formed in the wall, capable of concealing several persons; a sliding pannel in the baron's room opened into this recess, and another from the recess gave admission to the chamber of Frederic. Before the baron came, his chamber had been untenanted, and Adelaide conceived that she would have nothing to dread in passing through it to the recess which opened into Frederic's apartment. She had already entered the baron's chamber before she was aware of her mistake, but his stillness made her conclude that he was asleep; and while he hesitated about following her, she had gained the recess unobstructed. There she concealed herself till she found that all was quiet, when she ventured into the chamber of her lover, whose bed happened to be close to the door which gave her admission. Oh! how secret and unexpected a sight for poor Frederic! no wonder that he could not believe his senses; no wonder that in his first emotions he conceived it to be the disembodied spirit of his beautiful mistress, and that he exclaimed, as the nurse had truly reported, "I come!" But a few words from his Adelaide convinced him that she came not to summon him to another world, but to bid him live for her; and lest the scene should appear to him in after hours to have sprung only from a disordered brain, or an exalted imagination, she left with him a memo-

rial of its reality, which he could not doubt—a ring which he well remembered to have seen her wear. The sight of this upon his finger, when he awoke after his long and tranquil sleep, assured him that his bliss was real; and in the first moments of his recovery he was sensible only to the delightful thought, that Adelaide had vowed to live for him and him alone.

But doubts and anxieties soon began to mingle with the delicious hopes to which this assurance had given rise. One day as the baron sat by his bed-side, he took notice that his countenance changed several times. “Frederic,” said he, “you are in pain.”—“Alas! yes.”—“Where, my child?”—“O my dear uncle, if I dared to tell you!”—“Dared to tell me! What, you whom I love as my own soul, you to have a secret from me, and this secret perhaps the cause of your illness?”—“My dear uncle, you shall know all. I love a charming girl.”—“Very well, there is no harm in that.”—“She loves me also.”—“So much the better, you shall be married directly.”—“But her mother means to give her to another, who is richer than I am, and I fear——”—“Fear nothing; only tell me her name.”—“Madame de Sancerre, our next-door neighbour.” The baron staid to hear no more: in ten minutes he was in the saloon of Madame de Sancerre, whom he found in no very placid humour, for she had just been urging her daughter in vain to fix a day for her marriage.

“Madame,” said Waldenheim, approaching her, “I am come to ask my life at your hands.” Madame de Sancerre, mistaking the nature of this address, blushed and drew up. She was still a fine woman, and might

easily be pardoned for thinking that her charms had subdued the sturdy veteran; but too politic to betray what she thought, she asked, in a reserved tone, what M. de Waldenheim meant. “Madame, you have a beautiful daughter, so at least I am told, and I can well believe it, now that I have seen you. I have a nephew, young, handsome, in short, a fit match for her.”—“Sir, my daughter is engaged.”—“Pardon me, madame, she is not.”—“How, sir, do you dispute my word?”—“Not at all; but I beg leave to convince you that you are mistaken.”—“Mistaken!”—“Yes, for the intended marriage is not practicable.”—“And why?”—“Because my nephew adores your daughter, she loves him: he has a tolerable fortune of his own, I have one still better to give him; and, as I am determined that this match *shall take place*, I tell you frankly, that you will risk three lives if you strive to prevent it; for your intended son-in-law must measure swords with me, as well as with my nephew, before he robs my boy of the chosen of his heart.”

Madame de Sancerre was a humane woman, she hated bloodshed, and had besides no aversion to money: the words “he has a tolerable fortune of his own, and I have one still better to give him,” had their weight. A little conversation with M. de Waldenheim convinced her, that he was ready to make any pecuniary sacrifice for his nephew’s happiness; and she took care to propose very hard conditions, to which he acceded with a readiness that settled the matter at once. The lovers were soon united, and they made it a principal part of their happiness to form that of the generous benefactor who had

procured it for them. Frederic was even more submissive and attentive to his wishes than he had been before his marriage; and from Adelaide he experienced the duty and affection of a daughter, though she could never prevail upon herself to reveal the secret of her appearance in his chamber; and he, on his part, as carefully kept the knowledge of the supposed apparition from his nephew and niece, lest he should

cloud their happiness by introducing superstitious fears into their minds. The thing is therefore to this hour unaccounted for; it still forms the occasional subject of the baron's ruminations, and sometimes, when he finds himself unable to sleep, he looks round his chamber (where he has ever since, contrary to his usual custom, burned a light,) with a sort of anxious curiosity, saying to himself, "After all, was it a ghost?"

THE PIRATE.

A YOUNG gentleman of Ireland having squandered a good estate, escaped from his creditors on board of a vessel bound for the West Indies. Unacquainted with any condition except the gay and the dissipated, he entertained sanguine hopes that a relation in Jamaica would soon put him in the way of retrieving his fortune; but he was too late convinced of his own incapacity to earn what he deemed a tolerable livelihood. He could not undertake the profession either of a lawyer, physician, or surgeon; and though his friend might have procured for him a clerical living, he had no education suitable for a divine, and he reflected in bitterness upon his negligence at school and at college. He could not even write a legible hand; his knowledge of arithmetic was superficial, and of book-keeping he was quite ignorant. Of what use to him were now his elegant dancing; his fine performance on the violin, flute, and clarionet; his graceful manners and high fashion? These accomplishments served but to unfit him for the drudgery of a book-keeper; yet to that toil and humiliation he must submit, or sink into utter destitution.

He passed three months attending the field Negroes, without any alleviation of his despondency, excepting a ray of self-complacency afforded by an exercise of humanity to the beings so entirely at his mercy; and even this was mixed with inquietude, as the overseer, a turbulent despotic clown, blamed his lenity for every error committed by the slaves. He was unhappy; his self-respect and all finer feelings were impaired: yet his soul would have revolted at the turpitude to which, within the space of twelve months, he became familiarized.

A few steps in folly may lead to crimes. Such were the consequences to Mr. Rodnam; and, on the other hand, one great effort in returning to the path of honour extricated him from profound degradation. Sunday was the only time he could obtain any relaxation from his field duties, including the charge of giving out provisions for the slaves, which he was likewise obliged to attend to at certain daily periods. Sunday he would gladly have given to convivial pleasures, if the want of gentlemanly habits in his only associates had not filled him with dis-

gust: he therefore strayed alone to the seashore, fixed his eyes upon the great Atlantic Ocean, and thought of dear little Ireland, the scene of youthful joys.

About the end of three months, the overseer rudely reprimanded him for sparing the whip, and made some gross allusion to the silly womanish tenderness of *poor gentlemen*. Mr. Rodnam's Hibernian spirit flashed out in the most pointed yet indirect ridicule of plebeian brutality. He saw that the overseer appropriated the derision to himself, and was aware that he could and would avenge it. Stung by wounded pride, and not without strong presentiments of more insufferable insult, he wandered to his accustomed solitude. Transported by vehement emotion, he sometimes wrung his hands, beat his forehead, or sat wofully ruminating upon the misery of a civilized mortal, removed from all with whom he could assimilate, and subject to the tyranny of a savage. In these agonies, or melancholy reveries, time imperceptibly elapsed; he had walked along the beach unheeding how far, and when he looked at his watch, the last relic of better days, he saw that his time had been outstaid by two hours. He reprobated his own imprudence in giving the overseer such advantage against him; and while occupied by this idea, a stout man, with a weather-beaten visage, accosted him in a high Irish accent with much kindly warmth, expressing his sorrow to observe a fine young gentleman so troubled in mind.

The voice of a countryman, the effusions of sympathy so long unheard, dismissed from the heart of Rodnam the little caution which he

began to learn from the severe lessons of experience. He frankly related his former errors, his present mortifications, and his foreboding of added indignities from the rugged overseer. The stranger bade him take heart; there was good help at hand. He commanded a ship, which lay at a small distance; his barge was in a creek hard by, and would receive his jewel of an Irish lad then, or late in the evening; but it would be wisest to go back to the plantation, take away his things, and come to the easternmost point as the sun went down. A few years in trade to the East Indies would make him richer than any Creole of the West. Mr. Rodnam accepted the proposal, and ratified the agreement by shaking hands with Captain Monaghan.

On returning to the plantation, he had the satisfaction of hearing that the overseer had been absent all day, and was not expected till very late: he began to hesitate upon throwing himself entirely under the power of a stranger; but recollecting his unconditional engagement, he determined not to break it. He was taken on board, and with horror discovered that he was involved with pirates; but each had a story to tell in palliation of his opposition to the laws that formerly aggrieved him in partiality to the powerful and wealthy. Rodnam regarded their offences as the effects of just resentment; and living in luxury and ease, he falsely concluded, that the pirates were really better men than the oppressors of the sable race, who never shared with him their abundant gratifications. To divert the crew with instrumental music and singing, to go on shore as spokesman, for which

he was admirably qualified by his handsome figure, and his polite and insinuating address, were all the duties required of him. Indeed, he was also deputed to attend the nocturnal balls so frequently held by people of colour, and to entice away Mulatto girls. After being detained on board, leading the most dissolute life, those wretched victims were sold to the highest bidders on the coast of Spanish America.

The pirates made several prizes, and Rodnam silenced the remonstrances of conscience by calling to remembrance the manifold wrongs alleged by the crew against traders in general; and he said to himself, that it was reprisal, not piracy, since no bloodshed, no cruelty accompanied the seizure. This last *quietus* was of brief duration. A vessel made determined resistance: the pirates boarded, and by numerical superiority vanquished her brave crew. Her cargo was the most valuable they had taken since Rodnam joined them; but the lifeblood of the captors and the captured streamed along the deck, and the heart of our Hibernian died as it were within him when the dialect of Great Britain saluted his ear. His courage in boarding had drawn huzzas of applause from his intrepid messmates; but at that moment the encomiums of ruffian spoilers and murderers were odious, as the guilt of several had the aggravation of being committed to the injury of their countrymen.

This remnant of good feeling wore away, or was stifled by the influence of custom: four years indurated the once generous and compassionate nature of Rodnam; the destruction of human beings appeared as no more than the fate of warfare: yet

he inflicted no wanton cruelties, and was instrumental in restraining the ferocity of Monaghan on different occasions. Heaven in mercy arrested his progress in depravity, ere his better dispositions were quite deteriorated. The watch at the mast-head gave notice that a large merchant-ship, carrying some guns, was making for the port of Charlestown, South Carolina: the pirates got between her and the harbour, and prepared for action. The crew at this time had lost many of Rodnam's first acquaintances by sickness and wounds; they now, with few exceptions, consisted of run-away Negroes, who fight with desperation, preferring death to a surrender, knowing the terrific penalties of desertion from their masters. Three Negroes from the plantation which Mr. Rodnam had left were of the number; and when they found him on board, they shouted for joy, remembering his lenient exercise of authority. They studied to oblige him, and more important services were to testify their gratitude. The trading vessel was inferior in metal to the pirate, and her complement of men fewer by half: overpowered by the ferocious boarders, the wounded Americans were forced to yield. They stood to their guns till faint with loss of blood, and not one man remained unhurt. The pirates, in admiration of their valour, behaved to them with more than their usual civility.

Rodnam was among the first to spring from the deck of the pirate-ship into the trader; but he was not impelled by avidity for spoil. He had observed a young girl clinging to an aged gentleman, who, with his left arm and his head bound-up,

seemed to be losing blood through the bandages; yet with a drawn sword stood ready to oppose the boarders. They made repeated thrusts at him before Rodnam could allay their fury: the colours were struck; Mr. Shipley gave up his sword, and sunk in the arms of his daughter. What a situation of horror and woe for a young and delicate female! but she forgot herself in grief for her parent. Mr. Rodnam tied up the gashes inflicted by the boarders, assuring the lady of honourable treatment. Mr. Shipley recovered a little; and Mr. Rodnam having repeated the protestations of respect and humanity, the dying gentleman said, "For myself I care not—but my child, my daughter. O young man, you look and speak like a gentleman, though—but why offend? I am soon to be no more, and to you I must commit the honour of my ill-fated Mary. Oh! how ill-fated to be here, and her only protectors dead or dying! Save her! She has fortune and friends to give their all for her ransom: take all, young man; her friends will provide for her."

Mr. Rodnam, discerning in this incoherent rhapsody the approach of delirium and death, endeavoured to fortify the bereaved daughter against the impending affliction. Mr. Shipley expired before the pirates collected and divided their booty. They left the father and daughter to Rodnam and his attendant Negroes, as they seemed to require no other booty. Elated with their success, Monaghan and his crew forgot their wounds when dressed, and having ransacked every part of the vessel, sat down to carouse with the rich wines and French brandy which formed a portion of the cargo. Miss

Shipley sat on deck with the lifeless body of her father in a distracted embrace. Alarm and grief suffocated her voice; but though her sorrow was mute, the expression of her face revealed the inaudible anguish of her mind. In acknowledgment of Mr. Rodnam's endeavours to console her, she raised her eyes with looks of gratitude that penetrated his soul; and confirmed his resolution to brave every hazard in preserving her from insult.

In one continuous expanse of azure, lightly tinged by silvery clouds, the moon shone full and clear; the prize-ship lay a motionless hulk on the surface of the main; and except the purling of gentle waves on the planks they supported, no sound was heard on deck. What a contrast to the uproar of intoxicated freebooters below! They left the watch to Rodnam and his triple shadows, as they nicknamed his devoted Negroes, and gave themselves up to enjoyment. The oldest Negro came close to Mr. Rodnam, and whispered to him, "Now, massa, now be time to save lady. We put down boat, all without noise." While they lowered a boat, Mr. Rodnam roused the faculties of Miss Shipley by holding out the near prospect of deliverance. "Can my father go?" she said.—"We dare not venture to wait so long. One moment and we may be lost," answered Rodnam. Miss Shipley pressed her lips to the breathless clay, and accepted assistance to rise. She was placed in the boat. Mr. Rodnam and the Negroes pulled with all their might, and they probably reached Charlestown before they were missed.

Miss Shipley introduced Mr. Rodnam to her relations, people of wealth

and consequence. Her warm sense of obligation to her deliverer was undisguised; but her uncle and brothers advised her to delay their marriage, until one year should prove that he was not quite unworthy of her hand. His first act was to emancipate the Negroes according to legal forms; but they begged leave to serve him as domestics in the field or house. The relations of Miss Shipley made over to him a piece of ground, which the Negroes cultivated; and his unexceptionable conduct reconciled her uncle and brothers to bestow on him the rescued lady and her fortune. But conscious of culpable errors in his youth and early manhood, he was severe to himself, rigorously abstaining from

all those questionable indulgences which some of the lordly sex regard and claim as a prerogative. As a husband, a father, a friend, a member of society, he was held in general esteem; but no encouragement, no persuasion could win him to mix with the busy or the gay. His exemplary virtues brightened the shade of retirement, and his affectionate wife found her dearest happiness in coinciding with all his tastes or inclinations. To her he rendered the domestic circle a little world of bliss, while he shrunk from observation, continually haunted by the mortifying conviction, that he might be pointed at as THE PIRATE.

B. G.

THE GIANTS OF THE SHARKA VALLEY:

A popular Tale of Bohemia.

THE last heir of the ducal house of Bohemia had fallen in battle with Ottiko, the neighbouring prince of the Boji, who, in consequence, became master of the whole country, and, like its native sovereigns, held his court at Prague. He removed all the servants of the late duke from their places, lest their attachment to the latter might render them dangerous to himself; with the exception, however, of one man, who tended the ducal flocks, who was beloved by all for his piety and integrity, and whom he did not dismiss, under the idea that he had nothing to fear from an humble shepherd.

The wife of this shepherd had borne him a son, who received in holy baptism the name of Jaroslaw: such was the beauty of this child, that all who saw him were enchant-

ed; and as he grew up, he was universally allowed to be the loveliest boy in the whole country. When Jaroslaw had attained his seventeenth year, his father, feeling that his end drew near, called his son to his bedside, and said, "My dearly beloved son, it gives me great pain to part from thee. I have little to leave thee but precepts and exhortations to pursue the path of virtue, which I have so often repeated: but I have one more gift to make thee before I die. Thou must know that many years since, one bitter stormy night, a pilgrim knocked at the door, and solicited a lodging: we cheerfully admitted him into our humble cottage: thy mother, who was still living, quickly prepared for him some refreshment and a couch. The stranger, who must have been a very wise

man, took the will for the deed, and humble as were the best accommodations that we poor people could afford him, he was so well pleased with them, that he led me to the cradle where thou wast soundly sleeping, and presented me with two invaluable jewels, which he desired me to keep for thee. The one was a lute, by means of which thou wilt be able to accomplish the most extraordinary things: whenever thou beginnest to play a merry tune upon it, every one who hears thee will be compelled, even against his will, to leap and dance; and by soft and tender airs thou mayst dispose the heart to love and to all the gentle affections. The other was this little ivory staff: when thou art in imminent danger from an enemy who is stronger than thyself, thou needest but touch him with the end of it, and he will instantly sink lifeless at thy feet. The stranger added, that if thou shouldst know how to make a proper and seasonable use of these gifts, thou mightst attain high honours, and even a throne—but I have scarcely occasion to tell thee, that this was only a figurative expression, and to warn thee against indulging expectations that can never be realized. Take these last gifts of thy dying father; abuse not the power over others which they confer on thee; but let thy conduct be invariably governed by virtue and integrity, that I may look down with satisfaction upon thee from those abodes of bliss to which I am about to be removed."

The old man's strength was exhausted by the exertion: his lips quivered convulsively; he closed his eyes, and expired. Jaroslaw wept bitterly. After he had consigned the remains of his beloved father to

the earth, he repaired to the ducal castle at Prague, with the flock committed to his care, for the purpose of applying to the prince for the place held by his deceased father: but as he was still very young, he was justly apprehensive that the duke would object to trust him with so many valuable sheep. It was not, therefore, without some anxiety that he entered the city, resolving in his own mind, in case he should not obtain the appointment, to go abroad into the wide world, and try what he could effect with his wonderful lute.

When the handsome shepherd-boy was conducted into the presence of the duke, the latter was so well pleased with him, that, notwithstanding his youth, he had no hesitation to commit all his flocks to his charge. He immediately appointed him his chief shepherd, and concluded the directions which he gave him for his conduct with the following words:

"If I intrust thee with the care of my sheep, I must also, as thou art still so young, warn thee of the dangers which threaten both thyself and my flocks. Not far from my pastures, in the quarter in which the sun sets, lies a narrow valley inclosed by rocks and pleasant hills: there the cunning Sharka, by dishonest arts, made Zeman Ctirad her prisoner; and since that time this valley has been the haunt of all sorts of monsters and demons, who take delight in doing injury to all who come within their reach. Beware then of ever setting foot in that valley: for shouldst thou even escape with thy life, my flocks would certainly fall a prey to these mischievous demons; and I swear to thee that thou shouldst pay me with thy life for this loss."

Jaroslav promised to obey the duke's injunctions, and returned home highly pleased with his flock from the city. He faithfully performed the duties of his office, and lived quiet and retired. He sometimes made trial of his lute, and when he played a merry tune on it, his lambs would leap and frisk about, and he was convinced that all his father had said concerning it was true: but he could not make the same experiment with the ivory staff, for he was too kind-hearted to kill even a brute animal wantonly, and he relied with confidence on the assurance of the good service that it would render him in case of need.

The winter was past; the icy chains which had bound all nature were dissolved; the birds cheerily warbled on the sprays; the earth was covered with a robe of new verdure; the trees began to display their tender foliage; lovely flowers were bursting into blossom; in short, all was gaiety and joy—when the duke's shepherd fixed his wistful eyes on the beautiful valley which he was forbidden to enter. When he contemplated the delightful aspect of the hills, clothed with the freshest green, he could not suppress an inward impulse to drive his flock to these rich pastures, which were much finer and more luxuriant than the duke's; and he would often have yielded to it, had he not been deterred by the rigid injunction of his master.

One night he had retired to rest, and had not been long asleep, when he dreamt that a tall majestic female figure, wearing a long silken robe, over which was a cuirass of polished steel, and a bright helmet on her head, approached his couch, and

cried, "O silly boy! why dost thou not follow the powerful impulse of thy prophetic spirit, which urges thee to enter the valley inclosed by yon lovely hills, where such good fortune awaits thee? Why dost thou suffer the gossip of a timid old man to deter thee from seeking certain glory and honour?" Having uttered these words, the majestic figure instantly vanished. Jaroslav awoke, and the thoughts of this extraordinary vision prevented him from closing his eyes again for the rest of the night.

Next morning when he drove out his flock, the forbidden valley appeared more delightful and lovely than ever, so that he could no longer withstand the invisible power which impelled him to conduct his sheep to its rich pastures. What ill can befall me? thought he. My father's bequest secures me from danger of every kind; and should an enemy threaten me, I can either set him dancing, or in case of extreme emergency, deprive him of life. Suspending his lute by a blue ribbon from his neck, and putting his ivory staff carefully in his scrip, he boldly drove his flock before him into the charming valley.

Jaroslav had not advanced far between the lovely hills, studded with trees covered with fragrant blossoms, and his lambs skipped merrily about in the luxuriant pasture, when he all at once perceived a giant, who was so tall, that he himself scarcely reached to his waist. His colour was black, and his features were distorted and hideous to behold; a black garment was loosely thrown over his shoulders, and in his right hand he carried a massy club of ebony. In a terrific voice the giant cried to the shepherd-boy, "Audacious dwarf, how

darest thou enter my domain? Have I not long since forbidden thy detested race to approach my palace? But instant death shall be the punishment of thy presumption." With these words the giant, brandishing his club, hastened towards Jaroslaw, who fearlessly struck the cords of his lute, and sung aloud the following song:

'Tis late—Sir Oluf speeds away,
To bid the guests to his wedding-day;
When, lo! as he passes the haunted green,
A troop of elfin sprites are seen.
The Erl-king's daughter was one of the band,
She stepp'd forth, and tender'd the knight
her hand:

"Welcome, Sir Oluf! what hurry?" said she;

"Come join our ranks and dance with me."—
"I may not dance, I must not stay,
For to-morrow is my wedding-day."—

"But hark ye, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
And a pair of gold spurs I'll present to thee,
And a shirt of silk most fair and white,
By my mother bleach'd in the pale moonlight."—

"I may not dance, I must not stay,
For to-morrow is my wedding-day."—

"But hark ye, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
And a purse of gold I will give to thee"—
"Your gold," said Sir Oluf, "were welcome
I trow,

But I may not stop to dance with you now."—
"Not dance, Sir Oluf! and wilt thou not?
Then sickness and sorrow shall be thy lot."
She struck him on his manly breast,
So sore a weight his heart ne'er press'd;
Then rais'd him faint on his steed, and cried,
"Speed thee now, if thou wilt, to thy bouny
bride!"

And when he reach'd his castle-gate,
His mother all trembling there did wait;
In anxious tone, said she, "My son,
Why art so pale? Why lookst so wan?"—
"Wan, mother, and pale! Ah! well I might;
I have been in the Erl-king's domain to-
night."—

"Dear, my child, say not so," she sighed,
"Or what shall I tell thy buxom bride?"—
"Tell her, with horse and hound I'm gone
To the forest, but shall be back anon."

Next morn, or ere the dawn of day,
Came the bride and wedding-folk so gay;
The wine-cup circled, with good cheer;
"But where tarries Sir Oluf, my bridegroom
dear?"—

"Sir Oluf with horse and hound is gone
To the forest, and will be here anon."
To his chamber soon the damsels sped;
There lay Sir Oluf—he was dead!

At the first note the giant dropped his club, and when Jaroslaw began to play a lively interlude, he immediately fell to leaping and capering, as if he had been bitten by a tarantula; and by the time the shepherd had finished the song, his enemy sunk to the ground completely exhausted with the severe exertion. Jaroslaw, thinking it not advisable to allow so strong and so dangerous an adversary time to recover his strength, ran up to him, and touched him with the ivory staff, on which he instantly expired. The conqueror could not suppress his curiosity to search the garment of his vanquished foe, and found in his pocket a golden key. Haha! thought he, to this key there must certainly be a lock somewhere in this valley, and to the lock a house, or some other building, and it would be a shame to return without discovering it. He therefore collected his flock, and drove it forward in high spirits. He had gone scarcely a mile when he perceived a magnificent palace, built of black marble: he went up to it, and, behold! the key exactly fitted the lock of the door, which he opened. At that moment he heard a loud neighing in the stable, which was exactly opposite to the entrance, and when he reached it, he saw an exquisitely beautiful coal-black horse, which pawed the ground, as if impatient of inactivity. The bold youth, delighted with the handsome spirited animal, sprung upon his back,

and trotted him round the spacious court-yard. When he had thus amused himself for some time, he conducted the horse back to the stable, and ascended the stairs. After passing through several sumptuous apartments, he entered a spacious hall, the walls of which, like all the rest of the palace, were hung with costly tapestry; and in the middle stood a round table, upon which were a large sword, a bowl, and a crystal flaggon filled with black wine. On the black marble table Jaroslaw read the following inscription in letters of gold: "Hail to the hero who shall drink off the contents of this flaggon without being overcome by the potent beverage! he and no other can wield this sword."

Near the table on black velvet cushions lay a bright suit of black armour, together with shield and lance, and other requisite accoutrements. The youth examined every thing with great pleasure, and then tried to lift the sword, but was unable to raise it a hand's breadth from the table. He was almost tempted to empty the bottle, but an inward voice seemed to say, that there would come a time when he should have occasion for such extraordinary strength.

The shepherd at length quitted the splendid hall, and having descended to the court-yard, found all his sheep assembled round a small low door: no sooner had he opened it than out sprung a hundred black lambs, and mingled with his sheep. When he was driving his flock, thus increased by the stock of the giant, into the duke's fold, that prince chanced just then to be in his pleasure-grounds, and surprised to see the black among the white sheep,

he sent for the shepherd, and asked, "How comes it that thy flock is so large? and to whom do the black sheep belong?"—"Most gracious lord and master," humbly replied Jaroslaw, "to whom should the sheep which are under my care belong but to thee?" The duke then frowned fearfully, and said, "Thou hast certainly disobeyed my command, and hast risked thine own life and my flock, to gratify thy curiosity with a sight of the valley of Sharka." The shepherd, in an attitude of supplication, rejoined, "Forgive me, O my lord and sovereign; I did yesterday drive my flock to graze at the entrance of the valley, and on merely looking from a hill among the trees, I saw the black sheep skipping about without a shepherd, and as they soon came and joined mine, I drove them all home together." The duke raised his finger with a threatening motion, and said, "This time I pardon thy indiscretion; but I repeat my injunction, and advise thee to beware of again rousing my displeasure."

When the duke had thus spoken he retired, and Jaroslaw went quietly to his sheepfold: but he felt by no means disposed to obey the renewed command of his master, for he had been too successful in his first visit to the valley not to feel desirous of trying his fortune there once more. Apprehensive, however, lest the duke might have him watched for some days, he waited a whole fortnight before he ventured to drive his flock again into the forbidden valley. He then proceeded through the same pastures as he had done on the former occasion, and a few hundred paces beyond the black palace he came to a plain surrounded

by delicious hills. Presently a giant advanced towards him: he was much taller than the other, so that the youth could have walked upright between his legs. In other respects he was not so hideously ugly as the other; he was of the ordinary colour of men, dressed in a white woollen garment, and armed with a sickle of polished steel. This white giant called out as furiously as his black brother to the shepherd, when at the distance of several hundred paces, asking, how he had come thither, and what business he had on his domain. Jaroslaw, not in the least intimidated, replied, "Take my advice, Mr. Giant, and don't be quite so haughty. I have humbled the pride of one such as thou already. I am come hither because I had a mind to see this valley, and to let my sheep graze in these rich pastures; and if thou dost not molest me, I will neither rob thee of any thing, nor do thee any other injury." The giant was too much astonished at the hardihood of the diminutive intruder to be able to reply, but raised his sharp sickle to dispatch the young shepherd. Jaroslaw immediately began to play on his lute, and to sing a jolly hunting song; and the white giant fared no better than his black brother: he began to leap and caper, but was able to continue the exercise much

longer. The shepherd several times repeated his song, and played till his arm sunk with fatigue from the instrument; but the giant had not yet danced away all his strength. When the music ceased, he recovered himself, stepped up close to the youth, and again raised his tremendous sickle; but Jaroslaw nimbly slipped between his legs, at the same time touching one of them with his staff, on which his enormous antagonist immediately dropped down dead, and would have crushed him in his fall, had he not sprung aside with all his agility.

Jaroslaw, as before, searched the garments of the giant, and found a key cut out of a single precious stone; and he had not gone much farther when a wonderful palace of crystal appeared before him. The key opened the gate, and he found every thing arranged here in the same manner as in the other: a noble horse, a fold full of sheep, all sorts of costly furniture; in the hall a complete suit of armour, with shield, sword, and lance, and also a table, upon which was placed a flaggon of wine, but every thing of a white colour. On the table was this inscription in black letters: "Drink without fear: he who can empty this flaggon may defy the devil himself."

(To be continued.)

FILIPPO PISTRUCCI, THE ITALIAN IMPROVISATORE.

THE gift of making and reciting *extempore* verses, at a moment's notice, upon any given subject, has long been a boast of the Italians. Their happy climate, their few physical wants, allow them time for these mental gambols; their native taste

and genius, and their ardent imagination, render them more susceptible of momentary inspiration. We tramontane frost-bitten personages cannot think of these things; we have enough to do to make both ends meet. We toil from morning

till night to provide sustenance for ourselves and our offspring; and the sustenance craved by a tramontane stomach is exceedingly substantial: it would satisfy to repletion three Italians in good health. The Neapolitan groom of the writer of this, who had to find his own board, could make a hearty dinner upon a small raw cucumber, with an onion and a moderate piece of bread; and if he happened to be luxuriously inclined, a farthing's-worth of iced water from the stall at the corner of the street would complete his repast. Offer this fare to an English groom, and what would be his answer?

But to return to Mr. Pistrucci, the first, as far as we recollect, who displayed the *improvisatore* talent before a London audience. We went to the Argyll-Rooms at his last exhibition (23d June), and we can safely aver, that he equalled, if not surpassed, the best improvisatori we heard in Italy.

As many of our readers may wish to form some idea of the nature of such a display, we shall briefly state what we saw and heard.

Before the appearance of Mr. P. in the saloon, any person of the audience was at liberty to drop into a vase on the table a written subject. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and when the seer entered, he had to open some fifteen or eighteen papers, propounding, among others, the following subjects (in Italian):

- The Death of Lord Byron,
- The Lover tricked,
- The Dandy,
- The End of the World,
- Meleager and Atalanta,
- The Death of Socrates, &c. &c.

Mr. Pistrucci, after pausing one mo-

ment, began to string the whole of these subjects into connected poetry, which, like almost all his subsequent deliveries, he *sang* to the accompaniment of a player on the piano-forte.

"The Death of Lord Byron" followed next, and some of the ideas Mr. P. introduced were select and pathetic. Byron's shade, he exclaimed, at the close of one stanza, will ever haunt tyrants and slaves! As there were many foreign *Liberals* in the room, the sentiment met with liberal applause.

Mr. P. then offered to sing an opera in two acts upon any of the given themes; and *l'Amante burlato*, "The Lover tricked," was selected by the audience. He forthwith proclaimed, with much humour, the dramatic personæ, and proceeded, partly by recitative, and partly by songs, deep into the first act. But as a two-act opera was no trifle in point of time, he left off, with the approbation of the audience. There was naturally a certain proportion of common-place work in this extempore drama, but some good hits nevertheless kept the interest alive. The old gentleman in love was railed at by his servant, who compared his master to Mount Etna, full of fire within and snow without. We thought this very fair, off hand.

The description of "A Dandy" had many humorous and laughable points.

But Mr. P. appeared to the greatest advantage in his impromptu poem, "The End of the World," or "The last Judgment." This he delivered in declamation without music, and the subject must have been congenial to his poetical vein, for he often displayed a fervour and pathos approaching sublimity, which made a

deep impression on those who understood him; and those that did not, seemed to feel his meaning, by the emphatic and noble delivery, and the expressively beaming countenance, and the energetic and appropriate gesticulation by which it was seconded. This was a great treat.

Among other successive exhibitions of his uncommon talent, Mr. Pistrucci collected from the audience a number of concluding words for poetical lines in alternate rhyme, such as

..... Pistrucci,
 amato,
 Figliucci,
 garbato, &c. &c.

And no sooner were these put to paper, than he filled up the blanks in connected sense, in the manner of the French *bouts rimés*.

Mr. P. derives great accessory advantages from his uncommonly strong and sonorous voice, not only in his declamations but in his singing, which, as far as voice and modulation go, is much above mediocrity.

A few songs were given between the acts by Madame Pasta and Messrs. Garcia and Remorini; but they did not produce great effect, owing probably to the insufficiency of the accompaniment.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Overture, Songs, Duet, Glees, Chorusses, &c. in the Musical Comedy of "Pride shall have a Fall," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed, arranged, and adapted to the English Stage by J. Watson, Composer at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden. Pr. 12s.—(W. Eavestaff, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)

WHOEVER wishes for fourteen or fifteen pieces of good vocal music extremely well adapted for the piano-forte, with original poetry, without being particular whether he may not already be in possession of nearly the whole of the compositions in another shape, will not regret the purchase of this opera, which, with a trifling exception, has been clubbed from the works of half a dozen and more classic, or at least very popular, composers. We meet at almost every page with an old friend under a new face: there is the Venc-

tian Boat song; there is Mamma mia; there are German and Spanish airs and waltzes; there is Batti Batti; a bit of the Devil's Bridge; of Ricciar-do e Zoraide; of Tancredi, and God knows what all. The only air which bears Mr. Watson's name, as having been *composed* by him, "He that lives in a gaol," will be found to be nearly a transcript from Braham's "Rest, weary traveller." This misnomer perhaps may be an error of the printer.

The above musical drama has met with considerable success, and we are not surprised at it; for who would not prefer a judicious and decidedly interesting compilation, like the present, to a parcel of nanby-pamby ballads, vulgar comic bawls, and a few new glees, made up of stale ideas—of which materials most of our *new* opera compositions are *composed*? Until we have made sufficient advances in the art to produce on our national stage a regular opera-

tic drama, of matured conception, genial and original in its ideas, free from plagiarisms and imitations, we shall be gainers by humbly contenting ourselves with a selection formed, like the present, from borrowed but good materials.

"La Solitude," a popular French Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed for, and inscribed to, Miss Ware of North End, Hampstead, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(W. Eavestaff.)

A considerable space of time has elapsed since we have had occasion to notice any of Mr. Eavestaff's compositions, the general propriety and good taste of which seldom failed to produce a very favourable impression upon us: we therefore feel the greater pleasure in being able to resume our acquaintance upon terms equally advantageous. The present variations ingratiate themselves at the threshold by an able and very pleasing introduction. The theme which follows is stated to be a French air, without which information we should have taken it for a German waltz. Of the seven variations, the second is rendered interesting by an effective middle part, and an apt harmonic arrangement in the second strain; the third variation exhibits a well-conducted range of passages; the fourth, which reminds us of "Robin Adair," if faithfully executed according to the author's intention, is sure to gain approbation; the freedom and selectness of the active passages in the fifth deserve great praise. In the sixth we observe an appropriate system of crossed-hand arrangement; and the seventh and last variation, although of simple beginning, merges into an elaborate and highly effective coda.

"Ah! why display those charms, fair maid," a Ballad; the Words by T. Pontifex, Esq.; the Music by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 2s.—(W. Eavestaff.)

The melody of this ballad is distinguished by a tasteful smoothness, good distribution and proportion in its constituent periods, and its general congeniality with the sense and metre of the text. The harmonic arrangement also is throughout correct and effective. In the latter half of the introductory symphony, a greater degree of rhythmic regularity would have been advantageous. *The favourite Air, "Faint and wearily," composed by Dr. Arnold; arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Christina Bird, by S. Lillycrop. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)*

Although these variations present no studied or striking combinations of melody or harmony, nor any features approaching the grand style of the more celebrated musical writers, we are free to say, Mr. L.'s labour has afforded us not only satisfaction but considerable gratification. His manner is free from affectation; his ideas throughout possess, in a prominent degree, regularity, good musical sense, and a constant vein of attractive melody. The latter merit is particularly conspicuous; and although in variations the composer is naturally guided by his subject, the gift of infusing into the changes and amplifications of the theme the charm of connected and rounded melody is by no means a matter of course.

In the second part of the first variation some good passages are introduced; the second variation pro-



MORNING DRESS



BALL DRESS

pounds the theme under attractive triplets; in the third, good melodic fluency of thought forms a characteristic feature, and its second part especially calls for our favourable notice: the fifth variation is in the minor tonic, which, however, is too soon and too suddenly abandoned for the relative major key, and the latter too long persevered in; in fact, but two bars in the beginning, and about as many at the conclusion, are in C minor. The sixth variation is replete with interesting activity; and the seventh and last, a march with a coda in character, is conceived in a superior style, and entitled to our unqualified approbation.

"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 Raisonné of the Contents. Part XI. Pr. 6s. — (John Gale, Bruton-street, Bond-street.)

The contents of this number of the Vocal Anthology are as follow:

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| English. | No. 1. <i>The fairest flowers the vale prefers</i> (Glee,) by DANBY. |
| | 2. <i>Young Lubin</i> (Ballad,) by THOMAS LINLEY. |
| | 3. <i>Go, Zephyrs,</i> by RAUZZINI. |
| | 4. <i>The stormy Ocean,</i> by Ditto. |
| Italian. | 5. <i>Dal tuo Stellato</i> (Prayer,) by ROSSINI. |

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|-----------|---|
| German. | 6. <i>In vain they warm my heart,</i> by HIMMEL. |
| Original. | 7. <i>Chanson du Marquis de Châtelar à Marie Reine d'Écosse,</i> by CATHER. |

Among this selection, the *preghiera* and chorus from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, stand proudly pre-eminent. The song from Himmel's *Fanchon* breathes a sprightly and elegant playfulness not to be surpassed. The editor states his surprise at this opera not having been transferred to the English stage; but we doubt, whether the general complexion of its plot would not, like many other of Kotzebue's pieces, raise some scruples with a sober-minded British audience. Danby's glee presents a fair specimen of the music which delighted a former generation. Rauzzini's two songs will be found to have lost little of their earlier attraction. The original composition of Mr. Cather, to French words, is meritorious: we perceive in it some tasteful melodic thoughts; but the reciprocal keeping of the successive periods would have been susceptible of greater rhythmical symmetry; and the idea at "mais comme je suis en silence," &c. page 47, might have been more aptly harmonized.

The critical and biographical notices are judicious and interesting, as usual.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of plain jaconot muslin; made high, and finished with a trimming of work round the throat: the

front of the *corsage* and half way down the back is of fine book muslin, covered with corded waved bands of jaconot, trimmed with very nar-

row work, confined down the centre and at each end with buttons: long sleeve, plain at the back, and ornamented in front with corded trimmed bands, and fastened to the shoulder by buttons: small cuff edged with work, and confined at the wrist by a band and button. The skirt is made full, and long enough to touch the ground; and the trimming at the bottom of it is composed of graduated divisions of corded bands, trimmed with narrow work, and arranged in the form of fern-leaves or branches, with buttons down the centre, and a broad hem beneath. Cap (*à la baigneuse*) of white *crêpe lisse*; the border edged with rose-colour satin: the cap is in one piece, and the crown formed by a drawing of pink satin ribbon, which ties behind; lappets hang free from each side, or are fastened under the chin by being drawn through a fancy ring: a bouquet of flowers in front of the cap. *Ceinture* of shaded ribbon, with a gold buckle in front. Yellow kid shoes. Topaz ear-rings.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of shaded blue silk *barège*; the *corsage* circular and moderately high: narrow tucker of fine blond; the stomacher composed of blue and white satin rouleaus, ornamented from the waist over the shoulder with sweet-briar roses: melon sleeve, terminated with sweet-briar roses at the band: a very deep full trimming of tulle round the bottom of the skirt, with a very broad blue satin rouleau at the top and bottom, and a wreath of full-blown roses in the middle. The hair dressed in large curls round the head, with a rose between each curl, forming a kind of regular garland. Necklace, ear-rings, and brace-

lets, of cornelian. White kid gloves. White satin shoes, and amber-colour silk scarf.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Among the few novelties which the month has produced in promenade costume, one of the most elegant in our opinion is a *pelisse* of grass-green levantine: the back is full, but the fulness is confined from the top to the bottom by satin bands, to correspond in colour, which form demi-lozenges, each ornamented in the centre of the back with a wrought silk button. The waist is long; the collar rather low, standing out a good deal from the neck, and turning a little over. Long sleeve of an easy width, with a very full epaulette; the fulness arranged with bands in the demi-lozenge style, to correspond with the back. The long sleeve is finished in the French style by a band and button. The trimming consists of a wreath of palm-leaves, which issue from a twisted satin rouleau. The leaves are formed of satin folds of different shades of green, three in each, and the rouleau has two. This is a chaste and elegant style of trimming, and has a novel effect.

Cambric muslin dresses *à la pelérine*, with the addition of a light shawl or scarf, continue in favour for the morning walk. We have noticed a new spencer, composed of pale amber *gros d'été*, the bust of which was ornamented with satin rouleaus in the stomacher style, but disposed in a novel manner: in the centre of the bust is a row of wrought silk buttons, from which the rouleaus, arranged in the form of a tulip-leaf, issue on each side; these leaves, very large on the upper part of the bust,

decrease in size as they approach the bottom: the buttons are in the form of a star. The spencer fastens behind.

Bonnets have not altered materially in shape since our last Number: the brims are, however, a little larger and less bent over the forehead. Leghorn still continues in favour, but not so much so as those in satin *gros d'été*, or the different sorts of fancy silks, called by their French names of *velours simulé*, *velours épingle*, &c. &c.

High dresses of *bourre de soie* are becoming daily more general in carriage dress. They are worn with lace pelerines, or lace or *barège* scarfs. One of these dresses, composed of pale fawn-colour *velours épingle*, pleased us very much by its simple elegance: the *corsage* was a three-quarter height, made tight to the shape, and finished round the bust by a satin fold corded at top, and arranged in scollops by very small satin roses. The epaulette consists of a fulness of satin, disposed in folds one above another, and forming three large scollops, ornamented by roses. The long sleeve, rather wide, is terminated by a row of satin scollops, and confined at the wrist by a band and button. The trimming of the skirt consists of three tiers of deep folds of satin; they have a corded heading, and are formed into scollops by roses.

Lace and muslin pelisses, lined with coloured satin or sarsnet, continue also much in favour; but we observe nothing new in their form: the favourite colours for linings are, rose, azure, and amber.

One of the prettiest carriage bonnets we have seen for some time, is composed of white metallic gauze,

spotted with green floss silk: the crown is rather of a melon shape; the brim is smaller than they are in general: it is finished by a light and elegant trimming of white *crêpe lisse* intermixed with oak-leaves formed of down feathers: a garland of half-blown roses and oak-leaves, composed also of down feathers, ornaments the crown.

Coloured slips, under white lace or *crêpe lisse* gowns, are much worn in full dress: some lace dresses have a very rich and highly finished border, but no flounces; others have a flounce above the border. The trimming of *crêpe lisse* gowns is of the same material, but intermixed with satin or artificial flowers: in some instances both are used. A trimming, much in favour for satin or *gros de Naples* gowns, consists of folds of *crêpe lisse*, arranged in the form of a V: a row of these ornaments, in each of which a full-blown rose is placed, goes round the bottom of the skirt, and between each V is a full satin puff edged with a fold of *crêpe lisse*.

White China crape dresses, richly embroidered in silver, are very fashionable in grand costume; and we have seen also a few white *barège* gowns trimmed round the bottom with a highly raised embroidery in silver. Never in our recollection has full dress been more magnificent than at present; the materials are of the most costly kind; and the quantity of gems employed in head-dresses, as well as for necklaces, contribute to render our dress parties, if we may be excused the pun, of a most sparkling description.

Dress hats of *crêpe lisse*, blond net, and white satin, are much in favour in full dress: they are ornamented with feathers, and in some

instances a rose, or an ornament composed of jewels, is placed at the base of the plume. Some hats of blond net are spotted with gold, and have a garland of marabouts mixed with ears of ripe corn in gold round the

crown. Russian and Spanish *toques* are also much in favour.

Fashionable colours are, azure, rose colour, lilac, amber, and various shades of green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 17.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE weather in the beginning of this month was so extremely bad, that our promenades were nearly deserted; and the few *belles* who did venture out were enveloped in shawls and *rédingotes*, which had more the appearance of winter than summer dress. At present the weather is mended, and our fair promenaders have once more resumed the light attire befitting the season.

Muslin gowns are most generally adapted for the promenade; the *blouse* still supersedes every other form for the *corsage* of dresses. The *robe blouse* is generally trimmed with flounces disposed in large plaits; they are three in number, and a little above each is a slight embroidery in coloured worsted.

Muslins shaded in stripes, and *barèges* of a diamond pattern, are also fashionable; but the newest material for walking dress is *jaconot* muslin of a single colour: these gowns are always made *en blouse*, and are trimmed with five or six rows of tucks of the same material, which are cut bias, and disposed in pointed waves. The favourite colours for these gowns are, lilac, blue, and very pale rose colour.

A favourite morning dress, and one which is also much used for the *spectacle*, is a *rédingote* of *jaconot* muslin: it is open in front; is trimmed

round with a full *ruche* of the same material; and just above the *ruche* is a light wreath of leaves, embroidered in cotton highly raised. The sleeve is extremely wide, but confined to the arm by six worked bands, placed at regular distances. A large square pelerine, trimmed to correspond, finishes the dress, which is worn over a petticoat of the same material, trimmed with a deep flounce disposed in full plaits, and surmounted by very small tucks: this trimming is particularly seen, as the *rédingote* is open in front.

Another favourite dress for the *spectacle* is composed of the palest lavender *gros d'été*. The body is made to the throat, but without a collar; the bust is ornamented on each side of the front by five folds of satin, which, extending from the shoulder to the waist in a bias direction, forms a stomacher: the upper part of the bust is composed of a plain piece cut in a scollop in the middle of the bust, and edged with satin. The sleeves, excessively full, are confined under the arm by a band, fastened in front by a button, which gives the appearance of an epaulette to the upper part of the sleeve; the remaining part is left loose to a little below the elbow, but is confined down the lower part of the arm by three bands, and is terminated by a band and button. The trimming of the skirt consists of three full *ruches*

of the same material, placed at some distance from each other.

We see but few transparent bonnets even at the *spectacle*, but a great many of rice-straw and *gros de Naples*: the few transparent bonnets that are worn, are of crape; and they, as well as the *gros de Naples* bonnets, are adorned with short white marabouts.

Coloured silk *capotes* are much in favour for walking, particularly mahogany colour, nut colour, and *bleu évêline*; these bonnets are ornamented round the crown with wreaths of endive, disposed in wolves' teeth, and a small bouquet of gold buttons and blue-bells is placed on one side.

Leghorn is equally in favour; and hats of this kind are of three different shapes: the first, *en pelerine*; that is, with a brim immensely large all round. The second, *à la Française*; the brim is very large in front, but not more than an inch broad behind. The third, *à l'Anglaise*, has a brim of an equal size all round. The strings of the *chapeau à la Française* are placed inside the brim; those of the *chapeau à l'Anglaise* are attached on the outside, and confine the bonnet to the face.

The dishabille most in favour for the breakfast-table is the *blouse à la religieuse*: it differs from the other

blouses by having the fulness in front, arranged in three large plaits on each side.

The materials for full dress are white satin, white *gros de Naples*, *crêpe lisse*, and English lace. Clear muslin is also very much in favour, particularly for young people, and for *bal's champêtres*, of which we still have several, for the French dance in all weathers. Ladies go to these balls in half-dress. A clear muslin *blouse* embroidered *au plumets*, a lace *fichu*, with a richly embroidered collar turned down. A hat of rice-straw, trimmed with exotics. A lace scarf tied round the throat, and very low. Grey satin boots laced at the side. *Voilà!* the dress prescribed by fashion for a *bal champêtre*.

The hair now begins to be worn lighter on the forehead in full dress, and not so high on the crown of the head. Flowers are very much in favour: crowns of intermingled red and white roses, placed very far back, are much worn; as are also wreaths of lilies and bouquets of mignonette, lilac, honeysuckle, and woodbine.

Fashionable colours are, rose, violet, lilac, green, gold colour, very pale lavender, and blue. The favourite shade is the *bleu-évêline*: it is the same shade as *lapis lazuli*. Adieu, dear Sophia! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FINE ARTS.

MR. LOWRY.

UNDER this head we have this month to record the death of that eminent artist, Wilson Lowry, who expired on the 23d of June, at his

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house in Titchfield-street, aged 62 years. The following just tribute paid to his talents is extracted from the *Literary Gazette*:

R

The death of such a man as Wilson Lowry, during the full vigour of his faculties, is an event that can scarcely be sufficiently deplored. To say that his loss has occasioned inexpressible grief to every person who valued genius, talents, kindness of heart, and all the kindred qualities that appertain to these distinguished endowments of the mind, is only to repeat what every one, to whom the sad news has been communicated, admits and deeply feels.

The world of art has long been familiar with his works, and science has lost in him one of its ablest votaries; while philosophy has to deplore in him a genuine disciple. His death has made a chasm in society, that no one person can at once or at present supply. His highly gifted widow, and his able associates in art, his well-instructed son and daughter, can continue his name and reputation in art; but who can supply those other qualities of mind and talent that formed the intellectual portion of our departed friend?

The early part of Mr. Lowry's life was employed on works which do honour to the names of other artists. His own, when attached to his own splendid works, became established as an engraver of the first order, and few great or useful designs were reckoned complete without his admirable burin. In works requiring scientific accuracy, in architecture, in the delineation of machinery, he was unrivalled. In geographical engraving he stands without a competitor, his son and pupil, Joseph Lowry, alone excepted; whose admirable geographical plates in the new *Encyclopædia* are cited as proofs.

Nor was it in engraving alone that this extraordinary man excelled.

Whatever his powerful and refining mind contemplated, was dissected and improved. In the science of mineralogy he was deeply learned, and his scientifically arranged cabinet is not to be surpassed by any private collection in London. His opinion was constantly sought by professors; and the trade often availed themselves of his knowledge, and were guided by his advice in the purchase of the rarest and the most valuable gems.

As a mechanician, his vast improvements in the machinery of his art are acknowledged by every engraver; while the correctness of his eye and hand, the soundness of his judgment, and the purity of his taste, threw all the charms of genius over his works; the greater part of which were the production of mechanism of his own invention.

As a philosopher, his knowledge of physics, of mathematics, of chemistry, was great and undoubted. It was applied to the furtherance of his art, and to the relaxation of his leisure hours. His mind could sport with what was laborious investigation to others; and the mildness of his voice and manners, and his suavity of demeanour, were interesting even to children, who loved his converse, and were as delighted with his kindly delivered information, as he was with their inquisitive prattle.

His engravings of landscape and antiquities were numerous and beautiful; but the best have the names of other engravers affixed to them, having been executed for them before he was much known to the public. But his later productions are the ornaments of all the principal *Cyclopædias*, works of architecture and of art, &c. which have been published.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A NEW division of *The World in Miniature*, containing a Description of the Manners and Customs of the Natives of the Asiatic Islands, New Holland, and Van Dieman's Land, in two volumes, illustrated with twenty-six coloured plates, is just ready for publication.

Early in the ensuing winter will be published, in one volume 4to. *A Description of the Island of Madeira*, by the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq. conductor of the mission to Ashantee: to which are added a Narrative of Mr. Bowdich's last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his death; Remarks on the Cape de Verde Islands; and a Description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia, by Mrs. Bowdich.

A work, which is to appear in numbers every four months, has been announced, with the title of *Views in London and its Environs*, comprising the most interesting Scenes in and about the Metropolis; in which, not only the localities will be faithfully represented, but it will be the endeavour of the artists to depict the character and interest which such scenes borrow from life and its various occupations. The drawings will be made expressly for this work by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A., W. Callcott, R. A., F. Nash, and W. Westall, A. R. A.; and engraved, in a highly finished line manner, by J. C. Allen. Each number will contain two engravings. This work is intended to delineate all that time or intrinsic worth has consecrated in London, and will thus form a perpetual illustration to the labours of Lysons and our chief topographers.

The intended publication of the correspondence of the late Lord Byron, announced by Mr. Dallas, has been stopped by an injunction granted by the Vice-Chancellor, on the application of Mr. J. C. Hobhouse.

Mr. Charles Mills, author of the "History of the Crusades," is engaged on a *History of Chivalry*.

Mr. T. Moore will, it is confidently stated, commence a *Life of Lord Byron*, as soon as he has finished that of "Sheridan."

Mr. John Malcolm, late of the 42d regiment, has announced for publication a volume of poems, the principal of which is entitled *The Buccaneer*.

Mr. Galt, emulating the literary fecundity of Sir Walter Scott, has nearly ready a new novel, entitled *Rothelan*, a tale of the English histories.

Mr. J. P. Wood has nearly completed for publication, a *Life of Law of Lauriston*, projector of the Mississippi scheme; containing a detailed account of the nature, rise, and progress of this extraordinary joint stock company; with many curious anecdotes of the rage for speculating in its funds, and the disastrous consequences of its failure.

An Account of the Royal Hospital and Collegiate Church of St. Katherine, near the Tower of London, by Mr. J. B. Nichols, will shortly appear.

Mr. Reginald Morrice is engaged upon a tale, to be entitled *Owen Glendower*, founded partly on the popular traditions of Wales, and partly on authentic history. The author avows it to be his wish in this announcement, to direct the attention of the great northern genius to the rich stores of Welch romantic history; in which case he would be content to withdraw his own unpretending composition.

Mr. Thomas Bowdler, editor of the "Family Shakspeare," is preparing a new edition of *Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, adapted for families and young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages.

A small volume is in the press, enti-

bled *Memoirs of the Rose*, comprising botanical, poetical, and miscellaneous recollections of that beautiful flower, in a series of letters to a lady.

Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart. is about to publish the second part of the *Modern History of Wiltshire*, containing the Hundred of Heytesbury.

Nearly ready, in one volume post 8vo. *A Practical Guide to English Composition*, or a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved plan; containing apposite principles, rules, and examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of schools and of private students, by the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

Preparing for publication, *A Guide to the Lord's Table*, in the catechetical form; to which are added, an Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions; by the Rev. Henry Belgrave, D. D.

Nearly ready for publication, *Journals of the Sieges of the Madras Army in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819*; with observations on the system according to which such operations have usually been conducted in India, and a statement of the improvements that appear necessary, by Edmund Lake, ensign of the Hon. E. I. C. Madras Engineers; with an atlas of explanatory plates.

Mr. John M'Diarmid has in great forwardness, a Second Series of the *Scrap-Book*.

The fund raised for a memorial of John Kemble will be applied to the erection of a monument by Mr. Flaxman in Westminster Abbey; to consist of a whole-length statue of the great tragedian in the character of Cato.

The monument about to be erected by subscription to the late Mr. Watt is destined for St. Paul's, and Mr. Chantrey will be the sculptor.

Poetry.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

From *The Improvisatrice and other Poems*,
By L. E. L.*

AMID my palace halls was one,
The most peculiarly my own:
The roof was blue and fretted gold,
The floor was of the Parian stone,
Shining like snow, as only meet
For the light tread of fairy feet;
And in the midst, beneath a shade
Of clustered rose, a fountain played,
Sprinkling its scented waters round,
With a sweet and lulling sound,
O'er oranges like eastern gold,
Half hidden by the dark green fold
Of their large leaves; o'er hyacinth-bells,
Where every summer odour dwells.

* The extraordinary poetic talents of the young and fair author of this volume (published by HUNST, ROBINSON, and Co. Cheap-side), are too generally known, from her beautiful compositions which have almost weekly adorned the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, for this new production of her genius to need any recommendation from us.

And nestled in the midst a pair
Of white wood-doves, whose home was there;
And like an echo to their song,
At times a murmur past along;
A dying tone, a plaining fall,
So sad, so wild, so musical,
As the wind swept across the wire,
And waked my lone Æolian lyre,
Which lay upon the casement, where
The lattice wooed the cool night air,
Half hidden by a bridal twine
Of jasmine with the emerald vine.
And ever as the curtains made
A varying light, a changeful shade,
As the breeze waved them to and fro,
Came on the eye the glorious show
Of pictured walls, where landscape wild
Of wood and stream, or mountain piled,
Or sunny vale, or twilight grove,
Or shapes whose every look was love;
Saints whose diviner glance seemed caught
From heaven, some whose earthlier thought
Was yet more lovely, shone like gleams
Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams.

I threw me on a couch to rest,
Loosely I flung my long black hair;

It seemed to sooth my troubled breast

To drink the quiet evening air.

I look'd upon the deep blue sky,

And it was all hope and harmony.

Afar I could see the Arno's stream

Glorying in the clear moon-beam;

And the shadowy city met my gaze,

Like the dim memory of other days;

And the distant wood's black coronal

Was like oblivion that covereth all.

I know not why my soul felt sad;

I touched my lute—it would not waken,

Save to old songs of sorrowing—

Of hope betrayed—of hearts forsaken:

Each lay of lighter feeling slept;

Isang, but as I sang, I wept.

THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung,

Her long black tresses round him flung,

Love-chains, which would not let him part;

And he could feel her beating heart,

The pulses of her small white hand,

The tears she could no more command,

The lip which trembled, though near his,

The sigh that mingled with her kiss:

Yet parted he from that embrace.

He cast one glance upon her face,

His very soul felt sick to see

Its look of utter misery;

Yet turned he not: one moment's grief,

One pang, like light'ning, fierce and brief,

One thought, half pity, half remorse,

Passed o'er him. On he urged his horse;

Hill, ford, and valley, spurred he by,

And when his castle-gate was nigh,

White foam was on his broider'd rein,

And each spur had a blood-red stain.

But soon he entered that fair hall:

His laugh was loudest there of all;

And the cup that wont one name to bless,

Was drained for its forgetfulness.

The ring, once next his heart, was broken,

The gold chain kept another token.

Where is the curl he used to wear—

The raven tress of silken hair?

The winds have scattered it. A braid

Of the first spring-day's golden shade

Waves with the dark plumes on his crest;

Fresh colours are upon his breast;

The slight blue scarf of simplest fold

Is changed for one of woven gold.

And he is by a maiden's side,

Whose gems of price and robes of pride

Would suit the daughter of a king;

And diamonds are glistening

Upon her arm; there's not one curl

Unfastened by a loop of pearl.

And he is whispering in her ear

Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas! the tale is quickly told—

His love hath felt the curse of gold!

And he is bartering his heart

For that in which it hath no part.

There's many an ill that clings to love;

But this is one all else above:

For love to bow before the name

Of this world's treasure—shame! oh shame!

Love, be thy wings as light as those

That waft the zephyr from the rose—

This may be pardoned—something rare

In loveliness has been thy snare!

But how, fair Love, canst thou become

A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?

And she whom Julian left—she stood

A cold white statue; as the blood

Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,

Flown to her heart and frozen there.

Upon her temple each dark vein

Swelled in its agony of pain.

Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;

Her arms were stretched at length, though

now

Their clasp was on the empty air:

A funeral pall—her long black hair

Fell over her; herself the tomb

Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win

So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,

As woman's heart!—and deeper woe

For her fond weakness, not to know

That yielding all but breaks the chain

That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—

No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;

But meteors glancing o'er the way,

Only to dazzle and betray.

And who is she, that 'mid the storm,

Wraps her slight mantle round her form?

Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,

And blood is on her small snow feet.

She has been forced a way to make

Through prickly weed and thorny brake,

Uproosing from its coil the snake;

And stirring from their damp abode

The slimy worm and loathsome toad:

And shuddered as she heard the gale

Shriek like an evil spirit's wail;

When followed, like a curse, the crash

Of the pines in the lightning flash:

A place of evil and of fear—

Oh! what does Julian's love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last

The gloomy forest depths are past,

And she has reached the wizard's den,
 Accursed by God and shunned by men,
 And never had a ban been laid
 Upon a more unwholesome shade.
 There grew dank elders, and the yew
 Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
 And brooded there each bird most foul,
 The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But Ida entered in the cell,
 Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.
 Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze
 To look upon the shape which rose
 To bar her entrance On that face
 Was scarcely left a single trace
 Of human likeness: the parched skin
 Shewed each discoloured bone within;
 And but for the most evil stare
 Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,
 It was a corpse, you would have said,
 From which life's freshness long had fled.
 Yet Ida knelt her down, and prayed
 To that dark sorcerer for his aid.
 He heard her prayer with withering look;
 Then from unholy herbs he took
 A drug, and said it would recover
 The lost heart of her faithless lover.
 She trembled as she turned to see
 His demon sneer's malignity;
 And every step was winged with dread,
 To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,
 And Julian is in Ida's bower.
 He has brought gold, as gold could bless
 His work of utter desolateness!
 He has brought gems, as if Despair
 Had any pride in being fair!
 But Ida only wept and wreathed
 Her white arms round his neck; then breathed
 Those passionate complaints that wring
 A woman's heart, yet never bring
 Redress. She called upon each tree
 To witness her lone constancy!
 She called upon the silent boughs,
 The temple of her Julian's vows
 Of happiness too dearly bought!
 Then wept again. At length she thought
 Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—
 The last lone hope that love had left!
 She took the cup and kissed the brim,
 Mixed the dark spell and gave it him,
 To pledge his once dear Ida's name!
 He drank it. Instantly the flame
 Ran through his veins: one fiery throb
 Of bitter pain—one gasping sob
 Of agony—the cold death-sweat
 Is on his face—his teeth are set—

His bursting eyes are glazed and still:
 The drug has done its work of ill.
 Alas! for her who watched each breath,
 The cup her love had mixed bore death!

BALLAD.

By L. E. L.

When should lovers breathe their vows?
 When should ladies hear them?
 When the dew is on the boughs,
 When none else are near them;
 When the moon shines cold and pale,
 When the birds are sleeping,
 When no voice is on the gale,
 When the rose is weeping;
 When the stars are bright on high,
 Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,
 Like soft fears to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live
 On the brow by starlight wreathing;
 And the lips their richest incense give
 When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
 Oh! softest is the cheek's love-ray
 When seen by moonlight hours;
 Other roses seek the day,
 But blushes are night-flowers.
 Oh! when the moon and stars are bright,
 When the dew-drops glisten,
 Then their vows should lovers plight;
 Then should ladies listen.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

The hand that swept the magic lyre is still;
 That lyre so wildly strung shall breathe
 no more:
 Still shall the memory of its echoes thrill
 Each heart that loved its music as before.
 No more shall love, hope, joy, or sorrow fill
 The bosom still'd by death: its pangs are
 o'er.
 Had I a tear, 'twould fall perhaps for thee;
 But what thou art we all must shortly be.
 Thy sireless daughter and thy widowed bride
 Shall mourn thy hapless melancholy doom;
 And though the chill unfeeling world deride,
 Their tears of sorrow shall bedew thy tomb.
 I knew thee not, yet still thou wert my
 pride;
 And since the flower of life hath ceased to
 bloom,
 Sweet be thy sleep; and may Forgiveness
 wave
 Her angel pinions o'er thy early grave!

A. W. H.



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1824.

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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.

P. L.—Oscar—Crito—An occasional Correspondent—Mathematicus—and B—y, are not adapted for our pages.

Emma should address her complaints to the Editor of the publication to which they refer.

No such paper as S. inquires after has reached our hands.

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

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

STOKE-PLACE, THE SEAT OF COLONEL VYSE.

STOKE-PLACE is situated in the parish of Stoke, about four miles north-west of Windsor. It is an old-fashioned but comfortable house, covering a considerable space, and enlivened by some very fine trees of the acacia and cedar species, that grow most luxuriantly a few yards from the mansion. The cedars are remarkably fine; their dark tone admirably contrasts with the variety of woods that embellish the lawn.

Before Field-Marshal Sir George Howard, K. B. (grandfather to the present owner), became the possessor, the grounds were laid out in the old-fashioned villa taste, of which happily few specimens now exist in this country. Besides birds, quadrupeds, and bipeds, that seemed to exist in these grounds, of box and other shrubs, here were holly-hedges

carefully formed into the shape of breakfast-tables, with a representation of a court breakfast of the age, all formed of the living box, to commemorate a royal breakfast that took place on the lawn. These absurdities disappeared before the genius of Brown, and if he had left no other work, this charming place would have sufficed to stamp his fame for landscape-gardening.

The walks are natural, and extend a considerable distance, at times striking into the woods, and at others continued by the water, of which there is a fine sheet, that adds considerably to the embellishment and beauty of the grounds. In a line with the edifice is a handsome greenhouse, near which a rustic bridge is thrown across the water, imbosomed in woods. This leads to a small but

pleasing temple, from which the home scenes and the overhanging woods, with a delightful turn of the lake, form a sequestered and truly beautiful scene.

The embellishments in the park and pleasure-grounds are numerous and in the best taste. The walk continues from the temple to a wood, in which stands an ice-house, surmounted by a Gothic tower, forming a picturesque object. The woods are so interwoven as to constitute groves that exclude the mid-day sun; affording in summer cool delicious walks, leading among a variety of woods to a considerable distance, embracing a picturesque rustic covered seat on a wooded eminence: a winding path leads round to the base, the

interior of which is a grotto of considerable magnitude, formed with a great variety of fine specimens of Bristol spar and other minerals. To this grotto is attached an inner chamber, which forms a bath: the whole is sequestered, and the water approaches its side in serpentine forms. Hence the principal walk continues by the water in its approach to the house, passing some flower-gardens, with their embellishments. Windsor Castle, Stoke church, and Gray's monument, are pleasing objects as seen from various parts of the grounds.

The mansion contains several good paintings, and among them is a fine portrait of Sir George Howard, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MRS. PALMER'S VILLA, RICHMOND.

This classical little villa was built by Sir Robert Taylor for Sir Charles Asgill. The elevation is of the Tuscan order, and after a design by Palladio. For chaste and simple elegance it far surpasses all the other works of this architect, who was remarkable only in his cumbrous structures for giving space and grandeur to his apartments; and notwithstanding the comparative smallness of this villa, the apartments are large and handsome.

Our View is from the river Thames, shewing the principal Front. It is built of Bath stone, and forms one of the chief embellishments of the neighbourhood of Richmond. The grounds are limited, and the whole is formed into what may be termed a lawn, which is terminated by a pretty Grecian green-house. The kitchen-garden, attached, contains an excellent hot-house and conservatory.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS OF ITALY.

(Continued from p. 97.)

At length the *fiera* begins, and with it the incessant jubilation. The general rehearsal is over, and the reports made of it are extremely favourable. All the gentlemen are already prepossessed in behalf of the

enchancing Signora Lodola; all the ladies are equally fascinated by Signor Gallinaccio; and the music of the *celebre maestro* Zanzara is extolled as a sublime master-piece. They now repair full dressed to the



THE HOUSE OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

first representation, for which the theatre is *illuminato a giorno*; and, bating the intolerable heat, they are pretty comfortable. In every box you discover one or perhaps two female busts, and these busts are furnished with eyes, which eclipse even the *illuminazione a giorno*. Again I exclaim, "He that hath eyes to see, let him make good use of them!" For the rest, things go on at the theatre much in the same manner as I have already described, except that now the bustle in the boxes has reached its highest pitch, and the doors do not rest a moment. Indeed it cannot be otherwise, since at least ten strange *cavalieri* are presented to each lady; and the native *cavalieri*, in these days of danger, strive to gain as much notice as they can, lest the strangers should cause them to be totally forgotten.

The new opera of the *maestro* Zanzara's is given, together with a *gran ballo*, every evening during the whole *fiera*; so that the company remains four hours and upwards in the house; and as the opera never fails to excite the utmost enthusiasm, the composer is regularly called for every time at the conclusion of the piece; as are the Signore Anitza and Lodola, and the Signori Gallinaccio, Bertuccia, and Pepistrello, at least ten times during the representation*.

At the *corso*, in the *casino*, and in the *botteghe*, an extraordinary bus-

* This calling (*chiamare sul prosce-nio*) is not only customary in small towns, but equally common in large ones. During the carnival last year at Venice, the opera of *Tebaldo and Isolina*, with music by the Cavaliere Morlacchi, was given; and the composer and all the singers were called for six or eight times every evening.

tle prevails; nay, the crowd in the latter is frequently so great, and the heat so intolerable, as to convey a correct idea of the hold of a slave-ship, only with this difference, that while there the blacks lie packed like herrings in a barrel, here the white, brown, and olive-coloured stand jammed so close together, that they have the greatest difficulty to take a glass of lemonade or *sorbetto*; and if they wish to move backward or forward, every inch of ground must be gained with the utmost exertion. In Italy no virtue is so highly revered as a prudent economy, and only that is accounted a real pleasure which requires the least expenditure of cash: hence it is easy to conceive that all the descendants of the pious Æneas find themselves as much in their element in the *botteghe*, where a few pence suffice to procure them an adequate supply of lemonade and *sorbetto*, as a fish in water; or indeed still more so, since the said *sorbetto* not only gratifies the sense of taste, but is an object of economical speculation, and thus affords an opportunity of killing two birds with one stone. I once witnessed myself the success with which a very wealthy count, who sat beside me in a very crowded *bottega*, carried on a speculation of this kind. He asked several times for half a portion of *sorbetto*; and thus rendered the duty of the waiter, who had the utmost difficulty to work his way through the crowd to get at the *illustrissimo signor*, still more arduous. I took the liberty to remark, that if *illustrissimo*, instead of ordering two half portions would please to call for a whole one, not only *illustrissimo* himself would be a gainer, as he would be much sooner served, but also the

waiter. I was soon convinced, however, that I knew nothing at all about the matter; for *illustrissimo* proved to me, that by this manœuvre he gained in every half portion nearly a whole spoonful of *sorbetto*; since the *caffettiere*, in mixing half-portions, was obliged to add a blessing, as it is called, to make them appear to advantage, whereas he made it a constant practice to filch a little from the whole ones. To prevent this filching, and to gain nearly a spoonful of *sorbetto*, &c. &c. &c. I was struck dumb by this unanswerable argument.

The game at ball, which takes place in the afternoon, has but little interest for the ladies: yet there is no want of spectators. Those of the lower class are very numerous; and many persons of the higher also attend to admire the Signori Spazzastrade and Parabolani, especially as it is here allowed to express unbounded admiration *gratis*, and consequently the exhibition requires the expenditure not of coin, but of time only, which neither the higher nor the lower classes well know how to dispose of. I should suppose, that to be amused by this game, a person ought to understand it; but as I do not understand it, I thought it excessively tedious. An open space, or any wide street in the town, is marked out with due solemnity for the game, and divided by a line into two parts. The players, dressed in short jackets, with silk aprons reaching to the knees, and adorned with scarfs of various colours, look like rope-dancers, tumblers, or the runners of distinguished personages. Some stand on one, some on the other side of the line, while others station themselves on the line itself,

and are *alla caccia*, catchers. At length one of these gentlemen steps upon a plank laid obliquely, and a fellow standing at the foot of the plank throws the ball towards him, on which he runs swiftly down the plank, and strikes it a violent blow with his arm, which is encased for the purpose in a wooden machine, called *bracciale*. The ball flies to the players stationed on the other side of the line, and is sent back by them. Sometimes the *signori alla caccia* also put themselves in motion, and after every blow tellers, likewise in appropriate costume, carry certain conical poles, first to one place, and then to another, and count the points; but why or wherefore all this is done, and which party finally won or lost, I never could make out. The enthusiasm of the spectators seems to be in general very moderate; a few faint cheers only are occasionally heard; and I recollect but one instance, namely, when the ball was struck with such force as to fly over the town-hall, that loud and unanimous *bravos* and *errivas* burst from the spectators. This was an extraordinary case, and hence for several successive days nothing was talked of but the ball and the height of the town-hall.

The *Corso di Barberi* excites more interest, but let no one imagine that it exhibits even a shadow of our English races; for these *barberi* are as unlike our race-horses, as the Neapolitan or Papal guards to Cæsar's legions. The thing will nevertheless bear looking at once or twice; for a town thus arranged for the *corso* certainly affords a very pretty sight. In the streets through which the horses have to run, are erected stands, which, like the balconies de-

corated with carpets, the windows, and the house-tops, are crowded with spectators. At the *meta* (the goal) is raised a stand, which is richly decorated for the umpires, who take their places there with a look of vast self-importance. These umpires, some of the most distinguished personages of the town, commence the ceremony by riding over the course in old-fashioned state-carriages, to see that every thing is in proper order. The course is seldom more than three thousand paces: it begins in the high-road at some distance from the town, and leads through the gate and the streets to the *meta*. On the first day, the *barberi* run without riders, and are goaded by balls furnished with sharp spikes, and attached to the girths. On the second day they are ridden by boys, called *Fantini*. When the umpires have inspected all the arrangements, and found them complete, the signal-guns are fired, the *barberi* start, and get on as fast and as well as they can. Were I required to find a simile for their speed, I would not trouble any of the thirty-two winds. I have seen a *barbero*, which was esteemed one of the best racers, overtaken and distanced by an Hungarian hussar, who was stationed as a guard by the course, and could not resist the temptation of running along with the rest, though the *barbero* was full a hundred paces in advance when the hussar clapped spurs to his nag. When the whole is over, all the *Fantini*, headed by the victors bearing the prizes which they have won, parade through the streets; and as, in the country where the citron flourishes, it rarely happens that any public or private act concludes without a begging bout, these *Fantini* force their way

into the *botteghe*, and in the evening into the boxes at the theatre, bawling with all their might, "*Illustrissimi eccellenze! date qualche cosa ai poveri Fantini!*"

I once witnessed a tragic scene which occurred at a *Corso di Barberi*. The high-road on which the horses started was bounded on the right by a deep ditch, that had not been railed off. A fine bay, which had attracted general notice, and on which several considerable bets were laid by some foreigners (Italians never bet), being on the right wing, was thrust by his boisterous competitors towards the ditch, and at length precipitated into it. The spirited animal, however, got up, and again appeared on the road a few hundred paces farther on, where, though the blood streamed from his mouth, and one of his fore-legs was broken, he still endeavoured to limp along on the other three, till he dropped down dead. No language can describe the rage, the frenzy, the despair of the owner of the unfortunate *barbero* at this sudden disappointment of his fair hopes. He threw himself down by the horse, rolled himself in dust and blood, tore his shaggy locks with both hands, struck his head and breast with his fists, bellowing most tremendously, and ever and anon pouring forth such execrations and blasphemies as the brain of a maniac only is capable of coining. When I saw this fellow lying beside his steed, which had quitted the world so calmly, and with such noble resignation—when I say I saw him lying thus, foaming at the mouth and wallowing in the dirt, upon my honour, I would rather have called the *barbero* comrade, cousin, or brother, than this Italian. I know not

how long he went on in this manner; for though I had, during my residence in Italy, become somewhat accustomed to senseless imprecations, though I had even heard Genoese sailors curse and swear during a storm, still I could not bear to listen any longer to this madman, and accordingly left him.

I cannot help reckoning cursing and swearing among the worst habits of the Italians. Other nations, our own for example, have the character of being addicted to this vice; the Hungarians too are real virtuosi; but all of them—Jews and Wallachians, half-brothers to the Italians, indeed excepted—must resign the palm to the latter. That you hear every minute the most obscene words, even from the lips of well-educated persons, and in genteel companies; that the Italian never expresses either astonishment or pity, admiration, sympathy, or any other sentiment, without prefixing some indecent word, is an impropriety to which you at length become familiarized: but a cursing and swearing Italian is an object of abhorrence; and it may safely be affirmed, that no human imagination could devise more unmeaning and absurd extravagancies, than proceed from the mouth of an Italian when under the influence of any violent passion. That during such paroxysms they sometimes utter conceits and sallies which are highly comic and original, cannot be denied. An Italian prince, for example, enjoyed the honour of sitting down every day to cards with his sovereign, the Duchess of Parma. This prince was an inveterate swearer, and at every piece of ill luck, even in the presence of her imperial highness, he would pour forth a torrent of ge-

nuine Italian curses and imprecations; so that he at length received an intimation, that he could no longer be admitted to the card-table of the duchess. He then swore, and corroborated his oath with the most tremendous imprecation, never to curse and swear again; and several days actually passed without a single blasphemy escaping his lips. But, having one evening an extraordinary run of ill luck, he nevertheless kept silence, though his inward commotion resembled that in the laboratory of Vesuvius the day before an eruption. At length came the finishing stroke; a promising game, on which a considerable stake depended, was again lost: unable longer to restrain himself, yet not daring to give vent to his mortification, an internal conflict ensued, which would probably have put an end to his life, had he not luckily chanced to cast his eyes on a picture representing Christ standing before Pilate, at the moment when the latter says, "Take him away and crucify him!" He was now relieved; he rubbed his hands smiling, and while he nodded approbation of the conduct of the governor, he muttered between his teeth, "*Bravo, Pilato! bravo, Pilato!*"

Another Italian, who was likewise jilted by the fickle goddess, had already exhausted the whole arsenal of execrations: a *paroli*, on which he had staked his last hope, was rejected; whereupon, foaming with rage, he pulled off his hat with his left hand, and held it before him; while he extended his right towards heaven, and pronouncing the name of a saint, made a motion as if to seize him, and throw him into the hat. With wonderful volubility he

ran over the names of some dozens of *santi*, and at each name made a snatch with his right hand, caught hold of the one whom he named, and threw him into the hat to the others. When he conceived that he had thus collected a sufficient number of saints, he quickly turned the hat over, and shook it violently, so that they all tumbled out on the ground, where he trampled and stamped upon them till he was tired.

It is amusing to remark how habitual swearers, but at the same time pious Italians, indulge their propensity, yet without endangering the salvation of their souls: thus, if the favourite *Corpo di Dio*, or *Sangue di Dio*, comes into the mouth of one of these devout blasphemers, he readily changes the *D* into *B*, and says *Corpo di Bio*, which means nothing; or he chews and mumbles the *Dio* between his teeth in such a manner, that you can scarcely tell whether he

says *Dio*, *Bio*, or any thing else. If the equally favourite *Corpo della santissima Vergine* has already escaped him, he is cunning enough to subjoin *Martina*, instead of *Maria*, at which the queen of heaven cannot possibly take offence; or he says, *Corpo della santissima Vergine lavandaia*—Body of the most holy Virgin washerwoman—and thus, without committing any sin, he extricates himself with honour from the dilemma.

Among the Italian execrations, with which one might fill a tolerable volume, I have always been particularly struck with the *Maledetto da Dio e dal Papa*—Accursed of God and the Pope.—“And of the Pope,” that part cannot fail to drive to despair such as are greeted with this phrase, little as they may be disposed to care about the circumstance of being accursed of God.

(*To be continued.*)

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION IN GERMANY.

THE following narrative, from the pen of Captain L. Förster, an officer in the Gotha contingent of troops attached to the French army during the sway of Buonaparte, is not only curious in itself, but also interesting, as it serves to illustrate the superstitious notion on which the incidents in the very popular German opera, *Der Freyschütz*, are founded:

It was in the year 1811, during, if I mistake not, the march from Hamburg to Stralsund, with the two officers of my company, the Lieutenants Br——r* and C. von W——m†,

* He was missed in the retreat from Russia, and is said to have been frozen to death in the convent at Kowno.

† At present captain, and in garrison at Gotha.

that we were quartered in an ancient castle inhabited only by the keeper. We found but a single habitable room, which we were obliged to share with our servants; and as we had not only made a long march that day, but were wet through with a soaking rain, we seated ourselves soon after supper round the fire-place, in which a cheerful fire had been kindled. The conversation turned on a variety of topics, till at length it fixed upon hunting and shooting: many curious stories were related, many instances of excellent shots were mentioned, and at last various allusions were made to the secret arts of gamekeepers. These led to a narrative, with which, on account of, I may say, its horrible singularity, I was particu-

larly struck; and which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly as possible in the words of the relater.

Ulrich*, the servant of Lieutenant Br——r, who was born in a woodland village of the duchy of Gotha, and, as he himself said, had from his youth associated much with gamekeepers, and been accustomed to shooting, began as follows: "Yes, captain, you may think as you please about it, but gamekeepers are up to things that are really astonishing. With Mr. C——r, head-forester at Fr——th, there lived an old gamekeeper, who could certainly do more than merely eat bread. He had to all appearance an ordinary gun, with which he never used any thing but ball, whether he was firing at hares, birds, or any other sort of game; and he was never known to miss, even at distances exceeding by twice or three times the usual range of such a piece: but this was not done fairly, for 'tis certain Old Nick had a hand in it."—We all laughed.—"Laugh as much as you please," said Ulrich, "still it is positively true. You shall hear. One evening we were sitting together, the old man I am speaking of, several young keepers, and Charles, the son of the head-forester. We were talking of the excellence of the old man's gun, on which he observed, that what we had hitherto seen was nothing to what he could do; adding, that he would immediately fire out at the window, if we would first decide in what part of the country he should shoot a piece of game, and what kind of game it should be. This appeared incredible to us; but for fun we mentioned a spot in the forest, about a mile from the house, and desired

* As far as I know, he is still living, and a master-tailor at Gotha.

him to shoot a fox there. He fired out of the window, as he had said, and we repaired to the spot specified, and there sure enough we found a fox that had just been shot. The son of the head-forester, then quite a youth, was very curious to know by what means this was done; and the old man promised to teach him the trick, if he had courage to learn it. Charles was desirous of learning, but desisted at the decisive moment, frightened by terrible apparitions."—"Well," said I, "but did Charles never tell you in what way a person was to set about it?"—"O yes. You must strive to gain possession of a host already consecrated for the holy communion. With this and a gun loaded with ball, you repair, on the night of Christmas-eve, to the forest, nail the host to a tree, go back to a little distance from it, and with a loud voice renounce the belief in the blessed Trinity. Hereupon you fire at the host, and this done, you will find upon it three drops of blood. These you wipe off with a piece of paper, and then make a hole (which may be done at home) in any part of the stock of the gun, put the paper into it, and close it up again. When all these ceremonies have been duly performed, every ball fired from this piece is sure to hit whatever the owner pleases."

I expressed my surprise that any one could be so silly as to believe such absurd and stupid stuff; but Ulrich persisted in his assertion, that the thing was nevertheless true.—"For," continued he, "Charles C——r contrived to procure a host, and went out into the forest with the old man on the night of Christmas-eve. According to his direction, he nailed the host to a tree, and repeated the oath of abjuration; but when

he took aim to shoot, the trees were gone, and he saw nothing but our Saviour, as large as life, hanging on the cross, and innumerable frightful infernal shapes dancing about him; on which he threw down the gun and ran away."

The important events of the campaign in Russia, the eleven months which I passed in Danzig, during the siege of that city, and many as well cheerful as melancholy hours which I have spent since that evening, were not capable of erasing Ulrich's narrative entirely from my memory; but whenever the story occurred to my mind, I knew not whether to regard it as a fabrication of Ulrich's, or if it were not so, whether C——r might not have been the dupe of a heated imagination, and fancied he saw things which in reality had no existence.

