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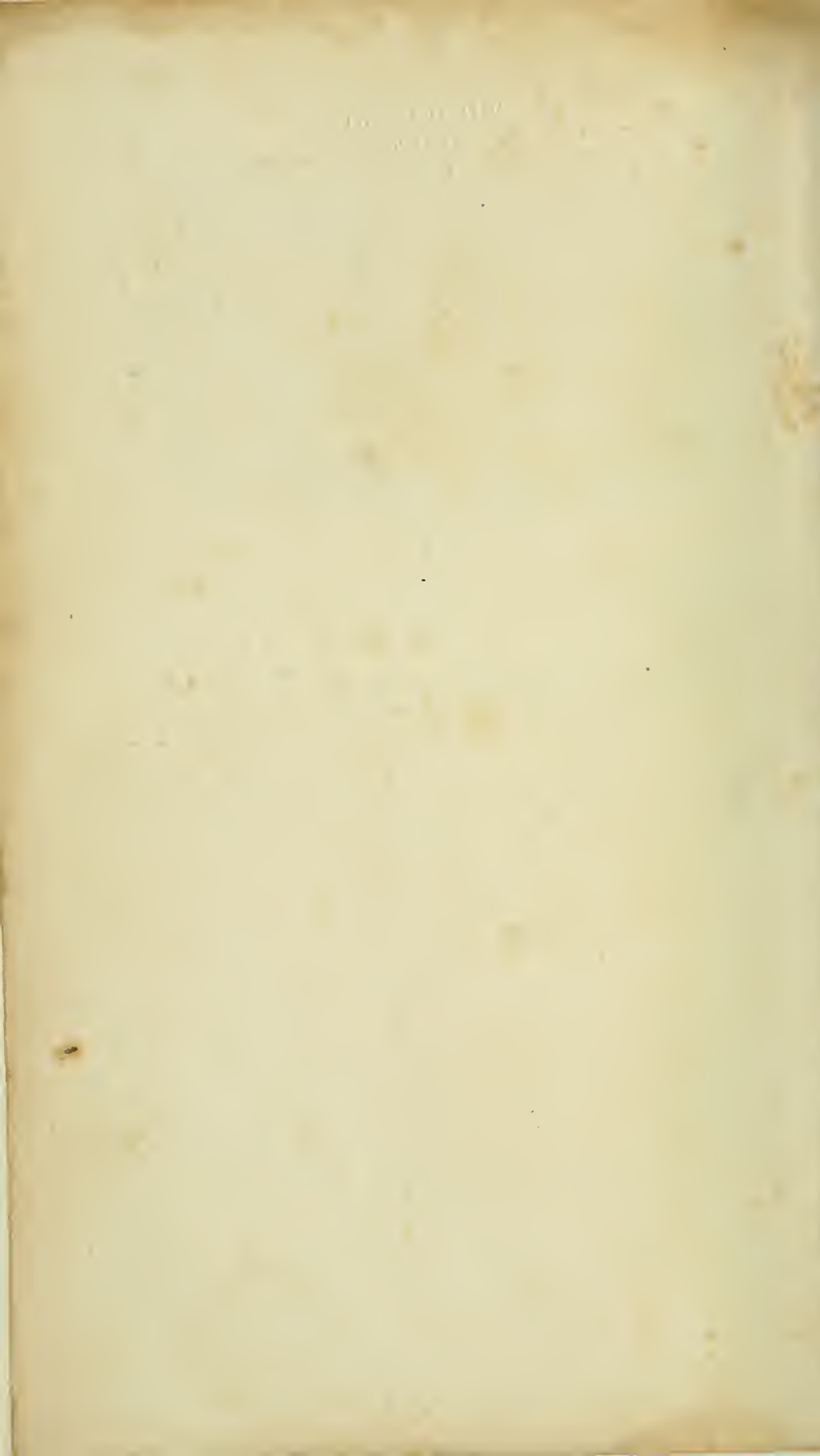
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TO

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By his Grateful & Obedient Servant—
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V. JANUARY 1, 1825. N^o. XXV.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF BICTON, THE SEAT OF LORD ROLLE	1
2. ——— BUNNEY-HALL, THE SEAT OF LORD RANCLIFFE	4
3. LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES	55
4. ——— EVENING DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
5. VIEW ON HERNE-HILL, CAMBERWELL	58
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MISCELLANIES.			
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Bicton, the Seat of Lord Rolle	1	PURKIS' Favourite Airs selected from the Freyschütz	49
Bunney - Hall, Nottinghamshire, the Seat of Lord RANCLIFFE	4	POOLE's ditto	<i>ib.</i>
Rover	6	WEBER's Overture to the Freyschütz	<i>ib.</i>
Village Sketches near Paris. No. IV.	8	PURKIS' Favourite Airs from Rossini's " Pietro l'Eremita "	50
Inventions	12	Foy's Dramatic March	<i>ib.</i>
The Loiterer. No. XII.	14	Beauties of HUMMEL	<i>ib.</i>
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS, No. I.— Jacob Never-Sober: A Tale of Thuringia	16	WEBER's Introduction and Polonaise	51
Ymbric and Sivena	21	—— Variations on a Gipsy Air	<i>ib.</i>
Observations on the State of Hayti at the Conclusion of CHRISTOPHE's Reign. By CHARLES RITTER	23	WAGSTAFF's Sacred Music	<i>ib.</i>
The Guardian Outwitted: A Tale found- ed on Facts	26	BISHOP's Selection of Irish Melodies, with Words by MOORE	52
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XIV.	34	—— " Poor wounded Heart," Bal- lad by MOORE	53
Weak Nerves (from " Lasting Impres- sions," by Mrs. JOANNA CAREY	36	" My Heart and Life," Ballad by ditto	<i>ib.</i>
The Confessions of my Uncle	40	" The East Indian," Ballad by ditto	<i>ib.</i>
A Domestic Picture of the Fourteenth Century (from the " Life of JOANNA, Queen of Naples ")	42	BISHOP's " Star that brings home the bee," written by Campbell	<i>ib.</i>
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.—The Abbot of Unreca- son—A Cure for National Prejudices —The Naires—Despotism of the Bur- mese Government—The first Earl of Carlisle.—Joseph II.—La Fontaine— Seeing not Believing—Louis XIV.— Henry IV.—The Compliment repaid	45	—— " The Maid's Remonstrance," by the same	54
MUSICAL REVIEW.		BLYTH's Introduction and Rondo	<i>ib.</i>
Der Freyschütz	48	BISHOP's Overture alla Irlandese	<i>ib.</i>
KÖHLER's Grand Pot-pourri on the Ove- ture, Waltz, and Nine Airs, from the Freyschütz	49	FASHIONS.	
		LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Head- Dresses	55
		Ladies' Evening Dress	<i>ib.</i>
		General Observations on Fashion and Dress	<i>ib.</i>
		French Female Fashions	57
		View on Herne-Hill, Camberwell	58
		INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC POETRY.	
		Dunglas Castle. By JOHN CARNEGIE	60

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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.

The first portion of Obstipus shall be given in our next Number.

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JANUARY 1, 1825.

N^o. XXV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

BICTON, THE SEAT OF LORD ROLLE.

BICTON is situated in the hundred of East Budleigh, and about three miles from Sidmouth, in Devonshire. This manor was held in demesne by the king's door-keeper (William Portitor) at the time of taking the Domesday survey; and he is said to have held it by the service of keeping the king's gaol for the county of Devon. It was given by King Henry I. to John Janitor, so called from the tenure by which he held this manor. In his family it continued for about three generations. It afterwards became the property of Ralph Balistarius, or Le Balister (the cross-bow-bearer), who occupied it in 1229. His posterity, by the name of Alabaster, were in the possession of Bicton for five generations, when it passed by successive female heirs to the families of Sacheville, or Sackville, and Copleston. Sir Robert Dennis purchased it of the Coplestons, rebuilt the old mansion, and inclosed the deer-park,

Vol. V. No. XXV.

which is now one of the first in the county. Sir Thomas Dennis, the son of Sir Robert, gave it to his eldest daughter Ann, who became the wife of Sir Henry Rolle, ancestor of the present noble proprietor. The county gaol was continued here, under the original tenure, up to the year 1518, when it was removed to Exeter; but it was not until the year 1787 that the Lord of Bicton was exonerated from the superintendence of the county gaol.

Bicton possesses every thing within itself in point of scenery; a delightful diversity of ground, that gives every variety that can be wished for to the fine woods which adorn the various levels, particularly as seen from the mansion, whence the delightful little village of Otterton, with its white church, the obelisk, and the lovely peep between the hills embracing the small watering-place of Salterton, with the ocean,

B

taken altogether, form one of the completest and sweetest scenes imagination can picture to itself, combined as it is with a fine stream of water that falls in cascades through the park; the majestic forms of the venerable trees, which for size are rarely surpassed; and the immense herd of deer that are seen bounding from hill to hill.

The carriage-entrance is by a plain Gothic lodge, whence the drive leads by an inner lodge of a rustic character, and over a pretty bridge that crosses the sheet of water; but there is a private entrance by a neat cottage-lodge, through a fine avenue of beech and ash, that winds round by the obelisk, which is a fine object as seen from most parts of the ground. Among the out-door embellishments, is a Hermitage that has been but recently finished by Lady Rolle: its situation is admirable, and for fitness, combined with elegance and usefulness, as a summer-seat (being by the water, and surrounded by superb trees), it is most perfect.

A short distance from the Hermitage, by the water, is an extraordinary rustic seat formed out of the remains of a beech-tree: a brass plate is fixed on the side, which records it to be

"The remains of a large beech-tree, blown down in Bicton park, A.D. M.DCCC.VI. It was under its wide-spreading branches, extending to the circumference of 309 feet, that the first encamped volunteers in England, consisting of 693 rank and file, partook of a dinner provided for them by their colonel, the Right Hon. John Lord Rolle, the 13th of October, M.DCCC.IV." The circumference of the trunk alone measures 28 feet.

Proceeding by the water, which assumes the character of a lake, you

cross it through a grotto, which forms a sort of barrier to the stream, suffering it to escape over rough stones into the lake beneath, which has a pleasing effect, the whole being overhung with fine trees. The ground now swells abruptly to the mansion, which is plain but large, composed of a bold centre, with a portico, flanked with two extensive wings. The hall of entrance embraces the entire depth of the building, terminated by columns and a double staircase: the intercolumniations are adorned by a number of statues. To the left of the hall is the library, occupying a portion of the principal front, and containing a choice collection of books, in rich old bookcases, surmounted with various busts. Over the mantel-piece is a fine three-quarter family portrait, and a series of beautiful miniature landscapes. Recrossing the hall over against the library is a small dining-room, containing portraits of Lord and Lady Rolle, by Reynolds of Bayswater, with some fine whole-lengths of King William and Queen Mary. Ascending the staircase, the gallery or landing-place has a fine effect, with the immense window in the rear, spreading light around on the rich Ionic columns and pilasters, with the niches containing large bronze figures, which flank the various entrances to the suite of state-apartments. The principal or centre entrance leads to the breakfast-room, on entering which, the works of art combined with nature seem striving for pre-eminence; three large circular windows laying open the park scene, rich in undulating forms and woods, with the distant sea, flanked by the Sidmouth hills to the left and wood to the right. This room is richly orna-

mented with hanging and superb pieces of furniture, as inlaid cabinets, chandeliers, vases, &c.; but the chief attractions are—

Two fine Landscapes by *Wilson*, Scenes near Rome.

Two by *Canaletti*, the Figures by *Succarelli*.

A fine Landscape by *Both*.

A superb *Vandervelde*: Careening a Ship hauled down.

A beautiful *Cuyp*: View of Dort taken at the close of day, with a multitude of Figures, in his richest style.

Flight into Egypt, by *Rembrandt*.

Portrait of Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I. by *Vandyke*.

A sweet cabinet picture of a Holy Family, by *Beechy*.

Interior of a Church, by *Neefs*: the principal Figure in the fore-ground represents Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I.

Interior of the Great Church at Antwerp, by *Neefs*.

A fine enamel, after *Micris*.

Moses striking the Rock, a fine picture by *Bassan*.

Dead Game, by *Weenix*.

Return from Shooting, a beautiful picture by *Wouvermans*.

A Portrait of George III. small, by *Sir Wm. Beechy*.

To the left of this room is the dining-room, a handsome proportioned apartment, with a bold and irregular cornice, combining the lion's head in basso-relievo. From an eagle in the centre is suspended a fine glass chandelier: but what commands attention in this room are the paintings by Caravaggio, the Snyders, and Fytt, with five by Le Brun, which are as follow:

Alexander's Visit to the Family of Darius.

Alexander's Generosity to King Porus.

Alexander's Passage of the Granicus.

Alexander's Victory over Darius.

Alexander's Entry into Babylon.

A *Correggio*, the Marriage of St. Catherine, very fine.

A Scene in Holland, by *Vander Neer*.

Portrait of Sir Henry Rolle, Lord Chief Justice in 1658.

Portrait of Lord Rolle, by *Cosway*,

Recrossing the dining-room, you enter the breakfast-room, richly fitted up in crimson, purple, and gold, containing inlaid cabinets, screens, and tables inlaid in ivory. The pictures in this room deserve particular notice: they commence with

A superb *Poussin*: The Flight of Agar.

A Landscape and Cattle, by *Cuyp*.

Landscape with Figures, by *Caracci*: Ceres visiting the Earth as a living Flame.

Adoration of the Shepherds.—*Le Nain*.

A Waterfall.—*Ruysdael*.

A ditto.—*Ditto*.

Landing of Paris and Helen.

Italian Seaport.

View in Venice.—*Canaletti*.

View in Venice, St. Mark's.—*Ditto*.

Marine Piece.—*Vernet*.

The drawing-room is connected with a dressing-room, stored with the works of various masters, as annexed:

A sweet cabinet Landscape.—*Poussin*.

Two pictures, Going out a Hawking.—*Wouvermans*.

Landscape.—*Paul Brill*.

Four paintings, Cattle.—*Vander Bergen*.

A beautiful cabinet picture of a Waterfall.—*Ruysdael*.

Nag's Head.—*Cuyp*.

View on the Rhine.—*Breughel*.

Ditto.—*Ditto*.

View on the Rhine.—*Breughel*.

Cattle.—*V. Blomen*.

Battle piece.—*P. V. Blomen*.

Ditto.—*Ditto*.

The Warrener.—*Morland*.
 Landscape.—*Breda*.
 Ditto.—*Ditto*.
 Landscape with Figures.—*T. Wycke*.
 Marine View.—*Seeman*.
 Moonlight.—*Steenwyck*.
 Alexander giving up his Mistress to
 Apelles.—*Romanelli*.
 Winter Scene.—*K. Molenaer*.
 Landscape.—*Ditto*.
 The Holy Family.—*Rotenhamer*.
 Virgin and Child.—*C. Maratti*.
 Nymph dancing to Satyrs.—*Zucattelli*.
 Landscape with Cattle.—*Du Jardin*.
 Landscape with Boats.—*V. Goyen*.
 Sea piece.—*Ditto*.
 Shipping.—*Ditto*.
 Eight highly finished miniature pic-
 tures.
 Landscape with Hermits.—*Ferg*.
 A Flower piece.—*Baptist*.
 Landscape.—*V. Hyts*.
 Flower piece.—*Kesse*.
 Landscape, Moonlight.—*Monamy*.
 Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.
 —*Polemberg*.

Satyr pursuing a Nymph.—*Ditto*.

Recrossing the landing-place, a small elliptical sitting-room of Lady Rolle's deserves particular mention: it is richly fitted up, and contains many articles of interest. The views from it are of the sweetest kind; and from the position of some large mirrors, the out-door splendour is brought within.

The out-door offices, as stables, &c. are extensive, as well as the gardens.

The ancestors of Lord Rolle settled in Devon in the reign of Henry VIII. having purchased considerable portions of abbey lands, among which was the manor of Stevenstone,

which was fixed on for the family residence, and now forms one of the principal seats of the family. The above lands were purchased by George Rolle, Esq. a grandson of whom, Sir Henry Rolle, married the heiress of Watts of Somersetshire, whose son married the heiress of Dennis of Bickton and Holcombe-Burnell in Devon. His son, Dennis Rolle, Esq. died in 1638, leaving an only son, who died in his infancy. The estates now devolved to Henry Rolle, Esq. of Beam, near Torrington, a nephew of the first-mentioned Sir Henry Rolle, who dying, without issue, in 1647, the family estates devolved on John Rolle, Esq. of Marraish, in Cornwall, grandson of George Rolle (second son of George first mentioned), who married the heiress of Marraish of Marraish, and settled at that place. This John Rolle was afterwards K. B. and many years one of the representatives for this county: he married one of the co-heiresses of his relation, Dennis Rolle, Esq. of Bickton; and at the time of his death, in 1706, was possessed of upwards of forty manors in Devonshire, besides large estates in Cornwall, Somersetshire, and Northamptonshire. His great-grandson, Henry Rolle, Esq. was, in 1748, created Baron Rolle of Stevenstone: dying, unmarried, in 1759, the title became extinct; but it was revived in 1796, when his nephew, John Rolle, Esq. was created a peer by the same style and title.

BUNNEY-HALL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

THE RESIDENCE OF LORD RANCLIFFE.

THIS ancient seat, it is to be regretted, has undergone considerable alterations since it came into the pos-

session of the present nobleman. Although a very comfortable abode, its external character is not remarka-



BUNNEY HALL,
THE RESIDENCE OF LORD RANELAGH.

ble for architectural grandeur: but an ancient tower of very singular workmanship at the western angle, and which is embellished with the arms of the Parkyn family, by whom Bunney-Hall was erected, is highly deserving of attention. The alterations which have been made in the grounds, and the great improvements which have taken place in the plantations, reflect much credit on their noble owner, and when completed, Bunney-Hall will be a very pleasing summer residence.

Sir Thomas Parkyn, who was owner of this estate in the early part of the last century, was remarkable for his extreme partiality for *wrestling*; and having possessed great strength and courage, it is said not even the most experienced wrestler from the county of Cornwall could throw him. Although he was a gentleman possessing considerable literary attainments, yet his whole attention appears to have been devoted in furtherance of the science of wrestling, and among other donations, he gave a prize of one guinea to be wrestled for every summer. In the church of Bunney, on the north side of the chancel, is an elaborate monument to the memory of this Sir Thomas, with a statue of the deceased in the attitude of wrestling; and in another part he appears thrown by Time. As a work of art, it possesses little merit. It has also a long Latin inscription, a part of which, according to the translation, is a very singular piece of composition.

"Here lies, O Time, the victim of thy hand,
The noble boxer on the British strand:
His nervous arm each bold opposer quell'd,
In feats of strength by none but thee excell'd;

Till springing up, at the last trumpet's call,
He conquers thee, who wilt have conquer'd
all."

Sir Thomas was a man of middling stature, but possessed most extraordinary strength in the muscles of his arms. He was a liberal benefactor to the poor of his parish, and many aged persons now exist by means of his charitable legacies.

A short time before his death, which happened in the year 1741, at the age of 78 years, he published a Treatise upon Wrestling, in one part of which, speaking of the excellence of the art, he says, "I receive no limberlams, no darling sucking-bottles, who must not rise at midsummer till eleven of the clock, till the fire has aired their room and clothes of their colliquative sweats, raised by high sauces and spicy forced meats, where the cook does the office of the stomach, with the emetic tea-table set out with bread and butter for breakfast. I'll scarce admit a sheep-eater: none but beef-eaters will go down with me."

Near the church is an ancient poor-house, which was erected by his father, and also contains the arms of the Parkyn family, with a curious inscription, explanatory of certain legacies which were left for the poor.

The church is a large ancient structure, and contains a great variety of memorials, the most remarkable of which is the monument of Sir Thomas Parkyn above-mentioned; but many of them have been defaced.

The village of Bunney is situated on the road to Nottingham from Leicester, but has not a picturesque appearance, the houses being chiefly built of brick.

Our View of Bunney-Hall is from a drawing by Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

ROVER.

ROVER is now about six years old. He was born about half a year before our eldest girl; and is accordingly looked up to as a kind of elder brother by the children. He is a small, beautiful, liver-coloured spaniel, but not one of your goggle-eyed Blenheim breed. He is none of your lap-dogs. No! Rover has a soul above that. You may make him your friend, but he scorns to be a pet. No one can see him without admiring him, and no one can know him without loving him. He is as regularly inquired after as any other member of the family; for who that has ever known Rover can forget him? He has an instinctive perception of his master's friends, to whom he metes out his caresses in the proportion of their attachment to the chief object of his affections. When I return from an absence, or when he meets an old friend of mine, or of his own (which is the same thing to him), his ecstasy is unbounded: he tears and curvets round the room like mad; and if out of doors, he makes the welkin ring with his clear and joyous note. When he sees a young person in company, he immediately selects him for a playfellow. He fetches a stick, coaxes him out of the house, drops it at his feet; then retiring backwards, barking, plainly indicates his desire to have it thrown for him. He is never tired of this work. Indeed I fear, poor fellow, that his teeth, which already shew signs of premature decay, have suffered from the diversion.