When, at length, after the surrender of Danzig, I joined the battalion to which I belonged in Flanders, and assumed the command of a company, I was strongly reminded of Ulrich's story by the name of a serjeant. This serjeant was called Charles C——r, and he was a native of Fr——th*. I inquired if he was the son of the head-forester at that place; he replied in the affirmative: consequently I could no longer doubt that he was the same person whom Ulrich had mentioned. During the next march, after I had conversed a good deal with him, and found him to be a tolerably well-informed man,

* He is still a serjeant in garrison at Gotha.

I turned the discourse, as if by accident, to the circumstances related by Ulrich that evening in the ancient castle. C——r repeated the story to me in nearly the same words.

I was now quite at a loss what to think; for though I shall never be so weak as to believe such things to be at all possible, still, as every impartial person must admit, the coincidence of the circumstances was extremely striking. Of the two cases which I had previously assumed as probable, one of course (namely, that Ulrich had invented the story,) fell to the ground; and the other (that C——r had been the dupe of an overheated imagination) lost more and more of its plausibility; for I found him to be nothing less than a visionary, or one who wishes to pass off his own inventions for truth. Admitting, however, that all this were otherwise, whence the perfect accordance between the accounts of C——r and Ulrich (who had not seen one another in the intermediate time), concerning the old gamekeeper's gun and his shooting the fox?

Leaving each of my readers to form his own opinion of this matter, I can solemnly assure them that it came to my knowledge in the manner related above; for though, in the lapse of time, my memory may err in regard to some petty unimportant collateral circumstances, still they may rely on its fidelity in regard to the principal facts, as they interested me too deeply to be forgotten or incorrectly retained.

THE LOITERER.

No. X.

It is only a lover of home, and an idle man to boot, that can understand my first feelings when I found myself
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snugly seated in my own parlour on my return from my Continental trip. I looked round with an indescribable

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sort of fondness upon every object which the room contained. There is certainly no want of *fauteuils* in Paris, and of the most elegant and commodious kind; yet never did I feel myself so much at my ease in one of them as in my old and well worn easy chair. My trusty Rover, who had been the companion of my travels, and who, notwithstanding his name, is as great a lover of home as his master, evidently shared in my feelings. He wagged his tail with an air of uncommon satisfaction, ran about and smelt at the furniture as if to assure himself it was the same he had left behind him, and finally stretched himself on the carpet at my feet, and looked up in my face as much as to say, "Well, master, where else can we be so comfortable?"

This sacred and delightful feeling is perhaps almost peculiar to the British bosom: long, long may its power remain unimpaired! for it is the guarantee of the virtue, the happiness, and the prosperity of my country.

The French, with all their sources of pleasure, have nothing of the kind: a Frenchman's own house is in fact the last place where he thinks of enjoying himself. The only satisfaction which a man of rank derives from his house, is the opportunity it gives him of displaying his taste or his wealth. So long as he can collect a crowd round him to admire these, it is all very well; but dismiss the company, leave him alone, or with *madame*, to what an Englishman would call the quiet enjoyment of his own fireside, and the scene changes as by the wand of an enchanter; lassitude and *emui* succeed to vivacity and *enjouement*. His habitual politeness, for a Frenchman

will not lose sight of that, prevents him from yawning in the face of his better half, but he is forced to seek relief in *tric-trac* or *boston*; and it is ten to one that, notwithstanding these auxiliaries, he is at last obliged to look for amusement somewhere else.

The French do not deny the charge brought against them of not being a home-loving people, but with their usual ingenuity they contrive to convert what is in fact a reproach into a compliment. We are, say they, a social people; we love society; in a word, we have no idea of solitary enjoyment. When they tell you this, they say nothing more than they themselves believe; but such is not the fact: the real truth is, that the life of a Frenchman, and still more that of a Frenchwoman, is a continual exhibition. Possessed of a most comfortable share of self-sufficiency, every individual believes himself or herself the undivided object of attention to the circle in which he or she happens to be placed. Thus, accustomed to act, even in the most trifling things, with a view to being applauded and admired by others, an audience becomes as necessary to the mental aliment of a Frenchman, as food to his bodily support.

This vanity, in itself so reprehensible, produces nevertheless some good effects: habitual civility, readiness to oblige in trifles, attention in doing the honours of the nation to foreigners, and, above all, that pride in whatever can contribute to the national glory, which so eminently distinguish the French, have their source in it. Never was the truth of the observation, vanity does a great deal towards making people good, more fully exemplified than in France.

I found, as I expected, a good many letters awaiting my return: I shall begin with one that contains a complaint which is perhaps too justly founded.

Mr. LOITERER,

When your paper first made its appearance, I expected, as I dare say many others did likewise, that you would have devoted a considerable part of it to the fair sex. Every essayist, from Addison and Johnson down to Solomon Sagephiz himself, considered us entitled to his attention, lashed our follies, praised our virtues, and, in short, shewed himself fairly sensible of our importance in the creation. You, and you only, of all the tribe, treat us with a sort of insolent contempt, as if you imagined it was beneath your lazy dignity to bestow upon us either praise or abuse. I cry you mercy! I do recollect now, that you have favoured us with a little of the latter; that is, indirectly and very sparingly. Now, sir, I am deputed by a very numerous body of the female readers of the *Repository* to inform you, that this mode of proceeding will not do. We consider your neglect of us in the light of a gross affront; and as we are very sure that the editor has more gallantry than to be a party to such unhandsome proceedings, we are determined to send a petition, in the form of a round robin, against the insertion of your paper. We think it right to give you this fair warning; and to shew the placability of our dispositions, we assure you, that in the event of your altering your conduct, you shall find us among your friends and supporters. We remain, Mr. Loiterer,

Yours as you behave.

I am so much pleased with the

esprit de corps which has dictated the above note, that I lose no time in publishing it, in order that I may give my fair correspondent the satisfaction of a public apology for the neglect which she complains of. I assure her that it sprang neither from indifference nor contempt, but was purely accidental, and shall be remedied; for I am, as much as a very idle man can be, the devoted servant of that lovely sex, by whose influence we are moulded, and to whom life owes all that it has most valuable and endearing. I hope in my future papers to make the *amende honorable*; and now I must proceed to give the substance of some of the letters which I have received, for the letters themselves would require more space than I can afford them.

Dick Dashaway hopes that the antiquated topics which formed the subjects of my papers from Paris, were not the only objects of my attention there, but that I have bestowed due pains upon the investigation of others more important; and that I have at least brought home with me a smattering of cookery, an improved judgment in claret, and a wardrobe modelled in the very newest Parisian fashion, which he hints he should be disposed to take a survey of the very first morning he could be sure to find me at home.

I am sorry to inform this gentleman, that I cannot give him any of the information he considers so valuable, on wine and made dishes. As to my wardrobe, I am afraid he would find the cut of my coat, like that of my paper, too antiquated to suit his taste.

Lucy Lovemode thinks it a pity that I have not said a word about the dress of the French ladies; and

wishes very much to know whether they are as much addicted to gallantry and as fond of rouge as they were formerly. In reply to this fair lady, I beg to observe, that the difference, if any, in the female costume of London and Paris, could not be very visible to a novice in these mysteries like myself. Had I been disposed to moralize indeed, I might have said something about the bare necks and shoulders of the pretty Parisians; but as I could not in conscience declare that they went greater lengths in that respect than my own dear countrywomen, I thought it as well to say nothing on the subject. As to rouge, it is entirely exploded; at least, if it is used, it is so put on as to have the appearance of nature. And with respect to gallantry, all I can say is, that if the dear creatures are so disposed, it is not visible to a stranger, for they observe a strict decorum; their behaviour in society is perfectly delicate and correct; and I am too good-natured, as well as too idle, to pry into matters that do not at all concern me.

Samuel Snarl informs me, that he never means to read my paper again. He did not think it good for much before I went to France, but he is certain that it must be good for nothing now I have been there.

Harry Henpeck tells me, that his wife, who has already nearly ruined him by her other follies, is now possessed with a travelling mania; and he implores me to write a paper to persuade people to stay at home, because, he says, he thinks that my opinion is likely to have some weight with her. Marian Migrate as earnestly requests me to write a Loiterer on the necessity of going abroad, as she thinks it will have the effect of

strengthening her arguments on that subject with her papa. Now though my inclination would lead me to oblige the lady, yet my conscience takes the side of the gentleman; but as it is pretty clear that I cannot please one without offending the other, I have prudently determined to remain neuter.

There are a good many other correspondents, to whom at present I must recommend patience; for the subject of the following letter requires an immediate reply. I shall therefore postpone the consideration of my other letters till my next paper, in order to give insertion to this very pressing application.

Dear Mr. LOITERER,

Will you be so good as to inform me, without a moment's delay, whether people do now marry so very, very young in France. Mamma says that it is not the case at present, though it was formerly, but that, like other bad customs, it was abolished at the time of the Revolution. I don't know whether this is true, but if so, I think the Revolution must have been a very terrible thing. Mr. Simper assures me that mamma is quite mistaken, and that it is still the fashion, so much so indeed, that as soon as a young lady enters her teens she is considered marriageable, and an unmarried lady at twenty-five is set down as a decided old maid; and to be sure, as Mr. Simper says, since we do follow the French fashions in every thing else, why should we not in that too. I don't speak altogether on my own account, Mr. Loiterer, because you must know I am not so very young, since I shall be fifteen next Christmas, though mamma wont acknowledge it; but between ourselves, she wants to keep me always

a child. However, one can't be in leading strings for ever, you know; and besides, I should wish to do like all the rest of the fine folks, and follow the modes of Paris: so do pray, dear Mr. Nevermove, be a little quick for once in your life, and give me an answer directly, that if Mr. Simper does tell the truth, I may run away

with him as fast as ever I can. Yours, in haste,

FANNY FORWARD.

If Miss Forward really means to follow the French fashion in the grand affair of matrimony, she must be content to remain a spinster for at least three years to come.

N. NEVERMOVE.

THE NOVICIATE.

(Continued from p. 82.)

As we pretend only to give slight sketches of private life in the sixteenth century, we pass over events of minor interest, and proceed to the fifteenth year of our heroine. The king in his avowed or incognito excursions often called at Balveny Castle, and marked the growing loveliness of Wilmina. He told the queen that the most learned fair-one in the realm was also the best proficient in feminine works and notable housewifery. He said to Lord Balveny, that she first appeared to him a tender bud on the bleak moss of Cree, and the season was arrived for transplanting the beauteous flower to a more genial clime. The queen urged that she had a grand piece of needle-work to complete, and Wilmina's hand must be a great acquisition. Lord Balveny consented to spare her some weeks; and the queen assured him, that, tasteful, expert, and diligent, her execution furnished a pattern and stimulus to her giddy common-place hand-maidens. She had never seen her brothers; and in reply to the queen's inquiries, she acknowledged, it was her only grief to be estranged from them. A violent contest had arisen between the Lowlanders and the *brae men* of Perthshire. With a competent force,

Lord Balveny was intrusted to adjust the differences, or controul the party refractory to accommodation. In his absence it was probable the Master of Balveny and Sylvester would accept an invitation to a ball, where they were sure of meeting their young sister. Messengers were dispatched in every direction, requiring the presence of nobles and gentry on the 25th of June, in commemoration of the battle of Bannockburn: no true Scot could decline attending the national festival: Wilmina's heart palpitated with joy in the prospect of seeing her brothers. Her feelings were wholly disinterested; but the king and queen, provident for her future advantage, looked forward to a time, which could not be far distant, when the protection of the nearest male relatives must be of the utmost consequence to her, if unmarried, when she should become an orphan.

More recently than the reign of James V. ladies of the highest condition in Scotland were arrayed from the wardrobe of their maternal progenitors of several generations. Anxious for the public *débüt* of her favourite, the queen deigned to select for her dress at the ball the garments worn by her mother at the

nuptial feast, with the exception of the *cornette*, which exclusively pertained to matronly costume. In lieu of the *cornette*, Wilmina's ringlets, of a glossy pale brown, were arranged under a Diana crescent of silver and pearls, and the beautiful natural curls were intermingled with the gold and gemmed ornaments used by her mother at her first appearance as Lady Balveny. A difference of colour in the hair, and a more intelligent expression of countenance, little noticed by a stranger, formed the only distinction between Wilmina and her deceased parent; so that the daughter of Balveny, in this bridal splendour, seemed as his lady resuscitated from the tomb. Her rank, and her situation as a guest at Holyrood-House, placed her among the higher seats for young ladies. The maskers were of France, and the theme of their performance was viewed with indignation by all true friends of their country. The queen desired it to be understood as a simple contrivance to lessen the tedious stiffness, while so many presentations of nobility and gentry were going forward; but another motive was too glaring to escape detection—the revival of all the resentments and jealousies that so long embroiled the sister kingdoms. The true patriots were solicitous for a close alliance with England; but the queen and court party were employing every art to engage the king in a treaty of offensive and defensive with France. Lord Balveny opposed the Continental alliance, and to get rid of his influence at the crisis of the negotiation, he was appointed arbiter between the Lowlanders and brae men of Perthshire; the queen, availing herself of a plausible reason, that

absence would spare Lord Balveny the embarrassment of withdrawing from the ball, or meeting his rebellious sons.

Wilmina heard her brother Archibald, Master of Balveny, announced, among others of the same rank: her glistening eye followed him; but he soon disappeared with Lord Ormond, a personage she knew as a visitor at Balveny Castle. The younger sons of nobility came in their turn to pay homage to the king and queen; and combining in his figure and aspect the attributes of Mars and Adonis, Sylvester Douglas made his graceful obeisance. Retiring several steps, with his face to the royal pair, his quick glances met the fixed and anxious gaze of his young sister, blushing with timid admiration and affectionate joy. The blanched hue of death overspread his animated visage, and his failing knees bent: yet he stood riveted to the spot. Wilmina forgot the august presence, the thousand spectators, and rushed to support her brother. The illusion was dispelled. He no longer saw the inhumed Wilmina, but her daughter. He recovered self-possession, and grasping her hands, led her to the bench she left in concern for his illness. He accounted for the sudden faintness by having rode to Edinburgh without rest for four days. He stood behind Wilmina, asking after Lord Balveny and father Roderick; then passing to various topics, he endeavoured to appreciate her disposition and abilities. Each trial served to convince him, that by no undue means she had acquired the ascendancy over her father, for which Archibald had taught him to hate her. Sylvester sent a gentleman of his train in quest of his

brother. He and Lord Ormond had been walking under the piazzas, discussing the probability of making Wilmina subservient to their scheme of drawing Lord Balveny into their party. They instantly attended Sylvester's call, and were sedulous in recommending themselves to the artless unsuspecting girl. Archibald and Sylvester called to see her next day, and with little entreaty were induced to wait Lord Balveny's return to Edinburgh. His lordship conciliated the adverse Perthshire men, and Wilmina easily persuaded him, that it beseemed a peacemaker to accept concessions from his sons. They met without any reference to their long estrangement, and were not twenty minutes together, when a messenger in breathless haste informed Lord Balveny that father Roderick lay at the point of death. Sylvester, ardent in all his feelings, offered to attend his father and sister on the journey to Balveny Castle. They saw father Roderick yielding to the decay of nature; and, like a setting sun, he shed a mild radiance on every object within his sphere. He had a private conference with Sylvester, and committed Wilmina to his protection. This charge was readily accepted; but Sylvester, with apparent reluctance, consented to take Gabriel Hossack into his service. Gabriel, on his part, agreed with some hesitation, though neither would deny a last request to the venerated confessor. He soon after resigned his pious soul into the hands of him who gave it. Wilmina bewailed the loss of a friend endeared by numberless recollections of his kindness and worth; his precepts were more deeply engraven on her heart, and the slightest intimation of his

wishes had now the authority of a command. She found consolation in talking of him, and Sylvester assuaged her grief by coinciding in the sentiments of esteem and reverential affection she expressed.

The Master of Balveny had a residence in the eastern district of Galloway, which he very seldom occupied. Sylvester had the revenue of contiguous lands, and lived with his brother; but on account of the difference with their father, they avoided his neighbourhood. Lord Ormond had a seat within twelve miles of Balveny Castle, and as he managed to appear an independent noble, while he secretly promoted the views of the malcontents, he was still on visiting terms with Lord Balveny. He spent a few autumnal weeks at Ormond Castle, where he gathered, and conveyed to Archibald and Sylvester, the gossip that incensed them against their father and unoffending sister. Archibald had appointed to meet Sylvester at Ormond Castle. Lord Balveny and Wilmina earnestly invited him to prolong his stay with them; but he pleaded pre-engagement, and Lord Balveny, though he regretted the circumstance, approved his tenacity in fulfilling a promise. He ordered his suite to be ready at a very early hour next morning. Gabriel Hossack was also obliged to depart; and in the evening, while Sylvester was closeted with Lord Balveny, the dwarf sought Wilmina in the outer bower, where she sat at work with her damsels. She called him to the inner bower, to give a silver reliquary in memorial of his religious duties. Gabriel received it with profound respect and gratitude, and throwing himself on the floor, begged permission to ask a favour.

The favour was easily granted: he asked only a few slips of parchment, which Wilmina gave, and kissing the border of her garment, he left her presence through a door communicating with the suite of rooms appropriated for Lord Balveny. His lordship sent for Gabriel before he retired to bed, and dismissed him with suitable gifts and valedictory counsels. Gabriel withdrew, to spend the darkest gloom of night at the grave of father Roderick, who had taught him to read and write, and to hold fast his integrity at the hazard or expense of life itself. Punctual to the orders of his new master, he left the mausoleum in time to rouse Sylvester's attendants, who were ready at the hour he fixed for leaving Balveny Castle. Wilmina had a morning repast prepared. Sylvester was not unmoved by this mark of kind attention; his esteem for her had risen on near and familiar observation of her conduct, and with esteem increased his solicitude to draw her from the court party. She wept bitterly when he rose to bid her farewell. They parted; and Wilmina directed all her energies to discharge a trust devolved on her by the death of father Roderick. He foresaw the dreadful scarcity which afflicted Scotland in 1540; and though he had not precisely dictated a systematic plan for relieving the sufferers, the suggestions he casually dropped were of great service.

A rainy day confined Lord Balveny at home in the end of May 1540. Wilmina left her damsels at stated employment, and took her own work to the hall, where she amused her father by conversation, and by singing heroic or humorous ballads. These were the homely and sole re-

sources to while away the tedious hours of bad weather. A few of the numerous publications now within reach of persons in a humble sphere, would at those times have constituted an invaluable fund of entertainment. Luxury was taking possession of the table and wardrobe; but mental gratifications were still limited. At Balveny Castle, the noble owner adhered to primitive simplicity, as the surest check to pernicious expense among his dependents. When he attended the court, his magnificence equalled his compeers; but in the country he confined himself to the unostentatious hospitality of his ancestors. Clad in a stole of fine woollen stuff, manufactured under her own direction, and bordered with her own needle-work, Wilmina sung a border ditty; when the porter, in confused surprise and noisy haste, threw open the great door of the hall, and Lord Ormond entered, followed by Archibald and Sylvester Douglas. Wilmina flew to embrace her brothers, and Lord Balveny cordially hailed his honourable guest, saying, "Welcome, my good lord, and if our cheer misbeseems the quality of the visitor, and our wishes to testify the deference due, Lord Ormond can but blame his own omission to announce his approach."

"A messenger so charged should have been two days ago at Balveny Castle," said Lord Ormond. "Perchance he has tumbled into your rivers, or has wandered on your moors, or marauders have seized him."

"The two first mischances are possible," said Lord Balveny; "but, my lord, no marauders trouble our bounds."

While the two lords were talking, Wilmina was engrossed by her bro-

thers at the lower end of the hall. Lord Balveny, vexed at this inattention to Lord Ormond, called to her: "Wilmina, you can see no other object but your brothers. Lord Ormond claims our welcome; give him your regards, and let me have a hand of my sons. Our people are all busied in the armory: Sylvester, you know the way thither; call the steward to bring refreshments."

Bells and bell-hangers had not then saved the trouble of such errands; and the wooden mall used in country-seats to summon attendants, or the shrill whistle, could not be heard in the armory, separated by distance and by thick walls. Sylvester went to transmit his father's order to the steward, and the Master of Balveny took up the last words. "I am glad, my lord, you have informed Lord Ormond how the people were occupied. The porter could find no one but the cooks to lead our way; so he took the office on himself."

"Lord Ormond has had an ill-arranged reception," said Lord Balveny, "and I am extremely sorry for it. But the wanderings of his lordship's messenger must bear the blame and acquit us."

Lord Ormond was paying his compliments to Wilmina. She had disengaged herself from him just as Lord Balveny finished the preceding sentence, and turning to his lordship, he answered, "No excuse is needful for my reception, Lord Balveny. I hate ceremony, and the furbishing of arms should now be universal in our country. It is not only right, it is the first concern of a leader."

"It is always right to prevent rust in damp weather," said Lord Balveny, desirous of waving political dis-

cussion. The day passed in harmony. Wilmina behaved with cold politeness to Lord Ormond; but he was too violently enamoured, and too eager for strengthening his unavowed party, to be daunted by gentle reserve. He begged to be favoured with music, and Lord Balveny desired Wilmina to produce her lute and harp. He entreated her to charm him with several songs, which her brothers said were often breathed from her dulcet voice while he was at Balveny Castle, and Lord Balveny seconded the request. Archibald and Sylvester were not remiss in leading to conversations where Lord Ormond was peculiarly qualified to shine, or in which Wilmina could not refuse to bear a part: she felt unspeakable relief when she concluded her enforced task, and was at liberty to retire to her bower for the night. Next morning she found Sylvester in waiting to intercept her as she returned from her morning devotions at the chapel: he linked his arm in hers, and took her to the bartizan.

"My fair sister," he said, "I can perceive your inward sorrow for the disunion of our father and his heir. I am now at liberty to tell you, they may be united by the strongest ties. I once hinted the means, and you looked and spoke very unlike what I was happy to see, since yesterday. In consequence, Archibald, though cold and haughty to Lord Balveny, is all condescension to you."

"I am at a loss to understand you, my dear Sylvester," replied Wilmina. "This only I can aver, that I would do or suffer much to bring Archibald to reflect how he should dignify his own character by conceding to the great age of our parent."

"And is it not likewise becoming

the amiable character of Wilmina to concede a little, nay, very much, to heal those breaches in the peace of her father's family?" said Sylvester. "But I should not call it concession; no, it would be elevation to accept the hand and fortune of Lord Ormond. I attempted to prepare you for this brilliant lot in our last interview, but you would not hear me. Why do you change countenance? Is matrimony so formidable, that the slightest intimation of love in a noble and valorous admirer should fade the roses, not only on your cheeks, but on your lips?"

"O Sylvester, how can you so cruelly sport with my feelings?" said Wilmina.

"Sport with your feelings, foolish girl!" retorted Sylvester. "I tell you truths I am now fully authorized to communicate. Formerly, I only tried to sound you in regard to the splendid alliance; and I am willing to suppose that your repugnance to Lord Ormond was expressed, merely because the death of his wife happened to be very recent. Beware now of rejecting distinction and wealth for yourself, and frustrating the last hope of concord in this family. I beseech you, give encouragement to Lord Ormond; if not for your own sake, smile on him that Lord Balveny may be a happy parent."—"I cannot give encouragement, when I feel insurmountable repugnance to the manners of Lord Ormond," said Wilmina. "Surely my brothers do not know how ill he treated his excellent lady."—"False, false as hell!" exclaimed Sylvester, stamping with rage. "Who dared to abuse your ear with the malicious tale?"

"It was the prevailing talk of Edinburgh last summer," replied

Wilmina; "and if but a small part of what I heard be true, Lord Ormond is ill qualified for a peacemaker."

Lord Balveny's voice, in conversation with Lord Ormond and Archibald, released Wilmina from this painful dialogue. The aged feel of how many advantages they have been divested by the course of time, and are flattered when the undeniable superiority resulting from experience is ascribed to them. Lord Ormond, with great artifice, took this method of recommending himself to his superannuated host. During breakfast, he affected to consult Lord Balveny on many points; and proposed a ride, since the weather promised to favour his receiving on the spot minute instruction how the thriving plantations had been managed. Lord Balveny ordered the horses with much pleasure; and while he and Ormond visited the sylvan creations on the moor, Archibald and Sylvester employed every argument, every blandishment, and ultimately had recourse to wrathful menaces, to shake the fixed determination which Wilmina reiterated against Lord Ormond's matrimonial proposals. At a time when brothers were so despotic, it required the fortitude of a heroine to withstand these mandatory counsels. Some of our fair readers may not duly appreciate the steadiness of Wilmina in maintaining her own resolve in opposition to the advice of her brothers; but we entreat, that in contemplating her exalted, yet simple character, due allowance may be made for a rude period of female subjugation. Archibald and Sylvester saw, that for the present Wilmina was inflexible: however, they did not despair. Lord Ormond was evi-

dently rising in favour with Lord Balveny, and Wilmina piqued herself on filial submission. Impatient to bring the treaty to a crisis, Archibald told Wilmina they had but one day more to stay at the castle, and wished to have her society while they viewed their father's new granaries; where, to accommodate his inland people, he intended to distribute provisions. He would order her palfrey and attendants, at the same time that horses were brought out for Sylvester and himself. Wilmina agreed, little suspecting that her brothers had concerted with Lord Ormond to be at the most distant granary before them. She was dismayed when Archibald took his father aside, and Sylvester climbed a scaffold to examine the upper part of a building, leaving her to entertain Lord Ormond. But she soon collected the powers of her mind, to evade, if possible, the dreaded explanation. Lord Ormond loaded her with encomiums on the measures she adopted for alleviating the general distress. She referred the merit to Lord Balveny. Lord Ormond assured her he had Lord Balveny's authority for assigning to her the original suggestions; and he was proud and enraptured to find they coincided with his own efforts in the same cause. He pathetically described the scenes of suffering to be met with in districts where no systematic arrangements saved the poor from famishing: he never travelled without a horseload of nourishing pellets; and had the happiness to think, that by such a small matter as he produced from his pouch, he had saved many lives. He often found age and infancy expiring for want of sustenance; he portrayed the pious

resignation of the old, the wailings of childhood, the emaciated mother arrested by death in a journey undertaken to beg food for her young family, and the infant at her breast reduced to a skeleton, still exerting its feeble jaws to draw a cordial from the sources for ever stagnated and exhausted. He made a soul-harrowing representation of men and women in the prime of life wasted by inanition, devouring wild roots they had hardly strength to dig from the earth; while some were unable to proceed in the labour, and laid them down to die: or still more shocking, he related the fierce combats that took place for pig-nuts, roots of fern, or more disgusting eatables; and he finished by extolling the goodness that had obviated much misery and guilt through very extensive territories.

Wilmina did not return the compliment. Her brothers had elaborately descanted on Lord Ormond's charities; but her understanding was not easily baffled: a tyrant at home might seek popularity by bounty to multitudes. Genuine benevolence would never fail in kindness to the nearest connections. Lord Ormond construed the silence of his fair companion, as encouragement to an explicit declaration of love; but his advantages of person, insinuating address, accomplishments, rank, and riches, made no impression on Wilmina's heart. She had no pre-engagement; she never had seen a gentleman so transcendently handsome, so gifted, so adorned as her brother Sylvester, nor such a delightful companion as her father; with these standards of excellence to direct her choice, and continually occupied in useful pursuits, she was fortified against the illusions of over-

heated imagination; and she had made up her mind to live and die in celibacy, rather than to place her happiness at the mercy of a spouse of doubtful character. She respectfully, but decidedly entreated her suitor to take no more trouble on her account, as she was averse to change her condition. Lord Ormond asked if any man more fortunate had anticipated his intense wish to be acceptable. She replied in the negative. —“ Then,” said he triumphantly, “ faithful love and perseverance may overcome coy insensibility.” Wilmina besought him not to indulge such a groundless expectation, but he could not believe her quite in earnest. He rejoined Sylvester in good spirits. Lord Balveny and Archibald waited at a little distance; they went home, and this day also glided away in cordiality, till the evening, when Lord Ormond asked Lord Balveny to point out the tombs of their mutual ancestors in the aisle of the chapel. In this hallowed place he related the colloquy with Wilmina, and requested her father to interpose his authority against the maidenly shyness of that enchanting girl. — Lord Balveny said his conscience forbade him to use authority in a case where his daughter alone could judge of her own feelings. He had readily given his approbation to her union with Lord Ormond, and promised to prepare her for the proposal: he regretted that his lordship entered upon the subject before he had time to advise Wilmina: he would still recommend the alliance to her; but on the entire freedom of her inclination should rest the event. Lord Ormond begged Lord Balveny to terminate his distracting suspense. He would

join his friends in the hall, and Lord Balveny could send for Wilmina and signify his pleasure. Lord Balveny mentally considered the last phrase to be too absolute: he, however, fulfilled his promise in advocating Ormond's suit with Wilmina. She heard her father with the affectionate deference that marked all her behaviour to him; and when he ceased, distinctly submitted to him the grounds of her horror at a thought of Lord Ormond but as a common acquaintance. Her vouchers for his imperious, libertine, and artful conduct, were so clear, that Lord Balveny could not urge a change of her determination against him: yet, if Ormond insisted on it, she must not refuse him another opportunity to plead his own cause. Wilmina's heart revolted at a repetition of Ormond's solicitations: yet, in obedience to her father, she again listened to them. She reiterated her entreaties to be spared the pain of refusing the honour Lord Ormond intended her; but as no circumstance nor length of time could alter her sentiments, she felt it would be base coquetry to be less explicit in her rejection.

Lord Ormond, the Master of Balveny, and Sylvester Douglas left the castle next morning, or rather soon after midnight, without bidding adieu to Lord Balveny or Wilmina. She was grieved at this sign of displeasure from her brothers; though conscious she had no alternative but to offend them by declining Lord Ormond's hand, or to make herself miserable. Her father was, if possible, more than ever endeared to her. Were he a parent such as all she ever heard of among the nobility or gentry, she must have sacrificed her peace to

Lord Ormond, or immured herself for life in a convent; and though she had no desire to become a nun, she would prefer the black veil to the gayest splendours with Lord Ormond.

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. II.

AT the head of the opposite faction is Madame d'Agneau, the portly widow of a butcher in the *Faubourg Saint Marceau*, who, after being, as she herself informs us, at the head of *le beau monde* for many years in her neighbourhood, was obliged at last, from the delicacy of her health, to fix in the country; and the vicinity of our village to Paris procured it the honour of her residence. There are people who give a different version of the story, and if we are to believe them, we are indebted to other motives for the happiness of her presence among us.

During the lifetime of her husband, and for some years afterwards, she was the *grande dame* of the *faubourg*; she led the fashions, sported three times the number of shawls, and twice as many colours, as any of her neighbours; attended all the *fêtes* within ten miles of Paris; was always the first person in the *faubourg* who saw the new pieces at the theatres *Porte St. Martin* and *Ambigu Comique*, and heard mass once a month at least at the *Chapelle Royale*; though, as she observed, it was rather a bore to go to a church which people seemed to frequent only to say their prayers.

But, alas! all sublunary glories fade! and the fall of our fair widow furnishes a melancholy proof that they do: for at the very moment when she flattered herself with having reached the topmost pinnacle of

greatness, when she had actually given a *fête champêtre* to the principal inhabitants of the *faubourg* in her own garden, which was got up with becoming taste and magnificence (she hired a tin cascade and two dozen of coloured lamps for the occasion), a competitor for celebrity started up in the person of Madame Girofle, the lady of a neighbouring grocer, who carried the day by a bold *coup-de-main*. She gave *thé à l'Anglais*, a thing never before heard of in the *faubourg*; and as she took care of having it noised about that the entertainment was to be given exactly in the Grosvenor-square style, the company found it amazingly elegant, and did due honour to the ham and beef sandwiches, and slices of cold plumpudding, which were handed round, instead of biscuits and bread and butter.

Emboldened by this triumph, Madame Girofle followed up her victory by a variety of other successful attacks, which reduced our widow to the necessity of retreating, or of owning herself conquered. She chose the former alternative, and set up her rest in our village, where her ambition is in a great measure gratified; for though not the only *grande dame* in the place, she is decidedly at the head of the most powerful, if not the most noble, party.

She is the patroness of our company of comedians, whose finances she occasionally recruits by a bespeak.

She is also the directress and promoter of all the *fêtes* which have eating and drinking for their basis; for as the other party generally confine their refreshments to dried cherries and sugar and water, she takes care that hers shall be of the most substantial description.

Her constant attendant and privy counsellor is Monsieur Sangsue, village Esculapius and proprietor of a *maison de santé*. This gentleman has two characters: among his friends he is a *bon-vivant*, knows the most approved receipts for made dishes, discusses the merits of sauces, and is unquestionably the best judge of wine in the village. It is very well known that Madame d'Agneau never gives an entertainment without consulting him on the choice and number of the dishes; and his opinion is also solicited as a matter of course on similar occasions by all who wish to stand well with her. People are rather puzzled to reconcile this with his practice in his own house: nothing can be more simple and frugal than his table; he harangues incessantly in praise of temperance, and never fails to assure his patients (I mean such of them as board with him), that most sick people do actually eat their way into the next world. It is to be presumed that he considers abstinence only necessary for the sick, since certainly nobody eats and drinks more heartily than he does at other people's tables. For the rest, he is a lively, chatty, little man, who has something civil to say to every body, and of whom nobody can say any thing worse than that he bleeds, drenches, and starves all the unfortunate patients who fall into his hands.

. Monsieur Chicane, our *soi-disant*

notaire, is, next to the apothecary, in the confidence of Madame d'Agneau: this gentleman, who has picked up a pretty fortune during the Revolution by buying and selling national property, has quitted business for some years; but being naturally of an active turn, he devotes the time, which he does not know how otherwise to employ, to the public business of the parish, and the private affairs of the inhabitants, in both of which he bestirs himself notably, as the public squabbles and private broils, which are daily occurring, attest. But though not cordially liked by any body, he is a man of too much consequence not to be generally courted. Besides, his knowledge makes him the wonder of the village: he seldom speaks without intermixing seraps of Latin in his discourse; and he has more than once declared, that if our *curé* was not such an odd, frumpish, unsocial kind of man, he would have been glad to be upon visiting terms with him, for the purpose of reviving his Greek.

The wife and daughters of a wealthy sugar-refiner, the families of two or three opulent farmers, and some few retired tradespeople from Paris, form the remaining members of Madame d'Agneau's circle. The principal difference between them and their antagonists is, that they have more money and less politeness: as to the rest, they occupy themselves pretty nearly in the same manner.

* * * * *

I was interrupted by Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil, who came to give me an account of an affair which has created a great sensation in our village. We have in it two *patissiers*, one a staunch royalist, the other a

rank Jacobin. His Majesty does us the honour to drive through sometimes in his rides, and yesterday he actually stopped and purchased some cakes at the shop of the *ei-devant* citizen Brutus le Voleur, to the inexpressible annoyance of Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil and her set. The good lady has occupied herself ever since in running about to lament this dreadful affair, which she has ingeniously contrived to convert into a complete triumph for the Jacobins. I tried in vain to soften her ire by suggesting, that his Majesty's fault might be unintentional, since it was very probable that he never thought of inquiring the man's political principles. "More shame for him if he did not! I dare say he took care enough to inquire whether he made good pastry: but if he had asked the proper questions, he would have gone to poor Bonnefoi, who is an excellent royalist."—"And a very bad *patissier*."—"That signifies nothing."—"Not to you or me perhaps, but to a connoisseur in pastry like the king, it might not be a matter of actual indifference whether his *gâteau* was good or bad; to say nothing of the policy of converting an enemy into a friend, for I dare say this mark of royal favour will have some effect upon the politics of the *patissier*."

Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil looked at me as if she more than half suspected I was a Jacobin myself; and muttering, "These English make a jest of every thing," she flounced away with a hasty *bon jour*, forgetting in her hurry her usual ceremonious courtesies.

As I did not find myself disposed at that moment to resume my pen, I strolled down the village, for the purpose of seeing how citizen Bru-

tus bore his newly acquired honours. I found him as usual superintending his stew-pans on one side of his shop, for it serves the double purpose of *boutique* and *cuisine*, he being a *traiteur* as well as a *patissier*. I could perceive a visible increase of consequence in his air; and upon my desiring to have a *gâteau de Provence*, he begged leave to recommend a different sort, which he said I should find very good, for they were the same the king had chosen, and every body knows that he is a good judge of pastry.

"His visit to you is a proof of it."

The citizen smiled, bowed, and replied, that let people say what they would, he, for his part, was always of opinion, that the king knew how to distinguish men of merit; and no doubt, if he were properly advised, things would go better.

I put my cake into my *reticule*, and passed on to Bonnefoi's, curious to see what effect the occurrence had upon him. I found that all the eloquence of Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil had been unable to rouse in him any feeling of indignation for the preference given to his neighbour. "It was unlucky," he said, "that his shop did not happen to be in the way: but the worse luck now the better another time; the king might drive his way some day or other, and if so, he hoped to have a turn as well as his neighbour."

I was so much pleased with the *bouhommie* of the honest fellow, that I stuffed my bag as full as it could hold of his pastry, which, by the bye, is execrable; but *n'importe*, the village children will not complain of it, and it is for them it is destined.

Our *curé* and two or three other genteel inhabitants of the village

cannot be said to belong to either of the parties I have described. They are people whose characters and mode of life would not perhaps be thought singular in England; but in this land of appearances, where, from the highest to the lowest, every body

seems to be acting a part, they furnish food for ridicule to some, and censure to others. Why they do so, the reader will see in some future paper; that is, if the editor will spare a corner for further intelligence from our village. E.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ANCIENT HEBRIDES.

ON this subject Martin's *Description of the Western Isles*, published in 1701, and now a scarce work, contains some curious particulars.

In the small Island of Barras the inhabitants had an ancient custom of sacrificing to a sea-god, called Shony, at Hallowtide, in the following manner: They repaired to the church of St. Malvay, each man carrying provision along with him. Every family furnished a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale: one of their number was chosen to wade into the sea up to his middle, carrying a cup of this ale in his hand, and standing still in this posture, he cried aloud, "Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping you will be so kind as to send us plenty of sea-ware for enriching our ground in the ensuing year." With these words he threw the cup of ale into the sea. This ceremony was performed at night. The whole party then proceeded to church, where there was a candle burning on the altar; there, after standing silent for some time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was extinguished, and the company immediately went to the fields, where they drank the remainder of their ale, and spent the night in singing and dancing.

In Benbacula there is a valley called Glenflyte, and the people believe it to be haunted by spirits, whom

they call *the great men*; and if any persons enter that richly fertile glen, without first making an entire resignation of themselves to the conduct of "the great men," they will infallibly go mad. They also believe that they sometimes hear a loud noise in the air as of men speaking.

In the Isles, the ancient leagues of friendship were ratified by drinking a drop of each other's blood, which was commonly drawn from the little finger. If any one, after such an alliance, happened to violate the same, he was from that time reputed unworthy of all honest men's conversation.

In the Isle of Collonsay, it was an ancient custom to swear by the hand of the chief or laird.

It is believed, that at the death of James Macdonald of Capatil, who was killed at the battle of Killicranky, his cows gave blood instead of milk on that fatal night.

In the Isle of Egg, a well, called St. Catherine's Well, is accounted so sacred, that it is unlawful to boil any meat with its water.

Sir Norman Macleod, who resides in the Isle of Bernera, went to the Isle of Skye on business, without appointing any time for his return. The servants in his absence being all in the great hall, one of them, who was accustomed to have the second sight, told them they must remove, for they

would have abundance of company in the hall that night. The servants argued on the improbability of this, on account of the darkness of the night, and the danger of passing among the rocks which surround the isle; but within an hour a person came running to desire the servants to get lights, as their master had just

landed. Sir Norman, hearing of the prediction, questioned the seer. He answered, that he had seen the spirit called Brownie come several times and make a show of carrying out by the neck and heels an old woman who sat by the fire. Sir Norman himself related this incident to Mr. Martin.

THE GIANTS OF THE SHARKA VALLEY:

A popular Tale of Bohemia.

(Continued from p. 111.)

AFTER the shepherd had well surveyed the palace, he carefully locked the doors, and began to consider whether he should take the fat white sheep with him or not: he was so pleased with the beautiful creatures, that he could not resolve to leave them behind him; especially as he thought within himself, that the duke would not so soon again count his sheep, which, moreover, were not likely to betray him as before by the difference of colour. In this manner he again increased the number of his master's sheep, and returned in safety to the fold; nor was this new disobedience discovered for some time, when one day the duke, chancing to be standing at the window when the sheep were passing, observed that his flock had again received a considerable accession. He sent for the shepherd, and thus addressed him: "How durst thou, disobedient varlet, again presume to go, in defiance of my orders, into the valley of Sharka? Aggravate not thy guilt by an obstinate denial of it, if thou wouldst avert my just indignation, but confess what wicked spirit has impelled thee to such an enterprise."

The shepherd, sensible that his denial of the charge would be of no avail, threw himself at the feet of the duke, and confessed that he had been again in the valley; but took good care not to mention a syllable concerning the two palaces, and the wonderful things which they contained. The duke, who, at the bottom, was not displeased with this increase of his flock, again pardoned Jaroslaw's offence; but threatened him with the severest punishment in case he should a third time transgress his commands.

Jaroslaw returned home, firmly resolved never to venture more into the valley, lest he should again excite the wrath of the duke: but he was deeply dejected, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to sit under an oak-tree before his cottage, where he had a view of the valley to which he was so powerfully attracted. One evening he tarried so late at his usual place, that he at length fell asleep. He dreamt that he heard the solemn sound of funeral music issuing from the valley. A singular procession presently approached: on a bier carried by black bearers lay

the first giant whom he had killed; and these were followed by white figures carrying the second giant. Stopping not far from the shepherd's cot, they made two fires to consume the corpses, and when the flames of both the funeral piles rose aloft in the atmosphere, there stood between them a man, as tall as an ordinary tower, whose face and apparel were entirely of a ruby red. He eyed the shepherd youth with angry gestures, as though he designed to kill him, to avenge the death of his brother giants; while a stately female at some distance pointed to the valley, as if exhorting him to pay it a third visit. A tremendous peal of thunder was heard, the vision vanished, and he awoke from his slumber.

Next morning, unable to contain himself any longer, he set out for the valley, firmly resolving not to bring back from this excursion any thing that might be likely to betray him. Before the stars had quite disappeared in the firmament he drove forward his flock, and by the time that the sun began to gild the tops of the distant hills with his rays, Jaroslaw had made considerable progress up the valley. He reached the crystal palace; but after he had passed it, the valley gradually narrowed; an impetuous torrent dashed over a rugged bed, and high beetling crags rose on either side, and obstructed the way. Jaroslaw, however, bent on seeking a new adventure, climbed over them with the agility of a chamois, and did not rest till he described a castle seated on a rock: it was of a dark red colour, and seemed as though it had been cut out of a single ruby: it had, nevertheless, the appearance of being empty and uninhabited. The shepherd ascended a

hill opposite to the castle, and began to play on his lute, which he accompanied with his voice. Before he had finished his song, there appeared on the tower of the castle a giant with a blood-red face, of such immense stature, as to look like one tower set upon another. He exactly resembled the monster whom the shepherd had beheld in his dream. This terrific colossus was armed with a sword of the same colour as himself, and of proportionate dimensions; and as soon as he perceived the stranger, he hastened down from the castle and the rock towards him. Jaroslaw struck up a merry tune, just at the moment when the giant was striding across the torrent, and he was immediately obliged to begin dancing, till the glowing weapon dropped from his hand, and sunk to the bottom of the stream. The shepherd then ceased playing, and the giant, without taking the trouble to pick up his sword out of the water, advanced straight to the hill on which the youth was seated, with the intention of seizing him and dashing out his brains against the rocks. But, behold! no sooner did he extend his hand to grasp Jaroslaw, than the latter held forth his ivory staff and touched the giant, who instantly fell dead on the ground with a shock that rocked the neighbouring hills to their very bases.

Jaroslaw observed at a distance that the giant, in his hurry, had left the door of the ruby-red castle open: he descended from the hill, swam across the stream, and scrambled up the rock on which the castle was seated to the entrance. Here a wild steed, of a blood-red colour and prodigious size, ran neighing and snorting to meet him, but quietly suffer-

ed Jaroslaw to catch and lead him back to his stable. The interior of the castle was precisely like the two others in every respect excepting colour: here all was red, and the armour, of a species of metal unknown to the shepherd, was so bright as to dazzle his eyes when he looked at it. On the table, of red marble, stood a flaggon of red wine, and there was the following inscription in white letters: "When the generous purple beverage is mingled with thy heart's blood, thou shalt be invincible: Satan himself shall not prevail against thee, but acknowledge thy superiority, and proclaim thee his master."

The shepherd locked up every thing securely, and as he was departing, peeped into the sheepfold, which was full of red sheep with the finest fleeces imaginable: much as it grieved him to leave them behind, he determined not to take a single sheep, lest the duke should again guess where he had been; but he had scarcely reached the foot of the rock, when the red sheep, leaping over the walls, ran after him as though they had always been under his care. In spite of all his efforts to drive them back, they would not leave him, but mixed with his flock as familiarly as if they had been old acquaintances, whom they were glad to see again after a long separation.

The shepherd knew not what to do in order to conceal his disobedience from his master: he therefore waited till it was quite dark before he drove home his flock. Next morning, with great labour and fatigue, he separated the red sheep from the rest, and shut them up in a fold by themselves, while he drove the others out to pasture: but scarcely had he proceeded a few hundred paces,

when the prisoners, creeping like mice through the chinks in the door of the fold, followed him, and mingled again with the white and black sheep. All the passengers who met them stopped and surveyed the blood-red sheep with great astonishment: this extraordinary phenomenon became the talk of the whole city, and the story reached the ears of the duke. Burning with indignation, he summoned the shepherd before his throne. When Jaroslaw entered the hall, "O thou rebellious boy," cried the prince in a voice of thunder, "thrice hast thou transgressed my command, and thy temerity would not fail in the end to bring some signal calamity on thyself and me: I will therefore set a vigilant watch upon thee: to-morrow thou shalt be placed under the care of my gardener, that hard labour may wean thee from thy fondness for adventures. Go and acquaint thy future master with my orders."

Jaroslaw withdrew in deep despondency; his mind aspired to higher occupations than digging the ground and planting cabbages and flowers: but he communicated the duke's commands, as he had been directed, to his gardener, who received him kindly, and assigned to him a small apartment in his house. The youth at length became resigned to his lot, and manifested such docility, that the gardener and all the inmates of the ducal palace conceived an extraordinary regard for him. He nevertheless frequently felt most severely the restraint to which he was subject, and solicited the gardener's permission to go abroad: but the duke had strictly forbidden him to suffer the youth to pass the garden-walls. To such a degree, however, had he in-

gratiated himself with the old man, that he allowed him occasionally to take a short and secret stroll in the adjacent country. At such times, Jaroslaw would ascend a lofty hill, the summit of which commanded a view of his beloved valley; and often was he tempted to obey the voice of fate, which seemed to summon him thither, but he was restrained by the thought that he had promised the kind and honest gardener to return, and that the good old man might perhaps be severely punished for his flight. Influenced by these considerations, he always went back, and consoled himself by playing on his lute plaintive airs, which gained him every heart.

One day, when he was singing his favourite ditty, the beautiful princess, the duke's only child, happened to be just then walking in the garden. She was so deeply affected by the tender melancholy of the song, and so strongly interested in behalf of the youthful singer, that she determined to solicit her father's permission to have him to sing for her in her own apartments. Jaroslaw, for his part, was always highly delighted when the lovely princess visited the garden; and, on the other hand, he was quite unhappy whenever she missed coming down from the palace.

Early one morning, the young gardener rose from his bed and went to his work. While he was engaged in preparing a nosegay for the princess, he observed a most delicate flower, which, tinged by the first rays of the sun, surpassed all the others in beauty: so exquisite was its fragrance, that it would have refreshed even a patient at the point of death. A gentle breeze played about it, and the lovely flower waved to and fro on its

slender stalk, like a little bird bound by a golden thread. "O how pre-eminently beautiful art thou, sweet flower!" said Jaroslaw, "and more magnificent than king Solomon, who, in all his splendour, was not so richly attired as thou. The bees hum around thee, and flutter about thy soft cheeks in order to sip thy honey; the children of men also have pleasure in beholding thee. But soon wilt thou lose all these charming hues; and the sun, which, like a tender mother, has hitherto cherished and fostered thee, will launch its burning darts to pierce and destroy thee. Better die on her lovely bosom a death which I shall envy thee." When the nosegay was ready, the old gardener came to carry it to the princess, and was delighted with its freshness and beauty; but when the maiden received it, she could not remove her eyes from the peerless flower in the middle, which far eclipsed all the rest. Whenever the princess looked at this wondrous flower, it seemed to declare to her, that she was loved above all things by an amiable youth; but a voice in the inmost recesses of her heart told her, that this could be no other than he who had gathered the nosegay; and she began to make a warm return for the silent passion of the poor gardener.

The youth had once laboured hard the whole day, and went home in great uneasiness, for he had seen nothing of the princess; and to judge of the distress manifested by her maids, he was even apprehensive that she was dangerously ill. On entering the gardener's house, he found its inmates in great affliction; and on inquiring the cause of their grief, the gardener's wife broke out

into this lamentation: "O the poor duke! how much he is to be pitied!"—"But tell me," said Jaroslaw, "what has happened to our lord and master?" The woman replied, "Only think what must be his distress: he is in danger of losing his only child, his beloved daughter; and what is worse than all, it is to Satan himself that he is bound to deliver her." Jaroslaw, in the utmost alarm, entreated the gardener's wife to proceed with her explanation. "You must know," said she, "that many years ago, Duke Ottiko and his consort had no prospect of having children. Prayers and pilgrimages proved as unavailing as the means recommended by physicians from far and near; and Ottiko and his duchess had almost relinquished all hopes of issue, when a cunning man, who came, as he gave out, from the distant kingdom of Persia, arrived at the ducal court. This stranger won the confidence of the prince, and when the latter once complained bitterly of his disappointment in not having an heir to his throne, the other promised to remedy this evil; adding, however, that he should require a very high price for the exercise of his art. The duke solemnly affirmed, that he should think no price too high for the fulfilment of this his most ardent wish, for which he would even cheerfully sacrifice half his dominions. But the cunning man answered, "It is neither gold nor land that I demand of thee, but thou must promise that thy first child shall be my property, which, on attaining its seventeenth year, I will come and claim. Though the duke thought this a very severe condition, he nevertheless complied with the demand of the stranger; and—O the deplo-

rable infatuation that blinded him to this snare of Satan!—he signed the contract with his own blood. The duchess afterwards bore her husband three daughters, only the eldest and most lovely of whom is now living. As nothing was heard of the stranger during all this time, the duke thought no more of the dreadful contract; but he has just been reminded of it in the most serious manner. In a week the fair princess will attain her seventeenth year, and last night the stranger presented himself before the duke, to give him notice that he should appear on her birthday to receive his property. He was in the attire of an Eastern knight; but only conceive the horror of the duke, when, in spite of the length of the stranger's robe, he distinctly espied a cloven hoof!" On finishing this narrative, the woman renewed her lamentations, crying over and over again, "Alas! the poor princess! in a week she will be the prey of the wicked one!"

Jaroslaw felt much keener sorrow than he durst express, lest he should betray the vehement passion which glowed in his heart. He thought, however, of his three palaces in the Sharka valley, and confidently hoped to deliver the princess from such imminent danger; nay, he was impatient for the day when he should contend with Satan for so fair a prize. Meanwhile public supplications were offered up in the churches, and all the inhabitants of the duchy prayed from morn till night for the deliverance of the lovely and virtuous princess from the clutches of the devil; for she was universally respected on account of the excellent qualities of her heart. Thus the birthday of the princess arrived amid prayers and

lamentations; and Jaroslaw, whose impatience would not allow him to close his eyes the whole preceding night, solicited permission of the gardener to go and see the procession which was to escort the princess to the spot where the odious stranger intended to wait for her, promis-

ing at the same time to bring him a faithful report of all that passed. Curiosity at length overcame the old man's scruples; he gave Jaroslaw leave to go, earnestly exhorting him to take care of himself and to keep out of danger.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE RECONCILIATION.

A NUMBER of persons had assembled on a fine clear winter's day at the Canal de l'Ourq, where a few venturousskaters were amusing themselves, though the state of the ice rendered it hardly safe to do so. By degrees they all desisted except one, who, though warned of his danger by the spectators, still continued to skate. Suddenly the ice cracked in different places, and the unfortunate skater must have perished, but for a young man, who, hastily throwing off his coat, plunged in to rescue him. The skater sustained himself on a piece of ice, and the young man had just reached him, when, to the astonishment and horror of the spectators, he made a movement as if turning back. At the same instant the drowning man exclaimed, "Ah! M. d'Arcy!" and loosing his hold of the ice, sank into the water. The young man hastily turned round, plunged in, and with much difficulty brought him to land.

The spectators used every means for his recovery; one among them in particular, a venerable clergyman, exerted himself with more success than the others: his cares were effectual; life by slow degrees revisited the poor man. His deliverer stood by, watching the attentions bestowed upon him, but evidently without any interest in his recovery. When he

saw him apparently out of danger, he said to the clergyman, "You have done so much for this man, that I am sure you will not refuse to have him taken to the nearest house, and to remain with him till he has perfectly recovered his senses. Be so good as to take these five francs to provide him with a cordial, and to pay for a coach to convey him home."

The good *abbé* refused the money, but promised to take proper care of the poor man. He did all that was necessary, and in less than two hours Le Noir, for so he was named, was perfectly recovered, and in the arms of his wife and children.

"You owe me nothing," said the *abbé*, in reply to his lively expressions of gratitude; "but if you will persist in thinking that you do, you may amply repay me by informing me of the nature of your connection with that singular man to whom you owe your life. He appeared to me to have some pique against you."

"Ah! yes, sir," replied Le Noir with a sigh; "and not without great cause, for I have used him shamefully. I am in the employ of the commissary of police: he sent me one day after a young man who had been apprehended for a riot. On reaching the watch-house, I found this young man with his clothes torn and covered with blood. I recognised him di-

rectly for a merchant's clerk in our neighbourhood; and I said to him, 'Aha, M. d'Arcy, what have you been about here?' He answered me rudely; and although I protest to you, sir, that I had at first no other intention than that of taking him quietly with me to the commissary, yet I was at last so provoked by his violence, that I handcuffed him, and ordered four *gens-d'armes* to accompany us.

"When we went into the street, two ladies attempted to speak to me in his favour; but I refused to hear them, saying, I was not a magistrate. And to revenge myself for some taunting expression that D'Arcy had used to me, I quitted the direct road, in order to oblige him to go through the street where he lived. He had flapped his hat over his eyes, but was nevertheless recognised; and he could hear the neighbours say to one another, that he must have committed some crime to be thus ignominiously treated. 'It is you,' said he to me, 'that have made me suffer this cruel humiliation: rest assured that I will be revenged on you.'—'Insolent fellow!' replied I, 'you should have thought just now when you insulted me, that others can feel as well as yourself.'

"We were at that instant passing before the door of his employer, M. la Roche, and I had the barbarity to snatch off his hat, exclaiming, 'You shall not escape the shame you deserve.' He raised his eyes, saw the merchant's family at the windows, and sank down in a swoon. The crowd exclaimed against my cruelty; and had we not been close to the house of the commissary, I could hardly have escaped their fury.

"It turned out that D'Arcy was not

to blame: he had exerted himself to defend the wife and daughter of M. d'Osmond, a notary in the neighbourhood, from some ruffians who had grossly insulted them; and it was his excessive eagerness in the quarrel that caused him to be apprehended, while those who were really guilty contrived to escape.

"When he was cleared from the charge brought against him, his master complained of my conduct. The commissary replied, after hearing my defence, that D'Arcy had to thank himself for the manner in which I had treated him; that men charged with the maintenance of the public peace were forced to act according to appearances, which were all against D'Arcy; but, in fine, what he had suffered would teach him to govern his temper, and to respect the legal authority in future.

"The merchant said no more, but D'Arcy has never seen me since without shewing by his looks the resentment he felt against me. As for myself, I was afterwards heartily sorry for my conduct, and often wished to be reconciled to him; and now I shall not lose a moment in going to testify my gratitude, and to beg his forgiveness." The *abbé* encouraged Le Noir in his laudable purpose, but told him to defer the execution of it till next day, his design being to prepare D'Arcy to receive him kindly. He accordingly took the direction of M. la Roche, and early the following morning went to his house, to beg of him to use his influence with D'Arcy in behalf of Le Noir. "You will find him in the best disposition," replied the worthy merchant: "Le Noir will be kindly received, for D'Arcy's resentment has entirely subsided.

"He appeared before us yesterday with an air so full of trouble, that we all assailed him at once to know the cause: it was some time before he would inform us; at last he said, 'I am a monster: revenge has made me hesitate to save the life of a human being. I was cruel enough to leave Le Noir to drown when I could easily have saved him. Happily,' continued he eagerly, seeing us look at him with horror, 'a power superior to my will impelled me to save him; but no sooner was he out of danger than hatred resumed its empire over my heart, and made me shun a reconciliation which I had in fact rendered myself unworthy of. But his image, calling upon me in his extremity, pursues me; it has extinguished my enmity, but it leaves me a prey to the torments of remorse.'

"He then related to us his adventure, intermingling reflections upon his own inhumanity. As we all love him, we exerted ourselves to calm him, and it will in all probability turn out a fortunate adventure for him; for our neighbour D'Osmond is so well pleased with his conduct, that he has avowed to me his intention of giving him the hand of his daughter."

At this moment the young man entered, and the merchant acquainted him with the object of the *abbé's* visit. "Ah! sir," said he to the venerable ecclesiastic, "I have to reproach myself for not having prevented your coming: I will go this instant to Le Noir." As he opened the door, the wife of Le Noir and her three children threw themselves on their knees at the threshold; while Le Noir himself exclaimed with great emotion, but without kneeling, "I

acknowledge, M. d'Arcy, that I acted shamefully towards you; but I assure you it was not through malice, and I should have come ten minutes after to beg your pardon if shame had not ——" D'Arcy interrupted him by a cordial embrace, saying at the same time, "I was not less in the wrong than you were, my dear Le Noir, and I ought equally to beg your pardon for my conduct on that day. Since then I alone have been to blame: you repented of your anger, while I suffered the spirit of revenge to lead me even to the point of leaving you to perish. Thus then it is I who ought to solicit your forgiveness: grant it to me, and as a proof that you do, accept my watch. I shall not have another, and the want of one will I hope be a memento of my fault, that will prevent my again giving way to that irritable disposition, which has so nearly drawn me into the commission of a heinous crime."

"Your watch," said Le Noir, taking it, "is too handsome for my situation in life: I will nevertheless wear it, because I am sure that I never can look at it without recollecting, that I ought to perform the duties of my office with moderation."

In a short time D'Arcy espoused Mademoiselle d'Osmond, and was taken into partnership by M. la Roche. He has made great progress in curbing the irascibility of temper, which was his only fault; and he rightly judged, that the loss of his watch might be a useful memento. A short time ago he had been somewhere with the *abbé*, who has become his intimate friend: a dispute ensued between D'Arcy and a hackney-coachman, and although he was in the wrong, his passion so

far got the better of his reason, that he was on the point of striking the man, when the *abbé* said to him, "D'Arcy, what o'clock is it?" He started; cast an expressive look at

his friend; pressed his hand in silence; and then turning to pay the coachman his demand, slipped, as he thought, unperceived by the *abbé*, a five-franc piece into his hand.

ANECDOTES OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, THE FIRST BRITISH CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.

WE owe to the sable race the first ideas which determined Sir Francis Drake to navigate the unknown Pacific Ocean. On the 5th September, 1572, Drake set out with two small vessels towards Rio Grande, and touching upon the main land, engaged two of the Symérons, or fugitive Negroes, to come on board his ship, leaving two of his men as hostages for their safety. From the Symérons, Drake had the mortification of learning that he had come too late in the season, as the rains had commenced. He therefore built a fort of earth and timber; and leaving his brother and part of his company with the Symérons, he set out with three pinnaces toward Rio de la Hacha. After many desperate adventures, the pinnaces returned to their messmates at the wooden fort, and found them suffering from calenture and other diseases of a hot climate. In their march southwards, they found plenty of provisions for their company, all being now restored to health. One day, however, they killed only an otter; the Negroes were about to dress it, and when Drake expressed some repugnance, Pedro, the chief Symeron, asked, "Are you a man of war, yet doubt this to be fitting meat, that hath blood in it?"

On the third day of their march, the 6th of February, they came to a

town of the Symérons, situated on the side of a hill, and encompassed with a ditch and mud wall, and there they lived in great neatness and plenty. The Symérons importuned Drake to prolong his abode; but either thinking greater numbers unnecessary, or fearing, that if any differences should arise, he and his men would be overborne by a vast disparity of armed hands, he prudently declined the invitation.

As soon as circumstances permitted, he departed; the Symérons leading him through rural shades, and the foliage of lofty woods, so effectually screening his people from the sun, that they were less incommoded by the heat than if they had travelled through England in the summer months. Four of the Symérons that were best acquainted with the way, went about a mile before the main body, and cut off branches as marks to direct their progress, for there was no beaten track. Then followed twelve Symérons; after whom came the English, and other Symérons closed the rear. In this order, on the 11th of February, 1573, they arrived at the top of a very high hill, on the summit of which grew a tree of wonderful magnitude, in which steps were cut for more easy ascent to the stupendous height. The branches had been formed into an alcove, to which Drake having climbed with

some of the Symérons, they shewed him not only the seas already known to him, but also the Great Pacific Ocean, where no English vessel had yet sailed. This boundless prospect, naturally so exciting to a spirit given up to ardour for adventure and discoveries, enkindled the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Drake lifting up his eyes and hands, implored the blessing of God upon the resolution he then formed of sailing in an English ship on that immense expanse of waters.

Sir Francis Drake's capital failure in duty, when second in command under Lord Howard Effingham, commander-in-chief of the English fleet sent to oppose the Spanish armada in 1588, arose out of his predatory habits. He pursued, in avidity for spoil, some hulks belonging to the Hanse towns; and left his station, though he was intrusted to carry lights for the direction of the English fleet. This misled the admiral, Lord Howard, who supposed the lights of the enemy to be those which Drake was ordered to exhibit. Lord Howard Effingham was entangled in the very centre of the Spanish ships before he perceived his mistake; but, fortunately, a dark night favouring his escape, he extricated himself from the critical situation before the Spaniards discovered him. This blunder was afterwards atoned for by the gallant behaviour of Drake, than whom no man was ever more brave and determined; and it is a remarkable instance of his good fortune, that though his error above stated might have been the most fatal breach of duty to England, no bad consequences ensued; and he profited more by the engagement than any officer in the fleet. "On the 2d of

July," says Strype, "Sir Francis Drake, observing a Spanish galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, sent his pinnace to summon him to surrender, who vauntingly set this at defiance; but upon hearing it was Drake that called upon him to yield, he immediately struck his colours, and with forty-six of his men came on board the conqueror. In this ship were found fifty thousand ducats, and other effects of greater value."

The darkest stain in the glory of Drake was the murder of Mr. Thomas Doughty, under an assumed authority for bringing him to trial, condemnation, and death. Mr. Thomas Doughty was by birth a gentleman, who accompanied Drake in his plundering adventures to the coast of New Spain, in the hope of redeeming his shattered estate. Drake and Doughty were for a long time fast friends, as a liberal education enabled the gentleman to be of service as spokesman and secretary to the rough seaman; but differences arising, and being exasperated by those who envied the favourite, Drake brought Doughty to trial, and on a desert isle off port St. Julian, his head was struck off with an axe by the provost-marshal, in presence of the ship's crew; and it is certain that Drake produced no commission, nor received one, to authorize the execution.

Though Drake entered on his maritime career as a plunderer on the shores of South America, and was guilty of tyranny as a self-constituted commander, he was nevertheless the most distinguished seaman of his age. To project a voyage round the globe, and to conduct it without the assistance of a single mariner who had crossed the line, except Nuno

da Silva, the Portuguese pilot, was perhaps the boldest enterprise ever attempted by man: his navigating ships along the coast of Brazil, and carrying them through the straits of Magellan, in a shorter time than any succeeding navigator; his keeping the sea in a storm of thirty days together; his ability in exploring the coasts of Chili, Peru, and New Spain, where no English ship had yet sailed; his accuracy in discovering the track of the ship from the East Indies, and his consummate sagacity in taking a new course home to avoid his pursuers, cannot be sufficiently admired. His knowledge of the theory of the globe is manifested in his attempt to return home by a northern passage; and when disappointed in this courageous effort, how prompt were his resources in seeking out, and finding, a new country where he might careen his ship, refresh his

men, take in wood and water, and supply himself with stores of provision, for the vast navigation he was about to encounter! And such were his foresight and wisdom in providing against contingencies, that he lost but one man by sickness during the long run from the coast of New Spain to the Ladrões, in which Commodore Anson had half his men swept away with scurvy and other diseases of the climates. In the very long voyage from the Ladrões, through the most dangerous seas in the known world, except one accident upon a rock, he sailed to Java unembarrassed; from Java to Sierra Leona, on the coast of Africa, without being obstructed by any difficulty, except the inconvenience occasioned by scarcity of water, and without touching at any port; an exploit never performed by any navigator before or since.

A GLIMPSE OF SPAIN IN 1824.

THE sun of freedom, though partially clouded, can never be obscured, unless human nature shall sink to the lowest degradation. These beautiful corruscations illumine the favoured region of Great Britain; and inextinguishable, though struggling beams, flash out amidst the gloom which involves the banks of the Tagus, Douro, and Guadalquivir; nor are the genial influences unacknowledged in the vast hyperborean territories.

Two young noblemen, suspected of patriotic ardour, were commissioned by the Emperor of all the Russias to make accurate observations upon the actual state of Spain in the provinces remote from her capital. This was ostensibly an office of trust;

but its real intention was to shew the high-spirited Boyards, by ocular proofs, that complicated miseries are the inevitable concomitants of innovation and revolt. The emperor was averse to extreme proceedings against young enthusiasts, whose hereditary power, rendered still more formidable by conspicuous talents, address, and popularity, might have shaken the throne. Indeed, if the frequent appearance of wretchedness in every variety, and the excess of vindictive oppression, could damp the fervid glow of patriotism in minds at once intrepid and persevering, the agents of Russia must have concluded, that in all cases it is wisest to bear the chains of despotism with passive inactivity. But the lofty and firm cou-

rage of our envoys only learnt to temper zeal with prudence; checking encroachments upon their established privileges, and claiming for themselves and their countrymen new immunities, suited to the progress of civilization. Such were the resolves they expressed to each other, when, with indignant sympathy, they beheld men of the most exalted soul, the most cultivated and brilliant endowments, the purest character, led as doomed malefactors to toil with galley-slaves; delicate females of spotless reputation, who from infancy had been reared in all the ease, all the comforts of affluence, dragged in fetters to undergo unlimited imprisonment, for no offence except affinity to constitutional leaders, or merely for warbling stanzas in praise of their valour; and multitudes of helpless children were met in all quarters, lamenting the cruel fate of their once opulent family, and begging for a morsel of bread to save them from famishing. The philanthropic Muscovites daily sought out the victims of tyranny, and afforded them all the relief which circumstances permitted. Among the woody mountains of Guipuscoa, in passing a thicket, they heard a suppressed groan, and both with spontaneous impulse hastened to follow the sound. The complaint was uttered by a young man in a faded and tattered uniform, who lay extended in this forlorn place of concealment. His face was emaciated, his arm in a sling of goat-skin, and his vest marked with blood, that seemed to have oozed from a wound in his body. Our nobles had sent some of their servants to procure a shelter for houseless children they found in their way; or to bring further supplies of provisions to distri-

bute, as necessitous objects occurred; and one had been ordered to Fontarabia for expected dispatches. However, their own exertions succoured the youth, who remained in a state of insensibility. One hastened to bring water from a rock-embedded spring; the other ran to gather fruits to moisten the parched lips of the interesting object; and when the first returned with the refreshing fluid in his cap, he saw a man of venerable aspect bending over the patient with looks of commiseration. He started on seeing a stranger, and rising stood irresolute, till the other Russian came and spoke to his friend. The foreign accents seemed to dispel his apprehensions, and with an air of calm dignity, he blessed them for their humane interposition.

"I want strength to bear this youth to an asylum," he added, "and an over-ruling Providence hath sent you to my aid. I discovered him early this morning, and, unable to remove him, I could only dress his wounds, and give him a simple cordial. His lacerations are deep and much inflamed by the privation of due care: yet, if he can be screened from the unwholesome nocturnal vapours, I hope his life may be prolonged. For his sake I will venture to shew you the retreat where I have passed many months. Should you betray me, it can but anticipate the fast-approaching mortal decree of old age."

"We are Russians; we are men of honour, and neither spies nor informers," said the strangers, "and would prefer death to the baseness of betraying even a criminal who trusted to our good offices. Your language, your deportment, reverend hermit, carry the tone of habitual

command, of conscious worth, of superior society, which your coarse cloak, leathern belt, and flowing silvered beard cannot disguise. Be assured, we have hearts to feel, and dispositions to alleviate the misfortunes that have estranged you from the haunts of men."

"In this devoted country," replied the hermit, "so numerous are the victims to foreign and domestic treachery, so frequent the avowed persecutions that overwhelm the most meritorious sons of Iberia, that sequestration is sought as the only refuge; and if you will take this patient to my cave, I shall relate to you my story, with as much truth as though I stood in the visible presence of the Supreme Judge of all the earth. I go before you to shew the way."

The Russian nobles laid the youth upon a blanket the hermit had brought to cover him; at a gentle pace they crossed a forest, and ascending a wooded hill, they kept sight of the hermit, whose military step convinced them he had been a brave partizan of liberty. Near the summit of the steep, the path became rocky: however, the invalid was borne along without much jolting; for the vigorous arms and generous solicitude of his bearers spared no attention in his behalf. They entered a narrow ravine overshadowed by evergreen oaks; at intervals they were almost enveloped by the obscurity of night, and the spray of rushing waters fell thick upon the leaves; while the noise of torrents was echoed through the cliffs. The hermit stopped at some fallen trees, and with much difficulty opened a passage to a low-browed cave. He bent his majestic figure to guide the stran-

gers within the entrance, and the tall Muscovites were obliged to stoop almost to the pebbly ground, as they endeavoured to bring forward their burden in the safest manner. Having proceeded the length of a few feet, the cave was lofty and capacious; the hermit in silence directed them to his simple couch, and in silence they laid down their charge. An earthen jar of wine was produced by the host, and opening the lips of the patient, he inserted a few drops; then unbound his wounds to replace the dressings, lest they had shifted in his removal; applied unguents, gave him a little more wine, and left him to repose.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "having performed a higher duty, let me have the honour of welcoming you to my wild abode. If I were master of a palace, your humanity would entitle you to be received as distinguished guests. Time has been—but no matter—I must, even before I ask you to be seated, I must crave your aid to secure the mouth of this cavern. Will you have the goodness to pull the trees inward, while I push them to you without? I am accustomed to creep through the branches, and shall in that way rejoin you."

These precautions being effected, the hermit placed nuts, figs, oranges, grapes, and bread, upon a rustic board, and cups of a similar description. He was going to fill the cup with wine, but the gentlemen begged to be excused. They had taken a hearty repast under the shade of a cork-tree, and drank health and happier auspices to the champions of freedom in the generous wine of Spain. They would take a few nuts for pastime, and entreated the hermit to bestow on them the more ex-

quisite regale he promised, by relating the events that caused his seclusion. The hermit bowed, saying, he would once again look at the patient, and then commence his narration. One of the noblemen took the lamp; the other carried the wine, jar, and a cup. The youth was asleep. His features recently distorted by excess of pain had resumed their natural expression—the hermit, with folded arms, contemplating the wasted visage, said in a low voice, “It must be so. These are the lineaments of the Esperanza family. Gallant sufferer in the most precious cause, whatever may be thy race, I shall tend thee with parental solicitude; but if thou art descended of Don Zelos del Esperanza, thy presence may revive a glow of former emotions in my withered feelings. He still sleeps. Compassionate strangers, I pray you to resume your turf-seats, while I account for the savage life I have embraced.”

The noblemen obeyed this injunction, and the hermit continued: “I am descended of warriors celebrated among the liberators of Grenada from the Moorish yoke. Large grants of land remunerated their services; but a propensity to gambling in three generations preceding my father, dwindled our possessions into narrow compass. My father reprobated their infatuation; but he erred in a contrary extreme, and sacrificed me, his only offspring, to a thirst for wealth. I had not the experience of sixteen years on my head, when he compelled me to feign a return to the passion of a lady almost double my age. We were ‘joined, not matched:’ I was an indulged boy; she a proud heiress of immense riches, and inflated by ideas of unrivalled supe-

riority, in being of the same blood with Cardinal Ximenes, the prime minister, who, in a regency of twenty months, achieved the aggrandizement of Spain to a degree unparalleled in history. I was a boy-husband, intoxicated by supposing myself entitled to authority, I knew not how to use, and my wife regarded and treated me as a child. Our contentions for power had little intermission; my wife silenced me by some reference to the prince cardinal, and I dared not dissent, as his eminence is reputed a saint; nor could I deny that he was uncle to the founder of my wife’s nobility, whose valorous deeds at Oran and Tetuan were performed under the eye of that wondrous old ecclesiastic and prime minister, when, on the verge of fourscore, he led an army against the Moors of Barbary. Within two and twenty months and three weeks, I was the father of a boy and a widower, my wife having died in the premature birth of our second child. I was released from conjugal fetters; but my father held me in tutelage, and was indeed a wise administrator of my fortune. Would to heaven he had exercised equal judgment in the tuition of my son! His unbounded fondness, his unbridled licence, were ill adapted to controul the furious passions Don Miguel inherited from his mother, perhaps from both his parents. Children are marvelously quick-sighted, especially where they can perceive any circumstance, according with their own propensities. Don Miguel saw his grandfather pay little deference to my opinions, and he grew up refractory and disobedient to me. My home was uncomfortable; an ample fortune allowed me to seek amusement in the capi-

tal: but I cannot accuse myself of vicious pursuits; a guardian angel, in the form of a lovely and amiable girl, inspired me with ambition to render myself worthy of her acceptance. She was the only child of an Irish Catholic in the military service of Spain; her mother, of the same religion, was an English lady, and both parents confided in the prudence of Donna Mirabella, in conformity to the customs of Great Britain; a confidence their daughter never misused. Gentlemen of rank and character had free access to evening parties at the house, and Miss O'Neil was the bright, though unpretending centre of admiration. I had reason to hope my devoirs were not unwelcome to her; and from the colonel and his lady I received evident encouragement. In this society I felt as it were a new, a nobler being; a perspective of the most elevating felicity infused delight into all present scenes: but I dare not pursue those recollections; the dreadful contrast would

then be too insupportable. O young strangers! if either of you have a father still living, let me implore you, by every tie of nature and duty, to abstain from planting empoisoned seeds of discord in his heart. It is my calamity that I cannot relate the incidents of sorrowful years without implicating my son. I would not expose his transgressions if they could be buried in oblivion; their notoriety is perhaps not unknown to you. Goaded by the whips and stings of conscience, he has become his own accuser, and after submitting to public penance, he has entombed himself in monastic sequestration. I am the father of Don Miguel Avallos, who, at his own entreaty, underwent the discipline of the flagellants, and has embraced the most rigid order of St. Francis. May the saints intercede for his soul! But let me not distress my friends with individual feelings. I should rather bring my tedious recital to a close."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XI.

WHEN Mrs. Ridley again recovered her senses, she found herself lying upon a rude pallet, in a still ruder hut, the walls of which were encrusted with a tapestry, "black as night," formed from the sooty particles of the smoke which arose from a bright fire in the middle of the room, curled in thick and revolving eddies around the roof. A dreadful feeling of oppression, a thickness of breath, an indescribable sensation of horror at the danger which she fancied still surrounded her (for to her troubled imagination the scene in the wood was still present, and

she thought she was still environed by the burning forest), came over her, and threatened again to deprive her of that reason of which she had been bereft for several weeks. The voice of her faithful Hammond, speaking to some one without, however, attracted her attention, just as she was about to relapse into insensibility. She started up on her rude couch, and calling him by his name, the honest fellow was soon at her feet, enraptured to think that his beloved mistress was once more enabled to recognise him.

"Where am I?" was the first ques-

tion which our fair wanderer articulated, after she had taken a few minutes to compose her spirits, and to gaze upon the scene of desolation by which she was surrounded. The house was one of those "log buildings," as they are termed, so common in America, formed of wood unhewn and unshapen, the boughs merely being lopped off after the tree is felled. The interstices in the walls were filled up with clay, and the floor was formed of the same material. A kind of lattice at one end let in light and air, and a hole in the centre of the roof was intended for the emission of the smoke; little of which, however, found its way through the aperture, the greater part collecting on the walls, which were encrusted with soot, formed in many fantastic shapes, and hanging from the roof in pendent drapery, ready to fall upon the heads of its inhabitants.

The furniture of this hovel was of a piece with the architecture. A stump of a large tree served for a table, and a raised bench, formed of clay, and covered with leaves, constituted the only seat. A few gourdshells, and a skillet for baking the cakes of Indian corn, were all the cooking utensils that were to be seen; and the pallet, which was formed of leaves of the Indian corn, and covered with skins, on which Mrs. Ridley lay, completed the catalogue of the "goods and chattels" of the wretched owner or owners of this miserable abode.

"Where am I?" articulated Mrs. Ridley, as she looked around and fixed her eager gaze on Hammond.—"You are safe, dear madam," he replied; "and I trust a short time will now convey you to my dear mas-

ter, who, I have ascertained since we have been here, is removed to Trenton; from which place we are only two days' journey."

"But how came I here? and what dreary place is this?" again inquired Mrs. Ridley.—"It is the abode of a friend; but of such a one, that I scarcely dare say what or who he is. He has, however, been kind to *you*; the only being of his species to whom I should think he would be capable of shewing kindness."

"Indeed! is he such a fearful man?" inquired Mrs. Ridley; "and is there no female, no wife or daughter? am I alone amongst men?"

"There is a daughter, who is as mild and benevolent as her father is rough and savage. She has watched by you, nursed you, prayed for you; and is now culling simples in her little garden, to prepare something for your morning repast. But here comes our host."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a figure whose upright posture alone bespoke him allied to humanity; for what could be seen of his features had such a hideous appearance, that the eye instinctively revolted from the horrid sight, and the gazer shudderingly asked of himself, "Is this a man?" The pitiable object of this revolting feeling saw that Mrs. Ridley, as soon as she beheld him, shrunk under the skins which formed the covering of her couch, and covered her eyes with her hands. He approached, and in a hollow guttural tone exclaimed:

"You, too, whom I have sheltered, whose life I have preserved, whom I rescued from the flames at the hazard of my own existence, you shrink from and avoid me! What

then have I to do with life? An outcast from my species, an alien to my country, persecuted, despised, trampled upon, what have I to do with life?"

"Oh! much, much, my father!" said a young and interesting girl, who had followed him unobserved into the apartment, and now clung to his arm, as he raised it with frantic violence, as if about to commit some desperate act upon himself. "Live for me, for your child! live to your God!"

"True, my child, my Emily, true! I should live for you, for *you do* love me. And yet why should I live to expose you to the scorn and contempt of the world, or to condemn you to this wild and dreary and desolate existence? When I am gone, my child, my ruthless enemies will cease to persecute you; and you may return to claim and enjoy that property of which your father has been deprived."

"Claim—enjoy—property! O my father, deem not so meanly of your child! Think you that I could enjoy what you had been deprived of? Oh no! together we will share this wilderness; or together return to civilized society, to the world, and to happiness."

"Happiness, ha! ha! ha!" retorted her father, with a maniac laugh; and fell into the arms of Hammond, who had been an unwilling listener to the conversation I have just related, and who now sedulously strove to reanimate the wretched sufferer, who, as soon as he was a little recovered from his swoon, acknowledged his attentions by a grateful pressure of the hand.

Emily, in the mean time, approach-

ed Mrs. Ridley, who had been alarmed at the violence of her host: the kind-hearted girl soothed the invalid, and endeavoured to inspire her with confidence and hope. "My father is kind, though seemingly uncouth: he has been cruelly abused; his senses have almost left him; but he would not hurt a worm."

"And I," said Hammond, "harshly said, my mistress was perhaps the only being of his species to whom he was capable of shewing kindness. Forgive me, but appearances misled me."

"Forgive thee, young man, alas! I have nothing to forgive. Neither my form nor face is calculated to inspire either confidence or friendship. You thought of me as I seem, and I seem what cruelty has made me—a wretch, whom but to know were degradation and disgrace."

"Say not so," interrupted Mrs. Ridley: "your daughter has told me how, attracted by my shrieks, you rushed into the midst of the burning wood, and bore my senseless form in safety to your hut; and then returned for my faithful follower, whom fatigue and despair had completely overpowered. She says, you have hunted the deer to procure me food, and toiled to fetch me a cool and refreshing beverage from a distant spring. That I live then, I owe to you; and whilst I exist never can I forget my preserver, never couple his idea with that of disgrace."

"Thanks, dear lady, thanks! Thine are the first words of peace (except my child's) that have for months vibrated on my ear: your commiseration is the first link which may perhaps tend again to unite the chain which once bound me to the world.

I pray you, pardon me: I am rough, untutored, and the outrages which have been perpetrated on this hapless form have almost driven me mad; but you shall not find me ungrateful."

He then left the hut, and Emily and Hammond busied themselves in making preparations in an adjoining room for the reception of Mrs. Ridley, who expressed herself able to leave her couch. She now found that this abode consisted of two rooms: the one she at present occupied, and which was the sleeping-room of the owner; and another, which was a little more comfortable in its appearance, and where his daughter generally reposed. Her couch consisted of a few skins, laid in one corner of the room; and though this apartment possessed a much greater appearance of comfort than the other, inasmuch as it was clean and free from smoke, yet they were afraid of placing Mrs. Ridley in it during her illness, as there was no means of warming it, and the winter season was just setting in. Logs of wood formed the only seats; but they contrived, with the assistance of boughs and skins, to form a kind of sofa for Mrs. Ridley, who, as soon as she was removed from the dense sooty atmosphere of the outer apartment, gratefully expressed her sense of the change, which gave her the greatest relief.

Their host returned just as they had concluded their arrangements. He brought some deer's flesh for Mrs. Ridley; and as she gratefully thanked him for his kindness, she begged, if he could tell his story without recalling too many painful emotions, that he would let her know to whom she was indebted, and how she could serve him.

"My story, lady, is brief, but me-

lancholy, as you may well conceive. To think on what I have suffered almost removes my reason from her seat: yet, as I do not wish you should leave this hut with impressions unfavourable to my character, I will 'a tale unfold,' which I think will move you to pity, and you will cease to wonder that I, at times, appear misanthropic and wild.

"My name is Edward Bertram. I was born at Boston, in which city I inherited a small patrimony, and where I married the daughter of an English gentleman, an officer in the customs, by whose interest I was appointed to succeed him, when he was recalled to a higher station in his native land. I doted on my wife; you there (pointing to Emily) see her image, and can say whether she was not beautiful. We were as happy as it was possible for two persons to be, and never knew a minute of care or sorrow, till the unnatural disputes between the colonies and England commenced. I do not want to detail to you the causes in which those disputes were said to have originated; you all know that the imposition of a duty on tea and the stamp act were the ostensible reasons held out as excuses for that turbulent spirit which my countrymen now began to foster and to exhibit; and you know too, that the Bostonians resorted to acts of the meanest and most dastardly outrage on the king's officers, who endeavoured to do their duty to their sovereign, as prescribed by their consciences and their oaths.

"Being in that service which was most obnoxious to these rebellious spirits, I was early marked out for vengeance. In the first disturbances that took place in Boston, my home was attacked and my property de-

stroyed, and my angel wife seriously urged me to go to England, and leave a country where it was evident I should not be safe, while the present system continued. I long balanced between inclination and duty, and had at length resolved to comply with my wife's wishes, when all my hopes were blasted in one dreadful moment, and all my happiness on this side the grave destroyed.

"The Americans were not satisfied with the concessions made by the government at home; the duties imposed by Parliament had all been repealed, except that upon tea, and it was resolved to oppose the admission of that article into the country, till that too was remitted. Several ships arrived at Boston loaded with tea, and when they arrived at the wharf, the populace, who dictated the law, refused to suffer the captains to land their cargoes, but insisted upon their being taken back without breaking bulk. The vessels, however, being brought to the wharf, could not depart without paying the government duties; and the governor, little anticipating the dreadful effects of popular rage, little thinking to what lengths the leaders of the people would urge their dupes, did not feel justified in granting his permits for the vessels to quit the harbour without the usual certificate from the custom-house. In this state things remained for a few days, neither party shewing a disposition to relax; when one night we were alarmed with a dreadful shouting and noise, like that made by the Indians when they attack an enemy's town. My house was situated near the custom-house, and commanded a full view of the quay; and on looking out, I

ans, busy on board the tea-ships, the cargoes of which we could plainly perceive them shooting into the sea. This part of their task was performed with a dispatch and precision, which clearly evinced that it was the fruit of much previous arrangement; and no sooner had the ruffians completed their object, than they advanced with noiseless tread towards my house. I alarmed my wife, who earnestly entreated me to fly: only one way presented itself—to escape by the back door and reach the woods: but on looking out this way, I was driven back by a man in the disguise of a Mohawk Indian, and found that the house was surrounded. I now concluded that my destruction was determined on, and called to mind some obscure threats which had been thrown out, when, at a meeting of the inhabitants a few days previous, I had ventured to advise that conciliatory measures should be adopted. I had only time to place my wife and child in an apartment at the top of the house, where I hoped they would be secure, when the front door was burst open, and a number of ruffians rushed into the house: a party of them soon found the object of their search, and their success was announced by a loud shout. The house was cleared as quickly as it was entered, and I was hurried along by my merciless persecutors, not one of whom spoke a word, or uttered a single sound, after they had, by their horrid yell, announced my capture."

The recollection of that moment was too strong for the excited feelings of this injured man, who was compelled to pause before he could continue his narrative, which highly interested his auditors.

A RAMBLER.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

No. II.

WALTER JEFFERSON.

THERE occur at times in real life discoveries, adventures, and coincidences, which, if detailed by the pen of the novelist, would be laughed at as being too marvellous to be probable.

Walter Jefferson was the son of a gentleman, who having, before he married, run through what is called a pretty property, determined to marry, in order that he might repair this chasm in his pecuniary resources. He did indeed marry, but the fortune which accompanied the lady he espoused was so small in comparison with his wants, that he found himself some years afterwards surrounded by a large family of children, who were maintained with difficulty, and at the expense of every luxury that he had been in the habit of enjoying, and which one by one disappeared as years added to the baldness of his head. He had long given up claret and champagne for port and sherry; and at length port and sherry of *every vintage* gave way to an *après-dîner* diluent of a much more humble quality. He had long parted from a unique copy of Boccaccio, and a small vase by Cellini had furnished cash to pay the dancing and Italian master. His rare coins too had fled: still he had a picture by, or said to be by, Rubens, a *real* sketch of Carravaggio's, and an *undoubted* Polemberg, and in possession of these he died, consoling himself that the sums these pictures would fetch might divert the maledictions of his children from denouncing his imprudence as a fa-

ther. His wife, fortunately for her, had left this world before him. The produce of the sale of his effects barely procured decent mourning for his children, and a small pittance on which they might vegetate. The only consolation he had left them was, the consideration that he had brought them up as the children of a gentleman.

It was, however, the good luck of this family to fall into good hands: each of them was taken by some friend or other, who placed them in situations, not according to their habits or dispositions, but such as they could procure for them. Thus one boy, a remarkably timid child, was sent to sea; another, who was particularly heavy in his person and character, was placed in the army; and Louisa, who had already formed an attachment of the tender kind, was sent out on a matrimonial speculation to India. But the aim of their friends was to get rid of them, and these were thus got rid of: still there were two others to be provided for. Angelica, of a most unhappy temper and disposition, was doomed to be toad-eater to an alderman's widow; and Walter, the eldest—but as he is the only personage that we have now to do with, we must leave the fate of the others unrecorded.

Walter Jefferson was altogether one of those beings whom we do not frequently meet with in this world. At the age of fourteen he began to calculate on the situation in which he was placed, and on the advan-

tages or disadvantages of every plan he was about to adopt. He was never seen in a passion in all his life; and many who quizzed him for the apparent coldness of his heart were glad to avail themselves of the clearness of his head. He was a complete Joseph Surface or a Blifil, but it was only in appearance. It is true he was not "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," but he enjoyed all the happiness which an even temper of mind is known to confer; and however in maturer life he might suffer from the possession of what were satirized as mere negative virtues, he was in turns feared or esteemed, as he became the friend or the opposer of the actions of those about him. On the death of his father, he immediately became the managing clerk to the family, a situation of no mean responsibility, and from which he incurred much vituperative language, being determined not to give up one iota of his own advantage—an advantage which he argued his relations might one day be glad to avail themselves of. But he did not, to speak technically, "wind up" this affair without bearing the stigma of a cold-blooded brother, who preferred his interest before that of any other person of his family. Whether this opinion was deserved solely by the hero of our tale, or whether his brothers and sisters were less selfish than he was, it is not our business to inquire; suffice it to say, they gave themselves as great credit for disinterestedness, as they did their brother for a contrary quality.

How Walter Jefferson had managed to struggle through every impediment till he was called to the bar

no one ever knew; but he did at length place his foot on the first step to independence nearly by his own exertions alone. He began at the beginning, but many doubtless were his misgivings, as a thousand obstacles must have opposed his wishes.

We have seen him circuit after circuit attending the same court. Breathless and penniless, we have watched him as the hectic played o'er his face when the eye of some pushing lawyer seemed directed to him, and we have marked this hectic subsiding quietly as he found out his fatal mistake. But no disappointment, however sudden, could ruffle his temper: he was never detected eagerly watching for a client; driving out of court, his silken robe distended with air, and his three tails beating like the treddles of a lace-maker's cushion; driving out as if sent for express, and anon attempting a *quicker* advance into court than all the javelin-men could procure for him, his pockets and hands loaded with feeless briefs. Nor in employ, when that employ did come, did he ever mouth it, as if the town-crier had spoken his words; he never assumed a passion which he did not feel, but, calm and collected, he would rebut with self-possession every charge addressed against his client to "my lord and gentlemen of the jury." As chamber counsel indeed some little practice fell to his share; but all this scarcely served to pay for the solitary chop on which he dined, or for the shoe-leather which he wore out in trudging from court to court. He—but my limits are already trespassed upon, and I leave the rest to a future *Repository*.

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

DUCIS.

DUCIS, a French poet, who died a few years ago, was once present by invitation at a dinner given by Buonaparte when First Consul. On this occasion the latter made use of these expressions: "Our politics have as yet no system, because our last government had no will of its own. I will soon restore order, and raise France to such an elevation, that she shall prescribe laws to all Europe. I will commence necessary wars merely to conquer a safe peace; I will give to the country a permanent constitution, protect religion, and make a provision for its ministers."—"And what then, general?" asked Ducis in a low tone.—"Why then," rejoined Buonaparte, with some hesitation, "then, honest Ducis, if you are satisfied with me, appoint me to be a village justice."

Another time when the Consul had invited Ducis to his table—"Papa Ducis," said he, "how did you come hither? In some old *façade* I suppose?"—"Certainly, as usual."—"Indeed a man of your age and talents ought to have a better vehicle: let me furnish you with one."—"No, general," answered Ducis. "Look yonder at that flight of wild ducks. You are a sportsman, general, and no doubt know that there is not one of those birds but can smell powder, and is shy of a gun. I am a bird of that sort too." The conversation was suspended for the moment: but Buonaparte did not desist from urging his offer; and the friends and inmates of the same house with the poet so importuned him to accept it, that one evening he all at

once cried out to his servant, "Leonard, carry my bed into the street!" Convinced of the firmness of his resolution, they now left him alone. "Friend," said he to one of those with whom he was most familiar, "I had rather wear rags than fetters."

FEDOR IWANOWITSCH, A CALMUCK PAINTER.

A Calmuck, named Fedor Iwanowitsch, is accounted one of the best painters in Baden. He was sent, when about five or six years old, by the Empress Catherine II. to Amelia, Princess of Baden, widow of the hereditary Prince Charles Louis, and mother of the present Empress of Russia. To the liberality of that princess he owes his temporal prosperity. He was first put to a school in Carlsruhe, and afterwards into the Philanthropic Institution at Marschlinz. Though destined for the study of medicine, he soon displayed a strong predilection for painting; and was therefore placed with M. Mellit, painter to the court. Having acquired the requisite preliminary knowledge of the art, he was sent for improvement to Rome, where he resided upwards of seven years. Here Lord Elgin engaged him to accompany him in a tour through Greece, and to make drawings of the most remarkable antiquities. When this tour was finished, he attended his lordship to England, and superintended the engraving of his designs. After spending three years in London he returned to Carlsruhe, and received from the Grand-Duke of Baden the appointment of painter to the court. He is also a good en-

graver. Of his youth he recollects nothing more than that being one day at dinner under a tree, they were surprised by Cossacks; and that a woman, probably his mother, strove to defend him as much as possible from the robbers. He recollects also that this attack was made during their flight; whence it is conjectured that he belonged to the tribe of the Torgoutes, which removed from under the protection of Russia, and went over in 1770 to the Chinese. It is well known that during this flight a small portion of the Calmucks were overtaken on a mountain by the Jaizk Cossacks, and mostly cut in pieces. The patronage of the empress, and the testimony of a Russian officer who was present at this affair, authorize the supposition that Fedor Iwanowitsch was the son of a Calmuck prince. On his arrival at St. Petersburg he was baptized, and received his present name. Nature seems rather to have destined him for a sculptor than a painter, as is evident from all his works. So much is certain, that his pencil is not guided by the Graces.

MARIVAUD.

In 1722, Marivaux surprised the public with his comedy called *The Surprise of Love*. Mademoiselle Sylvia, an actress of considerable talents, could not help feeling that her part in this play was somewhat above her reach, and required a higher range of abilities than she gave herself credit for possessing. Who, thought she, can be the author of this piece? for Marivaux had carefully concealed his name. Just at this juncture a friend of the dramatist took him to see the lady. Marivaux turned over some pamphlets

that were lying on her table, and found among them *The Surprise of Love*. "What sort of a play is that?" asked he.—"An excellent comedy," replied the actress: "I only wish I knew the author. It is quite provoking that he has not made himself known: we should perform our parts ten times as well if he would but read the piece over to us." Marivaux requested permission to read a few passages. His correct accent and fine tact suddenly inspired his fair auditor with new ideas. "Sir," she exclaimed, "you indeed enable me to discover absolutely new beauties in the piece. That is just the way in which I wanted to have it read: I felt how I ought to act, but could not find the modulation of voice to give adequate expression to my feelings. I thank you most sincerely for this lesson. But give me leave to add, you must be either the devil himself or the author of the play." Marivaux could not suppress a self-complacent smile, and remarked, that so much at least he could answer for, that he was not the devil.

CURIOUS MISTAKE.

It is only in a country where the despotic will of the sovereign passes for law that such a mistake as the following could have occurred. Sauderland, banker to the court of Petersburg, had made the Empress Catherine II. a present of a dog of a rare breed, for which she conceived such a fondness, that he became her particular favourite. This animal died, and that she might soothe her sorrow at least with the sight of the faithful creature, she sent for the director of the police, and ordered him to get Sauderland stuffed without delay. The director posted away.

to the banker, and communicated to him the imperial command, desiring that he would follow him to the anatomical theatre, where the operation of skinning should be performed. The astounded banker was at first puzzled what to make of this intimation; but soon perceiving that it was no joke, he succeeded, by means of a considerable gratuity, in obtaining the favour of being conducted to the palace previously to the operation. Being admitted to the presence of the empress, he threw himself at her feet, and asked in what way he had so offended her imperial majesty as to deserve a sentence inflicting death on himself, and entailing disgrace on his family. The empress declared, that she knew nothing of any such order; and the director of the police now thought it high time to refresh her memory. "Your majesty," said he, "was most graciously pleased to honour me with your commands *to get Sauderland stuffed without delay*. I have already given directions for the operation at the anatomical theatre; and most humbly implore your majesty's pardon for having ventured to permit Sauderland to come into your imperial presence before your orders have been obeyed." The empress laughed heartily at the droll mistake, and tranquillized the trembling banker, by assuring him that she had meant Sauderland, her favourite dog, which had died that morning.

HARDSHIPS OF WIDOWHOOD IN POLAND.

The widowed Princess S—w, who resides at Wilna, in Russian Poland, has recently been a main topic of conversation in the fashionable circles of Petersburg. Till the death

of her only child, she possessed a property producing a yearly income of *four millions* of rubles. This lady, a native of Poland, was the daughter of parents in very indigent circumstances. Her beauty, heightened by her virtue, so fascinated the deceased prince (who owed his extraordinary wealth to the liberality of the Empress Catherine) when in the autumn of life, that after she had withstood all his temptations, he resolved to marry her. This step, which, as may easily be conceived, drew on him the severe censure of the court and the great world, was soon followed by his death, when he left his whole property to his wife and her infant daughter. The princess had for her share forty thousand rubles per month, and the rest was consigned to trustees, the principal of whom received ten thousand rubles per annum for his trouble. Her child died a few months since, notwithstanding all the attentions of the most eminent physicians; and now the property devolves to the brothers of the late prince, and the widow is obliged to be content with a seventh part of her former income, with this proviso, that she continues unmarried—unmarried at the age of nineteen years! In case she contracts a second marriage she loses even this allowance, and the only compensation she can claim once for all, according to the Polish laws, is the sum of thirty-seven rubles in silver. This event has had such an effect on the princess, who is said to be fond of money and ostentation, as to occasion an illness, which excites fears for her life. Justly did the philosopher observe—that none should be called happy on this side of the grave.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

When Voltaire returned from France to Potsdam in August 1750, he was not a little proud to be the bearer of the respects of the Marquise de Pompadour, the favourite of Louis XV. to the Prussian monarch. "I forgot to tell you," he thus writes to his niece, Madame Denis, "that, when I took leave of Madame de Pompadour at Compiègne, she desired me to assure the King of Prussia of her profound respect. I could not have been charged with a more agreeable commission, nor could one have been given me in a more amiable manner—sometimes it was *si j'osois*, and presently *bien de pardons*. I presented the respects of the marquise to his majesty in the full confidence of a French courtier, that this homage would prove most flattering to the monarch; but—whether it was owing to any awkwardness on my part, or to some other cause that I am not aware of—the king drily replied, 'I do not know her.'"—How great this reply makes Frederic appear, and how little Voltaire, Pompadour, the French court, and all courts where Pompadours are suffered to have the sway!

ADMIRAL BOMBELL.

This brave officer was a native of Sleswick, and his proper name was

Nis Ipsen. He served for some years as a groom to the lord of the manor of Bombell, till, during the war with Sweden, he quarreled with a soldier of the regiment of Steinbock, and in the vehemence of his passion stabbed him mortally. He was now obliged to abscond, fled to Holland, and made several voyages as a sailor to the East Indies. Being an active young man, of good natural abilities, he gradually got forward, and was at length appointed captain of a merchantman. The States General being informed of his extraordinary skill in his profession, gave him the commission of lieutenant in their navy, and he rose through all the intermediate ranks to that of admiral. He then addressed the following letter to a young woman who had been his fellow-servant at Bombell:

My PEGGY,

If thou art still in the same mind as when I was thy fellow-servant at Bombell, come to me at the Hague, and be my wife. I am now a Dutch admiral.

NIL DE BOMBELL,
formerly NIS IPSEN,
thy constant Bridegroom.

This female was still single: she repaired according to the admiral's invitation to the Hague, where they were actually married.

THE COMPLAINTS OF A MAIDEN LADY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I AM one of those females who have thought fit to remain in a state of "blessed singleness;" not from necessity, I assure you, as the scandalous world would aver, but from my own free will and choice, having

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ever considered that the privileges of a mother, enjoyed in common with the brute creation, were but a poor compensation for the loss of freedom. However the class of females to which I belong may incur the ridicule of the vulgar, there are

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truly none so deserving of praise. By withdrawing themselves from the matrimonial market they prevent its being overstocked, thereby conferring an inestimable benefit on their own sex; while, at the same time, they give a salutary check to population before it has reached that point wherein, according to Messrs. Malthus and Co. the natural checks operate in a manner so prejudicial to the happiness of mankind.

Now, though it is easy to prove that the situation of maiden lady is productive of much more happiness to the individual than the marriage state, generally speaking, yet there are certain little sympathies and affections natural to the female breast which must have a vent, otherwise they are apt to engender crudities, tending to injure the disposition, and to diminish the amiability of their possessor. In the matrimonial life this want is naturally supplied by children; but the maiden lady is under the necessity of providing herself with subjects whereon to exercise these inherent qualities of her nature. For this reason we seldom see what is vulgarly called an old maid without a score or two of pets, naturally presenting themselves in the shape of monkeys, parrots, lap-dogs, cockatoos, and tortoise-shell cats; and every one of judgment will admit, that they are infinitely more innocent, and much less troublesome, objects of affection, than children. Besides, as I said before, to have children one must have a husband. "Aye, there's the rub!"

That I have a little family of my own of the above description I will admit, and that I should bestow a good deal of time and trouble in their care, or that I should feel a

strong interest in their welfare, will not appear surprising, when it is considered that they are wholly dependent upon me. Now, Mr. Editor, it is my misfortune to have a boys' school within a few yards of my house, than which there cannot be a greater source of annoyance to one of my habits and feelings. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to conceive two neighbouring tenements to be composed of more discordant materials than a boys' school and a maiden lady's *ménage*; and this I have proved to my cost. To detail all the mischievous tricks that are played on my darlings would fill a volume. Complaints and remonstrances with the master I find to be of no use; in fact, they only make my situation the worse; for, instead of the tricks being confined to my family, they are now, from my having become an object of aversion, extended to myself.

There is not, I will venture to say, an urchin in the whole school but has suffered from complaints of mine: hence schemes innumerable for my annoyance are hatched, and afterwards practised with the utmost dexterity. Independent of these pranks, the continual noise they make is enough to distract one whose nerves are none of the strongest. Their monotonous buzz when conning their lessons, and the continual chatter of their nasty little querulous voices when at play (which can be compared to nothing less than that of ten thousand sparrows mobbing a poor solitary swallow on the house-top), are absolutely insufferable. Indeed, my life is rendered so miserable by these incessant annoyances, that I have almost come to the resolution of selling my house and quitting the neighbourhood.

Although the urchins seem to stand in considerable awe of me (all amusement being suspended in my presence), I can perceive, as I walk past their play-ground (for my eyes are pretty sharp), a considerable protuberance in the off cheek of most of them, which, as I have noticed it out of the apple season, I conclude must be caused by a lateral movement of the tongue; a gesture, I presume, betokening derision.

Of the many tricks played upon me and my household, I will select a few by way of specimens. The 5th of November, that day of school-boy ascendancy (I can't tell why I'm sure, unless it is that the Parliament House has very much the appearance of a school-room, and that the principal object of Guy Fawkes's treason was better calculated for a pedagogue than a king), is one in which I am sure to be paid off for all the punishments I have occasioned. Consequently on those anniversaries I consider myself in a state of siege, and prepare accordingly by the barricading of doors and windows, &c. On one of these memorable occasions, my favourite poodle, who had been missing from the morning, came to the door after dark yelping most piteously. Notwithstanding the danger to be apprehended by opening the gate of the fortress at that hour, I could not possibly leave the poor wretch at the mercy of his enemies. On withdrawing the bolt, as I anticipated, he came rushing in under a shower of crackers from without, and as many more depending from his tail, exploding like a fire-ship, to the imminent danger of the house and its inmates. The poor creature naturally attempted to take refuge in the lap of his mistress, in endeavouring to avoid

which I was hunted from top to bottom of the house, till, the combustibles being exhausted, the innocent object of my dread lay stretched on the floor, panting and smoking, with its beautiful hair all singed from head to foot.

Then you must know, Mr. Editor, that I have been particularly careful in teaching my parrot nothing but the choicest language, and have, in fact, gone so far as not to permit his learning a single expression which could not be found in Addison. Once, on returning from an excursion which I had prolonged beyond the time I had intended, I was saluted by Poll with the appellation of old b——, accompanied by such a string of oaths and blackguard expressions as had never before assailed my ears. In short, by the unremitting lessons of my mischievous little neighbours, my dear bird had been rendered completely unfit for any other society than that of Billingsgate. Indeed, so completely had the bad eradicated the good, that all my pains could not break him of his vile slang; so I was compelled, most reluctantly, to part with my favourite.

On the same occasion I found my little family, which I had left the happiest and most harmonious domestic circle that could be imagined, converted into a perfect Babylonish Pandemonium (if I may be allowed the expression), each animal expressing its rage in its peculiar language and gesticulation. The dogs snarled and barked; the cats swore and raised their backs; the monkey jabbered and shewed his teeth; the parrot scolded in all the richness of his new vocabulary; and the cockatoo, with his powdered wig, looked as fiery and as pompous as a barrister

cross-questioning a tough witness. This change I found had been effected by supplying them with a bone of contention, thrown over the wall into the garden appropriated for their recreation.

With not less dismay, and rather more humanity, than a farmer evinces when he views a balloon about to alight in one of his corn-fields, I have more than once seen my favourite cat descending in a parachute from a neighbouring house-top; and in spreading my apron to break its fall, have been all daubed with dirt in which the animal had been previously rubbed.

My dear Phyllis, too, whose visual organs are none of the strongest, has frequently had snuff or pepper thrown into them, causing such an overflow of the lachrymal fountains, that it has taken months before the streams, issuing from her beautiful prominent black eyes, could be reduced within their natural limits.

Once, to my utter annoyance, I discovered Pug strutting up the High-street dressed in a riding-habit and hat, resembling what I usually wear, to the infinite amusement of a large crowd. In this prank I suspected one of the boys to have been assisted by his mother, my late laundress, whom I had turned off for refusing to wash my lap-dog's cushion-cases.

Sham parcels and anonymous letters I have had innumerable, and when one of my pets had paid the

debt of nature, I was waited upon by the undertaker, as he said, in compliance with my orders; and I have so often been nearly frightened to death with detonating paste, that I have now got into the habit of holding a letter at arm's length when I break the seal.

In short, there never was a poor creature so plagued and pestered as I am, even by those who ought to know better; and all on account of my kindness to poor defenceless dumb animals. Not even that great champion of the brute creation, the Smithfield Howard, Mr. Martin of Galway, has suffered more odium in the cause of humanity than I have. Mischief is, of all things, what I most abhor. For theft, and even for murder, there is generally some motive, such as want or revenge; but for deliberate, wanton mischief there can be none but the innate malignity of the heart. I abominate all boys from eight years old to fifteen; they display, in full force, all the asperities of our nature before they have been rubbed down by the world, and all the odious qualities of the heart ere they have been corrected or concealed by the polish of society. I wish from my soul, that the breed of mankind could be carried on without them.

I think I have said quite enough, Mr. Editor, to excite the sincere commiseration of yourself and readers for your obedient servant,

B.

TABITHA PRIM.

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 Raisonné of the Contents. Part XII.

Price 6s. — (Sainsbury and Co. Salisbury square.)

THE above number of the Vocal Anthology is stated by the publisher to close the work for the present; an expectation of a second volume of the same size, to be added in the ensuing year, being held out in the notice to the subscribers.

The contents of this number are as follow:

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| English. | No. 1. <i>Five times by the taper's light</i>
(Glee), STORACE. |
| | 2. <i>Since first I saw your face</i>
(Madrigal), FORD. |
| Italian. | 3. <i>Al mio pregar l'arrendi</i>
(Prayer), ROSSINI. |
| German. | 4. <i>Placido è il mar</i> (Chorus),
MOZART. |
| | 5. <i>Oh! those eyes in azure splendour</i> (Canzonet), MOZART. |
| | 6. <i>Varico to her lover</i> (Song),
HIMMEL. |
| Original. | 7. <i>Concealment</i> , CATHER. |

This selection, to say the least of it, is not inferior to the contents of any of the preceding numbers, almost every one of the pieces being of a classic stamp. Mr. Cather's contribution also possesses very prominent features of merit: towards the conclusion, it smacks a little of obsolete forms; but the general vein of chaste feeling, its dignified simplicity, and the superior harmonic treatment, cannot fail to captivate the ear of good taste. The canzonet by Mozart is exquisite, and the author of the English translation has judiciously sobered down the glowing amatory import of the German text.

The work, thus completed, forms a collection of vocal treasures unequalled in quality as well as quantity by any publication of the same extent and price. Besides thirty-six English and Scotch pieces, there are as many of the Italian and German school, nine or ten French and Swiss,

and twelve *original* English songs; and when we add, that the authors of these are Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Himmel, Rossini, Sacchini, Cherubini, Conversi, Boyeldieu, Purcell, S. Webb, Storace, Jackson, &c. and that none but superior productions of these writers have been admitted, it will not be difficult to form an estimate of the merit of the work. The proprietors have so amply fulfilled the pledge they gave at the outset, that any doubts respecting the success of their undertaking would almost be a stigma on British taste in music. We are much mistaken, if the *Vocal Anthology* will not remain in request for years to come; and we sincerely hope the encouragement of the public will warrant the publishers in presenting us the second volume, which they have in contemplation.

Six easy Pieces for the Piano-forte, composed, for the Use of his Pupils, by T. N. Hummel of Vienna. Op. 52. Price 2s. 6d. — (H. T. Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

Among the six pieces, there is a prelude of one line and a dance of sixteen bars: the extent of the remainder, however, is more considerable; but be the quantity what it may, the value of this little book is indisputable; and it were to be wished that composers of Mr. Hummel's talent would more frequently condescend to devote some of their time to pieces of this description, for the junior classes of performers. Such a practice would soon secure us from the trash of insipid pretenders, which only tends to vitiate the musical taste of the rising generation. Easy as these lessons may be for pupils of some little proficiency, they are not calculated for absolute beginners.

The left hand is occasionally actively employed, and some of the modulations deviate considerably from the hackneyed forms familiar to most incipient players. A trifling degree of study, however, will be sufficient to master all this; and the credit of being able to execute compositions bearing so eminent a name, ought to, and will no doubt, form an additional motive for the pupil's best exertions.

An easy Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed by C. M. de Weber. No. I. Op. 3. Price 2s.—(H. J. Banister.)

Ditto ditto. No. II. Op. 3. Pr. 1s.

The two duets, taken together, fill but three pages for each part, and the second duet has all the appearance of being a fragment from some larger work of the great German composer, whose fame seems to endanger the celebrity of the favourite of the modern Italian school. Short, however, as these duets are, they proclaim the hand of a master in his art; they combine beautiful melody, tasteful diction, and classic harmonic arrangement: in short, to us they appear quite delightful. As to their facility, a term which at all times is comparative, we here too think it proper to add, that the correctness of this designation will probably be acknowledged by such performers only as have made some progress on the instrument. The bass part in particular is strongly cast, especially in the second duet, which is far beyond the reach of mere beginners.

A Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced "the white Cockade," composed, and dedicated to Mr. John Lord, jun. by H. G. Nixon, Organist to the Bavarian Embassy. Pr. 4s.—(W. Eave-

staff, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)

Although "the white Cockade" presents a very suitable theme for a rondo, the subject has, by frequent handling, been worn so threadbare, that we wonder Mr. Nixon has made it his choice in the present instance. At the same time we have scarcely a right to object to the selection, considering the great merit of the superstructure. The divertimento, if we may so call it, is somewhat long, but Mr. Nixon has thrown into it so much variety, good melodic treatment, and such a fund of superior harmonic combination, that the interest is kept up to the last. We have once or twice before had an opportunity of speaking favourably of this gentleman's musical talents, and our good opinion is much augmented by this publication. Mr. Nixon's abilities as a performer have lately come under our observation, and the gratification we experienced was somewhat mingled with surprise, that such skill and knowledge in the art had not rendered his name more conspicuous in the profession; a circumstance which we can only ascribe to the unassuming modesty with which he appreciates his acquirements.

The much-admired Air of Rousseau's Dream, with Variations for the Flute, and an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Charles Robinson, Esq. by W. Bark, Professor of the Flute. Price 4s.—(Monzani and Hill, 28, Regent-street.)

In these variations the piano-forte acts as mere accompaniment, the melody, passages, and other amplifications being exclusively assigned to the flute. The variations are six in number; they are evidently writ-



WOMEN'S DRESS.



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ten not only by an experienced flute-player, but with considerable taste and good musical tact, and their performance demands more than common proficiency on the instrument. The piano-forte part is within the reach of almost any player; in some instances, perhaps, more plain than it need have been, and not altogether free from typographical incorrectness.

The Blue Bells, with Variations for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, com-

posed, and inscribed to Joshua Birch, Esq. by Samuel Hodgson. Pr. 3s.—(T. Williams, Strand.)

Our preceding critique on Mr. Bark's variations might almost verbatim be applied to these. They are five in number; a shade easier perhaps, well melodized, of tasteful diversity, and well calculated to exhibit the character of the instrument to advantage. The flute is throughout obligato, and the piano-forte part mere accompaniment, and void of any intricacy whatever.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

SHADED yellow jaconot muslin dress; the stripes in waves, with small sprigs of gold colour: the *corsage en blouse*, and the long sleeves *en bouffants*, having seven divisions formed by corded bands, equidistant. Plain cuff, the size of the hand, with a neat worked muslin ruffle: corded band round the waist, with a plain gold buckle in front. The skirt is neatly trimmed with five double tucks, cut bias, and corded at the top and bottom: worked muslin square collar, fastened in front with a small gold buckle. Round cap of white *crêpe lisse*, drawn with amber-colour ribbon, and a large square lace veil. Wrought gold drop ear-rings. Yellow kid gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white *crêpe lisse*, ornamented with small sprigs of rose-colour floss silk: the *corsage* rather high, falls on each side of the bust, and is confined by a narrow pink

satin band at the top, supporting a row of semicircles, which unite and point downwards: narrow tucker of fine blond. The sleeve is very short and full, and is decorated with four fancy bows, formed of four corded Persian lilac leaves, united by a knot: the sleeve is finished with a satin band, composed of three small rouleaus, and a vandyke blond lace beneath. The skirt has a deep *bouillonnée* of white tulle, cut bias, and headed with a band of three small rouleaus of pink satin: the same is introduced to confine the *bouillonnée* midway, and a broad rouleau is added beneath the small ones at the bottom, and two rows of pink satin bows, to correspond with the sleeves, are placed at regular distances in the *bouillonnée*. Large French bonnet of pink *crêpe lisse*, bent in front; the brim formed of double folds, and edged with pink satin and a narrow rouleau; the crown circular, with a trimming cut into eight oblong divisions, each bound

with satin, and edged with folded *crêpe lisse*: four large white ostrich feathers are placed in the front. The hair dressed in light curls, and two full-blown white China roses on each side of the head. Emerald necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets. Long white kid gloves, white satin shoes, lace fichu, or silk *élégantine*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Muslin continues in the highest request for promenade dress. Among the novelties for the morning walk, one of the most fashionable is a round dress trimmed with three flounces, scalloped in *dents de loup*; they are set on moderately full, and the head of each drawn by three cords. This heading is not more than an inch in breadth; the flounces are nearly half a quarter, and being placed at some distance from each other, they form a very deep trimming. The body is made in the *blouse* style, and ornamented by a pelerine in the *fichu* form, except that it is rounded behind and at the ends, and has a high collar, which falls over: the pelerine is cut round in *dents de loup*. Very wide sleeve, finished at the wrist by a band and a narrow flounce. Scarfs still continue in favour, particularly with young ladies. China crape shawls, with richly wrought borders, are getting much in favour among more mature *belles*. Spencers are no longer universally made to fasten behind. We have seen some of the *blouse* form, which fasten before, and have a very large pelerine, extremely wide sleeves, and large falling collar. They have altogether a very undress appearance.

Cambric muslin *capotes* begin to

decline in estimation; silk ones are more in favour. One of these, which has just appeared, is of a very novel form: the brim is made as they usually are, but somewhat larger; the round of the crown is composed of compartments formed by perpendicular lacings; between each of these compartments is a very large puff. There are four puffs, one placed at each angle; a broad ribbon to correspond is disposed in folds round the crown, and tied in a full bow at the side: the ends of this ribbon, as well as those of the strings, are fringed, and the edge of the brim is adorned with a very full *ruêhe*.

We have seen in carriage dress one or two high gowns made in the *rédingote* style; they are composed of India sprigged muslin, and lined with blue or rose-coloured satin: the *corsage* is made tight to the shape, and fastens behind. These dresses are trimmed up the front and round the bottom; the trimming, broad at the bottom, becomes narrow as it approaches the waist, and *vice versa* from the bottom of the waist to the throat. The trimming consists of an intermixture of embroidery and *crevés* of net, and is finished at each edge by a row of lace disposed in large plaits. The epaulette corresponds with the trimming. The long sleeve, wide at top, but narrow towards the wrist, is finished at the hand with lace. A small round pelerine, richly embroidered, and a collar of the same form, which falls over, have a light and elegant appearance. These dresses are extremely well calculated for public breakfasts or morning visits.

Among the new carriage bonnets is one, the crown of which is composed of white satin, and ornamented

with a mixture of white satin and *crêpe lisse*, disposed in bias folds. The crown is of the melon form, and this ornament nearly covers the right side of it; it slopes down towards the left ear, where it terminates in a white satin knot, and a bouquet of Provence roses. The brim is composed of *crêpe lisse*, disposed in flutings between satin cords: broad satin strings.

White *gros de Naples* bonnets, which have the top of the crown covered with a pink or blue net formed of ribbon, are also in favour. The trimming of these hats always consists of full bows of ribbon to correspond.

Dinner gowns of silk or poplin continue to be made tight to the shape. The busts are now very little ornamented in front. A broad trimming of gauze or *crêpe lisse*, arranged in the form of crescents, placed at some distance from each other, and bordered on each side with a *ruche*, is much in favour, but it has a formal appearance: trimmings *en ruche*, disposed in a scroll

pattern, are equally fashionable, and much prettier. Among the trimmings of muslin dinner gowns, the most novel is one composed of puffs of net intersected with easings drawn by ribbon, placed perpendicularly: this trimming surmounts a broad lace flounce.

Small dress hats and toques are more in favour than turbans in full dress. The few that we see of the latter are generally in the Indian style. Toques are now made higher; and those that have no feathers are trimmed with the material that the toque is made of, disposed in full bows in front, and frequently intermixed with pearls. A good many dress hats are of the Spanish form, but small: these are always ornamented with a very full plume of feathers, at the base of which is placed a rose or an ornament in jewellery.

Fashionable colours are, azure, rose colour, straw colour, gold colour, lilac, and different shades of green and brown.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

WE see little else but white dresses in our promenades. *Rédingotes* are very generally adopted: they are now no longer made in the *blouse* form, but tight to the shape. Some button up the front, and are trimmed up the bottom and up each side of the front by a *bouillonnée*, which is not very broad, of jaconot muslin. Two round pelerines, the lower one a moderate size, the upper one very small, are trimmed in the

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same manner. The sleeve is cut nearly tight to the arm at bottom, but very wide at top; it is finished at the hand by a *bouillonnée* of muslin.

These *rédingotes*, which are adopted only by married ladies, are worn without any envelope; but with the *blouse* or the *robe à la vierge*, both in favour for the promenade, a shawl or scarf is deemed necessary. Some ladies adopt a pelerine scarf of clear muslin, trimmed round with two or three falls of rich embroidery. Very

B B

young people appear in a small round pelerine of muslin richly embroidered, or else in a scarf formed of a very broad ribbon, which is doubled in a point behind, and brought down on each side of the breast under the *ceinture*.

Ruffs have been for some time exploded; double and triple *collarettes*, in the pelerine form, are substituted in their stead. These are always richly embroidered, and during some days past they have been scalloped in *dents de loup* at the edge.

Leghorn bonnets continue as much as ever in favour, but the shape has been altered since I wrote last. They are now cut in the form of a *capote*, and are lined with lilac or *évéline* blue: the edge of the brim is finished by a *ruche* to correspond, cut like endive. Two pointed pieces of the same silk and four rosettes of straw ornament the crown.

Very young ladies wear large round Leghorn hats, which are a little turned up all round. This kind of hat is called *à l'auvergnate*, because the edge of the brim is finished by a black satin ribbon, or a band of black velvet; and a similar band, fastened by a gold or steel buckle, goes round the bottom of the crown.

Capotes of nut-brown *gros de Naples* are very much in favour in the morning promenades: the edge of the brim is trimmed with a *ruche*, composed alternately of lilac and nut colour, in spaces of about three inches each. Straw-coloured *capotes* are trimmed with a *ruche* of alternate straw colour and *bleu-évéline*.

Leghorn hats, of the finest kind, are ornamented with two plumes of white feathers; they are placed one on each side of the crown, so as to

droop towards each other and form an arcade.

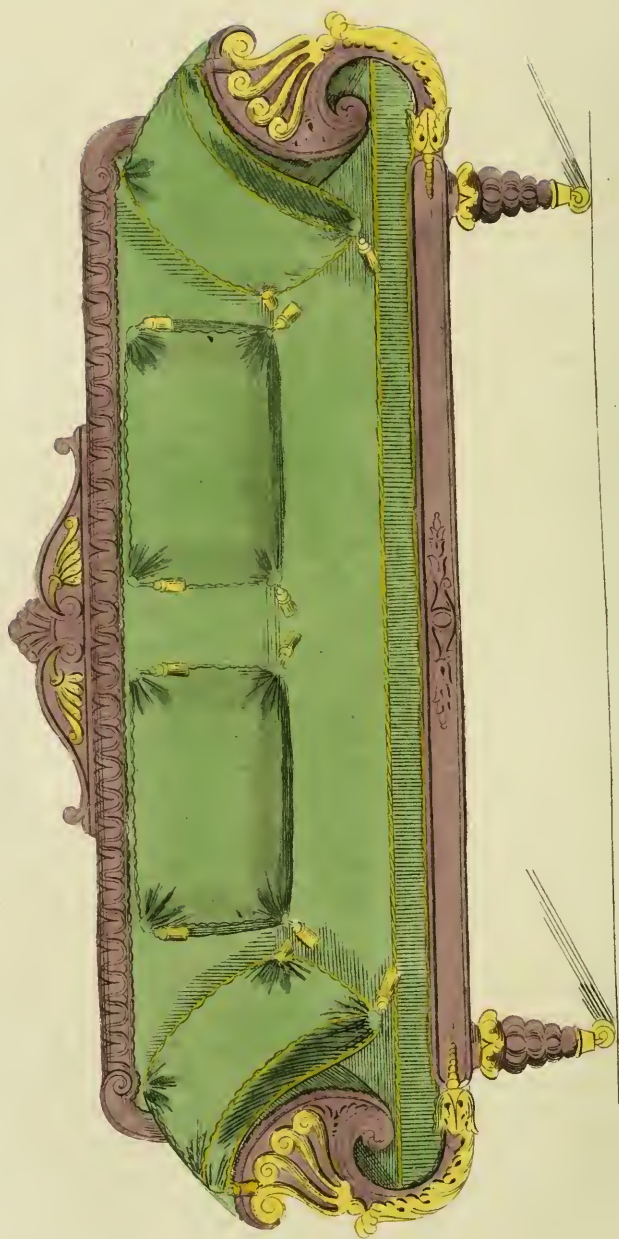
Gauze bonnets are made somewhat shorter than others at the ears; three bias bands of satin or *gros de Naples* are placed round the crown, and between each is a *bouillon* of gauze of a different colour from that of the bonnet. Chinese pinks, or small daisies mingled with ripe ears of corn, are used to trim these bonnets.

Hats of cotton-straw and rice-straw are always ornamented with plumes of marabouts; they are from three to five in number, are placed on one side, and are attached to the hat by a cockade of ribbon, the ends of which are fringed: the feathers fall over the top of the crown.

Muslins, printed in a very small diamond pattern, are much worn in undress: rose colour is most in favour for very young ladies, and blue for those more advanced in life. The *blouse à la religieuse* continues to be the favourite form for undress. One has just been introduced of a singular description: the whole entire dress is covered with deep tucks, placed perpendicularly, a very small space up the front of the dress being the only part left plain. Six corded tucks finish the bottom of the skirt, and four ornament the top of the bust. The sleeves are also covered with perpendicular tucks. The only thing that strikes one in this dress is, that there is a great deal of needlework thrown away.

Plaid cambric gowns are also worn in dishabille; they are trimmed with a *bouillonnée* of the same material, fancifully interspersed with cords of coloured satin: these cords are of the different colours of the dress.

Clear muslin *blouses*, embroidered in white cotton, are now much worn



A S O

Arbel

over coloured slips; deep rose colour, jonquil, turquoise-blue, and lilac, are the colours most in favour for those slips: this is the newest style of full dress. Coloured clear muslins, as lilac, blue, and amber, are also in favour; they are generally worn over white satin. The button which fastens the sleeve of the *blouse* is now always of gold filagree work. Chains, bracelets, and clasps in undress, are in general of the same material.

Dress hats, turbans, and small dress caps are in favour; but not so much so as head-dresses of hair, which are generally ornamented with flowers. Roses, daisies, mignonette, lilac, and jessamine, are most in favour for the hair.

Fashionable colours are, different shades of rose colour, lilac, jonquil, emerald-green, nut-brown, and *bleu-écrléline*. Adieu! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DRAWING-ROOM SOFA.

THE frame of this sofa should be made of fine rose-wood richly covered, the raised parts of which would have a good effect if relieved with burnished gold. The scrolls being inverted, form an easy and elegant support for the pillows: the back is a little reclined, to receive pillows

also; all of which should be covered in the prevailing taste with silk or Merino damask, trimmed with silk cords and tassels.

We are indebted for this design to a drawing executed by Mr. John Taylor, upholsterer, Bedford-court, Covent-Garden.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, in 8vo. with plates, *Illustrations of Acoustic Surgery*: in which will be introduced a new remedy in the treatment of purulent discharge from the meatus or tympanum, accompanied with diminution of hearing, by Thomas Buchanan, surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear, and author of the "Guide to Acoustic Surgery."

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced, by Captain Thomas Southey, R. N. in three 8vo. volumes.

Dr. J. G. Smith is preparing for publication, *A Practical Treatise on Prisons, and an Inquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice*.

A translation of *The Travels of the*

Prussian General, Baron Minutoli, in Lybia and Upper Egypt, illustrated with plates and maps, is in the press.

The History of Italy from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, is preparing, by George Perceval, Esq. in two 8vo. vols.

Mrs. Joanna Carey has in the press, a novel, entitled *Lasting Impressions*.

In the press, *The Mechanic's Oracle*, or Artisan's complete Laboratory, &c.

Der Freischütz, or the Seventh Bullet, a series of twelve illustrations of this popular opera, drawn by an amateur, and etched by George Cruikshank, with a travestic of the drama, is preparing for publication.

The Portfolio, comprising two hundred beautiful and highly finished cop-

per-plate engravings of antiquarian and topographical subjects, by Messrs. Storer, is now nearly completed, in four handsome volumes. Being printed in the same manner as the Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, it forms a pleasing supplement to that popular work.

The following works belonging to the class of Fine Arts are announced as being in preparation:

Sicily and its Monuments, illustrated by one hundred views, from drawings by English, French, Swiss, and German artists. The historical and descriptive part, including elaborate researches into the antiquities and history of Sicily, is the work of the learned antiquary M. de la Salle, and will be translated by Mr. Corner. The work will be completed in twelve monthly parts, the first of which will be published in November next.

Picturesque Tour in the Valley of Chamoûni, to the Buét and round Montblanc, with thirty-two views and descriptions; to be published in eight parts, forming a handsome royal 4to volume.

The Coasts and Ports of France from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace, with thirty-six views from drawings by Messrs. Prout, Nash, Francia, Bonnington, and several French artists; forming, with the historical and descriptive part, a royal 4to. volume, which will be published in six parts.

The Architecture of the Middle Ages at Pisa, illustrated by Plans, Sections, Elevations, and Views of the Baptistery, Leaning Tower, Cathedral, and Campo Santo, from drawings and measurements taken in 1817; and accompanied by descriptive accounts of their history and construction, by Edward Cresy and G. L. Taylor, architects. This work, in imperial 4to. will consist of thirty plates, and be published in six parts, commencing with the 1st of September.

Before this Number meets the public eye, that popular exhibition, the Diorama, will have opened with two new views, *the Cathedral of Chartres* and *the Harbour of Brest*.

Poetry.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

From "*Myrtle-Leaves*," a Collection of Poems by T. W. KELLY.

Oh! since one spotless page is here,
Thou'dst fain have held to memory dear,
Let the fond leaf be sacred kept
To one for whom a nation wept!
Though Friendship hath within her tome
For my poor verse reserv'd a home,
Alas! I deem no rhyme of mine
Meet, lady, for so sweet a shrine!
This votive page I would have given
To one who wears the wreath of heaven,
Such as when gone, in realms divine
I wish the meed of thee and thine.

INTRODUCTORY LINES. *By the late Princess CHARLOTTE of SAXE-COBURG.*

The sparkling gem from Fancy's stores,
The sterling ore from Reason's mine,
Thy penetrating glance explores,
And faithful Memory makes them thine.

Thus Zeuxis formed his matchless fair,

In whom all charms were seen to meet;
And thus, amidst the fields of air,
The bee collects each varied sweet.

The above lines, from the pen of the late Princess Charlotte, were transcribed from a superbly bound and ornamented quarto of original MS. Miscellaneous Poetry, illustrated with her own coloured drawings. This book, during a temporary circumstance, was given into my care. The two verses in question appear to have been considered by the much-lamented Princess as appropriate for the introductory lines to her poems*.

* We apprehend, from the very tenor of those lines, that the author erroneously considers the poems in question as original, and that they were merely collected by the Princess.—EDITOR.

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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.

In an early Number we shall comply, at least in part, with the suggestion of our fair Correspondent at Frithville.

We have to apologize to our readers for the omission of the Musical Review this month, owing to the absence on the Continent of the gentleman by whom it is furnished.

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

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THE SEAT OF HIS COUNT SIDMOUTH.

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OCTOBER 1, 1824.

N^o. XXII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY-SEATS.

THE NEW LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.

RICHMOND PARK, formerly called the Great or the New Park, to distinguish it from that made near the Green, was made by Charles I. who was extremely partial to the sports of the chase, and was very desirous of having a large park well stocked with red and fallow deer in the neighbourhood of his two palaces, Richmond and Hampton-Court. Within the space which was marked out for the purpose, the king had large wastes and woods of his own; but as some parishes had commons, and many private persons had houses and lands intermixed, he found it a work of some difficulty; for though he offered more than the value of the several estates, and many of the owners consented to part with their lands to oblige his Majesty, yet others could not be prevailed on to alienate their property on any terms. The

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king being very urgent, it made a great clamour, and the outcry was, that he was going to take away the estates of his subjects at his own pleasure. Under these circumstances, Bishop Laud and Lord Cottington advised his Majesty to desist from a measure which threatened to be so unpopular and so expensive, as it was intended to surround the park with a brick wall. The king, however, was not to be dissuaded, having already ordered the bricks to be burnt, and began the wall on his own estate. This is Lord Clarendon's account. It is to be presumed that the owners of the lands at last complied, for the park appears to have been completed, and Jerome Earl of Portland made the first ranger in 1638.

On the 30th June, 1649, the House of Commons voted that the New

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Park at Richmond should be given to the city of London, and to their successors for ever; and the attorney-general was ordered to make out a grant to that effect, to pass the great seal. An act of Parliament for confirming it to the city passed on the 17th of July. On the 18th of June, 1659, it was referred to a committee, to treat with the city about the exchange of Greenwich for the New Park.

At the Restoration, the park reverted to the crown, and Sir Daniel Harvey was appointed ranger. Queen Anne granted the rangership to the Earl of Rochester for three lives. After his death, his successor, who, upon the extinction of the elder branch of the Hydes, became Earl of Clarendon, joined with his son, Lord Cornbury, and sold the grant and remainder for 5000*l.* to George I. who granted it to Robert, the second Earl of Orford, then Lord Walpole. His father, Sir Robert Walpole, spent much of his leisure time in the park, where he indulged himself with his favourite exercise of hunting, and paid nobly for his amusement by building the Great Lodge, and making other improvements in the park, at the expense of 14,000*l.* After the death of the Earl of Orford, the Princess Amelia was appointed ranger. While in her hands, a lawsuit was commenced relative to the right of a footway through the

park, which was tried at the assizes at Kingston in April 1758, when the right was established; in consequence of which decision ladder-gates were put up at some of the entrances. The Princess Amelia having surrendered her interest in the rangership, it was granted by his late Majesty to the Earl of Bute.

Richmond Park is eight miles in circumference, and contains 2253 acres, of which scarcely one hundred are in Richmond parish: there are 650 acres in Mortlake, 265 in Petersham, 230 in Putney, and about 1000 in Kingston.

Nature has disposed the ground of this park to great advantage, and diversified it with a pleasing variety of hill and vale: it is ornamented also with a great number of very fine oaks and other plantations.

The New or Stone Lodge, a View of which accompanies this Number, was built by command of George I. after a design by the Earl of Pembroke, as a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chase. This lodge, after being fitted up by the direction of his late Majesty, was, upwards of twenty years ago, given by him for life, together with sixty acres of land around it, to the Right Hon. Henry Addington, now Viscount Sidmouth, whose conduct in various important official stations procured him the particular confidence and favour of our good old king.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH PARK.

THE hill in Greenwich Park, now occupied by the Royal Observatory, was before its erection the site of a tower built by Humphry the good Duke of Gloucester. This tower, observes Mr. Lysons, was sometimes a

habitation for the royal family, sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress, and sometimes a place of defence. Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, mentions "a fayre ladie whom the king (Henry VIII.)



PALMSTEAD HOUSE.

loved," being lodged in it. Mary of York, fifth daughter of Edward IV. died here in 1482; and Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester, was confined in this tower after he had incurred the queen's displeasure by his marriage with the Countess of Essex.

The structure was repaired or rebuilt by Henry VIII. and again enlarged by Henry, the learned Earl of Northampton, to whom it was granted by James I. and who made it his chief residence. Soon after the commencement of the civil war, it was thought of such consequence by the Parliament as a place of strength, that immediate steps were ordered to be taken for securing it. Charles II. caused it to be pulled down in 1675, and on its site founded the present Royal Observatory, for the purpose of obtaining a more accurate knowledge of the heavenly bodies, in order to afford greater facility to the attempts at discovering the longitude.

This foundation owed its origin to the following circumstance: M. de St. Pierre, a Frenchman, who came to London in 1675, having demanded a reward from Charles II. for his discovery of the method of finding the longitude by the moon's distance from a star, a commission was appointed to examine into his pretensions. Mr. Flamsteed, who was appointed one of the commissioners, furnished St. Pierre with certain *data* of observation, by which to calculate the longitude of a given place. This he was unable to do, but excused himself by asserting that the *data* were false. Flamsteed contended that they were true, but allowed that nothing certain could be deduced from them, for want of more cor-

rect places of the fixed stars than Tycho's observations made with plain sight afforded. This being made known to the king, he declared that his pilots and sailors should not want such an assistance. He resolved therefore to found an observatory, for the purpose of ascertaining the motions of the moon and the places of the fixed stars, as a medium of discovering that great desideratum, the longitude at sea.

This spot was chosen for the edifice on the recommendation of Sir Christopher Wren: the materials of the old tower were employed to construct the new building, towards the expense of which the king gave 500*l.* and as many bricks as were wanted from a spare stock at Tilbury Fort. It was completed in August 1676; and Flamsteed, who was appointed the first Astronomer Royal, being put in possession, began to make observations in the following month, with a six feet radius contrived by himself, and such other instruments as were then in use. Flamsteed resided many years in this place, which from him received the name of Flamsteed House, doing ample justice to the royal choice, though walking in an almost untrodden path, and being one of the first who employed telescopes for astronomical observations. It was not till 1689 that he had the advantage of a mural quadrant, and that was not such as is now in use, but one contrived and divided partly by himself, without any help but the strength of his own genius.

Flamsteed died at Greenwich in 1719, and was succeeded by Dr. Halley, who fixed a transit instrument, and had a new mural quadrant, of eight feet radius, constructed under the direction of Graham, and

put up at the public expense in 1725. This celebrated astronomer, who principally directed his attention to the motions of the moon, died at the Observatory in 1742, and was buried at Lee. Dr. Bradley, his successor, made many important observations; and in his time some very valuable additions were made to the instruments at the Observatory: among them was a new mural brass quadrant, of eight feet radius; a transit instrument, eight feet in length; a moveable quadrant of forty inches radius by Bird; an astronomical clock by Shelton; and a Newtonian reflecting telescope of six feet focal length by Short. Dr. Bradley died in 1762, and was succeeded by Nathaniel Bliss, M. A. whose decease in 1764 made room for the advancement of the late Astronomer Royal, the Rev. Dr. Maskelyne, in whose time the Observatory was furnished with an excellent achromatic telescope, of forty-six inches focal length, with a treble object-glass, by Dollond; and the whole apparatus was greatly improved by Dollond, Nairne, and Arnold. The present Astronomer Roy-

al is William Pond, Esq. who succeeded Dr. Maskelyne in 1810.

The observations made here by the Astronomer Royal since 1767 have been published annually, under the inspection of the Royal Society, who visit the Observatory once a year. Within the building is a deep dry well, for the purpose of admitting observations to be made on the stars in the daytime. It is from this place that the longitude in all English maps is calculated.

The prospects from the Observatory are very fine; particularly of the metropolis, the county of Essex, and the serpentine windings of the Thames, animated by the crowds of shipping continually navigating its busy stream. Greenwich Hospital is immediately under the eye, and with the adjacent country and river, and London in the distance, presents as interesting a *coup d'œil* as can well be imagined. The park itself affords much rich scenery: it was laid out by Le Notre in the time of Charles II. and is planted chiefly with elms and Spanish chesnut, some of the latter of which are very large.

A LOVER'S DAY, OR VICISSITUDES OF TWELVE HOURS!

THE clock had just struck twelve as young Ernest de Cronstadt turned into the public walk, where, when the weather was fine, the beautiful Madame de Waldemar was accustomed to take her morning walk. He took a few turns, looked round anxiously, then threw himself into a seat, with his eyes fixed in the direction that he knew she must take; but yet she came not. At any other time he would have supposed that her absence was accidental, but he was

then too unhappy to be reasonable; and well skilled in the art of self-tormenting, he contrived in a few moments to convince himself, that his Amelia was the most perfidious of women, and himself the most abused of men.

That our readers may be acquainted with the premises from which he drew this comfortable conclusion, we must go back a little in our tale. It was now six months since Ernest had offered his vows at the shrine of

the young and beautiful widow of the old Baron de Waldemar. Young, handsome, and amiable, Ernest would have found little difficulty in recommending himself to Amelia, had she not thought that she saw in his temper a strong tendency to jealousy; and as the happiness of her life during her former marriage had been sacrificed to this direful passion, she dreaded placing herself once more under its domination. Ernest owned his fault, but he promised, nay swore, to banish it for ever. "But have you the power?" said Madame de Waldemar doubtingly.—"No, dearest Amelia," replied he; "but you have."—"I! how so?"—"Promise but to be mine, and secure in your faith, jealousy will be banished for ever." Amelia hesitated. Ernest redoubled his vows, and at length she agreed to put him upon his probation, but still without fixing a time for their union.

For three months all went very well: it is true, that Amelia, strictly speaking, gave her lover no cause to be jealous; but she was naturally lively, mixed much in the world, and was accustomed to receive the homage of the other sex with the good-humoured ease of a woman conscious, without being vain, of her beauty. Ernest would rather she had shunned all homage but his own, and though he never presumed to remonstrate with her on the subject, he was often observed to bite his lips, and to colour and turn pale alternately with anger when he saw her smile upon the adorers who daily hovered round her. Amelia, however, shut her eyes upon these little infractions of their treaty, and all went well; but a circumstance occurred the night before, which

had blown the spark of jealousy to a flame in the heart of Ernest.

This was the sight of a stranger in close and earnest conversation with Madame de Waldemar, when he entered her drawing-room the evening before; they were standing at a window apart from the company, and it was evident from the looks of Amelia that the subject interested her exceedingly. He thought she started at his appearance, and that there was something of confusion in the air with which she came forward and introduced the young stranger to him as her particular friend, Captain Sternheim. It was evident to the jealous eye of Ernest, that during the rest of the evening the young officer had more than his share of her attention; he even fancied that he saw some very significant smiles exchanged between them; in fine, he returned home very much disposed to break his promise.

A sleepless night sent him at an earlier hour than usual to Madame de Waldemar, with an intention of coming to an immediate explanation. She was not up; he called again in an hour, and received the same answer. He knew, however, that when the weather was fine she rarely missed her walk; and as he was sure that she must have heard of his calling twice, he felt almost certain that she would meet him that morning. However, she came not; and after waiting till one o'clock, he was hastening to her house, when he was joined by an acquaintance, who had been of the party the night before. "Did you observe," said this gentleman, "how delighted Madame de Waldemar was to see again her old friend Sternheim."—"Have they then known each other a long time?"—

"From their infancy, and have always loved each other like brother and sister."

What a revolution did these words make in the feelings of Ernest: he seized the hand of his friend, and pressed it involuntarily; then recollecting himself, and covered with confusion, he hurried away, saying to himself, "What a fool I am! I should have utterly ruined myself by exposing my jealousy to her. How could I be such a blockhead? But it shall be the last time."

He hastened home, and throwing himself upon a couch, was lost in a delightful reverie, when one of those public-spirited people, who attend to every body's business but their own, entered. "So," cried he, "we shall have the long-deferred wedding at last."—"What wedding?"—"Madame de Waldemar's."—"Madame de Waldemar's! Heavens! is it possible?"—"Very possible for a blooming young widow to marry again, especially to her first love. There is no doubt that Madame de Waldemar was secretly attached to Sternheim when her father forced her to marry the old baron, and every body wondered that he had not renewed his devoirs since the death of her husband: but no doubt he is come for that purpose now." Ernest clapped his hand to his forehead to hide his agitation, and the babbler hurried away, to repeat his tale elsewhere.

"The perfidious woman!" exclaimed Ernest: "this then was the reason she never would hearken to my solicitations for an immediate marriage. I will fly to her instantly, upbraid her with her falsehood, and bid her adieu forever." He hastened to her house, and found General

Sprotzler and his pretty daughter with her. The young lady had always appeared disposed to cast a favourable eye upon Ernest, but never before were her attentions returned: now intent only on piquing Amelia, he behaved with marked gallantry to Miss Sprotzler; and she returned his compliments with such interest, that the baroness, who had at first only smiled at the scene, became disconcerted. She grew pale, and looked so evidently unhappy, that De Cronstadt was touched in spite of himself. He reflected on the character of his informer; fancied that the news might not be true, and finally determined to tell Amelia what had passed, and learn his fate from her own lips. These thoughts made him fall into a fit of abstraction; and Miss Sprotzler, finding that she could not recall his attention, took her leave, accompanied by her father.

Before Ernest could commence his explanation, the most censorious old maid in Berlin entered, and he was obliged to hurry away to conceal his agitation. He determined, however, to return as soon as he had recovered himself a little; and he walked down a retired street at the back of the baroness's house, that he might take a few turns unobserved. As he passed the back of the house he thought that he caught a glimpse of Sternheim; but scarcely daring to credit his senses, he drew near, and, to his utter astonishment and dismay, he saw that it was indeed the captain, who at that moment was most fondly kissing a picture that was suspended by a black ribbon round his neck. De Cronstadt had just reason enough remaining to prevent him from rushing into the house, and taking vengeance on

the destroyer of his happiness. He hastened home, wrote a bitter and eternal farewell to Amelia, and was upon the point of sending it, when he changed his mind, determined to go and upbraid her in person; tore his letter, and repenting as soon as he had done so, wrote another, which, after some deliberation with himself, he burned, and set out for her house.

It was then six o'clock of a clear cold December evening. Without exactly knowing why, De Cronstadt took the back way to the house of Amelia, and just as he had reached it, he saw the young officer come out, shutting the door cautiously after him, and supporting Amelia, muffled in a mantle that he had seen her wear a thousand times, and covered with a long veil. At the moment that he was putting her into a post-chaise, which was in waiting, her arm was seized by Ernest, who exclaimed in a frenzied tone, "By heavens, you shall not escape me!" Sternheim grasped him by the collar. "Hold! for the sake of heaven hold!" exclaimed the lady, but in a voice so different from Amelia's, that the astonished Ernest loosed his grasp; they darted into the carriage, and it was out of sight before he could take any means to satisfy his doubts.

"It was not Amelia," said he, as soon as he could breathe; "and yet, cannot she have disguised her voice?" This thought sent him round to the front gate with the rapidity of lightning. "I must see Madame de Waldemar."—"Sir, my lady is in the country."—"When did she go?"—"She is but just gone." Ernest groaned, and muttering execrations upon his own folly and her perfidy, he hurried towards his home.

As he crossed the bottom of the street, a carriage was driving furiously towards him: the coachman called to him to take care, but he paid no attention. A blow from the pole of the carriage laid him senseless on the ground, and when he opened his eyes he found himself upon a sofa, and supported by Amelia. Yes, it was she herself hanging over him with looks so full of grief and tenderness, that to doubt her truth was impossible. "Ah, Amelia!" said he in a faint voice, "what have I not suffered in seeing you, as I thought, fly from me with another!"—"And what have you not deserved to suffer, rash and suspicious man," replied she in a tone of gentle reproach, "for breaking your promise so solemnly given to me? Ah! if it was not for the danger you have just encountered, do you think that I could ever forgive you? And even now I know not whether I ought not to banish you from my sight for ever."

Our fair readers will have no difficulty in believing that De Cronstadt soon made his peace, and an explanation ensued that made him ashamed of his doubts.

Sternheim had just eloped with, and privately married, a young lady, the bosom friend and first cousin of Amelia: the young couple sought a temporary refuge with her, but the bride did not appear to visitors. Circumstances arose which rendered them fearful of pursuit, and they went to seek an asylum with another friend; at the same time Amelia, who was a great favourite with her uncle, resolved to hasten to his house, in the hope of procuring their pardon. A person more prudent or less ardent than our fair widow would have waited for daylight to commence her

journey; but she said, and doubtless she believed, that she was impatient to exert her good offices for the new-married pair. Whether or not her benevolence was stimulated by the idea, that her abrupt departure would punish Ernest for his flirtation with Miss Sprotzler, we will not stop to inquire; suffice it to say, that her travelling-carriage quitted her house by the front gate almost at the same moment that Sternheim and his wife stole from the back door to the post-chaise which waited for them. In the hurry of departure Amelia had forgotten something, and was returning for it, when Ernest received the blow from the pole of her carriage, which might have been fatal but for the skill of the coachman, who pulled up in time to prevent the wheels from going over him. One may well believe that the sight of De Cronstadt insensible, perhaps dying, drove all thoughts of the intended journey out of Amelia's head. She had him

carried to her house, and sent immediately for medical assistance; but as he was only stunned by the blow, he recovered before the arrival of the surgeon to life and happiness. Time flew unheeded by the lovers, till Amelia, casting her eyes upon the chimney-clock, exclaimed with great *naïveté*, "Good heaven! I had no idea it was so late. You must go now, dear Ernest, you must indeed."—"Not till you have once more repeated the sweet assurance, that on your return——"—"Ah! hush!" cried she archly; "no more promises, lest I remind you of your broken one."

At that instant the clock of the neighbouring church chimed twelve, and Ernest bidding adieu to his beautiful mistress, hastened home, to retrace in the fond security of present happiness all the vicissitudes of delight and despair which he had experienced in twelve hours.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XII.

Poor Bertram continued his story as follows:

"I was taken to a cart which stood at the distance of a few streets, in which they placed me with very little ceremony; and then my tortures commenced. My clothes were torn off and thrown into the street, and I was immersed in a tar-barrel, which occupied one end of the cart; as, of course, I was much taller than the barrel, I was forced down neck and heels together, so as to suffer the tar to cover the whole of my body except my face: a feather-bed was then brought, one end of which was

ripped up, and I was transferred from the tar to the feathers, which adhered to the viscous material, and completely covered me. I was the first victim to this barbarous punishment, which none but savages could adopt; though subsequently several other individuals were subjected to it: yet I think none suffered like me; not one had their very heart-strings rent as mine were.

"Morning began to dawn, and a large concourse of people to assemble. They hailed my appearance in the cart (in which I was now placed) with frantic shouts; and I was pa-

rated about the streets of Boston, exposed to the gaze of the multitude, for the crowd was increased by added comers from every street. Two men were placed in the cart with me, who ever and anon threw large ladlefuls of tar over my body, and then showered feathers from sacks provided for the purpose. By these means my form was soon divested of all semblance of humanity, and I presented an appearance of some monster or demon, so completely was I transformed. In this state I was carried past my own house; I cast my eyes towards that which had once been the abode of innocence and peace, when a ruffian, but perhaps he was merciful, threw a ladleful of tar in my face. My eyes were filled, and the torture was execruciating. I now felt it covering the whole of my head; I gave the first shriek of agony which had been extorted from me, when my mouth was filled with the disgusting mixture. I now sunk down completely exhausted, but was raised up, and tied with ropes to the frame of the cart, whilst my persecutors still continued at intervals heaping tar and feathers upon me.

“How long this proceeding continued I know not; for after I had been exposed to it about two hours, I fainted, and did not recover my senses till the voice of my angel child sounded in my ear. But all was darkness and despair! My sight was lost; I could not articulate; and I prepared to die! Heaven, however, thought fit to prolong my wretched existence for its own wise purposes: would to God I could cease to repine at its decrees!

“I have learnt from my child how I was preserved; and to her I owe

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the only mitigation of which my woes are capable. But to my story. The governor, as soon as intelligence was carried to him of the transactions, sent a detachment of military to rescue me from the hands of the mob. They succeeded; for, satiated perhaps with their cruelty, my tormentors made no opposition to the soldiers, who were, however, unable to secure one of the delinquents, who disappeared as it were by magic. I was taken to my own house, where my wife was in strong fits, and no one but my dear Emily possessed the least presence of mind. I was attended by her with the most anxious care; my body was oiled repeatedly, to detach the tar from its hold upon my skin, and every method was taken to restore me to my natural appearance. But my worst of miseries was yet to come. Having reason to suspect that another attack would be made upon me, the governor recommended that myself and family should leave Boston, and offered us an escort to some place of security in the interior. We gladly accepted his offer, though neither my wife nor myself was in a fit state to be removed. But a litter was constructed, upon which we were placed, side by side, and with a heavy heart I left the home of my fathers. I could not see it when I sighed my last farewell, for I was still blind from the effect of the barbarous treatment I had received.

“I must hurry over this part of my story, for I cannot bear to dwell upon it. Our party was attacked by Indians, at no very great distance from the city; the soldiers were cruelly massacred; my angel wife, in endeavouring to shield me from the uplifted tomahawk of a savage chief,

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received the weapon in her breast, and fell a corpse by my side. I was sprinkled with her blood, and the shrieks of my child told me what had passed. Madness followed; for months I was a desolate and lost being. The chief who killed my wife, touched with some feelings of pity, preserved my Emily and me; but I was long unconscious to what was passing around; and when I again awoke to sense and recollection, I was the wretched thing you see me."

Bertram now exhibited more of his face than they had yet seen, and it did indeed present a hideous spectacle. One eye was entirely lost; and from the other a rheum constantly distilled, which was sickening to look upon. His head was totally deprived of hair; one ear was nearly torn off; and his face was so disfigured with scars, as to be entirely bereft of the appearance of humanity. Mrs. Ridley and Hammond shuddered at beholding it: he replaced the coverings by which it was partly shrouded from view, and continued.

"My body is scarred and disfigured like my face; but that were nothing compared to the tortures which afflicted my mind. When I look at my child driven from society, and compelled to be an outcast in this wilderness; when I reflect on my murdered wife, I am again almost bereft of my senses, and I could curse my persecutors, but some feeling still withholds me, and tells me to leave them to their God. But I wander sadly, and must endeavour to come to the end of my sad tale.

"We remained with the chief who had preserved us for upwards of twelve months; and perhaps should still have been there, had not the vil-

lage been attacked by a hostile tribe, and the inhabitants compelled to fly. In the confusion, my child and I lost our protectors, and we wandered for several days in the pathless wilderness, till at length we came to this hut, which had doubtless been some solitary Indian's, and here we have taken up our abode; here we have dwelt, and never seen a human face till it was my fortune, in one of my wanderings, to rescue you; and here I could be well content to die—but my child!"

"She shall be mine," said Mrs. Ridley. "Think not that we will leave you here to perish in this inhospitable wild——."

"We should not perish, if health and strength were preserved to me," rejoined Bertram; "but if deprived of them, I know not what would be our fate, as we are beyond the reach of human assistance. We are two days' journey from Trenton, and quite out of the track of travellers, who never pass this way."

"You shall go to Trenton with us, for which place I must instantly set out."

"You! it is impossible that you should undertake the journey. Hammond has told me your story, and I honour and applaud the glorious motives by which you are actuated, but he must precede you to Trenton; I will be his guide, and procure some conveyance in which you can travel to your destination. To go on foot were to encounter certain death; at least in your present exhausted state."

This proposal was eagerly pressed by Hammond: at length his mistress consented to adopt it, and it was settled that he and Bertram should set out in the morning; the latter saying he thought he never should again

venture to the abodes of men, but anxiety for Mrs. Ridley and his daughter tempted him once more to mingle with his species.

I must now bring Mr. and Mrs. Ridley's tale to a conclusion, and indeed little more remains to be told. She reached Trenton in safety, Hammond and Bertram returning on the fourth day with a litter and horses for her journey. Major Ridley was still in confinement; and the meeting between him and his wife may be imagined, not described. The faithful Hammond, with Bertram and his daughter, were also heartily welcomed; and poor Bertram seemed to have lived only to place his daughter in safety, for a few days after their arrival at Trenton he breathed his last in the arms of his attached child.

Here the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley's story ended. Thus far I have copied from a MS. which Mr. R. placed in my hands a few months after our acquaintance; and I learnt from him verbally, that he had no opportunity of again meeting the Americans in the field, as he was exchanged and sent home, on condition of not serving any more during the war. Emily Bertram did not, however, ac-

company them to England; she became attached to a young American, and remained at Trenton, where she was still living, the mother of a numerous family. The faithful Hammond, however, was yet in their service.

Mr. and Mrs. Macleod lived to greet their child's return, and to see their young grandsons and granddaughters grow up around them; when they died in a good old age, blessing their descendants. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley (the former having, at the earnest request of his wife, long abandoned a soldier's life,) resided chiefly at their beautiful cottage in Scotland; but he was now in America on public business, to conduct which he had been appointed, contrary to his wishes, as it was considered that his former knowledge of the country might be of service. At the commencement of our acquaintance he was looking anxiously forward to the period which would conclude his mission, and allow him again to return to his happy home, to which I received a warm invitation to accompany them.

A RAMBLER.

A GLIMPSE OF SPAIN IN 1824.

(Concluded from p. 163.)

"ABOUT the time," continued the hermit, "when I flattered myself with peculiar favour from the object of my fondest adoration, the revolution in France spread commotion all over the Continent. One party, with patriotic zeal, associated to demand a reform of the abuses committed in the name of our government: I brought all my influence and the aid of pecuniary resources to this enterprise. Colonel O'Neil was pledged

in his military capacity to support his royal master; and Donna Mirabella, with persuasive eloquence, condescended to argue against my hostility to the court, to which my own father and hers were unchangeable adherents. With joy could I have yielded to her sweet intercession, if my honour had not been irrevocably engaged; and for the sake of this tie, love and happiness must be immolated: it proved no bloodless sacri-

fice. Donna Mirabella, with tears in her beautiful eyes, withdrew from the garden where her parents permitted the interview. I stood some minutes petrified by the agony of resigning all I held most dear. I believe my first movement was to follow Mirabella, and to assent to her proposals; but honour, stern honour, withheld me: I returned to my lodging, and as I passed the threshold, a messenger from the chief of our confederacy put a letter into my hand, requiring me to go instantaneously to the frontier, to meet delegates from the French emperor. I ordered my horse and a trusty servant, and in fifteen minutes was on my way to the eastern boundary of Spain. Before I made the nearest stage I was arrested, cast into prison, and remained for some years in close du-rance, until liberated by the English arms, when I flew on the wings of eager affection to inquire how Donna Mirabella had fared amidst the struggles which convulsed the state. I could not trace her; but a house which was said to be occupied by the lady of Don Miguel Avallos happened to be pointed out, and I thought my son's wife might give some intelligence regarding Colonel O'Niel's family. I may literally say, that my heart died within me when Dorah Moran, the wife of an Irish soldier, who nursed Donna Mirabella, appeared at the door.

" ' *Senhor!*' she said, wiping her tearful eyes, ' Dorah, widowed and old, is the only domestic left to the Lady Mirabella. Her lord, Don Miguel, is with the French army: the British, God bless them! have neither pillaged nor disturbed the Donna. But you are ill, *senhor!* You was thin and pale when you came

here, now you are white as a sheeted corpse. Do come forward to the saloon, and be seated. The Donna is taking her *siesta*: sweet soul, she sleeps poorly at night.'

" I proceeded towards the saloon, but could neither stand nor walk. I leaned against the wall, till Dorah assisted me to the apartment, and brought some wine.

" ' Is my father with the French troops?' I asked.

" ' Lord love you, *senhor,*' answered Dorah, ' have you forgot that the old Don is dead long ago? No, it is I that am a forgetful tattling old woman: I should have remembered, that in prison you could not have heard that my lord, your father, sent the false messenger to take you to the eastern frontier; he got an order for arresting you, to keep you from plunging deeper in ruinous schemes, hoping he could soon obtain your release; and when all the interest he could make was ineffectual to shorten the term of your confinement, he broke his heart. Your family and ours have had grief upon grief. Colonel O'Niel was killed in a skirmish with the patriots. Mrs. O'Niel pined away with sorrow, and died soon after the French overran this country. Donna Mirabella was left without fortune, and far, far from all her relations. When her mother died she paid every debt, but little remained. She parted with all the household except Dorah, and we took a small house, or more properly a room, to serve us both; but poverty could not take away nor hide the fair face, the charming person of my dear, dear lady. A French officer saw and followed her. She behaved to him with the most distant civility; but

he was not to be disheartened. He forced himself upon her day after day, though she several times shifted her dwelling to another part of the town, to avoid him. He made disgraceful proposals to her, and but for the strength of my old arms would have torn her from me, to put her into a carriage that waited his orders. He, however, kept hold of her, and we were struggling at the door, which he had opened, when Don Miguel, passing to a serenade, with servants carrying flambeaux, observed the contest, and joined us. In happier times he had asked Donna Mirabella in marriage, and was rejected. He was now her deliverer, her only friend, and in her rescue hazarded his own life. He killed the French officer; his servants put his body into the carriage, and set it down in a distant part of the city, and it was never known who dealt the mortal blow. Donna Mirabella had only herself to give in recompence for Don Miguel's services. She was raised to the pinnacle of greatness and riches. All believed you dead, and the fortune was enjoyed by your son since the old Don had been no more; but too sure Donna Mirabella and Don Miguel were never formed for each other.'

"Dorah ceased speaking. She might have talked many hours without interruption from me. All my senses, all my powers, were benumbed by anguish. Donna Mirabella rung her bell. I could not bear to see her, and telling Dorah I had an engagement, I threw my agitated frame into my carriage, with orders to drive to the British head-quarters. My offers of service were accepted. I recovered my estates, and my great-

est anxiety to resume the possession was, that I might secure Donna Mirabella from privations. I remitted to her a handsome income, till the restoration of Ferdinand gave him power to resent all former attempts to limit the king's absolute authority. The political and warlike events in this distracted country are known to all Europe. I need not detail them. Ferdinand must have been conscious, that, with my sword, and as a negotiator with our defenders, the British forces, I had served his interests, and promoted his restoration: however, he has shewn himself more disposed to remember my early opposition, than the more important services of later date. He could not, in common decency, refrain from acknowledging, by my reception at court, that my wounds, my pen, and my tongue had contributed to replace him on the throne. In the presence-chamber I first saw my son, after a separation of years. My temper was warm, but never revengeful. I accosted Don Miguel with paternal fondness: he has since confessed, that having learned from his domestic spy, that I was at his house immediately when released from the state prison, and that Donna Mirabella had regular remittances from me, his infatuated jealousy ascribed my frank cordiality to a device for securing easy access to her. How ill did he appreciate her pure virtue, and my principles of rigid honour! Let me, however, check this rising indignation, and forgive the penitent. Our errors and our miseries have arisen from the ever-fertile cause of woe, a contrariety of political sentiments in a family. Let parents and children shudder at disunion!

"My son and I were at variance

from his earliest years, and fatal to both have been the consequences. Even after we accorded in loyalty to Ferdinand, Don Miguel created food for dissension. He was envious of my distinguished consideration at the court. A junto of young men, his avowed intimates, flattered the prejudices which led the king to acts oppressive to the subject, and derogatory to his own character. They influenced him to give me a command of troops in this province, for the purpose of aiding the tax-collectors. This was an invidious duty. To extort from the peasantry all the produce of their labour I could not endure; but the king's revenue did not suffer from my lenity. When a labourer or artisan was too poor to pay the impost, I advanced the money for him; and thus furnished my enemies with grounds to denounce me as seeking popularity, with some dangerous secret view. I was summoned to Madrid, to answer for my conduct, and did not shrink from the investigation. I went further. In a private audience I represented to Ferdinand the discontents of his people, and the abuses frequently bearing his name. On my knees I besought him to consider, that being the seat of war so long, his kingdom was impoverished, and required his fostering tenderness. He heard me with seeming complacency; but he is an accomplished dissimulator. He desired me to return next day to Guipuscoa.

"I took my measures accordingly, and was prepared to depart, if the intimation from a true friend had not apprised me, that an order for my arrest was to be executed that night. To expect a fair trial would have been self-deception. By mountain paths

I escaped to this province, aware that my enemies would least suppose it to be my chosen place of refuge. I found faithful hearts to conceal me, and hands ready to take arms in my defence. But I had no wish to raise the standard of revolt, and I did not join the Constitutionals until the tyranny of the court made a compromise in behalf of the people a hopeless attempt. My son and I were again opposed in warfare. If the highest and lowest classes in Spain had been true to their own cause, with the spirit and determination of which the intermediate ranks gave an example, the sanguinary conflict must have terminated happily for the king and for his subjects. But desertion and treachery paralyzed the patriotic efforts, and the hosts of France are the dictators of our laws, the devourers of our substance. All the limitations of the royal prerogative required by the Constitution would not have crippled the power of Ferdinand so much as it is, and will be, thwarted by the domination of France.

"I can only console myself by reflecting, that while I could wield a sword, I was true to the good cause. Wounded and bereft of sense, I fell into the hands of my son. He sent me to a castle on our estate in Murcia. Unhappily, Donna Mirabella had come thither for sea-bathing the day before my litter reached the castle. She first saw me a captive, apparently dying, after the lapse of years since we parted in the garden. To her care and the assiduity of Dorah I owed the prolongation of life, and I lived, though to tell the truth, I wished to die.

"I had been about ten days able to sit up in the afternoons, when my

son came to the fortress. I had never seen Donna Mirabella; for when she beheld me carried from the litter, I was insensible to her presence. Don Miguel scarcely took the trouble of throwing a veil of decency over his chagrin at seeing I could leave my pillow. That same night four ruffians broke my rest, dragging me from my bed. I was so weak that I could not walk across the room, unless supported by Dorah, my indefatigable attendant; my arms were not within reach, or the villains should not have approached me with impunity. I did resist, but resistance only exhausted my strength. I was thrown into a waggon, and after several hours' jolting, the conductors halted, forced me to alight, having tied a bandage over my eyes, and conveyed me to a dungeon. A man with a black crape over his face brought daily a pittance of food to my damp and noisome cell.

"I was so ill that little sustenance sufficed for me; but a determination to burst my bonds roused every energy of my nature. I felt returning vigour; but so conducted myself that the gaoler supposed I was dying. He became negligent in securing the doors, and I was all ear to observe whether the locks and bolts were fixed. I seemed to him near dissolution. He looked over me, and retired without undergoing the labour of drawing the ponderous bars. I waited till past midnight. I knew there could be no sentinel on the northern side of the fortress, where the rock was too steep to require it, if, as I suspected, I was a prisoner in my own castle. I ascended stairs; stole through several doors and passages: in a recess of the last, while groping my way in the dark, my hand

touched the hilt of a poniard. I was glad to meet any weapon, and tried to take it with me. It held fast. I felt for the obstruction, and discovered that it stuck in a dead body. I had perceived a putrid effluvia, but ascribed it to the confined air. In this place not a ray of light appeared; nor had I any guide in my perilous adventure, except where a moonbeam pierced the few ventilators in the massive walls. I again handled the corpse; its delicate proportions told me it was a female, and a dreadful presentiment seized me. I took the sad remains on my shoulder, and pursued my way. A door stood ajar, and shewed the moon gliding before a large window. I advanced, and soon recognised the chapel of the castle. A monument of white marble appeared to be newly erected. Wax candles burned on each side. I laid down my burden to examine the features. My foreboding soul could no longer doubt that the victim of assassination was Donna Mirabella. I raised her again in my arms, came round the high monument, and beheld Dorah kneeling in fervent prayer before it. I put my hand on her mouth, while the other placed Mirabella in her view. The ecstasy of devotion was suspended. Dorah would have screamed if I had taken less precaution to stifle her voice. She took her beloved nursing to her bosom; then, with admirable presence of mind, reverting to my danger, she said in low accents, 'Take, take us from this accursed den of murder!' She opened a wicket, and we were soon far from the castle, which stood on the confines of Valencia. We got into an unfrequented part of the mountains. The heat was extreme. The

state of the corpse made interment necessary without delay; and besides, if strangers as we were should have been detected carrying a dead body, we must have been detained as murderers.