But though Rover has a soul for fun, yet is he a game dog too. There is not a better cocker in England.

In fact he delights in sport of every kind, and if he cannot have it with me, he will have it on his own account. He frequently decoys the greyhounds out, and finds hares for them. Indeed he has done me some injury in this way; for if he can find a pointer loose, he will, if possible, seduce him from his duty, and take him off on the same lawless excursion; and it is not till after an hour's whistling and hallooing that I see the truants sneaking round to the back door, panting and smoking, with their tails tucked up between their legs, and their long dripping tongues depending from their watery jaws—he the most guilty and most bare-faced caitiff of the whole. In general, however, he will have nothing to say to the canine species; for notwithstanding the classification of Buffon, he considers he has a prescriptive right to associate with man. He is, in fact, rather cross with other dogs; but with children he is quite at home, doubtless reckoning himself about on a level with them in the scale of rational beings. Every boy in the village knows his name, and I often catch him in the street with a posse of little dirty urchins playing round him. But he is not quite satisfied with this kind of company; for, if taking a walk with any of the family, he will only just acknowledge his plebeian playfellows with a simple shake of the tail, equivalent to the distant nod which a patrician schoolboy bestows on the town-boy schoolfellow whom he chances to meet when in company with his aristocratic relations.

The only approach to bad feeling that I ever discovered in Rover, is a

slight disposition to jealousy: but this in him appears more a virtue than a vice; for it springs entirely from affection, and has nothing mean or malicious in it. One instance will suffice to shew the manner in which he expresses this feeling. One day a little stray dog attached himself to me, and followed me home. I took him into the house and had him fed, intending to keep him till I could discover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed his gratitude in the usual way. Rover, although used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to shew us, that we stood in no need of any other favourite or companion. But, at the same time, he displayed no animosity whatever towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too.

Besides the friends whom he meets at my house, Rover also forms attachments of his own, in which he shews a great discrimination. It is not every one who offers him a bone that he will trust as a friend. He has one or two intimate acquaintances in the village whom he regularly visits, and where, in case of any remissness on the part of the cook, he is sure to find a plate of meat. This brings to my recollection a conversation I once had with a half-pay acquaintance on the comparative merits of London and Bath as places of residence. "At Bath," said my friend from the north side of the Tweed, "I am pretty sure of three invitations to dinner in the week; while in London I cannot fairly cal-

culate upon more than two." To be sure, the cases are not quite parallel; for Rover, unlike the *demi-solde*, might be sure of a meal at home. But to return to my subject. The consequence of this over-stuffing is, that, although constant exercise prevents his getting fat, his skin (saving your presence, delicate reader,) has, if not subject to frequent ablutions, rather a doggy odour; and, moreover, candour obliges me to declare, that, from the same cause, he is apt to use the nails of his hinder feet in a way not altogether consistent with good manners. If fleas he have (and I shrewdly suspect him of harbouring these outcasts), they must, like most humble companions, lead a sorry life of it; for if he can coax you to scratch his back with the edge of your shoe, which he endeavours to do by placing it under your foot as you sit crosslegged, or to use your stick for that purpose, he will never forget the obligation; but only indulge him with the sharp edge of the fire-shovel, and he is yours for life.

Rover is a most feeling, sweet-dispositioned dog. One instance of his affection and kind-heartedness I cannot omit. He had formed an attachment to a labourer who worked about my garden, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor wife was taken ill and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and shewed a feeling above the common. At this time I observed that Rover had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state one day, when in company with the widowed labourer, and thinking, in some measure, to divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to

him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent at the same time to a flood of tears. He then went on to tell me, that while his wife was ill, Rover was constant in his visits to the cottage, when he would get upon her bed, lie by her, and lick her face; and that when she was borne to the grave, he was foremost in the funeral procession. It was some time before he entirely recovered his spirits.

Though a most playful entertaining dog, Rover has no tricks: I hate your tricky French dogs. The only feat he performs is that of catching with his mouth, which he will do almost at any distance. Rover is also useful as well as ornamental. He is a capital house-dog, and serves for more purposes than one: he is as good as a thermometer to me. I have the parlour graduated in my imagination from the fire-place to the door. When his back is close to the fender, the glass is down to the freezing point; when he is at the arm-chair, it is rather higher; when he lies under the side-board, it is temperate; and when he reaches the door, it is time to leave off fires.

Though, like most little dogs, Rover has a great soul, yet, as must be expected, he is no match for the generality of dogs. But what he wants in physical strength, he makes up for in policy. He wisely employs a

portion of his riches in subsidizing some poorer but stronger neighbour, and thus acquires a weight and importance among his own race in the village to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover keeps a dog in pay to fight his battles for him. This I discovered by observing, that whenever he got a bone or piece of meat which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage, till I ascertained the true state of the case, by observing, that when he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in quest of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he delegated the office of thrashing his opponent.

A few specks of grey in his face, a diminution in the buoyancy of his spirits, added to a little peevishness when trod on by the children (for he will have the rug all to himself), warn us that Rover has already passed the meridian of life. It shall be our care to smooth his downhill path, and when the horizon of this mortal state closes on him for ever, his tomb shall be in the rose-bed; and, though our persons may not put on the garb of woe, as custom might compel them to do for a less lamented object, our hearts will pay their tribute to the memory of Rover. B.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. IV.

ALL France is at this moment resigning itself to the joy which the accession of the new monarch inspires, and as he is no where more

popular than in our village, we pique ourselves upon being among the foremost to shew our loyalty. Accordingly we have celebrated his coming

to the throne by every means in our power. The manager of our company of comedians has got up a new *spectacle* expressly for the occasion, in which he has introduced a pasteboard representation of the coronation of Louis XIV. The mayor gave a public ball, at which a transparency was exhibited, representing the king in full court costume, with the crown supported over his head by a couple of broad-faced duck-winged cherubs. Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil assembled the whole of her *coterie* in a *belle réunion*, where stanzas were sung in the monarch's praise; and Madame d'Agneau invited her set to a grand dinner, at which plenty of fine old Burgundy was drunk to his health. In short, we have eaten, drunk, sung, and danced in honour of him; and we are each ready to promise him a happy and glorious reign, provided that he conducts himself as we think he ought to do.

So great, however, is the diversity of opinion among us, that the poor king would have a more than herculean task if he undertook to please us all. He has, however, begun his reign in a manner which unites all our suffrages, and causes every individual to look forward with the hope, or rather the certainty, that he will have the wisdom to go on in the manner that he or she thinks best. So that at present we are very busy in changing the ministry, remodelling some of the laws, and making others. It is really amusing to see how naturally these good people identify themselves with the monarch, and how liberally they gift him with their own passions and prejudices.

Vol. V. No. XXV.

Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil, who seems to hold her head higher than ever, hopes that now at least the *canaïlle* will be made to know their place; and that his majesty, by giving his countenance to people of birth only, will cause that most valuable of distinctions to be respected as it ought.

Monsieur Gasconade is enchanted to see that the king has a proper notion of *etiquette*. He thinks too, that as his majesty seems determined to see with his own eyes, and presides himself at the cabinet councils, his abilities have now some chance of being noticed. The mayor says, with a face of more than ordinary importance, that as the king has signified his intention to cause the laws to be strictly observed, there can be no doubt that the persons of magistrates will be more than ever respected.

Monsieur Sangsue observes with a smile, that the faculty, generally speaking, have a right to augur well of a sovereign who shews a due respect for the science of medicine, by giving the title of baron to his first physician. Monsieur Chicane, though not very favourably disposed towards kings in general, is yet rather inclined to patronise Charles X. because he seems likely to turn out a man of business. Madame d'Agneau protests, that he has gained her warm heart by declaring that he will do his utmost to promote the happiness of his subjects, which, she is certain, means that he intends to give them a great many *fêtes*; and Captain Coulevrine, our ancient officer of cavalry, congratulates himself, that at last we have a king who will not remain long inactive in the war be-

C

tween the Turks and the Greeks; for he is sure that Charles is too much of a chevalier, to let the swords of French soldiers rust in their scabbards, while there is a bit of fighting to be had in any part of Europe.

As I was strolling along the road that leads to Paris with my head full of all these good people's expectations, I met our worthy pastor. "Well, *Monsieur le Curé*," said I to him, "almost every body of any consequence among us is engaged in chalking out a line of conduct for the new king to pursue: what do you think he had best do?"—"Follow the light of his judgment and the dictates of his own excellent heart: he cannot do better."

"Ah! sir, you are right," cried respectfully, but in a tone of great emotion, a very pretty girl who was walking close to us, leaning on the arm of a young soldier.—"You would excuse my wife, monsieur and madame," said he in a tone of apology, "if you knew what his majesty has done for us."—"You will do us a pleasure by relating it, my child," said the *curé* to her.—"Willingly, sir," answered she in a tone which shewed the satisfaction the request gave her; and she recounted the following circumstances, which I shall take the liberty of telling in my own way.

Louis Durand served in the army of Spain last year; he had left behind him in the south of France a newly married wife, and an old and infirm mother. When he returned to France his regiment remained in Paris, whither his Jeannette would have hastened to meet him, but a sacred duty prevented her. His mother had already lost three sons, who fell fight-

ing in the French armies, and a terrible presage seized upon her mind, that Louis, the sole support of her widowed age, would share the same fate: this dreadful thought preyed incessantly upon her heart, and reduced her to the greatest debility. The certainty of her son's safe return produced a partial amendment, but she still continued in such a weak and lingering state, that Jeannette dared not leave her.

Louis endeavoured in vain to procure leave of absence: he comforted himself, however, with the idea that his mother was in no immediate danger, and that as he had little more than fifteen months to serve, he could then return and end his days with that beloved mother and his dear Jeannette, whom he hoped he should no more be obliged to quit.

Time passed, and he continued to receive rather favourable accounts of his mother; when all at once he was struck, as by a thunder-clap, with the news that she was at the last extremity. This intelligence, which he learned by accident from a man who had recently quitted the town where she lived, determined him to hazard all to receive her last blessing.

He again solicited leave of absence, was refused, and immediately deserted. He disguised himself in a peasant's dress, and set out on foot, intending, when at some distance from Paris, to try to procure a conveyance by the *diligence*. In passing along the banks of the canal de l'Ourq, he saw a man throw himself into the water: forgetting at the moment every thing but the impulse of humanity, he precipitated himself after the unfortunate, whom he succeeded in bringing in a few moments to land, but in a state of insensibility. A

crowd had by that time collected on the spot: Durand, thoughtless of his own safety, endeavoured to restore the rash sufferer to life, and while he was occupied in these humane attentions, he was recognised, seized, and conducted to prison.

On the very same day his wife, who had just paid the last duties to his mother, arrived in Paris, hoping to sooth by her presence the grief which the sorrowful tidings would cause him. I shall not attempt to paint her distraction when she learned what had happened. She was alone, nearly destitute of money, in a city where she knew nobody, and was denied all access to her husband. For some hours she gave herself up to despair: suddenly a ray of hope beamed upon her: the following day the king was to make his public entry into his capital. Could she but throw herself at his feet? could she but implore from him the pardon of her husband? Ah! would not he, of whose benevolence every one spoke with such enthusiasm, would not he forgive a fault which had its origin in the most sacred of impulses?

Recalled to herself by a hope so animating, the young suppliant penned her brief and simple petition, and placed herself the next day in the route which the royal cavalcade were to take. In spite of the assembled multitude, through which she forced her way with a courage and strength that love rendered almost supernatural, she succeeded in penetrating to the line of soldiers ranged on each side to preserve order: they pushed her back; her tears, her supplications, were in vain. At that moment the monarch appeared in sight: rendered desperate, she dared to oppose her feeble strength

to that of the warriors who surrounded her. "Kill me," cried she frantically, "kill me, or suffer me to pass!" An old officer of the guards, touched with her grief and her courage, advanced to take her petition, which in her despair she waved above her head; but Charles, who had caught a glimpse of the scene, called out, "Let her come to me; I wish to receive it from her own hand."

In an instant she was upon her knees at his horses' feet, drowned in tears. The only intelligible words she could utter were, "My husband!"—"I thank you, my child," said the king, in a softened tone, "for the proof you give that you consider me as a father: you shall find me one." He passed on amidst the blessings and prayers of the multitude, leaving Jeannette's heart filled with a sweet presentiment that her Louis was saved.

That presentiment did not deceive her; the very next day Louis received his pardon. "It is granted to you," said his officer, "in consideration of the motive which led to the act, and of the humanity that rendered you regardless of your own safety, when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. Shew that you merit a pardon by your future devotion to the royal benefactor who bestows it."

"And I will merit it," cried Durand, interrupting his wife; "yes, all I ask from heaven is the opportunity of shewing how cheerfully I would shed my heart's best blood for him."

"Ah! you have good reason," resumed Jeannette: "yes, *madame*, yes, *monsieur le curé*, it is not only pardon that he has received, a bank-note for a thousand francs, which

must be the gift of our good king, since it could come from no other hand, has been sent to me. See then if we have not reason to bless him."

"You have, indeed, my child," said the *curé*, with his habitual piety, "and to thank the Providence which has given him to us."

"And as we are very near my house," said I, "you shall give me a proof of your loyalty in drinking his health."

The young couple modestly but

frankly accepted the invitation; and after they had drunk the health of their sovereign with enthusiasm, Durand said to me, in a tone of respectful inquiry, "*Madame est Anglaise, n'est-ce pas?*"—"Où, mon ami."—"Ah! vous avez aussi un bon roi; c'est à lui que nous devons nos braves Bourbons: à sa santé." I pledged the honest fellow with all my heart; and which of my readers would not have done the same, had they been in my place?

E.

INVENTIONS.

MERLIN, the wondrous enchanter and seer of Wales, terminated his illustrious life in 477, eight hundred and fifty-three years before the invention of gunpowder, which discovery he is believed to have intimated, by foreshewing that all the elements, in a voice of thunder, were predestined to extinguish in blood the flames of mortal ire. Air, fire, and earth unite in the composition and discharge of artillery: but until hydrogen gas or steam shall be employed in the *materiel* of warfare, the prediction of Merlin remains incomplete. The fatal consequences of wanting a resource when gunpowder happens to be exhausted at a critical juncture, has often warned us to provide a substitute, not to supersede gunpowder, but to which an army can resort when the prime agent in military operations shall fail in quantity or quality; and it is well known, that on sea and land gunpowder may be damaged by the access of waves or heavy rain. In such cases, a powerful succedaneum might avert defeat. If the British troops under Sir Charles Macarthy had possessed

an efficient substitute for gunpowder, the semi-barbarian Ashantees would have had no grounds for boasting in their numerical superiority. Portable enginery, that may be taken asunder and carried in sections, and speedily adjusted for service, might prevent the loss of lives occasioned during the tedious effort in dragging guns up a steep ascent.

The practicability of rendering these crude suggestions subservient to the advantage of the British army will obtain all due consideration from a commander-in-chief supereminently the soldier's friend; a name which implies every military virtue, every excellence of individual character. To avert all unnecessary hardship, and spare the lives of the soldiers, is now a system perfectly organized under the auspices of the Duke of York; and no hint that can be of the least benefit is despised. Thrice happy the land where hints may be so offered!

It appears, that against a bullet no defence is more secure than several folds of silk. Thus a light and pliant armour might perhaps be formed

at a moderate expense. In that point of view the readers of the *Repository* will recollect an anecdote of Major Reid, of the engineers. Incidents of that nature should lead to beneficial inventions.

Passing from the dangers of war to the "soft and piping time of peace," we beg leave to indicate a life-preserver for the young and lovely, who too often meet the shafts of insidious disease amidst the brilliant toils of gaiety. Dr. Johnson has published very sensible strictures upon the neglect of defending the lungs from injury by atmospherical transitions. A net of soft woollen, loosely thrown over the face, and wrapped in folds around the neck, bust, and uncovered arms, would communicate a portion of caloric, or heat, from the breath, to the current of air rushing into the lungs at each inspiration; and thus a frigid nocturnal atmosphere would be in a great measure corrected. Our manufacturers cannot more beneficially employ their ingenuity and taste, than by inventing a wrap of elegant texture, suitable for enveloping the delicate beings who, from heated rooms, pass to their carriages, perhaps to a considerable distance, through an obstructing throng of servants and vehicles. Can our fashionables exert their influence more laudably than by introducing a mode which is calculated to avert a hopeless, a frequent malady?

Pulmonary obstructions have in many cases been imputed to immoderately taking snuff. Dare we venture to say this is a practice scarcely compatible with the nice refinement of British cleanliness? It is no slight anomaly in our general habits, that tobacco, in substance or vapour, is to-

lerated among the polished classes of society; and since the effluvia are so high in favour, our chemists would probably find their advantage in preparing from the plant an essence to regale the olfactory nerves, without offending visual delicacy.

The frozen snows that lurk in hollows on the summits of our mountains, when spring has thawed the vales, are the acknowledged cause of the frosts which blight the hopes of agricultural labourers. Science hath acquired the power of making ice. Is there no cheap and simple process to dissolve it? Is there no engine to be invented with powers to agitate the corn after a night of frost? or rather, to keep it in motion, and drive it away from the fields, to fall innoxious upon unproductive tracts of ground?

The writer has superficially pointed out various occupations for talent, and the inventions are not so abstruse or complicated in principle, nor so costly, and surely not less beneficial, than many which, "in the birthday of invention, weak at first, dull in design, and cumbrous to behold," were by perseverance brought to graceful perfection and utility. Few subjects are so pregnant with instruction, amusement, and deep interest, as a parallel between the condition of our ancestors, in their primitive dwellings, their unbecoming garments, and their puerile or rude pleasures; compared with the conveniences, elegances, comforts, and intellectual enjoyments of our era. It is ennobling to contemplate the almost boundless resources of the human faculties. Every year is marked by some original effort of science or art, or some valuable improvement upon former methods;

and so multifarious are the powers of man, that though, amidst public calamity, many ancient inventions have perished, the productions well known, and almost daily increasing,

would furnish in description abundant materials for a voluminous work, and require the associated talents of many compilers.

B. G.

THE LOITERER.

No. XII.

Of all the endearing qualities of woman, the most remarkable is perhaps that total abandonment of self which the sex so frequently manifest in the relations of social life, and particularly where we are concerned. This disinterestedness seems to be inherent in the good and virtuous part of the sex; and instances of it have been found even among those unfortunates who, sunk by the wiles of man into the lowest depths of infamy, still preserve, amidst the wreck of every noble and virtuous sentiment, some remains of that lovely quality which allies woman, when in her state of purity, to angels.

I believe that all who have ever made human nature their study, will agree with me in assigning the praise of disinterestedness to the softer sex. If we look at woman in almost every relation with others, we shall see that her first thoughts are for them; but it is especially in her intercourse with our sex that this virtue appears with peculiar lustre. Adversity has been termed, and with justice, the shining time of woman; for it calls forth all that is amiable and excellent in her nature; nay, often discovers qualities, which till then no one suspected her to possess. The tale I am about to relate, and which I present to my readers as a fact, is a proof of the truth of this observation.

Julie de R. was taken from a convent at the age of sixteen, to be married to the Marquis de la V. who had nearly completed his fiftieth year. The rank and fortune of de la V. had been his recommendations to the parents of Julie: in fact, they were the only ones he possessed; for he was a selfish voluptuary, devoid of generosity and sensibility, and with a very limited understanding; nor was there any thing in his manners that could gloss over the faults of his character. Such a man could not be regarded by a young and ingenuous woman with any feeling but that of positive aversion; but the will of her parents was arbitrary, and Julie, forced to obey it, strove to console herself for the sacrifice she had made by all those noisy and expensive pleasures, which the high rank and large fortune of her husband placed within her reach.

In less than four years after this unsuitable union had taken place, the French revolution broke out. The marquis and his wife narrowly escaped the guillotine by flight; but they were unable to save any part of their property, except a small sum of money and a few jewels of little value, which was all that they were able to bring with them to England, where they, like many of their unfortunate country-people, sought an asylum. This resource was soon

exhausted. The temper of de V. naturally bad, became still worse under the pressure of adversity; and the unfortunate Julie had to endure at the same time the horrors of indigence, and the bitter and undeserved taunts and reproaches of him who ought to have been her support and comforter under misfortune.

Until then the real character of the marchioness was unknown even to herself: lively, thoughtless almost to childishness, and more helpless than even women of her rank ordinarily were, one would have thought her utterly incapable of braving the rigour of her destiny; but adversity seemed to give her a new character. Had she been alone, she would perhaps have sunk under it; but she was roused to exertion by the thought, that de V.'s sole dependence was upon her; for, yielding to despair, he sunk under misfortunes, which he made no effort to overcome.