"I had drawn the dagger from the Donna's breast; I employed it to dig her grave; Dorah gathered grass and flowers to form a last bed for the child of her love, and when I covered in the earth, she said, 'Here will I also be laid. I cannot live, since I have the certainty that Mirabella fell by the hand of Don Miguel. His poniard gave the death-stroke. I should know it among ten thousand. Fool that I was to go at his order to Madrid, to take papers from his cabinet! I might have suspected harm, when he gave his carriage and an escort to bring me thither. At my return, I was told my dear lady died suddenly, and her body was in a state to require instant burial: the hypocrite murderer placed a marble monument over her, and I have prayed and mourned beside a pile of stone where she was never laid. But I had a hand in her death by leaving her, and my heart is broken!'"

"Dorah's heart was broken. She lived but a few days, and never moved from beside the Donna's grave. I brought water from limpid streams and a variety of fruits to my companion in sorrow; she hardly tasted them. Death was to her a messenger of joy. I buried her with the dearest sharer of her faithful cares. I watered the earth with parting tears, and took my course towards Guipuscoa. On the way I fell in with a traveller, who had no suspicion of my name; he had come from Murcia, and told me that Don Miguel Avallos had accused himself as the

murderer of his lady. He had kept her body, intending to place it in my dungeon, as a perpetual memento of my supposed crime; but hearing from his confidential gaoler that I was dying, he went to the recess to throw the remains of Mirabella into the sea. They were gone, gone he believed by miracle. I had also by supernatural means escaped through bolts and locks impenetrable. The gaoler on missing me made all fast, and gave no notice of my evasion till Don Miguel, going to visit my cell, made the discovery for himself. Gracious God! Spain has been, during years, the theatre of imposition, of crime, and tragedy: yet there I must wear out a melancholy existence. I live like a wild beast in his den, though I am not, would not be, subsisted by rapine: the common bounty of nature alone supplies my nutriment."

"If you wish to leave Spain, we will endeavour to assist your escape," said the Russians.

"I must now see the event of my young patient's condition," answered the hermit. "If he lives, will you, generous strangers, assist him to accompany me to England? I have friends among the gallant officers of that blessed land, and I would prefer the toil of a peasant under a free government, to affluent leisure as the subject of a despot."

The Russians revealed their name and rank, and explained the means they possessed for the security of the venture they proposed. They returned from time to time to concert their plans with the hermit. The grandson of Don Zelos was cured of his wounds. The Russians hired a vessel for a short excursion to England. Don Ignatius and the grand-

son of Don Zelos, habited as Russian servants, embarked in their train, and landed safely on the happy shores where misfortune is sure of an asylum.

B. G.

THE GIANTS OF THE SHARKA VALLEY:

A popular Tale of Bohemia.

(Concluded from p. 154.)

THE youth hastened with all possible speed into his beloved valley, to equip himself for the perilous conflict: repairing to the black palace, he took the horse out of the stable, put on the suit of armour, and when he had emptied the flagon, he found himself able to wield the ponderous sword with ease, and felt so strong, that he conceived himself already to be more than a match for the foul fiend. As it had been agreed upon by the duke, the princess was conducted to an open place, situated between the city and the Sharka valley, where the stranger had promised to attend to receive her. When she had been arrayed in bridal attire for this her last excursion, and her weeping attendants brought flowers to adorn her bosom and her beautiful hair, she chanced to cast her eyes on the nosegay which some days before the handsome young gardener had gathered for her. All the flowers were faded and withered, excepting that one which she had so much admired, and which was still as fair and fresh as ever. She removed it, and placed it in the nosegay in her bosom: tranquillity and hope revisited her heart; and after taking the most affectionate farewell of her father, she prepared with great resignation to go forth to meet the detestable stranger.

The priests of all the convents, and all persons of both sexes who possessed the reputation of extraordinary

piety, accompanied the princess and swelled her train. They carried sacred relics along with them; the whole procession joined in prayer; but no miracle took place, and the prince of darkness, in the figure of a knight, clad in magnificent armour, over which was thrown a loose scarlet mantle, richly embroidered with gold, advanced and claimed the performance of the duke's promise. He held up the contract in his hand, and when the priests and their pious companions beheld the bloody signature, they were plunged into the greatest affliction; their tongues refused their office; they could pray no more, nor were they capable of any opposition to the evil spirit: so that he had already extended his arm to seize the princess, when a horseman in black armour and scarf, with uplifted sword, dashed along, with the rapidity of lightning, on a steed of exquisite beauty, and in an authoritative tone commanded Satan to release the princess. The infernal spirit instantly turned round, and cried, with eyes flashing fire, "Who art thou, mortal, that presumest to require me to renounce my rightful property?"—"I come," undauntedly replied the black knight, "to protect innocence against thy malice, and I bid defiance to thee and to all hell. If thou wilt not set the princess at liberty, prepare thyself for the combat."

Satan did not wait for the repeti-

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tion of this challenge, but called to the black knight to dismount; whereupon so tremendous a conflict ensued, that all present were nearly petrified with astonishment, and even the oldest men did not recollect any parallel to it. The combat had lasted with the utmost fury above an hour, when Satan, weary with the exertion, cried, "It is enough for to-day, and I appoint to-morrow morning to decide the matter." The black knight approved the proposal, and without waiting for the thanks of the princess and the applauses of all the spectators, he vaulted upon his steed, clapped spurs to his sides, and away he galloped to the mysterious valley. The prince of darkness disappeared, and the princess was conducted back in solemn procession to the palace of her father, who, astonished and in the highest degree rejoiced at the appearance of so valiant a champion, again ventured to conceive an idea of the possibility of his daughter's deliverance from the clutches of Satan.

Jaroslav, having hastily exchanged his knightly accoutrements for his own humble apparel, returned to the ducal gardens, and related to the good-natured old man the particulars of the combat. He then resumed his usual employment, and after working the remainder of the day with the greatest alacrity, retired to rest at night with the most agreeable anticipations. With the first dawn of day he quitted his bed, and begged the gardener's permission to witness the ensuing combat. The gardener was too anxious to learn the issue of this extraordinary affair to refuse the indulgence solicited by his young assistant; but he again admonished him to take good care to keep himself out of danger. Jaroslav, in high

spirits, hastened by the shortest way to the crystal palace, emptied the flagon, put on the white brilliant armour, and away he galloped on the snow-white steed, beautiful as the day, to the field of combat. The princess and her train had already arrived; and Satan appeared in the shape of a hideous dragon, with four heads, from each of which he vomited flames of fire against his adversary. Fortunately, however, Jaroslav was protected by his enchanted armour from all injury. He boldly began the conflict, and laid about him so stoutly, that in half an hour the field of battle was covered with dragon's heads which he had cut off; but though they were immediately replaced by others, yet the monster could not gain any advantage over him, and after they had again fought a whole hour, Satan once more desired to defer the decision of the contest till the following morning. Jaroslav, mindful of the red wine that was yet left in the red castle, assented to the proposal, rode back to the valley to transform the knight again into the gardener's lad, and as such to give his master an account of the second combat. The princess was reconducted to the city, and looked forward to the morning of the third day with anxiety, but yet with hope; for her unknown champion had already performed such prodigies, that she entertained little doubt of her final deliverance: besides, the wonderful flower in her bosom still continued quite fresh and lively, as if to confirm her hopes and to announce a happy futurity.

On the third morning, Jaroslav repaired to the red palace. The duke and the princess, with their train, meanwhile proceeded to the appoint-

ed place. At length a knight in ruby-red armour, and mounted on a red charger, like the god of fire, was seen approaching. On his arrival, the earth opened, and flames burst from its bosom as the precursors of Satan, who this time appeared in his own proper terrific shape. All present were horror-struck, and the princess swooned: Jaroslaw alone was not daunted, and prepared for the conflict. For two long hours were the formidable combatants engaged, till Satan's strength forsook him; Jaroslaw demanded the contract, which his adversary was obliged to surrender, and which he lighted at the flaming eyes of the evil one and reduced to ashes. The prince of darkness vanished with a tremendous noise, and Jaroslaw fell on one knee before the duke: but he had received so severe a wound in the elbow of his left arm, that he bled profusely, and before he could utter a word, he sunk senseless to the ground. All hastened to his assistance, and the princess herself bound up his wound with a handkerchief which she had embroidered with her own hand. The knight being still too faint to move, the duke returned with his daughter and their retinue to the palace, with the intention of sending his own surgeon to administer relief. When the duke was gone, Jaroslaw recovered, and the attendants whom the prince had left with him would have conducted him to the palace, but he mounted his horse, and without so much as bidding them farewell, posted to the mountains. The men gazed in astonishment after the mysterious knight, and went to inform the duke, who was sorely grieved that the valiant deliverer of his daughter did not afford him the pleasure to

manifest his gratitude for so signal a service.

When Jaroslaw returned home, the gardener, who had been seriously alarmed at his long absence, desired to know what had detained him. The youth related all that had happened, and added, that he had tarried in the field of battle till the red knight had recovered from his swoon, upon which he followed him to the entrance of the valley, where he ascended a hill, from which he watched him ride into a magnificent red palace, that shone with such brilliance, as if it had been cut out of a single ruby.

The youth then returned contentedly to his work, and was always doubly delighted whenever the lovely princess came to walk among the flowers. One day on visiting the garden, she found the lad asleep on a shady bank, and observed her handkerchief tied round his left arm, which was otherwise uncovered. Astonished at this sight, she wakened Jaroslaw, and inquired how he had come by the handkerchief. Convinced that he should never have a more favourable opportunity for revealing his secret, he replied, "This handkerchief, O most lovely of princesses, thine own fair hand bound about my arm, when I enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of rescuing thee from the power of the wicked one. Well mayest thou be surprised; for it was no other than the humble gardener's lad who thrice combated the prince of darkness for thy freedom, and finally conquered him with the powerful assistance of that God who is the protector of innocence."

This story appeared too incredible to the princess, glad as she would have been to find that Jaroslaw was her deliverer. She conducted him,

however, to the duke, to whom he repeated his declaration; at the same time disclosing all the secrets of the wonderful valley, and the manner in which he had become possessed of such extraordinary strength. "What thou tellest me," answered the duke, "certainly sounds very fine, but it would be an egregious folly in me were I to give credit to thy story, without requiring some proof that thou art the same person who, by his transcendent valour, has delivered us from so great a calamity."

Jaroslav bowed respectfully, and solicited permission to go to the Sharka valley to equip himself as the unknown knight. The duke signified his assent, and anxiously awaited his return. He was seated at table with his whole court, when a messenger came to inform him, that a stately knight, in brilliant white armour, was seen issuing from the Sharka valley and approaching the palace. The whole company instantly rose; and the fair princess, running impatiently to the window, instantly recognised the champion of the second combat. The knight was conducted into the hall, and on removing his helmet, discovered the features of the handsome young gardener. The duke

clasped him affectionately to his bosom, and promised him a princely reward; but when he observed Jaroslav's tender looks, and the modest flush that mantled on the cheek of his daughter, he easily divined the sentiments of the lovers, and determined to celebrate their nuptials that very day.

When Jaroslav imprinted the first kiss of love on the chaste lips of the princess, she silently presented to him the flower, which he instantly recognised: he would have laid hold of it and pressed it to his lips, but it was gone, nor did he see it again till the evening of their wedding-day, when, contemplating the firmament, in which the stars seemed to emit increased lustre in honour of the occasion, they espied the lovely flower glistening all alone; but presently it was transformed into a garland, which hung over the heads of the lovers, and seemed to promise them long and durable felicity.

Jaroslav succeeded his father-in-law in the sovereignty, and attained a good old age by the side of his virtuous consort, who bore him several children, to whom he transmitted the ducal crown and throne.

THE MASQUERADE.

I HAD long wished to go to a masquerade, but the opportunity never was afforded me till my last visit to London, about two years ago. An entertainment of that description was then given at the King's Theatre, and I determined to be present at what I conceived must be a scene of unbounded hilarity and festive gaiety. I was staying with a family consisting of a mother, one son, and two

daughters; and as soon as I mentioned my intention, the ladies were eager in endeavouring to persuade their mother to let them accompany me. This was not a very easy task to achieve; the old lady had contracted some prejudices against masquerades on the score of morality, which we had great difficulty in removing. However, they were removed, on condition that the brother should

also be of the party; and the interval of two or three days was fully occupied with the important business of arranging our characters, dresses, &c.

At length the important evening arrived; and with hearts beating high with expectation, we stepped into a coach, and in a very few minutes were launched at once into the vortex of gaiety, where all were engaged in sailing down the stream of time as lightly and as swiftly as possible. The confusion of characters, and the noise and bustle which prevailed around, for some minutes bewildered us; but we soon got accustomed to the scene, and entered most heartily into all its whimsicalities. The associations, both of things and of persons, we found at times irresistibly droll. Alexander the Great and Henry VIII. were in familiar conversation; Mary Queen of Scots, that beautiful and unfortunate woman, was seen walking round with Rob Roy; whilst her rival, Elizabeth, joined in a waltz with an inhabitant of Otaheite. Greeks, Hebrews, Turks, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Danes, jostled each other: here were tars, who had never seen the sea; there jockies, who knew as much of a horse as they did of Chinese; melancholy Hamlets making love to every female they could get to listen to them; and Rangers walking about with all the solemnity and gravity of Methodist preachers. John Wesley was engaged at whist, and betting loudly on the odd trick. A cardinal was paying his devoirs very assiduously to a fine young Savoyard, who seemed, however, to be rather inclined to desert his eminence for a dashing hussar, who was dangling at her side; and we

were not a little amused at seeing a Meg Merrilies, in "wild attire," joining in a quadrille the other characters, in which were a British officer of the present day, a Greek of the 16th and a British nobleman of the 17th centuries, a Spanish grandee, "sweet Anne Page," a Quaker, and a Dutch flower-girl. Then, as to things, we noticed a Spaniard, who, by his dress, seemed to be divided equally between Spain and Venice; a Crusader had pistols stuck in his girdle; Richard I. was decorated with the order of the Garter; a sultana, rich in silks and diamonds, had omitted the characteristic of Eastern females, the trowsers. Various similar anachronisms and mistakes might have been discovered, but my attention was soon arrested by a different and a far more interesting subject.

In a corner of the room the most deserted and lonely, if such epithets can at all be applied to a spot from which the crowd had receded only for perhaps a foot or two, attracted by the graceful movements of a youthful pair engaged in the Spanish fandango, sat two figures, one (a male) wrapped in the ample folds of the tartan, and the other (a female) simply attired as a Swiss peasant: a third person, his figure completely concealed by an immense domino, stood at a little distance, attentively observing them. The two who were seated appeared to be engaged in earnest and anxious conversation, and the tremulous heavings of the lady's bosom proved that she at least was deeply interested. At this moment a sudden rushing back of the throng, which had surrounded the dancers, carried me and my companions to the immediate vicinity of

this interesting group: a sob, almost amounting to a groan, burst from the lady, which was unnoticed by the giddy crowd, but which caught my ear, and also that of the fair Madeline, who was hanging on my arm. "That lady must be ill," she exclaimed; and with the promptness of active humanity, she was instantly at her side. "Pardon my intrusion, madam," said she, addressing the stranger, "but you appear faint: the heat of the room is probably oppressive; can I assist you?"

"The room is indeed oppressive, I wish I were away: would to heaven I were at home!" replied the lady in tones so sweetly sorrowful, that the remembrance of them will never be effaced. "Nonsense!" replied her companion, "you cannot go home yet. Nothing is prepared; you will be better soon." Madeline had some aromatics in her vinegarette, which were administered to the *incognita*, who expressed her sense of the kindness in terms which evinced a mind highly cultivated and refined.

Although the lady seemed pleased and gratified by our attentions, they were evidently unwelcome to her companion, who most ungraciously repulsed every attempt to enter into conversation; whilst he beckoned to the figure in a domino, and whispering to him a few words, out of which we could only catch, "Let me know as soon as it drives up," he wrapped himself still closer in his plaid, and sternly throwing himself across the seat in such a way as to prevent our approach to the lady, he preserved a sullen and contemptuous silence. The domino disappeared, and finding all our efforts to induce the Highlander to depart

from his taciturnity were vain, we joined the gay and giddy throng once more, though myself and Madeline could not divest ourselves of a feeling of intense interest for the fair *incognita*, to whom and her companion a considerable portion of mystery appeared to attach.

In a few minutes after, as Madeline and myself were standing up with a quadrille party, we saw the domino walk up the room, and shortly after all three passed towards the entrance; the lady eagerly looked around, as if in search of some one, and recognising my fair partner, she made a deep courtesy, but was suddenly hurried forward by her companion, and we lost sight of her in the crowd. Our feelings were so powerfully interested, that it was some time before we could enter into the amusements of the evening with our usual spirit; and when we returned home, the "mysterious two" formed the subject of our conversation, and we in vain endeavoured to find a clue which would lead us to a discovery of their persons and stations.

I had returned to the country, and the occurrences at the masquerade had gradually faded from my recollection. One day in autumn, having been out with the hounds in the vicinity of —, I was slowly riding home, when a chaise passed me, driving with great speed, on the northern road. It did not, however, pass so quick but I could distinguish a sort of confusion within, and the faint scream of a female vibrated plainly on my ears. Where a female was concerned, I never hesitated at danger or difficulties, and I immediately turned my horse, and galloped after the chaise. The post-boys

drove with great fury, and my spirited animal being jaded with a long and toilsome run after reynard, I gradually lost ground, and eventually lost sight of the chaise. At the next turnpike I obtained intelligence of its route, and again pushed forwards. By great exertion, after riding eight or nine miles, I reached the inn at the post-town of — just as the chaise was about to start with fresh horses, and ordering the post-boys to stop, I rode up to the door, and pulling it open, discovered that it was occupied by a lady and gentleman, the former of whom had fainted, and the latter fiercely demanded by what authority I dared to interfere with his proceedings. “By the authority which every man has to interfere when a female is concerned,” I replied. “I have reason to think this lady is not willingly travelling with you, and till I am satisfied on that point you shall not proceed.”

“She is my wife, and detain us a moment longer at your peril,” returned my antagonist, foaming with rage, and presenting a pistol, which he had drawn from the pocket of the chaise. I knocked it out of his hand, and in falling the lock struck against the chaise-door, and it went off. He then leaped out of the chaise, and seizing me, endeavoured to pull me from my horse; but the report of the pistol having brought out the landlord and several of the waiters, we were soon separated from our rather undignified contest, and some attention was given to the lady in the chaise. She was conveyed into the house, still senseless; and whilst a waiter was dispatched for a surgeon, Mrs. White, the landlady, promptly administered such resto-

ratives as she had at hand; and her endeavours were crowned with success, as the lady slowly recovered from her swoon. The gentleman now insisted upon being no longer detained; she was his wife, he said, and he would inflict the severest penalties the law imposed on those who retarded his progress. “As for you, Sir Knight of Romance, who ride about to succour distressed damsels, if you are what you appear, I shall deal with you after a different fashion, as soon as the object of your gallantry is placed in a situation where she will be less interesting—(these words were uttered with a sneer)—to boys and stable-grooms and waiting-women.”

“Once convince me that she is your wife,” I replied, “and I will offer no further obstacle to your departure, but apologize for my interruption, or give you any other satisfaction you may demand. My card will inform you that you will not be dishonoured by meeting me.”

“I am not his wife,” exclaimed the lady. “Aided by those who should befriend me, he seeks to force me to be his; but I call upon you as friends to a distressed female not to suffer him to take me home.”

“I shall be proud to defend you with my life,” I replied; “and if your persecutor persists in his designs, and will not allow you to proceed unmolested where and when you please, I shall feel it my duty to send for a magistrate, and have the whole of this nefarious business properly investigated.”

“She may go to the d—l if she likes,” exclaimed the person, whom by courtesy I have styled a gentleman, and rushed out of the room. In a minute he jumped into the

chaise, and having whispered something to the post-boy, the vehicle was soon out of sight. None of us felt interested enough to pursue him, our whole attention being claimed by the lady, who was well calculated by her appearance and manners to interest and attract. In a sweetly modest and expressive tone she apologized for the trouble she had given, and said, such was her ignorance of the world, that she feared she must still intrude upon us for advice and assistance. I replied I should be

proud to render either, and offered the fair stranger the protection of my mother and sister, which was eagerly accepted. A chaise and four was immediately ordered, and having liberally rewarded the people at the inn for their kindness and attention, we departed for Holly House, which lies about ten miles from —.

On her road the lady communicated her short but interesting history, which I shall give the reader in my own words.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

UNDER THE ROSE.

From MEMOIRS OF THE ROSE: In a Series of Letters to a Lady.

THE rose is not only the flower of love and the emblem of beauty, but it is also considered the symbol of *secrecy*. A kiss is often taken and allowed “under the rose.” A belief that two young companions have become lovers is a suspicion whispered “under the rose.” The certainty of arrangements for an intended marriage often transpires “under the rose;” and whenever I greet the full-blown impression of your exquisitely engraven seal, with its appropriate motto, *Sub rosâ*, I always anticipate beneath it, if not a poetical kiss or a lover’s secret, yet expressions of kindness, and feelings of friendship, which are sacred and inviolate; and for which these letters on the importance of the rose must be my feeble return.

The following passage on the above attribute of our favourite flower is from Brown’s curious work on “Vulgar Errors.” “When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose;

which expression is commendable if the rose from any natural properties may be the symbol of silence; and is also tolerable, if, by desiring a secrecy to words spoke under the rose, we only mean in society and composition, from the ancient custom in Symposiacke meetings, to wear chaplets of roses about their heads; and so we condemn not the Germane custom, which over the table describeth a rose in the seeling; but more considerable it is, if the original were such as Lemnius and others have recorded: that the rose was the flower of Venus which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates as the god of silence, and was therefore an emblem thereof.”

I have somewhere seen the following lines given as a translation, although they are rather a paraphrase of those which Brown here quotes:

The rose is Venus’ pride—the archer boy
Gave to Harpocrates his mother’s flower,
What time fond lovers told the tender joy—
To guard with sacred secrecy the hour:

Hence o'er the festive board the host uphung
 Love's flower of silence, to remind each
 guest,
 When wine to amorous sallies loosed the
 tongue,
 Under the rose what pass'd must never be
 express'd.

Happy are we, my dear friends, who live under the auspices of a different state of society; when instead of hanging up the rose as the guardian of bacchanalian revelry, we introduce the fair sex as a rational and effectual check upon that licence of speech which the influence of wine has so falsely been supposed to justify.

It appears to have been with reference to this attribute of secrecy, that the rose was adopted not only as a part of the blazon on the arms, but likewise as a cognominal designation of the fraternity of the Rosicrucians, a sect of philosophers which appeared in Germany about 1614, and presently spread themselves through most of the countries of Europe, and out of which has sprung the present system of Freemasonry. The opinion that the *rose* was assumed as the symbol of secrecy, and the *cross* to represent the solemnity of the oath by which the vow of secrecy was ratified, is defended by a writer of authority on the subject. Against this presumption, however, it is argued, that the armorial bearings of John Valentine Andreä, a celebrated theologian of Wirtemberg, were a *St. Andrew's cross* and *four roses*—which Andreä is suspected of having fabricated the legend of

Father Rosicross, out of which originated the celebrated order.

I ought to apologize for such a seemingly unfeminine digression; but I wish you to know, my fair friend, that these were the men so long famed for their occult studies in the pursuit of some imagined universal panacea, or elixir vitæ; and also of that wonderful transmuter of all inferior metals into gold—the philosopher's stone. These foolish pursuits, which, in the 16th century, made such a noise even in England, are now exploded; and no doubt many individuals, whose gold by the processes of alchemy had been turned into dross in the crucible, would derive much consolation from the doctrine of the following paragraph from one of the writers of the sect: It is a very childish objection, that the brotherhood have promised so much and performed so little. With them, as elsewhere, many are called but few chosen: the masters of the order hold out the *rose* (the secret) as a remote prize; but they impose the *cross* (the labour) on those who are entering. Among other curious notions, they held that the principle which determined the shape of animals and vegetables when they became organized was incipient in certain salts, to be obtained from the ashes of similar bodies! Sir Kenelm Digby has left a recipe for producing cray-fish after this fashion; and the celebrated Kircher is said to have exhibited in his museum a phial, hermetically sealed, containing a rose, the product of such a lixivium.

THE NOVICIATE.

(Continued from p. 145.)

To avoid breaking the narrative of Lord Ormond's suit to Wilmina, we have delayed mentioning how Gabriel Hossack fared with Sylvester, who, in riding from the granaries, said to Wilmina, "I could almost violate father Roderick's sepulchre, to scold him for imposing upon me such a gloomy mortal or goblin as Hossack. He is a dwarf, but no jest-er. His wit is of the saturnine order."

"He is a sensible, worthy, cultivated creature," said Lord Ormond, who rode on one side of Wilmina's palfrey, and Sylvester on the other.

"Ugly toad, he puts me out of humour with myself," said Sylvester.

"You surely may envy his personal distinctions," said Wilmina smiling.

"In your opinion at least," answered Sylvester significantly. "But in sober sadness I have been at a loss how to dispose of your angel Gabriel. He cannot carve diversion for himself in Archibald's merry household, which you will allow is unconscionable. He must be employed; and then he is so contentedly indefatigable, that I am dissatisfied with myself to see the mere mockery of a man exempted from all the passions, I could almost say all the frailties of humanity."

"The Lady Wilmina deigned to be Gabriel Hossack's example," said Lord Ormond; "you and I, Sylvester, were exposed to patterns far inferior. It is not, however, too late to copy perfection, when the heart and will are excited and fixed. Hossack is sometimes destitute of occupation, and then he writes for me: so

I have reason to know his value better than his master; and he has taught me ideas of female excellence, such as never entered my mind, till he enlarged on the qualities of his benefactress." Wilmina could not in good manners withhold all acknowledgment of this direct compliment; she gravely bowed, and changed the conversation.

Some weeks after the departure of Lord Ormond and his friends, as Wilmina went to her dormitory with a torch in her hand—for candles or lamps were used only on great occasions—she was not a little startled to see the uncouth figure of Gabriel Hossack stationed near the entry of her outer bower. He put a small parcel into her hand, and vanished so instantaneously, that she almost believed for a moment a vision supernatural had flitted from her view. But the parcel was a material substance, and she was anxious to know the contents. Her damsels waited within; she desired them to bring more fuel and some torches; she was to be occupied with business, and they might go to bed. When they had brought the fuel and torches, she left them to their repose in the outer bower, and bolting the inner bower, untied Gabriel Hossack's parcel. It contained a whistle curiously carved, and a slip of parchment with the following words:

"A servant devoted to the Lady Wilmina has obtained leave to come to Balveny Castle, in quest of a forgotten crucifix, given to his mother by the deceased Lady Balveny. He is sworn not to utter a word, and to return with all expedition: the boun-

den must obey, but it is no violation of the oath, that this parchment beseeches the Lady Wilmina to wear, by day and night, a whistle hallowed by a benediction from the infallible head of the church militant. The whistle was bestowed by father Roderick; and in these troubled times he foresaw, that its singular note should be well known to the trusty retainers of the Lady Wilmina."

Wilmina read these lines with alarm, the greater as she knew not what might be feared. She rightly conjectured that Gabriel must have discovered, or supposed, some design against her. Her first impulse was to take the parchment to her father, but her brothers were known to have been lately at Ormond Castle; Hosack was in the service of Sylvester, and some suspicion might arise in Lord Balveny's mind, which she could not believe they deserved. She decided against giving his lordship uneasiness, for a cause which perhaps originated only in some misapprehension of the dwarf; and by literally complying with his request, she might do all that circumstances admitted. This was the first time she had acted without consulting paternal experience, and she shuddered at her own bold determination; but to occasion the least suspicion of her brothers seemed to her the greatest of evils, and if she could spare her father so much pain, was it not her duty? With these reflections she humbly committed herself to the protection of the Almighty Guardian; she invoked the Virgin and the saints, and the sleep of innocence composed her mind.

In the conduct of Wilmina of Balveny we shall not find the extravagant performances ascribed to hero-

ines of a love romance; but we hope to shew, that even in some barbarous times, a rational, well-principled daughter formed the happiness of her parent, and was a blessing to all her connections.

It is difficult, perhaps impracticable, to confer extensive public benefits without a mixture of alloy, especially in times of extreme distress. Rude natures, irritated by misery, are apt to abuse liberality. Men, who in their happier days were accounted peaceable and compassionate, and whose families were saved from death with the provisions furnished from Balveny Castle, seemed to assume a right to the relief gratuitously bestowed; murmuring loudly when donations, however small, were given to strangers. They went so far as to threaten forcibly to repel every such intruder; for they relied on Lord Balveny's goodness in making allowances for the effects of desperation, and if strangers were excluded, they must of course have larger supplies among themselves. Besides, Lord Balveny was always averse to stir up commotion, and they could not believe he would provoke his own people to disturbance, for the sake of beggars he never saw before, and never might see again. They were mistaken. Lord Balveny loved peace; but he knew that to preserve it the first symptoms of tumult must be suppressed. Wilmina saved him the pain of hearing all the tales of discontent related to her, and by expostulating with the crowd, and attending early and late while provisions were distributed, she prevented annoyance to the strangers, who were served only as passengers to other districts. Her authority conciliated even in restraining the multitude, and

Lord Balveny's estates were exempted from disorder, though all around the lower classes extorted benefactions from their lords, or subsisted by plunder. Thus, in doing good to others, Wilmina ensured the highest advantages to her father and to herself.

Among the applicants for charity, several friars craved food for twenty-four hours, to help them forward to their own country. They were bountifully served, and begged to escort the Lady Wilmina past a wood, near which they purposed to lodge for the night. They were foreigners; but the lady understood Latin, French, and Italian. She moved slowly, to suit the heavy pace of the pilgrims, who complained that their strength had greatly failed since they had lived on a very scanty fare, till they came into Lord Balveny's domain. They pressed near to Wilmina, telling their adventures, and they were about fifteen in number. Wilmina had an escort of four horsemen and twelve running attendants. As they approached where the road diverged across an open moor, the strangers faced about, and drawing loaded pistols from beneath their cassocks, mortally wounded several of Wilmina's train before they could unsheath their weapons. All that were still able to wield a brand defended their lady with determined courage, and she blew Gabriel Hos-sack's whistle with all her might. Two lads, who happened to be cutting faggots in the wood, ran to the nearest hamlet to alarm the inhabitants; but ere that assistance could arrive, Wilmina must have been carried off, had not her own presence of mind, and the valour of a young huntsman, defeated the attempt.— One of the ruffians seized her bridle-

rein, and telling her, if she made any resistance her life must be the forfeit, led her from the place where his accomplices were combating her few remaining attendants. She recollected that if she touched her palfrey between the ears he would plunge and kick, and therefore tamely submitted to be drawn a few yards to the north-east; but having provoked the horse to make a sudden spring, and to rear and struggle with the leader, he stretched out his sword-arm to grasp at some part of the saddle. Wilmina wrenched the sword from his hand, and cut his shoulder severely; he fell, calling to his band to earn their reward by securing the lady. She gave herself up for lost; but two hunters appeared to her rescue. The fight was renewed; one of the hunters fainted with loss of blood, and the other must have been overpowered, if a shouting crowd had not rushed upon the foe. The hunter who survived called to the people to take the ruffians prisoners, and to spare them to make confession of their instigators: but the admonition came too late; they were all dead or dying, for the people in fury attacked them before the hunter could moderate their resentment.

Some of the men from the hamlet had galloped to Balveny Castle, and Lord Balveny was soon on the ground, embracing his daughter, and thanking her deliverers. He found her busied in binding up the wounds of such combatants as shewed any symptoms of vitality. A number of assistants from the castle presently appeared, with proper dressings, and with litters to remove the wounded, and biers to transport the dead. Lord Balveny addressed the hunter, who stood erect against a tree, and

receiving no reply, drew nearer: his face was pale, his eyes fixed, and on examining his person, it appeared he had four thrusts of a poniard in his limbs, and a more dangerous stab in his body. He was carried to Balveny Castle. His name and quality were unknown, but Lord Balveny had no doubt he was of high descent; for though his hunter's dress was of homespun grey, the under tunic was of fine linen, a rare luxury at that time; and in his pouch were found a large sum in gold and three badges of knighthood.

During eight days he could make no effort to articulate, or even to move, except the feeble indication of a wish to change his posture. Wilmina administered cordials or nourishing liquids with her own hand. Her attendance was incessant, and Lord Balveny left him only to investigate the late outrage against his daughter, and to reward those that came to her aid. The ruffians were all dead, and nothing was found upon them to furnish a clue to their employers. In about a fortnight, the patient was able to inform Lord Balveny that his name was Auriol Drummond. He obtained one badge of knighthood, in his seventeenth year, from Henry VIII. of England, for services in the civil wars, which were kindled by the destruction of the monasteries; another badge was conferred, along with golden spurs, by the hand of Francis I. of France, under whose banner he engaged against Spain; the third badge was the gift of King James, in recompence of his success against the northern insurgents. He was just returned from France, and was making the best of his way to Edinburgh, with one trusty attendant, when the sight of a

lady in the most critical situation impelled him to her rescue; but he had communications for the royal ear, which, as he might be for some time unable to travel, it was necessary to impart by a messenger properly warranted to receive them.

Lord Balveny sent an express to the king with this intelligence; and the *gude man of Ballengeith* came with all expedition to Balveny Castle. He held a long conference with Drummond. Lord Balveny was, after two hours, called to assist; but we are not to divulge state secrets. The king said he forgave Drummond for losing all recollection that he was a secret envoy, when he beheld a fair heroine in peril; he expressed high indignation against her assailants, and regretted that not one survived to afford means to detect their instigators; nor did he forget to testify his concern for Drummond's faithful servant, who had so often escaped in war, and fell at length by the hand of ruffians, but he died bravely fighting in a good cause.

The knight of Drummond recovered daily after disburthening his mind of anxiety regarding his mission to France. His convalescence banished Wilmina from his chamber, unless to come with her father to ask for him. He grew impatient to regain the use of his limbs, that he might remove to the hall, and he was sensible that Wilmina's disappearance increased his disquietude. She, on the other hand, caught herself wishing for his society, with a solicitude that covered her cheeks with blushes, and filled her mind with disquiet and self-reprehension. By painful efforts, however, she concealed her listless or perturbed feelings from every eye. Lord Balveny divided

his assiduities between her and Drummond, and ascribed to the exhaustion caused by loss of blood, that anxiety and sadness which his patient vainly struggled to disguise. When his lordship mentioned those symptoms to Wilmina, it required her utmost self-command to repress the agitations of joyful hope; but she soon reflected upon the uncertainty that she was the object of susceptibilities, that experience had now painfully taught her to understand. Could Drummond have known her meditations, his illness had not been so protracted. He was in France when she appeared at court; but the fame of her beauty, attainments, and virtues, had reached him through the reports of his countrymen whom he met on the Continent. Would Lord Balveny bestow this gifted daughter on a younger brother, when the representatives of the first families in the kingdom must be happy to lay their titles and wealth at her feet, both for her own sake, and on account of her noble alliance? True love and true merit are always difficult; and Wilmina's guarded behaviour had so much the aspect of indifference, that her lover sunk in despair.

The fever recurred with violence; his life was pronounced in danger, and again Wilmina resumed her station near his pillow: the fever abated; and though Drummond was reduced to the lowest debility, he could notice Wilmina's tender vigilance on his behalf. Was this merely in acknowledgment for the service he had been so happy as to render her? or was he blest by an interest in her heart? Oh that he could solve this question! but the dread of offending, of estranging the lovely being on

whose presence depended all that gave value to existence, restrained the inquiries that almost rose to his lips while Lord Balveny slumbered in his chair. But this self-denial could not be long endured. Drummond had a very restless night. At an early hour, Lord Balveny and Wilmina sent his attendants to rest. Drummond lay quiet. Wilmina hoped he was enjoying repose; she softly laid a coverlet over Lord Balveny, who slept soundly, and returned to her seat near the patient. Her eyes were fixed on his wan visage, tears flowed, and she laboured to suppress her sobbing woe. It was the end of November; the earth was covered by snow, and a calm, frosty, undawned morning approached; while Nature, hushed in profound silence, seemed to rest from her labours: the wide and lofty chamber had no light but from a few faggots of splintered pine, emitting on the hearth a flickering ray; but Drummond's sight, accustomed for weeks to obscurity, could mark in the features of Wilmina involuntary emanations of tenderness, that spoke to his inmost soul. Lost in anxious thoughts on his account, and shedding the frequent tear, she did not observe the glances he directed to her countenance: her eyes at length met his; she deeply blushed as she wiped the moisture from her cheeks; and no longer master of his feelings, in a voice almost inaudible, he addressed, as he believed, a dying confession of the love that soon should lay him in an untimely grave.

"Does the Lady Wilmina vouchsafe a tear to an unhappy stranger, who dies in hopeless devotion to her charms? It is not a wound of steel that has struck his vitals; but he will

expiate in death his presumptuous passion. I die, Lady Wilmina, and only the certainty that I soon shall be breathless clay, could wring from me, that—for you—you alone—I wish to live."

The uncertainty of Auriol Drummond returning her preference had occasioned to Wilmina a state of mortifying suspense, and her fruitless efforts to banish him from her thoughts, or to think of him with cooler gratitude, often agonized her feminine delicacy. She wished sincerely, but with composure, to acknowledge her obligations to the valorous spirit, the warlike arm that rescued her from horrible captivity to an unknown, though unquestionably a base ruffian; her deliverer had suffered the extremity of danger and pain in her behalf; she desired to be grateful—alas! her sense of his merits exceeded all bounds—she wept for his danger—she wept for her own weak partiality; but now she was happily assured their sentiments were reciprocal: the predominance of filial duty was for a few moments suspended, and hardly knowing the import of her words, she said, "Live, live for Wilmina: she owes her brave deliverer more than life; think her not ungrateful. Youth will overcome you"—malady, she would have added, but Lord Balveny moved, the coverlet fell, and he awoke. Drummond, however, had heard enough to produce a salutary revulsion in his frame: before the hospitalities of Christmas occasioned an influx of guests to every castle, the invalid could slowly walk to the hall, impatient for an opportunity to renew his enamoured professions to Wilmina. Since he began to recover, she saw him only to make brief inquiries;

each day brought a visible amendment in his health; yet not unmixed with the bitterness of self-upbraiding could she behold her lover. She had listened to his avowal, she had encouraged his passion without waiting for the sanction of her father: the load on her spirits could be relieved only by acknowledging her trespass against filial duty, but maidenly bashfulness imposed silence during the few minutes she saw Lord Balveny alone. When his lordship informed her that next day the knight of Drummond would be their companion at dinner, there was fortunately no witness: she threw herself on her knees, and burying her face in Lord Balveny's garment, sobbed out an acknowledgment of her fault, and implored pardon. His lordship raised and embraced her, with assurances not only of forgiveness, but approbation. If Auriol Drummond had not periled his life in her rescue, she and her father might have been most miserable; with his blood he had purchased full right to her dearest affections, and in every respect he deserved her highest esteem. Wilmina's gratitude to her indulgent father may perhaps be imagined, the most emphatic language could not give it expression.

The skies were wrapped in fogs, the winds roared, the roads were entirely blocked up by a heavy fall of snow; no neighbour could come to partake of the Christmas feast at Balveny Castle, nor was the absence of guests a disappointment; the noble owner, his ever-pleasing daughter, and accepted son-in-law, were all in all to each other. Wilmina and Drummond were solemnly betrothed in the presence of a few friends, as soon as the roads were opened by a

partial thaw; and early in March the weather improved so much, that he set out for Edinburgh, to ask the king's consent to his marriage; a respect invariably paid to high superiors in that age. His bride exerted all her firmness in parting from him, and to sustain her accustomed cheerfulness after he was gone. To shew Lord Balveny that another was more necessary to her happiness, she felt would be as indelicate as ungrateful. Lord Balveny saw and appreciated her duteous efforts, and soothed for her the pains of absence by frequent commendation of her affianced spouse.

The tenth day after his departure, a horseman, in violent haste, called Lord Balveny to draw off his sons from a fray with some adherents of Oliver Sinclair. The aged leader embraced and blessed Wilmina, saying, he would endeavour to return before sunset, but did not intimate the cause of his leaving home. He repaired to the scene of disorder with a chosen band of followers, preceding them, attended by a priest, bearing the symbols of peace in his banner. The Master of Balveny and his brother had put to flight the retainers of the king's favourite. They rallied on an eminence, with the intention of pursuing the Douglas men, and seeing Lord Balveny's people, concluded he was bringing a reinforcement to their antagonists. Without adverting to the pacific banner, they aimed a shower of darts from the vantage-ground, and the warrior of many hard-fought fields was wounded by a turbulent rabble. His men, though fewer in number, attacked the Sinclairs in their turn. Willing to hazard all to arrest the progress of a feud that could not but

involve many families in bloodshed and pillage, Lord Balveny advanced, holding out the banner of peace; but Oliver Sinclair's brother, who headed the party, commanded them to destroy root and branch the proud Douglas. Lord Balveny and his faithful followers made a gallant defence; they must have been all cut in pieces by the large body opposed to them, if notice of their danger had not reached Sylvester as he returned from repulsing the Sinclairs. He ordered a messenger to summon the Master of Balveny and his forces, who were still in sight, and Sylvester with his horsemen galloped to support Lord Balveny—but Lord Balveny was no more. The priest had thrown a cloak over him, and concealed his death, aware that it would dispirit the remainder of his people. The priest met the Master, and gave the tidings, which made him Lord of Balveny.

Even in the moment when natural affection ought to have prevailed, Archibald was influenced by party spirit. He perceived that now, or never, he could separate his sister from Drummond, and constrain her to marry Lord Ormond—a short delay might make her a ward of the king. His people were engaged under the command of Sylvester; only the priest had a certainty of Lord Balveny's decease, for he had walked from the struggling throng to a place where the priest offered prayers for his safety: he received the last office of religion on his bended knees, and expired.

Father Congalus was not a disinterested, high-minded father Roderick: yet, had he been aware of the new lord's design, he would not have concurred in it. Archibald sent him

to call out of the nearest rank one of the men from Balveny Castle; and, left alone beside his father's body, took the signet-ring from his finger, which he gave to the person brought by the priest, commanding him with all speed to see the Lady Wilmina, and to say the signet-ring was sent by Lord Balveny as a token for her to escape from the castle instantaneously; Oliver Sinclair was in full march to force her away; Lord Balveny and his men were skirmishing to retard him; but his force was too well appointed and numerous to be resisted. He instructed the messenger whither he should conduct the Lady Wilmina, and empowered him to take the direction of her escort.

Wilmina, suspecting no imposition, prepared to obey her father, who she knew was not easily alarmed; and therefore the danger must be very urgent when he ordered her to fly from it. Before her palfrey and escort were ready, she was in waiting, and having mounted, charged the attendants to proceed with all expedition. The guide brought her to a lone house, where, to her glad surprise, she found her brother Sylvester. Archibald had persuaded him, that in preventing Wilmina from becoming the wife of a younger brother, they should consult the honour of their family; and in justice to him it should be mentioned, he had no concern in hiring the foreign ruffians to carry her away. Lord Ormond and the Master of Balveny carefully concealed from him that transaction. He told Wilmina that Lord Balveny commissioned him to take the command of her escort, while he made a proper representation to the Parliament of Scotland

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concerning Oliver Sinclair's misbehaviour. He spoke truth, though not in the sense apparent to his sister. He spoke of Archibald Lord Balveny, while she doubted not the title was still vested in her father. By a long and rapid journey she reached Glammis Castle. Lady Glammis was rejoiced to see her, and led her to a hall that bore the signs of ruined grandeur: she fainted before Lady Glammis could introduce her to her nieces.

A contagious fever raged in Scotland. It began among the poor, owing to the bad quality and deficiency of food, and infection spread the distemper to those who might have prevented or mitigated the famine in which it originated. The charities instituted by Wilmina saved the people on Lord Balveny's estates from extreme dearth of the necessities of life; but she was not on that account exempted from the malignity of the disorder. Divine Providence, however, brings good out of the most afflicting dispensations for the pious and benevolent: the fever saved Wilmina from falling a helpless prey to Lord Ormond. Sylvester hastened away to attend his father's obsequies, and was but a few hours gone, when Lord Ormond arrived with a strong party of men to force her to his ship, which waited in the firth of Tay. An alliance with her was not so important to his political schemes as during her father's life; but a vehement passion, not unmixed with resentment for declining his hand, impelled him to seize her, lest Drummond should discover her retreat. Being informed she had caught the epidemic, he burst out into a thousand execrations on the fever, and hur-

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ried from Glammis Castle. Though desperately brave, he was the slave of superstition. His nativity had been cast by an astrologer, who foretold that he would die of contagion

communicated by a fair lady; and he almost believed that the doom was now to overtake him.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS OF ITALY.

(Concluded from p. 131.)

BUT the *fiera* is not yet over—there is still the *cuccagna* to come—an amusement to which it is worth while to devote half an hour. This *cuccagna*, indeed, differs in no respect from the poles that are climbed for the sake of the prize fixed on the top of them at our own country fairs, the very name of which is evidently derived from the Italian *fiera*; but our best climbers are far surpassed in dexterity and perseverance by those of Italy. Though they may ten times have nearly reached the top, and ten times slipped down to the very bottom, they are not to be deterred from fresh attempts, till they have at length gained the piece of money, the lamb, and the bottle of liqueur that crown the summit. It is amusing enough to see eight or ten little half-naked urchins, whom the most arrant gipsy of them all would not scruple to acknowledge for her own children, mounting on one another's shoulders, and forming a pyramid reaching to the top of the pole. The boldest of the gang, who occupies the highest place, already extends his hand to seize the prize, when the base of the pyramid begins to totter: the lad at the bottom, unable longer to bear the weight that is upon him, stoops, runs off, and instantly all the others, slipping down the pole, are seen kicking and sprawling in a confused heap on the ground.

The *fiera* is at length completely at an end; the Signori Spazzastrade and Parabolani are already gone; the operatic company have quitted the town immediately after the last representation, and with them Signora Lodola has withdrawn herself, to the profound regret of the gentlemen, but to the supreme satisfaction of the ladies. That in the night fixed for her departure, hundreds of the inhabitants assembled beneath the windows of this *divine* Lodola; that uninterrupted *errivas* rent the air; and, finally, that when she appeared to mount the travelling-carriage, the crowd was immense, and she was escorted with torches, lanterns, and *morcoli* beyond the gates of the town, are circumstances which it were superfluous to mention, as this is but the usual and regular mode of proceeding. It only remains therefore to remark, that Signor Gallinaccio has immortalized himself by an air; that all the ladies, with and without voices, sing this air, without omitting one of the flourishes which Gallinaccio introduced in such profusion: moreover, that Count Cicalone, whose occupation is suddenly gone in consequence of the departure of the performers, exhibits a genuine image of misery; that he has neither eaten nor drunk since the departure of the *divina* Lodola, excepting in the morning half a portion of *aqua*

caldi. The usual silence and quiet now pervade the good town, and they are not likely to suffer any interruption till the next carnival.

In the first days of autumn, indeed, you observe a more than ordinary degree of bustle; but it is soon over, and announces the deathlike stillness which immediately succeeds. Whoever has an estate, a villa, or four posts in the country which he can call his own, prepares at the commencement of autumn to leave town, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of rural life. Even those *marchesi*, *conti*, and *cavalieri*, who, for certain reasons, do not choose to pass the autumn at their own country-seats, are, nevertheless, not left behind; they are engaged by the owners of estates and villas for the time of the *villeggiatura*, and go out of town with them. Hence the *casino*, the *corso*, the *botteghe*, and the very streets are as empty as if that scourge of mankind which of old snatched from the tender and learned Petrarch his celebrated Laura, and which the modern Italians are accustomed to class under the same head with the presence of the Germans, had lately raged there. In this state the town remains till towards Christmas; for, as a propensity to come late and to go late is, as it were, innate in the Italian fair—you will recollect what I have said of the theatres and the *botteghe*—every one of them strives to stay in the country as long as possible. The husband of the lady, indeed, who now sits before the *bottega* of his village, and chats with the Signor *Parroco*, at the same time yawning most significantly, longs heartily to be back in the *botteghe* of the town, and shakes his head

violently at this to him so obnoxious whim of his lady-wife's; but as it is only at the said *botteghe* that he has a seat and vote, whereas at home he enjoys only a seat but no vote, the lady stays where she is, in spite of all this head-shaking: nay, she would not issue orders for departure on Christmas-eve itself, had he not hit upon the lucky thought to apply to the *cavaliere servente*, who has just arrived from town on a visit, and to request his kind intercession.

This delay of the lady is not, however, by any means to be ascribed to caprice, as her husband very erroneously imagines. Ladies never act from caprice; their conduct is the result of a maturely considered and well-digested plan. She shall be missed in the social circles of the town, at the *casino*, in the *botteghe*, &c.; when she at length makes her appearance, she will be welcomed with rapture, assailed with questions, and loaded with tender reproaches. Accordingly, it is the intention of preparing a brilliant triumph for female vanity in which the above-mentioned delay and late arrival originate: but these are honourably distinguished from other late appearances and arrivals already adverted to, inasmuch as nobody is incommoded by them but the husband, which is a thing of no consequence whatever, since he is perfectly accustomed to the being incommoded in every possible way. The fair lady—for that she possesses some beauty is a matter of course, a *conditio sine quâ* she would have no reason to expect questions, or tender reproaches or congratulations, were she even to take a fancy to stay so long at her *campagna* as the persevering St. Simon stood upon his pillar—the fair

lady, I say, is actually surrounded by all the fashionables of the other sex, young and old, who are joined by her intimate friends, though with rather heavy hearts and somewhat elongated faces—and questions, tender reproaches, and congratulations follow in anticipated succession. The lady, on her part, assures them, that she never ceased to think of her dear friends, and longed sincerely to be with them again; but as they knew how passionately she is attached to a rural life, and she has found the country this autumn particularly interesting, she trusts they will pardon her the more readily, as she should never have supposed that she could be missed, or that her absence would even be remarked.

As to the passion for rural life, and the interest found in the country, we must not implicitly believe what the lady is pleased to say on these points; for to her, who speaks with such enthusiasm of the *cara campagna*, this *cara campagna*, where nobody admires the *corsetto alla Greca*, where nobody is enraptured with the *cintura di pelle* which encircles her elegant waist, where even the most tasteful morning dress excites no envy, and where there are to be sure trees and plants and hills and dales, but no *casino* and no *botteghe*, is an abode of misery; and it would be impossible for any thing but the fortitude and perseverance of a lady, when bent on realizing some favourite idea, to purchase a short triumph by torments thus voluntarily prolonged. How a residence in the country can really become a torment, those will easily conceive who have had opportunities of closely observing the inhabitants of Italy, male and female, and consequently know how few in-

trinsic resources both carry with them into the country, and how ignorant they are of the art of living there. All those occupations which elsewhere render a country life so interesting and agreeable, are to the Italian a *terra incognita*. He cares neither for horses nor field sports; he reads little or nothing; he dislikes walking, and makes neither long nor short excursions; and as for agricultural experiments, improvements, and the like, he not only feels no inclination to engage in them, but considers them as totally beneath his dignity. Hence his knowledge of rural economy extends but just so far, that he is aware that it is necessary to sow before one can reap, and that his horses prefer a feed of oats to a mess of stubble. Whether his ragged and beggarly tenants have any thing to eat, and what, is to him a matter of perfect indifference. It follows of course that, under such circumstances, the Italian, who merely visits his villa for fashion's sake, neither does nor can enjoy himself there; and that this villa, though adorned with all the charms of Nature, must be to him an abode of *ennui* and misery. This observation equally applies to the fair sex.

Whoever has attended any of our country wakes or feasts, will be but little edified by an Italian *Sagra*, where all is so cold, so sober, so tedious, that it is impossible to help admiring, in the highest degree, the abstinence of the Italians, who really regard this *Sagra* as a festival. In ours and other countries, such days are celebrated with feasting, drinking, dancing, singing; you meet at every step with jovial countenances, the aspect of which disposes you involuntarily to gaiety: but there you

see the frugal sons of Italy, with their long pale faces, ranged in rows on some open place, perhaps before the church, or wherever else the sun shines in autumn and winter; their eyes looking right forward beyond their somewhat prolix noses; sometimes extending their hands towards the genial orb of day, and striving, by means of the rapid friction of the said hands, to communicate to their other chilly members the warmth which they have received. This the Italians call *Scaldarsi al fuoco degli Spagnuoli*—"warming themselves at the fire of the Spaniards"—but the sun is as much the fire of the Italians as of the Spaniards; nay, I can scarcely believe that the latter know how to turn this gratuitous warmth to better account than the former. A gleam of sunshine in autumn or winter is a signal at which the windows of the palace and the papered casements of the cottage are alike thrown open. The inhabitants pour forth from their cool dwellings, and crowd like sheep against a thunder-storm in dense masses on the spot upon which the sun shines; while the inmate of the palace, who suffers equally from cold, repairs to the open window to receive his share of the *fuoco degli Spagnuoli*, or *fuoco degli Italiani*.

Let no one be apprehensive of coming too late or missing any thing at the *Sagra*; for in truth there is nothing to miss; and would you wish to make the acquaintance of all the villagers, you will find them, in the last rays of the departing sun, motionless on the same spot where they hailed his appearance in the morning: there they stop; and would no doubt stop till the day of judgment, if the luminary were as constant as they; but when, weary of their tedious society,

it at length withdraws, its votaries too quit the stations which they have occupied, and repair to their respective habitations. Should any one feel disposed to pity these living posts, his pity would only be thrown away; for they are happy, perfectly happy: they have enjoyed the whole live-long day the supreme earthly Italian felicity, the *delizioso far niente*, and have had no occasion to think of any thing else. Beyond this point their wishes do not extend.

As there are epicures and *gourmands* every where, so Italy is not without them: but individual instances prove nothing; and though we here discover a haggard figure striving to swallow a piece of *polenta*, and there another taking at regular intervals dried chesnuts* from his pocket, endeavouring with the utmost efforts of his jaws to masticate them, and meanwhile treating himself to a *mezzo boccale di vino piccolo*†, still it would be most unjust to charge the whole nation with gluttony and extravagance. Italian meals seem, on the contrary, designed merely to excite the appetite, not to satisfy it. In many good houses they have no regular dinner; but every hungry individual seeks something to eat, and

* As hard as Carrara marble: a full quarter of an hour is required to pulverize one of them.

† After the grapes have been twice pressed for the benefit of the master, they are put into a tub, and boiling water mixed with salt is poured over them for the benefit of the labourer. By this operation the yet remaining juice is certainly extracted, and the result is the *vino piccolo*, which is a cooling and by no means unpleasant beverage; but possesses little of that cheering and generous property which rejoices the heart of man.

takes it either while walking about, or in any corner he pleases. At night, instead of supper, they drink a cup of coffee without milk; and with this cup of coffee in his stomach, the Italian quits the *bottega* as full and as big as if he came from the table of an archbishop.

The Venetian deserves less praise on the score of frugality than the other Italians; in regard to good living indeed, Venice may be called the Vienna of Italy. There the citizen dines in due style. His repast consists of *una brava minestra di riso col bravo formaggio* (rice-soup with cheese), *del bravo alessio* (beef), *con una brava salza* (with a sop), *brave polpette* (hash), a *bravo arrosto* (roasted meat), together with a *brava insalata* (salad); but on fast-days of a *bravo pesce* (fish), or a *brava frittata* (omelette), with which he drinks a few *brave bottiglie di vino*, but not *piccolo*. The Venetian never speaks of any dish without prefixing the epithet of *bravo*, which sounds very comical; he enumerates all the *brave* things of which he has partaken with warmth and vivacity; he seems to enjoy them over again in recollection; and, in short, he is fully qualified to act no insignificant part even in Vienna itself.

But let us return to the *Sagra*, that we may make ourselves acquainted with all its amusements. We pass the village *bottega* without stopping, for the company there is not the most select, and the effluvia which meet us at the entrance authorize us to infer, that the inmates have eaten no inconsiderable quantity of a plant, which, to my knowledge, is not used

any where as a perfume. We will therefore rather stay in the open air, where we shall have occasion to observe two favourite games of the Italians, called *alle bocce** and *alla mora*. The former cannot long engage our attention; the latter, in which the Italians are not surpassed by any nation in the world, would detain us longer, if our ears were capable of enduring the horrid uproar. But the shadows are lengthening: some of the living posts mentioned above are beginning to move off: the stomach demands its rights. As, however, the Marchesa C. is as bitter an enemy to the English as she is a cordial admirer of the French, and consequently we have no reason to expect a welcome at her mansion; and all our inquiries for something to eat at the village *osteria*, are answered with *Niente—mica—illustrissimo, no*; the most prudent course we can pursue is, to take advantage of the lovely autumnal evening, such as thrice blessed Italy alone can furnish, and to return on foot to the town.

I leave you to make what use you please of these pages, merely suggesting, that it might not be amiss to dedicate them to the inhabitants of the country towns of Italy.

* A game which is played with three balls. The balls are thrown on the ground, and the player strives to make his ball stop the nearest to the ball first thrown. *Alla mora* is too generally known to need description; but I cannot help remarking, that a public-house, in which ten couple of Italians are playing *alla mora* affords a more correct idea than any thing I know of the tremendous spectacle of the falls of Schaffhausen and Niagara.

ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

THE late Mr. Tresham related to the writer, that when at Rome he saw a dog which was in the habit of frequenting a coffee-room; and on any person giving him a piece of coin, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-house, and eat it before the donor, as if to shew that he had put the money to a proper use.

He has also heard an anecdote of a dog that used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's with a penny in his mouth to purchase a roll for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when the baker changed his journeyman, and the dog was unheeded. The master, who was acquainted with the practice of his four-footed customer, happened to enter the shop, and the journeyman was blamed for his inattention. The fellow took it in ill part, and resolved next time to wreak his revenge on the dog. Accordingly he kept a roll as hot as possible, and at the appointed hour proffered it to the canine customer.

The dog seized the bread, but finding it too hot to hold, dropped it; he tried it again, still it was too much for him. At length, as if guessing the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker.

A dog, being run over by a carriage, had his leg broken: a humane surgeon seeing this, had the dog brought home, set the leg and cured him. The dog was discharged, but never failed when he met his friend to recognise him by wagging his tail. One day, a noise of a dog barking was heard at the surgeon's door. The servant was ordered to ascertain the cause. It proceeded from the surgeon's former patient, who had brought with him another dog with a broken leg.

It is related of Hogarth's bull-dog, that he would, when his master missed attending the club, go thither alone, seat himself in his master's chair, and when the meeting was over return home.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

No. II.

WALTER JEFFERSON.

(Continued from p. 169.)

THE recreations of Walter Jefferson, after many hours of useless attendance at chambers, were at this time entirely confined to the tea-table of an old friend of his mother's, whose daughter, Rhoda Woodyatt, cheered him, when often worn out by the solitudes of the day. No impropriety was ever dreamed of in this intercourse: they had slept in

the same cradle; had been parted, it is true, during the years of schooling, but now his arm was ever ready to escort her to the park, and sometimes to the pit of the theatre. He was too honest and too prudent to attempt to inspire a passion which he could never return. They called each other by their christian names, rendered more familiar by abbrevia-

tions, and in talking of their little *penchants* for any of the opposite sex, they laughed as would brother and sister at their mutual criticisms, predilections, or observations. There appeared indeed something so absurd to Jefferson in the idea of his falling in love with a girl who had but a poor thousand which she could call her own, that he deemed himself perfectly free from contagion; and to be certain of this, he was in the constant practice of examining his heart during every absence from her. On his occasional departures from her, he found she was very seldom in his thoughts, and he fancied himself quite as happy in the company of some country attorney as he would have been in that of Rhoda Woodyatt. Dan Cupid was not; however, to be treated thus: with all the urchin's apparent indifference to what was going on, he was aiming dart after dart at the bosom of the as yet insensible Rhoda, who, in the seeming impossibility of their union, flattered herself that he would never be united to any one else, or that she only felt that interest in the welfare of Jefferson which she should feel for any other friend; and while she would sit for the quarter of an hour together hearing something of "the practice of the courts," or the case of "*Rotherham versus Botherum*," she never asked herself, how or for what did her heart so violently beat, from the excitation of his anticipated "going the circuit," or on his expected return. Love, however, like murder, will out: various means combine to tell the dreadful truth; the following was the medium in this case: A course of hard reading in a close room at length brought Jefferson to so debilitated a

state, that something fatal was anticipated. He found himself in that situation which requires all the kind assistance of friendship to keep his tottering frame together. His mind was so shattered, that he shed tears like a girl from nervous irritability. His aching limbs barely bore the burthen of his body, weak as it was. At such a time who could be coldly cautious? Indeed he wanted a nurse and a friend who was young and able to attend on him, and his only friend was Rhoda: she prepared his medicines; she surmised his wants; she read to him, and made his pillow easier to his head. Rhoda recovered him to life: while she was doing this, anxiety stole the roses from her cheeks, but joy at his convalescence dressed her face with smiles. Her arm supported his enfeebled frame when he walked, and coldly as he was constructed, did he never press that hand which had been stretched out to save him? To be brief, she redeemed his life with half her own. Health and strength revisited the frame of Jefferson; but poor Rhoda Woodyatt bent like a lily in the storm, and stood conscious of owning a love which could never be returned.

On again resuming his professional career, and on his first departure after it from the lodgings of Rhoda's mother, Jefferson lost no time in settling the account between him and his benefactress. Without suffering the least consideration of his own happiness to interfere with hers, he preferred at once probing the wound to the bottom to suffering the contagion to take a firmer hold. He endeavoured to, and he did, consider every point in the most dispassionate manner: the result was, that in

marrying Rhoda he struck a balance of certain, considerable, and everlasting misery; and in leaving her to a chance of happiness, he was acting like a man of honour. He lost no time in acquainting her with the result of his cogitations: that as it appeared to him that he could never marry, he scorned to hold any female in the vexatious trammels of a never-dying hope, sickened with endless disappointment.

Alas! this determination, kindly as it was written, reasonably as it was dictated, failed for a long time to convince her; and as she day by day pored over it with the indistinct vision of tearful eyes, till she found a true and fatal corroboration of her fears, uncheered even by her mother, who dared not bid her hope, she became paler and paler yet; and days and weeks and years beheld her as one who wanders on a lonely beach waiting the distant sail—but yet, nor yet, a sail appears.

Jefferson, for more reasons than one after this cruel *éclaircissement*, changed the scene of his operations from Edinburgh to London. Here, where impudence holds constant warfare with merit, Jefferson soon forgot poor Rhoda—when we say forgot her, we mean that she no longer weighed down his heart with chagrin; she no longer haunted him in the glare of day and occupation; but in the night and in the silence of solitude her form would flit before his imagination like the visions of Ossian. Sometimes in a concourse of females his beating heart would tell him, that some form was by, which resembled her whom it was criminal to think of more; but when this *double* opened her mouth, “he for-

got it all.” The reflections which this rencontre awakened were quickly drowned, not in bumpers of wine, but in larger draughts of law, and hurrying to some busy scene of action, all within would quickly fall into a repose. He was one morning in particular much startled by the appearance of a lady as she quickly passed the Temple-porch; but his surprise was greater still on hearing the peal of his office-bell, evidently pulled by the hand of the fair-one who had been the cause of this speculation. He had not even time to quiet the uproar which this incident had caused within his breast, when the little dirty urchin, whom he found it necessary to retain in his service at half-a-crown a week, ushering the lady into an adjoining apartment, announced her to his master as the Hon. Miss Rothchild, with Mr. Johnson. Jefferson, although to his credit be it spoken he was no coxcomb, veiled his soiled stockings with a pair of jet-black Wellingtons, poked his fingers through his hair, to awaken it from the dormant state into which it had fallen, and tucking in a frill somewhat tumbled by a second day's exhibition, and giving a glance at his fingernails, somewhat tipped with the ebony of his profession, entered the room, when the figure before him caused him to feel more than his usual trepidation. The form of the lady was Rhoda's, yet somewhat taller, for she wore feathers, and her nose was a little more Grecian. Her eyelashes were quite as long, and her eyes, though larger, of the same colour with those of Miss Woodyatt; but her voice came to him in larger volumes, and she pos-

sessed a greater degree of vivacity. Clarinda Rothchild bore that superiority in appearance to Rhoda Woodyatt which a woman of high fashion invariably must exhibit in comparison with the retiring manners of a respectable female in middling life, confined in her exertions by want of pecuniary resources from mixing with folks of *haut ton*. Clarinda was a large paper vellum copy of Rhoda, more elegantly bound indeed; yet Jefferson thought, that, with such feathers and as much ballast, she might eclipse the lady now before him, who had indeed got half into her story before Jefferson had really comprehended a single word.

Whether Dan Cupid at the development of Jefferson's unfortunate *penchant* had nothing further to do, or whether merely to keep his hand in he had aimed a blunted arrow at Clarinda's bosom, we know not, but she had called that morning with a Mr. Johnson, a sort of a good-natured nobody, for the sole purpose of seeing Jefferson, to hear him speak, who every day had passed her window precisely at five o'clock for the last half-year on his way to a certain coffee-house, and in whose affairs she had taken a most unaccountable and fervent interest. Clarinda Rothchild was the only daughter of a gentleman, who, dying soon after his wife, left his child with a fortune of 8000*l.* per annum. Her guardian was a man of rank, but he also was now dead, and she becoming of age, and left entirely her own mistress, determined to pursue the bent of a singular but rather superior mind. Surrounded as she was by suitors, she gave no encouragement to any of them: at length she

dismissed them all, and with the quixotic idea of finding out some poor young man, a gentleman of modest merit, on whom she might bestow her hand, she determined to lead a life of single blessedness until she had discovered her *beau idéal* of a husband. With the manners of a Widow Cheerly, and with all the loveliness and frankness of youth, Jefferson, had he been any other than himself, must have capitulated without terms: as it was, he now coolly listened with the greatest patience to her design of wishing to found a school for children; nay, he entered into all her views. Mr. Johnson said but little; he merely helped himself to an affirmative or a negative, which made not the smallest difference in the negociation. They then fixed on certain preliminaries for the present, when Clarinda, taking out her watch, declared she had yet a hundred places to call at, to which Mr. Johnson assented; and she departed with a grace the most fascinatingly friendly, though mixed with a correcting majesty. "Poor Rhoda!" exclaimed Jefferson with a deep sigh as soon as he had somewhat recovered himself—"poor Rhoda!" he exclaimed, while suffering a favourite kitten to play with the tassels of a reticule which Clarinda had left on a chair behind her, "thou mightest, had Fortune favoured thee, have visited me in as gallant a trim as this Miss Rothchild!" and he sighed deeper and deeper still. This tender apostrophe to the memory of his first love, as it seemed in the utterance, was perhaps as much intended for himself as for the absent party: it might rather be translated into, Poor Jefferson! who once loved one so lovely, when you

might have had the love of one so much superior in fortune! But he roused himself from this doldrum, and laying aside carefully the reticule, repaired to his desk. He seized his pen, and began, "That the said assignees, their administrators and executors, do hereby promise for themselves, their heirs, administrators, and executors——" But, alas! this was no theme for

Jefferson now; he fidgeted twenty times in his chair, and at length putting on a clean neckcloth, repaired past Clarinda's lodgings, without daring to look up at the window, and ordered a chop and a pint of wine at the White Hart. But what occurred after this repast, we shall leave till next month, imploring in the mean time the patience of the readers of the *Repository*.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY: A TALE.

WHEN Paris was taken by the allies on the 30th of March, 1814, the Sisters of St. Camille were among the foremost of those who hastened to succour the wounded. Forgetting in that moment the timidity of their sex, or rather raised above it by the divine sentiment which filled their hearts, they were seen, even before the conclusion of the battle, gliding through the ranks, that they might be the first to succour the wounded. The holy zeal which filled their hearts retained them in the field long after the combat was terminated, and they continued throughout the night their labours of benevolence.

A few days afterwards the horrors of war were at an end; the abdication of Buonaparte stopped the effusion of blood, and gave peace to Europe. The principal object then was, to heal the woes which the tyrant had caused, and they were innumerable. The French hospitals were every where filled with wounded: happier than they whom his mad ambition had led to perish in a foreign land, these unfortunates at least received from their countrymen every attention that could soften the horrors of their destiny. The Sisters of Charity were still among the

foremost of those who surrounded the beds of the wounded; but a sentiment of adoption drew one of these pious sisters oftener towards the couch of one of the wounded soldiers than to those of his comrades. She was ignorant of his name or his country, but, conducted by Providence, she had succeeded in saving him from certain death, and the difficulty she had encountered in doing so endeared him to her benevolent heart. The danger she had incurred in snatching him from the fate that awaited him, formed a tie which for ever attached her to his destiny.

On the evening of the battle, while her companions eagerly surrounded those of the wounded who were near the barrier, she cast many a look behind on the field of blood; in vain did night cover it with a thick veil, her straining eyes every moment sought to pierce the gloom, while she repeated to herself, "Ah! perhaps even at this moment some unfortunate may be expiring there for want of succour!" Almost involuntarily she drew back a little from the crowd, proceeded a few steps beyond the walls, and fancied, that in the sighing of the wind she could distinguish the tones of a human

voice. She advanced a few steps farther, listened in breathless impatience; the sound was not repeated, and she began to fancy that her heart had deceived her, when again a murmur struck her ear: guided by the sound, which every moment became more distinct, she traversed the terrible plain, till she found amidst the dead the unfortunate whom she sought with such tender compassion.

It was a young soldier, whom the loss of blood had for some time deprived of his senses. Recalled to himself by the cold of the night, the intolerable anguish of his wounds drew from him those feeble cries which brought an angel to his aid. The tender cares of the sister soon restored him to a full sense of his situation. Ah! with what affright did he consider it! He had lost his left arm; his leg was broken; it was impossible for him to stand, and in a dark night, in a spot so deserted, his sole hope of preserving a life which seemed fast ebbing was the assistance of a helpless woman. A sense of the utter hopelessness of his situation struck him to the heart; his head dropped from the arm of the sister, and he resigned himself to death, which he believed to be approaching him.

But the good sister could not resign him to it. "No," said she, "Providence will not suffer you to perish. The Almighty has sent me to your aid: doubt not that he will give me the strength to save you." Roused by her words, he exerted himself to crawl with her assistance to a more elevated spot, where she, stooping down, took him upon her shoulders, and tottering under her burthen, she arrived at last, with a heart elate with joy, at the spot where

she had left her sisters attending the wounded.

Younger than her sisters, she had but lately entered the order of St. Camille, and was yet new to the performance of works of mercy. The pleasure of benevolence made her heart throb with the most lively emotion as she approached the bed where he who owed his life to her reposed. If at times he complained of the evils that had befallen him, the good sister reanimated his courage; was he indignant at having been conquered, she spoke to him of the happiness that peace promised to France. His looks sufficed to inform her of his feelings and of his pains, and by turns she calmed his indignation, or soothed his sufferings.

While the life of the young soldier was in danger, the sister prayed for his restoration to health; but she soon found his re-establishment too prompt. "Alas!" said she mentally, "he is surely without fortune, and his wounds will prevent him from getting a livelihood: what then will become of him when he is obliged to leave the hospital?" These reflections disquieted the mind of the good sister, and the nearer her patient approached convalescence, the more uneasy she became.

The young soldier was sufficiently acquainted with the heart of his benefactress to divine the cause of the anxiety which she shewed in speaking to him of his future prospects. "Tranquillize your mind, my dear preserver," said he to her one day: "it is probable that I shall not perish for want; but overwhelmed by the remembrance of past sorrows, and having still many to undergo, life to me is far from being welcome: yet fear not that I will neglect any means

of preserving it. No, my dear, my generous benefactress, trust me that I will exert all my powers to preserve the existence I owe to your heroic piety. It is right also that you should know who it is that you have preserved. My name is Frederic; I was born in Normandy, of poor parents, whose fourth child I was; but as their eldest son died only four days before my birth, I came into the world in the midst of the grief of my parents for him.

"During my youth they lost their two other children, and though they loved me with the most tender affection, yet more than once, without doubt, they have thought that their adversity began with my birth.

"My elder brothers were still living, when a brother of my mother's, a venerable priest, took me to his curacy, and charged himself with the care of my education. Though poor, he was very learned; natural talent had supplied to him the want of an expensive education; and fondly attached himself to learned and scientific pursuits, his greatest pleasure was to instruct me, not only in the severer branches of learning, but also in some accomplishments which had formed the amusements of his youthful days. Thus my education was greatly above my situation in life, and it became my greatest misfortune. I was too proud to seek companions among lads of a condition superior to my own, and my equals kept a humble distance from the nephew of the *curé*. And though at those times that I returned to pass a few weeks with my parents, I experienced a cordial and sincere welcome from my old comrades, yet the difference of our pursuits occasioned a sort of inequality which estranged us from

each other. In short, I had neither friend nor companion of my own age: such was the first fruit of my education.

"When I lost both my brothers, I insisted upon returning to my parents, that I might spare my father the labour which was too severe for his old age. My uncle opposed it. 'The conscription,' said he to my parents, 'will soon deprive you of Frederic. You cannot save him from it, and you will then have no one to cherish your old age. Let him continue to study for the church, it will exempt him from the conscription; and until he is able to assist you, I will provide for your wants.'

"We followed the counsel of my kind uncle; but all turned out contrary to my hopes: an apoplectic attack deprived me of that excellent man, just as I had finished my first year at college. He had saved nothing, for all that he could spare had been devoted to the wants of my parents. It was then necessary for me to resume immediately that laborious life of which I had lost the habits, and to run the chance of the conscription; or to remain at college, and let my parents find bread as they could. My choice was soon made; I renounced, at least for the time, the clerical life, bade adieu to our superior, and, with a stick in my hand, and my bundle under my arm, I took the way to my native village.

"I had informed my mother of the time at which I should return; and she waited for me on the road that led to our village. With what joy did I throw myself into her arms! but I saw that she wept. Affrighted, trembling, I had scarcely power to pronounce the name of my father. She answered me, in a voice almost

stified by sobs, 'Yesterday he spoke of you for the last time!' The words went to my heart. Unable to stand, I sank on the road-side, and there, clasped in the arms of my poor mother, I silently mingled my tears with hers.

"The remains of my father were not yet buried, and my mother had no money to defray the funeral expenses. I paid it by the sale of my ecclesiastical dress. As the only son of a widow, I was now exempt from the conscription. I resumed with alacrity the rural toil, now our only resource. The little patch of ground which my father left me prospered in my hands; my labour afforded my mother a decent support; and now I began to enjoy happiness, in saving her from fatigue, in seeing her once more cheerful, and in hearing her bless me as the cause.

"Alas! those days, the only really happy ones I ever knew, were too short! I lost my poor mother, and her death left me alone in the world. No one was interested enough in my fate to seek to dissipate my melancholy; and, without doubt, it would soon have conducted me to the grave, if the news of the successive defeats of our armies had not roused me from the apathy in which I was plunged. I had sold my little inheritance soon after the death of my mother, with the intention of returning to college. The invasion of my country could not disquiet me on my own account, for I had nothing to lose; but as I prayed at the grave of my poor parents, I felt myself impelled to defend from violation the spot where

their bones reposed. I bought my uniform and arms, that I might satisfy a fancy which I had to procure from the prefect of my department, a certificate that I had voluntarily entered the army with my own arms and baggage. I was immediately marched to Paris, and received two shots, almost at the same time, under the walls of the city.

"You know the rest. The loss of my arm deprives me of the possibility of entering the church, and the weakness of my leg prevents my return to my native village, where I might at least enjoy the satisfaction of laying my bones by the side of my parents. Although only the soldier of a day, my country owes something to my distress; but I shall not need to seek for that small relief to my wants. My education and talents will procure me bread in Paris: but it is something more than bread, it is affection that I require; it is that alone which can excite in my mind a desire to live."

The sister listened in silence to this recital, and when Frederic concluded it with a profound sigh, she tried to recall him to hope. She spoke to him of the inexhaustible bounty of Providence, and exhorted him to place the most unlimited confidence in him, who has declared that he is the friend of the friendless. Her pious cares were not unavailing; the looks of the young soldier became less sorrowful; and she saw with delight, that if she could not succeed in raising hope, she had at least banished despair.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SOCIETY FOR THE ANNIHILATION OF TIME.

ON Wednesday last the above society held its anniversary at the Old Slaughter's Coffee-House. The chair was taken by Lord *Do-no-more*, who opened the proceedings with a luminous speech, which we regret our limits will not permit us to insert. Suffice it to say, that it engrossed the attention of the meeting for at least one hour, and was of course rapturously applauded.

The report of the proceedings of the society was then read by the secretary, and appeared to give general satisfaction.

Several noblemen and gentlemen addressed the meeting at considerable length. In their speeches, no quarter was given to time or the king's English.

The following resolutions passed unanimously :

That the meeting contemplates with the utmost satisfaction the progress already made in forwarding the objects of the society ; and by their unremitting efforts, they confidently anticipate a successful issue to the great cause in which they are engaged.

That the meeting views with the greatest pleasure the great increase in the means of public amusement, not only in the metropolis, but in the country generally, whether in theatres, tabernacles, exhibitions, shows, races, assemblies, love-feasts, milling matches, &c. &c. ; and, on the other hand, they cannot but deprecate the interference of officious individuals in endeavouring to suppress those manly sports, which constitute the chief means of destroying the enemy among the lower classes, and of maintaining the unrivalled spirit of the people of these islands.

That, with a view to the encouragement of pastimes among the lower class-

es, a portion of the society's funds be annually applied to the purchase of leather breeches, smock frocks, lace hats, ribbons, &c. to be run, wrestled, boxed, or grinned for, at the various fairs and wakes of this country ; and that the secretary be instructed to prepare a list of such places as are best qualified for donkey-race plates, and that the same be submitted to the society at their next meeting.

That, in order to afford amusement to such gentlemen as are by necessity confined to the house, as well as to encourage the breed of that noble animal the maggot, a golden nut shall be presented annually to each of the principal towns in the kingdom, to be run for by maggots under three years old, over a course not exceeding a ten-feet dining-table, and subject to the rules of the Jockey Club.

That, as through the means of Sunday schools, it is probable, that, before long, the whole population will be instructed in reading, whereby an opportunity will be afforded to the ill disposed, both in religion and politics, to sow their tares, rendering it a matter of great consequence to supply the soil prepared with proper seed, it is the opinion of the meeting, that a part of the funds of the society cannot be better disposed of than in the publication of cheap tracts, containing facetious anecdotes, amusing stories, rules for popular games, &c. to be distributed at low prices among the people.

That the masters of the ceremonies at the principal places of fashionable resort be requested to attend the next meeting of the society, for the purpose of concerting the best means of carrying on the war against the enemy among the upper classes in their respective stations.

That magistrates in general be requested to afford every facility to the lower classes engaged in the same warfare ; and that the sheriffs be requested

to give public notice of the execution of criminals, and to afford accommodation to the people in viewing this their favourite amusement; and that they may at the same time take measures to keep free from intrusion the pockets of such ladies and gentlemen as may attend these rational and agreeable pastimes.

That a special meeting be called for the purpose of electing a new president in the room of their late much-lamented patron, the King of the Sandwich Islands.

That prizes be offered at each of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for the best epitaph on his said majesty, in which no allusion be made to that popular association of eatables, naturally suggested by the association of ideas.

That, with a view to the encouragement of giants, dwarfs, and monsters of all kinds, prizes be established for the most approved objects of wonder and delight, whether of foreign or domestic growth.

That a reward of 500*l.* be offered for the first person who shall produce a true mermaid, and if alive, 500*l.* additional; and that the Board of Longitude be requested to contribute towards this laudable purpose.

That, in order to encourage all attempts against the common enemy, a premium be granted to that person who, within a period of five years, shall be proved to have spent most time in the endeavour to discover perpetual motion.

That a deputation be appointed to wait on the Lord Mayor, to request he will fix a situation in the city as a market for Time, where persons who have more of this commodity than they know what to do with, may be enabled to dispose of the same to such as may have want of it; which measure they have no doubt will tend much to abridge the society's labours.

The thanks of the meeting were then voted to the following persons:

To Mr. Elliston of Drury-lane The-

atre, for his laborious endeavours to amuse the public, particularly for the taste displayed in the very judicious introduction of quadrupeds on the stages of our regular theatres, which introduction of Houyhnhnm performers has proved a great benefit to the concern, in shewing that Old Drury has more legs to stand upon than people imagined.

To Pierce Egan, Esq. for his multiplied efforts to entertain the public, as well as for his unremitting encouragement of the manly sports of the people.

To Mr. Secretary Peel, for his firm and successful stand against the efforts of a party to put down the noble diversion of bull-baiting.

To Messrs. Hunt, Probert, O'Meara, Battier, O'Callaghan, &c. &c. for the ample share they have taken in occupying the attention of the public.

To newspaper-reporters in general, for the pains they have taken, and the taste they have displayed, in catering for the public appetite.

To the *Far niente* Club, for their successful efforts against the common enemy.

Prizes were then adjudged to the following persons:

The society's gold medal to Mr. A—— of Cambridge, for the best copy of nonsense verses on the objects of the institution.

Ditto to Mr. B —— of Oxford, for the longest prose essay on the same subject.

Ditto to Mr. C——, for his ode to Morpheus.

Ditto to Mr. D——, for his invention of a new game on the cards.

Ditto to Mr. E——, for his admirable work on the art of amplifying, or making much ado about nothing.

Ditto to Dr. F—— (with the addition of Rousseau's *Emile* bound in pig), for his learned work on the education of animals, and for his ingenious application of the Lancasterian system to that purpose.

Ditto to Mr. G——, for the best

means of passing a wet day or Sunday evening.

Ditto to Professor H——, for his set of popular airs, adapted to Jews' harps and gentlemen's whistles.

Ditto to Mr. I——, for his Esquimaux melodies, calculated for long winter evenings.

The society's silver medal was then voted to the following persons:

To Mr. K——, for the best pantomime of the season.

To Mr. L——, for his new German flute, calculated for the use of officers of marching regiments.

To Mr. M——, for his new set of caricatures.

To Mr. N——, for his elegant variations on the devil's tattoo.

To Mr. O——, for a patent fishing-rod.

To Mr. P——, for a patent tooth-pick.

To Mr. Q——, for a patent humane cockspur, calculated to retard the death of the animal, to the consumption of time, and the entertainment of the spectators.

To Mr. R——, architect, for the most approved design of a castle in the air.

To Mr. S—— of Bond-street, for an improved fifty minutes' tie of the cravat, intended to supply the place of that time-killing part of the male toilet, hair-dressing, now unfortunately out of fashion.

To Mr. T——, for the greatest number of buttons pulled off gentlemen's coats during a morning's walk.

The society's *Joe Miller*, elegantly bound in ass, and stamped with their arms, was adjudged to the following persons:

To Mr. U——, for his book on field-sports.

To Mr. V——, for his work on the art of dawdling.

To Mr. W——, for his new edition of the story of a Cock and a Bull, with notes and commentaries.

To Mr. X——, for his new edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with maps.

It was further resolved to confirm the act of the society's committee, which, inconsideration of the important services performed by Captain Parry and his brave associates, and of the dreary prospect before them, took upon itself to present each of the ships bound to the polar regions with several sets of the most somniferous birthday odes and Esquimaux melodies, together with a selection from the society's tracts, the whole bound in white Russia bear.

Thanks being, as usual, voted to the chairman, the meeting was dissolved, most of the company adjourning to the City of London Tavern, there to consume, in the festivities of the table, what remained of the enemy after the day's proceedings.

B.

HANDS AND RINGS.

AMONG the Romans a handsome hand as well as a handsome foot was considered as a great beauty. In speaking, they gesticulated a great deal, for the purpose of displaying the hand in every graceful movement. The Italians even at the present day express a great number of

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ideas by mere gestures. As it was not then customary to wear gloves, so much the more attention was paid to the delicate appearance of the hand: it was above all required that the nails should be nicely cut, and shine as if polished. Ovid says, in his *Art of Love*, a fair lady with

I 1

clumsy fingers and coarse nails must not gesticulate much. In large families there was a female slave expressly to keep the fingers and nails in order. The nails were cut with a small knife; the parings were preserved, and used for sympathetic cures. Pliny says, "If you mix the parings of nails with wax, make it up into a little ball, and stick it against the door of a strange house, the fever will infallibly remove from your house to the other." Those who were not rich enough to keep slaves applied to a barber, whose business embraced the cutting of nails. Nobody took the trouble to do it himself.

Thus too the wearing of rings was adopted for adorning the hand. The origin of this practice is so old, that it is lost in the obscurity of remote antiquity. It passed from Egypt to the Greeks, from the Greeks to the Hetruscans, and so to the Romans. The first rings were of iron, and were worn only by soldiers, and that on the third finger of the hand, which was thence denominated the ring-finger. Gold rings had come

into fashion anterior to the battle of Cannæ, after which Hannibal sent to the Carthaginian senate a whole bushel-full of them. The Roman senators likewise wore gold rings; and Florus relates, that, after the disastrous battle just mentioned, the Roman senate possessed no other gold than that of its rings. The plebeians soon began to follow the fashion, but at first with iron rings: gold ones were only granted to them as distinctions. Under the emperors, however, soldiers, nay even freed-men, were seen with gold rings. They were originally prohibited from wearing the latter unless presented to them by the emperor himself. Justinian, however, weary of the numerous petitions soliciting this favour, permitted all who pleased to give them away. Hence none but gold or at least gilt rings were worn: many of them are to be found in antique collections. When none but iron rings were allowed, to such a length was vanity carried, that people endeavoured to give to gold the colour of iron, that they might at least not wear real iron.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN DINNER-PARTY.

From Captain HALL'S "Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico."

THE scene of this entertainment was the city of Tepic, in Mexico.

I made one, says Captain Hall, of a great dinner-party, a sort of feast, or as it is called in Spanish, a *convité*. The hour named was one o'clock, but it was half-past one before the company were all assembled. They were first invited to a side-room to take a whet, which looked more like a substantial luncheon. In the middle of the table was placed a ham, flanked by two huge bowls, one of

punch, the other of sangaree, a mixture of wine, sugar, lemon-juice, and spices. At each end of the table stood a dish of cheese, ingeniously carved into the shape of radishes and turnips. At each corner was a dish of olives, covered with slices of raw onions, floating about in vinegar. I need not add, there was *aguardiente* and wine in profusion. Such ample justice was done to this whet, that the dinner, I thought, stood a poor chance of being touched; but

in this I was much mistaken. Forty people sat down to one table. At the top were placed the two principal ladies; on their right sat the military commander-in-chief, while I was requested to sit on the other side next to the lady of the house. Then came the *alcalde*, the chief civil authority, and so on. The master of the house served at table in the capacity of waiter, assisted most good-naturedly by four or five gentlemen, for whom there were no places, and who preferred making themselves useful in this way to dining in another apartment along with ten or a dozen others, equally shut out by want of room.

At first a suspicious kind of calm prevailed, but the soup had scarcely been removed before there appeared symptoms of an approaching storm. While we were discussing the *olla*, the dish which always succeeds the soup, a principal person in the company rose up, and shouted out, *Copas en mano!* Handle your glasses! But he had to repeat his mandate several times, and to stretch out his tumbler brimfull of wine, before the distant parts of the table stood up in honour of the toast, which was one of the common-places of the day, *Union y libertad!* After this signal there was kept up during the whole dinner a constant discharge of toasts and sentiments; and upon an average, towards the end of dinner, there could be no less than ten or twelve men on their legs, all speaking at once at the full stretch of their voices, and accompanying every remark with some theatrical gesticulation. Others kept their seats, thinking perhaps they might thereby have a fairer aim at the table, which rung from end to

end with the blows by which these orators sought to enforce their arguments.

Meanwhile the dinner went on, as if nothing remarkable was passing; the plates and dishes were changed by the servants and their volunteer assistants with singular dexterity, and in spite of this vast confusion. The bottle passed more and more rapidly; the noise increased; the bawlers became more numerous; and by the time the dinner was well over, the party fell to pieces, and all seemed uproar and confusion: groups of four or five, and sometimes twice that number, might be seen clustered together, all speaking or singing at once. I never was more astonished than at seeing so many men, on all other occasions perfect models of decorum, suddenly lose their formality, and act like so many professed toppers and merrymakers. At first I thought this must needs end in blows, and stood prepared to avoid the bottles and glasses which were likely to be flying about. But after a little while it was easy to discover more sounds of mirth than of anger; and the ladies, who must have been accustomed to such scenes, sat very composedly, viewing it all with great delight.

Something like order was presently restored by the feats of a merry Biscayan, who dressed himself like a cook, by throwing off his coat and his waistcoat, turning up the sleeves of his shirt above the elbows, and pinning a napkin across his breast. Those who knew him of old were immediately aware of what he was going to do, and roared out *Pastel! pastel!* (a pie! a pie!) upon which all singing, drinking, and talk-

ing were put an end to, and every one crowded round to see the famous pie made.

The Biscayan first indicated by signs that a large dish was to be supported before him, in which he pretended to place a number of ingredients, naming each as he affected to put it into his pie. These ingredients consisted principally of his friends, some of whom he inserted in whole; of others merely some ridiculous quality, or characteristic peculiarity; and as he chose only such persons as were present, the laugh went round against each in his turn. His satire was sometimes very severe, especially against the ladies; and at length he pretended, after a long and witty preface, to cut up the curate, who was sitting opposite, and thrust him into the dish, to the unspeakable delight of the company. No one enjoyed the laugh more than the worthy curate himself. But the Biscayan was too judicious to risk tiring his audience with any more of the pie after this last happy sally; so catching up a guitar, an instrument always at hand wherever Spanish is spoken, and casting his eye round the company, he addressed an appropriate extempore verse to each of the principal guests; then jumping off the table, on which he had seated himself to play the guitar, he set about imitating the manner of walking and speaking of five or six different provinces of Spain. This mimicry, though lost upon us, appeared to be so accurately done,

that he could scarcely begin an imitation before a number of voices called out *Gaditano! Gallego!* or whatever might be the province, the manners of which he was representing.

His last feat was one which certainly would not have been permitted a year or two before in a country so bigoted, or indeed in any country under Spanish controul. Having taken a table-cloth, he dressed himself like a priest, and assuming the most ludicrous gravity of countenance, went through a part of the ceremony of high mass, to the infinite delight of the company, who shook the house with peals of laughter. The curate was no where to be seen during this exhibition, which he could not, I suppose, have permitted to go on, although indeed every thing serious seemed banished for the time.

Immediately after this joke the noise ceased, the party broke up, and every one went off to his *siesta* with a composure and steadiness which shewed that the greater part of the preceding riot was the effect of choice, not of intoxication, to which certainly in appearance it was most closely allied. To satisfy myself on this point, I entered into conversation with several of the most boisterous; but they were now so perfectly quiet and sedate, that it was difficult to believe they were the same individuals who, but a few minutes before, had been apparently so completely tipsy.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PEASANTRY OF WESTPHALIA.

THE peasants of Westphalia ascribe supernatural influence to the cross. It expels evil spirits, and thwarts the malicious designs of

witches against cattle. They never cut a loaf till they have crossed the surface of it with the knife.

Many an indolent female subsists

by dispensing blessings and charms. The method of charming a complaint is as follows: After rubbing the ailing member of the patient, they breathe upon it crosswise, at the same time taking the name of God in vain, apply salt and rye-flour, or some kind of salve, to the affected part, pronouncing a certain form of words, in which the disorder is warned to depart. Though this trade is forbidden by edicts, especially in Prussian Westphalia, it is still carried on by great numbers.

It is very pernicious to men and cattle when a person who sees them for the first time, praises them without adding the words, "God bless them!"

Many persons have such a malignant eye, that by merely looking at men and cattle, they unknowingly bring them into great danger of their lives.

The peasants of Westphalia are so thoroughly convinced, that there are persons who, by muttering certain formulæ, are able to stop a horse in full speed, to silence a vigilant dog, to prevent fire from spreading, to stanch blood, and to do many other wonderful things, that nothing can persuade them to the contrary.

In some Catholic provinces, the farmer obtains and takes some consecrated wine, or a consecrated wafer, as a remedy for diseases among his cattle.

Many a housewife hangs her husband's small-clothes or cap on the horns of an ailing cow, for the purpose of curing the animal.

A few years since, in Prussian Westphalia, a countryman, if it was foretold that any misfortune should befall him, caused prayers to be offered in the church, that it might be

averted. Though this silly practice has been prohibited by the government, it still takes place here and there.

In some of the provinces, for instance, in the county of Ravensperg, many believe that they can recover stolen goods, if they fill a bag with the earth on which the thief stood when committing the depredation, and beat it with a stick twice or three times a day, till the dust flies out. The thief is supposed to be sympathetically affected with excessive pains, so that he must either give up his plunder, or die without retrieve.

To ascertain whether a person will die in the current year, the country folk in some places, about midsummer, pluck some St. John's wort before sunrise in the morning, and hide it in the walls in various parts of the house. The bunches which immediately droop announce with certainty the speedy death of those who placed them there; but if the herb remains fresh and green, then the person who deposited it will not die during that year.

Single drops of blood issuing from the nose announce the speedy death of a near relation.

When horses drawing a corpse happen to meet with any obstruction, another of the family will soon die.

If a clergyman makes a mistake in naming a child, or changes for instance the Low German into the High German name, the child is sure to be sickly.

If a pregnant woman stands god-mother to a child, either that or her own unborn infant will die young.

If a bride turns pale during the marriage ceremony, it is the sign of a death that will soon happen.

Young females knock on Christ-

mas-eve at the hen-house. If a hen first cackles, they relinquish all hope of being married during the ensuing year; but if a cock crows, the fulfilment of their wishes is at hand.

Even in the present century almanacs were printed in Westphalia, in which the good or ill fortune of children were determined by the months in which they were born.

There are certain days on which, in the opinion of these people, the state of the weather for some time depends. Thus, if it rains on the festival of St. Ælgidius (Sept. 1.), on Midsummer-day, and especially on the following Sunday; and on the Visitation of the Virgin Mary (July 2), there will be rain for the four ensu-

ing weeks. The animals which announce rain are the cuckoo, the swallow, the cock, and fish.

The notion of lucky and unlucky days is almost universal. On Monday no business of importance is commenced. Servants do not go to place; neither do parents send their children for the first time to school; nor are weddings or betrothals held on that day. Thursday also is considered as an unlucky day. Friday is the luckiest day for marrying, and Tuesday for servants entering on their service. Wheat sown on Sunday is sure to be mildewed. In short, there is no end to the superstitions of this kind.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

MR. TALBOT, in his "*Five Years' Residence in Canada*," just published, relates a story which savours a little of that licence that travellers are said to be in the habit of assuming. "In the spring of 1821," says he, "an intimate acquaintance of mine was one day fishing on the Canadian Thames, accompanied by his son, a young man about twenty-two years of age. Observing an uncommonly large sturgeon sailing up the river, the son immediately pierced it with his spear, and retaining a firm hold of his weapon, was dragged into the water. For some time he floated on the stream, behind the sturgeon, by the aid of his instrument; but at length becoming weary of this mode of proceeding, like another Aristus, he got astride of the fish, and converting his spear into a bridle-rein, rode him for nearly a

mile down the river, which is in that part broad, deep, irregular, and rapid; when the unfortunate animal, unable to exert himself, on account of the loss of blood, yielded up his life to the prowess of his rider."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

The correspondent who favoured us with the anecdotes of the dog in a preceding page of this Number, may add the following to his collection: In the beginning of August last, a notary of Bourbon-Vendée in France was returning home from a neighbouring town on horseback, and followed by his dog. In passing a ford, with which he was well acquainted, his horse took it into his head to lie down in the water, and the action was so sudden, that the rider had not time to withdraw his feet from the stirrups: he was therefore kept under water, and must soon

have perished. The dog, aware of his master's danger, swam to the opposite shore, and there placing himself on his hind legs, set up the most piercing howls, which he continued without intermission, till two labourers, at work in the fields, heard this distressing appeal. They hastened to the spot, on which the dog ceased his cries, and running before, guided them to the scene of his master's sufferings. The success of the faithful animal was complete. The notary was taken from the water, and conveyed to a neighbouring house, where, by the use of proper remedies, he was restored to animation, and finally to health.

INDIAN COURTSHIP.

An aged Indian, who had for many years spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day about the year 1770, observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one: "For," said he in his broken English, "white man court—court—may be one whole year—may be two years before he marry! Well! may be then got *very good* wife—but may be *not*—may be *very cross*!—Well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one—he must keep *him* [Pronouns in the Indian language have no feminine gender.] White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do?—Indian, when he sees industrious squaw which he like, he go to *him*, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two

look like one—look squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* says *Yes*!—so he take *him* home—no danger he be cross! no, no! Squaw know too well what Indian do, if *he* cross!—throw *him* away and take another. Squaw love to eat meat—no husband no meat. Squaw do every thing to please husband—he do the same to please squaw—live happy!"

VALUE OF TIME.

Madame de Genlis, in a work on the employment of time, lately published at Paris, mentions the French Chancellor d'Aguesseau, as one of those men who turned every minute of this short life to the best account, and relates the following curious anecdote of him: "Finding that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, he resolved to employ this interval exclusively in composing a work. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three large quarto volumes, which has gone through several editions, and is held in high estimation."

TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Hodgson, a recent traveller in the United States, and who manifests in general a strong partiality for the Americans, draws a horrid picture of the outrages practised on slaves in that boasted land of liberty.

"The other day," says that writer, "I passed a plantation, whose owner, a few months before, had shot one of his slaves; and I conversed with a young planter, I think not twenty-two years old, whose general manners bespoke mildness,

rather than the contrary, who had also shot a slave within a year. The offence in both cases was stated to be running away, and no notice whatever was taken of either of the murders. A friend of mine, who has resided here some time, told me, that calling one morning on a respectable planter, a man of eminently humane and amiable manners, he was surprised to see him sitting in his verandah, with his gun in his hand, earnestly watching a slave in his court, who was looking up at him with great emotion, as if meditating an escape. By and by the over-looker came, and took the slave away. My friend turned to the planter, and asked him what was the matter. He replied, 'While I was at breakfast, that Negro came and delivered himself up, telling me, that he had run away from my plantation to avoid a threatened flogging; but that as he had returned voluntarily, he hoped I would intercede with the overseer, and get him excused. I told him I seldom interfered with the overseer, but would send and inquire into the circumstances. I sent for him; but the Negro, in the mean time, apprehending the result, looked as if he would dart off into the woods. I ordered my gun, and if he had attempted to stir, I should have been obliged to shoot him dead; for there is no other way of enforcing obedience and subordination.'

"A very short time since, a wealthy planter tried to work his slaves half the night as well as the whole day. They remonstrated with the overseer, and became refractory, on which the planter undertook to controul them. He took his seat on the trunk of a tree, with his gun in his hand, to shoot the first who should shrink.

About twelve o'clock at night he fell asleep. The slaves seized his gun, shot him, and burned him to ashes on the fires which he was compelling them to make at midnight of the wood they were employed in clearing. The case was so glaring, and the planter's cruelty so notorious, that the matter was hushed up as well as it could be, and the slaves were not punished: though, while at Charlestown, I saw an account of a young Negro-woman being burnt to death in South Carolina the week before, for murdering her master. An acquaintance of mine told me he was staying at the time at an inn in the neighbourhood, from which many of the company went to see the horrid spectacle.

"On so serious a subject as this I am particularly guarded in mentioning nothing for which I have not unquestionable authority. The following fact rests on the evidence of my own senses: At a dinner-party of five or six gentlemen, I heard one of the guests, who is reputed a respectable planter, say, in the course of conversation, that he shot at one of his slaves last year with intent to kill him for running away: that, on another occasion, finding that two runaway slaves had taken refuge on his plantation, he invited some of his friends out of town to dinner and a *frolic*: that after dinner they went out to hunt the slaves, and hearing a rustling in the reeds or canes in which they believed them to be concealed, they all fired at their *game*, but unfortunately missed. Does not your blood curdle? Yet he did not appear to be sensible that he was telling any thing extraordinary, nor to understand the silence of astonishment and horror!"

AN ACCOMMODATING CHANCELLOR.

Maupcou, Chancellor of France under Louis XV. was more than once seen at Paris, in all the paraphernalia of office, playing at shuttlecock with the little Negro Zamori, the train-bearer of Madame Dubarry, and patiently permitting his play-fellow to drive the shuttlecock in his face. At the same period ministers of state did not scruple to play at piquet with the king's valets.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

It was a curious custom of the middle ages to make what were termed *oiselets de Chypre* (birds of Cyprus) from the bladders of carp; these were then painted with gay colours by Neapolitan painters, filled with a sort of gas, and so contrived, that they burst at the slightest touch, and diffused around an exquisite perfume. Ladies frequently employed them for particular purposes; but when gentlemen offered them to la-

dies, this was deemed a piece of gallantry, which the latter returned by emptying their confit-boxes into the waistcoat-pockets of the former.

LUNAR ROADS.

A professor of Munich is reported to have lately discovered high-roads in the moon with a telescope possessing the magnifying power of 100. The moon at that time was, we will say, for the sake of a round number, only 200,000 miles distant from his eye, and that divided by 100 consequently gives 2000 miles as the distance at which the roads in question may be discerned by the naked eye. What immense sums a road of sufficient breadth to be seen 2000 miles off must have cost! We ought to congratulate ourselves that we have not to contribute to the highway-rates in that planet. They are high enough in our own, though our roads are not so broad by a mile or two as those in the moon.

COSTUMES OF THE MEXICANS.

From BULLOCK'S "*Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico.*"

THE costumes of the various classes of inhabitants of the city of Mexico vary considerably. The dresses of the Spaniard, and higher class of white natives, differ but little from those worn in Europe. The men and boys often appear in the streets in the long cloak; and in the house light jackets, of printed calico, are generally worn. They shave less often than we do, and when on a journey, or as long as they are indisposed, that operation is not performed.

The dresses of the ladies, and even of children, in the streets, is

universally black; the head of the former generally uncovered, or only a slight veil thrown over it. They take great pains with their fine hair, and are particularly neat about the feet, the stocking being usually of fine silk. This is their morning appearance, in which they are seen going to or returning from church, to the duties of which they are very attentive. No well-regulated family omits hearing mass every morning, mostly before breakfast.

On holidays, processions, and other public occasions, the dresses of the ladies are very gay, but not of

such expensive materials as those worn by our fashionables; artificial flowers are used in abundance, but ostrich feathers sparingly. It is generally in their carriages that the ladies appear in public, and very seldom on horseback.

The dress of the country gentlemen, or *paysanos*, is showy and expensive; and, when mounted on their handsome and spirited little horses, they make an elegant appearance. The lower dress consists of embroidered breeches, chiefly of coloured leather, open at the knees, and ornamented with numbers of round silver buttons and broad silver lace; a worked shirt, with high collar; and a short jacket of printed calico, over which is generally thrown an elegant *manga* or cloak, of velvet, fine cloth, or fine figured cotton, the manufacture of the country: these are often embroidered, or covered with a profusion of gold lace. On the feet are soft leather shoes or boots, over which is tied a kind of gaiter, peculiar to the country; they are commonly of cinnamon-coloured leather, wrapped round the leg, and tied with an ornamental garter: these are a very expensive article, the leather being cut in relieve in a variety of elegant patterns, which is done by the Indians in the interior provinces, in a manner that it would be difficult to copy in Europe. They are sold from eight to forty or fifty dollars the pair, and at that price yield a poor remuneration to the makers. Yet they are an article of great consequence in the fitting-out of the Mexican beau, who often appears in this kind of boot, richly embroidered in gold and silver, which costs upwards of one hundred dollars. The stirrups and spurs correspond in

magnificence and workmanship with the boots. The hat is of various colours, large, and the crown very flat and low, bound with broad gold or silver lace, and with a large round band, and fringe of the same. They are elegant, and well calculated to guard the sun from the head and shoulders. The decorations of the horse are also expensive; the great Spanish saddle, with its broad flaps, is richly embroidered with silk, gold, and silver, and the high-raised front covered with the same metals. The stirrups are often of silver, while those of the lower classes are of wood. The bridle is small, with a very large and powerful bit, by means of which the riders suddenly stop their fine little horses when at full speed.

The dresses of the country ladies are showy, but not elegant: worked shifts, with a light open jacket, and a richly embroidered or spangled petticoat, of bright-coloured soft cloth (often scarlet or pink), seem to be the unvarying costume.

The dresses of the poorer classes and Indians vary in the different provinces. The mixed descendants of the Spaniards, in the capital, and in Toluca and other cities, have little more than a blanket, worn much in the fashion of the Roman toga; whilst the garb of the Indian men consists of a straw hat, close jacket with short sleeves, of different dark-coloured coarse woollen or leather, and a short pair of breeches, open at the knees, also of leather, sometimes of the skin of goats, or of the peccary, with the hair-side outwards. Under this are worn full calico trousers, reaching to the middle of the leg, with sandals of leather on the feet, much in the form of the ancient



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DINNER DRESS.

Romans. The women appear in little more than a petticoat and short jacket, with their long raven-like tresses plaited on each side of the head with red tape. When seated on the ground for hours in the market-place, exposed to the sun, I have often seen them place a cabbage, or other large leaf, on their heads, to defend them from its influence. They are generally clean in their appearance, and orderly and modest in their behaviour. Indians are seldom

seen on horseback, or walking, on the roads; their ordinary pace being a kind of trot, or short run, in which manner they proceed to the town, carrying heavy loads. In returning from the market they are not so expeditious, being sometimes a little elevated with a liquor called pulque: they are, however, always respectful and polite to strangers. While these are passing they stop, take off their hats, and salute them; and are much pleased to be spoken to or noticed.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

IN consequence of the court mourning ordered for his late Majesty Louis XVIII. of France, who died on the 16th of September, our fair fashionables have exchanged for a short period their gay attire for the sombre trappings of woe. As this is a month in which very little change takes place, we have endeavoured to present our fair subscribers with what appeared to us most novel and striking, in our prints. The Lord Chamberlain's orders for the court mourning, circulated through the medium of the Gazette and all the newspapers, must, before the publication of this Number, have met the eye of all our readers. We have no doubt that the example of the Court will be very generally followed among the higher classes.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Pelisse of lilac *gros de Naples*, made high and full, with a circular collar, which turns over, having a double cording at the edge. The

sleeve is plain, and very large at the top, and confined twice between the shoulder and the elbow by corded satin bands, which are decorated about two or three inches apart on each side of the front of the sleeve by campanulas or Canterbury bells made of lilac satin. The skirt touches the ground, and is trimmed with five satin tucks of the same colour, elevated on the right side, and fastened by Canterbury bells of lilac satin: shaded lilac waist ribbon, and gold buckle in front. Very full worked muslin ruff, a little open at the throat, and fastened with a gold buckle. White chip bonnet, with a band of lilac satin introduced midway of the brim, which is circular, and deep in front, but shallow behind. The crown is low, and surrounded with a puffing of lilac satin ribbon and ears of corn: the strings are of *crêpe lisse* bound with lilac satin. Ear-rings of amethyst set in gold. Primrose-colour kid gloves and shoes.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of black silk *barège*: the *corsage* made rather low and circular, and narrow on the shoulder: it is ornamented with satin bands placed longitudinally. The sleeve is very short and full, set in a band of six small cords, and arranged in festoons, and fastened by buttons. The *ceinture* is of black satin corded with palmated leaves pendent behind, with buttons in the centre. The skirt has two very rich borders composed of satin rouleaus, formed into crescents, and united by two leaves of the Alpine saxifrage, tied at the base by a circlet composed of French

fold; beneath are two satin rouleaus and a broad wadded hem. A large long sleeve of crape is added, and comes over the short one; it is something similar to the French *manche à la neige*, though without the redundant garniture. Turban of white crape, folded very small, and formed into large *bouffants*; broad and plain in front: the left side arranged in a full rosette, with alternate *bouffants* of white satin and crape; the right intermingling with the folds behind. Black necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves and shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

SOFA-TABLE, CHAIR, AND FOOTSTOOL.

THE table is of rose-wood, relieved by carved ornaments in satin-wood, and is of very simple construction, although of adequate strength. The chair is composed of the same materials, and the cushion supposed to be covered with merino damask. The form of the back produces a very agreeable support to the person seated; and in effect the whole, if well carved, is rich, and perfectly

suited to harmonize with the best furniture of the drawing-room.

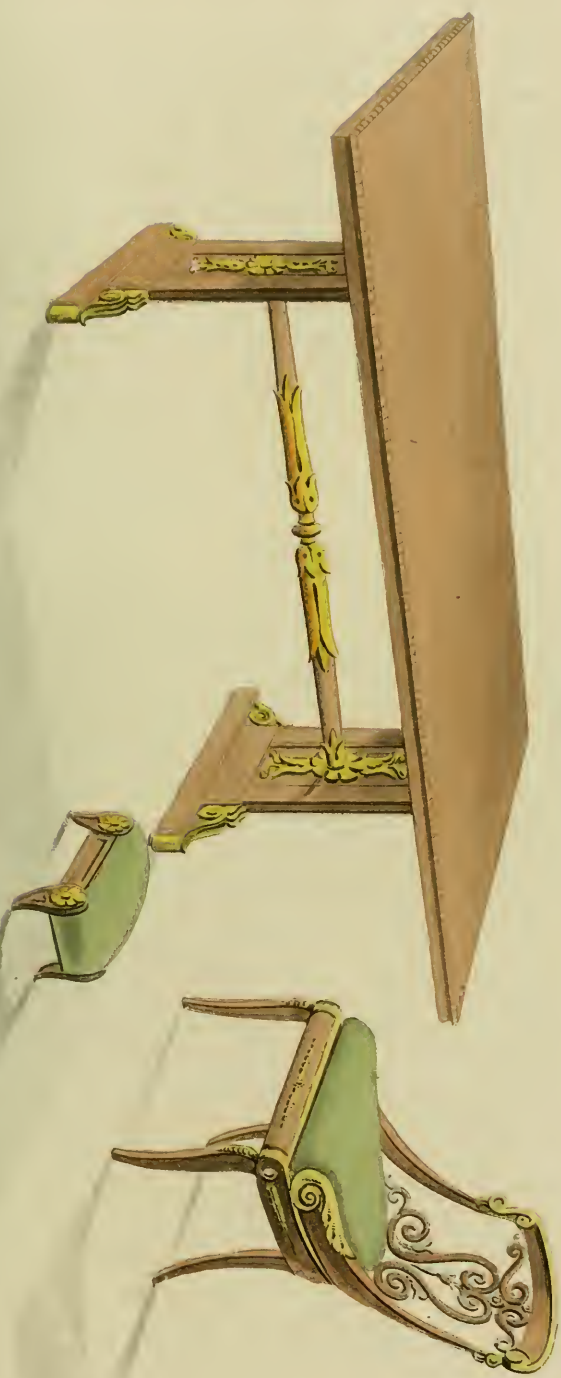
The footstool is designed in a corresponding style. The delicacy of the workmanship necessary to the full effect of furniture designed in this manner makes it costly; but those who possess it have the benefit of knowing that it will never become common-place, and from its artist-like merits will always be valuable,

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

THIS attractive Exhibition is again open to the public with two new views, seventy feet by fifty, painted by Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre, representing *the Cathedral of Chartres* and *the Harbour of Brest*. The former is a fine subject, and treated in a masterly manner. The peculiarities of the architecture and forms,

particularly in the closed choir, have furnished scope for a charming display of dioramic art. All the parts that are in strong or even in middle light are admirable; but the distances do not fully confirm the illusion which the fore-ground creates in the mind of the spectator, that it is actually a building which he sees,



FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

and not a painted surface, without depths or other perspective than what it derives from the skill of the artist. The whole may, nevertheless, be pronounced a triumph in this style of art.

The view of Brest, though it has some striking effects, cannot be rated so highly. The massive towers and walls on the right indeed impose upon the imagination. The water too is made to move, and to take alternate lights and shades: but when the waves rise and fall, how happens it that the vessels remain stationary? One or two of the chimneys absolutely emit smoke: but why

do the other thousands of houses in the city exhibit no sign of firing within? This mixture of principles is in bad taste. The diorama ought to stand upon its own ground—to afford a more irresistible deception to the eye, and through the eye to the understanding, than any other arrangement in the art of painting; but beyond this it should not attempt to go. We cannot, however, deny, that though this piece is inferior to those which have been exhibited here, still it possesses merit, interest, and attraction sufficient to gratify the most fastidious visitor.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE forthcoming volume of the *Forget Me Not* will form a peculiarly interesting present for the festive Christmas season. Its embellishments consist of twelve very highly finished engravings by first-rate artists; and the literary department is enriched with contributions from many eminent writers, such as Montgomery, Barton, Wiffen, Neele, Bowring, the Author of “Doblado’s Letters,” &c. &c. Those who wish to possess this work would do well to make early application to their respective booksellers, to prevent the recurrence of the disappointment suffered last year by great numbers, owing to the exhaustion of a very large impression several days before Christmas.

Mr. Ward’s masterly *Lithographic Delineations of celebrated Horses* are just completed. They form a series of fourteen subjects, which are equally calculated to gratify the admirers of that noble animal and the lovers of the arts.

The fourth number of Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest’s *Picturesque Tour of the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India*, just ready for publication, will contain views of a Sacred Tank and Pagodas near Benares; City of Benares from the Gan-

ges; Mahomedan Mosque and Tombs near Benares, and the Fort of Chunagurh on the Ganges.

Mr. Buchanan’s *Memoirs of Painting*, with a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the great Masters into England since the French Revolution, are ready for publication, in two 8vo. volumes. This work has the strongest claims to the notice both of the artist, the connoisseur, and the dealer in pictures.

In the press, and speedily will be published, with embellishments, in one volume large 8vo. *Saint Baldred of the Bass*, a Pictish legend; *The Siege of Berwick*, a tragedy; with other poems and ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire, by James Miller.

Captain Charles Cochrane has in the press, *An Account of a Twenty Months’ Residence in Colombia*; and from the favourable opportunities which he enjoyed for close and attentive observation, it is expected to throw much light on the state of that important country.

An additional volume of *Letters* by Anna Seward, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various sub-

jects, and embracing numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries, is preparing for publication. An Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Character, by Mr. Harral, will be prefixed.

A Chemical Society, the object of which is to promote the study of chemistry in all its branches, has just been formed in London. From the regulations which have been published, though the

design is not very explicitly described, it appears that there are to be ordinary meetings every fortnight; and that Lectures, Discussions, Experiments, and a Lecture-Room and Library, enter into the proposed plan. The immense practical utility of chemistry in almost all the arts of civilized life render such an institution, which shall be accessible to persons of all classes, highly desirable.

Poetry.

THE TOMB OF LAURA.

By J. M. LACEY.

I LOVE to stroll when others sleep,
A truant from my pillow,
And gazing o'er the rocky steep,
To view the moon-tipt billow.

No sound invades, save on the shore
The surges gently dying;
Or scarcely heard the distant oar,
Some drowsy seaman plying.

There Contemplation, pensive pow'r,
Recalls my wand'ring duty;
Or to this mind restores the hour
Of Laura's love and beauty.

Faithless, alas! as she was fair,
She scorn'd my sigh of sorrow;
Consign'd my soul to sad despair,
Another's love to borrow.

But he, by base seductive ways,
Destroy'd her mind's best treasure;
Then anguish'd grief consum'd her days,
Unknown to peace or pleasure.

Soon death in mercy seal'd her doom;
She sunk on Sorrow's pillow!
Now mournful wave o'er her lone tomb
The cypress and the willow.

And oft I go, when others sleep,
To scatter new-blown roses,
And heave the sigh, or sorrowing weep,
Where Laura's form reposes.

But Reason, ruthless pow'r, appears,
And paints her ev'ry failing;
Too worthless to deserve my tears,
And bids me cease my wailing.

Still Mercy dares assert her sway,
In spite of Reason's telling;
And oft I pause till peep of day
At Laura's dew-dropp'd dwelling.

Then to my partial eye perchance
Appears each friendly fairy,

Forgetting the fantastic dance
On grass-blades trod so airy;

Bending across poor Laura's tomb
In softest-seeming pity,
Whilst, as a tribute to her doom,
They chaunt some solemn ditty.

And Fancy pictures sylphid forms
On azure pinions flying,
To guard the spot from scowling storms
Where her remains are lying.

TO LADY JANET B——.

From Sir JOHN C——,

*In Answer to her Ladyship's Invitation to a
Dinner-Party and Ball at G—g—w.*

On the fifteenth Sir John will be proud to
attend

To the summons of dear Lady Janet his
friend;

When he hopes in her mansion much pleasure
to feel,

And to sport with the belles a gay waltz or
quadrille.

From her he receives with much joy an invite,
As her board is aye stored with nice things
to delight;

And her manner so winning is always a treat,
In which true politeness and kindness we
meet:

Her converse is also so charming and gay,
That the hours, wing'd with pleasure, fly
swiftly away.

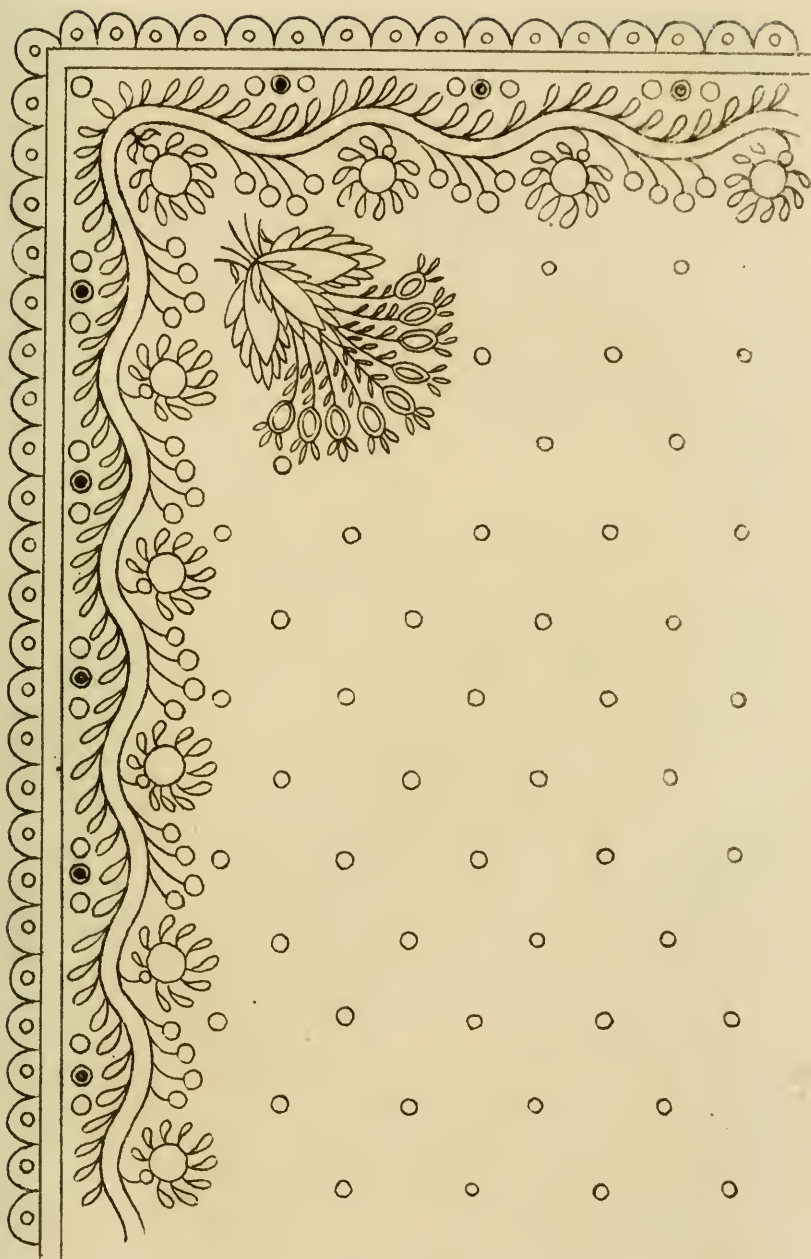
Oh! may she long honour and gaily preside
In the circle of which she's the glory and
pride!

May the pow'rs still on dear Lady Janet
bestow

Each delight that from health, wealth, and
friendship can flow!

May she still in her parties a niche find for
me,

Which will both bless and honour her slave,
SIR JOHN C.!



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THE THIRD SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 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.

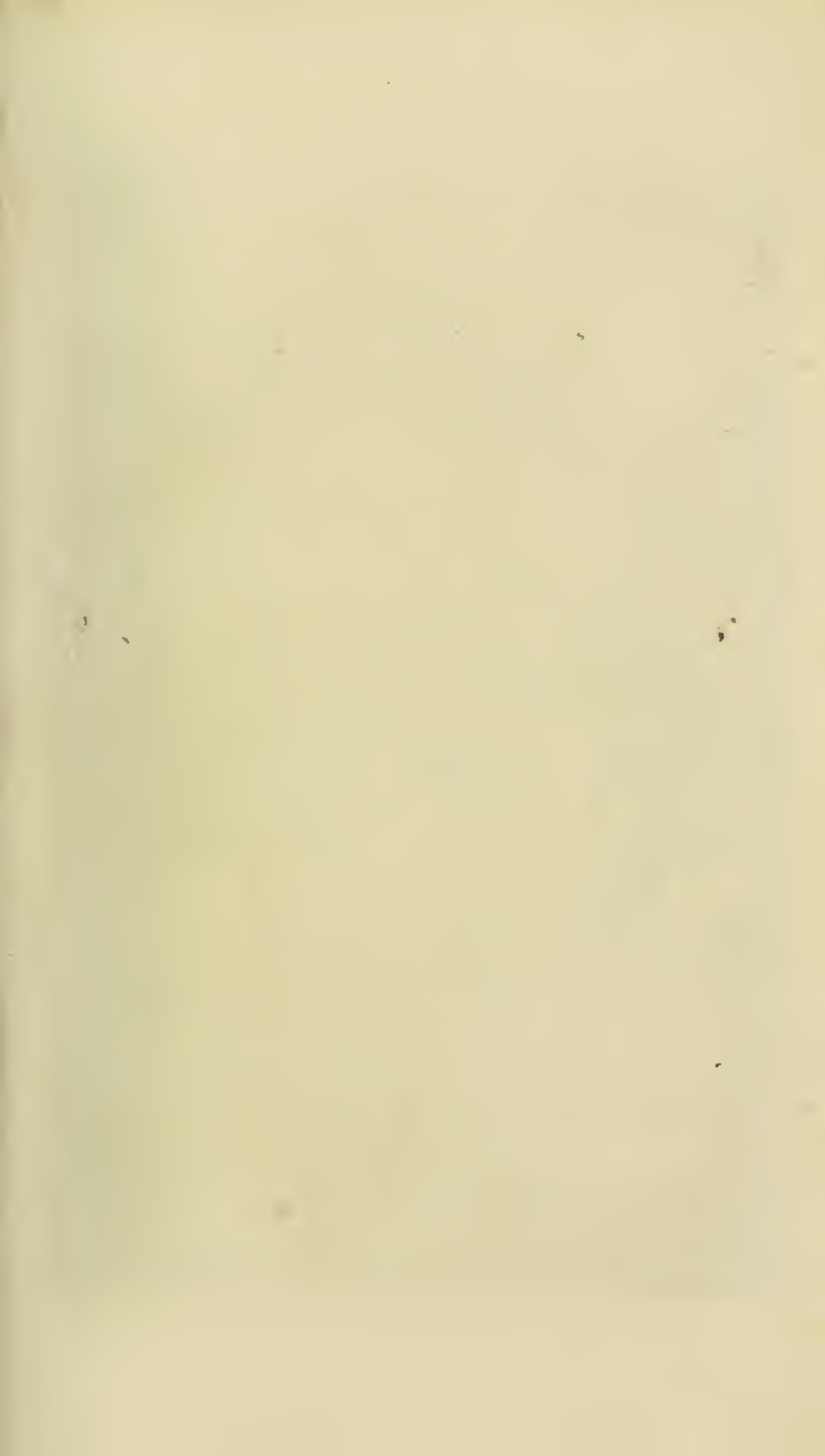
We have to acknowledge the receipt during the past month of two packets from our liberal Correspondent in the North.

Our arrangements for using the permission of our valuable Correspondent B. were defeated only by the unexpected length of some of the articles in the present Number. Owing to the same cause, we have been obliged to curtail the Anecdotes, and to omit Poetical Contributions altogether.

The Tables Turned, or The Pleasant Revenge—Extraordinary Effects of an Earthquake—Jack Tars—and The Hebridean Battuecas, shall have a place 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 KRAP, Rotterdam.





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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER 1, 1824.

NO. XXIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

WOBURN ABBEY, BEDFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

WOBURN ABBEY was founded in 1145 by Hugh de Bolebeck, a baron who had large possessions in the vicinity, for monks of the Cistercian order. On the suppression of religious houses, its revenues, according to Dugdale, amounted to 391*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* In the first year of Edward VI. it was granted, with many other ecclesiastical estates, to Sir John, afterwards Lord Russell and Earl of Bedford, who had been honoured with several employments by Henry VIII. In his family the possession has ever since remained.

The extensive and magnificent mansion, which stands on the site of the old abbey, was erected by John, the fourth duke of the Russell family. The ground-plan forms a square of more than 200 feet, containing a quadrangular court in the centre. The original mansion has experienced many considerable alterations and improvements, particularly in the time of the predecessor of the present noble owner; and Henry Holland displayed much taste and talent in the designs for the additional buildings, which were executed under his direction.

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The west front is of the Ionic order, with a rusticated basement. The principal floor on this side consists of a saloon, state bed-room, drawing and dining-rooms. The south contains the library, breakfast-room, and the duke and duchess's apartments; the east the vestibule, servants' offices, &c.; and the north the French bed-rooms and various other chambers. Most of the apartments are embellished with fine paintings, among which, portraits form a very prominent feature. The gallery, in which most of them are placed, is 111 feet long, 17 wide, and 15 high.

Among the British portraits are the following:

Queen Elizabeth, represented with a fan of feathers in her left hand, and a ring on her thumb.

Lady Jane Seymour.

Queen Mary, by Sir Antonio More.

Killigrew, commonly called Charles the Second's Jester.

William Lord Russell, that memorable victim to the intrigues of an abandoned court.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Lord Chancellor Bacon.

Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, by Cornelius Ketel; and Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, third wife of that nobleman, better known as the *Fair Geraldine*.

Edward Courteney, the last Earl of Devonshire, by Sir Antonio More.

Philip of Spain and Queen Mary.

Sir William Russell, K. B. afterwards created Earl of Bedford by King William, painted by Priwitz; and supposed to be the only picture in England by that artist.

Lady Anne Carr, wife of the preceding.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, the principal promoter of the plan for draining the fens since called the Bedford Level.

Sir Philip Sidney, in his 22d year.

George Digby, Earl of Bristol, and Sir William Russell, mentioned above, in one picture.

Lady Cook, wife of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to Edward VI. and mother of the four learned females, Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, Lady Russell, and Mrs. Killigrew.

Robert Earl of Essex.

General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.

Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby.

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the favourite minister of Queen Elizabeth.

Christiana, Countess of Devonshire; a lady of distinguished abilities, and in her youth the Platonic mistress of the Earl of Pembroke, who wrote a volume of poems in her praise.

Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Rachel Lady Russell, wife of the patriotic martyr, William Lord Russell, whose excessive grief for the fate of her husband is supposed to have occasioned her subsequent blindness.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare.

Lucy Countess of Bedford, so celebrated by Spenser, Ben Jonson, Daniel, Donne, and the other wits of her day.

The Earls of Salisbury and Exeter, sons to Cecil, Lord Burleigh.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the chivalric favourite of Henry VIII.

Margaret Countess of Cumberland, daughter to Francis second Earl of Bedford, and mother of the spirited Anne Clifford.

Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his countess, daughter to the same Francis Earl of Bedford.

Francis second Earl of Bedford, whose liberality led Queen Elizabeth to say, that he made all the beggars.

Sir Francis Russell, his son, slain by the Scots on a day of truce at a border meeting. Giles, Lord Chandos.

The young and handsome Duke of Monmouth.

James Earl of Carlisle.

Sir Edward Stradling.

The learned Lady Anne Askew, who, for her religion, was barbarously burnt at the stake, at the arbitrary bidding of the king, Henry VIII.

Comptroller Rogers, anno ætat. 69.

Sir William Russell, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, whose gallant behaviour at the battle of Zutphen is so singularly set forth by Stowe in his *Chronicle*.

Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex.

John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford of that name; a finished gentleman, scholar, soldier, and negotiator.

Sir Thomas More.

Algernon Percy, Lord High-Admiral of England.

Elizabeth Marchioness of Tavistock, mother to the present Duke of Bedford, as bridesmaid to the queen; a painting of consummate beauty, which we may perhaps venture to pronounce the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pencil.

The saloon, drawing, and dining-rooms, which are of suitable dimensions for such a mansion, are adorned with capital paintings by eminent masters of the foreign schools, the principal of which are:

Joseph interpreting the Baker's Dream, and Flemish Girl, by Rembrandt.

The Death of Abel, by Rubens.

Christ in the Garden, by Annibal Caracci.

The celebrated Dogs of Titian.

Hawking Party, by Paul Potter.

Christ's Vision, by Luca Giordano.

Group of sporting Angels, and a beautiful Madonna and Child, by Murillo.

Albertus Miræus, a learned Dean of Antwerp, by Vandyke.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his youth, a curious and interesting painting.

Adrian Paulido Pareja, commander of the Spanish Armada, by Velasquez.

Louis XV. of France.

Various Flemish pieces by Teniers, Jan Steen, Van Staverow, and Both.

Two magical views, one of Nimeguen, by Cuyp; and some magnificent landscapes by Claude, the Poussins, Wilson, Ruysdael, Salvator Rosa, Berghem, Pynaker, Wynants, and Ostade; with sea-pieces by Wouvermans, Backhuysen, Vande Capelle, and De Vlujen; and, finally, various subjects from the pencils of Schedoni, Mola, Castiglione, and Guercino.



THE WINDMILL AND THE POND
THE SEAT OF THE WINDMILL.

The Library, 50 feet long and 24½ wide, is stored with a fine collection of books, and over the shelves are portraits of the most eminent painters. Those of Titian, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, David Teniers the younger, Rubens, Murillo, Frank Hals, Jan Steen, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and John Kupetzki, are said to have been painted by the artists themselves whose names they respectively bear.

The Sculpture Gallery, built in 1789, from the designs of Henry Holland, was originally intended for a green-house, and was converted to its present use, and its floor inlaid with Devonshire marble, in 1820. It is 138 feet in length, and 22 feet 7 inches high. The valuable collection of marbles contained in this gallery has been described in a splendid volume, accompanied with outline engravings, from drawings by Henry Corbould. The text is from the pen of the present Duke of Bedford, at whose expense the work was printed for private distribution; and from this source the subjoined particulars are extracted.

In the centre of the building are eight magnificent columns, supporting a dome: each column consists of one entire shaft: they are all ancient, and were discovered in the excavations made at Rome by the late Mr. Brand, of the Hoo, Hertfordshire. Two of them are of *breccia Africana*, two of a variegated kind of alabaster, two of Cipollino marble, and two of Bigio. Their white marble capitals are also antique, and were discovered in the same excavations: they are of a very rich Composite order, containing ornaments added to the combined decorations of the Ionic and Corinthian styles.

At the east end of the Sculpture

Gallery is the Temple of Liberty, and at the west end the Temple of the Graces. The visitor is conducted into the gallery through a small ante-room, on the walls of which are engravings of some of Canova's most beautiful statues and groups of sculpture. Opposite to the entrance is a marble bust by Garrard of Mr. Holland, who built the gallery; and another bust by Chantrey of Nollekens, whose works adorn the interior of the Temple of Liberty. In the centre of this ante-room is an antique marble vase, four feet seven inches in height, and three feet four inches in its extreme width. This vase, discovered in excavating among the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Rome, is adorned with sculpture round the bowl in very high relief, representing eight Bacchic genii employed in the labours and festivities of the vintage.

On the walls of the gallery are several ancient and modern sculptures in rilievo, representing subjects illustrative of the mythology and epic poetry of Greece.

The subjects of these relievos are: Apollo Musagetes, Minerva, and the Muses.

Triumphal Procession of Bacchus and Hercules.

Achilles at Scyros.

Death of the Boar of Calydon.

Luna and Endymion.

Meleager and Atalanta.

Symbolical Animal destroying a Deer.

Bacchanalian Procession.

Phædra and Hippolytus.

Mythological basso-relievo.

In a vaulted recess on the north side of the gallery stands the celebrated Lanti vase. This magnificent production of ancient art is of very large dimensions, its diameter being six feet three inches, and its height, exclusive of the plinth on which it

stands, six feet. It is of the very finest style of Grecian sculpture, of pure Parian marble, beautiful in its form, exquisitely and elaborately finished, richly embellished with appropriate ornaments, and in a high state of preservation. The swelling part of this vase is surrounded by eight grotesque masks, affording a rich variety of comic features. They are such as were used in dramatic exhibitions at the festivals of Bacchus; and they represent the heads of the Indian Bacchus, Silenus and Pan, and of Satyrs and Fauns, the ministers and attendants of the god of the vintage.

The Lanti vase was found in fragments, during excavations made in the ruins of Hadrian's villa near Rome; and it has been restored to its original beauty by a very able artist. It passed into the collection of ancient sculpture belonging to the noble family of Lanti at Rome, from whom it received its name. It was afterwards purchased by Lord Cawdor; but on account of the prohibition of the papal government to export works of art, its clandestine removal was attended with great difficulty. At the sale of Lord Cawdor's effects, it was purchased by the predecessor of the present noble owner.

Opposite to the Lanti vase is a copy of the celebrated statue of the Apollo Belvedere, of the same size as the original, executed by Paccilli, an Italian sculptor, at the beginning of the last century.

Here are also antique statues of Bacchus, Minerva, Ceres, a Faun in bronze, terminating in a tapering square pedestal, and torsos of Venus and Apollo. The torso of Venus is a delightful specimen of Grecian art,

similar in its attitudes and forms to the celebrated Cnidian statue; and it may vie with the Medicean Venus in the happiness with which the sculptor has conceived, and the perfection with which he has represented, the Goddess of Love and Beauty. This torso was lately brought from France, and purchased by the Duke of Bedford: the head and arms had been restored by a modern artist; but they so ill corresponded with the exquisite symmetry and grace of the original torso, that they have been removed since its arrival at Woburn. The vase and drapery introduced as a support to the figure are modern.

We find here also antique busts of Antoninus Pius, Septimius Severus, Ælius Verus, Marcus Aurelius, Trajan, Diaduminianus, Hercules, Perseus, and Matidia, niece of the Emperor Trajan.

This collection contains also some of the best works of the most eminent modern sculptors.

By Chantrey there are two in alto-relievo: *Hector recommending his Son to the Protection of the Gods*, and *Penelope's Reluctance to produce the Bow of Ulysses*.

By Thorwaldsen—*The Wrath of Achilles*, and *Priam supplicating Achilles*, both in basso-relievo.

By Westmacott—*Hector reproaching Paris*, basso-relievo—*Hero and Leander—Psyche*; a delightful specimen of the perfection to which the art of sculpture has attained in England. The subject is taken from the episode of Cupid and Psyche in the *Metamorphosis* of Apuleius; and Psyche is exhibited at the moment of opening the mysterious casket, in which she has been enjoined to bring from Proserpine a recruit for the charms of Venus, wasted in anxious

attendance on Cupid, while suffering from the wound he had received from the burning oil of Psyche's lamp.

The foundation of the Temple of Liberty was laid by Francis Duke of Bedford a short time before his death, and it was completed by his brother, the present duke. Its portico is copied from a beautiful little Ionic temple of Ceres, once standing on the banks of the Ilissus, and delineated in Stuart's *Remains of Athens*. The architrave bears a Latin inscription, from the classic pen of the Rev. Dr. Parr, recording the object of the founder and the date of its erection. When the building was finished, it received the bust of Charles James Fox, by Nollekens, supported on a pedestal of Carrara marble, on which are inscribed the following lines by Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire:

Here 'midst the friends he loved, the man
behold,
In truth unshaken and in virtue bold,
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dared to assert the freedom of mankind;
And whilst extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baneful flames of war,
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox the warning counsel
gave:
Midst jarring contests stemm'd the tide of
blood,
And to the menaced world a sea-mark stood.
Oh! had his voice in Mercy's cause pre-
vailed,
What grateful millions had the statesman
hailed;
Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations
cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace!
But though he failed, succeeding ages here
The vain yet pious effort shall revere;
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame.

Around the walls of the interior cell of the temple are marble busts by Nollekens of some of the most intimate friends of this eminent states-

man; viz. Earl Grey, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Holland, General Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Hare.

On the tympanum of the pediment of the portico of the temple is a beautiful allegorical group, composed by Flaxman, representing the Goddess of Liberty, Peace, and the Genii of Plenty; and on the south front of the edifice is an alto-relievo by Westmacott, composed of infant Genii, with various emblems and attributes, illustrative of the progress of man from a state of nature to civilized life, social intercourse, and rational liberty.

The Temple of the Graces was erected in 1818 from designs by Mr. Jeffry Wyatt. In the centre of it is placed the exquisitely beautiful group of the three Graces, executed for the Duke of Bedford by Canova. In the vestibule are two niches, containing beautiful little statues, one representing Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Russell, eldest daughter of the Duke of Bedford, sculptured at Rome by Thorwaldsen, when she was four years old; and the other Lady Louisa Jane, his grace's second daughter, the work of Chantrey, who has represented her at the moment when she has taken up a favourite dove, and is pressing it to her bosom. The whole figure seems animated with that natural and pleasing expression of character which gives to this artist's statues of children a charm and an interest that such subjects never possessed before.

The late and present owner of Woburn have been distinguished by their zeal for the promotion of the science of agriculture; and for many years an annual sheep-shearing was

held here, which was generally attended by three or four hundred persons, mostly of the highest rank, or eminent as farmers. The meeting lasted three or four days, during which various experiments were made, and considerable premiums were devoted to the encouragement of improvements in agriculture. With this general attention to the furtherance of the science, it is not wonderful that his grace's farm should be peculiarly deserving of the attention of all who feel interested in its advancement. Every ingenious contrivance to shorten labour, and every invention to facilitate useful operations, are here concentrated. The

farmyard is replete with conveniences: it contains barns, stables, fattening-houses, mills, and machinery for bruising malt and cutting chaff for fodder. The water which works the latter is conveyed thither by pipes from ponds situated on the adjoining eminences.

The park abounds with wood, and the ground being diversified with bold swells and a pleasing inequality of surface, affords many delightful prospects of forest scenery. It is well stocked with deer, and surrounded with a brick wall eight feet in height, and about twelve miles in circumference.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILDMAN.

AMONG the numerous views which we have hitherto presented to our readers, it is presumed that few will be more acceptable than that presented in the accompanying engraving. Setting aside the deep regret occasioned by the death of the late Lord Byron, whose property and residence Newstead Abbey once was, it has not only become more interesting on that account, but as a relic of antiquity it is entitled to particular attention. Although great alterations have been made in the conventual part of the building, the existing remains (especially the front of the abbey church) prove that it was one of the most elegant and chaste Gothic structures in the kingdom.

Newstead Abbey appears to have been founded in the year 1170, by Henry II. It was dedicated to St. Augustine; but, like other religious institutions, was dissolved in the reign of Henry VIII. when its an-

nual revenues were valued at 229*l*. It was then granted by the crown to Sir John Byron, lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, who converted part of the conventual buildings into a residence; but it is to be lamented that the abbey church, the most beautiful part of them, was suffered to go entirely to decay. Newstead Abbey continued the property of the Byrons till a few years since, when the late noble bard sold the estate, according to report, with a view to assist the Greek cause, to Lieutenant-Colonel Wildman, who was one of the aides-de-camp to the Marquis of Anglesea. It is fortunate that the property has fallen into the hands of a gentleman possessing much taste, and who takes great pleasure in preserving every relic of antiquity connected with it. In the alterations which are now in progress, with a view to render Newstead Abbey a more comfortable and spacious residence, a

close resemblance to the style of the other part of the building is preserved, and when completed, they will have a majestic and beautiful appearance.

The principal entrance or hall was formerly the crypt, the arches of which are extremely fine: it is connected with the cloisters which lead to the principal apartments. The inner court, with its several Gothic windows, over one part of which some luxuriant ivy is entwined, has a grand effect. The ancient chapel, which is connected with the cloisters, has been completely repaired, and although it has a sombre effect, cannot fail to excite the most lively emotions. Over the cloisters is a spacious gallery, which leads to the drawing-room and other apartments: they contain a few valuable paintings, and other works of art, besides some articles which belonged to the late Lord Byron.

It appears from one of his earliest poems, that not only the abbey itself was much neglected by his ancestors, but the grounds also:

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;

In thy once-smiling gardens the hemlock and thistle

Now choke up the roses that bloom'd in the way."

Nothing can exceed the fine state of cultivation into which the gardens have since been brought. In the centre of them is a beautiful fish-pond, with raised borders around it, planted with the most choice shrubs: here is also the tomb erected by the late Lord Byron as a memorial of his favourite Newfoundland dog, which makes a conspicuous appearance. It is impossible to conceive the many beautiful scenes which here present themselves, with occasional glimpses of the abbey.

In the front of the abbey is a very spacious lake, whose banks are crowned with some exceedingly fine plantations, from which rises a noble Gothic castellated tower.

Newstead Abbey is situated in a beautiful romantic valley, about nine miles from Nottingham, and five from Mansfield. The road to it is formed through some extensive wild plantations, which abound with game.

For the above particulars and design, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

FISH-CONCERT.

LIEUTENANT WHITE, in his Voyage to CochinChina, gives an account of a singular phenomenon which occurred to him while sailing up the river Donnai to the city of Saigon.

In the morning of October 3d, says he, we found the stream contracted to the breadth of half a mile, and that we were lying just below the junction of two rapid rivers. A large fleet of country vessels was moored near us, waiting like ourselves the

return of the flood-tide; and the constant occurrence for a full hour of a line of others, in almost regular succession, appearing round a point above, and passing us in their way down the river, was novel and interesting. We did not think of counting their number till many had passed, but conjectured that there might be from sixty to seventy in all.

The flood coming in about ten o'clock, we again weighed, and a few

moments opened to us a view of a large sheet of water, bearing the appearance of a capacious estuary, with the foam of numerous conflicting currents rippling upon its surface. This our linguist informed us was Nga Bay, or Sete Bocas (Seven Mouths), into which we were rapidly borne by a strong tide: a pleasant breeze from the north filling our loftiest sails, which overtopped the surrounding forests, we were not long in passing it.

The prospects from this noble basin, though possessing few features of the sublime, were beautiful and romantic. Lofty and venerable trees crowned the points formed by the effluence of the several streams, which, branching in various directions, like so many radii from a centre, presented to view long vistas, fringed on each side with foliage of different shades of verdure; while their polished surfaces reflected with chastened beauty the varied tints of the impending forests.

From the contemplation of this fascinating scene, our attention was diverted to a new and curious phenomenon. Our ears were saluted by a variety of sounds, resembling the deep bass of an organ, accompanied by the hollow guttural chant of the bull-frog, the heavy chime of a bell, and the tones which imagination would give to an enormous Jew's harp. This combination produced a thrilling sensation on the nerves, and, as we fancied, a tremulous motion in the vessel. The excitement of great curiosity was visible on every white face on board, and many were the sage speculations of the sailors on this occasion. Anxious to discover the cause of this gratuitous concert, I went into the cabin, where

I found the noise, which I soon ascertained to proceed from the bottom of the vessel, increased to a full and uninterrupted chorus. The perceptions which occurred to me on this occasion were similar to those produced by the torpedo, or electric eel, which I had before felt. But, whether these feelings were caused by the concussion of sound, or by actual vibrations in the body of the vessel, I could neither then nor since determine. In a few moments the sounds, which had commenced near the stern of the vessel, became general throughout the whole length of the bottom.

Our linguist informed us, that our admiration was caused by a shoal of fish, of a flat oval form like a flounder, which, by a certain conformation of the mouth, possesses the power of adhesion to other objects in a wonderful degree, and that they were peculiar to the Seven Mouths. But whether the noises we heard were produced by any particular construction of the sonoric organs, or by spasmodic vibrations of the body, he was ignorant. Very shortly after leaving the basin, and entering the branch through which our course lay, a sensible diminution was perceived in the number of our musical fellow-voyagers, and before we had proceeded a mile, they were no more heard.

Lieutenant White adds, that in his passage up the Donnai river, thousands of monkeys were seen and heard gamboling and chattering in the trees; and with the glass he could perceive several of them perched among the foliage, surveying with great apparent interest the novel spectacle which his ship presented to their view.

THE MASQUERADE.

(Concluded from p. 208.)

ISABELLA MARCHMONT was the daughter of the late General Marchmont, who, dying when she was only eighteen years of age, left her to the guardianship of her brother, with a fortune of 20,000*l.* at her own disposal when she came of age. That brother, till within the last twelve months, had been all that was generous and good. Unfortunately he became acquainted with Sir George Mordaunt, who obtained an unaccountable ascendancy over him; and by initiating him into all the fashionable follies and vices of town, soon caused him, first to neglect, next to envy, on account of the large fortune his father had left her, and then to plot the ruin of his sister. The artless girl wept when she came to this period of her story, to think that her natural protector should have thus deserted her.

Sir George Mordaunt was a needy gamester: he pillaged young Marchmont himself, and was again the dupe of cleverer villains than himself. At length Marchmont, having lost all the ready money which he could possibly raise, became Sir George's debtor in a sum, to pay which would have been utter ruin. It was then that this accomplished knave proposed to Marchmont to liquidate his debt of honour by making him the husband of Isabella: the high spirit of the brother fired at the first suggestion of making his sister the victim to his necessities, or rather to his follies; but he soon suffered himself to be persuaded by the artful Mordaunt, that he was consulting not only her honour but her

happiness by complying with his wishes. On the first mention of the subject to Isabella, she, however, peremptorily refused to become the wife of Sir George, to whom she had taken that sort of dislike which the modest sensitive mind intuitively feels for the dissolute and depraved. He ceased for that time to urge her upon the subject; but becoming deeper and deeper involved in the toils which Mordaunt had spread for him, he at length became anxious to conclude the marriage, and used every means short of force to induce his sister to comply, but in vain.

Isabella had often expressed a wish to go to a masquerade, and her brother consented to accompany her to that memorable one at which I was present. Isabella chose the becoming dress of a Swiss peasant, and her brother went in a domino. They had scarcely entered the room when they were joined by the Highlander, who proved to be no other than Sir George Mordaunt. He led her to that part of the room where myself and Madeline had observed the group; and in a few words he told her, that her brother was a ruined man if she did not consent to become his wife. In vain she offered to surrender her fortune, if that would save him; but her beauty and accomplishments had raised a passion in the breast of Sir George—it would be a degradation of the noble passion of love, however, to call it by that name—which could only be satisfied by the possession of her person as well as of her fortune; and it was his making

that declaration in peremptory terms which caused Isabella to evince that emotion by which the attention of myself and Madeline was excited.

She returned home that evening with her brother, who told her, as she chose to refuse the eligible offer he had obtained for her, he should use the authority of a guardian, and take such steps as would secure her honour; hinting, that a low and degrading attachment prevented her acceptance of Sir George's proposals. She repelled the insinuation with disdain, and implored her brother by the memory of their parents not to sacrifice her to Mordaunt: he was, however, inexorable, and on their arrival at home, he locked her up in a room, from whence he declared she should never issue, except to become the wife of his friend. Here she had remained in close confinement till the day on which we met. On that morning her brother had summoned her down stairs, and told her to prepare for a journey. Resolved not to irritate him, she obeyed; and when her little preparations were completed, he accompanied her into the chaise, which was ready at the door. The blinds were drawn up, and she did not see by what road they left London. They rode for about four hours, during which time they changed horses three times. Soon after they had changed them the third time, the chaise stopped in the middle of the road, the door was opened, her brother jumped out, and Mordaunt took his place; when the door was again closed, and they drove off. Her brother had preserved an obstinate taciturnity, and to all her inquiries as to where they were going had replied, that she would soon

know. The truth now flashed upon her at once, that she was on the road to Scotland with Mordaunt; and the idea that her reputation was in his power overcame her, and she fainted. It was some time before she recovered, and when she did, it was only to misery. No offer of escape presented itself. Before they entered a town, the blinds were invariably drawn up; and once when she entreated for leave to get out of the chaise, whilst the horses were changing, he obtained her promise of silence by the most horrid threats. They continued travelling in this manner till I met them, and fortunately succeeded in rescuing her from his power.

The interesting girl was much pleased when I informed her, that I was one of the party who had noticed her at the masquerade; and when we arrived at Holly-House, the frank and cordial reception which my mother and sister gave the fugitive, dissipated all her fears, and restored her wonted serenity. The next morning I proceeded to town, armed with proper authority from Miss Marchmont to make her a ward in Chancery during the remaining term of her minority, which was about nine months. I also found out Sir George Mordaunt, and knowing something more of his character and pursuits than he wished should be made public, he consented to forego his claims both on Miss Marchmont's hand and her brother's fortune, as the price of my silence. Her brother accompanied me into the country, and the dear girl was overjoyed at the restoration of "her *own* brother," as she called him; for she said he had not been her brother whilst he wished her to form that hated marriage.

They spent a month with my mother; and in that time the acquaintance so auspiciously formed was ripened into friendship; and it is not improbable

that it will end in a still nearer connection of the families.

S. D.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. III.

THIS is a great day in our village, *la fête patronale*, and we celebrate it gaily. I say we, for in truth the hilarity of these people is catching, and it is impossible to see with what eagerness they give themselves up to the enjoyment of the *fête*, without becoming, in some degree, a partaker of the pleasure it affords them. Turn where you will, nothing meets your eye but smiling faces promenading in groups, stopping before the temporary *boutiques* to purchase fairings, or eagerly pressing forward to enjoy a ride in the little vehicles whirled round by a wooden horse, or to witness the gambols of Punch and Judy.

La fête patronale, which lasts for three days, is the Saturnalia of the lower classes. No tradesman thinks of doing a stroke of work. Your gardener comes cap in hand, not to ask your permission to join the revels, for that is always taken for granted; but to inform you, that he is going to have the honour of drinking your health in the fair, which is a civil intimation that he expects you to give him wherewith to pay for his wine. If you dine early, the chances are a hundred to one that the cook spoils your dinner in her eagerness to get to the fair; and if you have it late, it is equally probable that she makes you wait an hour or two, because she cannot prevail upon herself to come back in time to

prepare it. Have you a carriage, your horses are sure of three days' holidays, for it is impossible to catch a glimpse of coachey any where but at the fair. Nobody, however, thinks of finding fault, for the words *C'est aujourd'hui la fête patronale* furnish an ample excuse for the neglect of all business.

What a scene of triumph is the fair for the village coquette! how proudly does she display the various gifts which prove the superiority of her charms, or at least her adroitness in turning them to account! The pretty *sautoir* tied carelessly round her throat; the new ribbons that adorn her bonnet; the ear-rings, beads, chains, with which she is almost as profusely decorated as an Otaheitean fashionable, are all presents from her rustic admirers, and are displayed by her with as much exultation as a victorious general would feel in shewing the colours of the enemy. Our rustic damsels vie with each other in this display; but there is one, and she too the prettiest of them, who has never yet been seen to exhibit a trophy of the kind: her only fairings were the modest gifts of her parents or of her grandfather. It is delightful to see her leading the old man up and down the fair, supporting his feeble steps with the tenderest solicitude; now stopping to shew him any thing that she thinks will please him, then winning her way through

the crowd to get him a seat. All the compliments paid to herself, and they are numerous, are heard with the most perfect indifference; but the words, "Truly you are as hearty as ever!"—"How well you look!"—"You are grown young again!" addressed to her grandfather, call up such a bright blush, accompanied with a glowing dimpled smile, and eyes dancing with pleasure, as make her at the moment one of the loveliest creatures I ever looked upon. Never were the epithets *belle et bonne* better applied than to this pretty rustic, whose family's story—(don't grumble, good reader, it shall be a short one)—I am tempted to relate.

Twenty-five years ago Jacques Perlet was the richest farmer in our village. His property was of his own acquiring, and he had two sons to inherit it. The eldest was extremely industrious, frugal, and sober; the younger rather wild, and tainted with the despicable ambition of being the king of his company, but in the main good-hearted. Jacques, the elder brother, formed an attachment to Jeannette Cloud, the daughter of a labourer, the prettiest, and unquestionably the most industrious, girl in the village. His choice displeased old Perlet, who positively forbade him to think of the girl. "What," said he, "have I been toiling and moiling all my life only to make money that thou and thy brother may enjoy it like gentlemen when my head is laid low? You may marry women who would raise our family in the world; and wouldst thou unite thyself to one who has not a farthing, and whose birth is even lower than thy own? *Parbleu!* do so if thou wilt, but not a *sou* of mine shalt thou ever enjoy. If thy brother marries

to please me, he shall have all; and if he don't, *mort de ma vie*, I'll find heirs I warrant me."

This declaration was a thunder-bolt to poor Jacques, then in his nineteenth year: he submitted, however, to the will of the proud old man; but he could not resolve to renounce his Jeannette. However, though he considered himself bound, he left her free; and when the law made him at twenty-one the master of his own actions, she was still disengaged, and as much attached to him as ever.

The young man threw himself at his father's feet; he pleaded his cause with all the eloquence that a true and tender affection could inspire. "The family of Jeannette," said he, "have been distinguished even for centuries past for their honesty. She is herself the best daughter and the most hard-working girl in the village. We shall have youth, health, and love to begin with; add to them your consent and your blessing, that of heaven will follow it, and we shall require no more to enable us to provide for ourselves."

"Never!" replied the inexorable Perlet, "never! Marry if you will, but neither my blessing nor consent shall accompany your union." Five years more passed away; the affection of the young people continued unabated, but the situation of Jeannette was changed: she had lost both her parents, and was upon the point of going as servant to a farmer in the neighbourhood. Jacques went to the *curé*, who was looked up to as a father by all the parishioners; they had a long conversation in private, and as soon as the young man left him, the venerable ecclesiastic hastened to the house of old Perlet.

All his influence was exerted for the lovers, but in vain; he could only succeed in inducing the old man to declare, that though he would never consent to the marriage, he would lay no malediction on his son for contracting it. He was determined never to aid or assist him in any way, but at the same time he neither wished him harm, nor would do him any if he had the power. "Hard-hearted old man," said the *curé* indignantly as he quitted him, "you break the bonds of nature, and disunite yourself from a worthy and dutiful son. Take care that you do not one day repent the sacrifice you have made to avarice and ambition."

Jacques took a small farm, married his Jeannette, and began house-keeping in the most frugal and humble style. Oliver, the second son, also married soon after: his wife was a woman of good family; she had also some fortune. As she valued herself exceedingly upon her birth, it was some time before she would listen to the addresses of Oliver, and as the old man was exceedingly desirous of the match, he offered at last to make over all his property to his son, on condition of receiving a moderate annuity for his life. While this project was in agitation, Jacques heard of it; he flew to his father, and besought him not to part with his property in his lifetime. "It is not on my own account that I speak," cried he, "but on thine, my father. I know my brother's heart is good; I know that he can be bound down to the payment of the annuity; but remember, that he is not industrious, that he loves pleasure, and has no economy. O my father, risk not then the chance of being left destitute in thy old age!"

"If I am," said the old man with a laugh of derision, "I shall not come to you for bread."

The marriage took place. It was agreed that the father should live with the young couple; but in a little time Madame Perlet discovered that her father-in-law's manners were so vulgar, and his ways altogether so very disagreeable, that she thought it better he should go; and as he, on his part, found that there was no living with a woman who was so ignorant, that she knew nothing of the business of a farm; so idle, that she passed all her time in dressing and gadding about; and who, to crown all, had so little affection for her own relations, as to say *you* instead of *thou* whenever she addressed them, they parted.

Perlet now began to feel that his old age was joyless and solitary, but he comforted himself with the idea that he had at least aggrandized his family, and that he was placed above want. His annuity was regularly paid, and if Oliver did not come very often to see him, his behaviour when he did was that of an affectionate son. But the marriage which the young man had contracted, in obedience to the ambitious views of his father, turned out destructive to his happiness, and eventually to his property. His wife did not love him, and by her want of attention to his domestic comforts and her haughty airs she estranged him every day more and more from home. He became connected with a set of low gamblers, and before five years had elapsed he was a beggar. Every thing he had was seized, and his wife and family turned out into the street.

Jacques' first care was to receive them into his house; his next to seek

his father, to whom he broke the dreadful news with the tenderest caution. The old man listened to him with an air of stupefaction. "Rouse thyself, my father," said he, "and join with me in blessing that Providence who has given thee still a comfortable home."—"What dost thou say, a home?"—"Yes, and one where thou wilt be the sole master. Every thing has prospered with us; I am already rich enough to provide all the comforts that thy declining years render necessary. My wife will cherish thee; my child will be the plaything and the solace of thy old age. Come then, father, come to share our happiness, and to give us the pardon and the blessing for which we have never ceased to languish."

Perlet returned with his son. He was met at the threshold by his daughter-in-law, who, on her knees, and holding her infant in her arms, begged the long-withheld blessing. It was cordially and sincerely bestowed. The old man took up his residence

with them, and from that day has received from them every attention that filial love can bestow. The blessing of heaven continues with honest Jacques, who not only provides for his father, but has enabled his brother to establish himself in a business by which he gains a decent maintenance. Jeannette, his only child, is, as he had predicted she would be, the solace of her grandfather's age. She is also the joy of her parents, and the pride of our village.

But, bless me, it is very late, and I shall hardly have time to make my toilette for the ball—not Mr. Mayor's ball, good reader, but the dance on the green, where every soul, young and old, in the village and its environs, who do not disdain to be merry, are at this moment assembled in their best attire and their best looks; with a firm resolution to dance as well and as long as ever they can, in honour of *la fête patronale* of our village.

THE LOITERER.

No. XI.

TO MR. NEVERMOVE.

Mr. LOITERER,

I AM a very ill-used man; and what makes my case seem harder is, that every body persists in declaring I must be one of the happiest men in the world. Now certainly I must know my own feelings best; and I protest to you, that I am miserable, positively miserable, through the confounded good-humour of my wife. This, you will say, is a startling assertion; but have a little patience, and if I do not prove the fact to a demonstration, it must be because

you are, like all the rest of the world, unconvinced.

I have good health, a moderate fortune, and, as every body says, an excellent wife. To do the woman justice, she has her good qualities, and if it were not for this tiresome equanimity of temper, we should live very well together. I married, as I suppose most people do marry, for the sake of having a companion who could participate in my feelings, and share my pleasures and troubles: to do my dear moiety justice, she is ready enough to take part in the

former; but she provokingly denies that I have any of the latter. It is true, that as to essentials I have no cause to complain of my lot; but you know very well, Mr. Loiterer, that in every situation trifling circumstances will occur to betray one into a hasty expression of fretfulness or ill-humour. As, however, I am not naturally peevish nor discontented, if my wife would but appear to enter into my cause of complaint, the humour would subside of itself: but no, sir, she piques herself on having a temper that nothing can ruffle; and not content with insulting me by preserving the most abominable calmness while I am in a passion, she sets about reasoning me out of it forsooth; tells me I have no cause to complain; that the evil, whatever it is, exists only in my own imagination; that nobody can be better off than I am; and she generally winds up her harangue by declaring, that it is a very great shame I am not more thankful for the happiness I enjoy. If any acquaintance is present, they are sure to take my wife's side of the question; and if I make any complaint of her in her absence, I am certain to be told she is in the right. But, sir, I say, she is not in the right; and I am convinced, that, with all her pretended mildness and moderation, she is no better than a downright despot at bottom, who would force me to be happy in spite of my teeth. However, I am resolved that she shan't have her way. I will stand up for the privileges of an Englishman; and among them, thank heaven! that of grumbling at all times and in all seasons is one of the foremost. So I take this method of giving public notice to madam, that I am resolved not to be worried into

happiness; that I will enjoy as often as I please the satisfaction of declaring myself the most miserable dog in existence, and even of confirming it with a good round oath if I please; and I protest, that if she attempts in any way to obstruct the performance of this my resolution, I shall leave her to be happy in her own way. I am, sir, your very obedient,

GREGORY GROWL.

TO THE LOITERER.

MR. LOITERER,

As it is evident from the account you give of yourself, that your habits must be those of a quiet man, I flatter myself, that you will not refuse to insert the complaint of one who, after living twenty-five years in peace and harmony with every body, has, unfortunately, been drawn into the commission of matrimony, and by that one rash act excluded, as it should seem, from any thing like quietness. My husband was represented to me before marriage by our mutual friends as one of the best men in the world, who had no fault on earth but a little hastiness of temper. I thought that this defect could not be very prejudicial to our happiness, as my disposition is remarkably placid, and I was certain that I should give him no cause to complain. But, alas! sir, he is one of those people who cannot live without complaint; cause or no cause, it is all the same to him.

Is a tradesman wanting in punctuality, does a servant make the most trifling mistake, my gentleman throws himself into a fury, raves and swears at the offending party, and even reproaches me, though I am not in any way concerned in the affair, with what he calls my provoking coolness.

One bad consequence of this violence is, the entire derangement of our family economy; for the servants, very often seeing themselves unjustly blamed by him, give me real cause of complaint, and I am forced to submit, or else be always changing. Another is, that these storms are so sudden and so frequent, that they keep my mind in a state of perpetual uneasiness. I must own that this is his only fault, for he is liberal, good-natured, and fond of me; and, on my part, I protest that I love him better than any thing but peace and quietness; but as I cannot live if deprived of these blessings, I must, if this perverse humour of his continues, leave him to enjoy it alone. I should have communicated this resolution to him some time ago, but whenever I attempt to reason with him, he always flies out in such a manner, that it is quite impossible to have any thing like a quiet conversation with him. As I know that he reads your paper, if you will have the goodness to insert my letter, it may perhaps be a means, if he really has any affection for me, to recall him to his senses. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

GRISELDA GROWL.

TO THE LOITERER.

SIR,

I am an orphan of respectable parentage; my father had a post under government, which died with him, and as his death left me destitute, I thought myself very fortunate in receiving an invitation from Miss Specious, to reside with her as her friend and companion. As she had the reputation of being very generous, and appeared perfectly good-humoured, I hoped that I should

find a comfortable home; but, alas! a short time sufficed to convince me that these hopes were perfectly vain. Miss Specious' ambition is to make a figure; but as she is extremely fond of money, it is not without pain that she goes to the least expense. Thus while her house, her dress, and her public entertainments are all in the best style, she exerts, in all respects that do not come under the public inspection, an economy, or rather a parsimony, that is the torment of all around her; and nobody suffers so much from this struggle between avarice and ostentation as my unfortunate self: for as she only took me to gratify her pride, so her avarice is perpetually representing the expense I am to her, and she tries to indemnify herself for it by employing every moment of my time; but as I, unfortunately, have not the cleverness to execute to her satisfaction the various and often contradictory orders that she gives me, I am continually assailed with reproaches, which seem the more bitter, because I feel that they are undeserved.

It was stipulated that I should be treated in every respect as a gentlewoman. The list, which I am about to give of my employments, will shew you how well this stipulation has been observed. I rise very early, and occupy myself till breakfast-time in mending her best laces and muslins, or in some other kind of needle-work that requires particular neatness. I then make the coffee for breakfast, because she does not choose to intrust it to the servants, who, she thinks, would pilfer it. When breakfast is over, Miss Specious wants something from Flint's, or a little fruit from Covent-Garden market, or perhaps a chicken from a cheap

poulterer's whom she had discovered about three miles from our house. These commissions can be intrusted to nobody but me. But then also there are a variety of jobs equally in a hurry for me to do at home, such as remodelling her bonnets, fresh trimming her gowns, reading the newspapers, combing the lap-dog, and assisting at the composition of the pie or pudding, for fear the cook should make free with part of the materials. After fidgeting for a quarter of an hour, Miss Specious decides that the out-door affairs must be first attended to, and I am dispatched accordingly, with a hundred charges to make all possible haste, but at the same time to get every thing as cheap as I can.

Well, sir, I go, hurry back almost fainting with heat and fatigue, and am saluted with a volley of reproaches for my long absence in the first place, and for the shameful prices I have given for whatever I have bought in the next. No moment of rest is allowed, no refreshment offered me; to work I set directly in some way or other till the dinner-hour arrives; and if we dine alone, which is generally the case, the meal is sure to be a slender one, for Miss Specious has a horror of seeing young people eat heartily. Middle-aged persons indeed, she says, want something of extra nourishment to support their failing strength, for which reason she eats heartily of animal food, and drinks wine and porter; while I am almost entirely restricted to bread and vegetables, washed down with what my patroness calls the most wholesome of all beverages, spring water; and even of this slender diet I am forced to eat so moderately,

that I often rise from table with half a meal.

Well, sir, as soon as the cloth is removed, I resume my employment, unless we happen to have company, in which case I am permitted to employ myself in fancy-work for my patroness; and if any of the company is good-natured enough to try to draw me from my work, Miss Specious never fails to say, in a tone of the most perfect kindness, "It is labour in vain to talk to Sophia; for the dear girl is so very obstinate, that she will ply the steel-bar incessantly, though she knows I do not like to see her slave in such a manner." I was once so completely imposed on by the natural and easy manner in which she spoke, as to put by my work; but she took care, after the departure of the guests, to make me pay pretty dearly for the folly I had been guilty of in believing her.