From the moment of her arrival in England, she strove to learn the language; but this was at first a difficult task, for she was ignorant of the rules of grammar. Strange as this will appear to the accomplished females of the present day, it was the case with many French ladies of that period. A retentive memory and a good ear, however, soon enabled her to learn as much of the language as served for common purposes. The first use that she made of her knowledge was to endeavour to dispose of fancy works, in which she was a proficient. This slender and precarious resource proving wholly inadequate to their support, she conceived the idea of endeavouring to teach her language; but in order to be able to teach, it was necessary

that she should learn it: for, as I before said, she was ignorant of the grammatical rules; though, from the exclusive purity and elegance with which she expressed herself, no one could have supposed it.

In order to acquire this knowledge, she stole some time every day from the labours of the needle: embarrassed by the difficulties of the language, she applied to de V. for assistance. Can one believe, that, under such circumstances, he could be cruel enough to insult her ignorance, and to ridicule her intention of conquering it? Such, however, is the fact, and the poor Julie paid by the bitterest humiliations for the little assistance which he gave her. Nothing, however, could discourage her; she persevered, and her perseverance was crowned with success. She was soon able to teach, but as de V. in his fits of ill-humour, had more than once foretold, she could not get pupils. She applied herself then with redoubled assiduity to the fancy work, from which she derived their slender support; and she comforted herself under the failure of her other expectations, by the hope that a time would come when they would be realized.

But her physical was not equal to her moral strength: she suffered in fact under fatigue and privation of every kind; for of the little that she acquired by her labour, she expended by far the greatest part for de V. whose comforts she provided for as well as her scanty means would permit; while she allowed herself only the coarsest food, and even of that no more than was actually necessary to prevent nature from sinking under inanition.

Labour and the want of proper

food threw her into a state of debility, which threatened to bring her life to a rapid close. Chance, or rather I ought to say Providence, brought an eminent physician to her aid: he found that the medicine most necessary for her was proper nourishment, and this he insisted upon supplying; but to spare her feelings, which he saw were deeply wounded by the idea of being an object of charity, he proposed to advance her a certain sum, upon condition that she should instruct his two daughters in the French language.

This condition had perhaps as much effect in restoring her to health as the money and the medicines which accompanied it. She did her utmost with her pupils, whose natural talents well seconded her zeal and assiduity. The worthy physician, convinced of her abilities, and deeply interested in her welfare, exerted himself to procure her pupils: her reputation as a teacher soon became established, and she had the happiness to procure by her efforts an income sufficient for the decent comforts of life.

De V. far from seconding her exertions in any way, was not content to expend upon himself the greatest part of their produce, but by a perversity of temper, which could only have its source in a depraved heart, he seemed to place his happiness in tormenting her to whom he owed

every thing. He even carried his senseless malignity so far as to reproach her at times with having degraded him by the very industry which gave him bread. For seven years the unhappy wife endured this living martyrdom without a murmur. At the end of that time he was seized with a lingering disorder. Julie never quitted him but when absolute necessity compelled her, and her few moments of repose were taken on a mattress stretched by his bed-side. Pain and sickness at length awoke him to a sense of her worth, and to a consciousness of how much he had abused it. Ah! how bitter must that consciousness have been in the moment when reparation became impossible! He expired in her arms, and his last breath was spent in beseeching the pardon of heaven for the misery he had caused her.

But the scoffers at the sex will tell me, Julie is a *rara avis*. I deny it: she has but exercised the virtues proper to the sex, virtues which are oftener practised than we are willing to allow, because they are those which seek the shade; and they would be still more general, if we were careful to make education second nature, instead of instilling, as is too often the case, selfishness and vanity into the minds of our daughters, under the names of prudence and proper spirit.

N. NEVERMOVE.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. I.

JACOB NEVER-SOBER: *A Popular Tale of Thuringia.*

JACOB, a wealthy farmer, in a village of Thuringia, lived in a house which had belonged to his family for

many generations. He was stout and robust, a man of unimpeachable character, quiet, industrious, respect-

ed, and beloved by all the villagers, till Squire Veit's hounds drove him from house and home, and transformed the peaceable rustic into a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer.

One day, when Jacob was harnessing his horses for the last time to his waggon, he heard Packan, his great yard-dog, to which he was much attached, on account of his fidelity and his tried services against thieves, crying lamentably in the road. He ran forth armed with a cudgel, with which he soundly belaboured two monstrous dogs, which had got Packan down, and the latter, thus seasonably relieved, pursued with him the fleeing enemy.

But it so happened that at this moment Squire Veit galloped up with several sturdy attendants and a whole pack of hounds; and when Maria, Jacob's neighbour, called to him from her window to acquaint him with the circumstance, he uttered the most dreadful imprecations against the peasants. He fell upon the defenceless Jacob, beat him in the most cruel manner, and ordered him to be dragged half dead to his castle, situate in a forest about three miles from the village, of which he was the lord.

This procedure took place at the time when power held the place of law; when the arrogant gentry, presuming upon the weakness of princes, acknowledged no superior; when they talked only of prerogatives and never of duties, and denied the oppressed peasantry any rights whatever; when the rustic was regarded almost as a slave and a marketable commodity, which the lord of the soil could sell or dispose of at pleasure. Hence no one ever thought of inquiring what Jacob had to urge in his de-

fence, or of attempting his vindication. For five months, tormented by cold, hunger, and vermin, he languished in a dungeon, called the dog-kennel, though it was destined for human beings; and the only fare allotted to him was mouldy bread and water.

But what grieved him more than all this was the insolence of the servants, who, at the instigation of their master, treated him with the utmost contumely; and above all, the bitter scorn of the haughty Kate, the only child of the squire. This lady, the darling and counterpart of her father, daily rode out a-hunting with him; and as she passed Jacob's prison, which had a hole in the door for the admission of air and of the bread that was thrown in, she set the dogs at him, to the no small diversion of the squire; at the same time asking why the cur did not beat off his fellow-dogs, and the like. She allowed herself many other expressions, of which modesty forbids the repetition, and which one could not expect, without such an education, of a young lady of twenty.

Jacob gnashed his teeth, but kept silence. At length, when she once threatened to have him thrown into the dungeon in the keep of the castle, that he might no longer consume the bread which justly belonged to the dogs, and he felt that he still possessed some strength, though his naked arms, when he looked at them, appeared but as the shadows of what they had been, he determined to attempt to break out of his prison. One tempestuous night, towards the conclusion of winter, he began his attack on the crazy walls, and after a few trials levelled them with the

ground. Crawling on his hands and knees over the deep ditches which encompassed the castle-yard, and which were still covered with ice, he once more exulted in the consciousness that he was free.

But whither was he to go? There were then no judges to whom the oppressed could apply, nor were there protectors of the lowly class to which he belonged to screen him from fresh ill usage. He was aware that if he would avoid the vengeance of the squire and the haughty Kate, he must quit the country; for he already beheld in imagination the servants and the dogs assembled at break of day to pursue the fugitive; and he knew that he durst not return home for many years, till the anger of his cruel lord had subsided, or till it was appeased by death.

Yet, before he quitted his native country for ever, he was desirous of once more seeing his house, and passing a few hours with his faithful wife and his two grown-up sons, of whom he had not heard a word during his long confinement, that he might complain to them of the sufferings he had endured, and rejoice with them on account of his recovered freedom; intending to cheer himself once more in a human habitation, to put on a decent suit of apparel, and after obtaining a supply of money, to bid adieu to his home.

Lighted by the moon, which occasionally peeped forth from among clouds, he reached his village, and with a throbbing heart stood before his farm-yard. He knocked and called in an under-tone, but to no purpose: he was not answered by Packan or by any human voice. Impatiently clambering over the fence which surrounded his court-yard, he

entered the house, and found it quite empty—neither wife nor son, neither table, chair, bed, nor door—in short, nothing but the bare walls. Jacob smote his brow, and, seated on the cold ground, passed some hours in vacant rumination. The idea of the approaching day at length roused him from his stupor. He felt himself, to ascertain whether he was still alive, or whether he might not be dreaming. He groped the walls to be sure that it was his house. His blood curdled, and horror thrilled his emaciated frame. He could stay no longer, and rushing out of the door, he hurried through the garden into the open fields.

At this moment he heard the well-known village watchman calling the hour; and the first ray of hope darted into his heart when, amidst the barking of dogs, he distinguished the voice of his Packan. Jacob whistled, and in a few moments the affectionate animal, with loud cries of joy, ran up to his master. Jacob caressed his old friend, whose altered appearance shewed him to be half-famished, and proceeded onward with firmer step, for no longer did he now feel himself quite alone and deserted.

Before sunrise, he was already with his faithful companion in a secret cavern at the foot of the Rothenberg, which he had known from a child, and which he had long before pitched upon during his imprisonment for his retreat. It grew light. When the sun was somewhat elevated above the horizon, he warmed himself in his rays for the first time during a space of seven months—for the first time he beheld trees and fields tinged by the beams of the glorious luminary.

He now began to feel the cravings of hunger, and his dog too eyed him with a significant look. At this moment he perceived at a great distance from the cavern a beggar proceeding with a full wallet along the high-road. Jacob, who had never begged a bit of bread in his life, but given many a one away, hastened down the hill with Packan. He found the beggar lying, with averted face, by the road-side, saluted him, and solicited a piece of bread for his dog and for himself. The beggar turned his head, and instead of an old man, for whom Jacob had taken him, he recognised, with a loud exclamation of joy, his eldest son Frederic, then twenty-five years of age.

He fed his hungry Packan, hastily ate a few morsels of bread in silence, took a draught out of his flask that was offered him, and returned with his son to the cavern, where he inquired how matters stood. He now learned the full extent of his misery.

Some hours after Jacob's apprehension, Veit's bailiffs had driven his wife and sons from their house, scarcely leaving them wherewithal to cover their nakedness. The fields belonging to the farm had been transferred to his neighbour, who had once been Veit's groom, and had married Maria, the squire's cast-off mistress. This Maria Veit had originally destined for Jacob's son, Frederic; but he was already betrothed to a maiden, who, though possessing no fortune, was the crown of the village for virtue, industry, and beauty. This same Maria, now a bitter enemy to Jacob, by whose family she thought herself slighted, took the furniture and the cattle for her share, to pay her, as she said, for her trouble in attending the

squire's bitten and wounded dogs. Next day the haughty Kate came to the village to enjoy the infernal gratification of exposing Jacob's wife and Frederic's bride to the insults and ill usage of her father's wanton domestics, and of the revengeful Maria. The mother was immediately seized with apoplexy, and died in a few days; and Frederic's bride, pining away with grief, followed her to the grave in less than two months. Kurt, the younger son, had joined a band of roving soldiers, and Frederic subsisted by begging.

When the cruel tale was ended, Jacob threw himself on the ground and gnashed his teeth, but uttered not a word. After some time, he sprung wildly up: still he said nothing, though in his heart he cursed Veit and all his crew. For some days he was absorbed in profound thought. Long was he undecided, whether to terminate his life, or to seek revenge. His passions were yet too vehement to permit the adoption of the former alternative, and he vowed in his heart to take signal vengeance on his persecutors.

Frederic, on his return from one of his excursions, brought intelligence that they were no longer safe in the cavern, and that Veit's people were going next day to search the Rothenberg and the Kyffhäuser mountain. At nightfall, therefore, Jacob hastened into the less accessible mountains of the Harz, near Stollberg; and thence, in a few days, to the then impenetrable forest of Lora. Here he at length found in his wanderings an abode where for years he was secure from every species of pursuit.

Between the mountain fortress of Lora and the villages of Wüllfero-

da and Söllstadt; the eye discovers in the recesses of the forest a rocky ridge overgrown with thorns and briars, and having on either side tremendous abysses. To traverse this ridge, it requires a bold heart, and a head not liable to dizziness. At its farther extremity the adventurer comes to a steep wooded declivity, and when he has with some difficulty descended this, he perceives before him two majestic perpendicular rocks, which seem at top to form one solid mass, but leave at bottom a passage a few feet in breadth. In this passage is the entrance to a small cavern, through the side of which is an ascent to another of much larger dimensions. This place was then unknown to the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and now it is seldom trodden by the foot of man, though the mountains are less wild, and the entrance more accessible, than in ancient times.

Here Jacob resolved to fix his abode. Hither his son brought the victuals which he begged, tools of different kinds, and wearing apparel. Jacob meanwhile trained his Packan, gradually formed a path down the rocky steep, and brooded over a plan of revenge. A curse upon Veit! was his first thought in the morning—a curse upon all lords of castles, who degrade the peasantry below the brutes! was his last thought at night.

At first he was not without many “compunctious visitings of conscience;” but he soon stifled this inward voice, by calling to mind the cruel treatment which himself, his wife, and his children had experienced, and by the free use of intoxicating liquors. He importuned his son every day to bring him brandy, and never desired

to see him without a fresh supply of his favourite beverage. Frederic accordingly begged from house to house for a few drops of this liquor, which was then a much rarer article than at present, as a cordial for a sick father, who dwelt in a cavern in the forest, which he took care not to describe more particularly, and whose end was fast approaching. As Frederic applied so often, every time repeating the same story, the neighbouring country-people thence denominated the unknown inmate of the cavern *Never-Sober*.

When Jacob imagined that he was sufficiently provided for some months, he dismissed his son, with the injunction not to return without his brother Kurt, who, possessing more courage, was better qualified to assist him in the execution of his plans. His proud heart could not stoop to beg, and he had long made up his mind to turn robber out of revenge.

To fortify himself in this his firm resolve, he was accustomed to subsist entirely on the flesh of animals which he had stolen. Till he was able to undertake more important enterprises, he carried off sheep, goats, and sometimes bullocks from the flocks and herds of the gentry and the convents, regarding both as the pest of the country. In these expeditions, Packan rendered important services, sometimes driving whole flocks into his retreat, or behind the rocks which concealed them.

To facilitate his designs and to avoid danger, he never sallied forth on his predatory expeditions but in the dusk of evening or at night, completely enveloped in a black cowl. For those occasions, when he intended to excite terror, he provided him-

self with an upper garment made of a black cow-hide, leaving the horns, that his appearance might be the more hideous. At such times he held in his mouth a tinder-box, filled with touch-wood, from which, according to circumstances, he could blow a thick smoke, or even fire. When, thus equipped, he prowled about at night, accompanied by his great coal-black dog, which never barked, but glared savagely round after booty, it is not surprising that the ignorant herdsmen should imagine it to be the devil himself, and take to their heels at his approach.

As he did no bodily harm to any one, several of the rustics, who had frequently seen this apparition, began to regard him as a good-natured devil, and even ventured occasionally to exchange a word with him.

Thus one time at nightfall Jacob met in the forest a shepherd driving ten fat sheep before him. "Whither away?" cried he in a voice of thunder.—"To the abbot of Elende," replied the trembling rustic.—"The abbot, thy master, and the sheep are mine," rejoined Jacob, blowing fire out of his mouth. The horror-stricken shepherd crossed himself. "I have not power to hurt thee," said Jacob: "go whither thou wilt, but first inform the abbot, that Satan, his father, has taken the sheep." The clown, though his hair stood erect

with fright, nevertheless ventured to stammer forth these words: "May it please thee, most excellent Mr. Devil, to give me a receipt for the sheep; else my master, the squire, and the abbot will not believe my story."—"Tell the abbot," replied Jacob, "that this night at twelve I will appear before his window, and bring him a handsome joint of meat in return." The shepherd consigned the fat sheep to Packan, who drove them to the rocky ridge, and hastened, trembling in every limb, to relate his adventure, and announce the threatened visit to the abbot and other inhabitants of the monastery. The monks were roused from their beds, and the abbot assembled the whole convent in his apartment, where, provided with a large vessel of holy water, they awaited, with loud prayers, fear, and trembling, the dreaded hour of midnight. It arrived, and with it Jacob in full costume; that is to say, entirely enveloped in the black, horned cow-hide, with fire issuing from his mouth, and attended by his great black dog. In a few minutes he suddenly disappeared, owing, as the monks believed, to the efficacy of the holy water, of which the exorcist had made a liberal use. The piece of beef which he had brought with him they left a prey to dogs and ravens.

(To be concluded in our next.)

YMBRIC AND SIVENA.

SWITHELME, king of the West Saxons, received from the Arch-Druid of Cambria a sword which brought conquest and honour to the arm that wielded its shining blade. But there is no happiness without alloy. The weapon that reaped for

Swithelme the richest fruits of victory, brought dissension into his house. He had five sons, all united in paternal concord, until this warlike gift excited proud emulation among them: Cleofred, the eldest, claimed it in right of primogeniture;

Erchimwin, because he was suckled by a woman of the nearest blood related to the Arch-Druid; Sexred founded his pretension on account of being the only son of Swithelme who was present when the sword was delivered to his hand; Alfryd, as he was named after the sacred donor of the gift; and Ymblic, the youngest of the brothers, asserted a superior claim, since from infancy he was reared by the Arch-Druid, and more than half initiated in the tremendous mysteries of his office, before the mighty disposer of the spirits of men laid his awful head in the earth of his beloved country. These disputes being made known to the king, he was unhappy: yet his wisdom staggered not, nor slumbered in exploring the path of safety. He called the youths to his presence, and spoke to them in the kindness of paternal admonition.

"My sons! ye have been dear to your father as the breath of his life, or the beam of day; because ye loved each other. But when dissension ariseth in a family or kingdom, then cometh the downfall of their power, and the decay of their fame. The Arch-Druid, ye know, sent one sword of unfailing might; but it seems ye have not discovered, that the escort charged with your brother Ymblic brought likewise four swords of equal virtue with the first. I now give one of those to each of your right hands. Depart singly, in different ways, with three score men in your train. Depart, and reap the harvest of renown. Your cousin, the fair Sivena, will place a sword in the grasp of each. Obey her words, and be known among the brightest warriors in ages to come."

Sivena was daughter and heiress

of Canowalch, king of the South Saxons. Her beauty equalled only her depth of wisdom, which gave light to the young and strength to the aged. By her counsel, the king acted in this difficult conjuncture, when the strife of brothers threatened to shake the pillars of his house. Sivena had been nurtured with Ymblic under the shade of sacred oaks; and when the Arch-Druid perceived that his spirit would soon ascend to unfading groves, he sent the youth and the ungrown damsel to Swithelme. Their hearts inclined to each other in childhood, and grew together in one source of joy or care, as year after year perfected their form of loveliness and strengthened their sinews.

Sivena gave a sword to her four elder cousins; but to Ymblic she said, "Aspiring boy! twelve moons must wax and wane ere thy hand of youth shall be fit to grasp a weapon." The blood mounted in fiery glow to the cheeks of Ymblic; but since the words that kindled his wrath came from the beautiful lips of Sivena, he calmed his ruffled brow, and trusted in her wisdom. His brothers departed east, west, north, and south, and when twelve moons had grown and waned, the daughter of Canowalch gave herself and the true sword of the Arch-Druid to Ymblic. In secret, the ungrown damsel had employed a Cambrian artist to prepare four other swords, the light of her soul forewarning her of a contention among her cousins; and thus she averted rage and bloodshed from the house of Swithelme. But each son of the West Saxon king, trusting in his sword, was invincible. The blades, sharpened by the concealed mandate of Sivena,

were mighty in war as the gift of the Arch-Druid. Ymbrie shone a hero in battle, and with Sivena spread the glory of wisdom and victory over the land of the South Saxons; but Cleofred and Erchimwin, and Sexred and Alfryd, were also great among conquerors; for it is not the weapon nor the force of arm, but the valour, the strength, and firm con-

fidence of the soul, which prevail against a foe.

Thrice blessed is the damsel, who, like Sivena, preserves peace among her kindred; and happy the aged man that seeks the mild and conciliating counsel of female prudence to guide his domestic circle.

B. G.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF HAYTI AT THE CONCLUSION OF CHRISTOPHE'S REIGN.

By CHARLES RITTER.

THE author of these observations, a gentleman in the service of the Emperor of Austria, was sent to Hayti with five assistants, for the purpose of collecting plants and objects in natural history for the Imperial Gardens and Museum. They sailed from Trieste, in February 1820, in an English vessel, which he calls the *Echer* (probably the *Echo*), Captain Smart, hired for the purpose of the expedition; and after a residence of nearly twelve months in St. Domingo, returned in the same ship about the middle of the following year.

We came in sight of St. Domingo on the 11th of April. We steered for the north coast, and anchored in the harbour of Cape-Town. I went on shore in company with the captain and commercial agent: a crowd of whites and blacks was already waiting on the shore to gaze at and to welcome the strangers. Figure to yourself a motley mixture of decently dressed whites, and negroes either clothed in rags or half-naked, and among these, here and there a black officer, in his uniform, em-

broidered with silver and gold, an incongruous medley of splendour and wretchedness.