Take what pains I may in my various occupations, I never have the gratification to acquit myself to the satisfaction of Miss Specious; but as her discontent is expressed only when we are alone, her servants consider me as a high favourite and confidante; and as they think, though unjustly, that I am a spy upon their conduct, they revenge themselves accordingly, by inflicting upon me every mortification in their power, and those, I assure you, are not a few. It is now nearly two years that I have borne this kind of life without any complaint, nor should I now have made any, but for a circumstance which renders it impossible for me to go on much longer. I have no fixed salary; for Miss Specious said, she preferred making me presents from time to time, because she could in

that way recompense my services without wounding my feelings; but the presents that I have received from her are wholly inadequate to the expense which, in conformity to her orders, I am obliged to be at for my dress. Having mentioned this several times to no purpose, I have resolved to try whether I cannot get another situation; and if any of your numerous correspondents, who may

be willing to give a tolerable salary, wants a companion who eats little, talks less, bears reproach with the patience of a philosopher, and is a perfect adept at odd jobs, I flatter myself I shall suit her. Do me the favour then, sir, to insert this letter, and you will much oblige, and may perhaps serve, your obedient servant,

SOPHIA.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY: A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 230.)

THE day that Frederic received his discharge from the hospital, his benefactress said to him, after having listened with tears to the expression of his pious gratitude, "Oblige me by delivering this letter yourself. The street is far off, and it will be very fatiguing for you to go thither; but it is of importance to me that it should be safely delivered, and for that reason I shall confide it to you, if you will promise to render me this service."

"If I will promise!" cried Frederic. "Oh! if I were to crawl thither on my hands and knees, your wish should be accomplished." In taking the letter, he raised the hand of the sister to his lips; and this chaste kiss, covered by the burning tears that fell from his eyes, filled the heart of the benevolent nun with the sweetest emotion.

Hardly able to support himself upon the crutch placed under the stump of his arm, Frederic quitted the hospital; but he had only taken a few steps when he took from his bosom the precious letter confided to him by the good sister, and inquired his way to *rue Fer à Moulin, Faubourg St. Marceau*. The person whom he

addressed, looked first at him, and then glancing back at the hospital, said, in a benevolent tone, "I fear you will not be able to reach it; suffer me to call a coach for you."—"No, no," cried Frederic with vivacity, "I must find the place myself." The passenger, who understood this reply only as a refusal, contented himself with pointing out the way, and Frederic, heedless of the fatigue, went on cheerfully.

The sister of St. Camille had parted from him without inquietude for his fate. She believed that she had provided for him; the letter that he carried was to procure him an asylum. "Take care of him, and above all encourage him," wrote she to her best friend; "for depression will be a mortal blow to him. He does not want resources, but the will to make use of them. Strive, O strive, to make him love life!"

This mission of benevolence was sure to be fulfilled; for the person to whom the letter was addressed had known misfortune. Formerly she was rich and happy in the affection of a worthy husband; but he was then no more, and a law-suit had deprived her of her property. A daugh-

ter was the only comfort that remained to her: but how precious was that comfort! Though only sixteen, Cecilia had already undertaken to support her mother, whom weeping had nearly deprived of sight: for more than a year, all her moments had been consecrated to this pious duty. She worked without ceasing; her efforts had succeeded, and Madame Freval owed to her industry the decent necessities of life.

This picture of domestic felicity was present to the imagination of the Sister of Charity, at the moment when, on the threshold of the hospital, she waved a last adieu to Frederic. Happy in the certainty that she had provided for him a safe and agreeable asylum, she returned with a smile of delight to solace the unfortunates who still claimed her attentions.

Frederic quitted the hospital at seven in the morning, and it was mid-day before he reached the *rue Fer à Moulin*. He mounted to the fifth story in a house of good appearance, and was going to knock at the apartment of Madame Freval, when he heard the voice of some one moaning as if in pain. After listening for a moment, he knocked; the groans continued, but the door was not opened. As the key was on the outside, he opened it softly, and saw an aged female, apparently asleep, near the fire-place. Awakened by the noise of his crutch, she started up in surprise at seeing a stranger. Frederic advanced timidly, saying, "Pardon my unceremonious entrance, but I have promised to deliver this letter into the hands of Madame Freval; and doubtless, madam, you are the lady." She extended her hand for the letter, and sighed heavily when she had finished reading it.

"You come from a friend who is

very dear to me," said she in a sorrowful tone: "she has charged me to take care of you, and to try to dissipate your melancholy; but, alas! she knows not, for I could not resolve to tell her, that I have myself the greatest need of consolation; that I am sinking under a new and terrible misfortune. My daughter, the sole support of my old age, exhausted by her incessant labours, is dying of a slow fever. Three days ago she was first attacked with it; but she refused to yield to my entreaties to seek a little rest, because she wanted to finish a drawing that was ordered. She was unable to complete it; for yesterday she was obliged to keep her bed. I have not the means to procure her medical assistance, nor even necessities. Good young man, I see that you are affected at my sorrow; I am obliged to tell it to you, that you may see how impossible it is for me to serve you at this moment."

"Ah! madam, put me entirely out of the question; I think only of you at this moment," said Frederic in a tone of lively interest. In fact, her sorrowful recital sensibly touched him: the sweet hope of being useful to a fellow-creature roused him on a sudden from the apathy in which he was plunged, and the pleasure that he felt appeared in his countenance.

Madame Freval saw the change with surprise, but she was not long ignorant of the cause. He seated himself, without speaking, at the table on which the unfinished drawing lay, and prepared to complete it. You know how to draw then?" said Madame Freval, reanimated by a sweet hope.—"Yes, madam; and, thanks be to God, I have preserved my right arm! I can finish this piece in a few hours."

In spite of fatigue, hunger, and

weakness, he fell to work with alacrity. He was really a clever artist; but the sweet sentiment that inspired him made him excel himself: the drawing was a master-piece.

While he was thus occupied, Madame Freval, leaning over the head of her daughter's bed, which was placed in an alcove, and concealed by curtains, conversed with her in a low voice on the providential chance which had sent him to their relief. Cecilia wished to see the drawing when it was completed, and though too weak to take more than a transient view of it, yet a glance sufficed to shew her, that it was the performance of a master, whose talents she was far from equalling; and the faint smile that followed a movement of admiration, apprised Madame Freval that the future already presented itself under a less dreary aspect to her daughter.

The good mother, leaving her daughter under the care of a female neighbour, hastened to receive the price of the drawing. She soon returned, followed by a physician, who declared that repose and nourishment were all that was necessary to restore Cecilia to health.

Madame Freval now prepared a comfortable supper, which the young soldier partook of, with a delight to which he had long been a stranger. Life, lately so valueless in his eyes, now opened upon him in dazzling colours. He had been able to serve a fellow-creature, and one too who was beloved by his preserver. He had made, as he hoped, a friend with whom he could live in that sweet interchange of good offices which he had despaired of finding: in a word, he was no longer desolate upon earth. Peace and joy dawned upon his soul,

and he retired to the humble bed which Madame Freval had engaged in the same house for him, in a happier frame of mind than he had known since the death of his mother.

From that day, the affairs of this little family prospered. The health of Cecilia was soon re-established; she pursued her labours with alacrity, and under the tuition of Frederic, with increased success. Frederic himself worked incessantly, and, as he obstinately refused to receive any other compensation for his labours than his board and lodging, Madame Freval soon found herself able to live comfortably, and even to save money. In a word, notwithstanding her reverse of fortune, the good woman would have thought herself at the height of human felicity, could she have secured to herself the blessings she then enjoyed; but Frederic and her daughter were too young to be so constantly together without giving rise to scandal: there was but one way to obviate it, and that was to marry them. But Frederic had never spoken of love, and though Cecilia appeared partial to him, yet she was so very young, that she might perhaps mistake a transient inclination for a real passion. These thoughts embittered the happiness Madame Freval would otherwise have enjoyed: more than once she went with a determination to open her heart to her friend the good Sister of Charity; but when she beheld the pious *religieuse* wholly absorbed in the duties of religion and charity, she felt ashamed to speak of the weaknesses of humanity to one, who, though still young and beautiful, appeared so wholly above them.

One day, however, an occasion

presented itself, which the good mother eagerly seized. One of the sister's patients was suffering under a fever and delirium, occasioned by his dread of never more beholding a young woman to whom he was espoused. The frightful spectacle which his ravings presented sensibly touched the heart of the good nun, and Madame Freval happening to call at that moment, she related the circumstance to her, saying, at the same time, "How much are those unfortunates to be pitied whose repose is troubled by this frightful passion!"

Madame Freval seized the occasion to speak of her own situation, and her fears for the future happiness of Cecilia. The sister looked at her for a moment with surprise, then appearing to descend from a region where the passions are unknown, to deliver herself up to an affectionate sympathy for feeble humanity, she said, in a calm tone, "Why do not you marry them?"—"I think they are too young."—"Well then separate them."—"Ah! it will be cruel to separate two hearts so formed for one another."—"Then why not marry them?"—"But if Cecilia should afterwards repent—if she should take a disgust for a husband mutilated as Frederic is?"—"If you are afraid of that, it is better to separate them immediately."—"And then we shall perhaps fall into the misery from which the talents and the industry of Frederic have drawn us."—"You may prevent that by taking him for your son-in-law."—"But he has said nothing to authorize me to propose my daughter to him."

The sister smiled at the irresolution of Madame Freval. "My dear friend," said she timidly, while the

glow of modesty tinged her cheek, "I shall come to see you to-morrow; and although it belongs not to my province to intermeddle between lovers, yet I will take upon myself, with the blessing of God, to put an end to your embarrassment."

A visit from the sister was a family festival, and they prepared to receive the humble nun *en reine*. Frederic determined to spare nothing that could testify his gratitude and veneration for her from whom he had received so affecting a service. Their work was put away, the apartment neatly arranged and adorned with flowers, and a little collation placed in readiness to regale the sister after her walk. A smile from her overpaid the pains taken for her reception. "I cannot stay long with you," said she on entering; "we must, therefore, make the most of our time. Come, Frederic, shew me your drawings; I am told that you are a clever artist." He had foreseen this moment, and after shewing some flowers, he presented her a finely finished drawing of a scene which the sister could not fail to recognise: it represented her tottering under his weight as she carried him wounded from the field of battle. The good sister, in whose heart vainglory had no place, surveyed it with a calm smile, and seeing, at the same moment, a portrait of St. Camille—"Ah!" said she with a lively emotion of pleasure, "this is for me, I am sure. I accept it, and shall take it home with me. Now, Frederic, let us speak of your affairs: your healthy and cheerful look proves to me that you are happy in your present situation. But can it last always? Does not decency oppose your residing in the same apartment with this young

maiden? It is time to put an end to what the world may justly condemn; and therefore, my children, you ought either to marry or to separate."—"Ah!" stammered Frederic, "if I were thought worthy to become the spouse of Cecilia!"—"It is for thee, my child," said the sister, tenderly taking her hand, "to reply to that." The blushing girl cast a look upon her mother, who readily answered for her; and it was agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated without delay. The saintly purity of the sister had given a solemnity to this scene which effaced every sensual

thought, and tintured even the happiness of the lovers with a feeling of religious awe. As she ceased to speak, Cecilia involuntarily threw herself at her feet, saying, in a tone of the most fervent piety, "Oh! my mother, bless me!" Impelled by the same sentiment, Frederic silently sank on his knees by the side of Cecilia; and the benevolent nun, as she raised her clasped hands above their heads, exclaimed, "My children, I bless you in the name of God! Never forget, that it is by good works alone that we can duly honour that holy name."

THE NOVICIATE.

(Continued from p. 218.)

LADY GLAMMIS had ordered Wilmina to be lodged in a remote tower, and sent to a distant hamlet for an old woman to attend her. No member of the family was even permitted to inquire for her, except the priest who prescribed; and he received only at second hand, from the old woman, an account of the diagnostics of her malady. Wilmina, who, since her birth, was surrounded by numerous attendants to anticipate, if possible, every want or wish, had now but one poor stranger to answer her calls in dire extremity. That stranger was not, however, an interested hireling; she had experienced at Balveny Castle the bounty of her patient, whose beneficence to the wandering poor now availed her more than all the gratifications she formerly enjoyed. These were past, as the transient gleam of lightning before a storm; but the relief she had bestowed on this poor woman was present to her memory, and she watched with incessant care, while

Wilmina, delirious or insensible, was wholly at her mercy. The first symptom of recovered reason appeared in asking for Lord Balveny. The good woman cautiously made known in reply, that all intercourse with the inhabitants of the castle was peremptorily debarred, which kept her quite ignorant of the guests who came or went; but that, several days ago, the priest gave her the strictest orders to keep the bolt well fastened on the entrance of the tower, as Lord Balveny insisted on seeing the Lady Wilmina, and Lady Glammis dreaded that, after all his fatigues, he would be very apt to take infection. She was trying to get him away without going to the sick chamber. Wilmina blessed her sister's dutiful attention to their father, and was satisfied.

Archibald, Lord of Balveny, had indeed hastened to Glammis Castle after the interment, which, in honour of his predecessor, and to exhibit his own magnificence, rather than

through filial reverence, was conducted with pompous ceremonials. He and his suite travelled by land from the same motives, and to make treaties with the powerful barons whose residences lay in that direction. Lord Ormond proceeded by sea, purposing to take Wilmina to the Orcades or to Denmark, till he had subdued her lofty spirit. Favourable winds brought him to Glamis Castle ten days earlier than Lord Balveny: we have seen how quickly a terror for the contagion of Wilmina's distemper hurried him away. In great wrath at this pusillanimous retreat, Archibald insisted on admission to his sister, to prove his own courage, and to shame the fever-scared Ormond: when his anger cooled, he probably felt obliged to Lady Glamis for ordering the tower to be secured against his entrance. He admonished Lady Glamis to apprise Lord Ormond as soon as Wilmina could be received into society; and if she proved refractory to the alliance he recommended, she must be shipped off and forced into obedience, if but to save their noble house from the degradation of giving her to a younger brother; and the Drummonds were his personal adversaries.

Lady Glamis protested she would rather bury her sister, than see her thrown away on any cadet of the first family in the realm: but she prayed Lord Balveny to keep in mind, that the Drummonds and their friends abounded in every district; they were all proud of the young knight, and devoted to him, and they would spare no pains to trace out his bride. With this host of active spies in all quarters, she must be discovered, unless they could secure her within the walls of some religious

asylum. For her own part, she must not appear in any measure hostile to Wilmina. The king, from regard to her father, allowed her the domain and revenues of her attainted lord, and she was not without hope of getting the titles restored in the person of her dear son. Lord Balveny was too wise as a politician, too kind as a brother, to wish her to adventure in any plan that might ruin her own family; and to give Wilmina to any suitor, without asking the king's permission, would be construed into little less than rebellion.

Archibald was open to flattery, and Lady Glamis knew this foible; but her opposing the king's prerogative to the domestic rights of a noble destroyed the effect of her insinuating appeal to his wisdom and kindness. With infuriated pride he swore Wilmina should feel she was now his dependent, and even the king had no pretension to interfere with his natural authority. Every unmarried girl, or full-grown woman, must render implicit submission to an eldest brother after the demise of her father; and Wilmina must give herself to Lord Ormond at the command of Lord Balveny.

Lady Glamis had predetermined that Wilmina never should be Lady Ormond; the honour was intended by her for Annabel of Glamis. She therefore advised Lord Balveny to act in a manner worthy of his repute for generosity, by dealing gently with the orphan girl, whose fate would attract much public notice. There was one infallible expedient to conquer her obstinacy: to let her see with her own eyes the severe penances, the dull monotony of a convent; and then to give her a choice between religious seclusion and the

gay elevation offered to her as the consort of Lord Ormond. Mary of Glamis was near completing her noviciate with the holy sisterhood of Vallis Lucis: under pretence of visiting her niece before she was finally cut off from the world, Wilmina might be induced to enter the gloomy walls, and the lady abbess, a sister of Lord Glamis, could make her very glad to depart from them.

Lord Balveny, duped by the more profound artifice of his adviser, left Wilmina entirely to her management. To separate her from Lord Ormond, and to entangle him in matrimonial bonds with her daughter Annabel, Lady Glamis would have contrived to give Drummond a hint where to seek his bride; but to fix her in a nunnery was more eligible. Lord Ormond, always keenly alive to his own interest, had demanded Wilmina's wardrobe from Lord Balveny, to convey to the north in his ship, and the two lords had nearly quarrelled in drawing a line between her private property and the heir-looms of Balveny. Archibald, being in Lord Ormond's power, on account of sending his sister away by a deceptive alarm, was forced to give up many articles of great value. Ormond conveyed the chests to Glamis Castle, supposing this parade of liberal confidence must recommend him to Wilmina: Lady Glamis took care to secure them immediately, and Ormond's hasty escape from the fever banished the charge from his recollection. Lady Glamis ransacked the numerous packages, and without much scruple, abstracted a part; but enough remained to excite her avidity, and if Wilmina could be inveigled to a convent,

the secular vanities must of course belong to Lady Glamis.

Before Archibald left her, she mentioned to him another very strong inducement for removing Wilmina to Vallis Lucis. Nobody would think of looking again through the south, where the Drummonds were no doubt engaged in a prying quest for her; before she recovered, they would be searching northwards; and to put them quite on a wrong scent, Lord Balveny could spread a rumour that she had retired to France or Italy to take the veil. Lord Balveny acquiesced; and though his purse seldom opened, unless in the sure prospect of greater gain, or in the pride of display, he gave Lady Glamis a considerable sum of money to reimburse her for the expenses of Wilmina's illness and her journey to Vallis Lucis. This sum, he said to himself, must be deducted from her dowry, when he settled with her spouse, Lord Ormond.

After some weeks, Lady Glamis invited her sister to join the family circle, if we may so call a society where unreserved communion and cordiality were unknown. Her father's patience with her childish follies, and his frank condescension and indulgence to her riper age, were enhanced in value by a contrast of which, till now, she had formed no adequate idea. She had heard of rigid parental domination; she now beheld it divested of the glosses that smoothed the rugged features, while she and Lord Balveny, the strenuous advocates of a milder system, happened to spend a few days with a neighbour. Our story is introduced by a slight representation of the severities inflicted upon young

females by their rulers in former times: at Glamis Castle the sufferers were exasperated by witnessing unbounded licence to their only brother, and unjust partiality to their eldest sister. Annabel of Glamis was the counterpart of her mother. Tall even to masculine height, her figure and countenance, though cast in a mould of unexceptionable symmetry and beauty, were ungraced by feminine attraction. Her open forehead, prominent sparkling dark eyes, the superb curve of her black eyebrows, her aquiline nose, and even the large dimples in her rosy cheeks, and the smile on her pouting lips, might have adorned the face of a handsome stripling; her strong mind, self-confidence, and commanding manners finished the parallel. Yet in an age almost semi-barbarous, Annabel of Glamis had many admirers. Her mother doubted not she could wean Lord Ormond's heart from Wilmina, if the conventual vow placed her beyond his hopes. Annabel's practical jokes, mirthful romping, and humorous rattle amused him in the few years his lady dragged out as his domestic slave; he saw Wilmina at court in the second month of his widowhood, and in the eye of a nobleman, polished by frequent residence at the court of Francis the First of France, Annabel of Glamis could not, for one moment, stand a comparison with the soul-fraught elegance of Lord Balveny's daughter, five years younger than her manly niece. An alliance with Wilmina would bring him riches and influence: Lord Glamis was expatriated, and his family gratuitously maintained by the king, only for the sake of Lord Balveny.

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Lady Glamis had a succession of anxious thoughts in regard to the establishment of her daughters, particularly for Annabel, the eldest and favourite, who was passing beyond maturity. Wilmina, though gentle, was of a decided and firm character, and in her ravings had spoken of Auriol Drummond in a way that shewed the ardour and depth of her attachment: would she forsake him for a living tomb at Vallis Lucis? The experiment was at least worth a trial, and there was yet another resource to frustrate Lord Balveny's scheme of compelling her to marry Lord Ormond. Lady Glamis, without implicating herself, could inform Drummond concerning the object nearest his heart; and, in return, he could do no less than promote her efforts to obtain the titles of Glamis for her son. This boy, though irascible, wild, and at times mischievous, had more heart than Annabel; and he befriended the younger girls, over whom she tyrannized with unrelenting cruelty.

The scene was extremely distressing to Wilmina. Her constitution had not quite recovered the effects of her dangerous indisposition, and her spirits were harassed by the absence of her father, and the object who was continually present to her thoughts, though the slightest allusion to him never took place at Glamis Castle. Five weeks passed in this manner since she left the isolated tower, when Lady Glamis proposed to her a journey southwards. The idea was reviving, and she said that any time Lady Glamis pleased she was ready. Lady Glamis left the hall; and Andrew asked Wilmina if she would take away the

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chests she brought from Balveny Castle. Annabel secretly wished she could flog him for the officious question, and she could almost have flogged herself for negligence in securing the door of a room where the packages were stowed. Neither Andrew nor his younger sisters had seen Lord Balveny or Lord Ormond; they were not privileged to appear in the hall till Wilmina asked that indulgence for them. Annabel alone was the depositary of her mother's secrets when a coadjutor was indispensable, and one more able she could not desire. She pretended not to have heard Andrew's interrogatory, and talked loudly and rapidly on some other subject: but the youth was not to be daunted by her frowns, nor out-prattled by her volubility; he asked so knowingly about the chests, that Wilmina applied to Lady Glammis, who seasonably opened the door. She was a little disconcerted; for as Wilmina agreed to go south by land, her ladyship intended to keep the chests till demanded, and she trusted to her own machinations to prevent the inquiry after her sister left the castle. She hesitatingly answered, that till Wilmina had regained more strength to arrange the contents, she delayed telling her that packages were brought to the castle by the Glammis tenants, who received them from foreign sailors. There was self-denial in this delay, for she and her girls were anxious to see the far-famed wardrobe: would Wilmina gratify them with a display? Wilmina immediately complied, and made handsome presents to her sister and nieces. Lady Glammis gave orders to send the chests south by sea. Annabel knew how far the order should be obeyed. Wilmina was surprised

that so many dresses were sent for her, and imputed it to the hurry of her damsels to save her property from Oliver Sinclair. Lady Glammis assured her of his defeat, and she believed her father had been at Glammis Castle: so she was spared anxiety on his account.

The horses were ready, covered with splendid caparisons that had seen better days, but now were tarnished by time. The escort assisted Lady Glammis to mount, and Wilmina lightly vaulted upon her saddle before the men could offer their services: they proceeded more slowly than she wished; but she was passive, in consideration of her sister's age and bulk. As they drew near the Cistercian abbey of Vallis Lucis, Lady Glammis proposed to pass the night with her sister-in-law, the saintly lady abbess of the convent. Wilmina had heard Mary of Glammis warmly commended by her brother Andrew. He said she was younger than Susannah, and older than Hannah; not so pretty as either, but the best of all his sisters. She quarrelled with nobody, was obliging to all, and never discontented. In allusion to the traces of small-pox on her visage, Lady Glammis, turning up her eyes with a sanctified air, said, the Lord had marked Mary of Glammis for himself: yet she yearned to see her once more ere she renounced for ever all connection with the world. Wilmina with real pleasure agreed to visit her niece, and would have travelled many miles to embrace her. On this occasion she could stay but one night; but when she had seen her father and the betrothed of her heart and vows, she would come to evince her regard for Mary.

These reflections were confined to her own breast. Lady Glammis seldom mentioned her father, nor did she encourage Wilmina to talk of him; the name of the knight of Drummond she had never heard since the old woman asked her in the isolated tower, whether he was young or old, as she spoke much of him in her delirium. Wilmina's cheeks glowed and tingled at the question: she put off her attendant with an indirect reply; saying, the knight of Drummond had been a hero in the wars of England, France, and Scotland. The good nurse supposed he could not be young, and dropped the inquiry, leaving Wilmina to think not only of his high renown, but to recal his domestic qualities, with the most endearing associations.

A lowering sky added gloom to the long dusky avenue shaded by trees, the growth of ages, beneath whose meeting branches Lady Glammis, Wilmina, and their escort approached the convent, situated within view of the abbey of Vallis Lucis. Wilmina shuddered on entering the walls, where the stillness as of death presented a fit emblem of the living tomb. The lady abbess gave them a sedate, but cordial welcome. Her face and figure might have resembled Susannah her niece in youth; but her blue eyes had a cast upwards that marked the pious aspirations of her soul. Her cheek was pale, and her demeanour composed: yet Wilmina could perceive the poignancy and elevation of her feelings, since, on any touching theme, she betrayed a wildness of aspect, restrained by determined self-controul.

Mary paid her duty to Lady Glammis with a subdued timid air, and

was evidently elated when her ladyship held out her hand to be kissed by the gentle affectionate girl. She had none of the beauty her sisters were taught to overvalue; but her face was the index of qualities that might benefit the world she was destined to quit, without consulting her inclinations. Lady Glammis intimated a wish for private communion with her daughter, and the lady abbess desired Mary to conduct her mother to her dormitory. Her ladyship seated herself on the bed, no seats being allowed but in public apartments. Mary, with downcast eyes, stood at a respectful distance, attending in unsuspecting reverence the insidious counsels of her mother. "Mary of Glammis once! now the happier bride of Him that loveth and gave himself for the souls of the elect! Mary! I charge you to cultivate the favour of your aunt: remember, it is to be obtained only by dismissing in her presence all conventual grave airs. The Lady Wilmina has an inward call to the blissful self-devotion of religious life, and it will be inexpiable sin, if the nuns or novices frustrate the benign invitations of the Holy Spirit by wearing an aspect of melancholy. Do you, my once daughter, warn all the sisters to shew in their looks and deportment a joy untasted amidst our wicked world."

Mary implicitly obeyed her mother. If the injunction had come from other lips, her pure mind would have revolted against the assumption of false appearances; but inured to submit without questioning, or even presuming to examine, maternal commands, she innocently drew on herself a stern reprehension from some elders of the sisterhood. She saw

the error, and gave the night to repentant tears, and to prayers in behalf of her mother.

Before the escort was dismissed to quarters, Wilmina said to Lady Glammis, it was her duty, her fervent wish, to rest only one night on the way to Balveny Castle. She would go forward thither with the earliest dawn of day. Lady Glammis had her own reasons for desiring to leave Vallis Lucis: she told Wilmina she would not be remiss in taking measures for her satisfaction; and when they had partaken of simple refreshments, her ladyship said to the lady abbess, she had family matters for her private ear; Mary would converse with her aunt. Lady Glammis made known to the lady abbess the afflicting communication she must impart to her sister. The lady abbess recommended that Wilmina should receive it in bed; and when her young guest would have taken leave for the night, she said, with an affectionate pressure of her hand, that her benediction would attend the repose of her dear daughter in the Lord.

The heart-rending intelligence of Lord Balveny's fate suspended every faculty of the mourner, though softened by the most tender sympathy, and some delicate reservation of particulars, when communicated by the abbess. Days elapsed before Wilmina found relief in tears; and so petrifying had been her anguish, that the clamorous sorrow of Lady Glammis seemed not to touch her ear. The lady abbess exhorted Lady Glammis to resignation, or at least to quietude, beseeching a daughter whose tears embalmed the memory of a Christian parent; and her ladyship, finding her parade of grief unavailing, suppressed the exclamatory lament, and

attempted to make a display of eloquent sensibility; wringing her hands, while a torrent of speech poured from her lips, contrasting her own woes as the wife of an attainted lord, the mother of unprotected daughters, bereaved of her father, her only stay; and admonishing Wilmina to take her example of fortitude. The abbess was employed in chafing the temples and cold hands of Wilmina. Her eyes opened with a vacant gaze; and but for the slow heaving of her breast, a beholder might conclude her spirit had escaped from affliction to the eternal mansions of peace. Lady Glammis continued to speak: the abbess turned to her a penetrating look, and said, "Lady Glammis, the agony of lacerated nature overwhelms your sister. By a suspension of our distinct perception, the merciful Redeemer sustains frail humanity, until, in slow degrees, the pang grows less acute, and reflections dictated by the assuasive influence of piety produce resignation. Your words cannot at present make any impression. Your sister hears them not: you have filled the air with sounds of woe, but they penetrated not to her mind: her eyes are open, she sees us not. The Lord in his own time will restore her." Lady Glammis submitted to the rebuke, and was silent. Her sister-in-law had great wealth: the mention of unprotected daughters was introduced as an appeal to her liberality, and to prevent her from endowing the convent to the prejudice of her nieces. The abbess said, that as Lady Glammis purposed so soon to leave Vallis Lucis, her daughter would be disappointed, if during her stay she had so little of her society. Lady Glammis was not averse to take

all the variety she could find, and went in search of Mary and some amusement. The abbess seldom left Wilmina; but she spoke only to invoke the saints to send her comfort in her tribulation. On the second morning she found the mourner out of bed, and calm though dejected. Wilmina asked Lady Glammis to procure for her habiliments suitable to her situation. At these words the sluices of grief overflowed; the abbess beckoned Lady Glammis from the apartment, and Wilmina wept unrestrained. Hers was no ordinary affliction. A parent, whose excellencies dignified his family, and whose kindness sweetened every moment of her life, had embraced her for the last time: they parted in perfect health: she should behold him no more; he was laid in the earth, and she had not breathed a prayer nor dropped a tear over his loved remains; his mouldering corpse was for ever removed from her view. Could she hope to experience from Archibald even the indulgence of visiting her father's grave, unless she accepted Ormond? This thought was verging on distraction. Sooner would she forfeit life than give herself to Ormond; and Drummond, the sole engrosser of her orphan heart, since her dear, dear father was no more—Drummond, the only earthly stay of her happiness, who would conduct him to her? Her meditations were broken by Lady Glammis. After a few sentences of common-place condolence and religious advice, she subjoined:

"I have no doubt you will approve the caution which delayed giving bitter tidings, till I could lodge you in safety from Lord Ormond's persecuting love, my dear Wilmina. Alas!

it is too sure that the moment you leave Vallis Lucis, you must fall into his hands. Indeed, I very sadly fear that our brother Archibald will send authorized vassals to take you hence, unless you prevent that exercise of his authority by writing to him, that you have resolved to become a sainted inmate of these abodes of peaceful enjoyment. Give me a strong declaration to that effect, in the form of a letter to our brother: I shall convey it speedily, and have it delivered by a deputation of brethren from the abbey in due form, so that Archibald dare not offer you any further annoyance. Yours is the pen of a ready writer, and I shall procure materials from the abbess."—"I cannot write in the way you advise, Lady Glammis," answered Wilmina in a mild but determined tone. "I never till now have mentioned him whose valorous aid delivered me from worse than death; but you cannot be uninformed, that, with my father's approbation, I was plighted to make the happiness of Auriol Drummond the chief care of my earthly existence. Broken vows and a divided heart are not a fit offering for heaven. I am betrothed, and shall maintain my fidelity."

"The church, and the laws and customs of our land, require obedience to your brother Archibald," said Lady Glammis imperiously; "and Archibald commands you to become the bride of Lord Ormond. It must be so, if you venture to leave this sanctuary. I speak for your own happiness, my sister. You are formed to animate, to adorn, and exalt the offices of religion; and in that hallowed vocation your felicity will be almost angelic. But if you cast

yourself upon the world, you expose all the subsequent events of your lot to the controul and dictation of our eldest brother. He has said you shall be the wife of Ormond, and he never has been known to alter a decree. Who can interfere to save you from a detested marriage, or to restore you to Drummond? Archibald is your ruler, and no friend: if your friends were numerous as they are few, none could have a right to interfere between you and your natural director."

"I will adhere to the ties completely ratified by my dear and honoured father," said Wilmina. "The God of truth will not forsake me, while I humbly endeavour to tread the path of duty. My friends, though small in number, are true; and my trust is in the Lord and his saints."

Lady Glammis felt it would be waste of time to admonish a girl so inflexible, but the abbess might have more influence. Wilmina evinced high esteem for her, and she had powers of persuasion seldom equalled. Her ladyship sought the abbess; related the conversation with her sister, and besought her to save

the orphan from a marriage with the dissolute Ormond. She must remain at Vallis Lucis till Lord Balveny gave orders concerning her; and if the nuns and novices did not frighten her with grim faces, she might be weaned from the world. If she took the veil, Lord Balveny must bestow on her a pension according to her rank and the riches left by her father. The abbess, in compassion to her soul, would no doubt engage her to shun the wedded influence of a man so wicked as Ormond. The convent was her only protection from him; and if the sisterhood laid aside for a time the austerity of their demeanour, she would not be deterred from joining their order for life.

"With my concurrence, Lady Glammis," replied the abbess, "no fallacious show of cheerfulness shall mislead your sister: but if she can comprehend the heart-enjoyments of sincere piety, she may here experience them; and when she has seen us as we really are, I shall endeavour, as in duty bound, to save her from the snares of the world."

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS.

PERHAPS the most difficult thing in the world to do well is—*nothing*. It is an art in itself, and one I could never acquire. It used therefore to be a source of considerable annoyance to me that I had *nothing* to do. I could not rest quiet under the notion, that I was a perfect drone in the creation. It is true, that in my youth I had led an active life; but this served only to make the idleness that afflicted me the more oppressive.

Being of a restless, nervous disposition, I actually worked myself up into a *far-niente* fever. I was no sportsman; I was no reader; and I had too much honesty and humanity to be a gamester. In short, I began to think myself an absolute nonentity. Turning this in my thoughts one day as usual, I said to myself, "What am I?" An answer to this question suddenly flashed across my mind. I'm a *consumer*. That's it exactly.

I'm a consumer. The busy world are *producers*, and we idlers are *consumers*.

Having thus, in my own mind, divided the world into producers and consumers, I began to draw a comparison between these two orders of society. The former, thought I, is doubtless a very useful class, but the other is certainly the more important; for though things must be produced before they can be consumed, yet without demand their could be no supply. I observed too that the world was quite of this opinion, for the producer always bows to the consumer. One man thanks you for walking in his shoes, and another for wearing his coat. Mine host makes you a low reverence for condescending to eat his dinner, and another looks upon you as a pitiful fellow if you do not drink his claret. That insignificant wretch, whose worn-out frame and squalid looks speak him infinitely more of a producer than a consumer, what a poor figure he cuts along side of that portly gentleman, who consumes as much food as would supply a whole family of poor producers, and whose tailor's bill would clothe half a parish!

Again, what a wide difference there is between the tax-gatherer who produces the revenue and the minister who consumes it! The one you envy, and the other you despise.

Then conquerors and heroes, those vast consumers of the human species, are they not dignified with the epithet of *great*, solely for their success in the art and practice of consumption? An Alexander or a Napoleon will consume you whole millions of their fellow-creatures in a few years; while a dozen or so is the most that a pair of producers

can contribute to the human stock in the whole course of their lives.

In short, I observed that people were respected and esteemed in proportion to their means of consumption; while, on the other hand, he who most contributed to production by his personal labour was the least regarded. This was further confirmed in my mind by observing, that all producers wished to be thought consumers, and would, in fact, do every thing in their power and run many risks to become such.

On further considering the subject, I also found, that the distinctions of gentle and simple, into which society is divided, meant neither more nor less, than consumers and producers. By gentility or gentleness, the consumer does the tradesman out of his produce, and this latter is simple enough to feel himself honoured by the acceptance of it. So it is in literature. The simple author offers his goods to the "gentle reader," who perhaps consumes at one sitting what took the poor wretch years of toil to compose. Now, that girl just launched from the boarding-school, with what avidity she consumes whole volumes of novels and romances, in the production of which countless inches of tallow-candle (quarts of midnight oil would have been more classical, but not so true,) must have been expended! She has already nearly exhausted the circulating library. God send her soon a husband and brats; for not even can that literary mint, the *soi-disant* modern Athens, keep pace with her present novel-reading appetite.

Look again at that greedy hawk-eyed politician. He will swallow you at one gulp what took the statesman full twenty-four hours to com-

pose, two hours more to deliver, and the gentlemen connected with the press (as they are called) at least six hours additional to put into English. Indeed, the superiority in the powers of consumption over those of production needs no other proof, than to witness the effects of fire, that mighty consumer, whose power is proclaimed by so many noble institutions. In one brief hour will it not consume what has been the work of years to produce?

Then, that greatest of all consumers, Death, what a sublime personage he is! how awful! how dreaded! while the supplier of subjects for his insatiable jaws is not even dignified with a name, birth being in nowise personified.

In short, throughout nature, production is ignoble, and toilsome consumption honourable and easy.

Having thus satisfied my mind of the importance of being a consumer, I sat myself down to consuming in earnest. Hitherto I had been rather economical, having judged it wrong to spend much on myself; but from that moment I spent every farthing of my income, and that being a good one, I consumed of course no small quantity of productions. My conscience became less troublesome, my disposition less fidgety, and gradually I swelled into the dignity of a most useful and important member of society. I married another consumer like myself, never dreaming that I should then become a producer. However, as it was the only

instance in which I ever acted in that humble capacity, I consoled myself in the determination to bring up all my children as consumers; and so fully acted up to this resolution, that, by dint of stuffing and over-clothing, I actually drove them into a consumption.

Being then left to ourselves, my partner and I went on consuming at such a rate, that from interest we got to principal, and from principal to credit, till at last I had just interest enough left to get a birth in the King's Bench, just principle enough to prevent my cutting my throat, and credit only for having spent my fortune like a gentleman.

What a return for my efforts to be useful in my generation! O ungrateful world! Here we are then in durance vile, with little or nothing to consume but *time*, and that is doled out to me in dribblets from a neighbouring clock, whose incessant tick, tick, tick, strikes my ear as if in mockery of my miserable plight. In the attempt to consume this enemy to the rich and idle, but friend to the industrious and poor, I have been delivered of this production, which it hath pleased thee, gentle reader, to consume. May many others consume it also! I care not how. Let them light their pipes with it if they like. It is all the same to me, so as they pay for the copies, and I and my wife get something for the consumption of our hungry jaws.

B.

THE COMPENSATION.

ARTHUR, a poor clerk, lived at St. Petersburg, and contrived to maintain himself with his small salary.

Respected by his superiors, and beloved by his equals, he was content with his sphere: always cheerful,

without wishes or cares, if he did not despise wealth, he could at least dispense with it.

One day Arthur was sent by his employer to Count Paulowsko, a nobleman equally well known for his influence and his wealth. As his errand was not important, his visit was soon over; he took his leave of the count, and proceeded through halls, corridors, and courts, with the intention of returning home. He was just opening the last door when he was suddenly intercepted by twenty retainers, who surrounded and seized him, and without farther explanation began to administer fifty blows with a stick. In vain he cried, that they must be mistaken, and that he had just come from the count; they did not release him till he had received the prescribed number of strokes. Furious with rage, he snatched the weapon from their hands, and laid about him at random on all sides. One of the serfs assured him, that they had but obeyed the commands of their master: at these words he paused; but again overcome by indignation, he was for returning, and calling to account the barbarian by whom he had been so insulted. He was actually hastening back for this purpose, when a person, whom he did not know, but who had witnessed this scene, laid hold of him, and thrust him out of the palace with these words: "Be gone, unfortunate man! Draw not down on thyself the hatred of so potent a noble: nothing would screen thee from his vengeance." It was in vain to make farther opposition: he was obliged to put up with the affront, in spite of his just indignation, and to resume his usual employment.

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Time, however, can effect a great deal, and already did this adventure begin gradually to fade from his memory, when one holiday, intending to avail himself of the fine weather, he was just putting on his coat, that coat which he had never worn since his visit to Count Paulowsko, and which strongly reminded him of the cruel usage he had received. All at once he heard a knock at his door; he opened it, and a well dressed man entered. "I come," said he, bowing to the very floor, "from Count Paulowsko."—"From Count Paulowsko!" rejoined Arthur, glowing with anger. "What would the barbarian have with me?"—"Sir," replied the stranger, bowing incessantly, "the count expects you in his palace."—"I go to him again? No, never!"—"Yet go you must; but he would much rather you went voluntarily."—"By what right can I be compelled?"—"It is the count's pleasure," replied the stranger, again bowing: "according to his orders I am to conduct you to him."—"I am my own master, and——"—"That may be, but as my master anticipated your refusal, he sent twenty of his people along with me, to be employed in case of necessity. A carriage is waiting for you at the door. Consider then, sir, whether it would not be better to go of your own accord than by compulsion."

Arthur hesitated for a moment. Who was there to protect him if he resisted? Should he suffer himself to be dragged away like a slave, and thus lose the advantage which he might derive from a spirited step? At length the singularity of the invitation, and the carriage that was sent for him, piqued his curiosity, and he

P P .

resolved to brave the issue of the adventure. Assuming a firm and tranquil air, he accompanied the stranger, who now made himself known to him as the count's steward, and followed him bareheaded. He had actually to pass through a troop of twenty sturdy serfs drawn up before his door, and unconsciously frowned on recognising them to be the very same rogues who had handled him so roughly, and who now bent their heads down to the very ground.

On reaching the palace, Arthur alighted: the steward conducted him to the count's apartment and retired. The young man's eyes sparkled when he beheld his enemy: he entered boldly and with clenched fist. Paulowsko received him with open arms and pressed him to his bosom. "My dear friend," said he, "how rejoiced I am to see you!"—Arthur was filled with astonishment. "You are angry with me," he resumed, "for the scurvy trick I lately played you: I have done wrong, very wrong, I confess, and beg your pardon. Let us be better friends in future, and to make a beginning, pass the rest of the day with me. In future, a cover shall be placed for you regularly at my table, and if you do not come voluntarily, I shall have you fetched by force: for this is a fancy that I have taken into my head. Choose then between my friendship and my enmity."

Arthur actually spent that day in Paulowsko's palace; the count placed him at table between himself and his daughter, an amiable girl of sixteen. She was acquainted with her father's ill treatment of Arthur, and had employed all her influence to induce him to compensate for it. Joy at her success heightened her beauty at that

moment. Arthur was struck by it: Elisca's voice, her look, penetrated his heart. The charming girl, with no other view than to make amends for her father's injustice, occupied herself almost exclusively with Arthur. How could he help being transported with her kindness, and forgetting all that had passed? He was agreeable, amiable, and easy it was for him to be so, for he was happy. The other distinguished guests, who were at first surprised at the attentions which the count and his daughter lavished on Arthur, were at length obliged to do him justice, and to admit that a very poor fellow may sometimes be rich in mental endowments.

From this day forward, whenever Arthur shewed a reluctance to appear at the palace, the count sent for him with fresh solicitations and fresh menaces. Arthur deemed it right to comply with this whim, or to confess the truth, a secret charm drew him thither against his will; and the gracious reception which he experienced from the amiable Elisca produced a ready obedience. It was not long before he became the favourite and dearest friend of the man whom he thought himself bound to hate as long as he lived. Arthur, however, though in such high favour with Paulowsko, received neither any appointment nor pecuniary assistance from him. A single word from this powerful patron might have opened to him the most brilliant career; but the count, so far from pronouncing this word, did not seem to harbour any intention of doing so.

One day, it was just a year after that event which left behind it such painful recollections in Arthur's mind, he happened to be alone with the count. "My dear friend," said

the latter with a smile, "on this memorable day I have a little proposal to make to you, which you must not refuse. I wish you to—to marry. The lady whom I have selected for you is a good match; she has talents, beauty, and some property. For the rest judge for yourself—look, here she is!" At these words the count took his daughter by the hand and led her to the young man. Arthur's astonishment, emotion, and joy may be better conceived than described. Elisea blushed; but a sweet smile signified that she would not be disobedient to the will of her father. Arthur threw himself at the feet of the count: he was unable to express his gratitude, and merely covered his hand with kisses and tears. What language, indeed, could have spoken so eloquently as his looks!

The same day the count gave a splendid entertainment, to which a select company was invited. When all his guests were seated, Paulowski thus addressed them: "Dear and noble friends, the feast of which you are about to partake is given in honour of the nuptials of my daughter. You all know the husband whom I have selected for her: I will not name him, you shall have the pleasure of guessing who he is, and I am convinced that you will approve my choice." The guests strove in vain to guess the happy man. One mentioned the young Prince P—, another the wealthy Count N—; and a third the elegant Baron S—: in short, every one concluded that it must be some distinguished personage; and all consoled themselves with the idea, that they should not have to wait long for the solution of the mystery. Had they noticed the

modest embarrassment, and the blushes that covered the cheeks of the lovers, they would have suspected the truth; but how could they suppose that the sole heiress of the Paulowski was destined to be the wife of a young man of neither rank nor property, of an obscure person, who brought his illustrious consort nothing but a cultivated understanding, an excellent heart, and the most ardent affection?

Midnight arrived. The count, who had quitted the company for a short time, returned. Profound silence prevailed. "You have partaken," said he, "of my daughter's wedding-feast; before you go, you shall witness the nuptial ceremony which is about to be performed in my domestic chapel. Come, Arthur, give your arm to your bride!"—"Arthur! Arthur!" reiterated the illustrious assemblage: "is it possible? Did any one ever see the like before?"—"No, my friends," replied the count, smiling at the chorus of exclamations; "but you shall presently see that it is nevertheless possible enough."

And they did actually see not only this, but something more, which excited not less astonishment. At the moment when the guests were preparing to depart, the count embraced his children. "Now, my friends," said he, "it is time for all of us to retire to rest. My carriage will be ready directly, Arthur: take your wife along with you; we shall see one another to-morrow, so good night!" Arthur at first smiled, from a thorough conviction that this was only one of the count's jokes; but his grave look, the perfect seriousness with which he ordered the carriage and hastened their departure, left no room for doubt: to remonstrate would have been useless; he was obliged to

submit to his pleasure, and away he drove with the sole heiress of the Paulowski to the humble retreat which he had supposed that he should never see again. "Here then," exclaimed Arthur, "the wealthy, the celestial Elisca is to pass her wedding-night! Dearest Elisca," continued he, tenderly embracing her, "would to heaven that my affection for you could make you forget all that you are sacrificing for my sake!" Elisca, astounded by all that had occurred, was unable to utter a word; but her husband was at her feet, vowing by all that was most sacred to live for her alone. Forgetting her past splendour and the magnificent palace of her father, not a murmur escaped her lips. True love, thou gift of heaven, thou alone bestowest a charm on life, thou alone compensatest for the loss of every thing else!

On the ensuing day not the slightest explanation took place on the part of the count; he dismissed them again at night, and in this manner weeks and months passed away. This was indeed no joke. Arthur's embarrassment had soon reached the highest pitch. The count required them to attend his entertainments, and to accompany him into the most brilliant circles; but he furnished not a *copeck* towards the expenses which the appearance they were obliged to make on his account demanded. What must a man do without money? Run in debt. So did Arthur. But how were these debts to be paid? He had no other resource than his opulent father-in-law; but to apply to this

humourist would only have been exposing himself to fresh torments. The anxiety of the young couple daily increased, and the certainty that they should soon be blest with a pledge of their love rendered their necessities still more urgent.

The memorable anniversary once more arrived. There was a grand party at the count's: the young people were as usual the crown of the feast. At night, when they were getting into the carriage to return home, the count came out after them. "Stop, children," cried he, "here is something that I forgot to hand to you. There," continued he, throwing a crumpled paper to them through the window, "look at that when you get home." Accordingly, the first thing they did was to examine this paper: when unfolded, it proved to be a cheque on the count's banker for a million of rubles.

From this moment Paulowski parted no more from his children; and Fortune smiled more and more on Arthur. The powerful influence of his father-in-law and his own talents raised him step by step to the rank of field-marshal. In the sequel he inherited the name and the vast property of the count: but even after he had attained the highest pinnacle of honour, he still preserved his primitive simplicity. He never blushed at the recollection of his original poverty; on the contrary, he took a pleasure in relating to his children the singular events to which he owed his prosperity.

THE RATCATCHER OF HAMELN.

JAN JANSON, the industrious Dutch geographer and engraver, who, among other things, produced in 1653 a work with the title of "Atlas Major, or an accurate Description and Delineation of the World," relates, in his account of Germany, the tradition respecting the ratcatcher of Hameln, in the principality of Calenberg, on the Weser, in the following manner:

There were, about three hundred years ago, in the town of Hameln, situate in the duchy of Lüneberg, such a prodigious quantity of rats and mice, that the inhabitants were grievously plagued by them, and were quite at a loss what to do. A mountebank, hearing of their distress, applied to the magistrates of the town, offering to rid it of this inconvenience—of course for a sum of money, which was to be paid on the performance of this service. The magistrates having agreed to his proposal, he fell to work. He hung a drum about him, on which he beat through the town; he kept drumming till he was beyond the gate, and behold, all the troublesome vermin followed him, but nobody knew what became of them. The mountebank himself indeed returned to demand the promised remuneration; but the magistrates

only laughed at him, and sent him unrequited away. The man left the town in a rage, threatening to make it soon feel the effects of his revenge. He actually re-appeared there the following year, and again proceeded drumming through the streets, by which means he drew together a multitude of children, and thus enticed them imperceptibly out of the town. He conducted them in this manner to a neighbouring hill, where they all disappeared, together with the drummer. Such was the story told by a little girl, who had gone along with them, but had sat down by the way to rest herself. The parents were in the utmost consternation; but in spite of all their inquiries, they could not gain any tidings of their lost children. In the town-house of Hameln, the year, the day, and the names of the children are specified; and it is still (in 1653) the custom there in drawing up contracts or other written documents to date them, in such or such a year, "since the going forth of our children." It is also yet strictly forbidden to beat a drum in those streets through which they were drawn by the mountebank on that fatal day.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE.

The Order of the Carthusians, founded by St. Bruno in the year 1086, is by far the most rigid of all the monastic Orders; and of all the convents of that Order, the abbey of La Trappe is the one where its rules are most scrupulously observed. The principal of these, as it is well known, enjoin the renunciation of all

intercourse with society; the observance of profound silence; the utmost self-denial in regard to labour, diet, clothing, and sleep; incessant meditation on death, &c. Since the restoration of this fraternity, which during the Revolution sought refuge in England and Switzerland, it has re-assembled in France, and increased

to such a degree, that its present superior, the abbot of La Trappe, has under him sixteen communities of both sexes. As the site of the abbey has been again purchased by the Order, and appropriated to its former use; as the abbey already possesses landed property to the value of 150,000 francs, and is increasing it from time to time by fresh purchases; as it has again begun to afford relief to the poor of the environs, and to both natives and foreigners who apply for it; and is anticipating the return of those times when it had a revenue of fifty or sixty thousand francs at its command, when the number of monks amounted to about two hundred, and that of the visitors who annually received assistance exceeded six thousand—this institution seems to deserve more particular notice.

The visitors, to whom we are indebted for the following details, were enlightened Parisians, who, animated by the best spirit, but exempt from bigotry, were desirous of examining and forming their own judgment of the institution. They found the ruins of the old abbey, the church, the conventual buildings and offices, partly existing as venerable ruins, and in part scantily replaced by modern structures. The abbey is situated about two leagues from Montagne, in the department of the Orne. The environs are hilly and well wooded. The principal entrance consists of a gateway and a side door. Over the former is an image of the Blessed Virgin in a niche, and underneath it the inscription, *Domus Dei*—the House of God. On entering, the porter silently shewed the strangers into an apartment, where upon the wall they found inscribed the regu-

lations applicable to their case, which purported that they were to conduct themselves decently and orderly; not to enter into any conversation with the brethren; not to hinder them in their occupations, and so forth. In this apartment were several other inscriptions and passages of Scripture. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when two friars entered, and prostrated themselves at full length, with outstretched hands and their foreheads touching the floor. In the space of a minute they rose, recited a prayer in Latin, and motioning the strangers to be seated, silently withdrew. One of them was a ruddy young man about twenty-five years of age; the other a hearty-looking robust figure between fifty and sixty. The appearance of both seemed to prove, that hard living may prove beneficial to the body.

Their dress consists of a long coarse white woollen gown with wide sleeves, drawn up on each side as high as the hips by means of leather thongs passed through rings attached to the gown. Underneath this they wear long wide breeches of somewhat finer woollen, socks of the same, and immense wooden shoes stuffed with straw. Over the gown is a cowl of black woollen, from which, before and behind, two stripes a foot broad hang down to the knees, and form, with the broad black leather girdle, a cross, the dark colour of which strongly contrasts with the white gown. On the left side are suspended a rosary and a knife. This dress they never lay aside by day or night; it is merely changed and washed every month. The friars wear neither beard nor hair on the head; the latter being shaven smooth, excepting a tonsure of about a finger's breadth,

The steward (*hôteUier*), cellarer (*cellerier*), and physician, alone are permitted to speak to strangers. The first is also the master of the ceremonies, who conducts them about and provides for their accommodation. The chambers of the monks are unfurnished; they are even without beds or bedsteads. Each of them sleeps in a sort of crib resembling a coffin, raised about two feet from the floor, over which is nailed a piece of coarse cloth, not so much to supply the place of a mattress as to prevent the friction of their garments on the rough wood. These cribs are all at least a foot too short, that their occupants may not enjoy the luxury of stretching themselves: the boards destined for their coffins alone are of the full length, as if to hold out to them a consolatory prospect for their long sleep. A piece of coarse cloth serves for bed-clothes, and a short bag of straw for a pillow.

The refectory is not more elegantly furnished than the chambers: here you find only the most indispensable table utensils, no napkins, and benches and tables of the most ordinary wood. Each has his water-jug, which, in drinking, he is obliged to grasp with both hands: if he spills a drop, or lets fall a crumb of bread, the rules require him to kneel down immediately, and by signs to beg pardon of the superior, which is granted only at the intercession of a friar, and is announced by the stroke of a hammer upon the table. The diet of a Trappist is estimated at 36 francs (30 shillings) per annum, and his clothing at 9 francs (7*s.* 6*d.*); and these sums must not be exceeded. The food consists of water, bread, potatoes, apples, walnuts, and vege-

tables boiled in salt and water. The more rigid regulations adopted since 1816 have abolished all the former indulgences that were occasionally allowed, such as a little milk, cider, and the like. The hard mattresses are likewise done away with. Formerly the monks retired to rest at eight o'clock, and rose at two; the present hours are seven and one. From one in the morning till seven they are engaged in prayer, and then repair to their respective occupations. The abbot of the convent is obliged to submit to the hardest and most unpleasant employments, as well as the meanest member of the Order, when it comes to his turn. If any one finds pleasure in any occupation, he must mention it in confession, and it is taken from him. The joint labour of several is performed in silence, and is frequently interrupted by the superior, who claps his hands as a signal for prayer and singing. They must not wipe the perspiration from their faces, but may merely guide it with the finger from the eyes. It was formerly customary to dine at twelve, and sup at five o'clock: now there is but one meal, between three and four; and if, as it often happens, any person returns too late from work, he must go to rest with an empty stomach. Not the least noise must be made with the knife in eating, upon penalty of begging pardon as mentioned above. If a Trappist presumes to speak with his neighbour, to keep up any intercourse or correspondence with his family, or to run away, the punishments are much more severe. Such offences bring upon him corporal mortifications of various kinds; the principal instruments of which are,
1. A sort of shirt of iron wire, com-

posed of conjoined rings, each of which is provided with two sharp iron spikes: it is worn on the bare skin. 2. A girdle, five inches broad, made of horse-hair, or wild boar's bristles, which is also worn next to the skin, and is more intolerable than the other. 3. A scourge consisting of cords with many large hard knots. 4. A prickly covering for the head made of horse-hair, in imitation of the crown of thorns. 5. A sliding panel in the door of the room, in which the head of the person undergoing penance is put, as in a guillotine; so that when he is scourged from behind, he does not know who applies the lash, and his own cries, confined to the empty room, are but faintly heard by those who chastise him. This kind of pillory is called *le trou patri*.

At church the Trappists sit in four rows, having over their ordinary dress a white woollen mantle with sleeves and hood, called a cowl, which they scarcely ever wear on other occasions, and never when at work. Their eyes are fixed on the ground. Their singing is simple, powerful, and impressive. A phrenologist would not find elsewhere so favourable an opportunity for observing their bare skulls. In few would a Gall or a Spurzheim detect the theosophic organ, but the very prominent brow would be so much the more striking; and he would not fail to infer a natural indolence, not to be conquered but by external and internal compulsion.

On the suppression of convents during the Revolution, this place contained fifty-three professed and thirty-seven lay friars. Of the former, two had completely lost their reason, and several were idiots; and many

of the others became insane after they had been turned adrift upon the world.

It is not indispensably necessary to bring property in order to obtain admission into the convent; but it is not rejected. There are three modes of entering the Order: by taking the vows in the usual manner, as a voluntary brother, or as a pupil. The first class is composed of professed and lay monks: the treatment of the second class is not so severe, and their occupations are less laborious: they wear shirts, sleep on a bag of straw, but are not allowed to break silence, or to leave the convent. The pupils are admitted at the early age of six years: they are instructed, treated kindly, suitably clothed and fed, and after they have arrived at an age to think for themselves, they either return to the world, or devote themselves to a monastic life in one or other of the above-mentioned capacities. There is also a boarding-school connected with the monastery.

There are female Trappists as well as males. The abbot has purchased the *château* of Forges, near the convent, and founded a nunnery there—at first not without some opposition and many sarcastic reflections. So much is certain, that several young females have clandestinely quitted the paternal roof, and placed themselves under the protection of the abbot; and when they had attained the age of majority, the government took part with them against their parents. The rules for nuns are not so strict, at least in regard to diet and subsistence; but the principal regulations are the same: over and above which, one has been introduced that cannot be specified here, but which must be regarded as an out-

rage against nature, and most destructive to health.

The burial-ground of the Trappists is part of the garden. An open grave is always awaiting its prey. When a member expires, and the grave has closed over him, another is dug by the whole fraternity. When a sick brother ceases to breathe, the cowl is drawn over his face, and he is laid upon a board, and interred in the presence of the assembled community.

The present abbot of La Trappe is Augustin de Lestrangé. He is not only the general confessor, but absolute ruler of the Order. His motto is, *La sainte volonté de Dieu.*

In the enumeration of the nunneries of this Order, we find one mentioned as existing at Pool in Dorsetshire, in which the mother of Viscount Chateaubriand died; and which is said to contain sixty nuns. The brother of the same statesman also died in 1802 at one of the convents of this Order at Alcanniz, in Spain. His letters to his brother, describing the rigid rules and severe penances inflicted on the monks, which brought upon him dropsy and a premature death, have been published. The Princess of Condé lived and died at another of these establishments near Sion, in Switzerland.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XIII.

Soon after I returned to Alexandria from my first introduction to the Ridley family, I made an excursion through some of the northern states with a gentleman named Adgate, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, and who was proceeding on business to Boston. This excursion afforded scarcely any materials for notice; and I have preserved but few memorandums of it in my journals. We travelled too quick to make much observation, either of men or things; and on our return to Alexandria, in February 1807, I was attacked by an illness which confined me to my bed for near a month, and to my room for three; and it was not till the middle of the summer that I recovered my wonted health and strength. During this long confinement I was treated most kindly and affectionately by the good people of the house where I lodged; the Misses

Fitzherberts, their mother, and Mr. Mortimer were also very kind; and frequently some of the Riddleys came over from Washington to spend a day or two with the invalid. At length I recovered; and as I began to feel an inclination to revisit England, it was agreed, that as Mr. Ridley had nearly concluded the business on which he came over, I should join his family party, and travel with them to Charlestown, to see a little more of the country, and embark together from thence for England.

Just as I was becoming convalescent, an affair happened, that tended materially to embarrass the existing relations between the English and American governments, which were not before of the most amicable description. One of the great bones of contention between the two countries had been, as your readers are well aware, the disputes which arose

from the practice pursued by the Americans, of engaging British sailors on board their vessels, to whom they gave fictitious letters of citizenship; which sailors were impressed whenever they were fallen in with by any of our cruisers, who claimed and exercised the right of searching American merchant-vessels for them. In the earlier part of this year, the government of the United States had fitted out the Chesapeake frigate (the same which the brave Captain Broke so gallantly captured in the late war) for a cruise in the Mediterranean; and Commodore Barron, her commander, most imprudently engaged some English deserters as seamen on board of her. This circumstance came to the ears of the British authorities, and the men were formally demanded by Mr. Erskine (now Lord Erskine), our ambassador. Every effort, however, to induce the American commander to give up the men failed; and on the 22d of June, Captain Humphries of H. M. ship *Leopard*, acting under the orders of Admiral Berkeley, who then commanded on the American station, fell in with the *Chesapeake*, in the bay of the same name, and the men being again formally demanded and refused, the British ship fired a broadside, when the *Chesapeake* struck her colours; and an officer with a select party was sent on board, who selected the British seamen from the crew; and then giving up the vessel to Commodore Barron, returned to the *Leopard*.

It is impossible to conceive the rage and indignation of the American people, as soon as this affair was known in the United States. Meetings were held, at which the conduct of the British government was de-

nounced; volunteer associations were formed; and nothing but war was breathed by the democratic party. The government was equally furious; they interdicted British ships from entering the waters of the United States, and took other steps equally absurd and impotent. These, however, I pass over, as the relation of political disputes will not afford much amusement to your fair readers; and I have only given this narrative as introductory to one of my own adventures.

The latter end of June saw me quite restored to the enjoyment of health; and I *did* enjoy it so much the more from having felt the pain and languor of sickness and debility: so true it is, that our greatest blessings are never so duly appreciated, nor so highly prized, as after we have been temporarily deprived of them. Having been so long confined, I was eager for novelty, and wanted but little excitement to join in any party of fun or frolic, of pleasure or gaiety.

The 4th of July is a grand gala-day in America: it is the anniversary of the day on which the rebellious Congress declared themselves, in 1776, independent of that mother country, whose blood and whose treasure had been lavishly expended in fostering and protecting the colonies in their infancy and in their progress to maturity. It is generally celebrated by public dinners and rejoicings; and in most of the principal towns, some person or other of spouting notoriety is employed to make what they call an oration, in which he, of course, most lavishly praises the United States, and is equally lavish of his abuse of England. The language of these orators is, in general, particularly inflat-

ed and bombastic, full of the most ridiculous metaphors and absurd conceits; affording frequent instances of the bathos, and scarcely ever in good taste, or evincing the marks of a cultivated mind. All this, however, could only excite a good-humoured smile, did not the Americans claim the supremacy in all things over the old world, and arrogate to themselves superlative excellence: it therefore becomes necessary, at times, to curb their ridiculous vanity, and to treat with contempt their unfounded pretensions. But to return.

The 4th of July, 1807, following so soon after the affair of the Chesapeake, the Americans, of course, seized the opportunity to make some extra demonstrations of patriotism on that occasion. It was resolved by the volunteer corps of Alexandria to go to Washington, and make an offer of their services to the President, in case of war with England; and other measures were determined upon, but I now forget their exact purport. It was the Washington excursion which interested me; and I resolved to go thither and witness the proceedings on that day.

The morning was ushered in with as bright a sun as ever shone out of the heavens, and the noise and bustle in the streets gave warning that something was going on out of the common way. I breakfasted with my friend Adgate, who was to accompany me; and at ten o'clock we embarked on board one of the Washington packets, "with a fav'ring breeze," and a cargo of "live lumber all agog" for the sports of the day. The voyage was short, but pleasant; and we arrived at the great city about half-past eleven o'clock. The Alexandrian company of riflemen had

sailed in two packets about the same time that we did, and were already landed. They were joined by the Washington and Georgetown volunteers; and when all together, a most grotesque figure they cut, and certainly the whole was as unlike a military spectacle as any thing I ever saw. I remember mentioning to Adgate, who was telling me that the Canadas would be overrun in one month after a declaration of war, that if the Americans could send no better soldiers, a troop of our school-boys, such as I remember were organized in 1803 and 1804, when the report was rife that Buonaparte would certainly invade England, would beat them. He was an American, and though not a democrat, vain of his country, and took my remarks in high dudgeon; but I soon rallied him into good-humour.

As one o'clock was the hour fixed for the interview of the President and the apologies for soldiers, who were to make an offer of their services to blow England out of the sea, we had time to look about us: we therefore called at my friend Mr. Ridley's, and engaged his daughters to be of our party. At the appointed hour we proceeded to the President's house, before which the troops were to defile, and where we saw Mr. Jefferson in all his glory. He was a venerable-looking old man; tall and erect; dressed in a plain suit of brown silk, with a close wig; and though a good deal prejudiced against him, I must do him the justice to say, that his manners were extremely affable and kind. He was quite unassuming, and took upon him very little of the pomp of office. When Congress was in session, he usually rode to the Capitol on horseback, on

which occasions he would give a Negro-boy a fourpenny-bit to hold his horse; or would hitch the bridle to any holdfast that might be at hand, if no one was by to attend to the animal. His worst fault, next to his utter disregard of all religious feeling, for he never pretended to believe in any of the systems of faith into which the Christian world are divided, and said it was utterly immaterial whether a man believed in one God or twenty, as it would neither break his bones nor pick his pocket, was, his hatred to England. His partiality to France I can forgive him for; it was natural that he should feel it, as he was an old revolutionary partizan, and France had aided the States in achieving their independence: besides, he was cajoled and flattered and caressed, and had honours conferred upon him in France; all which operated upon his weak mind (and Mr. Jefferson is gifted with a very weak one): therefore it is not wonderful that he should like France, though it is a little extraordinary that a votary of liberty should be an admirer of the greatest tyrants that the world ever saw: but so it was. With this, however, I had no business: but his manifest injustice towards England fretted and vexed me; and when invited to partake of the cold collation which he had prepared on the occasion, I turned away, and said, "No, I will neither eat nor drink at the cost of the United States or their President. It would certainly choke me if I did."

The military ceremony was soon over. The men in soldiers' dresses defiled past the steps of the President's house, where Mr. Jefferson was standing. The person who had the command, whose name I really

forget, and it is of no consequence—it was a Mr. Hopkins, or a Mr. Tomkins, or a Mr. Wiggins, or something of that sort—made a speech, and the President replied; and there the affair ended. When it was over, we returned to Mr. Ridley's to dine, and refusing an invitation from him to remain till next day, as we had pledged ourselves to be at Alexandria that night, we again embarked on board the packet on our return. We found the rifle company were to be our *compagnons du voyage*; and having bid the ladies and their brother, who accompanied us to the water's edge, farewell, we set about searching for some amusement or other to pass away the time during our short trip.

It was now about four o'clock, and there was a light breeze as we put off from the shore. We had scarcely, however, proceeded half a mile, when the wind suddenly dropped, and the air became so calm, that there was neither motion enough in the atmosphere to "waft a feather," nor agitation sufficient in the waters "to drown a fly." Our packet lay like a log on the surface of the Potomac; the little jolly-boat at her stern was ordered ahead, and an attempt was made to tow her along, in which perhaps they might have succeeded at the rate of something less than a knot an hour. That rate of progress, however, would not do; and a grand council of war being called, it was resolved, as we were nearest the Maryland shore, to pull for that quarter, and to walk home through the woods. We were accordingly, with some exertion, landed a little below Bladensburg—the scene of our triumph, and the disgrace of the Americans, when, in the late war,

about a thousand of our brave fellows defeated five times their number, advantageously posted too—and with light hearts set off on our excursion, the bugles of the corps leading the way, and by their no means unharmonious sounds they beguiled the route of half its tediousness. They had a band of drums and fifes too, which played occasionally; and we were in high glee and vastly merry. My friend and I marched with the captain, a good-humoured cheerful man, who laughed and joked and sung alternately; and we thought ourselves in high luck, and were in proportionately high spirits.

Our disasters were not, however, yet an end. Hitherto the “firmament had been without a cloud;” but it soon became overcast, and gave ominous presage of an approaching storm. This soon came on. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared dreadfully over our heads, and the forked lightning played through the trees, altogether producing a scene, which, though at times appalling and terrific, possessed much of the truly sublime. We had no remedy but to press on, which we did, though we soon had every appearance of drowned rats; for the heavy rain penetrated our garments, and ran from us in torrents. The storm lasted in great violence for upwards of an hour, when the clouds dispersed; the sun again darted forth his rays, and we reached, without any other misadventure, the ferry-house, which was situated nearly opposite to Alexandria. This was a large and rude building; and in the old hall, a square room, which held all our company, we found a bright fire blazing on the hearth; and though it was the height of summer, we

hailed the sparkling prospect with real pleasure.

Whilst a table was setting out for us in another room, we dried our clothes, and enjoyed many a hearty laugh at the grotesque appearance which some of us presented. The riflemen were the best off: their dress was of cotton, consisting of a loose jacket and trowsers, of the colour of dead leaves; being tight, the heat of the fire soon extracted the moisture, and they readily regained their natural appearance.

We had not lost our appetite in the storm, and when assembled round a board on which a fine large ham and various kinds of cold meat were placed, with bowls of whiskey-toddy and rum punch, we quickly forgot the perils of our march. The laugh and the song went gaily round; the glass was briskly pushed from hand to hand; and it approached near the witching time of night before we thought of departing. The word “Forward!” was, however, given at length by our commander, and we “gathered ourselves up,” and marched in no very soldier-like trim down to the ferry, where a large boat, which was used in general to take over horses and cattle and carriages, was in waiting for us. It had been raining for some time; the night was dark, and the river wide: we had not therefore the prospect of a very pleasant voyage. We had gained about a quarter of a mile from the shore, when the most terrible storm which I ever encountered came on. The wind blew a hurricane; the rain fell in torrents; and the Potowmac, which, in this part, was upwards of a mile and a quarter wide, agitated by the wind, rolled in black and boisterous waves against the boat. The

thunder seemed to shake the earth to its foundation; and the darkness of the night, which rendered every object completely invisible, except when the fitful gleams of the vivid lightning illuminated the wide expanse, added to the unpleasantness of our situation. In vain did we wish that we had remained at the ferry-house all night; to return now were as dangerous as to go o'er: so we proceeded, and in something more than half an hour we made the shore, most of us in a state of ex-

haustion from the " pelting of the pitiless storm." However, no accident occurred, and though wet and fatigued, we soon rallied ourselves when once more we placed our feet on *terra firma*. I have been out in many storms, but certainly never witnessed one so awful as this: it left an impression upon my mind which will never be eradicated; and the 4th of July scarcely ever recurs without its being brought back to my recollection.

A RAMBLER.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

No. II.

WALTER JEFFERSON.

(Concluded from p. 227.)

LOVERS' sighs are favoured or disappointed; yet the sunrises and sets without interruption. " The path of glory leads but to the grave," and so does the path of love; for time steals equally on with both. All this is very trite, but—but to our narrative. Shall we then once more detail all the pains and penalties of thwarted affection? or shall we jump at once to the *denouement* of our story? We have said, that even the indistinct form of Rhoda Woodyatt was scarcely present any longer to Jefferson's recollection; for the charms of Clarinda Rothchild had consigned her rival's form to the grave, as completely as the potent wand of the magician consigns the evil spirit to the Red Sea. Clarinda had made large strides in the affection of Jefferson, or at least awakened in him a strong desire to possess so charming an object: not but her charms would have been disregarded by him, had not weightier considerations gain-

ed her a higher interest in his bosom. Our readers will readily enter into the various feelings of Jefferson and his now-forgotten Rhoda. The former was basking in the sunshine of beauty and fortune; while the latter, a prey to a consuming disappointment, seemed fast verging to a premature grave. The pangs of hopeless love had made such havoc in her form and mind, that sensitive indeed must that heart have been which could be warmed by the repulsive atmosphere that now played around her. But, like the world, we will leave to her fate the mourning Rhoda, to worship the rising sun of the more fortunate Clarinda.

Walter Jefferson wooed Clarinda Rothchild: she was won, and they were married; and that day's sun which rose upon their happiness seemed, in spite of one untoward circumstance, inclined to shine on them for years. That circumstance was this: at the wedding ceremony,

when Jefferson answered, "I will," the ring, which he was about to place upon the finger of his bride, slipped from between his fingers, and rolling from him, at length found concealment under a stone, which covered a deceased mother and her child. Old crones started back, and shook their heads at this inauspicious omen; but the unwrung consciences of the happy pair were diverted from the inauspicious circumstance, by the necessity of seeking for another cincture, when one was borrowed from a goodly dame in the church, that was nearly large enough to inclose two fingers of the devoted Clarinda. The ceremony concluded, and the day was spent in that delightful harmony which the interchange of mutual kindnesses ever produces.

Seated in the baronial hall of his wife's ancestors, and surrounded by every luxury, Jefferson could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He who but a few months since had no rent-roll to purchase a friend, now found hundreds ready to serve him; all eager to oblige, all with flattering unction upon their lips. Prosperity is seldom the time in which we choose to think of those we once knew in humble life, and he totally forgot his old friends. In the country he hunted, he shot, he coursed, and he fished. In town he purchased pictures, he dealt in *virtu*, and furnished a library; and in the never-exhausted spirits of his wife, and the blandishments of those around him, it appeared as if he had reached the goal of everlasting happiness. The common vexations of life he knew little of, not that he was exempt from them, but he had too much philosophy and too many pleasures to drive his thoughts into another channel,

to suffer the trifling cares of life to rob him of a moment's enjoyment. The morning which created a want was soon followed by the night of gratification; and soon ceasing to wonder how all these things could be, he accepted every proffered enjoyment as his hereditary right. His days were occupied, or rather filled up, in the exercise of his profession, in the capacity of magistrate of his district; but though this was rarely taken up till every other amusement failed, it proved to him a source of no small satisfaction, and gave him a consequence among his fellow-men. Man without something to expect is miserable; but Jefferson's wife now gave indications that a little stranger might soon be expected to gladden his eye, and the pulse of the expectant father beat a somewhat quicker note: yet here his pleasure was comparatively moderate, although he had no fears for the result. Many men in his situation would have exclaimed, "Surely some sad reverse must come as a set-off to all this good fortune!" but spoiled by prosperity, he prepared not for the storms of adversity, which he never dreamed would reach him.

The most experienced nurse and the most fortunate *accoucheur* were retained; and what should occur to a woman like Clarinda, whose health and strength seemed capable of withstanding any attack to which the human frame might be liable? He laughed at her fears, which indeed were not many, and at length the day arrived in which he was presented with a son, beautiful as parent could wish. The incessant knockings at the door told how numerous were the many anxious inquiries after the little stranger; while nurse, doling out

the usual answer of "The child charmingly, and the mamma as well as can be expected," anticipated the harvest of her half-crowns, and already saw the beautiful white and gold-edged coffee-cups, as they went the round of aunts, cousins, and nieces, with numerous other acquaintance; and, as if the good old lady herself had had a share in bringing the hopes of the family into the world, she chuckled as she beheld the child rolling in all its native beauty on cushions of exquisite workmanship.

To lie idly on a costly bed, to have all one's wishes anticipated, and all one's whims complied with, seems charming. But Mrs. Jefferson was a better judge of real enjoyment: apparently fully restored to a state of convalescence, the knocker was untied, and the "Return thanks" duly circulated. "She was well enough to quit her room:" in vain her husband conjured, or nurse besought her; the former she laughed at, as not understanding these things; and the latter, stigmatized as an old twaddle, had only the relief of a "Marry, come up!" to sooth her choler.—But leave her room Mrs. Jefferson insisted on; and she did leave her room. No harm accrued from this, though but a little month had elapsed since her confinement: she seemed above the ordinary consequences of her sex; and now nothing would satisfy her, but she would walk the lawn: she did this also with impunity; and the following evening the lake in the distance exposed its glassy bosom in so tempting a manner, that she determined on an aquatic excursion. As the boat cut the liquid stream, the delight which mantled her cheeks imparted a rosy hue, promising a long life and protracted hap-

piness. But, alas! this hectic of health, as it appeared to those who wished to judge favourably, proved the forerunner of an alarming illness; and an incipient disease was preceded by a cold, which, although at first unheeded by one who scorned to think herself ill from a trifle, now told her, that her health was no longer to be trifled with, and confined her to her bed. This illness, which had been so long smothered, burst out with violence, and in a few days terminated in the death of one who fancied that she was only now beginning to live, or at least had commenced a new era of happiness.

Where now was the splendid picture of felicity which Jefferson had painted so fancifully in his own mind? Unused of late to bear the shafts of adversity, this blow, which would have annihilated any other man, cast him into a deep sorrow, until diverted from it by the opening intellects of the child which Clarinda had left to his care, and which called forth anew those energies that very rarely slumbered long in Jefferson's bosom. At best, however, his situation was that of splendid misery; and as he paced each gallery, lined with the effigies of barons bold, or red-cross knights, who seemed to frown upon him as if to ask, "How he dared to tread the halls and corridors of ancestors whose blood had never till now been crossed by that of plebeian race!" he sighed for a home in which he could feel more at ease. The grounds of his estate, beautiful and extensive as they were, owed no charm to his taste, for every thing had been done when he became their lord. Nay, the gentry around him, with whom he had so often acted friendship, he fancied no longer gave

him the same welcome as when Clarinda moved the charm of every place. Seated one morning in a splendid *boudoir*, destroying papers which were no longer worthy of preservation, he stumbled upon a note written by her who, in early days, had been his only stay and comfort. What a torrent of feeling rushed through his mind! how did time and space seem annihilated when he recalled his early days with Rhoda! while the mental interjections of Is she alive? Where does she reside? Is she married? crowded one upon another for an answer. A swollen river, after overflowing its banks, is absorbed in the plain which it has lately deluged, and now proceeds with a steady even course; and Jefferson, when his violent emotions had found their own cure in exhaustion, recovered his usual regularity of mind. Still, however, he dwelt upon the last interrogation, Is she married? He determined to visit Edinburgh: it would restore his health; it would calm his mind; and the following week saw him preparing for his intended tour: it was not delayed in consequence of reading the following account in an evening paper:

"On Tuesday evening last a dreadful fire broke out in the — street, Edinburgh; and such was the rapidity of the flames, that a young lady of the name of Woodyatt was compelled to leap from a window three stories high; and notwithstanding several persons held a blanket, &c. to break her fall, we regret to say that she was so violently bruised in her descent, that her life is supposed to be in considerable danger. What renders the circumstance more lamentable is, that the death of the

young lady's mother is hourly expected."

Perhaps there is no situation so truly pitiable as hearing of the distress of persons whom we love, without the possibility of our being able to assist them. A thousand tender remembrances tormented poor Jefferson on this occasion: it seemed almost impossible that he should ever see her again, and her value increased accordingly; yet he hoped she might yet be his, and in his usual elasticity of mind, he commenced a journey to the scene of action.

On his arrival at the street, at the house of his old haunts, after five years' absence, the thousand circumstances which would have occupied his mind were quickly absorbed by the objects before him. He perceived not indeed so much devastation as he had been led to expect; but the workmen were still busied on the dilapidations. But it was the melancholy appearance of a funeral, which issued from the house, that now struck him with the most acute anticipations of evil. He gazed with irresolution as he beheld a coffin borne on the shoulders of persons usually employed on such occasions, followed by mourners, who paced slowly behind; but the form of Rhoda met not his inquiring eye. Ah! was it *her* corpse which they were following to the silent grave? Was it she that was immured in that silent house? "Whose funeral is that?" at length he exclaimed impatiently to a careless bystander, who, in one little moment, plunged him into despair by the mention of the name of Woodyatt; and the next elevated him to the ecstasy of delight, by the

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aspiration of the simple word, "*Mrs. Woodyatt.*" It was not then Miss Rhoda—was he sure?—No, it was her poor mother; for the young lady's recovery was daily expected. He had indeed arrived at a time when she most wanted consolation, and which indeed he alone could give her. Why then should we dwell on a *finale* which all our readers have anticipated? He beheld his Rhoda surrounded by her friends; but her personal attractions, which he had so often and so fondly depicted in his mind's eye, were not realized. Time had not stood still for her alone, but, assisted by misfortunes

and ill health, had made great havoc. Thin and emaciated, she was the shadow only of what was once so fascinating: yet the same smile, when it did come, was as delightful as ever; and as it was her mind, and not her person alone, that had caused her to live in his memory, and to be now so much cherished when his Clarinda was no more, she soon appeared to him as he once remembered her. * * * * *

In proper time then Rhoda Woodyatt and Walter Jefferson were united, and having no children of their own, the offspring of Clarinda was cherished by both. †

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

HUMANITY AND DELICACY OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN.

A PARTY of Delawares, in one of their excursions during the American war, took a white female prisoner. The chief, after a march of several days, observed that she was ailing, and was soon convinced (for she was far advanced in her pregnancy), that the time of her delivery was near. He immediately made a halt on the bank of a stream, where, at a proper distance from the encampment, he built for her a close hut of peeled barks, gathered dry grass and fern to make her a bed, and placed a blanket at the opening of the dwelling as a substitute for a door. He then kindled a fire, placed a pile of wood near it to feed it occasionally, and also a kettle of water at hand, where she might easily use it. He then took her into her little infirmary, gave her Indian medicines, with directions how to use them, and told her to rest easy, and she might be

sure nothing should disturb her. Having done this, he returned to his men, forbade them making a noise or disturbing the sick woman in any manner, and told them that he should guard her himself during the night. He did so, and the whole night kept watch before her door, walking backward and forward, to be ready at her call at any moment in case of extreme necessity. The night passed quietly; but in the morning, as he was walking by the bank of the stream, seeing him through the crevices, she called to him and presented her babe. The good chief, with tears in his eyes, rejoiced at her safe delivery. He told her not to be uneasy, that he should lie by for a few days, and would soon bring her some nourishing food and medicines to take. Then going to his encampment, he ordered all his men off a-hunting, and remained himself to guard the camp. He afterwards took great care both of mother and

infant, and proceeded with them to his destination.

LALLY.

The following anecdote is related of Lally, whose tragic end during the French Revolution is so well known: He had one night left the *Guinguette de la Roque*, a tavern then celebrated for excellent fish, with several gentlemen of his own age and rank, when by the way they heard the sound of music and dancing in a detached house. Their spirits elevated with wine, they knocked at the door, and begged to be permitted to join in the dance. The door was opened by a servant, who called her master. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is not a public-house: I am only giving a treat to my family, who would not be pleased

at the intrusion of strangers." Lally and his comrades renewed their solicitations, and mentioned their names. "So much the less," replied the master of the house, "can I gratify your wishes."—"And why so?"—"You must know that I am Charlot, the executioner of Paris."—"What!" exclaimed Lally, "the gentleman who takes the trouble to throttle folks and to break their arms and legs?"—"The same," answered Charlot; "but not for every body. For the ordinary class I have my servants; it is only for those of higher rank who have the misfortune to suffer, that I do myself the honour to officiate in person." This circumstance occurred at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. and twenty-five years afterwards Lally actually died by the hand of that very man.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS, *from the earliest Ages to the present Time; comprising the most important Biographical Contents of the Works of Gerber, Choron, Fayolle, Count Orloff, Dr. Burney, Sir John Hawkins, &c.; together with upwards of a hundred original Memoirs of the most eminent living Musicians, and a Summary of the History of Music*, 2 vols. Pr. 1*l.* 1*s.*—(Sainsbury and Co. Salisbury-square.)

It was our intention to defer the account of this work until next month, having had but a short time to render ourselves acquainted with its contents. But when we found ourselves anticipated by other criticisms, and considered that, after a more mature perusal, the limits of our *Miscellany*

would prevent us from devoting, at any time, more room to our notice than what would barely suffice for a very general account of the work, we conceived that its success, to which we felt justified in contributing our critical mite, would not be promoted by the contemplated delay. We may hereafter recur to the subject.

We are fully sensible of the great and numerous difficulties of the editors' undertaking; for we had once a similar plan in view, and the contemplation of these difficulties, and of the time required for its execution, induced us to abandon the idea. A work of this kind was absolutely wanted by the English public, and the very resolution of accomplishing the undertaking is praise-worthy.