We took up our quarters at first in a coffee-house kept by a *griffonne*, that is, the daughter of a negro by a mulatto-woman. Here strangers find tolerable accommodation for a few days; but, like other foreigners who intend to make any stay, we soon hired a house, in which we fixed our abode.

To my great disappointment, I was soon informed that Christophe, the sovereign of the northern portion of the island, never permitted strangers to explore his dominions; because, in his jealousy, he regarded every white as a spy. In order that I might be enabled to obtain some indulgence, I had been furnished with various European curiosities from the Imperial Cabinets at Vienna, such as stuffed birds, insects, minerals, &c.; but these objects, which would have interested any polished person, had no charms for him, and indeed only served to confirm his suspicions, that the mask of the naturalist was merely assumed to conceal the spy. It was to the politeness of the Eng-

lish merchants, and chiefly to the English physician, Dr. Stuart, that I was entirely indebted for some facilities towards the attainment of my object. They had obtained from Christophe a country-house, two leagues from the Cape, for their recreation on holidays. Not a white was suffered in the country, excepting at this place and Cape-Town.

The more bountifully Nature has here dispensed her rarest gifts, and the more their diversity must astonish the inquisitive observer, so much the more painful is the aspect of the devastations which human hands have so industriously committed. Cape-Town, which, under the French authority, was one of the most flourishing cities of the West Indies; which was the seat of commerce, wealth, luxury, and fashion, where diversions of every kind incessantly succeeded each other; this city, formerly styled *le petit Paris*, now lies mostly in ruins. There, where the stranger, on his arrival, used to find every possible accommodation, where he was hospitably welcomed by the polished inhabitants, he now walks through streets filled with uncouth cruel blacks, whose manners and habits have undergone a prodigious change, since they have no longer been under the prudent controul of others, but left to their own discretion. Of the arts and sciences very few traces are perceptible; for Christophe's sole ambition was the organization of his troops. He supported, to be sure, two small theatres; but they were destined exclusively for the entertainment of the court, as it was denominated. At one of these theatres I afterwards saw the representation of *Le Capucin Amou-*

reux, and found my expectations so far surpassed, that I could not deny the sable actors some talent for the dramatic art.

The Haytians in general have no other diversions than riding and dancing: of the latter, the lower classes are inordinately fond. They manifest great suppleness of limbs, and any measured tones immediately set them in the most violent motion: for you need but drum on an empty calebash to produce this effect. Their favourite dance is the African national dance called *bambucha*, in which they make the most extravagant gestures. Their orchestra consists of a barrel with one end knocked out and a calf-skin stretched over it: this is placed on a bench, and by means of a couple of sticks, tones are brought forth that would stun an European ear. The clatter of a number of stones in hollow calebashes does not tend to give a softer character to the music, which is, moreover, accompanied by the singing, or rather the hideous shrieking, of persons of both sexes.

The language of the common Haytians is the Creole; but the more polished classes speak tolerably good French.

The dress of the lower orders is extremely simple. A coarse shirt, linen drawers, a handkerchief bound round the head, and a large round straw hat, compose the costume of the men. The women also wind a handkerchief about the head, and wear similar hats; a red or blue striped gown completes their attire. The poorest sort go almost naked. In the country, too, females perform their domestic work nearly uncovered; and they frequently put on a

white muslin gown when they go to town to the market, which they do on horses, mules, or asses.

Their habitations are mostly huts, which are often erected in some corner, among the ruins of a once splendid edifice. This contrast affords the most striking evidence of the past and present times of Hayti.

Wretched and pitiable as is the present state of the common blacks in the island, so striking is the difference between them and the higher classes, who study luxury and extravagance, especially in apparel and outward parade. All the men wore, while Christophe was alive, blue or green uniforms, as none of them was exempt from military service. It was not till after his death that they began to wear plain clothes. The handkerchief about the head is universal among people of all ranks, because they have a notion that it prevents diseases; for the pores, being opened too much by the intense heat of the day, would close too suddenly on a change to a lower temperature, and this would be productive of bad consequences. The black ladies are particularly distinguished by expense and ostentation in dress. Their head-dress is composed of rich and curiously twisted handkerchiefs; their robes are made of the most costly English stuffs; in general silks, but always of striking gaudy colours. All their fingers are covered with rings, and their necks and ears glitter with ornaments of gold. But it is in their body linen that both sexes display the greatest luxury. It is of the finest linen or muslin, adorned with rich embroidery, of which they are very fond, and which the females even work themselves, though they

shun every other occupation. On account of the extreme heat, they change their linen three times a day. When they go abroad, they cover the head with a very large hat of white or black felt, from which a couple of large gold tassels hang down to the shoulders. Their gait is very slow and deliberate; with one hand they hold up their train, and in the other a parasol.

Christophe caused many of the houses at Cape-Town which had been destroyed to be rebuilt in their former style. They are but one story high, and have each of them a covered balcony, which, in fine evenings, is the favourite haunt of the sable ladies. It is a curious sight to observe the black architects engaged in building a house. A long file of negroes, each carrying a brick upon his head, proceed in slow measured step to the spot, where they work as slowly, and where they incite one another to their arduous labour by a song, or rather a most disagreeable cry. The negroes in general never work without singing; and you hear their melodies in the coffee and sugar plantations, as well as when they are engaged in any other employment.

The military are equipped according to the French costume, but, with the exception of the officers and the guards, they go barefoot.

Christophe's court establishment consisted, at the time of my arrival in the island, of four princes, seven dukes, twenty-two counts, thirty-one barons, and forty knights. The ministers appeared daily in their state dresses, white silk stockings, shoes with buckles, silk breeches, velvet coats embroidered with gold or sil-

ver, false queues, powdered hair, and *chapeau-bas*. Thus attired, they gravely stalked along on foot to court, with at most a squalid negro following at their heels, for carriages are not customary in Hayti. The secretaries and subordinate officers sat at their desks in their uniforms, and were not a little proud of their rank.

Every Sunday there was a grand attendance at church. So early as five o'clock, that is to say, with the earliest dawn, because in Hayti the sun rises almost all the year round between six and seven o'clock, the summons of the drums and trumpets was heard from the *Place d'Armes*. Here the guards assembled, and paid their morning salute to Christophe with Turkish music, in which the great drum acted a chief part, as might be inferred from the taste of the negroes. Before the first rays of the sun had gilded the summits of the mountains, the parade commenced. Christophe appeared at a balcony and inspected the troops. About ten the church service began: he then proceeded to church, accom-

panied by his wife, under an awning borne by twenty-four blacks, magnificently attired in the Spanish fashion, and surrounded by his guards. He was followed by his black nobility according to their rank, and the military, with Turkish music, closed the rear. After some singing, which was accompanied by a hautboy and a couple of clarionets, instead of organ, the archbishop read mass, and then delivered a discourse from the altar, for there is no pulpit in the church; nay, but few seats are to be seen there, so that each lady is followed by a female attendant carrying her chair. The common people squatted on the floor; and round about the church stood and lay the asses, mules, and horses, which had brought the people from the country to mass.

When the service was over, the procession returned in the order in which it came, the bells continuing at the same time to ring till Christophe had reached his palace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED:

A Tale founded on Facts.

"INDEED, Emma, I shall do no such thing: your mamma and papa may invite him here if they please; but if they think *I* am to condescend to receive him with any show of regard or esteem, they are very much mistaken, I assure you."

"But, my dear Louisa, consider how, by slighting their commands, you will offend your guardians; and, perhaps, induce them to take measures which I tremble but to think of."

"I shall not tremble, my dear girl, at enduring all their malice can inflict. Two short years will free me from their power; and the worst they can do is to confine me. But let them have a care: confinement never tamed a woman's spirit, nor blunted her genius for stratagem. I may baffle all their schemes, however cleverly planned."

"How I envy your happy flow of spirits!" replied Emma: "I wish that I too could thus make a jest of

my situation, and trifle with the misery which awaits me. Alas!—"

"Ah! my dear, I should have but little inclination for jest or trifling, did I, like you, owe a child's obedience to those, whom, though placed in the situation of guardians and protectors, I must ever look upon as my greatest enemies and persecutors. I have the certainty before me of being released from their malice at the end of a period of no long duration: *you* have no alternative, but that of obeying your parents, and thus leading a life of misery; or, by flying from their tyranny, subjecting yourself to one of reproach. Pardon me," seeing Emma's tears begin to flow, "I meant not to add to your affliction; and let me again remind you, that *once* in possession of a home, that home is also yours."

A servant now entered to summon the cousins to breakfast; and, hastily effacing the traces of tears from her cheeks, Emma took the arm of Louisa, and they descended to the breakfast-parlour.

On their entrance, they found the expected guest was not arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Bonell were seated at the breakfast-table, but Sir George Purchase was absent. "And pray," exclaims my fair reader, "*who* are Mr. and Mrs. Bonell? and who is Sir George Purchase? and who are the two young ladies who have been discoursing so sentimentally all this time, but to whom you have not thought proper to introduce me?"

Indeed, madam, I must apologize for my inattention in supposing that you were as well acquainted with the persons of my story as I am myself; but I will endeavour to make amends for my neglect, by giving you a brief outline of their his-

tory, up to the period at which my tale commences.

Colonel Dorville and Mr. Bonell married two sisters, who were as unlike each other in mental acquirements, as they were in personal accomplishments. Louisa was amiable in disposition and lovely in person; Emma was deformed in both. She hated her sister for the possession of those qualities in which she was herself deficient; and sought, by every means in her power, to thwart the wishes, to blight the hopes, and to check the pursuits of the amiable girl. Yet these evil propensities, and this wayward and wicked disposition, were concealed under such a meek and modest exterior, that she completely deceived her guileless sister; who intrusted the crafty Emma with every thought of her innocent heart, and little imagined, when her hopes were crossed, or her wishes disappointed, that it was her unkind relative who aimed the blow.

Their parents died when they were both young, and they were left to the guardianship of the father of Mr. Bonell, an honourable man, who scrupulously fulfilled the trust reposed in him. A similarity of disposition soon attracted George Bonell to Emma, though the superior beauty of her sister proved a more powerful magnet, and for a time made him her slave. Louisa rejected his addresses; and from that moment he joined with Emma in persecuting and ill-using her. Mr. Bonell was frequently obliged to interpose his authority, and her marriage with Colonel Dorville released her from the sphere of their influence. A new battery was then opened: George Bonell, who soon after married Emma, now played the amiable,

and was well seconded by his wife; and they succeeded so well in imposing upon the colonel and his lady, that when the former was ordered to India, and his Louisa refused to be left behind, they placed their daughter under the guardianship of their uncle and aunt, with directions to spare no pains nor expense in her education, and to provide for her masters in every useful and elegant accomplishment, that she might be properly qualified for the elevated sphere in life they trusted she was destined to fill.

War, ruthless war, soon cut short the thread of Colonel Dorville's existence; and the united effects of the climate and of grief in a very short period deprived Louisa of her remaining parent. Her uncle and aunt were, by the will of her father, constituted her guardians till she attained the age of twenty-one years; and the sole management of her fortune, which was large, till that period was vested in the former. No sooner was the lovely girl placed entirely in their power, than, regardless of the claim which her orphan state had for pity and protection upon every generous heart, they resolved to visit on her hapless head all the hatred which they had conceived for her mother. Her masters were dismissed; she was kept in total seclusion, and treated but little better than a menial servant. Her very excellent spirits, however, enabled her to bear up against this gross injustice, and the friendship of her cousin deprived her situation of much of its horror. These two amiable girls, though of totally dissimilar dispositions, were warmly attached to each other; so much so, that Emma was frequently scolded by her parents for breaking

through the rules which they had laid down to be observed with respect to their cousin. Of her own treatment, Emma had not, in her early years, much to complain. Mr. and Mrs. Bonell loved her as well as they were capable of loving anything; they had bestowed upon her an excellent education; and seldom withheld any indulgence which she requested, except when her cousin was the object of it, to whom their dislike was as inveterate as it was undeserved. A short time, however, previous to that at which my tale commences, a gentleman had offered himself as a suitor to Emma, who possessed no one qualification to recommend him, except his riches, which were immense. These had won him favour in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Bonell, though not in those of their daughter; and she was recommended, notwithstanding all her entreaties, to prepare herself to be led to the altar by Mr. Roberts at the same time that her cousin became Lady Purchase. "That I shall never be," said the laughing Louisa; "therefore keep a good heart, girl, and 'live in hope, if you die in despair,' as the old proverb says. Who knows but some adventurous knight may storm this dreary castle, discomfit the giant and giantess who have the care of it—my gracious guardian and guardiansess," she added, making a low courtesy to their pictures, which decorated the room where the cousins were standing, "and carry you off on a hypogriff, to be married by the far-famed blacksmith of Gretna; taking poor me on a pillion behind you, provided the monster will carry double?" This Sir George Purchase, whom Mr. Bonell had selected as the husband of his niece, was repre-

sented to him as a ruined gamester; and in desiring Louisa to marry him, he was actuated by the diabolical hope, that he would dissipate her fortune as he had done his own, and reduce her to beggary and wretchedness. He had been expected to breakfast at Hampstead-Lodge on the morning when the conversation with which this tale opens took place between the cousins; and Louisa felt a weight removed from her heart, for notwithstanding her natural cheerfulness, she felt her situation at times most keenly when she found nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Bonell in the breakfast-parlour.

The meal passed nearly in silence, but just before its conclusion, Mr. Bonell said, "We have been disappointed in the non-arrival of our expected guest, Louisa: he will, however, be here to dinner, and I command you to be prepared to receive him as my friend and your intended husband."—"He will never be my husband; and therefore it is quite vain to deceive the gentleman with any such hope, and so I shall promptly tell him. I know the law will not suffer me to marry without your consent, while I am in your power; neither will it require me to marry without my own: therefore I shall choose to remain single a little longer, uncle."—"Why, you arrogant hussy!" exclaimed the enraged Mr. Bonell.—"Nay, fie, guardy! what call names, and to a lady too! Really if you do not know better manners, I shall have to teach you: at present I will leave the room till you have recovered your temper." So saying, the lively girl vanished from the apartment, and had reached her room before her uncle had recovered from his astonishment. He follow-

ed her immediately, and locking her door, he put the key in his pocket, vowing she should never stir out of the house again till she agreed to receive Sir George as her husband.

Thus inauspiciously did affairs look for Sir George, when he arrived, as expected, to a four-o'clock dinner. He was a dasher of the new school, drove his four-in-hand, kept his race-horses and his hounds, and dressed in a white hat, Belcher handkerchief, short jacket, or frock-coat; two waist-coats, a white and a purple one; buckskin breeches and boots; and over all, a drab Benjamin, with pearl buttons as large as a five-shilling piece. He drove up to the lodge, followed by his groom on horseback, and having inquired for the stables, and seen his "tits" properly taken care of, he was ushered into the house by Mr. Bonell, and introduced to his wife and daughter. He kept up a lively conversation till they were summoned to dinner; but it was too much interspersed with slang phrases, and the language of the stable and the turf, to afford any amusement to my fair readers; therefore I shall not transcribe it. Emma bore her share in the dialogue with evident restraint; she avoided the looks of Sir George, and he seemed to be equally desirous of not encountering hers; and when the servant announced that dinner was on the table, both felt the summons as a joyful release from a state of embarrassment which it was painful to endure.

Louisa entered the dining-room at the same time with the rest of the party. On seeing her, Sir George made a low bow, which was met with a stiff and stately courtesy from the lady, and at table the vivacity of both seemed to be entirely gone. Mr.

Bonell and his wife, however, talked and ate with a rapidity that put the lookers-on in fear every moment lest an unlucky morsel, in taking a wrong direction, should at once suspend the performance of their animal and rational functions. However, perhaps practice here had made perfect, for nothing of the kind occurred, and the dinner passed off without any sinister occurrence. The ladies withdrew with the cloth, and left Mr. Bonell and his guest to amuse themselves over their wine.

A few glasses had gone round in silence, broken only by the enunciation of certain toasts from Mr. Bonell, which he always made a point of drinking after dinner. At length, finding the baronet hesitated to begin the conversation, he broke the ice by observing, "A fine woman your intended, Sir George! She'll not disgrace your curricule at Newmarket."

Sir George. Zounds, do you think I shall sport my wife at Newmarket? No, no, my old boy, you'll catch me doing nothing so decidedly flat, I'll assure ye: why I should be black-balled at the club, and quizzed by all the knowing ones on the *paré*.

Mr. Bonell. What, it's not the fashion to shew off your wives on the turf then, eh?

Sir George. No, that fashion's been exploded many a day. We know better than to initiate our wives into such scenes as, between you and me, may make them wiser on some points, but cannot make them better. We leave them to carry on the war at home, whilst we take in the flats, and shew them the prime o' life, and all that there sort of thing, according to the new school.

Mr Bonell. Or get taken in yourself, eh, Sir George?

Sir George. Why, to speak the truth, I have been confoundedly bit; the legs have lately been too deep for me, that's the truth of the matter. That cursed St. Leger business was a clean 10,000*l.* out of my pocket. I must positively pull up, or I am a ruined man.

Mr. Bonell. O your wife's fortune will be large, Sir George: as guardian, I shall only make a deduction of 500*l.* a year for her board and education; a very moderate charge, which will not reimburse me what I have expended. However, that's no matter. This sum, reckoned for twelve years, will be only 6000*l.* to deduct from 50,000*l.* and will leave what will well enable you to retrieve your losses.

Sir George. Aye, well, we shall see. But I say, guardy, 500*l.* a year seems a devilish large sum: I can't consent to it.

Mr. Bonell. Then you'll not have my niece, sir, and there the matter ends.

Sir George. But, guardy, you are so cursed peremptory. You'll not hear reason; why you're worse than my *ci-devant* pal, the Hon. Tom Trotter, who won 5000*l.* of me on the Derby by a very rascally trick. He allowed me to wring his nose and to call him a scoundrel, and he only asked me to pay him the money afterwards; and you shall have your demand, my old boy: so now *allons* for the ladies.

The two gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, where they found Mrs. Bonell busily engaged in preparing coffee. Sir George accosted Louisa, who wished to have some

conversation with him, intending at once, plainly and firmly, to tell him she never would be his. They conversed together till summoned to the tea-table, but in so low a tone, that the subject of their discourse did not reach the rest of the company; and when they separated, Louisa's eyes told a tale, which, if her guardian could have rightly read them, would have destroyed the pleasing anticipations in which he was indulging. What those were may be learned from the following brief dialogue between him and his wife, after they had retired for the night.

Mr. Bonell. So, my dear, I think I have managed this gay spark very well. He is to pay me down 6000*l.* on the wedding-day; and, depend upon it, there will be very little of the remainder of the girl's fortune left at the end of a twelvemonth.

Mrs. Bonell. Oh! it will so rejoice me to see this chit humbled! I cannot forgive her mother for triumphing over me in every way; and this girl has so much of her mother in her face and in her disposition, that I shall have as much pleasure in seeing her obliged to come to ask me for assistance, when her spendthrift husband is utterly ruined, as I should have had in seeing Colonel Dorville come home from India without a shilling in his pocket.

Mr. Bonell. Well, you are soon likely to see it, for marry Sir George she shall; and if he does not make the money fly, why then my name is not Charles Bonell, that's all.

The worthy couple went to sleep to dream of their niece's ruin; whilst that niece, deeply as they were striving to injure her, and ill as they had for a long time used her, was, as she was always wont to do, praying for

blessings on their heads, before she sought her pillow, to obtain that repose which seldom flies the virtuous and guileless breast.

To the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Bonell, who had expected a great deal of trouble with Louisa, she and Sir George appeared the next day to be on the best possible footing, and the restraint of Emma in the company of the latter entirely disappeared. Sir George drove his fair intended to town in his curricie in the course of the day; and when they returned, they brought with them a relation of the gentleman's, the Earl of Donellan, a young and handsome peer of large fortune, high accomplishments, and the most splendid virtues. Mr. Bonell, who, with the meanness of a little mind, always paid homage to rank, was even servilely civil to the young peer; and his wife was not behindhand with him in the most fulsome flattery. A pleasant day was spent at the lodge, and the Earl of Donellan, on bidding the party adieu, was earnestly pressed to visit them again, as often as he could make it convenient.

A few days' intimacy seemed to have placed Sir George very high in the good graces of both the young ladies; and, at his request, preparations were made for a very early celebration of the nuptial ceremony, which was fixed to take place within a month. In the mean time, the Earl of Donellan was a daily visitor at the lodge, and the two cousins, with their beaus, made many pleasant excursions to see the lions in the neighbourhood. To lovers, the time which intervenes between the appointment of the wedding-day and its arrival is said to pass on leaden wings; but to ours, it appeared to fly on downy

pinions, so swiftly and so pleasantly passed the laughing hours. Mr. and Mrs. Bonell were astonished; but they had gone too far to retract: the former too was led to believe by Sir George, that he only assumed the appearance of steadiness and devoted attachment, till he was made secure in the possession of his prize.

At length the 20th July, 18—, arrived, and the 21st was the day on which Louisa and Sir George Purchase were to be united. Her guardian had refused to sanction any settlement of her fortune upon herself, except a pitiful 100*l.* a year pin-money, under the plea, that he did not approve of the plan of making wives independent of their husbands. He had been to Doctors'-Commons with Sir George, and procured a licence, and Sir George had given him the following note of hand:

"I promise to pay to Charles Bonell the sum of six thousand pounds on the day on which I marry his niece, Louisa Dorville. Witness my hand, this 20th day of July, 18—,

"GEORGE PURCHASE."

The marriage was to take place the next morning at Hampstead church, and Emma and a sister of the Earl of Donellan's were to be the bridesmaids. At dinner, however, Louisa startled the whole party, by declaring she would not be married at all, if her uncle and aunt were present at the ceremony. She had so repeatedly said, she observed, when they first told her that Sir George Purchase was to be her husband, that they should never *see* her marry him, that, for her own word's sake, she was resolved, if they went to church, she would not be married. In vain Sir George and the earl (who was present) tried to change this re-

solution; she said it was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not; and all entreaty was of no avail. At length Mr. and Mrs. Bonell conceded the point, and the following arrangement was fixed upon: that the whole party should breakfast together, and all proceed, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Bonell, to the church, when the Earl of Donellan was to perform the office of giving away the bride. After the ceremony, the happy pair, the earl, and the two fair bridesmaids, were to proceed to a seat of his in Devonshire, to which he had invited Sir George and his bride to spend the honey-moon, and where Mr. and Mrs. Bonell were to follow them as soon as they pleased. This arrangement was accordingly carried into execution; and as the carriages drove away from the church-door, the post-boys with white favours in their hats, and the horses decorated with ribbons of the same colour, Mr. Bonell exclaimed to his wife, "There, that job's done: they go away gaily; but they'll not be so gay a twelvemonth hence, I'll be bound. Now, if that fellow Roberts had not eaten so much at one of his city feasts as to carry him off in a fit of apoplexy, that I might have seen Emma also married to-day, my wishes for her and my revenge on her cousin would both have been gratified."

The bells rang a merry peal as the carriages, which conveyed away the bride and bridegroom and their friends, drove through the village; and the ringers appeared at the lodge the next morning to solicit the usual compliment on the occasion, just as the servant placed in Mr. Bonell's hand the letters and the *Morning Post*, which he regularly fetched

from town every day. The old gentleman opened the paper first, and glancing over its columns, to feast his eyes with the announcement of his niece's marriage to the ruined spendthrift whom he had provided for her, he saw the following paragraph:

"Marriage in High Life.—Married yesterday, at Hampstead church, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, the Right Hon. George Purchase, Earl of Donellan, to the lovely and accomplished Miss Louisa Dorville, only daughter of the late Colonel Dorville, who died in the East Indies some few years back. After the ceremony, the happy pair, accompanied by the Hon. Miss Purchase, Miss Bonell (the bride's cousin), and Sir George Purchase, set off for Hurst Castle, in Devonshire, the splendid seat of the noble earl, there to spend the honeymoon."

The paper dropped from his hand; he ordered the servant to drive away the ringers, and not to give them a farthing; he stamped and swore, and put himself into such a violent rage, that his wife could not imagine what could possibly be the matter. It was some time before he could command himself so far as to take up the paper, saying, "Read that! read that!" when he again began to rave and storm like a madman. His wife read it, and coolly observed there must be some mistake, an error of the bungling reporter of the *Post*. "Eh! why so it may! Well, I'll go over to London directly, and inquire into the matter."—"No, we had better at once set off for Hurst Castle," said his wife: "but read your letters." He mechanically took them up; there were two, and the first he opened was couched in the following terms:

SIR,—When on a visit at your neighbour's, Mr. Beauchamp's, with my cousin,
Vol. V. No. XXV.

sin; Sir George Purchase, we frequently saw your daughter and niece: we both became enamoured, I of the latter, Sir George of the former; but, from the seclusion in which she was kept, I could never succeed in obtaining an interview with Miss Dorville; though my cousin was more fortunate: he saw, wooed, and won; but did not reveal his rank to Miss Bonell, as he justly feared, it was of too much notoriety not to have reached her ears in a way ill calculated to promote his views. We returned to town to devise measures for obtaining possession of the dearest objects of our fondest wishes; and were greatly surprised, a few days after, when Mr. Le Touch, your solicitor, with whom Sir George had had some money transactions, offered to introduce him to you as a husband for your niece; and when Sir George told him that his character was not likely to conciliate your esteem, the old accomplice in your villany replied, that was all in his favour, as you wanted to marry her to some one that would spend her fortune and reduce her to want. Our plans were immediately taken; and the result is, that, my name being the same as my cousin's, no difficulty whatever occurred in substituting myself for him, as the licence would do for either of us, except keeping you and Mrs. B. away from church. You know, sir, how that was accomplished; and Miss Dorville this day became my wife.

My cousin gave you a note of hand for the payment of 6000*l.* on the day when he married Miss Dorville. That, of course, is void: but we have also learnt from your agent, that, so far from your having any claim upon your niece, a large surplus remains of a sum which was expressly appropriated by the late Colonel Dorville for the very purposes for which you claim the 6000*l.* Now, sir, it is not our wish to take any notice of these transactions, and let your daughter marry Sir George, and they shall be buried in silence. He is thoroughly reformed;

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nor is his estate half so much involved as represented to you. I leave the happiness of your daughter and your own reputation in your hands, and remain

Your obedient servant,

July 21, 18—.

DONELLAN.

The other letter was as follows :

DEAR SIR,—My cousin's letter will sufficiently let you into the secret of our jockeyship. He has married Louisa ; I wish to marry Emma. Give us your

consent, and we'll all be happy together. Yours, GEORGE PURCHASE.

July 21, 18—.

The required consent was given; for Mr. Bonell could not bear to sacrifice his credit, particularly when his revenge could not be gratified, and the relatives by blood and marriage generally form one family, and are as happy as they deserve to be. T.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XIV.

BEFORE I take my leave of Alexandria, I must not forget to notice the theatre ; and I may as well here throw together a few hints relative to the state of the drama in America up to the time I am speaking of ; and indeed, by the help of some notes kindly furnished me by a friend, I can bring those hints down to within about three years of the present period. My own knowledge, I must, however, premise, is principally confined to the Philadelphia company.

The first theatre erected in America was at Philadelphia, by a Mr. Douglas, during the time that the colonies acknowledged the authority of England. A short time subsequent to the commencement of the revolutionary war, this gentleman and his company were compelled to leave the place, and they went to Jamaica. Soon after the conclusion of peace in 1781, a Mr. Hallam, who had married the daughter of Mr. Douglas (who, I believe, was then dead), returned to Philadelphia, and claimed the theatre as the property of his father-in-law. He succeeded in obtaining possession, and immediately departed for London to engage performers ; and, in connection with Mr.

Henry, he returned with a small but very excellent company ; the principal of whom were Mr. and Mrs. Kenna, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Harper, Mr. Wignal, &c. Messrs. Hallam and Henry met with very liberal encouragement from the Philadelphians ; and the success which attended this speculation soon inspired Mr. Wignal with a desire to commence manager, and he resolved to attempt an opposition. Having persuaded Mr. Reinagle (a musical composer) to join him, they obtained a subscription to build a new theatre ; the first stone of which being laid, Mr. Wignal proceeded to London for the purpose of engaging performers. Mr. Henry also sailed for England on the same business, and succeeded in engaging Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson (formerly Miss Brett of the Bath theatre), Mrs. Wrighten, the celebrated vocalist of Drury-lane, and some others. Mr. Wignal engaged Mr. Fennel and Mrs. Merry (formerly Miss Brunton, daughter to John Brunton, Esq. manager of the Norwich theatre, and the wife of Robert Merry, Esq. a gentleman known for his poetical effusions, which were of the Della Cruscan school),

to take the first line in tragedy; Messrs. Chalmers and Darley, from Covent-Garden theatre; Mr. Blisset from Bath; Mr. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Oldmixon, Miss Broadhurst, Mrs. Seymour, &c. In the summer of 1793 the rival theatres opened, and the campaign was carried on with a spirit which reminded one of the contest between Rich and Garrick at Covent-Garden and Drury-lane. The contest, however, only continued one season, when a compromise was effected: the Philadelphia stage was abandoned to the new aspirers, and the old company went to New-York, leaving Messrs. Wignall and Reinagle in undisputed possession of the theatrical sceptre at the former place.

The drama in America took its rise in Philadelphia, and from thence it soon spread throughout the United States. Theatres were built at Boston and other towns in New-England; in several towns of the state of New-York, in Virginia, and in the Carolinas. These were recruited with performers chiefly from England, American talent not seeming to be exactly adapted either for writing or representing dramatic pieces. At the time I visited America, the Philadelphia company had got into the hands of Messrs. Warren and Reinagle, Mr. Wignall being dead. Before his death he had, on the decease of her husband, married Mrs. Merry, who was now a second time left a widow, with one child by Wignall, a beautiful little girl. Mr. Cooper, who, after failing in London, had gone to America, where he made a hit, and was the Kemble of the day, had the management of the New-York company; Mrs. West of the Virginia one; Mr. Placide of

that which performed at Charles-town; and Mr. Powell (I believe) of that at Boston. Each of these companies had been and were possessed of performers of great talent. Mr. Hallam was himself a very clever man; but was ultimately so reduced by misfortune as to be obliged to dispose of all his property in the Philadelphia and other theatres. Mr. Hodgkinson, whose name I have mentioned, was, like Garrick, an excellent general actor: he was equally clever in Shelly in the *Highland Reel* and in Hamlet, and so in various other characters quite as opposite. He died of the yellow fever in Washington, whither he had gone to make engagements for the New-York theatre. Mr. Tully, Mr. Bermand, and Mr. Placide, at Charles-town, possessed great merit; Mrs. Hodgkinson and Mrs. Merry were accomplished actresses; and I could swell this list to a great length, were I to enumerate all the men and women of talent who had figured upon the American stage.

I have said few native Americans made the stage their profession; and still fewer attempted to write for it. A gentleman of Philadelphia, named Brett or Breck, wrote the *Fox-Chase*, a comedy, and one or two other things, which possessed some merit; and Mr. Dunlap, of New-York, who purchased Hallam's share in that theatre, was celebrated as a dramatic writer. His translation of *Abellino*, from the German, was really an admirable one, and reflected upon him the highest credit. Generally speaking, I found the situation of an actor rather agreeable than not; as he was admitted pretty freely into genteel society, and from the opportunity which his profession

afforded him of seeing the world, and the many whimsical and *outré* adventures which he must continually witness, it was his own fault if he was not at once both happy and respectable. To be sure, against this agreeable picture must be set the drawback arising from the precarious nature of popular favour, which is ever veering, and he who stands the highest on the list to day may be at the bottom to-morrow; and a *poor* actor is, of all professions, perhaps the most to be pitied. Yet there is in general a great deal of humanity in the profession, which prompts the members of it to extend a helping hand to their brothers and sisters in misfortune, whenever distress renders their assistance necessary.

The mention of American writers has brought to my recollection the remarks of Mr. Henry Grey Bennett at the Surrey sessions, upon that farrago of nonsense lately brought out at the Coburg theatre, under the title of *the Life and Reign of George III.* Mr. Bennett justly condemned the taste which prompted the exhibition, and that which approved and applauded it; and added, that he was sure in America such a representation, with Washington for its hero, would not be tolerated. I have not the paper before me, but that was the substance of his observations. I, however, recollect seeing at Alexandria a comedy performed,

the title of which I really forget, but it was founded on some occurrences arising out of the rebellion war: the time was laid about the period when the unfortunate and amiable Major André fell into the hands of the Americans; and the two soldiers by whom he was taken, and who withstood all the inducements which he held out to them to be permitted to escape, were prominent characters. General Washington too was also introduced, as well as several American officers who were then living; and the piece concluded with the apotheosis of the general, who was taken up into heaven, not in a cocked hat and top-boots, as the Coburg dramatist has sent our late excellent king there, but painted with a blood-red countenance, long straight hair, and a blue coat and epaulettes, upon a large piece of canvas, about ten feet square. Thus portrayed, the general was drawn up to the flies, amidst the shouts of the audience, the band playing "Yankee doodle."

I cannot conclude all I have to say on the theatres in this paper; I shall therefore cut this portion of my "Confessions" rather short, and in the next give your readers an account of the Philadelphia company as it was when I knew it, with a few anecdotes of some of the performers.

A RAMBLER.

WEAK NERVES.

(From "*Lasting Impressions*," by Mrs. JOANNA CAREY).

WHEN Mr. Sinclair returned to Devonshire, his lady still lingered at Brighton: for London was as yet quite *empty*; and in the dreary month of November, the country, with no

other company than an ailing husband, and a tall girl who *fancied* herself a *woman*, was dull indeed. Mrs. Sinclair loved fashionable places and fashionable company; and she was

dressing for a fancy ball when a letter from Adelaide, containing an account of Mr. Sinclair's severe indisposition, was put into her hand.

Running her eye hastily over the contents, she exclaimed, as she threw the letter on the table,

"Poor Mr. Sinclair! I declare he's never well now."

"What! is my master ill again, ma'am?" inquired her woman.

"Yes, Adelaide tells me that he's confined again with that horrid bilious disorder. Poor man! he is quite a martyr to it now. Bless me, how my heart beats! I feel ready to faint. And if I had not promised to call for Lady Maydew on my way, I would not go to the ball to-night. I shall be quite out of spirits."

Her woman (who knew that her mistress wished to go to the ball, though she affected reluctance,) now with seeming earnestness entreated her not to stay at home, and make herself ill with fretting.

"Make myself ill!" repeated the lady; "I am ill already. Give me my *eau-de-luce*. Dear! dear! was ever any thing so unfortunate? I protest I can scarce support myself; and if it were not on Lady Maydew's account, I'd take my things off and go to bed."

As she spoke, a female servant opened the door of her dressing-room, to say that Lady Maydew had sent her footman, to inform Mrs. Sinclair that the sudden arrival of some friends from the country would prevent her from having the pleasure of accompanying her to the ball.

Now though Mrs. Sinclair had been lamenting her engagement to Lady Maydew at the very instant when this message was delivered, it required but little penetration on the part of

her woman to perceive, that though solicitous to keep up the appearance of concern for her husband, Mrs. Sinclair was really at a loss for some plausible pretext for going to the ball: for Mrs. Nixon, who was now about thirty, had from her youth been in the service of fashionable ladies, and was therefore not often deceived by appearances; she was likewise an adept in that species of flattery which, to faded beauties of weak minds, is as necessary to existence as daily bread. And as she had her own private reasons for wishing to have an evening to herself, she (while her mistress stood as if irresolute) exclaimed, with well-affected surprise:

"Well! I declare, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed that any lady would have made herself so unhappy because her husband was a little poorly! To be sure, if my master was in any danger, it would be quite another matter. But you know, ma'am, people live for years and years in that sort of complaints. And besides, as Miss Sinclair is with him, you know he'll be taken care of."

"Oh! yes, I have no doubt of that," replied Mrs. Sinclair. "Adelaide is very attentive to her father. 'Tis a dull life for her, though, poor child! But it is fortunate that the air of a sick-chamber does not affect her health and spirits, as it does mine. My nerves are so extremely delicate, that I am really unable to exert myself as I could wish."

"Yes, ma'am, I know your nerves are vastly *troublesome*; and 'tis that makes me so wish that you would go out: for I know if you stay at home thinking about Mr. Sinclair, you'll be quite ill to-morrow. So do pray

let me put on your helmet; and then go, if it is only for an hour or so, to drive away dull thoughts."

Mrs. Sinclair looked at the helmet, which her maid held in her hand; and then turned her eyes towards a large mirror, which reflected, at full length, her still elegant figure. She intended that night to represent the Goddess of Wisdom; and her glass told her that she had never *looked* to more advantage. She, however, still affected reluctance, observing, that the account of Mr. Sinclair's indisposition had thrown her into such a tremor, that she feared she should appear quite ridiculous, as the character she intended to assume should be particularly well supported.

"Oh! ma'am," replied Mrs. Nixon, "I'm sure you can never be at a loss. Besides, if you had not spirits to speak a word, it would not matter, when you *look* so charmingly. Do turn your eyes to that glass, ma'am! You have no notion how that dress becomes you. I'm sure every body will admire you. Now do let me finish. Hark! there's the carriage! Shall I order your cloak to be put into it, ma'am?"

"Why, I don't know. Yes—no—yet, stay—I think I'll just look in, and come away again immediately. So give me my helmet and my shield. There, that will do. Bless me! I'm not quite myself yet."

Then taking the arm of her woman, she descended the stairs, and stepping into her carriage, was soon conveyed to the brilliant scene.

Mrs. Sinclair had (at least by her own account) weak nerves, so weak that they rendered her unequal to the fatigue which some *old-fashioned wives*, who have perhaps *no nerves*

at all, endure in their attendance on their husbands. The smell of drugs and the close air of a sick-chamber were, she declared, too much for her constitution. Besides, her sensibility was so acute, that the sight of Mr. Sinclair's sufferings absolutely overpowered her, and sometimes threw her into violent hysterics, which shook her delicate frame in a way that she could not, as she said, easily describe.

But Mrs. Sinclair in the same house with an ailing husband, and Mrs. Sinclair arrayed as the Goddess of Wisdom at a fancy ball, were persons of a very different description. Nobody on this occasion could have suspected her of *weak nerves*. She endured the pressure and confusion of a crowded assembly without evincing either fatigue or agitation; and that acute sensibility, of which she at times so pathetically complained, must have been soothed, or perhaps lulled to sleep, by the concord of sweet sounds: for certain it is, that no recollection of her husband's illness prevented her from enjoying the gaiety of the scene around her. She replied promptly, if not wisely, to all who addressed her as the "Blue-eyed maid;" joined in the merry dance with the light step and sprightly air of gay unthinking youth; and those limbs, which had, on some occasions, failed when they should have borne her to the bedside of the father of her children, were now strong enough to enable her to dance down thirty couple with the spirit and agility of sixteen.

It was near the reluctant dawn of a dark November morning, when Mrs. Sinclair (though she had talked of only looking in at the ball) returned to her own habitation. With throbbing temples and exhausted

spirits, she then retired to her apartment, whence she did not emerge till three hours past noon. And then, after sipping chocolate, and reading in the papers which were laid on her breakfast-table the *on-dits* of the day, she suddenly recollected her husband, and sat down to write a letter to Adelaide, who had (while her mother was dancing at a ball) been watching by the sleepless couch of her suffering and respected father.

In that letter, Mrs. Sinclair *professed* much anxiety and sorrow for her husband; lamented that her *weak nerves* would not permit her to perform those tender offices which his condition required; though at the same time she requested Adelaide to assure him, in her name, that, if her presence could afford him the slightest gratification, she would hasten to him without delay.

But Mr. Sinclair had long ceased to derive gratification from the society of a weak ridiculous woman, who, as she descended into the vale of years, carried with her the vanity and levity which is hardly excusable in youth. He knew that she had no regard for him; and though he had, when a very young man, been the slave of her beauty, the judgment of maturity condemned his choice; and the experience of succeeding years had convinced him, that the dissimilarity of their sentiments and pursuits must for ever preclude the remotest chance of conjugal felicity. But while he had felt this conviction, forcibly, painfully felt it, he had never, in the hearing of his children, given utterance to the language of complaint. She was their mother; and as such, he had ever treated her with respect. He believed too, that,

though fond of general admiration, she had too much pride and too little sensibility to be in danger of forming any improper connection; and, therefore, while he believed that his honour was safe in her keeping, he wisely determined to submit to his destiny with the best grace he could assume, and allow her to seek amusement in the way that was most agreeable to herself.