The editors' patriotic motive of rendering greater justice to English musicians than had been done by the German work of Gerber and the French of Fayolle, also deserves honourable mention.

The literary sources from which a great portion of the work has been drawn are candidly mentioned. These, however, were principally available in the case of the foreign musicians; with regard to native talent, the compilers must, in a great measure, have been left to their own exertions and inquiries: they naturally sought the biographical notices of living English artists from their own mouths; and as every man tells his own story best, the defect complained of in the case of the foreign dictionaries, viz. their slight of English talent, has been *amply* remedied. Many a slender English name that shall be nameless has had more than a *quantum meruit* of space allotted to his commemoration. The young progeny even is frequently put upon record, and the connubial partner occasionally added by way of further information. The foreigners will be not a little surprised at the luxuriant musical vegetation of a people whom they had treated with such neglect in *their* books. Perhaps all this is fair play enough; charity begins at home. That the several autobiographers refrained from saying any thing but what was handsome, appears natural enough too: those in years, in some instances, forgot to mention when they first saw the light. The contributions from many of the humbler bards possess sufficiently characteristic criteria, as to style, to be easily recognised; and some of them, we own, have not a little amused us by their singularity and *naïveté*.

A little sifting, filing, and pruning, in these cases, would have been well bestowed, and the foreigners might still have found a *q. s.* of English information; and, by way of being even with them, a goodly number of the obscurer German organists and *sub*-organists might well have been consigned to oblivion. The mode in which many articles have thus been collected may partly account for our rarely meeting, in the living cases, with any thing like a critical opinion of the works and merits of the subject of the memoir; indeed, generally speaking, critical judgments as to the style and character of the artist's productions are not abundant in the work. Nothing of the kind is offered in the article of *Pleyel*, for instance, which, if we except the enumeration of his works, is disposed of by a few lines, although a most memorable instance of evanescent celebrity; while many of our humble friends on this side of the Channel count several stately columns in their monuments. This is carrying retaliation a little too far; even allowing for nationality, there is a considerable want of proportion in the space allotted to many articles.

In stating these remarks, we are far from underrating the value of the Biographical Dictionary. A work of this description, under the ablest, most careful, and diligent management, must be liable to imperfections. Gerber's, for instance, which, on its publication, consisted of two volumes, was followed by *four* volumes of additions and rectifications (not a second edition, as the preface of the present dictionary states it to be). An inaccuracy here and there, such as in the mistaken decease of a celebrated fugist, who felt disinclined

to autobiographize; some few misspellings of names (as *Persius* for *Persuis*, &c.); and casual omissions (such as *Onslow*, *Kreusser*, *Leidesdorf*, *Charles and Joseph Czerny*, &c.) ought also to be made allowance for.

The work, such as it is, must in the eyes of every candid and impartial judge be viewed not only as a valuable manual to all who cultivate music, but as an important addition to our literature in general. Many of the articles, particularly those of the great musical luminaries of past times, such as *Handel*, *Gluck*, *Haydn*, *Mozart*, &c. &c.; also *Rossini*, *Braham*, *Purkis*, &c. are replete with interest, and may, more or less, be pronounced superior specimens of biographical sketches, considering the extent of the work. The summary of the history of music, translated from the French of Mr. Choron, is prefixed to the dictionary, and forms a valuable and appropriate addition to the publication. We entertain no doubt therefore of the complete success of the editors' labour, and of the probability of its soon reaching a second edition, which, as they modestly hint, will afford them ample means of making every improvement that may be deemed necessary.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S *Overture* (to) DER FREYSCHÜTZ, as performed at the English Opera-House, for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (*ad lib.*), by Charles Saust. Pr. 3s. 6d.; without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

Admired *Airs from* DER FREYSCHÜTZ for the Piano-forte, by C. M. de Weber. Books I. and

II. Price 3s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)

With the exception of the overture, which has been magnificently given at the Philharmonic Concert, the music of the above opera has not yet had *fair play* in this country. Its performance at the Lyceum, instrumental and vocal, was highly creditable to *that* establishment; superior indeed to all expectation, and, as to singing, to the recent production at Covent-Garden, where the music besides has greatly suffered by large excisions: but the more we examine this composition, the more we feel persuaded that none but very skilful artists can render it justice. The intense depth of feeling in many of the pieces, the sensitive delicacy of others, the striking geniality in the supernatural scenes, the unusual, the studded harmonic combinations, call for the strenuous exertions of consummate practical talents.

Considering the imperfections under which this music has as yet made its way in England, the unexampled popularity it has already attained affords decisive proof of its excellence. The rage for it is nearly as great as it was in Germany two years ago, where no dramatic composition, since the *Magic Flute*, has excited such universal enthusiasm. The strong sentimental vein which pervades the music was likely to fascinate German ears; and the same characteristic feature probably has contributed to its success here. It prevails perhaps rather in excess; but we merge this minor objection in the consoling reflection, that Von Weber's labour has had the effect of producing a most welcome variety and relief from the unremitting din of Rossini's repetitions and plagia-

risms, to which his stay in this country, and the discreditable failure in his engagements, were, at all events, not calculated to reconcile the English public.

But to return to Von Weber and the adaptations from his "Frey-schütz" before us. The overture has already been noticed by us on some former occasion. We therefore content ourselves with observing, that the arrangement before us is of a nature to suit performers not arrived at a high degree of proficiency. The two staves are not overcrowded with work; many of the interior elaborations of the score have been discarded: but the sum and substance of the ideas are faithfully given; and the flute accompaniment, from so competent a pen as that of Mr. Saust, must be received as a welcome addition. It has also been kept within very moderate limits, probably to render its employment optional.

The two books of airs from the "Frey-schütz" deserve our best recommendation. The adaptation for the piano-forte is excellent: no waste of notes, no awkward or difficult dispositions; and yet all infinitely tasteful, complete, and effective. Each book includes four or five pieces, among which we perceive the two very popular choruses, the favourite polacca, march, &c.

The right *tempo* being of the highest consequence in dramatic airs, we could have wished to see it *metronomically* prefixed to every movement. If Weber should have omitted to mark the time in this manner, some one else of correct musical taste might no doubt have come very near the mark.

Cocks and Co.'s Collection of new

Foreign Marches for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated Composers. Book I. Pr. 3s.—Book II. Pr. 2s.

A march from Rossini's *Zelmira*, a grand march by Hummel, one from Von Weber's *Frey-schütz*, and the favourite march from Gallenberg's ballet of *Alfred le Grand*, form the contents of the first number of this collection. The second has four marches of Rossini's; viz. two from *Tancredi*, one from *Elisabetta*, and the funeral march from *La Gazza Ladra*; and one march by Himmel.

This choice is good; indeed the pieces by Rossini, Gallenberg, and Von Weber are already favourably known to a great portion of the musical public; and those by Himmel and Hummel richly deserve to be so. They are truly excellent, full of martial energy, and conspicuous for the originality of their melodies; a merit which is the more to be prized, as among the numerous marches which come under our cognizance, five out of six are remarkable for nothing but a striking family likeness.

Amusement pour les Dames, Recueil périodique de Pièces choisies pour la Harpe, non publiées auparavant en Angleterre. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 4s. each—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street.)

Contents of No. 1.: an Austrian waltz by Gallenberg, an Alsatian air and an Alsatian waltz by *Scherzer*, and a theme, with variation, by Spohr.—*Of No. 2.*: Haydn's "With verdure clad," Gallenberg's popular march from *Alfred le Grand*, a theme with variations by *Scherzer*, and a waltz by the same.

All these pieces are above the common stamp, and some quite of a

superior order. The several melodies have more or less been subjected to variation and digressive extension, and there is ample intrinsic evidence, that they are not merely nominally assigned to the harp: they are evidently devised or arranged by hands quite at home on that instrument; and as far as we can judge—for we cannot lay claim to *practical* skill on the harp—the performer is not likely to encounter deterring difficulties. The name of Scherzer, prefixed to three or four pieces, is new to us; and this first appearance, we are glad to own, has impressed us very favourably. There is taste and good melody in that gentleman's productions, the style of which reminds us of Mr. Von Esch's works.

Introduction, and Henry R. Bishop's Air "When the wind blows," arranged for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss F. Tracey, by F. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

We never meet with productions bearing Mr. R.'s name that do not afford us real satisfaction. His style is chaste, and his knowledge of the art conspicuous. These qualities are fully discernible in the present publication. The introduction is a well written tasteful movement. We observe with particular approbation the fine cantilena, p. 2, somewhat in Rossini's manner, and its seasonable and truly fascinating imitation in four flats. Mr. Bishop's air, so deservedly popular, forms a very desirable theme: the variation upon it, p. 5, is good; the series of modulations, p. 6, extremely select; the various digressions and fractional resumptions of the subject (pp. 7, 8, 9,) are all in good keeping, and in the best man-

ner; and in the latter half of p. 9, we observe a string of bold but well imagined modulations, that do the author high credit. The same chords, somewhat disguised under a more free treatment, would perhaps have told still better.

The favourite Airs in Henry R. Bishop's Opera, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," arranged for the Harp and Flute, dedicated to Miss Lewes, by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

As this opera is well known, and some of its pieces have already been commented upon by us, we only feel called upon to state, that the above arrangement of some of its most popular airs forms a pleasing little volume for harp-players. Mr. Bochsa has treated the melodies in an attractive manner, and where he has added any thing of his own, it has been done with due discretion, and in the best taste. The flute accompaniment is highly effective.

Brilliant Variations for the Piano-forte on Rossini's Cavatina "Ah se è ver di quel ch'io sento," composed by Joseph Czerny. Op. 18. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Czerny, like the Abbé Gelinek, seems to be the man for variations. Although this branch of piano-forte composition begins to hold a very secondary place in our estimation, and we believe in that of the public in general (because we have had too much of it), we must do our author the justice to say, that he holds an eminent rank in the line. This opinion we have already expressed on former occasions, and it is confirmed by these variations, six in number, which are imagined with a freedom of invention, a classic taste, and a consummate knowledge of the

character and higher capabilities of the instrument, that leave nothing to be desired. The music, without being decidedly difficult, requires an advanced performer, and presents an excellent study.

An easy Duet, for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed by C. M. de Weber. Op. 3. No. III. Pr. 1s.—(H. J. Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

Ditto for ditto, by Ditto. Op. 3. No. IV. Pr. 1s. 6d.

These are continuations of the duets noticed in terms of the strongest praise in our review in the *Repository of Arts* for September; and what we then stated is fully applicable to the present numbers. The music is really charming; it is a pity, only, there should be so little of it. Number 3. for instance, has just thirty-two bars, a minuet for a minute's play; short and sweet, but it will bear being played over and over again. No. 4. a theme with variations, is not quite so laconic, yet its excellence causes it to appear too brief when concluded. The term "easy" may pass with players of some proficiency; but the humbler sort will probably entertain doubts as to its full applicability in the case of No. 4.

Scales in all the Major and Minor Keys, fingered for the Piano-forte, with Six Preparatory Lessons, by H. J. Banister. Pr. 2s.—(Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

Upon a purely elementary publication of this description, it may be sufficient to observe, that it accomplishes satisfactorily what it holds out. It is very desirable and convenient to have the scales in this handy, compendious, and cheap way; for they ought to be in constant use.

No one can hope to arrive at any degree of skill on the piano-forte without an incessant practice of the scales, even when arrived at an advanced stage of proficiency; and we cannot but deserve well of the art in strenuously recommending this practice to all students. Let them gradually proceed from the slow to the quick execution of them, never quicker than what they can perform clean and distinctly, with the utmost evenness, with a full and clear touch, taking care, above all things, never to have more than one finger touching the key; *i. e.* to take off the preceding finger the moment the next comes into action; as one goes down the other must rise, and rise visibly and briskly.

Twelve Airs, selected from Haydn's Works, and arranged for two Violoncellos, by H. J. Banister. Pr. 4s. (Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

It is very rarely we meet with new publications for the violoncello, an instrument so essential, so interesting; and yet so greatly neglected in our days, by amateurs at least, that it is often a matter of difficulty to convene a quartett party. Mr. Banister's exertions in the cause are therefore the more laudable. The book consists of twelve airs, nearly all of slow motion, taken from Haydn's andantes, allegrettos, &c. The part of the second violoncello is very properly harmonized; essential cases of fingering are indicated, and either of the parts may be mastered by performers of moderate execution. We quite approve the frequent use of the tenor cleff, which forms so often a stumbling-block even to players of respectable attainments. *The favourite Italian Air, "Sul Margine d'un Rio," arranged for*



W. & A. G. 1850



REVUE DE LA MODE

the Flute, with an original Variation, composed expressly for his Pupil, Master Minasi, when only four years of age, by L. Drouet; *to which are annexed additional Variations, composed by Master Antonio Minasi, by whom they are most humbly dedicated, with permission, to his Patron, H. R. H. the Duke of York.* Price 1s. 6d. — (C. Wheatstone, 436, Strand.)

A musical curiosity—four variations composed by a little fellow nine years old! This consideration alone would disarm the critic's pen, were there occasion to wield it seriously: but the case is really otherwise. There are one or two places susceptible of smoother diction, such as var. 2, bars 8 and 16; but the pro-

duction, as a whole, bespeaks much less the tender age of its author, than a striking degree of instinctive good taste, the birthright of southern organization in general, and, in this case, the hereditary distinction of the *Compositoriello's* race. The *minore* is throughout unobjectionable, fluent, and pleasing; and the distance between Drouet's variation and those of the young aspirant is by no means immeasurable. Master Antonio has also given us a cadence, which shews that he is at home in chromatics; and which, if he can execute it himself, affords evidence of greater practical skill than we should like our own little boy to possess on a *wind* instrument.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of fawn-colour Thibet cloth, or English twilled cachemire; a warm and beautiful article for winter wear, falling into graceful folds, and unaffectedly displaying the elegance of form: the *corsage*, epaulette, and sleeve, are all *à la blouse*; the cuff finished with three bands, and worked muslin ruffles. The skirt has five cross or bias tucks, the same width as the *ceinture*, which fastens behind with a plain gold buckle; *collarett* of richly worked deep vandykes, tied in front with a cord and tassels. The hair *en grandes boucles*. French bonnet of *gros de Naples*, of the same colour as the dress; circular broad front, with a small rouleau of shaded terryvelvet, or *reclousé pingle*.

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let in near the edge of the brim and round the crown, which is high and circular, and trimmed with shaded ribbon to correspond, arranged in puffs behind: in the front is a fan-like trimming of *gros de Naples*, cut bias, with shaded terry velvet near the edge; the choicest flowers of the winter season are disposed between, as the scarlet fuchsia, the sweet-scented everlasting, and the China rose. Plain gold ear-drops. Embroidered blue silk shawl, and fawn-colour morocco shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white worked *barège*: the *corsage* cut bias, and ornamented at the top, which is circular, by a folding of tulle, with a gold embroi-

dered trimming *à l'antique*, and a narrow tucker of fine blond: the front is also embroidered with gold, in the form of a stomacher; and a gold embroidered band round the waist corresponds with the bands that confine the long full sleeves, which are arranged in seven *bouffants*, and are fastened at the wrist with topaz clasps. The skirt has an elegant trimming composed of three tucks of *barège*, with bands of tulle cut bias, and embroidered in gold *à l'antique*; beneath is a *bouillonné* of *barège*, finished with a white satin rouleau. The hair is dressed in large and separate curls, or *boucles à la Française*; and on the right side is placed a cluster of rose-coloured passion-flowers, where a superb plume of white ostrich feathers is attached, and falls over to the left. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

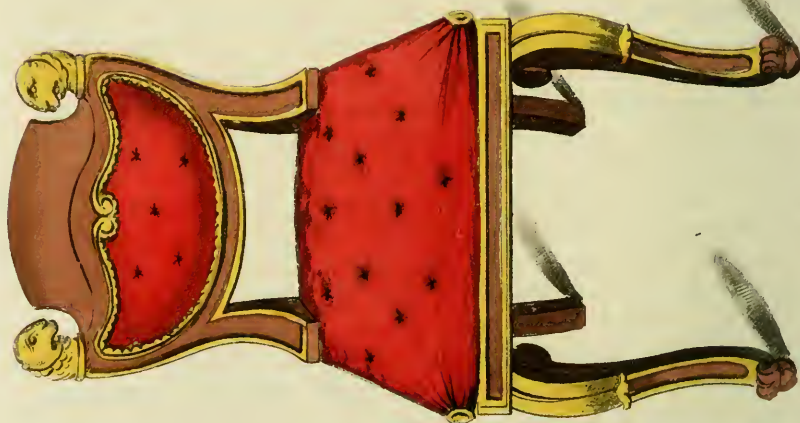
Promenade dress offers, as is usually the case this month, little matter for observation. The white dress and light-coloured silk spencer give place to the poplin gown and rich shawl or mantle. White dresses, however, are not yet wholly exploded; but they are now worn with silk spencers of rich full colours, or else with shawls or mantles: the latter, made in Merino of a peculiarly light and fine texture, are likely to become fashionable, and are certainly very appropriate for walking dress. We have seen one which we consider peculiarly calculated for the morning promenade: it is a bright chesnut colour, lined with crimson sarsnet; is short enough to shew a little of the trimming of the gown, wraps a good

deal across, and is ornamented only with an edging of the lining and a corded wave, which goes all round: high collar, thickly corded, and a pelerine, rounded behind and pointed in front.

Bonnets are more of the *demi-saison* style than they have been for some time back. We still see Leghorn bonnets adorned with winter flowers. Black satin ones begin to appear, but as yet they are not general; they are lined with coloured satin, and are usually trimmed with an intermixture of ribbons and flowers. Damask roses, clove pinks, and the different kinds of geranium are among the favourite flowers. Some black bonnets are trimmed with feathers, which are either of the colour of the lining, or are tipped at the edge to correspond with it.

Furs are expected to be very generally adopted; but the only kind that has yet appeared is swansdown, which has been used both for mantles and pelisses in carriage dress. White satin and white *gros de Naples* bonnets still continue to be worn in carriage costume; but they are trimmed in a style which takes off the lightness of their appearance, though in our opinion it is more glaring than elegant: shaded ribbons, of two very strongly contrasted colours, as *ponceau* and yellow, gold colour and brown, scarlet and purple, form their trimming, intermixed with flowers to correspond. Some are finished at the edge with folds of shaded ribbon; others with a demi-veil of our own lace, in imitation of that of Valenciennes or Brussels.

The French *blouse à la religieuse* has made its way to our breakfast-table, but with some difference in the form. The folds in front, which in



the French *blouse* descend perpendicularly from the bust to the feet, are, in the English dress, placed in a sloping direction, and rounded off at the bottom, so as to give the *blouse* something of the appearance of an open gown and petticoat: the sleeve is wider at top, and the fulness is arranged at bottom in perpendicular plaits, which reach nearly half way to the elbow: this part of the sleeve sits almost close to the arm.

Cornettes of sprigged or spotted lace, of our own manufacture, are an indispensable appendage to the breakfast-table. We have noticed one of rather a whimsical but becoming form: the caul is of amelon shape, and the border arranged in a spiral direction, with very small knots of ribbon placed in the windings under the lace which shades it; a full bow of ribbon is attached to the right side of the caul, and the strings tie at the left side.

Silk, poplin, and *barèges* are now the materials most fashionable in dinner dress, muslin being very little worn. Dinner gowns are cut something lower than last month, and are generally rounded at the bust. We have seen some draped at each side of the bosom *à la Duchesse de Berry*: this is a kind of stomacher, formed by full folds, which fasten on the shoulder with a silk or pearl ornament, and slope down on each side of the bosom to the waist, where they terminate in a point under the girdle. This kind of stomacher is very advantageous to a slight figure. Sashes now begin to be worn fastened by a brilliant buckle at the side, and the ends hang down.

The colours most in favour are, different shades of dark brown, orange, crimson, scarlet, purple, rose, lavender, and grey.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

TWO DESIGNS FOR CHAIRS.

THE first is intended as a library chair; and would have a good effect if executed in oak, with pillow-cushion covered with fine crimson cloth, and tufts of the same colour: the back is intended to be a little hollow, and stuffed in unison with the seat-cushion.

The other, on the right, is an elegant design for a drawing-room chair; and would look extremely handsome

if executed in white and gold; or if this was thought too delicate, zebra wood, relieved with burnished gold, would have a good effect: the seat covered with damask or satin, with an appropriate gimp, &c.

We are indebted for these designs to drawings executed by Mr. John Taylor, upholsterer, Bedford-court, Covent-Garden.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ON the 1st of December will appear the sixth number of the *Picturesque Tours of the Ganges and Jumna*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, which will complete that interesting work. It will form

a companion volume to Ackermann's *Picturesque Tours of the Rhine and Seine*; illustrated with twenty-four coloured views, besides vignettes and a map.

Tales of Irish Life are nearly ready

for publication. They will be illustrated with engravings by Messrs. Thompson, Hughes, and Bonner, in their best style, from designs by George Cruikshank. These tales will exhibit a faithful picture of the manners, habits, and condition of the people, being written from actual observation during a residence of several years in various parts of Ireland.

Suicide and its Antidotes; a series of anecdotes and narratives, with suggestions on mental distress, by the Rev. Solomon Piggott, will appear in a few days.

In the press, *The Proceedings of the Agricultural Society of Sumatra*, consisting of the First and Second Reports of the Society; with an appendix, containing the principal paper therein referred to, and also the Reports of the Education Committee and Bible Society, in one volume 8vo.

Nearly ready for publication, a *Map of India*, compiled from the latest surveys and other authentic sources; engraved by John Walker on four large sheets: the scale, 2 inches to a degree; and the size 5 feet in length by 4 feet 4.

Time's Telescope for the Year 1825 will be published in the course of next month, and will contain a complete Guide to the Almanack; an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; Illustrations of British History and Antiquities; the Naturalist's Diary, with a description of the principal culinary vegetables, their mode of culture, &c.: prefixed to which will be an Essay on English Sacred Poetry, and two introductory poems by Mr. J. H. Wiffen and Mr. Alexander Balfour.

A new edition of Zimmermann on *Solitude* will be published in the early part of November, illustrated by T. Stothard, Esq. R. A.

A poetical work, entitled *The Bar*, is in the press; with sketches of eminent

judges, barristers, &c. and with copious notes.

A second edition of the *Poetical Memoirs* and the *Exile*, a tale, by Mr. James Bird, author of "The Vale of Sloughden," &c. is in the press.

A lady will shortly publish *Urania's Mirror*, or a View of the Heavens; consisting of thirty-two large cards, on which are represented all the constellations visible in the British empire, on a plan perfectly original; accompanied with a familiar Treatise on Astronomy, by J. Aspin.

The *Historical Works* of Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King at Arms to Charles I. and II. are about to appear in four 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Ugo Foscolo has issued proposals for publishing by subscription the *Ancient Italian Poets*; with Biographies, Historical Views of their respective Times, and other illustrations. The work is to consist of 20 volumes, and to appear at the distance of not more than three months between each volume.

Colonel Leicester Stanhope is preparing a publication on the *Actual State of Greece in 1823-4*.

Mr. George Soane is employed upon a *History of Art, and Biography of its Professors*.

A work is announced, bearing the title of *Revelations of the Dead Alive*, and said to be from the pen of a dramatic writer.

Mr. J. H. Parry is preparing the *Cambrian Plutarch*, or Lives of the most eminent Welshmen, in an 8vo. volume.

The Rev. J. R. Pitman, of the Foundling and Magdalen, announces a course of *Sermons* for the year, containing two for each Sunday, and one for each holiday; abridged from eminent divines of the established church, and adapted to the service of the day, for the use of schools and families.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

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DECEMBER 1, 1824.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot suffer the close of another year of our labours to pass without the expression of our grateful acknowledgments to all those by whose encouragement and patronage they have been so kindly fostered; and the assurance that our strenuous endeavours shall continue to be exerted for their gratification. To the Contributors, whose talents have assisted to give variety and interest to the pages of this *Miscellany*, during the past year, our best thanks are likewise due; and we trust that the prompt attention paid to their communications will ensure their future favours.

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 shall endeavour to satisfy J. C. (West-square) in our next.

The commencement of an interesting account of Hayti at the Conclusion of Christophe's Reign—the first number of a Series of Popular Tales of all Nations—The Gaming-House of the Palais Royal—Rover—Ymbrie and Swina—Inventions, shall have a place in our next Number.

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

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



W. Marshall del.

NUTWELL COURT.
THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS TRAYNOR, FULLER ELLIOTT, 1780. BART.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IV.

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NO. XXIV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

NUTWELL-COURT, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS TRAYTON FULLER ELLIOTT
DRAKE, BART.

THIS fine mansion is situated near Lympstone, in the manor of Nutwell, between Exeter and Exmouth, about seven miles from the former and four from the latter. The first account we have of this place dates so far back as the reign of Henry II. when it was the property of Oliver de Dinham, and formed part of the barony of Hartland. By this family it was given to the priory of Dinant, in Brittany; but after the suppression of alien priories, it reverted again to the Dinham family.

In the reign of King Henry VII. Sir John Dinham, afterwards Lord Dinham (and who was then treasurer), built on the site of the present mansion a castellated edifice; and if we may form an idea of it from a small portion still preserved with great care, it must have been, what Risdon calls it, "a fair and stately

dwelling." This remaining portion is now formed into a spacious library, being attached to the dwelling: formerly it was used as the family chapel. It is a pure bit of rich Gothic; the gable end being highly enriched, flanked on the one side with a fine sculptured figure of *the Archangel hurling Satan down*, and on the other side, *St. George and the Dragon*, both placed in highly wrought niches. The battlements are emblazoned with family arms of the various occupants. The estate was sold by the Dinham to Serjeant Prideaux, in whose family it continued many years, being the seat of Sir Thomas Prideaux, and successively of Sir Henry Ford and the Pollexfens. The last Sir Francis Henry Drake died in 1794, bequeathing his property to the late Lord Heathfield, son of his sister

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and heir, who had married General Elliott, the gallant defender of Gibraltar. This nobleman dying, in 1813, without issue, his estates devolved to his sister's son, the present proprietor, who, after his return severely wounded from the Peninsular war, was, in 1821, created a baronet, which title has been in the family from the first creation.

Nutwell-Court is a spacious quadrangular building, presenting three fronts. The Principal or Entrance-Front, as shewn in our First Engraving, possesses an elegant simplicity. Owing to the nature of the ground, the principal entrance is by a flight of steps thrown across an area, which, by its embellishments, forms a pleasing feature. It is terminated by a kind of vestibule supported by columns, which answers all the purposes of a portico, throwing deep shadows, and becoming an ornament to the house. It is decorated with flowering shrubs and niches, the latter containing two lovely statues of Canova's, brought from Rome in 1817 by Sir Thomas. This vestibule, enriched with these adornments, affords a fair specimen of the fine taste that pervades the interior of the mansion. The hall of entrance is hung round with medallions in Parian marble; while in the centre a trophy of warlike instruments is raised in bronze to the memory of Elliott, the hero and defender of Gibraltar. The hall communicates with the grand staircase, hung with works of art: among them are a superb Rembrandt and a Guido, *Venus attired by the Graces*. This picture was presented by her late Majesty Queen Charlotte to Sir Francis Henry Drake. But it is in the state apartments, the saloon, and the drawing-rooms, that the man of

taste and the artist would love to linger, the walls being covered with some of the finest works of the old masters: the apartments are splendidly fitted up, and contain among the many fine works some beautiful figure drawings by Lady Elliott Drake, whose taste for landscape deserves particular mention. The dining and breakfast-rooms also contain some fine works of art, among them splendid specimens of Weenix and Hondeloeter.

Owing to the ground being raised to the basement story of the principal entrance, as before noticed, the entire depth of the house on this side is not perceived. It possesses the advantage of conducting the visitor at once into the principal apartments, a noble staircase being continued to the dining and breakfast rooms beneath, which are on a level with the lawn, and communicating with it by French windows. This arrangement gives a delightful coolness to the living apartments in summer, and warmth in winter; it affords also an easy access to the various offices, baths, &c.

The views from the house are extremely beautiful. The lawn opens towards the river Exe, which abounds with some of the most beautiful views in Devon. Immediately over against Nutwell-Court are the noble grounds of Powderham, with its celebrated mansion, surrounded with the finest woods imaginable. The grounds swell into a bold hill surmounted by a tower, which has a fine appearance, particularly so as combined with a similar but distant tower on a bold range of hills, crossing Sir Lawrence Palk's grounds. The eye ranges on, embracing the Exe and distant upland country to Exeter: this pictu-



T. Stoddart del.

NUTWELL COURT,

THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS TRAYTON, BART. & LIEUT. COL. DRAGOONS.

resque city, with its venerable cathedral, adds considerably to the beauty of the whole on this side; the little town of Topsham, with its numerous shipping, forming a foreground to the estuary. The woods of Powderham, as seen from Nutwell-Court, are further enriched by the lovely grounds of Mamhead, which rise in the distance immediately behind the castle, surmounted with an obelisk; while the sides are feathered with woods to the top, breaking off into the commanding hills known by the name of Haldown, the pride of Devon for extensive and varied views. The contrast of these bleak bold hills, swelling along the distance in one immense line, immediately behind the richly cultivated grounds that sweep up its sides, is singularly striking. The immense tract of wood and lawn around Powderham, is finely cut off by the highly cultivated and inclosed country extending along the banks of the Exe by Alphington to Exeter. This, with the pretty little church of Powderham, its parsonage-house nestling among the trees, with the flitting sails of various shapes and hues, forms a whole that is rarely surpassed. It is true a fine river intervenes, but this seems only the link required in the chain (extensive as it is) to connect the whole with Nutwell, so happily do the grounds accord. We say nothing of the views towards

Exmouth, embracing Lymptone, with the opposite fishing-village of Starcross, from which rises the bold hill of Wardborough, covered with pines, that forms a middle distance to Mamhead.

The grounds of Nutwell-Court are delightfully varied, both as to form and the variety of woods that adorn them: there is about the plantations a richness scarcely to be expected in the immediate vicinity of a mansion. Nature here shews her efforts to break from the trammels of art, being suffered to sport without fear of the pruning-knife. The elm, the oak, the plane, with the cedar and a variety of other trees, throw their limbs about in seemingly wild harmony, forming a sylvan retreat truly delightful, with its combination of tints, and its brilliant and mellow lights stealing into the recesses rich with deep shadows.

Our Second View of this fine mansion is taken from the river. The gardens are in the rear of the house: they are extensive and well arranged, as well as the hot-houses and conservatories.

The woods are delightfully intersected with serpentine walks, which in parts skirt the river, and in other places penetrate the umbrageous gloom, producing, with the distant views, every variety that can be wished.

ANECDOTES OF THE TIGER AND THE DOG.

THE common tiger of Cochin-China is not greatly dreaded, but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The governor of Saigon presented one of the latter to Lieutenant White, confined in a very strong cage of

iron-wood. It was a beautiful female, about two years old, nearly three feet high and five feet long. Her skin is now in the Museum of the East India Marine Society at Salem; for in consequence of the loss

by bad weather of the stock of puppies and kids provided for her on the homeward passage, it was found necessary to shoot her.

In Saigon, says Mr. White, in his *Voyage to Cochinchina*, where dogs are dog-cheap, we used to give the tigress one every day. They were thrown alive into her cage; when after playing a while with her victim, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glisten, and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted prisoner, which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the incisions of the sanguinary beast perforating the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and suck the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth.

One day a puppy, not at all remarkable or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who, immediately on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the tigress with great fury, snapping at her nose, from which he drew some blood. The tigress appeared to be amused with the puny rage of the puppy, and with as good-humoured an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it all as play; and sometimes spreading herself at full length on her side, at others crouching in the manner of the fabled Sphynx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavouring by many little arts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and

slept. From this time they were inseparable; the tigress appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog in return treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made by presenting a strange dog at the bars of the cage, when the tigress would manifest great eagerness to get at it: her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce; but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. The natives made several unsuccessful attempts to steal this dog.

The motive of the Cochinchinese for endeavouring to possess themselves of this animal seems to be explained at the conclusion of the subjoined passage, which also furnishes a curious animal anecdote.

During a shooting excursion on shore, near the village of Canjeo, a favourite spaniel strayed from me, says Lieutenant White, and as the strictest search we could make for him was fruitless, we were reluctantly obliged on our return on board to leave poor Pinto behind. We were, however, far from harbouring the idea of abandoning the faithful animal, without another effort to recover him; and the linguist was accordingly directed to offer a reward for him to the natives: but so great was their dread of the tigers, that none of them would undertake the search: nor were we surprised at their reluctance, when the interpreter informed us, that all the woods around the village were filled with these animals, and that it was no unfrequent case for the inhabitants to be carried

off by them; and that we might attribute our escape from their fangs to the report of our guns, which had intimidated them. It was not Pinto's fate, however, to furnish food for the tigers on this occasion; for on the third day after losing him, he was discovered on the beach by an officer in one of the boats, who was going on shore; but no effort they made could induce the dog to approach them, and it was not till the boat had been sent the third time with a sailor who was a particular favourite of his, that we regained possession of him: but the most complete metamorphosis had been effected by his temporary separation from

us in his character and appearance; for from being a bold, lively, and playful dog, he had now become dull, morose, and timid, scarcely deigning to notice our caresses; and from being round and fat, he had wasted in that short time to a mere skeleton. This anecdote, trifling in itself, I should not have mentioned, but for the light it threw on the proneness of the natives to superstitious ideas; for they gravely assured us, that the tigers had bewitched the dog, and that he was now endued with supernatural powers, and ought no longer to be treated as a dog, but as a being of superior intelligence.

THE NOVICIATE.

(Concluded from p. 276.)

THE following day Wilmina was awoke before sunrise by the delivery of a note, which the novice who brought it informed her was left with the portress, to be immediately conveyed to her hands. It came from Lady Glammis. Business she alleged of the utmost consequence to her lord hurried her away; she could not think of disturbing her dear sister's repose, and sent her adieus and blessings by a noiseless messenger. This explanation sufficed; and Wilmina was far from regretting her prolonged residence with the abbess, who continually rose in her esteem. Mary was painfully surprised that her mother did not bestow on her one farewell; and when Wilmina shewed her the note, she immediately recognised it to have been written early in the preceding forenoon. Wilmina asked Mary if she knew when the portress received it in charge: she could not tell; but Lady Glammis

said it should not be delivered till morning. Mary knew nothing of the contents, nor was she aware of exposing her mother's machinations. Wilmina made no comment, but was puzzled to assign a just cause for Lady Glammis omitting to mention her departure, since the imperative business must have been known to her when they spent some hours together in the evening after the note was prepared. She had seen much to convince her that the lady seldom acted without design. She wished to think favourably of her sister; but had perceived so many evidences of dissingenuous conduct, that a separation from her gave little pain. At Vallis Lucis she hoped her mind would be tranquillized in less time than at Glammis Castle, where every proceeding was deeply tinctured by the most unamiable worldly passions. She had seen, with a mixture of pity and disgust, a proud struggle to support

a grandeur beyond their means; and a total disregard of the touching claims of charity, claims which the practice of some self-denial would have enabled them to answer; flattery to greater or richer personages that chanced to come their way, oppression of inferiors, the most rugged and arbitrary controul of the younger girls, and weak compliances to Andrew and Annabel; a rigid adherence to the forms of religion, and a disregard of the presiding spirit of Christianity. These failings, with endless jealousies and sparring among themselves, were too glaring to pass unnoticed, nor could Wilmina see them without repugnance. At Vallis Lucis the congenial sentiments, the unaffected goodness of her associates, soothed and elevated the feelings of our heroine. With the pious, upright, and compassionate abbess as superior, the amiable Mary her friend, and the placid sisterhood her companions, she felt more at home than with her own sister. Some disagreeable inmates belonged to the convent; but supported by the influence and example of the lady abbess, the worthiest characters held a decided preponderance.

The fifteenth day of September opened with solemn masses for the souls of warriors slain at Flodden Field. The lady abbess had to commemorate her eldest and favourite brother, fallen in the prime of manhood; many of the sisters renewed their lament for a father or brothers lost on that fatal plain. Lord Balveny was the last survivor of all that returned from the Northumbrian fight: he was carried off by a faithful follower, covered with wounds; he was restored to health for the honour and happiness of Scotland: yet

the darts of his countrymen destroyed the patriot who came as a peace-maker, and exposed his own life to prevent effusion of blood. Wilmina's sorrow was the most recent. She wept during the celebration of mass; and in the evening, when the sisterhood broke their fast of mourning, she could take no food. The abbess invited her to walk in a grove of cypress and weeping birch inclosed by a railing, of which she kept the key. A winding path, nearly concealed by the trees, conducted them to a marble slab. The abbess pointed to the inscription, and Wilmina inaudibly read these words: "Sacred to the memory of Patrick Dunbar, a beloved lamented infant. 1519."—"Father Agonisto departed this life January 1540."

"Behold, my daughter," said the lady abbess; "behold the memorial of calamities more insupportable than yours. Yet Innerbetha, once of Glammis, still lives, and derives consolation from preventing or alleviating sorrow to her fellow-mortals. I was the only daughter of Lord Glammis; fortune smiled on my youth; the faded countenance now enwrapped by the black veil has filled the voice of celebrity. My suitors were many, and of high condition; but I had given my heart to Patrick, the younger son of Lord Dunbar: he was the dearest friend of my brother, the brother whose heart of valour was pierced on Flodden Field. Unhappily the houses of Dunbar and Glammis were at feud: my father would have spurned a proposal of marriage for me from the younger son of his most valued ally; and the brother who could have interceded for me was laid in the tomb. My father took me suddenly to Padua,

where, till his demise, I was obliged to remain. Returning an orphan, I found Patrick Dunbar, believing me unfaithful, had been eleven months a husband, and four weeks a widower. His lady died in childbed of a son. Our fathers were dead; our brothers reconciled; our hearts reverted to former emotions. Patrick Dunbar sought the hand of his unaltered Innerbetha. In five days our nuptials were to be solemnized. The lovely infant, born of the first marriage, was dear to me as though I had been his natural mother; fondly cherished by caresses, he would cling to my neck wherever he saw me. The parent of my bridegroom was in hopeless malady; I was paying my duty to her: she desired to live only to witness my union with her son; he, ever tenderly assiduous, gave me his welcome support in descending a steep staircase; the nurse and child were ascending: the beloved innocent caught my flowing curls, that waved in the air rushing through a narrow passage. I took him in my arms, kissed him again and again with all a mother's delight in his sportive graces; then stood listening to his father, who hung over us enamoured. My lover had dismissed the nurse; his arm encircled my waist; his cheek was close to mine: the babe leaped and crowed, as transported with joy in this blending of our wedded souls. Wilmina, how shall my lips express the dreadful transition from the purest rapture to distracting agonies! With a sudden spring, the charmer fell from my hands on the stone steps of the stair—his brains lay scattered at my feet. I swooned. Years of mental disease punished my heedless yet not wilful crime. Yes, Wilmina, Inner-

betha of Glammis deprived of life a being formed in the image of the great Creator! Madness lies that way. I must turn from it, or lose myself for ever.

“ I recovered; I inquired for my destined husband: to see him I could not bear; but I wished to be assured of his welfare: he had retired to a foreign convent. I followed his example; but preferred my own country, and the Abbess of Vallis Lucis had been the most valued companion of my mother. My demeanour was regarded as edifying. I was appointed to officiate for, and then succeeded to the place of, our superannuated abbess. The penalty of innocent blood was yet to be paid. In the famine, Vallis Lucis relieved a multitude of the distressed. Our benefactions drew applicants from all quarters. One friar, graceful and dignified even in a coarse religious habit, and emaciated by the austerities of his order, followed by want of common necessities—this friar attracted my notice while I attended to dispense a portion to each individual. I had given him bread from my hand, and after it a benediction: one morsel had passed his lips; he started at my voice, as though a viper had stung him to the seat of life, or an excess of joy overpowered him, I know not which: yet I would expire in peace to be assured whether abhorrence or tenderness laid him insensible: he breathed no more. On his person were found papers, importing that this wanderer was my once loved Patrick Dunbar. An Italian friar, who accompanied him, said, he was known at Ravenna by the name of Father Agonisto; but he was a Scot, returning to die in his own father-land. The voice of In-

nerbetha arrested the spring of vitality, fatal alike to parent and child. Wilmina, leave, leave a wretch! I must not be seen thus."

Wilmina moved away, and in her chamber offered thanksgiving to God that her afflictions were exempted from circumstances of horror. The abbess did not appear till the ensuing day. Though calm and collected in her deportment, her look had anguish and even wildness when she sunk into reverie. The day as usual wore away in the offices of religion. The evening was giving place to night. Wilmina withdrew to her chamber; the abbess met her at the door, and entered, carefully turning the lock. Wilmina reverently waited to be informed of her pleasure. She said, "Set your lamp on the stone table. Extinguish it. Mine suffices."

The abbess paused and resumed:

"Blessed of the highest be thou, my daughter, that did not look back to pry into mine infirmity! My eye followed Wilmina of Balveny, and saw that she respected and would not idly search into the secret frailties of the unhappy. Wilmina, these were moments of almost insanity. I acknowledge it to you, that when your own griefs exceed your patience, you may think of mine, and with resignation sustain the blameless infliction. Lady Glammis has acquainted me with your sorrows: though severe, they admit of a remedy. You may think of the knight of Drummond without pain; your name will be dear to him as his renown, and you may be happily united. I will pray to the Saviour, to the Blessed Virgin, and to all the saints, that you may both rejoice at the altar; and after a long series of

prosperous years on earth, may in heaven rejoice through all eternity. There are not wanting enemies to Drummond. They make a pretext of his lifting the sword against the faithful, who in arms opposed a robbery of the sanctuaries by the sacrilegious Henry of England; but Drummond was then a boy, and he fought against the insurgents as rebels only. I go to supplicate the throne of grace for him and you."

The abbess relumed Wilmina's lamp, took up her own and retired. Wilmina passed a sleepless night, in revolving the practicability of informing Auriol Drummond where she was concealed. No expedient occurred to her, unless the abbess should deign to favour her liberation; and she feared the request would be improper. She rose unrefreshed and dejected, but submissive to the unerring dispensations of Providence. In fervent devotion she humbly implored the divine mercy and guidance. The bell tolled for matin prayers; she joined them with her inmost soul, and as the sisters moved from the chapel to the refectory, the portress gave the lady abbess a letter bearing the royal signet. Unutterable presentiments throbbed at the heart of Wilmina; with tottering steps, and leaning on her affectionate niece Mary, she gained her chamber, where we must leave her, and return to the long unnoticed knight of Drummond.

We parted from the knight of Drummond on a journey to solicit the royal approbation for his marriage. The king had gone for Linlithgow on the morning of that day which brought Drummond to Edinburgh. He instantly followed. James gave the most gracious assent to the

marriage of his faithful envoy, and a grant of lands for his services at the court of France. This act of munificence was the more honourable to the king, as Drummond had joined Lord Balveny in beseeching him to prefer an alliance with England, to the inferior benefits to be expected from a closer connection with Gallic intrigues.

Collecting his relatives and friends as he retraced his way to Balveny castle, and about seventy miles from that centre of his happiness, Drummond rode along, musing on the blissful hours he had known and hoped to enjoy with his affianced wife. His charger, unchecked, got considerably in advance of the cavalcade; he made a sudden stop, which broke the meditations of his rider. Drummond looked up, and beheld a female wrapped in a blue cloak, that hardly concealed an under-dress of faded crimson, and both had been the prey of moths, with the appearance of recent patches, various in colour. The sunken eyes were half-covered by an old *bon-grace* of green velvet; and those eyes and the hairy cheeks bore evident signs of weeping. The figure beckoned him aside from the beaten path. He made a movement to dismount; but she returned, saying, in a smothered voice, "Keep your saddle, fearless knight of Drummond! fearless alike of men, or more appalling demons! I am no weird woman: know that he who assumed the garb of his mother for this meeting is Gabriel Hossack, a devoted servant of the Lady Wilmina, and of the hero that *was* Lord of Balveny.

"That *was* Lord of Balveny!"
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repeated Drummond; "these are words of alarming import. I have heard of Gabriel Hossack. If thou art he, truth will guide thy tongue: speak clearly and briefly."

"The Lord of Balveny has been slain by the adherents of Oliver Sinclair," said Hossack with a gush of tears. Drummond hastily added,

"And the Lady Wilmina?"

"Is sent away by Lord Archibald of Balveny no one knows where," replied Hossack sobbing aloud.

The knight of Drummond muttered execrations on Sinclair, his adherents, and on those that were guilty in the abduction of the Lady Wilmina. A load of grief bent his lofty head over the bridle-reins. The stamping of his impatient charger recalled him from perplexing thoughts, and he was not of a character to lose in supine woe the hours for energetic action. But this apparition might be contrived by an enemy to mislead him. He further questioned:

"And if Archibald is at Balveny Castle, where is thy master Sylvester?"

"I saw him not since he arrayed his men for the fray with Oliver Sinclair's crowd of followers," said Hossack. "A runnour of Lord Balveny's fate came to Ormond Castle with the darkening of night. I set out, and reached Balveny Castle before the moon went down. My lord was on the bier; my lady, my dear lady removed. I searched the lumber-room for a disguise; found some moth-eaten raiment that belonged to my mother, and crossed this way day after day, to warn the knight of Drummond that an ambush will be laid for him as he draws near Balveny Castle. I shall take a by-road

to Ormond Castle, and in the confusion and bustle for the funeral of my honoured lord shall not be missed."

Before Gabriel Hossack finished his narrative, strongly impressed with the signs of truth, the cavalcade attending the knight of Drummond joined him, and heard, or learnt by inquiry from Gabriel, the disastrous incidents. Many drew their swords, and were for pushing onward to Balveny Castle, to exterminate the ambushed foe, and compel Archibald to give a satisfactory account of his sister; but with his hand on his heart, Drummond stilled the tumultuary effusion of friendship, and said, "This true heart feels your kindness, and admires your valour, my brave friends. If ye would peril your lives in my cause, let it be to rescue the Lady Wilmina. We should divide into small parties, and search for her in every quarter."

The greater part of the Drummonds persisted in desiring to surprise Balveny Castle; but Auriol represented to them that their numbers were not one to three score of the enemy; and in a rash and bootless enterprise they might be slain, and lose all chance of delivering the Lady Wilmina. They submitted to these arguments, and Drummond looked for Gabriel Hossack, to give him such reward as his purse could afford; but the dwarf, having fulfilled his purpose, had left the place. He was seen at a distance taking a shorter road to Ormond Castle.

All the inquiries for Wilmina were unsuccessful. Where the lady and her escort were known, they passed unnoticed in the general ferment caused by the feud between the adherents of Douglas and Sinclair; and when Sylvester joined them, he

kept firmly to his brother's instructions, to proceed by unfrequented paths. On Lord Balveny's return from Glammis Castle, he spread a report that Wilmina had commenced her noviciate for the black veil at Ravenna; and he ascribed her renunciation of the world to grief for her father's sudden fate. Her filial affection was so remarkable, that her retreat occasioned no surprise; and as her destiny was rather whispered than avowed, the particulars were the more eagerly circulated by retailers of news. Archibald gave Lord Ormond timely notice that Wilmina was to go round the north coast to Vallis Lucis, and he hired a Danish armament to intercept her. Lady Glammis foresaw those purposes, and to disappoint them, took her charge by land. She proceeded, as soon as she could leave Wilmina, to excuse herself to Archibald for deviating from his injunctions; and appeased his wrath by alleging she was constrained to avoid seafaring, as the Drummonds had many ships on the Scottish and English shores in pursuit of the bride. This was fact; but it was not to shun them that Lady Glammis made an equestrian journey to the south. Finding her brother resolved to take Wilmina from the convent, and to embark her for Spain with Ormond, Lady Glammis staid but two days at Balveny Castle, and she found means to send a hint to Drummond, where he might seek his beloved. After receiving this darkling intimation, Auriol neither slept nor rested until he laid his wrongs before the king. James with his own hand wrote a mandate to the Lady Abbess of Vallis Lucis. A train of ladies and gentlemen were speedily fitted out, and

with a guard wearing the royal livery, they arrived at Vallis Lucis, when the pious sisterhood were leaving the chapel for the refectory. The abbess led Wilmina to her apartment for private audience, and putting the mandate into her hands, bade her peruse it, while she received the strangers in her public hall. Wilmina had shed many tears of anguish; she now wept for joy. The lady abbess had often found, to her sorrow, that incidents, seemingly unconnected with Patrick Dunbar, recalled his forbidden idea to her lacerated mind. He now rushed upon her thoughts almost visibly in youth, health, and melting tenderness: she was forced to retire to compose her feelings. She ordered the portress to usher the strangers into the public hall, and from thence straightway to conduct the knight of Drummond to the Lady Wilmina. An hour was given to their rapturous interview: the abbess had subdued her recollections, and came to offer her hospitality to the bridegroom. He turned to make his obeisance: the abbess essayed to speak; the sounds died away on her pale lips. Wilmina's arms received her, laid her on a bench, and soon reviving, she cried, "Can Patrick Dunbar be restored from the grave? Comes he to upbraid Innerbetha who destroyed his son, and with a morsel of bread from her hand, or the blasting tones of her voice, bereft him of life?"

The abbess relapsed into woful stupefaction. Knowing that she would not be seen in that condition, Wilmina called no assistance. Her soothing attentions were unremitting; and in the mean time she gave Drummond an outline of the events that

occasioned this disorder in a mind abstracted from earthly concerns. Drummond said his mother was an elder sister of Patrick Dunbar, the renowned hero of St. Aubin, and he was often told that he greatly resembled his uncle. The mention of St. Aubin and of Patrick Dunbar seemed to reanimate the oppressed soul of Innerbetha. In the battle of St. Aubin, the life of her eldest and dearest brother was preserved by that youth who in manhood was her betrothed husband. With a struggle nearly convulsive, she said, "Wilmina, you won my affections ere I knew the extent of your claim. My wealth is vast; if given to the family of my brother it will evaporate in follies, allowing the mildest term to the profusion originating in vanity and pride. If intrusted to the knight of Drummond and Wilmina of Balveny, the stream of their bounty will, by example, refresh the spirit of charity in the rich, and gladden the poor. I shall settle an annuity upon Lady Glammis, her son, and her daughters. The residue of right belongs to the heir and representative of Patrick Dunbar. I gave him my property when I plighted to him my betrothed engagement: that the nuptials were not solemnized was not the fault of the bridegroom."

The lady abbess felt her mind again wandering. She rose, and lifting her trembling hands, poured forth a benediction on the happy pair. Wilmina embraced her niece, and with kind adieus to the sisterhood, mounted a palfrey magnificently adorned, and by easy journeys reached Edinburgh. The nuptials of Wilmina of Balveny and the knight of Drummond were celebrated at Holyrood-House. Auriol and his

brother, the Lord of Drummond, were among the few that made a stand for the honour of their country at Solway Moss. Auriol received several wounds; the Lord of Drummond died on the field of battle, and leaving no heirs male, our hero succeeded to the estate and titles. No exaltation could more endear him to Wilmina, nor procure him higher respect from all ranks of men, than he previously held for his intrinsic merits. His offspring inherited the virtues of their parents, and they have descended to their posterity.

Lord Balveny in a few months taught Sylvester to feel the loss of a just and indulgent father. Gavin, Lord of Balveny, was liberal to his undutiful sons. He gave to each a handsome locality, dependent, however, on his pleasure. In a short space after he became lord, Archibald required his brother to act for him in an affair, which, to the lofty spirit of Sylvester, appeared degrading, if not dishonourable. He expostulated; Archibald resented, and deprived him of the locality. At variance with the court, and too proud to accept an establishment from Lord and Lady Drummond, though pressed upon him with all the delicacy understood in an age of imperfect refinement, he took refuge in a monastery, and, always in extremes, hastened the corrosion of a broken heart by the penances and austerities he imposed on himself. His eminent natural gifts, and the proficiency he attained in science and learning, were of little use to himself or to the world, as he wanted judgment and prudence in their application. He was ruined in childhood by unbounded licence from his mother, and bad example from his bro-

ther and from Lord Ormond perverted his youth. His eldest niece, Annabel of Glammis, suffered in her temper and morals from the indulgence and pernicious practices of her artful mother. Susannah and Sarah would have been the victims of rigorous controul, if they had not come under the guidance of their aunt Wilmina before their habits were unalterably fixed. The same auspicious transfer saved Andrew from growing up the slave of his passions. In tuition all extremes are dangerous. Lord and Lady Drummond observed a salutary medium in the gentle yet steady government of their children, their nephew and nieces. If in the early stages of life Sylvester had been so excited, so mildly but firmly restrained when needful, he might have lived in honour and usefulness, and have died in the arms of affection. His painful last illness was softened by no friendly attendance, except from Gabriel Hosack. Sylvester had not been uniformly kind as a master; but the faithful dwarf never forgot that he was the son of his best, his invariable benefactor. After the decease of Sylvester, Gabriel became domesticated as a valued friend at Drummond Castle. The dwarf, almost hideous in his exterior, passed from infancy to old age with more service to mankind, and more self-enjoyment, than Sylvester, the endowed and adorned. Rank, wealth, and talents, without consistent worth, are of little avail to the possessor. Though Sylvester had inherited the estate and titles of Balveny, his impetuous self-indulgence would often have made him unhappy. Archibald was detected in practices against the state, attainted and banished. He endured

extreme want, till relieved in a foreign country by the aged Lord Home, father and grandfather to the Wilminas, who unjustly were the objects of hatred to the Master and Lord of Balveny. Lady Glammis accomplished the aim of many artifices when Lord Ormond, half intoxicated, made professions of love to Annabel of Glammis; he could not retract with impunity from her uncles. Discord and distrust were the incessant tormentors of this selfish pair, equally tenacious and regardless of each other's comfort, where their own humours were in question. As an attainted exile, Ormond left his wife dependent upon the sisters whose early years were embittered by her unkindness. After a few years, the annuity bequeathed by the Lady Abbess of Vallis Lucis might have sufficed for Annabel, if she could have been satisfied with moderate competence; but she preferred hanging upon her more fortunate relatives for superfluities; and, with all her pride and stateliness, incurred the epithet, which in Scotland implies a person that offers visits, or takes slight invitations, and remains with the hospitable entertainers till hospitality itself is tired of the *sorner*; a term used only for those who are not forced by poverty, but by idleness or avidity induced to live in luxury at the expense of others.

In this way Lady Ormond shifted among her relations, even after she had means to have a home in respectable privacy. Susannah of Glammis and her sister Sarah were taken to Drummond Castle on the death of their mother. Lord Scroop of England, a friend of Lord Drummond, obtained the hand of the fair Susannah; and the Marquis d'Au-

teuil, a French nobleman, was captivated by the lively Sarah. These ladies profited by the example of their aunt, Lady Drummond, and suffered less in correcting their foibles, than they would have had to endure from the consequences of disingenuous proceedings. Lady Glammis did not live to see the marriage of her younger daughters, nor the elevation of her son. Worn out by the harassing anxiety of self-created sorrows, resulting from her own machinations, she died soon after Lord Ormond and his lady became conspicuous for domestic misery, which happened within the first year of their union. Andrew of Glammis, warmly attached to his aunt, Lady Drummond, and conceiving the highest esteem for her lord, gave himself up to their influence. His worth and ability recommended him to the Lord Regent Murray; his titles were restored, and he was among the first of the nobles who publicly professed the reformed religion. Mary of Glammis took the veil, and survived only till 1548, when the disease known at that time by the name of sweating sickness spread through the monastery of Vallis Lucis. The lady abbess and her niece, the sister Mary, expired in the same hour: death spared them the grief of witnessing the suppression of their convent.

Such was the private life of Britons in ancient times. The customs of England and Scotland were nearly similar, making allowances for the difference between a kingdom enriched by commerce, and a state dependent only upon limited internal resources. Domination and often cruelty to female youth prevailed in general; and the austerities they inflicted subtracted much from the

happiness of the oppressors. They were strangers to that blissful reciprocation of kind sympathies, affluence, and concord, which sweeten, adorn, and dignify the domestic circle to refined and enlightened moderns.

B. G.

SOME ACCOUNT OF RICHARD WILSON, R. A.

Extracted from "*Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of RICHARD WILSON, Esq.*"
by T. WRIGHT, Esq."

THIS great landscape-painter, a distinguished ornament of the British school, was the third son of a clergyman in Montgomeryshire: his father was of a very respectable family in that county, in which he possessed a small benefice; but soon after the birth of our artist, he was collated to the living of Mould in Flintshire. His mother was of the family of Wynne of Leeswold. They had six sons and a daughter, all of whom died unmarried. The eldest son obtained a situation in Mould as collector of customs, and died two years after the painter. The second was a clergyman, who had good preferment in Ireland. Richard, born 1713, was the third. The fourth was a tobacconist at Holywell: he afterwards went to Pennsylvania, where he died. The youngest, when a little boy, was killed by part of the Barley-Hill at Mould falling upon him, whilst playing under it. Miss Wilson was an attendant on Lady Sandown, a lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, through whose means Richard was introduced to the royal family. It is not known that any of the family of Wilson had a taste for painting except Richard, whose marked predilection for drawing discovered itself when he was quite a child. At that early period he might frequently be seen tracing figures upon the wall with a burnt stick. His relation, Sir George

Wynne, took him to London, where he was placed under the tuition of one Wright, a portrait-painter in Covent-Garden, unnoticed by Walpole. Wilson, however, acquired so much knowledge from his master, as to become equal to most of his contemporaries in that line of art. He must also have acquired a degree of rank in his profession, as about the year 1748, he painted a large picture of George III. when Prince of Wales, with his brother the late Duke of York, which was done for Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, at that time tutor to the prince. He also painted another portrait of the same august personage, from which there is a mezzotint engraving by Faber. The original picture is announced as in the collection of the Rev. Dr. Ascough, and is dated 1751. There is also a half-length portrait of the late Marquis of Rockingham, painted by Wilson in Italy. It is in the style of Rembrandt, and belongs to Lord Fitzwilliam, who brought it from his seat, Wentworth-House, to his residence in Grosvenor-square, where it was at the time that Edwards wrote his *Anecdotes of Painters*, who remarks, "that in this picture Wilson made great use of asphaltum throughout, to produce the deep transparent tones of Rembrandt.--As a portrait-painter," continues this writer, "Wilson is not sufficiently known, nor are his works marked

by any traits which distinguish them from the general manner which then prevailed among his contemporaries. No decided character can therefore be affixed to them. It may, however, be asserted, that in drawing a head he was not excelled by any of the portrait-painters of his time. A proof of this was formerly in the possession of J. Richards, Esq. one of the founders and secretary to the Royal Academy: it is the portrait of Alderman Smith, drawn before Wilson went abroad. It is executed in black and white chalk, as large as life, upon brown French paper, and is treated in a bold masterly manner. But this is not a work which can authorize the critic to consider him as superior to the other portrait-painters of his day."

After having practised some time in London, he was enabled, by the assistance of his relations, to travel into Italy, where he continued the study of portrait-painting, being still unacquainted with the bias of his genius. He frequented good society, and was much respected by his countrymen abroad. Wilson probably might have remained ignorant of the peculiar bent of his talents, but for the following circumstance: One day while waiting for the coming home of Zuccarelli, upon whom he had called at Venice, he made a sketch in oil from the window of the apartment; with which that artist was so highly pleased, that he strongly recommended him to apply himself to landscape-painting.

Another occurrence, which happened not long afterwards, tended to confirm him in his inclination to follow that pursuit. The celebrated French painter Vernet, whose works at that period were held in the high-

est estimation, happening one day, while both these artists were studying in Rome, to visit Wilson's painting-room, was so struck with a landscape he had painted, that he requested to become the possessor of it, offering in exchange one of his best pictures. The proposal was readily accepted, and the picture delivered to Vernet, who, with a liberality as commendable as it is rare, placed it in his exhibition-room, and recommended the painter of it to the particular attention of the *cognoscenti*, as well as to the English nobility and gentry who happened to be visiting the city. "Don't talk of my landscapes when you have so clever a fellow in your countryman Wilson," was the observation of this liberal French artist.

Though there is reason to believe that Wilson had painted some landscapes before he went abroad*, yet it is certain he did not commence a regular course of that study until after he had been some time in Italy. When he began, however, he did not waste his time or subjugate his powers to the unimproving drudgery of copying pictures of the old masters, but contented himself with making his observations upon their works, and afterwards confirming those observations by his studies from nature. Of the originality of his style we are convinced by inspecting his works, and in most of them he has represented the *general character* of Italy with more decided precision than can be found in the works of his predecessors. His stu-

* There is a print engraved by J. S. Miller from a picture painted by R. Wilson, a *View of Dover*, without date, but generally supposed to have been executed before he went abroad.

dies in landscape must have been attended with rapid success; for it is well known that he had pupils in that line while at Rome, and his works were so much esteemed, that Mengs painted his portrait, for which Wilson in return painted a landscape.

He remained abroad six years, having left England in 1749, and returned in 1755. His residence in London after his return was over the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent-Garden. He afterwards lived in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, and also in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in apartments which have been since occupied by Mr. Theed the sculptor. Besides the above-mentioned, he is said to have had several other places of abode; following his great instructress Nature into the fields in Mary-le-bone, and changing his quarters as often as his view was intercepted by the erection of a new building, with more regard perhaps to his love of landscape than to his pecuniary circumstances. At one period he resided at the corner of Foley-place, Great Portland-street. His last abode in London was at a mean house in Tottenham-street, Tottenham-Court-road, in which he occupied the first and second floors, almost without furniture.

To the first exhibition of 1760, in the great room at Spring-Gardens, he sent his picture of *Niobe*, which confirmed the reputation he had previously gained as a landscape-painter. It was bought by William Duke of Cumberland, and came afterwards into the possession of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. In 1765, he exhibited, with other pictures, a *View of Rome from the Villa Mada-*

ma, or rather perhaps from the neighbourhood of Monte Mario; a capital performance, which was purchased by the then Marquis of Tavistock. At the institution of the Royal Academy, Wilson was chosen one of the founders; and after the death of Hayman, he solicited for the situation of librarian, which he retained until he retired into Wales.

He appears to have possessed the powers of his mind when every thing else seemed almost to have failed him; and "during the last two years of his life," as Sir George Beaumont, who was well acquainted with Wilson, very obligingly informs me, "a feeble flash of what he once was would occasionally burst out, and his sound and unerring principles produced a considerable effect.—I have," continued this gentleman, "a small picture done by him in this last stage; and although it is nearly void of form, and the trembling hand and failing eye visible in every touch; yet still there is a general effect, supported by breadth and hue, which a judicious imitator might transform to a Wilson."

The last years of Wilson's life were passed with his brother in Mould, and with his relation, the late Mrs. Catherine Jones of Colomondie, near the village of Llanverris, now called Loggerheads, a few miles from Mould. At the time of his residence in that neighbourhood, he had nearly lost his memory, and was reduced to a state of childishness. Rd. Lloyd, a servant, living not many years ago at Colomondie, attended him in his last moments. He at first only complained of a cold, but upon retiring to bed, almost immediately expired. His remains are interred in the churchyard at Mould, near the north

end of the church: a gravestone has been erected, within these few years, by Mrs. Garnons, upon which is the following inscription:

"The remains of Richard Wilson, Esq. Member of the Royal Academy of Artists. Interred May 15, 1782, aged 69." * * * * *

With a view of obtaining some further account of Wilson, I determined to visit the country which gave him birth. I accordingly made a journey into that part of North Wales, and after inspecting the neat-looking town of Mould, and examining more particularly its interesting churchyard, arrived at the small village of Loggerheads. This singular appellation owes its origin to the subject of the sign painted by Wilson for the village ale-house, and upon which are exhibited the heads of two very jolly-looking fellows, grinning and staring out of the picture towards the spectator: underneath are written, in very legible characters, the words, "We three Loggerheads be." The painting retains its elevated situation to this day, though perhaps little of the original colour may remain, it having been more than once retouched since Wilson's time. The innkeeper, nevertheless, sets a high value upon this appendage to his house, which no doubt has induced many a traveller, perhaps from motives of curiosity alone, to step in, and try what sort of entertainment might be found, notwithstanding the extraordinary mode of salutation which greets him on his arrival at the door.

Adjoining to this very picturesque and interesting village, which, within these few years, enjoyed the tranquillity of a retired valley, and through

which runs a beautiful stream, is Colomondie, the elegant seat of Miss Garnons, bequeathed to her by her aunt, Mrs. Jones. This last-mentioned lady was a relation of Wilson's; and in this house, erected upon an elevated and a most lovely situation, our great artist closed his earthly career.

At Colomondie, an appellation derived from the Latin word *Columba*, a dove, Wilson spent the latter part of his days after he retired from London.

The old gardener of the place, Richard Lloyd, a man very far advanced in years, remembered Wilson well, and was his attendant, as he himself informs us, when he died. According to this man's account, the finances of our artist at the time of his decease were not so confined as has been reported, he having succeeded to some property upon the death of his brother. It was in consequence of this acquisition, and the declining state of his health, that he determined to remove from the metropolis, and spend the remainder of his days in his native country. At Colomondie I observed several of Wilson's pictures in an unfinished state, with two or three merely in dead colour. The subject of one of them was the *Atalanta*, of which, as is well known, there is an engraving; also a small picture, *a View of the Rock and River*, in the neighbourhood. Those pictures were brought by Wilson upon his retiring from London. At a little distance from the house, on either side of the road, are two ancient Scotch firs, extremely picturesque in their forms, said to have been favourite trees of Wilson's, and which he more than

once introduced into his compositions. Adjoining to them is a station commanding a fine view of the rocks about Llanverris, much admired by him. In the grounds belonging to the Miss Garnons of Colomondie, at some distance from the house, was a large stone, to which Wilson, in the latter part of his life, often resorted, it being a favourite seat with this great observer of nature. During his rambles, it was frequently his custom to be attended by a Newfoundland dog; and it so happened, that one day, accompanied by his faithful companion, the aged painter slipped from the stone upon which he had been seated, and unable to recover himself, would, in all likelihood, have perished on the spot, had not timely assistance arrived. The sagacious animal, seeing the situation of his master, ran howling to the house, soliciting the attention of the servants with significant looks, and pulling at the same time the skirts of their clothes with his teeth, directed them to the spot, and thus was the means of rescuing his helpless master from a state of considerable danger.

In an upper room in the house at Colomondie is the bed on which Wilson breathed his last. In shewing this apartment, old Richard Lloyd related to us how some painter, upon being told of the circumstance, stretched himself upon the bed, in order that he might be able to say, he had lain where this great artist had terminated his life, so deep was the veneration he entertained for this justly celebrated painter. * * * *

Wilson appears to have been partial to his native country, and is known to have declared, that in his opinion the scenery of Wales afforded every

requisite for a landscape-painter, whether in the sublime or in the pastoral representations of nature. In the possession of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. are several pictures painted by Wilson, representing well-known places in that country; there are also six views in Wales, engraved from paintings by him.

In person Wilson was somewhat above the middle-size, of robust make, and rather corpulent; his head at the same time being large in proportion to the rest of his figure. During the latter years of his life, his face became red and was covered with blotches; he had a remarkably large nose, and was much displeased if any one happened to observe it. This perhaps may be attributed, in a certain degree, to his fondness for a pot of porter, to which it was his custom not unfrequently to resort, and which at all times he preferred to the more expensive beverage, wine, even though it might be placed before him. He wore a wig tied or platted behind into a knocker or club, and a triangular cocked hat, according to the costume of the time.

Depression and mortification, awakened by neglect, it may naturally be supposed could not fail to operate severely upon such a mind as Wilson's, in which that sensibility so necessarily allied to a refinement of taste must have predominated in a very high degree: the consequence of this was, that he became negligent of himself both in person and manners.

Mr. Northcote's impression of Wilson was, as the author has been credibly informed, "that his mind was as refined and intelligent as his person and manners were coarse and

repulsive; and that discernment and familiarity with him were necessary to discover the unpolished jewel beneath its ferruginous coat." He appears indeed to have been much respected and highly esteemed by those who were acquainted with his real nature and disposition. The late Mr. Stowers of Charter-House-square, an amateur pupil and companion of Wilson's, is well known to have entertained the very highest esteem for the man, no less than admiration for his works, and regarded Wilson as a very honourable character, and delighted much in his blunt honesty and intelligence of conversation. Mr. S. distinctly remembers, that his father often repeated conversations of his with Wilson, in which the painter would lament the destiny which had denied him the initiation into some trade or profession, in which he might have contributed that to the wants of society which would have supplied the comforts and enjoyments of life to him-

self, instead of devoting him to an art which, while it fosters the sensibilities of our nature, does not always secure to the artist a remuneration for his anxious endeavours. With such sentiments, nevertheless, prompted as they must too surely have been by spleen and disappointment, there cannot remain a doubt but that Wilson was influenced by motives of higher consideration; since, notwithstanding his necessities, no hopes afterwards could ever tempt him to forsake his art. His address, according to the report of one who was well acquainted with him, was rather pleasing; and he made no mystery of his manner of painting, a liberality it is to be feared not always so conspicuous in the conduct of the artist. His method appears to have been slow and full of reflection, especially in finishing his pictures, frequently receding from them, in order to consider more advantageously their effect.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE IN SCOTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE high and acknowledged merit of your elegant and comprehensive periodical is peculiarly felt in affording amusement, interest, and edification for all professions — I must say almost to every condition of readers. Perhaps the curious particulars now submitted to them are without a parallel in these kingdoms, though the awful concussion in which the phenomena have been supposed to originate, was perceived over several extensive counties of northern Scotland. Indeed the physical ef-

fects were so little considered by the honest rustics among whom they took place, that eight years elapsed before they were made known to a person who thought them deserving of investigation and record.

The evening of August 13, 1816, was beautifully serene; the thermometer at 60 degrees, the barometer at 29.8, when at twenty-five minutes past ten, a violent shock of an earthquake was felt from north-west to south-east. At Inverness the beautiful spire of the gaol and courthouse was thrown about eight inches

off the perpendicular; many chimneys were thrown down; and in one court no less than seven vents were damaged, and houses rent from top to bottom. At Nairn the glass and stone ware in many houses was heard to rattle; the bells rung; and the dogs howled, as if conscious of a preternatural agitation, which attended a rumbling noise that passed rapidly as it were underneath the streets. In one house a pair of canary birds dropped down dead. At Fort George the ramparts were so shaken, that the sentinels challenged, as they believed, an attempt to burst open the gates. The sea appeared tremendously tossed into foaming eddies, and the east end of the old Beaulieu Priory was thrown down. The mercury in the barometer rose and fell with a tremulous movement for some time subsequent to the shock of the earthquake; and a small fire-ball was observed in the air, in a direction from north to south, just as the momentary commotion subsided. A slight agitation and low hollow sound were noticed by some persons who happened to be awake at one o'clock in the morning of the 14th. In the inland and mountainous district of Strathspey the earthquake was less violent than on the seacoast; but in four different parishes, situated within a range of ten miles, five children were found to be next day, the 14th of August, deprived of the use of their limbs. We shall detail the particulars so far as circumstances could be recollected by their parents or friends after the lapse of eight years.

Isabel Frazer, parish of Duthil, Strathspey, a twin, was from her birth of a delicate constitution, and had been confined to bed three weeks preceding the earthquake: yet she

had no debility in her limbs, excepting a general weakness in her whole frame, occasioned by a low fever. She was at the time of the earthquake about seven years old. Being questioned, she declares that she neither attended to the noise nor the shock of the earthquake, but distinctly remembers being unable to move on the following day. She was two years confined to bed after that event, and in this helpless state was taken to the town of Nairn in a cart, her father having been advised by a traveller to give her a chance of recovery from using the salt-bath. In a few weeks she found benefit from sea-bathing; and by perseverance in that remedy can walk a short distance, though she halts a little, and could not endure fatigue.

James Grant, parish of Abernethy, was a healthy child, five years old, previous to the earthquake. Next day he was found to have lost the power of his right leg. It is now withered, and the boy goes on crutches.

Christian Grant, parish of Inverallan, a lively, active, healthy girl, about eight years old, was found on the 14th August, 1816, to be incapable of locomotion. She is crippled in both legs.

A destitute orphan, — Robertson, was left at two years old to the care of his grandmother, a beggar-woman, generally resident in the parish of Cromdale. He had no defect in his limbs till the day after the earthquake, when it appeared he could not move one leg. It is now emaciated and shrunken, and has always been more and more wasted since the earthquake. Cromdale and Inverallan are united parishes.

— Mitchel, a girl belonging to the parish of Kincardine, between Aber-

nethy and Rothemurchus, was four years old in August 1816, and apparently in sound health. The day after the earthquake both her legs were powerless, and she remains a cripple.

It is much to be regretted that the preceding facts were not known before the persons immediately concerned had ceased to remember the

minute circumstances attending each case. It would seem that the state of the patients was not regarded as being connected with the earthquake in any individual; till one, more reflecting than the rest, heard that several had suffered, and thought of tracing the cause of so many afflictions occurring in the same night.

B. G.

JACK TARS.

My mind is of such a nature that it will take nothing for granted, and will never rest satisfied till it has sifted a thing to the very bottom. This propensity, I confess, has cost me a deal of trouble: but I do not consider the time so taken up to have been entirely lost; for, in the course of my investigations, I have made some discoveries, which, I trust, will prove useful to mankind.

In the perusal of history it was, of course, one of my chief objects to trace effects to their causes; and, in following up the analysis, I have clearly discerned the primary causes of the rise and fall of empires in apparently the most trivial circumstances; and this in a manner perfectly satisfactory to my own mind, as well as to those to whom I have communicated the results of my researches. But I have not been contented with thus discovering the sources of events. By infinite labour and the minutest investigation, I have succeeded in ascertaining the signs by which the existence of those causes may be known. I do not mean what are commonly called "signs of the times," which "he who runs may read." The signs I speak of are not of such a magnitude as to be visible to the common eye, nor even to that

of the philosopher, unless through the medium of a microscope: for, as in the human frame disease often springs from the slightest cause, and that perhaps imperceptible even to the patient himself; so in the body politic the germs of ruin may exist, and be visible only to those who, though they may not absolutely be gifted with second-sight, possess that minute sagacity which enables them to determine the existence of causes, and to foresee effects.

As may be supposed, my first object has been to apply my theory to my own country; and I regret to say, that in so doing, I have already discovered the seeds of decay in this, to all appearance, prosperous state. The first sign I perceived was about twelve years ago, when I accidentally saw a British sailor walking (not rolling) up the High-street of Portsmouth with *suspenders* to his trowsers! This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, I confess, struck me with a kind of superstitious horror. As the suspenders crossed each other over his shoulders, it seemed to me as if fate had put its "mark on him." By a natural reference, my forebodings extended from my country's defenders to my country itself; and I saw in perspective, and I fear not altoge-

ther in imagination, the pride of the British empire humbled in the dust.

This sign I carefully noted at the time; but I did not then draw the attention of the public to it, as I was not then absolutely convinced of the justice of my theory, and as I wished to submit it, in some measure, to the test of experience. The delay has, I lament to add, served but to confirm my first impressions. The impious custom alluded to has now become prevalent among our scamen (tars I can hardly call them), and the progress of decay in these pillars of the state has since become rapid. Pig-tails gracefully platted down the back have disappeared. The cheeks are no longer of unequal protuberance, owing to an ample plug of the pungent herb. Jack prefers wish-wash tea or radical powder to grog, "the liquor of life." Instead of pronouncing the names of ships, such as the *Billy Ruffian* and the *Polly Famous*, according to their true English significations, he twists the words so that you would actually suppose them to have been taken out of Lempriere's Dictionary. The eternal fiddle no longer goes it on Point and the Barbican. Sailors may be seen walking arm in arm with soldiers, or steering up the street, like a steam-vessel in the wind's eye, without making a single tack. And things have come to such a *pitch*, that *tars* may be seen begging with two legs on and both eyes open. In short, Jack has now become an amphibious animal. What need we say more?

The decline has been almost as great and as rapid among the officers. The lieutenants have got epaulettes. The button in which Rodney fought and Nelson died has been

changed; and a naval officer may now enter a room in plain clothes, and not be known for a sailor. *O tempora! O mores!* Where shall we now find a Piper, a Trunnion, or a Morgan? Alas! the breed is extinct!

Then again, admirals are equeries and grooms of the chamber. Post-captains are aides-de-camp. Commanders are no longer captains. The first-lieutenant is no better than an adjutant. The mid is such a dandy, that he might be taken for an aspirant: he no longer orders duck and green peas in the middle of winter, and can pass a dock-yard maty without a frown. The master is a *petit-maitre*. The purser smells more of rose-water than of cheese. The surgeon might pass for a fashionable *accoucheur*, the boatswain for a serjeant-major, and the carpenter for an upholsterer. The marine officer can now venture to hold up his head. The chaplain is no longer caterer to the mess, taking more care of the bodies than of the souls of his flock. The duty fore and aft is carried on without a single oath; and to sum up all, the wooden walls of Old England are going headlong to perdition.

What is the consequence? The British flag has been tarnished. The Americans have beat us on our own element. Men of war have made way for steam-vessels, with a chimney for a mast and a column of smoke for a pendant. Naval officers command them, with a thermometer for a speaking-trumpet; the captain stands over the boiler and directs the paddles. The glory of the British navy evaporates in steam, or is condensed into a bucket, and the safety of a gallant crew lies in a valve.

Oh! that I should live to see the day when a British line-of-battle ship was led by the nose by a floating tea-kettle!

Balloons, I suppose, will next come into play. Then adieu to the greatness of Old England! We cannot

expect to cut such capers in the air as we have done on the sea. We shall have too many and too powerful competitors on that element, which is alike open to all.

“ Delenda est Carthago!”

B.

THEODORO PALEOLOGUS.

IN the chancel of Llandulph church there is a mural monument, with the following inscription:

“ Here lyeth the body of THEODORO PALEOLOGUS, of Pisanco in Italy, descended from the imperyal lyne of the last Christian Emperors of Greece; being the sonne of Camilio, being the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and the last of the lyne that raygned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turks; who married with Mary Balls, of Hadleye in Suffolke, and had issue five children, Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy; and departed this life at Clyfton the 21st of January, 1636.”

Mahomet, second Emperor of the Turks, says of Thomas, the brother of Constantine, that in the great country of the Peloponnesus he found many slaves, and not a man but Theodoro Paleologus.

After defending the castle of Salimonica a whole year against the Turks, and all hope of relief being abandoned, he made his escape from that fortress, and fled to Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him a pension till his death. It is probable that Theodoro, the descendant of Thomas, sought an asylum in England, in consequence of the hostility to the Greeks shewn by Pope Paul V. and Gregory XV. Above the inscription, upon an escutcheon of brass,

are engraven two turrets, with the figure of an eagle having two heads, and resting a claw upon each turret.

Amidst the awful gloom, the solemn stillness of Hadley chapel, Mary, the daughter of a renowned knight, aspirates at the foot of the cross her evening prayers. The first hawthorn-blossom is less fair than her slender neck, shaded by ringlets of glossy chesnut-brown, flowing even lower than the skirts of her embroidered purple vesture. The graceful arch of her eyebrows, her polished forehead, and hazle eyes, brilliant, yet sweet in their various lustre, are raised in devotion to the symbol of Divinity; and the drops that tremble on her long silken eyelashes are shed from a heart solicitous to know and obey the truth. Reared by her mother in the superstitions of the church of Rome, and impressed with fond reverence for her deceased parent, the arguments of her beloved and loving father incline her to the reformed faith. Her snow-white taper fingers hold a rosary, but her enlightened reason questions the efficacy of this papistical rite, and an instructor approaches to set at rest her wavering convictions. Her rapt spirit heeds not the jarring hinges of the ponderous gate, until a faint groan dispels the pious entrancement. A youth, wrapped in a dark mantle, has sunk beside her; she

starts up, drops the rosary for ever: in a moment the chapel lamp is in her hand, and with eager curiosity she examines the features of the stranger. The hue of death is upon his countenance, the seat of manly beauty; and through a rent in his cloak, the welling tide of life oozes apace. Mary unties his sash, the costly workmanship of foreign artisans: but she observes not the rich texture of his apparel; her thoughts are only of the wound in his side, and she hastens to apprise her father. Happily her step-dame has gone to visit her brother, the Lord Royderne, where she has been seized with a tedious sickness. Before the haughty Lady Balls has recovered and come home, the stranger is restored to health.

He had refused to tell his name and lineage, requesting to be known by the appellative of Pisaneo. He loves Mary, whose tender cares prolonged his life; and fervidly admiring in Pisaneo all the attributes of a hero, she cautions him to reveal nothing to her father, as he would impart it to his dame, and she would make it public, far as birds skim the air, or rivers lave the grassy turf of England. Mary perceives her step-mother casting looks of suspicion upon her and Pisaneo, and certain the wrath of her father would be excited, she elopes with her lover, and they settle in happy obscurity at Llandulph in Cornwall, where the Romish faith is abjured by Mary, and she embraces the doctrines professed by her spouse.

Two sons entwine the nuptial tie more firmly on their parental hearts, when the political and religious troubles of England are aggravated by contagious disease. Pisaneo is laid

upon the pillow of suffering; and Mary, searching for a remedy he had brought from Italy, opens a packet containing an imperial ring. Her confiding soul could not harbour a thought that its dearest object had purloined the royal signet; or, if found by accident, that he would not have sought out the rightful owner. He must be *himself* the representative of the Grecian dynasty. Anxiously she waited his convalescence; she would not disturb his weakened frame by agitating interrogatories till his strength should be renewed. He recovers; she inquires, and he confesses his name and style as Theodoro Paleologus, son to the illustrious hero, Thomas II. brother of Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that baptismal name; but he was under a solemn vow not to disclose it, until the hand of Providence should be manifested in leading to the discovery. Flying from his persecutors in Italy, he had taken refuge in England, and journeying in quest of an asylum, he was beset by robbers, wounded, and succoured by the lovely Mary: yet on the bed of languishing his ring had not been observed, and therefore he was bound to conceal his name; but the trustful Mary had committed to him her happiness, without searching profoundly into the mystery enveloping his fate; and the descendant of mighty emperors, and the fair offspring of knightly valour, unknown, poor, and neglected, had laboured for the necessities of life, and found wealth in each other and in their children.

Notwithstanding this discovery, Mary arose with the sun, in cheerful contentment to resume her household cares, and then to join Theodoro in weeding their little garden,

and gathering herbage for their cow. Summer and autumn have passed away in calm enjoyment. The heart of Theodoro was lightened by sharing with his best-beloved the secret of his origin, and her esteem for him rose higher, because he condescended so far beneath his exalted pretensions. The flame of civil war rages through the wintry season; but peace and love adorn the cottage of Theodoro and Mary. Their babes are hushed in sleep; Mary is busied with her distaff; and the princely Theodoro, with the tools of a cobbler in his hand, repairs a shoe for his slumbering boy, while he relates the adventures of his youth, and describes the smiling shores of Greece, the glowing climate and fertile lands of Italy; and still his thoughts and speech reverted to the region of his ancestral dominion, the cradle, the nurse, the meridian glory of literature, science, and the fine arts.

Mary found her faculties expand and soar, as it were, into a new being, as she listened to her husband; his converse poured upon her intellect a grandeur, an opulence, which, added to the dearer interchanges of connubial love, compensated to her for all the feudal magnificence she resigned in leaving the mansion of her father. She rose to spread the repast they had earned by pale lamplight; the table is prepared; Mary calls upon Theodoro to bless and to partake the viands; they are still untasted, when a low knock at the door craved admittance for a benighted wanderer; both in compassionate and hospitable speed hasten to unbolt the door; an aged man totters as he passes the threshold. Theodoro and Mary support him to the wicker

chair appropriated for the head of the house: benumbed and exhausted, the guest raises his feeble hand in thankfulness, but the inarticulate words sink from his colourless lips. The hosts administer a cordial, and chafe his shivering limbs: reanimated by skilful persevering appliances, the wanderer, recalled to consciousness and memory, raises his eyelids to gaze upon Mary, as she stooped over him to sustain his drooping head. "My child! my child!" he wildly exclaimed. Mary looked upon him with earnest attention. Alas! he was so changed, that a slight disguise, the tattered cloak of a mendicant, completely prevented all recognition of her honoured sire. She fell on her knees, and Theodoro kneeling beside her, entreated forgiveness for their union, unsanctioned by his paternal benediction. "I pardon and bless you from my soul, my daughter, my son," he replied; "and adorned be the good Providence that conducted me, forlorn and helpless, to the dwelling of Pisaneo and my child."

"Pisaneo no longer," answered Mary; "I am the thrice-blessed consort of Theodoro Paleologus, the true representative of the Greek emperors. The royal signet suspended round his neck will confirm my assertion."

Theodoro drew the signet from its concealment under his vest. "Mysterious Providence!" said the old man. "I sheltered a royal fugitive, and he hath made my race illustrious for ever. Theodoro, my son, timely was your escape from Suffolk. The Lord Royderne, brother to my relentless dame, has with her conspired my ruin, because I have embraced

Y Y

the Protestant faith. They accused me as an accomplice with Felton in the assassination of Buckingham. Felton was distantly related to me; but I was not in his confidence—what avails guiltlessness unprotected, against malice armed with power? The fidelity of an ancient follower saved me from the unnatural cruelty of my wife and brother-in-law. They intended to seize my person, and send me abroad under the more unrestrained domination of Catholic priests, to compel me to submit as their proselyte. My former domestic warned me of their plot. I fled, and since I gave up all for conscience sake, have been exposed to a thousand dangers. The God of mercies saw the integrity of my heart and shielded me, while oft I was obliged to pass even through the midst of bigoted and ruthless persecutors. I come to my children worn out by hardship and anxiety; I come destitute of all earthly possessions. I grieve that I must be burthensome, where signs of poverty are so manifest."

"My father," responded Theodoro, "our poverty is indeed self-evident; but look on our happy healthful countenances, and you will be convinced, that very little of earthly goods may suffice for true enjoyment. Our children, asleep on that humble couch, I would not exchange

for all the gold in all the royal treasuries of Europe. You, my father, will watch over their opening minds, and form them to be wise and upright. Mary and I shall then be more at leisure to cultivate our small garden and attend our cattle."

"My father, my dear ever-indulgent father," said Mary, "if you have brought us no gold nor silver, you have brought what no precious metal, no gems could purchase; you have extracted from our bosoms the sting of self-reproach for unfilial conduct."

Squire Balls lived happily with his daughter and son-in-law in their lonely cottage, unheeded and secure; and when he was restored to his rights and properties in Suffolk, the family almost reluctantly quitted their calm seclusion, to resume the luxuries and elegancies of their earlier years. Adversity nobly sustained had exalted in the opinion of each other all the members of that little circle; and the feeling of mutual dependence, which endeared and united them, had become so habitual, that the returning tide of prosperity could not efface the impression. Generations have passed into oblivion, whilst the fame of Theodoro Paleologus still lives for the instruction of ages unborn.

B. G.

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE.

From the "FORGET ME NOT, a Present for Christmas and the New Year 1825," just published.

Thou didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrench'd away,
Just when those ties were strongest — BERNARD BARTON.

WHOSE is that nameless grave, solitary in the loneliest corner of the unmarked even by a rude stone or churchyard, beneath the frown of simple flower? And why is it lying those dark trees, that in the storm

swing their branches so heavily about it, and cast over it a desolate gloom even in the brightest hour of summer sunshine? Why is it apart from those other hillocks, that lie smilingly together, as though it alone were excluded from the peaceful communion of the dead?

That grave does not cover one who withered on the stalk of human life, and then quietly dropped from it in the sere and yellow leaf; nor one that was plucked by the spoiler in the bud of infant promise; nor yet one who shed the leaves of life in the full beauty of maturity: it is not the grave of an old person who sustained life as a burden, and at last welcomed death as a refuge; or of the child who, snatched from the cherishing arms of its parents, was followed by them with deep but sinless sorrow: nor is it a matron's grave, "whose lovely and pleasant" life is embalmed in the memory of many friends. No—it is the memorial of a "sleepless soul that perished in its pride;" of one who made her grave with her own hand, and lay down in it without the Christian hope of awaking in heaven; and but for the terrible recollections of her last hours, which the grey-haired villager sometimes whispers in the ears of thoughtless youth, of one once so fitted to inspire affection and contribute to happiness, we might say, in sorrow and in truth, "her memorial is perished with her."

There is an old man, feeble and nearly blind, often wandering about the churchyard, but not as he was wont in former and happier days. *Then* he leaned upon the arm of a fair and affectionate child, who cheered him by her smile, and soothed him by her tenderness. Like a hoary

and tottering column wreathed with luxuriant ivy, her youthful influence preserved him from desolation, and partially concealed even his decay. Throughout the summer evenings the churchyard was their favourite resort: for the old man loved to rest upon a grave, and survey the wide and lovely valley lying at his feet, made glorious by the setting sun; while his spirit would melt within him, as, turning from that magnificent display of this world's beauty to the surrounding memorials of its perishable nature, he felt himself "a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, as all his fathers were." And then would his young companion press near him with the deep affection of a young and untroubled heart, lay his head on her bosom, and bend over it till her long golden tresses mixed with his hoary locks, like sunbeams upon mountain snows. Then would she whisper to him sweet assurances of her filial love, or sing to him a stanza of some old quiet melody; till, with the eloquence of a faded and now tearful eye, he blessed her as the comfort and the glory of his age.

But he is now a neglected, desolate old man; he has no companion in his evening walks; "none to watch near him," to smile upon him, or to speak kindly. Day after day, or stormy or fair, or summer or winter, he haunts that churchyard, and resting against the dark trees which shade that lonely corner, sighs bitterly over the neglected hillock at their feet; and bitterly *may* he sigh, for his Ellen sleeps in that nameless solitary grave!

Alas! how few comprehend the workings of a woman's soul! how few know the altitude of virtue which

it can attain, or the depths of sorrow and degradation into which it can descend! The days of a woman's life glide along in sameness and serenity, like the tiny waves of a summer brook; her manners wear the same unperturbed aspect; her habitual thoughts and feelings seem to preserve a like "noiseless tenour;" and therefore few suppose that the anxieties of ambition, the strivings of passion, or the fierce tumults of pride, disappointment, and despair, can possibly exist beneath so quiet a surface. We forget that women are essentially capable of feeling every passion, good or bad, even more powerfully than men. We associate them too much in our thoughts with the petty details by which they are surrounded, and deem them constitutionally trifling, because, from education, necessity, and habit, they are continually placed in contact with trifles. God forbid that the majority of females should manifest, or even know, the passionate depths of the soul! Comparatively few acquire a knowledge which involves the surrender of their happiness, and too frequently also the sacrifice of their worth; but those few afford us warnings--salutary though terrible instruction to the rest of their sex. Ellen was one.

Reflective, passionate, and proud, "emotions were her events." Not merely the mistress, but the companion of her own thoughts, the being of solitude and reverie, the child of impulse, and the slave of sensibility--while she *existed* in the real world, she could be said to *live* only in the ideal one of her own creation. Ambitious, yet unable to appreciate the true distinction which should be sought by women; cherishing that

morbid refinement of feeling, which destroys usefulness and peace by magnifying the evils of life, while diminishing their many alleviations; dazzled by the gaudy fictions of imagination, and deluded by the vain flat-teries of her own heart--she turned with disgust from the simplicities of nature and the sobrieties of truth; from the regular routine of common duties, and the calm enjoyments of every-day life. Restless, weary, and discontented, she longed for something that should satisfy the grasp of her imagination--something that should fill the aching void within her heart. Alas! she forgot that this "infinite gulf can only be filled by an infinite and unchanging object!"

Thus, by degrees, a complete change came over her spirit; a change which those who surrounded her could not understand, and with which therefore they could not sympathize. The rose faded from her cheek, the smile played less frequently and less sweetly round her lips, sadness too often shaded her young fair brow; and her manners, once so warm and courteous to all, became cold, abrupt, and reserved. These changes were not the work of a day; though the necessity of concentrating their history in a few short sentences makes that appear sudden and rapid, which was in reality gradual and slow.

Perhaps had Ellen at this critical period of her life been taken into the world by some judicious friend, and gently introduced to things as they *really are*, her mind might yet have recovered its energy and her spirits their tone; but limited to the seclusion of a village, she was debarred those little pleasurable excitements, whether of scene or society, which were necessary to prevent a mind

like hers from preying on itself; and she yielded with proportionable enthusiasm to the first influence which broke the monotony of her life. That influence was love; love as it ever will be felt and cherished by one of Ellen's disposition, in all the delirium and danger of intense passion. But, alas! if she proved in her own experience the full truth of the observation, that "love is the whole history of a woman's life," she equally proved the justice of its conclusion, "that it is only an episode in the life of a man." A complete novice in the study of character, and accustomed to view every object alternately through the glare of imagination or the gloom of morbid sensibility, it required little exertion to make her the dupe of a being, who added to seniority of years a consummate knowledge, not merely of books, but of men and manners, and the world; one, skilled to wear all aspects, suit all characters, and speak every language, excepting that of simple reality and truth; one of that class of men who treat the young hearts they have won like baubles, which they admire, grow weary of, and fling aside.

But Ellen knew not this; and beguiled by the thousand dreams of romantic love, the present and the future shone to her ardent eye alike glorious with happiness and promise. "Her soul was paradised by passion;" every duty was neglected; every other affection superseded by this new and overwhelming interest. Even her old kind father felt, and sometimes sighed over the change; for he remembered the days when *his* comfort was the first and last of Ellen's anxieties, and *his* love her great and sufficient joy. But how could he chide his darling, the single ewe-

lamb left of his little flock; the beautiful being that, like a star, irradiated the gloom of his evening pilgrimage? He could not do it, and he made those excuses for her inattentions, which Ellen's better feelings would not have dared to offer for herself.

At length, however, she discovered the fatal truth: that the passion which had formed the glory, the happiness, and indeed the whole business of her life, had been but one of many pastimes to her lover. Circumstances separated them, and after lingering through all the sickening changes of cherished, deferred, and annihilated hope, she knew, in all the fulness of its misery, that she was forsaken and forgotten. It is well known that a strong mind can endure a greater portion of mental suffering without its producing bodily illness than a weak one can. Many other girls in Ellen's situation would have had a violent fit of illness, been given over by their doctors, have recovered, to the surprise of their friends; and after looking pale and interesting for a few weeks, would have married some one else, and lived very comfortably for the remainder of their days. Ellen was not such a character.

When she knew that the visions of fancy and the blossoms of hope were for ever scattered and destroyed, the stranger would have supposed her insensible to the blow. But "the iron had entered into her soul." Throughout the whole of the night on which she received the "confirmation strong," she sat in her chamber motionless and solitary; she neither spoke, nor wept, nor sighed; and though every passion warred wildly in her bosom, she sat and "made no sign;" and in the

morning she resumed her station in her family, and went through her usual occupations and domestic pursuits with more minuteness and attention than she had manifested for a considerable time. Many knew the trial which had befallen her, but none durst offer sympathy; for the pride that sparkled in her eye, and the deep calm scorn which curled her pale lip, alike defied intrusion and forbade inquiry. She conversed, but appeared unconscious of the meaning of the words she mechanically uttered; she smiled, but the sweet expression of her smile had vanished; she laughed, but the melody of her laugh was gone; her whole bearing was high and mysterious. Now her whole frame would shudder as at the suggestions of her own thoughts; then again she would resume the quiet stern determination of her former manner: one moment her lip would quiver, and her eye fill with tears of mingled grief and tenderness; but the next, her burning cheek, compressed lip, and firm proud step, bespoke only deep and unmitigated scorn.

But who can portray the mysterious workings of pride, passion, doubt, horror, and despair, that crowd upon one who meditates self-destruction? Oh! there is not the being in existence who may imagine to himself, in the wildest and most horrible of his dreams, all that must pass through the soul before it can violently close its earthly career! Could we summon from his scorned and unholy grave one who has lain down in it with his blood upon his own head, he only might adequately paint the emotions of that little hour between the action and its consequence; he only describe his state

of mind, when the flimsy arguments which had cajoled his reason had vanished like evening shadows; when the sophistries, which had lulled his conscience, rose up like horrible deceits; when the home, friends, duties, comforts, even the life itself a moment before so despicable, appeared of an overwhelming importance; and when, more terrible than all, he was left to grapple alone and altogether with the anguish of his body and the dying darkness of his soul, with the near and unveiled view of eternity, and the dread of future and unmitigated vengeance.

The sun was retiring behind the dark hills, like a warrior in the pride of victory, and field and stream and forest lay glowing beneath them in all the "melancholy magnificence of the hour," when the old man sought his beloved child to take their accustomed walk in the churchyard. In vain he sought her in her flower-garden, in the arbour of her own planting, and in his quiet study. At length he tapped playfully at her chamber-door, and receiving no answer, he entered. There indeed was Ellen! there she stood, every limb shivering in that warm summer evening, while the cold perspiration gathered on her brow and neck and arms. There she stood; her fair hair dishevelled, her eye wild and glazed, and her whole countenance changed with mental and bodily torture: she might less be said to breathe than gasp; and the very motion of her dress shewed how wildly her heart throbbed beneath it. "Are you ill, my child?" said her father, terrified by her appearance. "Speak to me, my love!" continued he with increasing agitation, as he perceived the agony depicted on her counte-

nance. Twice she strove to speak, but each effort was unavailing; no words escaped her parched and quivering lips; at last, grasping his hand with convulsive energy in her cold and clammy fingers, she pointed towards the fatal phial, yet upon her table. The hideous tale was told. The old man gave one long miserable groan, and the next moment fell senseless at his daughter's feet. There she stood, now turning her intense gaze upon her father as he lay extended on the ground; and now, upon that setting sun, that bright sky, and brighter earth beneath it, which she must never, never view again!

But, oh! the depth of that darkness within her mind, that sickening

desire of life, and that overwhelming certainty of death, the stinging conviction of her sin and folly, and the dread of impending judgment! All these, in a moment, passed over her soul like the ocean-billows in a raging storm, sweeping away in their fury every refuge of hope, every trace of consolation!

But it is time to draw the curtain over a scene "too loathly horrible" for thought or description. Succour was ineffectual; comfort unavailing. She existed for a few hours in agony and despair; and when the morning sun arose to gladden and refresh the earth, all that remained of the once fair and gentle Ellen was a livid and distorted corpse. J.

THE RIVAL OF A KING:

A Sketch from olden Tyme.

"By St. Paul, your falcon flew gaily to-day, Sir Lionel, aye, and kindly returned to her lure; while mine, trailing from the earth, cut the air but heavily, as if she were yet unhooded."—"And yet," answered a third falconer, with his bird still upon his fist, "heavy birds are not the least ambitious, young man; and I cannot but marvel that your bird, as well as yourself, should leave its humble mew to peck the stars. Ye have both of ye methinks too much inclination to rival the eagle." This rejoinder was made by an old man of the house of Neville, an old favourite of Henry VIII. to a young stripling, in a manner which told he was not to be contradicted. The speaker was a man of tall stature, and at the same time bore a commanding exterior: his bluff independent style of speech, and the

firmness with which he walked, plainly said, "Thwart me who list, and my rapier shall right me." His whiskers, which fringed his broad and oily face, bore no small resemblance to those of his equally imperative but more potent master, for whom indeed Sir Henry Neville had not seldom been mistaken. The stripling, whom by a frown he had almost bowed to the earth, was no other, in spite of the degrading comparison made against him, than the Lord Percy, eldest son of Northumberland's duke, a man indeed far superior in lineage to him who now stood before him, the rival of a king, but who was yet obliged to stand before that king's favourite with his bonnet vailed. The natural risings of a proud spirit had caused him to join the falconers' sport undaunted, for he had not as yet encountered Sir

Henry in the field; he now felt unmanned as the veriest *villain* before his feudal lord, and he was left by the scorning courtiers gazing listlessly on a whistle, which hung dangling with the tassels of falconry from a small chain at the points of his vest.

While thus absorbed in meditation, the light form of a maiden passed slowly before him. She was somewhat taller than the common height; her forehead, high and polished, was of a dazzling whiteness, and appeared of the purest ivory as it burst from between two braids of hair, black as that of the raven, guarded by rows of the largest pearls, from which was thrown backwards a kerchief of the finest lawn. Her nose somewhat approached to the Grecian; her lips were full and rosy; her cheeks, it is true, were almost colourless, yet was there on them a delicate tint of peachy bloom, which gave an air of inexpressible tenderness to her whole countenance; while a pair of dark eyes, of a full dazzling and searching brilliancy, lit up her face with splendour. The natural clearness of her skin was well heightened by a black velvet kirtle and petticoat; her bosom rose above a garniture of pearls; while bracelets, given by the now unhappy Percy, rivalled the whiteness of her ivory fingers.

"My gentle Anne," murmured the forlorn lover, "dost thou not tremble at our wayward fate? or, as partner of a throne, dost thou not rejoice, forgetting the pangs of him thou once lovedst so dearly?" The damsel paused, and taking up a psalter which hung from her girdle, seemed indeed to peruse its contents, for the searching eyes of a lover saw in her countenance no sympathy with his feelings; at least, if any

such sentiment remained there, it had become so mixed up with ambition, that Percy dreaded more nearly to analyze it. Some mighty mischief seemed about to be disclosed heavier than even her lover had anticipated: she sighed deeply; like one who seemed resigned to a fate inevitable; and dropped one pearly tear when she beheld the injured youth, to whom she had vowed everlasting attachment, now before her. But visions of greatness in royal guise swam before her, and robbed Percy of almost every tender sympathy.

Mild, lively, and thoughtless, says an accurate historian, Anne Boleyn was formed rather to attract than to maintain affection; to inspire gaiety and kindness, rather than confidence or respect. Bred in courts, and flattered in her cradle, is it unnatural to suppose that she had imbibed some insincerity in the air she breathed? Even at the time when she became maid of honour to Catherine of Arragon, it was thought that the king shewed her a preference above the rest of the queen's maidens. This preference was now drawing to a crisis, and the rumours of her elevation to a throne, surmised to Percy by officious friendship, told him that a storm was gathering which would sooner or later crush him. It is true his beloved Anne still smiled, but coldly smiled, upon him; but at this meeting her behaviour assumed more than usual of its new constraint. And yet she pressed his hand for the last time, and brushing off with her kerchief a tear that dropped from her cheek, besought him to regard her no longer with any tender feeling, but to preserve his life for one more worthy to share his affections than she was. "Never! never!" exclaim-

ed the irritated Percy as he entered with her the hall of entrance. "Never, Anne, shall even braggart Henry—" "Ha!" exclaimed the king, whose wont it was sometimes to go unattended, and who now burst into the hall, which he as quickly quitted, uttering something about minion; and chafing like a wild boar, he sought his attendants. The affrighted Anne left her lover, and retired overcome with terror to her closet.

The unhappy Percy, as was the custom in those days, attended with the sons of nobles the lord cardinal; and as soon as the evening song was concluded, he sent for the indiscreet youth, and having thundered in his ears the punishment due to the treasonable crime which he accused him of committing, by daring to love one whom the Lord's anointed had wished to raise to the throne, assum-

ed such arbitrary authority over what he termed his vassal, that he was compelled, under the threatened curses of bell, book, and candle, to renounce the lovely Anne.

Not only had the cardinal in these times the power to rob this nobleman of his lady, but the great Northumberland himself was summoned to court, in order to assert all the authority of a parent, to compel his son to renounce his hopes; and Percy eventually was not *only* forced to swear that he would not even think of one in whom his own existence seemed to be entwined, he was even obliged to wed another, to whom he was perfectly indifferent: he married a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The ill-fated Anne Boleyn shared a throne; but Percy has left no tale to tell whether he lived happy or wretched.

Gaelic Relics.

No. XV.

THE HEBRIDEAN BATTUECAS.

THE ingenious Madame de Genlis has thrown the splendours of highly wrought fiction over the Battuecas of Spain; and a bard of the Gael has wrapped in superstitious awe a rock-girdled valley in the Isle of Sky. The Hebridean Battuecas is situated in the parish of Kilmuir: it is accessible only by four passes; and there, in the days of yore, were sheltered superannuated "grandsires and great-grandsires of the people, feeble-souled women, and helpless children; while the mighty in arms of manhood or youth, and heroines of beauty, chased invaders from their shores." This custom has furnished a theme for the bards, and probably

was rendered subservient to the pacific interferences of the priesthood, when their remonstrances and exhortations failed to reconcile three powerful neighbouring clans. The Macdonald, Macleod, and Mackinnon vassals had a violent quarrel at a feast after a boat-race; but "the uplifted arm of feud was stayed" by the vision and soliloquy of a lady, the maternal ancestor of the chiefs who were involved in the contention of their retainers. In those times a pious fraud could easily exhibit a lady in bondage to the elfin Tomhans, and no argument could be so irresistible.

The shadow of a dark rock hangs over the bard in his grief. The

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night-gale is moaning on cloud-topped cliffs, or whistling along shaggy heaths or birch-clad mountains; and a hoarse torrent gushes in snow-white spray from the creviced precipice, to meet foam-topped billows dashing against the rugged northern shore. But the war of spirits of the deep, or elves of the air, bellows around all unheeded by the bard; for his soul, shut up in sorrow, forebodes a strife of steel enkindled at a feast of friendship. The red dawning east spread burning rays over a cloudless sky, and calm lay the answering face of the bay, when rulers of the dark-leaping tides pushed their berlines to a race through the smooth expanse; the gladdening *irams* of the rowers echoed from coast to coast, and every voice swelled in mirth and peace. So close the track of war-barks in the water, that the prize of victory is freely given to the shrine of the Holy Virgin; and blessings from the sons of the church descend on the men of the Isles, as dews of heaven refreshing the hope of spring.

Spread the feast, let wine-cups overflow for the chiefs, and the strength of their own lands give mirth to the vassals in *quechs** of abundance! Praise the song in a chorus of glowing bosoms, that the deeds of our fathers may shed beams on our night of joy! Fast wears the night of joy, and dawn contends with the moon, when wild affray hurls tumult among the clans, as a clamour of ten thousand struggling tides. Fìrgach in wrath lays claim to the prize for his chief as lord of the Isles, and all above or below

* *Quechs* were wooden cups for wine or whiskey; the latter supposed to be mentioned as strong waters.

their tumbling seas; the pride of Arden bursts out in vaunting words for his leader; and the bitter tongue of Gruamach gainsays both, with a rushing song in honour of the head of his own tribe. The maddening voice of *strong waters* resounds from all the clans over their board; and the chiefs, hot with wine, spring from their high seats to stifle the rising choler of their people; but one angry glance, as a spark of fire dropped on parched heaths near a forest of pines, meets rude gusts to spread the flame. The aged bard, with imploring words and clasped hands, prevails to suspend for nine days the uplifted spear of feud. His secret counsel draws each chief to meet him in the valley of Shelter. The hour of gloom arrives; each knows not that others come by a different pass to the deep glen of Tomhan circles; and as a glimpse of the pale daughter of night from behind a cloud, the healing of wounded pride may gleam from dark shades in the retreat of the helpless, concealed from the sons of rapine. The craggy hills, a rugged wilderness, inclose them on all sides; while the aged bard, in a song of spirits, calls the green glittering tribes, to reveal traditions of years long carried away on the wings of olden time. Rolling in heavy broken masses, as rivers in the tempest of a winter-flood tinged with the gore of battles, close, red, wreathing fogs overspread the moon and all her sparkling train. Hushed is the voice of the bard, for unearthly notes pour along the vault; awaiting the bright eye of the morning star, each chief is separately stretched in awful silence on the moss of the Tomhan cave, dimly seen through wandering crescents of

light around a daughter of beauty. Stately in her signs of woe, she moves, as a faint beam of the dawn over a blossomy heath of hinds. Her green robe in transparent folds floats round her slender limbs, as the drooping boughs of the tree of grief. Her heaving breast, half concealed by locks of gold, rises as growing snows on mountlets, bright with a stream of rays from the sun to cheer the noon of a wintry day; and, symbol of bondage to the Tomhans, the green elfin haze over her brow is stroked with half circles of trembling light. She tries to cross her white arms on her sighing bosom, but they drop feeble by her side, and tears cover her cheeks of beauty.

"Offspring of heroes," she said, "like Ossian, first of bards, a son of thy son was for thee a star of joy, sparkling in his own light of renown; and to Moinvana, what was Raouil, chief of the valiant, since his soul, unmoved by peril, guided a prow through tumbling surges, to snatch a stranger maid from the sea-beat cave? Beneath the dark arch of his brow reposed the trust of her safety, the joy of her love, her honour, far-descended mothers. His eye-beam gave a sun to her soul, and meeting hers, their spirits, as pure streams of the rock joined in a vale of flowers, blended in unfailing truth: the flowers decay, and again lift their lovely heads; but Moinvana calls for death, and death flees the Tomhan circle she never can leave. The eye-beam of Raouil gave a sun to her soul; and where now is the eye that regards the ancient yet unaltered daughter of Barra and spouse of the Isles? Generations have again and again passed away, while sad in ever-blooming youth she must yield the nurture

of the *muime** to crowding fays in dank dreary cells. No tide of years, no change of rolling seasons, sets her free. Early was her spring of life, when fierce riders of the northern main sent fire and sword over the smiling lands of Barra. Curling flames wrap the castle of the absent chief, and shoot from the battlements. His spouse, of the high race of Maccean an More, with their elder-born daughters, must wear the bond of frozen Isles, and their sister hides in a sea-worn cleft of the rocks. Moinvana and her damsels sought healing herbs beside a mountain of streams, when the black ships and furious warriors of Cruadal spread on Barra, as a flight of shrill-screaming sea-fowl prowling for prey among the watery shallows of a sandy beach. In terror fled the damsels, and their shrieks soon announce that they fled in vain. Moinvana plunges in the briny flood, and wades to a cleft in the overhanging rock. Three days and three nights she hears the shouting foe from morn to even, when the raven on a jutting crag, and winds howling to the wide echoing main, give a voice to darkness. The spirit of her fathers in her breast forbade the chill of fear: her eager eye watches for the passing barks; but wave-tossed, they cut the tides, and see not or regard not the signals of distress. The blustering north and warring currents roar on all the coasts, when rulers of ocean, in many-tinted garb, urge their prow to the creek. Awful spirits of the hills are on the rustling wing of the tempest; the dreadful vaults of thunder peal forth their voice of rage; and lightnings rend the thick gathered clouds: but Raouil was there to

* Nurse.

defy the storm; he guides the helm to succour a virgin in her tears: the brave would deliver the unhappy or die. His venturous skill gains the narrow inlet, and Moinvana, wasted by famine and watching, sinks into the arms of a hero. Sleep falls heavy on the eyes unclosed for three days and three nights. She awakes: the hero, the sigh of her secret soul, is not near. As the grey dry arms of the blasted oak, strong, though gloomy in dusky leaves, a chief in the mist of years supports her head."

"Fair beam of loveliness," he said, "vast is my reach of power on land and sea. From shores remote, and over sunny-faced billows, I bring gems that outshine the stars of heaven, and costly labours of the loom, to deck the maid of my love."

"Where, where is Raouil?" I replied; "where is Raouil, that took Moinvana from the sea-beat cave?"

Rejoined the silver-haired chief, "Beseems it a daughter of Barra to fix a glowing thought upon a landless youth, a youth with no inheritance but high blood and the sword of his fathers?"

"Chieftain," said Moinvana, "to Raouil only belongs the answer of thy words. Great is the chief of Barra in far-stretching lands, as in arms and loud-sounding fame. He will return in might to his own Isles, and drive off the foe, as sea-eagles tear the finny tribes that venture beyond their own deep waters. The deliverer of Moinvana shall be first among the thousands of Barra, for she is daughter to a chief that largely requites friend or foe."

"Maid of the blue-rolling eye," said the chief, "my brother, the lord of a hundred Isles, shall give thee to my love, or restore thee to the

ravaged bowers, the woody hills of Barra, or bestow thee on a landless youth of the towering stature and ruddy cheek. But will his high blood and the sword of his fathers deck thy beauty with costly gems and labours of the loom?"

"Chieftain, those words shall be answered only to Raouil," again replied Moinvana, firm in soul; but tears dimmed her eyes, for the youth of her secret sigh offered no comfort to her grief. She met him in a glen of streamy pastures, and he led her to the lord of a hundred Isles, kingly in his long course of years. The chief of Barra returned a star of renown, and scattered the foe as leaves of autumn whirling along the desert. He came to seek Moinvana back to the windy halls of her fathers."

"I gave Moinvana to the son of my son," said the lord of a hundred Isles. "His father and all my sons won their fame in death amidst battles of the south. Raouil is heir of my hundred Isles, though her soul cleaved to him as a landless warrior. My brother proved the secret soul of the virgin-like Raouil, born of a daughter of Argathela. She gave him her love, and turned away from the offer of costly gems to deck her light steps in the halls of mirth. A holy Culdee* joined Raouil and Moinvana. Chieftain of Barra, leave the weak-voiced sons of the wild†, and settle thy hope on the blessed roll of the Culdees."

"Shall Barra forsake the ways of his ancestors?" said the chief of the windy halls. "Shall Barra forsake the old for the new? Moinvana pertains to Raouil, and like him may follow the Culdees, a name unknown to her long line of fathers; but the

* Druid. † Christian missionaries.

leader of her people changes not from the sons of the wilds, revered in Barra by chiefs that have filled the mouth of song with their deeds."

Joy beat strong at the heart of Raouil, and flashed in his dark bright eyes, when twin sons of his love filled the arms of Moinvana; and with the holy roll of the Culdees beneath her cheek, no fay dared to break the calm of her dreams. The aged grandsire of Raouil smiles on his third generation and dies. Raouil is lord of a hundred Isles; and the high bosom of Moinvana promises to the people another day of gladness at a baptismal feast. Moinvana looks forward from her height of joy to the hope of brightning years; but the sun of her soul was setting in grief. The chief of Gallu, beset with foes from the remotest north, calls aloud for the hand that strikes but once for victory. Raouil mans his war-barks, rejoicing in the terrible blaze of his renown; while Moinvana's high bosom is day and night wet with her tears. The chief of Barra sends a trembling son of the wilds to lament with Moinvana a hero of heroes, slain in his burning track of fame. Feeble in woe, Moinvana yields to the mouth of deceit. The trembling son of the wilds beguiles from her the holy roll of the Culdees, for with Raouil died the strength of her soul. The bended yew had pierced the bravest of the brave in strife of the mighty; in peace the mildest beam of joy, the fleet step of the chase, the spirit of song in feasts, the arm of conquest amidst a clang of deadly weapons. He crushed, as the beaten sand of their shores, the ravagers of Gallu; but his side, white as the foam of striving currents, is stained

with the last gush of his life. As a star the brightest in a clear sky is shaken by angry ghosts, and plucked from the cloudless height to drop in a reedy pool: so from his shining course of valour the chief of heroes descends to his narrow house, and his blood has flowed on a land of strangers. But the bards of his hundred Isles, and the bards of all the nations, shall send to future times the echoing sound of his deeds of fame. With the power of a multitude his soul waxed great in danger; the bellowing storm of all the winds and waves was his sport. To the proud and to the sons of rapine his frown was the red bolt of thunder; while he raised from sorrow and spared the feeble, and the arm of his valour was their shield. Death sat on his lance in war; his sword decided the strife of hosts; the foe trembled at his frown, and under his shadow safety reared a buckler for his friends. His eye-beam of love was to Moinvana as the first glance of the orb of light in the dawn of spring. Generations have lived and died since she hid her blushes of youth in the manly breast of the loveliest pride of heroes. His long repose is sweet; but Moinvana, ever watchful, has sighed away age after age in bondage to the Tomhans, lost to herself, and doomed to tears. O land of my fathers, girdled by rocks and fearful leaping billows, shall your earth afford no rest for the daughter of Barra? Shall the mighty spirit of Raouil, sailing on the softest clouds of the night, shall his soul of love pass unconscious over the head that lay on his glowing bosom, and drank joy from his eyes? Shall Moinvana never be shrowded in his robe of mist? And

can she no more tell her sorrows to him that loved her as the renown of his fathers? Does Raouil share her sorrow to behold their descendants in strife for a claim hidden as the secrets of ocean? The three wrathful chiefs and their clans have sprung from the three sons of Raouil and Moinvana. The mother that bare them could not say which of the twins was first born; and their brother is not less lofty in his race, for he alone came of our line, after Raouil was lord of the Isles; he only was the true son of a chieftain.

"I adjure thee by the holy cross to tell, as in presence of the Virgin, am I not the issue of thy third birth?" said the dauntless Mackinnon.

"She hears not," said the aged bard. "In yon lovely arch of heaven she is ascended to her rest. The

adjuration by the cross, the name of the Holy Virgin, have broken the elfin spells. No longer in bondage to the Tomhans, her spirit seeks the skies, and her bones shall be found in the valley with returning light. All hallowed be the sign of the cross! Adored be the name of the Virgin!"—The chieftains join their voices to the voice of the bard in a hymn of peace; and exchanging the right hand of friendship, they waited the dawning morn to give the sacred rites of sepulture to the bones of Moinvana. They call the priesthood to say masses for her soul. Their masses shall purify her ascended spirit from the abominations of the sons of the wilds and of the Tomhans; and the chiefs, with all their clans, shall bring gifts to the altar.

B. G.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

To the brief account of Newstead Abbey given in the last Number of your *Repository* by Mr. Stockdale, the following description of the place, from the pen of a gentleman who visited it soon after it was sold to Major Wildman, will, I doubt not, prove an addition acceptable to your readers:

The embellishments which the abbey received from the present Lord Byron had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them, than of the sober calculations of common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished, but over which he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that in about half a dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers, the paper had rotted

on the walls, and fell, in comfortless sheets, upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon beds of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and destroying gorgeous coronets.

The long and gloomy gallery which, whoever views, will be strongly reminded of *Lara*, as indeed a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures "of its ancient race." In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up; but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished

skulls I ever saw, most probably selected, along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking-cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from amongst a vast number taken from the burial-ground of the abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but since recommitted to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

In one corner of the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing-gloves and foils; and on the wall of the ample but cheerless kitchen was painted in large letters, "Waste not, want not."

During a great part of his lordship's minority, the abbey was in the occupation of Lord G—, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but without, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. I must confess, that if I was astonished at the heterogeneous mixture of splendour and ruin within, I was more so at the perfect uniformity of wildness throughout. I never had been able to conceive poetic genius in its poetic bower, without figuring it diffusing the polish of its delicate taste on every thing around it; but here that elegant spirit and beauty seemed to have dwelt, but not to have been caressed; it was the spirit of the wilderness. The gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest lays.

With the exception of the dog's tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and panelled with white marble tables, of which, that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most re-

markable, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late lord*, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised every thing about him, except perchance an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering Satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her chubby cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages and silent shaggy forms, the fear into your bosom which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at "*th'ould lord's devils*."

In the lake before the abbey, the artificial rock, which he built at a vast expense, still reared its lofty head; but the frigate, which fulfilled old mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished; and the only relics of his naval whim were the rock, his ship-buoys, and the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark haughty impetuous spirit and mad deeds of this nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for

* It will be recollected that this was written before the death of the poet.—
EDITOR.

the formation of his lordship's favourite, and perpetually recurring, poetical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in that neighbourhood. In a quarrel, which arose out of a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor. With that unhappy deed, however, died all family feud; and, if we are to believe our noble bard, the dearest purpose of his heart would have been compassed, could he have united the two races by a union with "the sole remnant of that ancient house," the Mary of his poetry. To those who have any knowledge of the two families, nothing is more perspicuous in his lays, than the deep interest with which he has again and again turned to this his boyish, his first most endearing attachment. The "Dream" is literally their mutual history. The "antique oratorie," where stood "his steed caparisoned, and the hill

—crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man,"

are pictures too well known to those who have seen them to be mistaken for a moment.

It is curious to observe the opinions entertained by country people of celebrated literary characters, living at times amongst them. I have frequently asked such persons near Newstead, what sort of man his lordship was. The impression of his energetic but eccentric character was obvious in their reply. "He's the d—l of a fellow for comical fancies. He flogs th'oud lord to nothing; but he's a hearty *good* fellow for a' that." One of these mere comical fancies, related by a farmer, who has seen it more than once, is truly Byronic: He would sometimes get into the boat with his two noble Newfoundland dogs, row into the middle of the lake, then dropping the oars, tumble over into the middle of the water; the faithful animals would immediately follow, seize him by the coat-collar, one on each side, and bear him away to land.

I am, &c.

SELECTOR.

THE SICRE GULLY PASS IN BENGAL.

WE have taken more than one occasion to notice, during its progress through the press, the "Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Jumna," by Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, which is now completed. The annexed view, forming the concluding vignette of that work, which must have a peculiar interest for all who have visited the scenes that it delineates and describes, represents a pass, called Sicro Gully, which winds through a labyrinth of low and thick-

ly wooded rocky hills, near the bank of the Ganges, in the province of Bengal. At a little distance is the pass of Terriagully, the entrance to the province of Bahar. The road through both these defiles is stony, and inconvenient for wheel-carriages. The Rajmahal hills appear in the distance on the left of it.

In this view, as in all the others that adorn Colonel Forrest's work, the character of the landscape scenery of India is faithfully preserved.

SCENE AT THE PASS, between Bagdad and Bahar.



ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

EFFECT OF THE HUMAN EYE ON
ANIMALS.

A WRITER in a new periodical work published at the Cape of Good Hope, called *the South African Journal*, furnishes some curious particulars on this subject. The Bechuana chief, says he, old Peysho, now in Cape-Town, conversing with me a few days ago about the wild animals of Africa, made some remarks on the lion, which perfectly correspond with the accounts I have obtained from the Boors and the Hottentots. The lion, he said, very seldom attacks man if unprovoked, but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without appearance either of terror or aggression, the animal will in almost every instance, after a little time, retire. But, he added, when a lion has once conquered man, he becomes tenfold more fierce and villainous than he was before, and will even come into the kraals in search of him in preference to other prey. This epicurean partiality to human prey in these too-knowing lions does not, in Peysho's opinion, spring either from necessity or appetite, so much as from the "naked wickedness of their hearts."

The over-mastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been

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frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers. But, continues the writer, from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote, which was related to me by Major Macintosh, late of the East India Company's service, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted exclusively to the lion. An officer in India, whose name I have forgot, but who was well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The rencounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes the tiger, which appeared to be making a fatal spring, grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure* walk. The direction he now took, as may easily be believed, was straight to the tents at double quick time.

HEATHS.

The diminutive size of these plants, says Mr. Phillips, their extreme beauty and great variety, fit them better for the green-house than most other plants. Our collectors have now about four hundred species of heath, of such various colours and forms as to defy the pen in description: for some species present us with little wax-light flowers, others with pendent pearls; some are garnished with coralline beads, while others seem to mimic the golden trumpet, or tempting berries, or porcelain of bell or bottle shape. Some remind us of Lilliputian trees, bedecked with Turkish turbans in miniature; some have their slender sprays hung with globes like alabaster, or flowers of the cowslip form. Nor are their colours less varied than their shape; while the foliage is equally beautiful in its apparent imitation of all the mountain-trees, from the Scottish fir to Lebanon's boasted cedar, through all the tribe of pine, spruce, and larch; tamarisk, juniper, arbor vitæ, mournful cypress, and funereal yew.

Heath often forms the bed of the hardy Highlander. In most of the Western Isles, they dye their yarn of a yellow colour by boiling it in water with the green tops and flowers of this plant; and woollen cloth, boiled in alum-water, and afterwards in a strong decoction of the tops, comes out a fine orange colour. In some of these islands they tan their leather in a strong decoction of it. They also use it in brewing their ale, in the proportion of one part malt to two of the young tops of heath. The cottagers of heathy commons cut the turf with the heath on it, and after drying, stack it for the fuel of their hearth and oven. Bees collect large-

ly both honey and wax from the flowers of the heath, but it is generally of a dark colour. Grouse feed principally on the seeds of the wild heath, for the seed-vessels are formed so as to protect the seeds for a whole year. Cattle are not fond of heath, although goats and sheep will sometimes eat the tender shoots.

DAINTY DISHES.

The ancients kept and fattened a kind of field-mice, which were found in chesnut-wood. They are called in Italy *ghiro de glis*. They are still eaten, but only at the tables of the great, for they are extremely rare. In the excavations of Herculaneum there were found *glireria*, a kind of earthen cages in which these animals were fed.

In the Isle of France there is in the stems of trees a large maggot with legs, which corrodes the wood, and is called *montoue*. Both blacks and whites eat it with avidity. This maggot also was known to the ancients; and Pliny informs us, that it had a place on the tables of Rome. It was fed with the finest flour. That which lives in oak-wood was preferred: it was called *cosus*.

CHEVALIER TURGOT.

During the reign of Louis XV. the post of governor of Cayenne became vacant. This new colony, from its importance, seemed to require a man possessing superior qualities of head and heart. The Duke de Choiseul, then prime minister, conceived that he had found such a person in the Chevalier Turgot, brother to him who was subsequently minister of finance. The chevalier, a solid sober man, devoted to the sciences, lived retired, and was scarcely known by

name to the king. It was nevertheless of importance to Cayenne that he should obtain the appointment; and it was therefore necessary to dispose the king in his favour. The minister had in vain several times spoken in commendation of him to the monarch; Louis remained quite indifferent. At length, in his despair, Choiseul applied to his friend, the Duke d'Ayen (son of the Duke de Noailles), a favourite with the queen. "Cost what it will," said he, "remind the king, either in joke or earnest, of my good Turgot." Ayen promised to do so. One day at dinner Louis happened to praise a savoury sauce, called *sauce au che-*

vreuil. With the boldness which none but a French courtier can possess, the Duke d'Ayen immediately exclaimed, "Sire, it was invented by the Chevalier Turgot." Next day the Duke de Choiseul submitted to the king the list of vacancies, and the names and the persons proposed to fill them. When the king came to the name of Turgot—"Aha! Turgot!" said he, "a very clever fellow, a man of talent, a genius; I have heard a very high character of him." Need we add, that the appointment of the inventor of the savoury sauce to the government of Cayenne was forthwith confirmed?"

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Rondeau Brilliant for the Piano-forte, composed by Carl Maria von Weber. Op. 62. Pr. 2s.— (H. J. Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

IN the consideration of works whose author is a foreigner residing abroad, we generally content ourselves with expressing our opinion in a summary manner, just sufficient to impress our readers with the idea we entertain of its general complexion. We have not the vanity to think, that our account will reach the party concerned: if it did, we doubt whether he would much attend to it; and the degree of attention he might pay to our opinions could, after all, but be a matter of minor consideration. The case is different with the works of English composers. There, criticism is properly in its place; it has its direct object; its aim is to point out merits or defects; to encourage, to amend, sometimes to condemn.

It is for these reasons we do not feel called upon to follow the detailed notes which we committed to paper during the performance of Mr. von Weber's rondo before us. We deem it enough to state, that it requires a very cultivated player; that, amidst some objections as to plan, it presents abundance of beauties, which proclaim the pen of the great master. Three or four pages in the middle of the rondo present no other attraction than those of scientific combinations and deep modulations, which, by their extent, become somewhat tedious. The first three pages and the last three are more to our taste; indeed they are excellent and masterly: one sees one's way; there is no groping in a gloomy wilderness, without knowing the purport or destination of the journey. Here the path is clear, clean, agreeable, interesting, and cheering.

The art of introducing and preserving *keeping* and *symmetry* is as

essential in music as in any other of the fine arts. Perhaps three or four composers in a hundred may observe it instinctively, unconsciously: we doubt whether in that number as many more can be mustered who attend to it upon principle and with premeditation; but we are quite sure from experience, that the other ninety odd have little or no idea about the matter. What comes uppermost is put to paper as it comes, and enough is thought to be done if the leading idea, either in its direct form or in a disguised shape, is at intervals returned to.

We may perhaps be asked what we understand by the terms *keeping* and *symmetry* in musical writing, more particularly as this is not the first time we have used them. As dry definitions are generally the worst sort of explanations, let us suppose a piece to consist of a couple of hundred bars. What, if the author were to call upon himself for an account of what he has been doing to fill up this extent of crotchets and quavers? Not bar for bar, but according to periods or marked features of division. What, if he were next to compare these several successive portions of his labour, both with reference to their extent of duration and their intrinsic melodic, as well as harmonic, contents? If he were to weigh them against each other, perceive a want of correspondence and proportion, some too "lengthy," others intrinsically too heterogeneous: if, with this impression, he proceeded to curtail excrescences, or to amend melodic or harmonic incongruities, we should then say he is endeavouring to infuse *keeping* and *symmetry* into his labour. So far as regards mere rhythmic symmetry, *i. e.* symmetry in

point of duration, our meaning might even be illustrated geometrically. A piece in which the successive periods might be represented under the following diagram,

. . . .

&c. &c.

would unquestionably, in a rhythmical point of view, yield greater satisfaction, than a composition, the rhythmical skeleton of which turned out as follows:

. . . .

But independently of rhythmical regularity, our remarks apply equally and more forcibly to logical symmetry; *i. e.* symmetry of contents. The divisions may be in perfect proportion *as to time*, and yet be destitute of proper keeping with reference to the musical sense of the periods: and this requisite is even more essential than the mere balancing *as to time*; its attainment is more difficult, its observance more neglected.

It is not to be supposed that the performer of the piece formally applies any scrutiny of this kind. When so many composers are scarcely aware of the advantage of these observances, how should the player come to think about them? But without *thinking* about them, the player or hearer, possessed of a common share of musical taste and feeling, will be greatly influenced in his opinion of a composition, by the degree of keeping and symmetry which, un-

consciously to himself, enters his mental perception during the performance. The human mind measures thousands of things without scales or compasses, without being aware of the application of any tests of comparison. Harmony, number, and proportion are the principal sources of mental gratification of every kind. Plato and Pythagoras fully felt this truth, and taught it more than two thousand years back.

In indulging in the above philosophical speculations, instead of commenting upon Weber's rondo, we hope the reader will require no apology. It is not foreign to our task, if we occasionally avail ourselves of opportunities to express the opinions we have formed upon particular topics of musical science. That *Weber's* labour, with all its great merits, should have led to the digression, may perhaps be deemed a more weighty charge; and we candidly own, the present rondo would probably have failed in prompting our pen to give utterance to these observations, had other works of his not previously created similar, and indeed stronger, impressions of a want of keeping and symmetry. The *Frey-schütz*, beautiful as the music is in other respects, presents many instances of this defect; a defect more or less attaching to the Beethoven school, but which is seldom met with in the works of Haydn and Mozart, and scarcely ever in the compositions of the good Italian masters.

Dance from the Opera of Silvana for the Piano-forte, composed by C. M. de Weber. Pr. 1s.—(Bannister, Goswell-street.)

There is some little originality in the rhythm and melody, which par-

take of the style of Hungarian dances. But upon the whole we doubt whether the music, although presenting points of interest, would have led us to believe it to be Weber's composition.

Rondo alla Polacca, on the favourite Duet, "Amor possente Nome," from Rossini's Opera "Armida," for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment ad lib. for the Flute, by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

Although Mr. C. Pleyel has not reached the degree of celebrity which his father, Mr. Ignace Pleyel, enjoyed during a considerable portion of his best years, he ranks high as a piano-forte player; and his compositions for that instrument are deservedly numbered among the superior productions of the present day. The rondo before us, although not of primary importance, and evidently not intended as such, proclaims, nevertheless, the pen of a master in his art, and unquestionably belongs to the above class. It abounds with traits of inventive freedom, cultivated taste, and matured skill. Some of the digressive portions and passages possess a considerable cast of originality, and require an experienced hand. The modulations in the seventh page in particular distinguish themselves strongly by their good harmonic structure.

Three French Airs arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte, by Camille Pleyel. No. I. Pr. 6s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

The rondo in this number is founded on the French tune, "Ainsi jadis un grand Prophete," and written altogether in a very agreeable style, of easy and varied diction. A mo-

derate performer may master the piece quite satisfactorily, although it is by no means of a commonplace stamp.

Euterpe, or a choice Collection of Polonaises and Waltzes for the Piano-forte, by Foreign Composers. Nos. I. and II. Pr. 2s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)

No. 1. contains the fine polonaise of Oginsky, which appeared in an early number of the *Repository of Arts*; two very good Polonaises by Himmel and Hummel respectively; the popular waltz from the *Frey-schütz*, and a waltz from Paer. No. 2. consists of made dishes; *i. e.* waltzified melodies from Rossini's *Mosé*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and Weber's *Frey-schütz*. Allowing for the liberties necessarily taken with the measure to bring them into triple time, these waltzes are pretty, and they derive some interest from their reminding us, although in a disguised form, of several operatic airs which are universal favourites, thus allowing the toes to partake of the treat upon which the ears only had selfishly feasted before.

The celebrated Overture (to) "*Der Freyschütz*," composed by C. M. de Weber, arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with a Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments (*ad lib.*), and most respectfully dedicated to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, by Gustavus Holst. Pr. 6s.—(Cocks and Co.)

As far as mere perusal and a comparison of the constituent parts enable us to judge, this arrangement of an overture, which has already appeared before us in a variety of shapes, is very meritorious, and as complete and effective as the increased number of instruments employed

might warrant us to anticipate. Both the piano-forte and harp are *obbligati* and *concertanti*; with some indulgence, however, towards the latter instrument, which is less actively engaged than the former.

Green's Domestic Concert, consisting of original and selected Pieces by the most eminent Masters, arranged for Performers of different Degrees of Advancement, to be played as Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartets, or by a full Band of Flutes, Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, and Piano-forte, by J. Green. No. I. Pr. 6s. 6d.—(J. Green, Soho-square.)

Mr. Green, the most staunch and zealous abettor of the Logierian method of instruction, has for some years devoted himself indefatigably, and successfully, we may add, to the teaching of the piano-forte accordingly: for we have recently had an opportunity of hearing a pupil of his, whose execution and taste afforded us real pleasure. Not long ago Mr. G. proceeded to apply the Logierian method to vocal tuition also; and his publication for the advancement of singing pupils has been introduced to the readers of our miscellany with the commendation it appeared to be justly entitled to.

This gentleman has now advanced a further step in the application of the Logierian system, by the establishment of a *Concert Academy* for instructing pupils on a variety of *different* instruments, and giving them frequent opportunities of playing conjointly. It appears from the prospectus, which contains many just and sensible remarks, that persons may be instructed in this establishment on the violin, the flute, tenor, and violoncello, by various masters;

at the charge of five guineas per quarter. In fact, No. 33, Soho-square, appears to be a perfect little conservatorio; and as concert-playing is made an essential feature of the plan, Mr. Green has begun to arrange music in such a way, that parts may be added or taken away, *ad libitum*, according to the number of players present; and some of these parts are contrived in so plain a manner, that even beginners may be enabled to take a hand.

The former expedient certainly has its convenience, and requires all the care and ingenuity on the part of the adapter which Mr. Green devotes to his object; but it is obvious that these *ad libitum* parts must contain, in a great degree, duplicate and triplicate melody and harmonies; and as to the latter advantage, if it be one, we make no doubt Mr. Green has the good sense to use it with discretion; that is, now and then only. It tends, of course, to impress the pupil practically and strongly with correct ideas of the observance of time. But a mixed assemblage of beginners and more advanced students produces but a rough *tout-ensemble*, any thing but edifying to the latter, and not very beneficial to the former. Good sound individual training and practice is an essential preliminary to combined manœuvres, in music as in most things; and a frequency of orchestral performance on the part of incipient players is apt to make crude scrapers, conceited in the noise they give out, and little inclined to undergo the course of intense practice, which alone can make a finished and tasteful player.

With regard to the book itself, which forms the subject of the present article, the choice of the pieces (a chorus from Paer's *Didone*, a ca-

vatina from Weber's *Freyschütz*, and a duet from Rossini's *Tancredi*), is so unexceptionable, that we can only wish for a continuation selected with the same taste and judgment. The piano-forte part, contrived for three hands, is arranged in a very superior manner; indeed, three hands upon a piano-forte are as many as need be: four prove often inconvenient, and frequently carry the two extremes into the unintelligible ranges of the highest and lowest octaves. In some cases, however, Mr. Green appears to us to have travelled unnecessarily out of his record. Why, for instance, substitute in the Freyschütz cavatina the passage, bars 20 and seq. for the authentic melody, which is quite another thing, and better too?

Besides the piano-forte parts, there are parts for two violins, two tenors, two violoncellos, two flutes, and even a third flute *ad libitum*. With these, Mr. Green points out a matter of twenty different practicable combinations, according to the number of parts brought into play, solos, duets, trios, quartetts, and full-band performances. The solos, at best, are but makeshifts; the combination of the first and third lines of the piano-forte part, for instance, being but meagre fare; and the solo, as recommended for the flute, equally spare and diluted. But the more gregarious combinations, allowing for the unavoidable duplicate employments above adverted to, appear to be carefully arranged, and likely to produce proper effect. Indeed the great pains Mr. G. must have taken in the formation of the constituent parts of the score, so as to become partially optional, are very obvious: it is evident he has united good judgment with an ardent zeal to attain the laudable object in his view; and

whatever may be our opinion of the alleged superiority of the system of which Mr. Green is the most strenuous adherent, as we are not bigoted enough to think there is but one road to musical perfection, we heartily wish that his praiseworthy exertions may be as successful as they have hitherto proved to be.

Henry R. Bishop's admired Airs, "Home, sweet home," and "Should he upbraid," arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to the Misses Barral, by Ch. T. Sykes. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

The first of these melodies serves as a short introduction to the last, which is treated with more extent; and the duet which both form is likely to please a large circle of performers, if they are but a little familiar with the key of E four sharps; for there is nothing else which could prevent pupils of limited proficiency from executing the whole at first sight. The arrangement, notwithstanding its general facility, is very satisfactory and effective.

Rossini's grand March, performed at the King's Theatre in the Opera "La Donna del Lago," arranged for the Harp by S. Lillycrop. Pr. 2s.—(Preston, Dean-street, Soho.)

"The Castilian Maid," a Spanish Air, arranged as Variations for the Harp, by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Preston.)

The march is correctly and effectively arranged: but the third page, if our memory do not fail, is foreign to the subject; nor can it be altogether considered as the work of the adapter, as there is a portion from another opera of Rossini introduced.

The Spanish air is nothing else but

the popular Guaracha dance. The variations are in a good style, and not intricate. Bars 3 and 7, however, in the first variation, we must except from our general approbation; not that there is any thing incorrect in them, but terminations of this kind are of the most common and homespun kind. Why not disguise the first three dry quavers (d, b b, b b; b b) under some figurative diction analogous to the general spirit of the variation? The corresponding bar in the theme itself is more select, owing to the bar's commencing with the unharmonic note e b, which in fact is an appoggiatura note. It is these notes at the commencement of the first three bars of the theme from which it mainly derives its attractive peculiarity of character, and this character it was worth while to preserve in the variation.

"The plain gold ring," the Words by Wm. Thomas Moncrieff, Esq.; the Music partly adapted from a Subject in the Overture to the Freyschütz, by Carl. M. von Weber. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(T. Williams, Strand.)

The passage from the above overture, upon which this song is principally founded, does not adapt itself kindly to the metre of the text; nor was it eligible for the commencement of a song, on account of its setting out with the fifth of the key. The period at "Nay, as your mistress," &c. which is not Weber's, possesses but little melodic attraction, and is faulty as to harmony in the last bar of l. 3, p. 2.

"The voice of a stranger," sung by Mr. Pearman in the Musical Entertainment called "A Reign of twelve Hours," at the Theatre Royal English Opera-House; com-

posed by G. B. Herbert. Price 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

Agreeable as to melody, and satisfactory in point of harmonic arrange-

ment, without offering any feature of novelty or striking effect. The instrumental introduction is a little out of rhythmical keeping.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE copies by our students from the pictures of the old masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools, lately exhibited in the Gallery of the British Institution, were arranged for private view in the early part of last month. The pictures left for study were, from some unfavourable cause or other, too few to give fair scope to the varied talents of our young artists: however, these few were by them multiplied into a variety of copies, several of which convey a favourable idea of the general proficiency of the students, and the just conceptions they had formed of the original objects of their study.

Tintoretto's fine picture of *Esther before Ahasuerus*, from his Majesty's collection, has been beautifully copied by Mr. Etty, who has been lately elected an associate of the Royal Academy. The original, which, if we mistake not, once adorned the Escorial in Spain, is remarkable for the lively and spirited touch, as well as brilliant colouring, of the Venetian artist. Mr. Etty has imparted to his copy much of Tintoretto's truth and brilliancy; the fine tone of the draperies he has spiritedly imitated; and the whole picture is creditable to the talents of the artist. Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Beaumont have also copied from the same picture, and the ladies are always successful in the fine arts.

Hobbima's *Landscape* has a number of copyists: of the number were Miss Beaumont and Miss Gouldsmith, who have successfully imitated the light, free, and firm touch of the Flemish artist, and the true and picturesque effect of his perspective. Mr. Watts and Mr. Clint have also copied with advantage the same picture; the former has been particularly happy in his copy. The same artists, together with Mr. Reinagle, have made remarkably good copies from Ruysdael, whose delicate handling, and natural and agreeable colouring, they have imitated with the best effect.

Mr. Angerstein's beautiful picture of the *Nymph and Boy*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, has had its full as well as fair share of copyists: the best is by Mr. Faulkner, whose colouring and natural expression of simple and graceful character do justice to these merits in the original. Mr. Inskipp and Mr. Child have also made copies, which are in good style.

Canaletti's *View of Venice*, from the Earl of Carlisle's collection, has been copied by Mr. J. J. Chalon: there is a peculiar vigour, picturesque effect, and management of air-tints in the original, which the artist has been happy in feeling and conveying into his copy. There are other copies from the same picture,

which do credit to the taste and skill of our students.

Miss J. Ross has made a very pleasing copy from Rubens's *Man and Hawk*: the glowing tints of colouring and spirited freedom of execution of this lady are in tone with the original.

The *Breeze on the Dutch Coast*, by Vander Capella, from Lord C. Townshend's collection, has also furnished a pleasing specimen of Mr. Watts's pencil.

Wilson's beautiful *View in Italy* has also been faithfully copied by Mr. Watts, as well as by Mr. Child and Mr. Wilson. The original is one of the best of Wilson's landscapes for mellowness of tints, cool and transparent delineation of water, and that rich and warm glow of an Italian climate for which Claude acquired so deserved a celebrity. It was in the lustre of his colouring and

the fertility of his genius that poor Wilson alone resembled Claude; their fate and patronage were widely different.

There are many other pleasing copies in the British Gallery; but we have again to notice the want of a catalogue, an indispensable convenience at any exhibition, private or public, and without which it is difficult, if not impossible, to particularize individual works. Perhaps there are objections, as is often the case, from those individuals themselves, to the record of their names with their copies, at a private view where admission is only obtained through courtesy. If they who are most interested entertain such an opinion, it would be unreasonable to require the directors to interfere in the matter. The inconvenience, however, prevents the detail of many pleasing sketches.

TAPESTRY OF THE CARTOONS.

MR. BULLOCK is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the superb set of the *arras*, or *tapestry*, for which Raphael's Cartoons were originally the designs.

There were two sets of this tapestry made at Brussels for Pope Leo X. from the Cartoons: one set, that which is now exhibiting at Mr. Bullock's, was presented by the pope to King Henry VIII. who hung it up to embellish the Banqueting-House at Whitehall. It afterwards adorned the palace during the successive reigns of Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James and Charles I.; and during the usurpation was sold, among the other magnificent works of art which the munificence of Charles had collected, to Alonzo de

Cardanas, the Spanish ambassador, from whom it devolved to the Duke of Alva, and eventually fell into the hands of the present possessor, who is a foreigner.

The lovers of the fine arts are aware, that only seven of the Cartoons have been preserved to attest to future ages the genius of Raphael. These England has been fortunate enough to preserve in her royal collection; but they have suffered much in the course of time from accident, and the decay of the frail material of which they are composed. This series of tapestry has, on the contrary, been well preserved, and consists of nine pieces, each 14 feet in height, and near 20 in length, measuring altogether in length above

170 feet. The subjects are:

1. The Preaching of St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra.

2. St. Peter curing the lame Man at the Gate of the Temple.

3. St. Paul and Elymas before Sergius Paulus.

4. Christ delivering the Keys to St. Peter.

5. St. Peter punishing the Perjury of Ananias.

6. St. Paul preaching at Athens.

7. The miraculous Draught of Fishes.

8. The Conversion of St. Paul.

9. The Stoning of St. Stephen.

This superb series of tapestry represents the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion; and a great critic has truly observed, that in whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of one whole relative to each other, or independent each of the rest, and as single subjects, there can scarcely be named a beauty or a mystery of which the Cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue. The same critic justly adds, that with Raphael form was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to those he adapted it in a mode and with a truth which leave all attempts at emendation hopeless.

Considering the lapse of three centuries since the manufacture of this tapestry, it is extraordinary that it should remain in such a good state of preservation: that the colouring is, in some respects, impaired is evident; the copper, as employed in the dye of some of the dark colours, having partially corroded the texture; the flesh-colours have also faded in some of the compartments.

There is now an opportunity afforded of comparing the tapestry with the designs in the Cartoons, and we rejoice to find that so much still remains to perpetuate the genius of so illustrious an artist.

The other set of tapestries is that exposed to public view at the Vatican on the great feast of *Corpus Christi*, which narrowly escaped (but not without considerable injury) from the rapacity of the French soldiers, who removed it from Rome in the year 1798. It is said to have been rescued by the late pope from the hands of a Jew in Paris, who had already in part burnt two of the pieces, for the purpose of extracting the gold and silver contained in the texture.

THE COSMORAMA.

The recent change of subjects at the Cosmorama (No. 209, Regent-street,) has attracted our attention; and as the novelty of this agreeable species of optical exhibition wears off, its intrinsic merit becomes more firmly fixed upon the mind. When we cease to wonder at the application of science to art, and the combined effect that results, we succeed in deriving a permanent pleasure from the knowledge we have acquired of the

simple principles upon which our admiration is founded, and the rational study into which we have been imperceptibly led. The sense which the proprietors doubtless entertain of the public patronage will speedily lead them, we trust, to fresh efforts for the better encouragement (within their sphere at least) of British art, and secure for this establishment a series of views, drawn and coloured by artists of acknowledged

merit. Many of the views at present at the Cosmorama are certainly very well painted. The *general View of Rome*, and the rich and diversified scenery of the *River Tagus*, are beautiful. The same merit, but not in an equal degree, is to be found interspersed in many of the *Views in Asia and Africa*, and parts of the *Swiss Scenery* partake of the same praise.

There are in the present Exhibition fourteen well selected and diversified views, comprising architectural, landscape, and marine scenery, some parts of which are associated

with our sublimest historical recollections. These Exhibitions are at once calculated to delight and interest all classes; and as, unlike in some respects the old style of panoramic painting, they admit, indeed require, minute perfection in the artist's execution, no expense ought to be spared in preserving the patronage so meritoriously acquired, by successively presenting the public, who are daily becoming more enlightened upon the subject of the fine arts, with views in a corresponding style of graphic merit.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PORTRAITS.

THIS eminent poet, whatever he may be among our novelists, is not the *great unknown* among our artists; for all of them who travel into Scotland, and of late they have been many, speedily become welcome guests at Abbotsford. The late Mr. Raeburn was a constant guest, so is Mr. Allan, and Mr. Wilkie is also a cordial visitor; but it may be said, these are Scotch artists, and the poet is a Caledonian. We must be more liberal to the hospitality of Sir Walter Scott, whose genius is untainted with nationality, in an improper sense; for he has lately received and kindly entertained three of our young students, who sought the Highlands for professional study, Messrs. Newton, Leslie, and Landseer: of course, in the visit the portrait of the host was the flattering employment of the young guests; and, as a consequence, we have Sir Walter thrice repeated upon canvas. In an account which we have read of these portraits, it is said, that "the three portraits differ in some respects from each other, but

they are all considered very like the original. There is nothing of an elevated character about the head of Sir Walter; the predominant expression is shrewdness, we had almost said cunning." This we must say is a very odd remark; for we do happen to know that there is a very remarkable character in the external conformation of our great poet's head, the crown of which (the *corona frontis*) is remarkable for its height and peculiar conical shape; a peculiarity equally striking in the genuine pictures of Shakspeare, and observable in Mr. Chantrey's capital bust of Sir Walter Scott, which was exhibited a year or two ago in the Royal Academy. We do not purpose to enter into the spirit of craniology, but to state a fact now for the first time brought into dispute between the sculptor and the painter. The account to which we refer goes on to state, that "in Mr. Leslie's picture, Scott is represented sitting in a chair, holding in his right hand a stick, which, on account of his lameness, is





EVENING DRESS

his inseparable companion. The hair and the marks of approaching baldness are well depicted. Mr. Leslie has reverted to the practice which once generally prevailed, of painting the arms of the sitter in a corner of the picture. The colours of the arms in the present instance are very quiet, and the object does not appear amiss. The motto is '*Wat it weel.*'" This is a bold attempt of Mr. Leslie, himself an American, to shew an aristocratic attachment to the old forms of heraldry; and we hope his fellow-countrymen will excuse the innovation in an artist who is calculated to add to their claims upon Eng-

land, for having conferred upon her the milder lustre of their artists' fame, from the time of the late Mr. West to the present day. The account of the portraits further describes, that "Messrs. Newton and Landseer have painted Sir Walter in his library. The dress is the same in all the pictures; namely, a green coat, yellow waistcoat, light trowsers, and a black neckcloth. Messrs. Newton and Landseer have added a leathern belt, attached to which Sir Walter carries a hammer and a small hatchet, which he uses very frequently in pruning the trees on his estate, an occupation of which he is very fond."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.

GOLD-COLOUR striped gossamer dress: the *corsage* cut straight, and rather high; the upper part full, and ornamented with narrow gold-coloured satin rouleaus: a trimming of *bouffants*, separated by turban folds, rises from the waist and forms a stomacher front; it extends over the shoulder, and meets behind. The sleeve is short and full, and has a row of satin leaves emanating from the band, and spreading half way: the point of each leaf is fastened to a small corded satin band, and attached to the shoulder. Two rows of very full *bouffants*, fastened to the dress by gold-colour satin turban folds, ornament the bottom of the skirt. Dress hat of *crêpe lisse*; the brim circular, with one puffing above and another beneath the edge. Round crown, ornamented with shaded satin ribbon and ostrich feathers of white

and amber colour. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of topaz and turquoise: the ear-rings large, and of the Chinese bell-shape. French trimmed white kid gloves and white satin shoes.

MORNING DRESS.

Demi-blouse dress of rainbow-shaded *gros de Naples*; the waist long, and the *corsage* full and straight, and the stripes placed perpendicularly. The sleeves are of the *gigot de mouton* shape; the upper part being very large, and small towards the wrist, where a fulness is introduced and arranged by three flat bands, neatly corded with satin edges: at the bottom of the skirt are four wadded rouleaus of the same material as the dress, headed with narrow satin rouleaus and a broad wadded hem beneath. Lace or worked muslin frills, pelerines, or

collerettes, are usually worn with high silk dresses: this in the print is a richly worked vandyke muslin pelerine, formed of two rows with long embroidered ends crossing over the bust, and confined by the *ceinture*, which is of *gros de Naples* edged with corded satin. The hair is dressed in large curls. Pale yellow gloves and shoes. Reticule of *ponceau* velvet, with gold chain, clasp, and ornaments.

CHILD'S DRESS.

A short German frock-coat of superfine bottle-green cloth, with three rows of gilt buttons in front, and braided round the bottom of the skirt with a little tasteful ornament on each side. Nankeen vest, and trousers trimmed at the ancles: worked Spanish collar, or fluted cambric frill.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress has assumed a decided wintry appearance: wadded pelisses of dark-coloured silks or fine cloth, and mantles of the same materials, are now universally adopted. If the envelope is a mantle, a high gown is generally worn with it: black silk is much in favour for these dresses. Velvet bonnets begin to be worn; black satin ones are in estimation; but rose-coloured bonnets are still in favour, as are also bonnets of the same colour as the dress or mantle. A good many walking bonnets are trimmed only with the material of which they are composed; others are ornamented with feathers; but flowers are seldom seen on bonnets, except in carriages, or in the public promenades.

Wadded silk mantles, with large

velvet capes and velvet trimmings, are coming much into favour in carriage dress. One of these, which struck us as peculiarly elegant, was composed of ruby-coloured levantine: the cape was cut round in scollops, which were finished at the edge by a triple satin cord; the band of velvet that formed the trimming was also scolloped and corded. High square collar, fastened at the throat by a gold clasp.

We have noticed also a mantle of dark green levantine trimmed with light green velvet; the trimming was a wreath of oak-leaves. Velvet is likewise in much estimation for carriage pelisse trimmings. We have seen some of them cut in points, and these were finished round the edge by a narrow plaited satin band; others were notched at the upper edge like the teeth of a saw. Plain bands of velvet, finished by satin cordings at the edge, are also in favour; as are likewise broad bands of ermine, sable, &c. &c.

Carriage bonnets are composed of velvet, *velours-épinglé*, *velours-broché*, satin, and *gros de Naples*. The trimmings of some consist of an intermixture of the same material, or of satin with winter flowers; others are adorned with ostrich feathers; and some have short marabouts arranged in a very full tuft on one side of the crown.

The crowns of bonnets are higher than last month; those of a circular form are most in favour: brims have likewise increased in size. Curtain-veils of fine blond are attached to the edges of some; others have a single rouleau put near the edge; and many are finished, in the French style, by a *ruche* of different colours. Shaded ribbons continue in favour.

Collerettes seem to have completely superseded frills; those of the pelerine form are most in favour. English twilled cachemire, merino, poplin, levantine, and lutestring, are all in requisition for morning and half dress. The bodies of many gowns are still made *en blouse*; but a new style has just been introduced, which we think likely to supersede it. The *corsage*, made nearly but not quite up to the throat, fits the shape at top, but has a little fulness over the bosom and in the back, which is drawn into a band at the bottom of the waist. The sleeve, moderately wide, is confined at the wrist by a plain band, above which are placed two others in a bias direction. The trimming of morning or half-dress gowns does not afford much variety: bias tucks corded at each edge continue in favour; rouleaus disposed in waves are also in request. We have seen some dresses finished by a single broad flounce disposed in drapery, scalloped at the edges, and headed by a wreath of *coquilles*.

Black and white lace over coloured satins, plain and worked *barèges*, tulle, and white satin, are all worn in full dress. Blond lace is much used

for trimmings: there are either one or two falls, headed by rouleaus of white or coloured satin, covered with blond net laid on full. Trimmings composed of tulle, richly embroidered in gold or silver, are also much in favour. When a gown is trimmed in this manner, the *ceinture*, bust, and sleeves are ornamented to correspond.

The hair is dressed moderately high behind, and disposed differently upon the temples, according to the fancy of the wearer: some ladies have it dressed in a full tuft of small curls; and others wear it in *boucles*: it is not so much parted as last month on the forehead. Where the head-dress is *en cheveux*, the hind hair is sometimes brought in three bows to the right side. Half-wreaths or diadems of winter flowers are much in favour, and are frequently worn with ornamental combs. Toques, turbans, and dress hats of gold and silver gauze, are in great requisition. The former are frequently worn without ornament; the latter are adorned either with marabouts or ostrich feathers.

Fashionable colours are, ruby of different shades, violet, green, gold colour, dark slate, and fawn colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

ALTHOUGH the mourning for the late king still continues to be adopted by all fashionable people, it is no longer confined to the materials ordered for the court; black silk being now nearly as much in favour for walking and dinner dress as merino and other woollen stuffs; and plain black satin and black crape are

much worn in evening costume. There are even some *belles* who, thinking more of what suits their complexion than of the *rigueur de deuil*, appear in grey; and others, anticipating what is to take place some time hence, are seen in white: but these exceptions are not numerous. Bonnets are always either black or white. The ground of shawls is also black or white; but the former is most in

estimation. Shoes and stockings are always black. Gloves are either black or white.

Gowns made in the pelisse style are much worn in walking dress: the trimming consists of *ruches* disposed in waves, bias tucks arranged in festoons, or wreaths of satin foliage; the last is at present the most in favour. Whatever the trimming consists of, a row of it always goes up the front on each side; the space between the rows is very wide at the bottom, but they nearly meet at the waist, from whence the trimming expands on each side of the bust. The long sleeve is *en gigot*, but not so unbecomingly wide as they have been worn, and the upper part of it is formed into an epaulette by an intermixture of the trimming. This is the newest style of out-door costume. *Blouses*, *rédingotes*, and *robes à la vierge* are also worn, but have nothing novel in their form.

Bonnets are of satin or watered *gros de Naples* covered with crape, and plain *gros de Naples* or velvet ornamented with crape and feathers. Marabouts and ostrich feathers are both in favour. Satin flowers are also much used. The crowns of bonnets are of a moderate size, but the brim has increased very much in breadth; it is very wide at the sides, and rather long at the ears. Some bonnets have the brim cut almost in the form of a heart. The crowns of bonnets have the material differently disposed: on some it is plaited all round; on others fluted or disposed in puffs; but generally speaking, it is laid plain on the brim.

Half-dress gowns are very becomingly made; they are cut low, but are finished round the bust by a tucker either in black or white crape,

which draws up round the bust in a manner at once delicate and becoming. Waists still continue long. The trimming for *barèges* dresses is of the same material; but for silk it is a mixture of silk and crape, and is either a *bouillonnée* of the latter, arranged *à la colonne* by rouleaus of the former, or *bouffants* attached to each other by *coquilles*. Sleeves of silk dresses are made very short and full. *Barèges* dresses have mostly long full sleeves, confined in five or six places below the elbow by bands. The black silk slips worn with *barèges* and other transparent gowns are always made with short sleeves and low bodies: a rich embroidery, which ornaments the bosom of the *chemise*, rises about an inch above the body of the slip; and the sleeves of the *chemise*, also embroidered, descend as much below those of the slip.

The bodies of full-dress gowns are very much ornamented with beads of *acier bronzé*, or jet. The bodies of crape gowns are adorned in front with drapery-folds disposed across the bust, rather high on each breast, and sloping in the middle. Black satin dresses have the front of the bust ornamented with four or five rows of reversed plaits. The trimming of crape dresses is *bouillonnée*, intermixed with jet or *acier bronzé* beads. Satin dresses are trimmed with wreaths of foliage in crape or with crape shells. If the sleeves are short, they correspond with the trimming; if long, they are ornamented with bead bracelets. The *ceinture* is either a net-work of *acier bronzé*, with an elegantly wrought buckle of the same material, or a net-work of hard silk, to resemble hair, with a jet buckle.

Toques are in great favour in full dress; some are mounted upon a band ornamented with beads, and in general they are exceedingly wide round the upper part: they are of black or white crape. Black silk net gloves are as much in favour as white leather in full dress. Shoes are always of black silk. Adieu! Ever your
EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A new volume of the *World in Miniature*, containing a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the People of *Thibet and the Peninsula of India beyond the Ganges*, illustrated by twelve coloured engravings of costumes, is just ready for publication.

Such is the popularity of the *Forget Me Not*, as an elegant Christmas and New-Year's Gift, that though an edition of several thousand was printed for the present year, the proprietor is preparing another large impression, to meet the extraordinary demand.

On the 1st day of January, 1825, will be published, the first number of a new monthly work, entitled the *Botanic Garden*, or Magazine of hardy Flower-Plants, cultivated in Great Britain; containing four coloured figures, with descriptions and notices of many physiological phenomena observed in this beautiful part of the creation, by B. Maund. The size of this work will be foolscap and post 4to.

In the course of December will be published, in one neat volume duodecimo, with an engraving after a design by Corbould, *Odd Moments*, or Time beguiled.

The Love-Letters of Mary Queen of Scots to the Earl of Bothwell, with the Love-Sonnets and Marriage-Contracts (being the long-missing originals from the gilt casket), explained by state papers and the writings of many historians, and forming a complete history of the origin of the woes of the Scottish queen,
Vol. IV. No. XXIV.

collated by Hugh Campbell, illustrator of Ossian's Poems, are at press.

Preparing for publication, *Picturesque Views of the principal Monuments in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise*, near Paris; also a correct view of the Paraclete, erected by Abelard, from drawings by Mr. J. T. Serres, and accompanied with concise descriptive notices.

In a discourse lately delivered to the American Philosophical Society at the University of Philadelphia, by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, he gives some curious particulars relative to the book-trade of the United States. Our Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are regularly republished there, of each of which about 4000 copies are sold. The New Monthly Magazine is also reprinted. Since the appearance of Stewart's Philosophy, thirty years ago, eight editions, comprising 7500 copies, have been printed in America. A capital of 500,000 dollars was invested in an edition of Rees's Cyclopædia. Of a lighter kind of reading, nearly 20,000 copies of the Waverley novels, comprising 500,000 volumes, have issued from the American press in the last nine years. Five hundred dollars were paid by an enterprising bookseller for a single copy of one of these novels, for the purpose of republication. Four thousand copies of a late American novel were disposed of immediately on its appearance. There are more than two hundred waggons which travel through the country loaded with books for sale. Many biographical accounts of

distinguished Americans are thus distributed. Fifty thousand copies of Weem's Life of Washington have been published,

and mostly circulated in this way throughout the interior.

Poetry.

TO IMAGINATION.

By J. M. LACEY.

IMAGINATION! ever-varying pow'r!

Receive the tribute of a thoughtful mind;
Thou, who canst add to horror's awful hour,
Or make thy vot'ry pleasing moments find.

When anguish bids the nightly mourner weep,

'Tis thine to shew to Sorrow's streaming eye

The seaman, storm-driv'n on the surgy deep,
Whilst Fancy hears his last sad shipwreck'd cry:

Or at dull midnight's gloom, when silence reigns,

Should Superstition seek some lonely way,
'Tis thine with fancied forms to fill the plains,
As timid Fear assumes her harrowing sway:

To bid distemper'd vision give to view,

By the pale moonbeam's faint uncertain light,

The spectral group, the goblin's ghastly crew,

Or elfin forms that haunt "the noon of night:"

Or to Ambition's restless mind you give,

In thought, each good that robs his soul of rest;

Each hop'd-for honour you can bid to live,
Whilst fancied greatness fills his swelling breast.

To him who loves, in day-dreams bright and fair,

You picture beauty deck'd with loveliest smile;

Whisp'ring, you bid him spurn each pensive care,

And thus his heavy hours with bliss beguile.

But most to him, blest impulse! art thou dear,

Who soothes his sorrows with the tender line

That consecrates sweet Friendship's hallow'd bier;

Whilst Recollection tells him to repine.

To Poesy's pure train thou dost belong;

Whether to woe they pour the plaintive strain,

Or raise to joy the heart-inspiring song,

Or tenderly to love's soft god complain:

Whether to heav'n they waft the choral theme,

Or give to valour's son the song of praise,
All own Imagination's warming beam,

Whose pow'r it is that forms their varied lays.

Still deign on me to shed thy fervid ray,

On me, the humblest of the tuneful train;

Still prompt my pen the debt of truth to pay,
Nor raise one thought to give fair Virtue pain.

ON SEEING A SINGLE WILD FLOWER GROWING IN A DESOLATE SPOT.

Fair Flower, I muse to see thee here,

So desolate, yet so bright;

For round thee but wild weeds appear,

And many a barren height:

But heedless art thou blooming on,

With fairy form and hue;

Thy meek eye rais'd to greet the sun,

Or clos'd beneath the dew.

And see upon the mighty sky

Yon single cloud of snow,

That seems a lonely flower on high,

As thou on earth below:

And towards it hath the lark gone up,

With songs no power can stay;

His wings have brush'd thy dewy cup,

And sparkle on their way.

Oh! that man's soul could gladsome be

As ye are, blessed things;

Or but a constant quiet see

On all life's troubled springs!

It will not be! it will not be!

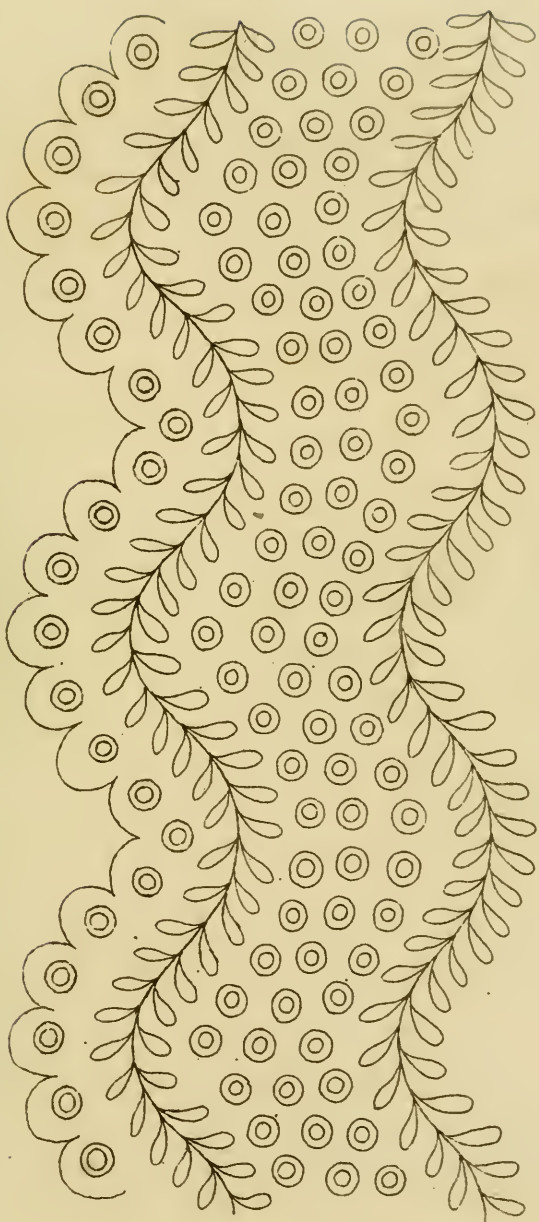
'Tis Reason dreads to-morrow;

And only dreamless things like ye

May live and fear no sorrow.

X. X.

JUNE 16, 1823.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

Pat. by K. Schwaner, 1857.

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