O Vanity! thou bane of all that wise men value in the female character! Even the most beautiful, who listen to thy suggestions, destroy the effect of their charms; for she who appears to demand admiration seldom obtains it. Like the child who pursues the bubble which glitters in the sunbeam, thy votaries gaze on an ideal brightness, that vanishes as they draw near. Again and again they turn from real good to grasp at phantoms which elude their touch, and leave them at length nothing but regret for the time and happiness that have been sacrificed in the pursuit. Influenced by thee, the beautiful wife lends a willing ear to the libertine, who swears she is an angel, and too often grows unmindful of the happiness and honour of the man who fondly loves her as a woman. Deluded by thee, the simple village-maid forsakes her peaceful home, and spurns with proud disdain the once-loved companion, who would have been content and happy to have lived for her and her alone. She seeks the city, where thy whispers tell her, that her charms will ensure her a prouder, happier lot. When there, the heartless libertine, the cool unprincipled seducer, find in thee a powerful and efficient auxiliary. Thou teachest her to believe the most ex-

travagant professions, the most exaggerated encomiums; and while she drinks greedily of Flattery's intoxicating cup, she fears no danger in the luscious draught, till its poison has sunk deep into her soul.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

——“LIFE,” continued he, “I feel ebbing apace. In that pocket you will find many sketches of circumstances in my life. You must not judge your uncle too harshly—had—my health—been—spared—I should myself have entered into—a—de——.” Having with difficulty uttered these words, my uncle expired. The living form, which I had scarcely known in health and animation, became at once inanimate, and I was fully apprised of his decease by the cries of the women who attended my relation; cries uttered aloud as a part of their trade, cries which they had uttered twenty times before on similar occasions: for they had no other connection with the object before them, than being paid for supplying his wants; while I, who had lost “my father’s brother,” owned no other feeling than might be expected to arise in any youth who sees before him, for the first time, a victim of that great tyrant to whom we must all sooner or later bow.

What other feeling could I own for a man to whom I had only been known a few months? for he had not longer arrived from a distant part of England; and during that time there had been no more sympathy between us, than could be imagined to exist between an old man who had read much and thought more, and an idle boy, longing for all the indulgences which an empty pocket alone prevented him from enjoying, and who attended to little else than the cut of

his coat, the blacking of his boots, the last new play, or the merits of the last new actor. I ordered every respect to be paid to the memory of my uncle: the women walked about on tip-toe, and every answer they gave was in so low a tone, that any one would have supposed that my relative had only fallen into a repose, from which they were fearful of awakening him, instead of his having slept the sleep of death. Anxious to be released from a mummerly for which I felt the most ineffable contempt, I wished his body to be given to the earth in a few days: but this body I found was too good a subject to be parted from as yet; and I was doomed to go through a series of vexations, of which I had never dreamed. There appeared to me to be much more respect offered him now he was dead than when he was living, for in the latter state he seemed a man of few wants and less ceremony; and who were to have hand-bands and who were not, who gloves and who not, who were to be neglected and who treated with respect, seemed points more difficult to decide, than any others which old Mother Mason had ever had to do with. One thing, however, I noted, that those who had the discretion to inquire most frequently after my uncle’s health had the largest share of sables, while those who had kept away, from decency or indifference, were entirely forgotten. At length the day did arrive, which I thought

never would, when my uncle was to be committed to his parent earth, and a due portion of grief was mustered in the faces and countenances of his dependents.

The gloves were put on and off, white, black, and grey were or were not the most proper; wine and cake were handed again and again: the garb of the mourners being at length arranged, and the clergyman, the clerk, and the sexton regularly hatbanded, we proceeded.

Hard and insensible indeed must be that heart which does not feel some grief on beholding a fellow-creature carried out in the small repository for the dead! The rain, which poured in torrents, although it cheered our minds with the remembrance of the adage uttered by old Mother Mason on our first setting out, "Happy is the corpse which the rain rains on!" yet added to the dampness of our bodies as we accompanied the remains of my relation to the adjacent churchyard; but when the pitiless storm washed the oaken receptacle as it swam in a deluged grave, and shut out for ever almost all consciousness that the being it had now swallowed up had ever existed; although I knew that the deceased was insensible to all this, *I* felt so wretched and so forlorn, that I could not forbear exclaiming, Will he never again occupy his situation in a living world? Shall I never behold him more? In the procession, the women cried and sobbed aloud; one of them, an old stager in these affairs, was absolutely outrageous in her grief: yet this did not prevent her disturbing ever and anon the order of the show, by tucking up her new black gown high-

er and higher yet, as the mud through which we walked threatened her new attire; while another, equally intent on decorum and economy, gravely threw over her new bonnet a white handkerchief, which, being confined partly under the chin, and partly left to flutter in the wind, did not in the least contribute to the solemnity of the scene. The business of commitment to the grave concluded, each lady returned her white handkerchief to her pocket, and, like soldiers, after firing over their comrade, returned home with a more smiling countenance and a quicker step; and on their return, put off, with the habiliments of mourning, the tears from their cheeks. I had *acted* as chief mourner, but much was to be done ere I was suffered to depart. The lawyer had arrived, and a few distant relations of the family. What my uncle had to leave, I neither expected to be the better for, nor cared for the result. Judge then my surprise on hearing, when the will was nearly finished reading, that I was to be master of 10,000*l.* the amount of my uncle's property when all legacies were paid off! And now what a different appearance marked the countenances of those who but a little before wore all the semblance of grief! For myself, I can truly say, that gratitude for this bequest of my *good* uncle did keep me within the bounds of decorum. But the servants were quite obstreperous in their mirth for each small remembrance which my relative had left them: here gratitude knew no bounds, for they toasted his health so often in the kitchen that they could toast it no longer. I soon afterwards left that part of the world altogether,

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but not before I had ordered some monument of my uncle's munificence and my own gratitude to be erected in the church of the parish where he died; and I had the satisfaction of seeing recorded on a mural monument, his name, accompanied with a

declaration that he possessed all the cardinal virtues which the stone-mason could recollect, without a single drawback; while two dropsical urchins were seen weeping floods of tears for his loss.

(*To be continued.*)

A DOMESTIC PICTURE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(From "*the Life of JOANNA, Queen of NAPLES.*")

THE domestic manners of the times (1328), and the progress of the useful arts and manufactures, cannot be better illustrated than by a description of the customary arrangements of the apartments of a princess on the birth of a child; and they will therefore be here given with a minuteness which might appear frivolous but for this consideration. These apartments consisted of three rooms *en suite*—the *chamber of parade*, that of the mother, and that of the infant. The articles of furniture in these rooms were few in number, but splendid in their material. The chamber of parade contained only a buffet with long narrow shelves, of which our modern kitchen-dresser is an exact copy in form; a bed, never used except to place the infant upon on the day of baptism; and a single low chair with a cushion, *such as princesses were wont to sit on*. This chamber, as we may suppose from the name, was adorned with the utmost magnificence the times could boast of: it was hung with crimson satin embroidered with gold; the floor was entirely covered with crimson velvet; and the curtains, tester, and coverlet of the bed corresponded with the hangings of the walls. The single low chair was covered with crimson velvet, and con-

tained a cushion of cloth of gold; a similar cushion lay on the bolster of the bed. The buffet stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold; its long narrow shelves were covered with napkins of fine white linen, on which stood flaggons, cups, and vases of gold and silver plate. This apartment, resplendent with crimson and gold and fine linen, led into that of the mother, which was entirely hung with white figured satin. It is doubtful whether modern luxury could exceed the simple splendour of the one, or the chaste elegance of the other. The interior apartment contained rather more furniture than the exterior, having two beds, a couch on rollers, a buffet, a small table, and a single high-backed chair; the walls were hung with white figured silk damask, bordered with silk fringe, hung across the entrance: two others of the same description were festooned up at the upper end of the chamber in the daytime; but, running on rings, were drawn at night, so as to inclose the space which contained the two beds, on a line with each other, about five feet apart. These two beds and the space between were covered with one tester of white silk damask, with valences of the same white satin, and silk fringes as the traversaines; a curtain

similar to which was drawn up at the head of the alley between the two beds, under which stood the high-backed chair of state, covered with crimson cloth of gold, with a cushion of the same material. The coverlets of the bed were of ermine on a ground of violet cloth, which appeared "three quarters of a yard" below the ermine all round, and hung down the sides of the bed a yard and a half, below which again appeared sheets of fine cambric, starched clear. The couch, on rollers, was hung and furnished with cushions and coverlets, similar to those of the beds, and commonly stood under a fair canopy of crimson cloth of gold, terminating in a point at top. The floor was entirely covered with a carpet of velvet.

But the principal ornament of this apartment was the great buffet, which stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, with a border of black velvet, embroidered in gold with the arms of the parents. The number of the shelves of this buffet marked in a conspicuous manner the rank of the parents of the new-born babe. Two were appropriated to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to the consort of a reigning duke or prince, and five to a queen. On these shelves, covered with white napkins, were ranged "vessels of crystal garnished with gold and jewels, basons and cups of wrought gold and silver, never used on any other occasion," and all the most magnificent plate the banneret, count, duke, or king possessed. At each end of the buffet stood massy candlesticks of gold with wax tapers, which were lighted "when visitors entered;" two other lights stood before the buffet, and were kept constantly

burning night and day, as even in summer the daylight was excluded for fifteen days, in conformity to etiquette. On the buffet were placed three *drageoirs* (confection-boxes) of gold, ornamented with jewels, each rolled in a fine napkin; and at the side stood the low table, on which were placed the gold and silver cups, in which spiced wines were served after confections had been presented from the buffet.

The chamber of the new-born babe was arranged much in the same manner, except that the hangings were of silk of an inferior quality. On the birth of Charles VII. of France, his mother hung her apartments with green, which then became the colour appropriated to queens alone: but previous to that period princesses, with better taste, had adopted that colour which is emblematic of infant innocence.

On the day of baptism, preparatory to total immersion at the font, the infant was laid on the bed of the chamber of parade enveloped in a mantle of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, but otherwise quite naked. A *couvre-chef*, or wrapping quilt of violet silk, covered the head, and hung down over the mantle. All who took part in the ceremony assembled in the chamber of parade. The child was carried by the most illustrious of its female relatives, and the cumbrous mantle was borne up by the rest in rank. The bearer of the infant was supported by the most exalted of its male relatives, followed by three others, carrying wax tapers, a covered goblet containing salt, and two gold basons (the one covering the other), containing rose-water for the font. Before these royal personages walked a long line of torch-

bearers, two and two; others were stationed on each side of the space the procession was to pass from the palace or castle up to the font of the baptistery. The streets, the body of the church, and the font were hung with tapestry, silk, or cloth of gold; and a splendid bed, richly draped in front of the choir of the church, marked the highest rank.

As soon as the ceremony of baptism was concluded, the sponsors and their attendants assembled in the apartment of the mother, when the infant was laid beside her. A matron of royal birth presented the *drageoir* or confection-box to her immediate superior, and was followed by another, bearing the spiced wines (hippocras or pimento); a less noble matron served those who held the rank of princes of the second degree, that is, counts or barons, lords of fiefs; whilst those still inferior, as simple knights not bannerets, or the minor officers of the household, were served by an unmarried lady of gentle blood. On common occasions the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartment for the space of a month.

When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts, borne by three noble ladies of her suite, a candle with a piece of gold inclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up

in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them; it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such occasions were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but three shelves in her buffet, on which she might place but two confection-boxes. The hangings of her apartments could not be hung with satin or damask; but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations shew how various must have been the products of the loom when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *menu vaire*, that is, *petit gris*, in lieu of ermine; and the lining might only appear beneath the fur half a yard, while an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture. The number and form of the very pillows were exactly regulated. One restriction appears to our ears peculiarly strange: it was the exclusive privilege of a royal dame to place her couch opposite to the fire or fire-place; and the punctilious author of *The Ceremonies of the Court* observes, that all is going wrong in the world since some unprivileged ladies of the Low

Countries had presumed to set their couches opposite to the fire, "for which they were justly ridiculed by all." Modern lenity might perhaps

suggest an excuse for the dangerous innovation in the humid atmosphere of their climate. †

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THE ABBOT OF UNREASON.

IN the *Forget Me Not* for 1823-4, a full account of this frolicsome personage preceded the ancient tradition concerning the "Last Funeral at St. Columba." We are enabled to illustrate that story by an incident, which, in the year 1547, took place at Borthwick Castle, within twelve miles of the city of Edinburgh. In consequence of a process between Master George Hay de Minzeane and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor or macer of the see of St. Andrew's, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at high mass. The inhabitants of Borthwick Castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason, a mimic prelate being elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all lawful authority, and especially the church ritual, into ridicule. This privileged scoffer at sanctity, power, and dignity, in contempt of the apparitor's awful character, entered the church with a motley retinue, seized the primate's office, and dragging Langlands to a mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not satisfied with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced, with solemn em-

phasis, that Mr. William Langlands was not duly bathed; and therefore caused his followers to lay the patient upon his back in the stream, and to duck him with ample time and care. The dripping apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after ablution, the letters of excommunication, torn to fragments, were steeped in a bowl of wine, and he was compelled to masticate and swallow them.

A CURE FOR NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

When Marquis Wellesley, as governor-general of India, gave an order for the black troops to appear in boots, the Hindoos urged, as a plea for exemption, that the sacred veneration due to the cow forbade them to wear any garment made of the skin of an animal to whom worship was due. This petition was presented by the black captains, who received from his excellency the governor-general a full permission for all private native soldiers to come to parade without boots; but, that if any aspired to the rank of captain, they must appear in complete uniform, including cow-skin boots. However, his excellency did not insist that any native should become an officer; they were all free to serve as private soldiers, in compliance with the religious prejudices they were so anxious to retain. In a short time several of the black captains asked an audience of Lord Wellesley, and

shewed themselves equipped in boots. They were immediately promoted, and all the others followed their example: whereas, if the governor-general had arbitrarily enforced his order, a mutiny might have ensued.

THE NAIRES.

The *Naires* of India, as the highest cast of Gentoos, are entitled to prepare victuals for all the inferior gradations; and of this privilege they are so tenacious, that they would perish by inanition rather than admit within their lips any food which had been cooked by a person of lower degree. Colonel L. G. of the Bengal army had a confidential attendant of the Naire cast, and being ordered to a remote station in the Mogul country, this man was the only individual of his rank within many days' journey, and he scrupulously observed all the peculiar rites of his religion. Even when seized with severe sickness, he refused all nourishment but such as he could dress for himself. The colonel raised him in his arms from the bed of suffering, and when so reduced that he could not stand, held him up while he took water, rice, and other simple ingredients, placed them on the fire, attended the process of stirring and boiling, and took the mess to his bedside.

DESPOTISM OF THE BURMESE GOVERNMENT.

Implicit obedience to the king and to the heir apparent is the first duty of all who are born or resident in the Burman empire. The instance we are about to relate has been communicated by a gentleman of veracity, who was detained twelve months in that country. He commanded a

large vessel laden with valuable merchandise, which was purchased at Umerapoorra, and he intended with the price to take a cargo of teak-wood. The goods were delivered to the Burmese trader; but Mr. G. found it impossible to recover the payment. His unacquaintance with the chicanery, which the Burmese dignify with the name of adroit management, laid him open to pretexts for litigation; and he found that a stranger had no chance for justice in their courts of law. He was one day standing near his adversary in the public hall, or parliament-house, where the king or emperor sate on his throne, and the heir apparent, his grandson, occupied a lower cushion under the royal canopy. Mr. G. was a great favourite with the young prince: his European visage was soon observed, though he stood at a great distance, and he had been obedient to the etiquette, which requires all to fix their eyes upon the august presence. The prince made signs to Mr. G. to knock down the adverse litigant. He gave prompt attention to the pantomimic command. The assembly, in an uproar, dragged him to the foot of the throne, to receive condign punishment for the outrage of decorum. Mr. G. pleaded the command of the prince; adding, that if he had been ordered to sheathe his dagger in the bosom of his dearest companion, it must be his duty to perform the deed.

"Hear him!" said the king. "Hear and remember this lesson of duty given by a stranger! Far from having incurred punishment, he merits a reward. Some of you would have pretended you did not understand the prince, when he vouchsafed to signify his royal pleasure. The strang-

er, though so far from him, noticed and obeyed the intimation. Make him your exemplar, if you value your lives."

THE FIRST EARL OF CARLISLE.

When this magnificent nobleman journeyed to Holland, he paid the innkeepers where he *did not* travel, because they might, unknowing of his route, incur expenses in preparing for his reception.

JOSEPH II.

The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, when travelling, having reached a stage before he was expected, found no horses prepared. The post-master, not recognising the emperor, begged the gentleman to wait the return of his horses, because they were all sent out to fetch his friends and relations invited to the christening of a son, with whom his wife had just presented him. Joseph offered to stand godfather, and the post-master thought the strange gentleman would be a more eligible godfather than his cousin, the farmer, who was expected. The ceremony commenced, the priest required the name of the godfather. "Joseph!" said the stranger.—"Joseph—and your family name?"—"Joseph is enough."—"Joseph and nothing else?" said the priest.—"Well, put Joseph *the Second*."—"Well, Joseph II. but what is your condition, profession, employ, or occupation?"—"Say," replied the unknown Joseph II. "*emperor*." Here the priest and the assistants turned pale. The post-master fell at his feet; and the emperor consoled them for their fright, by leaving proofs of his generosity, and a promise not to forget his godson.

LA FONTAINE.

When one of his operas was performed at Paris, La Fontaine was found sleeping in a coffee-room by one of his friends. "Bless me!" said he, "how happens it that you are not at the opera? They are performing your drama."—"Oh! I did go," replied La Fontaine, "and I staid through the first act; but it was so tiresome I could bear it no longer."

SEEMING NOT BELIEVING.

The Abbé Reynier was making a collection at the French Academy to defray the funeral expenses of one of their members. A pistole was to be collected from each person: one of the academicians, who might have served as a type, or at least a copy, of Moliere's "Miser," slid his money into the abbé's hat without his perceiving it: he therefore asked him again for his contribution; the miser protested he had already given. "I believe it, sir," said Reynier, "but I did not see it."—"I," said Mr. de Fontenelle, "saw without believing it."

LOUIS XIV.

After the battle of Senef, the great Condé, who was extremely subject to the gout, was with difficulty ascending a staircase, at the top of which Louis XIV. was waiting to receive him. "I beg pardon for detaining your majesty," he exclaimed.—"Don't hurry, cousin," said Louis; "you cannot move very fast under such a weight of laurels."

HENRY IV.

Henry IV. having bestowed the *Cordon bleu* on a nobleman at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers,

when the collar was put on, the nobleman made the customary speech: "Sire, I am not worthy."—"I knew it well," said the king; "but I give you the order to please my cousin de Nevers."

THE COMPLIMENT REPAID.

The Duke of Marlborough, speak-

ing to a prisoner taken at Blenheim, whose martial air he admired, said, "If there had been 50,000 such men as you in the French army, we should not have beaten them thus."—"Faith!" said the grenadier, "there were enough soldiers like myself, but we wanted such a general as you."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

ZAMIEL has invaded the whole nation; we are verily under his spell. As for ourselves, ere we leave the pillow, we are greeted from the bugle of a short stage with the motivo of the *Jaeger Chorus* (just as far as the chords): during the tonsorian operation, we see under our windows the youthful collector of pints and quarts; he too whistles, rather unauthentically it is true, a fragment of the *Jaeger Chorus*. We are not abroad yet, and the little members of our own worthy family proceed to practise a little half hour; first one, then the other, then *tutte due*. And what has the master set them? Why Miss E. has the *Jaeger Chorus* divertimento; and Miss J. by way of variety, propounds the *Jaeger Chorus* with variations; which done, the two little dears squeeze lovingly into the *Jaeger Chorus*, which Zamiel has transformed into a duet for no less than "two performers upon *one* piano-forte."—It is time to leave these haunted walls. We sally forth to town, along our usual walk, in which daily experience has noted down some six or seven musical tenements, besides the "establishments." Some are silent as yet in these cold mornings, but the zealous few may be

heard through the casement practising a new composition—the *Jaeger Chorus*. We reach Whitehall, and on passing the Horse-Guards, the balmy south-western breeze wafts from the Park the sweet concert of the military band just intonating a new piece—the *Jaeger Chorus*. Some hours of tuneless occupation afford a welcome respite from the endless ding-dong. On returning home, however, we have to pass the musical gauntlet of ambulating organists, pandeans, and other out-door professors. Lo! Zamiel has got possession of them: the quivering head sweeps from the graduated reeds—the *Jaeger Chorus*; and the Italian has made a serious pecuniary sacrifice to get his old barrel pricked with a new tune—the *Jaeger Chorus*. Safe at home, we are again in the midst of our tuneful family, and surely the evening is the busiest time for Zamiel's work. To the efforts of the two little dears are joined the incipient trials with bow and cat-gut of their brother. His C and F sharps are not altogether orthodox; but who can be so void of musical ear and feeling as not to recognise a new acquisition—the *Jaeger Chorus*, in spite of the noisy Christmas breaking-up of the "establishment," our close

neighbour, where a harp and two fiddles are bewitching half a thousand juvenile toes into the newest quadrilles from the Freyschütz, a bran new one among which, the prettiest by far, is called—the *Jaeger Chorus*! No wonder then, that, from this din of fiddles, we should fly for repose to our pillow. Even there an occasional burst of the well-known tune haunts our somnolency. Alas! Zamiel has not done with us yet; the ghastly phantoms of the spectral hunt haunt us in our dream, and just when the grim images of fancy are yielding to more soothing forms, our very dream is broken in upon by the Christmas waits under the window, propounding, on parish clari-ions and horns and bugles—the celebrated *Jaeger Chorus*, as we are alive! Avaunt, Zamiel, thou evil spirit!

But Zamiel has got among the professors and printers, too. *Figaro là, Figaro quà*; Freyschütz here, Freyschütz there, Freyschütz, Freyschützeverywhere. What's to be done with this huge pile staring us in the face? We must pick and choose. Here are some few of the family:

Grand Pot-pourri, upon the Overture, Waltz, and nine favourite Airs from the Opera of "Der Freyschütz," for the Piano-forte and Flute obligato, by Henry Köhler. Pr. 4s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

Mr. Köhler's pot-pourri, no doubt, is of Continental manufacture. It contains the principal and most attractive pieces of the opera (among these the *Jaeger Chorus*), not only most ably and effectively "pianized," but linked by very appropriate tasteful cadences, or other melodic or harmonic concatenations. The flute ac-

companiment is indispensable, and certainly excellent; but in many instances above the reach of common players. On this account the publishers might perhaps find it advantageous to add a flute part of a plain-er construction, to be used according to circumstances.

Favourite Airs, selected from Weber's celebrated Opera, "Der Freyschütz," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniment for the Flute, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The divertimento of Mr. Purkis, like all the adaptations coming from his pen, is extremely well harmonized and put together. It includes a matter of four or five of the most cantable and favourite airs, all (but not all necessarily) transposed from their authentic keys. It makes a vast difference whether it be in D or C that we are to propound—the *Jaeger Chorus*. Don't it? The flute-part here is simple enough.

Favourite Airs, selected from Weber's popular Melodrame, "Der Freyschütz," arranged for the Piano-forte, by Samuel Poole. Books I. and II. Pr. 2s. each.—(Hodsoll.)

Mr. Poole's two little Freyschütz books are meant for the junior class of players, and may be well recommended to these. Two tunes in each, including a very favourite piece—the *Jaeger Chorus*: but here we have it in G. Any thing for a change! *Weber's celebrated Overture to the popular Melodrame of "Der Freyschütz," performed at the English Opera-House, also at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, arranged for the Piano-*

forte, with Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) Pr. 4s.; without Accompaniments, 2s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Mr. Hodsoll's edition of the Frey-schütz overture, we presume, is from the pen of the indefatigable adapter, Mr. Rimbault. Be this as it may, the arrangement is of a very superior kind, and the accessory instrumentalists, although to be done without, must not put their hands in their pockets. We have upon several former occasions said enough on the character of this overture. It is in a great measure made up from subjects in the opera; and this being the case, it is quite a pity not to find among them that favourite one—the *Jaeger Chorus*.

Favourite Airs, from Rossini's celebrated Opera "Pietro l'Eremita," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniment for the Flute, by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

Probably the eighth or ninth in the series of operatic divertimentos of Mr. Purkis successively commented upon in our reviews. They are all special favourites in our tune-ful family, which circumstance does credit to the taste of the musical progeny; for the collection, as far as it has gone, stands very prominent among similar productions of this kind. There is such good tact, taste, and correctness in all that Mr. P. handles; and these attributes are quite at home in the present divertimento, founded upon Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," which from a Hebrew has been christened "Peter the Hermit" in this christian country.

Dramatic March for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to

his cousin, W. Maddish, jun. Esq. by J. Foy. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

There is a certain degree of stiffness in the melodic treatment, and the bass part is rather plain in its octaved crotchets and quavers. But the piece has plan and clearness of conception, and the thoughts bespeak correct musical feeling. The military motivo is propounded under divers analogous keys; there is a sufficiency of modulatory process; and the two last pages distinguish themselves very advantageously. A little more freedom and varied instrumentalizing would make a very different thing of Mr. Foy's march. But as it is, we consider it entitled to favourable comment, and very likely to interest players of moderate advancement, to whom we can freely recommend it.

The Beauties of Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, for the Piano-forte. Book I. Pr. 6s. Book II. Pr. 3s. Book III. Pr. 5s.—(Cocks and Co.)

A general and very concise idea of the nature and contents of these three classic and most valuable productions of Hummel is all we can attempt to give our readers.

The first book is Hummel's grand fantasia in E b, dedicated to the Countess of Chodkiewick. In the second we have a theme (in F) with bravura variations; and the third contains his Rondeau Brilliant (in A). Op. 56.

These compositions have for some time riveted the attention and excited the admiration of the connoisseurs in Germany, and they are not unknown to the select few in this country. The "Rondeau Brilliant" has

been performed at the Philharmonic Concerts. We have ere this ventured an opinion upon the characteristic features of Hummel's writings, which these books fully corroborate. Clear, fascinating melody, and grandeur of original invention, are less prominent in his style, than consummate skill and science in harmony, exemplified under forms the most tasteful and masterly; an experience and susceptibility of every thing valuable that has occupied the pens of the greatest masters; and a readiness and freedom of classic treatment, in which few composers have ever equalled our author, none excelled.

All these qualities are abundantly observable in the three books before us, which, to say all in one word, are master-pieces of piano-forte composition, and, *if* well played, cannot fail to produce master-pieces of execution too. But none, except such as have approached executive perfection, can flatter themselves to do justice to these works, or, at all events, to gain with them applause before others. At the same time, players, a degree or two inferior, have, in Mr. Hummel's labour, a fertile and inexhaustible field for study presented to them; and to those we strenuously recommend all the three books, as exercises to be patiently studied, in small successive portions. A more profitable manual of instruction in the superior branches of playing we cannot point out to them, nor can they obtain advancement in the art upon more moderate terms; for the prices, considering the great mass of music, its intrinsic value, and the typographical neatness, are most reasonable indeed.

Introduction and Polonaise for the

Piano-forte, composed by C. M. de Weber. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

Variations on a Gipsy Air for the Piano-forte, by the same. Op. 55. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

These compositions of the favourite of the present day claim, in a high degree, the attention of the cultivated and experienced performer, for whose sphere they are more particularly calculated. There is great originality in the Gipsy air; and the variations, seven in number, are, in like manner, far removed from the common routine of writings of this kind. They have completely lulled our aversion to variations, especially var. 7, with its coda, which may safely be proclaimed a masterpiece, without, however, detracting from the varied merits of its brethren.

But the other book, the Polonaise, is still more to our liking, antivariationists as we are. The short introductory slow movement is full of expression, and the theme of the polacca sure to delight every taste. Of the digressive portions, the modulations, and the interwoven new and classic ideas, we shall only say, that whoever cannot feel their beauties, provided he have made sufficient progress in playing to master the writing, will have no cause to pride himself on his musical taste and susceptibility. The modulations, through which the author winds himself previously to every return to the subject, deserve an attentive examination; they are grand and truly admirable.

Sacred Music. A Hymn and Chorus for Easter-Day and Kyrie Eleeson, as sung at St. Mary's Church, Battersea, composed, and

by permission respectfully dedicated to the Rev. Joseph Allen, Vicar of the Parish, and the Churchwardens, by their Organist, W. Wagstaff. Pr. 2s.—(Pres-ton, Dean-street.)

These tunes, we are informed, are sung by the children of the parish school with great purity and correctness, a circumstance which does as much credit to their organist, as the composition itself; for we know nothing more affecting and more conducive to pious emotion, than the simple strains of infantine innocence. The guiltless accents of childhood, fresh and unalloyed with worldly concerns, partaking, as it were, of the primitive purity of our race, never fail to make their way to every heart susceptible of kind feelings and true devotion.

With the praiseworthy purpose Mr. W. had in view, it would have been preposterous to attempt the slightest abstrusity in harmony. Simple, cantable melody, yet free from common-place forms, strains at once tender and piously impressive, were the points to be exclusively aimed at; and these Mr. W. has fully reached in his labour, which, we have no hesitation in saying, is excellent in its kind. The second Kyrie Eleeson, in particular, is a happy effort, or rather production, for there is intrinsic evidence of the absence of any laboured effort.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop, and characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. No. IX. Pr. 15s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

The extent to which this collection of Irish melodies has reached, evinces no less the public apprecia-

tion of the work, than the inexhaustible richness of the source from which its materials are obtained. We allude to the musical part of the work: of the poetical portion, it is less our province to speak, although we may be permitted to say, that it is distinguished by that soft mellifluous and really melodious diction, that delicacy of thought and warmth of sentiment, which invariably characterize the productions of Mr. Moore's Muse.

The choice of the airs is good in the whole; particularly if it be considered, that a book of this bulk may fairly be expected to present melodies in various styles, and that its aim is not confined to the gratification of one exclusive bent of taste. Upon this ground alone, the admission of one or two specimens of a broad cast appears justifiable, even if these had been introduced in their common and humble authenticity. But seeing that they had to make their appearance in genteel company, pains have been taken to present them in becoming and tasteful attire. In this manner, Messrs. "Paddy Snap," "Old Langolee," and "Cummilum," have assumed certain airs of gentility, which render them very personable and attractive subjects, thanks to the skill and good taste of the *decorateur*, Mr. Bishop. These cases prove to demonstration the power of talent and cultivated musical feeling in ennobling, by suitable treatment, materials in themselves humble and ordinary. Mr. Bishop's symphonies and accompaniments have here done wonders.

The melodies in this volume are twelve in number, and two or three of these are also exhibited for two

and three voices; viz. 1. *Sweet Innisfallen*.—Air: "The captivating Youth." 2. *'Twas one of those dreams*.—Air: "The Song of the Woods." 3. *Fairest, put on awhile*.—Air: "Cummilum." 4. *Quick! we have but a second*.—Air: "Paddy Snap." 5. *And doth not a meeting like this*.—Air unknown. 6. *In yonder valley* (The Mountain Sprite.)—Air: "The Mountain Sprite." 7. *As vanquished Erin*.—Air: "The Boyne Water." 8. *By the Feal's wave benighted* (Desmond's song.)—Air unknown. 9. *They know not my heart*.—Air: "Coolon Das." 10. *I wish I was by that dim lake*.—Air: "I wish I was on yonder hill." 11. *She sung of love*.—Air: "The Munster Man." 12. *Sing, sing, music was given*.—Air: "The humours of Ballamaguiry, or the Old Langlee."

The greater part of these melodies breathe that captivating simplicity and warmth of feeling which constitute a characteristic feature in Irish airs. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 8, and 11 particularly belong to this class. No. 7 is somewhat quaint, and perhaps handled with too much musical learning. The remainder will, more or less, be found to present numerous and decided points of interest and attraction, according to the varied bias of individual taste. Of Mr. Bishop's symphonies, and the harmonic colouring which he has given to these melodies, it is our pleasing duty to speak with unreserved praise. The hand of a master is manifest in both: inventive fancy, pure taste, and due correspondence with the spirit of the airs, combine to render the introductory lines truly excellent; and the variety and selectness of the accompaniments, as before observ-

ed, tend to impart to the melodies, beauties which, in a manner, lay dormant before; and, in some cases, attractions which the melody alone must have failed to excite.

"*Poor wounded heart*," *Ballad*, by Thomas Moore, Esq. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(J. Power, Strand.)

"*My heart and life*," *Ballad*, by ditto. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

"*The East Indian*," *Ballad*, by ditto. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

Mr. Moore is the author of the poetry of these three ballads, which have been adapted to melodies previously composed. The music of the first, "*Poor wounded heart*," is stated to be an air of Crescentini's. It not only suits the text remarkably well, but exhibits at every step traits of classic taste and pathetic expression, which cannot fail to delight a cultivated musical ear, and would perhaps have been less prominent in a composition expressly devised for the poetry.

The subject of the second of these ballads, "*My heart and life*," is a very fine air of Mr. Bishop's; simple, in good taste, and certainly well fitted to the words to which it has been applied.

For the third ballad, "*The East Indian*," an air of Mozart has been selected. The melody is quite simple, but its unaffected musical diction and smooth progress are no slight features of attraction. Although the text sings fluently to it, we think the tenor of the poetry claimed an air of a more elevated cast, than the innocent pastoral melody to which it has been united.

"*Star that bringest home the bee*," written by Thos. Campbell, Esq.; composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. Power, Strand.)

"*Reconciliation*," written and composed as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. Power.)

"*The Maid's Remonstrance*," written and composed as above. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power.)

The first of these three compositions is an *aria di pretensione*, of considerable extent, evidently written with care, replete with thoughts of a higher order, and distinguished by an accompaniment of varied and skilful texture. The motivo of the melody is very attractive, and several of the subsequent ideas are striking and well imagined. At the same time, the composition, viewed *in toto*, appeared to us to want that clearness and unity of plan, that symmetry of keeping, which tend to blend every part into a congruous whole.

"*Reconciliation*" has a melody of tender amatory import; simple, yet not without striking original touches. The words, "But to lose thee, and to leave thee," are uncommonly expressive in their musical diction.

"*The Maid's Remonstrance*" appears to us a happy off-hand effort. Mr. Bishop has fully seized the spirit of his author; time, air, key, and rhythm could not be imagined more appropriate. There is none of the whining ballad style, the melody goes forth freshly, always in cordial union with the text. Among other good points, the transient modulation into minor, at "in my cheek's pale hue," is excellent; and, what rarely happens, applicable to the corresponding line in the second stanza. In the third, the idea would be equally and eminently apposite, but for the awkward break of the line ventured upon by the poet; viz.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual flame confessing,

* Soon you'll make them grow

* Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age but woe.

Now the music says, and, on account of the prior stanzas, can't help saying, "Soon you'll make them grow." (full stop!) and "Dim" comes in as well as it can afterwards. The composer, we can see, felt the dilemma well enough, for he endeavoured to mend the gap by a little sliding appoggiatura note of connection; but in vain; the harmonic and rhythmic cadence still closes the phrase at "grow."

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Cerf, by B. Blyth, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Blyth's rondo, although its motivo is rather plain, exhibits a degree of inventive conception and tasteful treatment, which entitle it to recommendation. In some instances his confidence in the player's skill has been large, and, upon the whole, we would recommend a style of greater executive facility. Page 6 may be quoted as a very favourable specimen of Mr. B.'s manner and style. In the 4th page, bars 3 and 11 seem to be typographically erroneous.

Overture alla Irlandese for the Piano-forte, composed, selected, and arranged by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

A *pot-pourri* of a variety of Irish tunes strung together, and episodically enlarged upon, so as to form three or four successive movements. This task has been accomplished with much ingenuity, and with Mr. B.'s known ability and good musical tact, so that the book cannot miss being a favourite with a very numerous class of performers.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. BONNET of royal purple terry velvet or *velours épingle*; the brim broad and flat, with a corded satin edge; the crown high and rounded at the top, and partially covered with a *fichu* of velvet, bound with satin nearly half an inch in breadth, and ornamented with a small twisted silk cord of the same colour: the trimmings in front are large, and finished in the same manner; the centre one is long and narrow, and placed perpendicularly, concealing the termination of those on each side: bows of pearl-edge satin ribbon are disposed about the crown; long strings of the same inside the brim.

2. Black velvet dress hat, bound with gold lace; from a small bow in front, the brim forms double, and small white marabouts are introduced between; it is closed behind in a similar manner: broad gold band round the crown, and at the top four curved ornaments, bound also with gold lace; marabouts in front and on the right side.

3. Tartarian turban, formed of a richly shaded stripe silk kerchief.

4. Cap of pink and white *crêpe lisse*, with double border and broad strings of the same: the crown is high; the back part of white *crêpe lisse*, full, and arranged by five flat pink satin bands placed perpendicularly, and inserted in the pink satin band at the bottom of the caul: the front is formed by *bouffants* of alternate pink and white *crêpe lisse*, interspersed with pink satin ornaments of a papilionaceous shape, with a pro-

fusion of winter cherries or *alkekengi*, and rosebuds above.

EVENING DRESS.

Plain colour velvet dress: the *corsage* plain across the bust, and drawn to the shape with a little fulness at the waist; high in front, and falling rather lower on the shoulders, and finished with gold embroidered lace round the top: the sleeves are short, with epaulettes formed of heart-shaped leaves, trimmed with blond; attached are long full sleeves of white gauze, regulated in front by ribbon velvet passing from under the arm to the lower part of the sleeve, which is confined by three velvet bands round the arm, each fastened by a bow and gold clasp: blond ruffle at the wrist. At the bottom of the skirt is a broad band of satin of the same colour, with small silk cord laid across, forming squares: gold embroidered *ceinture*, fastened in front with an antique gem. African turban of lilac *barège*, richly embroidered in gold, with a band of gold round the head, and supporting the folds over the right ear. The hair parted from the forehead, and three or four large curls on each side. Necklace of medallions in enamel, united by triple chains of gold earrings to correspond. English Thibet square shawl with embroidered corners. Short white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The change in promenade dress

since our last Number is very trifling, the novelties that have appeared being principally in carriage and indoor dress. We shall endeavour to select from the articles that have been seen in both, what may be deemed most worthy of the attention of our fair readers. A mantle and hat in the former appeared to us very elegant. The mantle, composed of puce-coloured velvet, and lined with white sarsnet, is trimmed with a twisted rouleau of satin and *velours épingle*: both are puce-colour, but of different shades from each other, and from the mantle. The collar and pelerine are edged to correspond; but the trimming is much smaller: the former, which is very high, turns down a little, and the latter is shaped nearly like a heart. The crown of the hat is of the melon-shape; it is low, and slashed in four places with satin puffs let in; the slashes are edged by very narrow white blond lace: the brim, small behind, but broad in front, is lined with white satin, and finished by a row of blond lace spirally arranged on a satin rouleau. Five marabout feathers are tastefully disposed in front of the crown; the middle one is the largest; the four others, placed two on each side of it, but close together, are each a little shorter: this arrangement has a novel air, and the hat is altogether the most elegant that we have lately seen.

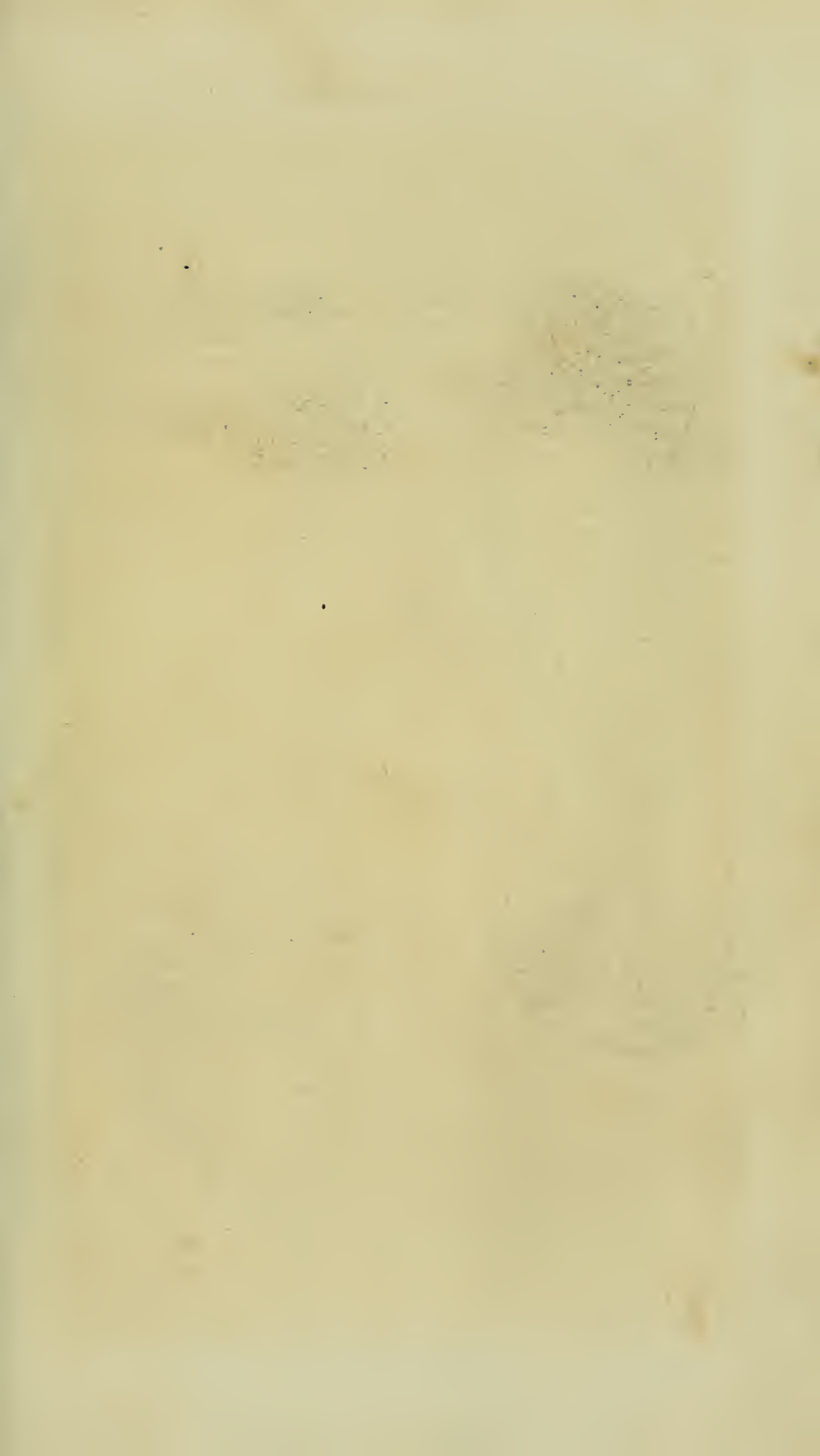
A spencer in violet velvet has also considerable novelty: it is made exactly to the shape; the seams of the back and shoulders are marked by a rich gimp: the bust is ornamented on each side of the front with satin let in in folds, which form oak-leaves: this ornament goes in a sloping direction up the front and round the

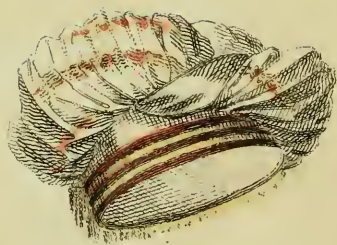
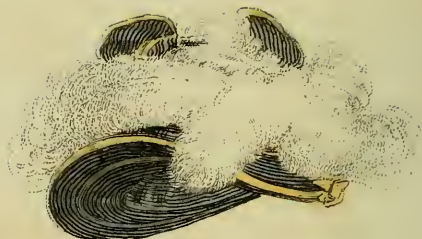
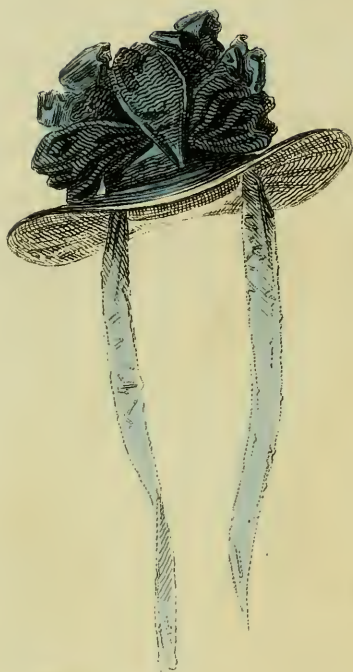
back. Low collar. Long sleeves, rather wide, confined at the hand by a cuff to correspond with the bust, and surmounted by a very full epaulette, formed into irregular puffs by satin leaves.

Bonnets composed of two strikingly contrasted colours, fancifully intermixed, have come much into favour. The two prettiest of these, in our opinion, is, first, a bonnet of dark green *velours épingle* and white velvet; the former is disposed on the crown in *bouillonné*, confined by broad straps of the latter: the brim is of white velvet, finished at the edge by folds of *velours épingle*. The ornament is a plume of white ostrich feathers tipped with green. The other bonnet is a mixture of mahogany-brown velvet and bright gold-coloured *velours épingle*: the latter is laid very full upon the crown, and formed into spiral *bouillonné* by very narrow bands of the former: the brim is velvet, but finished at the edge by lozenge puffs of *velours épingle* let in. The ornament is a plume of fine gold-coloured marabout feathers, placed on the left side; three of the feathers fall over to the right, and the two others, falling back upon the brim, descend a little below the left ear.

A half-dress of green shaded silk, with the *corsage* draped in the French style, is trimmed in a novel but heavy manner with *crêpe lisse* and satin; the crape is arranged in pyramids of about a quarter of a yard in height, and they are edged with a cluster of narrow satin rouleaus.

We have noticed a ball dress composed of white *crêpe lisse*: the *corsage* is arranged on each side of the bust in reverse plaits, each re-







EVENING DRESS.

verse marked by a pearl: very full sleeve, formed into *crêves* by small spaces between each *crête* being plaited in reverse plaits, and ornamented to correspond with the *corsage*. The trimming consists of a *bouillonné* of silver gauze formed à

la colonne by white satin intermixed with the gauze.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with the addition of some new shades of violet and slate colours.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Dec. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

SOME of our *élégantes*, who begin to find the court mourning a very tedious affair, have, since my last, diversified it by the introduction of lilac and violet of peculiar shades, which are called *lilas et violette de deuil*; and other ladies appear on some occasions in mourning, and on others entirely in colours. The number of both, however, is comparatively small, the majority still appearing in black, white, or grey.

Yesterday the court mourning changed to plain black silk, trimmed with white crape: but before I speak to you of the novelties prepared for this change, I must give you some account of the present form of walking costume, which, whether in black or colours, will, as the winter is now set in, continue during the ensuing month.

Rédingotes and high dresses are equally in estimation both for the promenade and the *spectacle*. The former are generally worn with a pelerine à *la neige*, which almost entirely conceals the body; it is made with a high collar, and cut round in a manner that very much resembles the teeth of a saw. The trimming of the skirt consists of rouleaus, disposed round the bottom and up the front in festoons. Long sleeve, made

very wide, confined at the wrist by a band, and ornamented by three small rouleaus, placed at some distance from each other, in festoons half way up the arm.

Some of the high gowns are made *en blouse*; others have the body and long sleeves tight. Trimmings are of two kinds: bias tucks laid on half way up the skirt, crossed at each side of the gown about an inch, and fastened by a button; and *bouillonnée*, formed by triple drawings between each *bouillon*. If the body is tight, the front of the bust is adorned with tucks variously placed, or else is disposed in drapery; and the epaulette, always full, is either tucked, or arranged in drapery to correspond with the bust.

Black velvet spencers are in request; they are principally in the hussar style, with frogs and braiding: the long sleeve is ornamented by five satin bands at the bottom, and surmounted by a full epaulette composed of large *bouillons*, formed by braiding, and interspersed with frogs. These spencers are worn with black dresses only. A scarf tied round the throat is the only additional covering worn with them; nor have the *rédingotes* any, except the pelerine à *la neige*: but mantles and shawls are equally in favour for high dresses. Trimmings composed of

marabout down formed into a rouleau are very much in favour for mantles; they are trimmed also with chinchilla and sables, but not so generally.

Undress bonnets are composed of velvet; they are still worn of a large size, and are trimmed with a full bunch of large leaves cut in deep scollops of the same material. Black satin bonnets are in favour for the *spectacle*; they are adorned with knots, composed half of velvet, and half of silver or steel gauze. There are also a good many bonnets finished at the edge of the brim with silk *pluche*, and trimmed with knots of the same material; and some others composed of velvet and satin intermixed, as a velvet crown and a satin brim, and *vice versa*: the only ornaments of these bonnets consist of knots of the same material. The prettiest novelties that I have seen for the change of mourning are, a black levantine dinner dress, the *corsage* of which is cut very low, and finished round the bust by a wreath of leaves in white crape; a white crape rouleau goes up the centre of the bust, with branches of leaves issuing from each side. Short full sleeve of white crape, surmounted

by a drapery of levantine, looped in two places by wreaths of leaves: the trimming of the skirt consists of black gauze drapery fancifully intermixed with white crape leaves.

Full-dress trimmings composed of velvet will also be very general: they consist of wreaths of flowers with their foliage; the former in white, the latter in black velvet.

The new articles of millinery are, Turkish turbans of white crape, or *gaze lisse*, ornamented with a mixture of black and white plumes, arranged in the form of a crescent; Russian toques of white *gaze lisse* adorned with diadems of white curled ostrich feathers; black crape turbans trimmed with white marabouts, so arranged as to form lozenges; and small dress caps in black blond, trimmed with heath-blossoms, or clematis, in black satin.

The mourning jewellery has given place to diamonds or pearls, and in undress our *élégantes* wear dead gold or polished steel. The colours adopted by the few fashionables who are seen out of mourning are, dark green, crimson, amaranth, ruby, and chesnut-brown. Adieu! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

VIEW ON HERNE-HILL, CAMBERWELL.

PERHAPS no place more clearly demonstrates the efforts now making in the building art, to meet the taste and wants of the public in the way of residences, than the neighbourhood of Camberwell: there villas of every sort meet the eye, to tempt the wealthy to come and inhabit them.

The annexed plate exhibits four villas on Herne-Hill, viewed from the road as the passenger goes towards

London; and from the variety of the style and character displayed, they generally excite attention.

The first is an ornamental cottage of very peculiar design, and the artist has taken great pains to perfect his interior: it affords much more accommodation than it promises to supply; and we believe it is now, or was, divided into two small residences.

The second is a good family house;



and here it seems that the substantial, rather than the ornamental, was desired.

The next is designed with a view to more architectural and picturesque

effect; whilst the last, content with two stories only, is shaded by its Sicilian roof in comfortable simplicity.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in January will be published, part I. of a new topographical work, entitled *Delineations of Gloucestershire*; being views of the principal seats of nobility and gentry, and other objects of prominent interest, in that county; with historical and descriptive notices. The drawings will be made, and the plates engraved, by Messrs. Storers; the historical notices by J. N. Brewer, Esq. It is intended that this work shall consist of one hundred engraved views, quarto size; and attached to the view of each mansion will be presented the armorial bearings of the proprietor. The publication will comprise twenty-five parts, forming two handsome volumes.

On the 1st of May next will be published, in demy 4to. part I. (the whole to be included in ten parts) of a translation of the *Ossemens Fossiles* of the Baron Cuvier, being a continuation of his Description of the Animal Kingdom. This work will be honoured with occasional aid from the Baron Cuvier himself, who has offered to communicate to the editor such new facts and discoveries, both in existing and in fossil organization, as may arise pending the publication of the works. The translation of the justly celebrated "Theory of the Earth," which forms the introductory discourse to the "*Ossemens Fossiles*," will be from the baron's manuscript, with important additions and corrections, prepared for a new edition of that work, which he is about to publish. Major C. Hamilton Smith has gratuitously offered the use of his immense collection of original drawings, now exceeding 6000 species, together with his notes on many genera of the mammiferous

tribes. The monograph on the antelopes, with a great number of new species, will be from his pen, and the figures entirely from his pencil.

In a few days will be published, *The East-India Register and Directory*, for 1825, by A. W. Mason, George Owen, and G. H. Brown, of the Secretary's Office, East-India House.

New Landlord's Tales, in two vols. will be among the earliest of the forthcoming literary novelties.

The Rev. John Topham, of Bromsgrove school, has just completed, *A Synopsis of the Evidences of Religion*, natural and revealed, drawn principally from the writings of Paley, Butler, Doddridge, and Marsh; designed as a manual for youth: also, *An Epitome of Chemistry*, wherein the principles of the science are familiarly explained, and the whole adapted for the instruction and entertainment of ladies.

Mr. Farr has in the press, the second edition, considerably enlarged, of his *Treatise on Cancer*.

The Good Nurse, or Hints on the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber, and the Nursery, by a lady, is just ready for publication, in one vol. 12mo.

Mr. Barron Field, late Chief Justice of New South Wales, is about to publish a small collection of Geographical Papers respecting that Colony.

Miss Edgeworth has in the press a new work, entitled *Mutual Instruction*, the object of which is to excite the curiosity and taste of young people for science, and to put them in possession of its principles.

Miss Landon, author of "the Improvisatrice," is preparing for publication, *The Troubadour*, *The Spanish Maiden*, and other poems.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is engaged on a second volume of his *Library Companion*, which will appear in the course of next year. It will embrace every topic of

literature, philosophy, the arts and sciences, omitted or only slightly noticed in the volume already published.

A collection of Poems, by Thomas Stott, Esq. some of which have appeared in different publications, under the signature of *Hafiz*, is in the press.

Poetry.

DUNGLAS CASTLE.

Oh! mark yon rude rock, mid the Clyde's
silver waves,

Where mariners constantly pass;
Its base is of granite, incessantly waves
The billow around it, whose fury it braves,
When the winter storms howl round Dun-
glas*.

Tradition relates, when the Romans subdued
A part of fair Caledon's land,
The brave mountaineers, who their fury with-
stood,

Retired to their native hills cover'd with
wood,

Nor would yield to a foreign command.

And often in ambush they sprung on their
foes,

Whom with dirk and with claymore they
slew;
Till the proud Roman legions, alarm'd by the
woes

Which they felt from attacks that they could
not oppose,

A rampart to shelter them drew.

Famed Adrian projected this sheltering wall,
O'er the Grampian Hills sidelong to pass;
'Twas strengthen'd by turrets where northern
blasts squall

In the great German Ocean, which sailors
appal,

And from Grangemouth stretch'd west to
Dunglas.

* The castle of Dunglas is situated upon a rocky peninsula, projecting into the Clyde, about two miles and a half eastward of Dumbarton Castle, and fifteen west of Glasgow. It was formerly the termination of the famous wall built by the Romans by command of the Emperor Adrian, in order to protect the low country, which they had subdued, from the incursive depredations of the native inhabitants, who had retired to the mountains.

When relieved from the sway of the stern
Roman yoke,

Once more Caledonia was free,
At Dunglas stood the castle*, where proud
Lennox' stock

In splendour resided, till civil war broke
Their dominion, and forc'd them to flee.

O Mary†! a tear to thy memory must fall!
Here once thy gay moments did pass;

Here minstrelsy sounded through chamber
and hall;

Here echoed thy harp, and here tripp'd at
the hall

Thy maidens so fair—at Dunglas.

But fleeting the mirth and the song and the
dance,

Soon, soon all these gambols must cease;
Ambition's red eyeball beheld thee askance,
And pale Superstition's cold withering
glance

Malignantly scowl'd at thy peace.

Near these once lofty turrets, dismantled
and broke,

Where the alder-trees fall to decay,
By the postern which leads to the brink of
the rock,

Thy flight could alone keep thee safe from
their shock,

In the vessel which bore thee away.

* The castle, which is now a ruin, was originally of great extent, and occasionally one of the royal residences of the kings of Scotland. By a grant of the crown it devolved to the noble family of Lennox, a branch of the royal line, together with an extensive jurisdiction over a great part of the western district of Scotland.

† In the early part of her life, the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland is said to have resided for some time in Dunglas Castle, and from hence to have taken her departure for the court of France.

When proudly her canvas she spread to the breeze,

While thy friends in dejection all mourn'd,
She gallantly wafted thee over the seas,
To France quickly bore thee in safety and ease—

Oh! would thou hadst never return'd!

But when cruel Fate, so adverse and unkind,
In Britain thy destiny cast,
Though eighteen long years in a dungeon confin'd,

Thy foes' deadly hate but increas'd as thou pined,

Till thy blood dyed a scaffold at last.

Such fœd sand such horrors when memory recalls,

Sure Pity may pour the soft flood,
When she views, mid these mouldering and ruinous walls,

The owls build their nests where the once stately halls

Of Mary, our lovely queen, stood.

Now scenes far more soothing the eye may survey

From the mount* where the watch took his stand;

See vessels now passing in peaceful array,
Which the wealth of both Indies securely convey,

To enrich and embellish our land.

Far off to the west, midst the pure azure sky,
Ting'd with gold by the bright orb of day,
Where mountain on mountain† is piled up on high,

The heath-cover'd brown craggy summits descry,

Where the Lord of Argyle holds his sway.

Now see where that port on the face of the deep

Is cover'd with masts bristling high;

'Tis the emporium of Clyde‡, which a title doth keep,

* Within the inclosure of the castle is a rocky mount of considerable height, where formerly guards were placed to notice approaching danger in those turbulent times. The surrounding scenery viewed from this height, which commands a prospect of more than thirty miles from east to west, forms the subject of the remainder of the poem.

† The western view is terminated by the rugged and precipitous mountains of the district of Cowal, in Argyleshire, which form the sensible horizon: they are distant about twenty miles from Dunglas.

‡ The town and harbour of Greenock, about twenty-two miles from Glasgow, is the principal seaport upon the Clyde; and sep-

Deriv'd from the oak that o'ershadows yon steep

Of the forest-crown'd hills rising nigh.

And nigher again, where yon forest of pines
Arise in the midst of the wave,

See the port of fair Clutha*, whose enter-
prise shines,

And commerce expands her advent'rous de-
signs,

That her sons wealth and plenty may
have.

Now turn to the right, see yon biforked rock
Frowning stern in the midst of the surge:

'Tis the fort of the Britons†; ev'n Rome's
warlike shock

It defied, all her hostile exertions did mock,
Her conquests beyond it to urge.

On the face of yon hill Auchintorlie's‡ seat
lies,

posed to take its name from an old oak that stood on the shore in days of yore. The greatest part of the vessels trading to the Clyde resort to Greenock, and both its foreign and coasting trade is very great. The Superior, who has a beautiful seat, called Ardgowan, about six miles farther down, lying on the Frith of the Clyde, is Sir Michael Stuart of Blackhall, Bart.

* The town of Port Glasgow is a small handsome place, with a good harbour, which was deepened and improved at the expense of the merchants of the city of Glasgow, for the reception of their shipping. It lies on the banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles west from the city of Glasgow.

† Dumbarton Castle, the fort of the Britons. It never fell under the dominion of the Romans. It stands at the confluence of the river Leven with the Clyde, about three miles east from Dunglas, and about five west from Lake or Loch Lomond, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. Travellers resort from all parts of the globe to view and admire this wonderful lake, which is studded with a variety of fine islands, clothed with flowering shrubs, and adorned with the noble oak and the finest trees of the forest; where may be seen the fallow deer and roebuck bounding from rock to rock, and from valley to valley; while the eagle, king of birds, is beheld soaring majestically, like a speck, over the stupendous mountains adjoining. The river Leven runs from the lake, and is immortalized by Smollet's beautiful Ode to Leven Water, upon whose banks an elegant monument is erected to his memory.

‡ Auchintorlie, to which Dunglas Castle pertains, is beautifully and romantically si-

With groves shelter'd well from the blast;
Here at once lively wit with fine sentiment
vies,

To delight every guest, where all happy
arise

From the gay and the splendid repast.

Now turn to the south, where that princely
domain

Lies stretched on the opposite shore;
There Erskine's pavilions arise on the plain*,
Whose arbours, fine woods, and rich pas-
tures again

The famed scenes of Arcadia restore.

Behold to the east, in yon circling deep bay,
By science ingeniously plann'd,

The canal of the Forth†, which now serves
to convey,

Through districts and valleys where Nature
said nay,

The rich stores of full many a land.

Next southward behold where those spires
on the hill

Rise towering aloft to the glance;

located on the southern exposure of a steep chain of mountains, about three miles east from Dumbarton, and commands an extensive and truly fascinating prospect of the surrounding country and of the windings of the Clyde. The house is an elegant modern building, and the pleasure-grounds richly wooded. It belongs to Archibald Buchanan, Esq. a gentleman distinguished for hospitality, and for the great attention and time he has devoted to the improvement of agriculture, during a period of more than twenty years. Since he came to the possession of the estate, he has employed a number of poor labourers in the culture and improvement of his grounds, particularly in the hilly part of it: he has also done much for the pleasure-walks on the premises, and for beautifying the whole face of the country about Auchintorlie.

* Erskine-House, the seat and property of the Right Hon. Lord Blantyre.

† The western termination of the Forth and Clyde navigation is at Bowling Bay, one mile east from Dunglas, where it joins the Clyde. It runs through a fine cultivated tract of country, its eastern extremity being at Grangemouth upon the Forth, a distance of about forty miles from Bowling. It contains about eight feet deep of water, and forms an expeditious and safe channel of communication for commerce, between the eastern and western seas, to vessels of considerable tonnage.

'Tis Paisley*: by fabrics of fancy and skill,
Her mechanics have now both the power and
the will

To rival Italia and Francee.

Now direct the keen eye to yon bill's verdant
slope,

Which eastward doth gently decline;
A prospect more charming not fancy can hope
With transport to view, nor a scene develope
More delightful, Dalnotter†, than thine.

Near its base stands the village, which aye
will be famed

For the dust that its turf doth inclose‡;
The sage who Ilibernia's rude islanders
tamed,

Saint Patrick, with reverence by Irishmen
named,

Here sleeps in his silent repose.

Such, Dunglas, are thy beauties, which oft I
retrace,

And revert to the pleasure I felt,
When thy pure healthful breeze every sinew
did brace,

And rural enjoyment each care did efface,
On thy banks while I tranquilly dwelt.

Adieu, fair Dunglas! oh! adieu for a while!

Long as life's throb my bosom shall cheer,
Like to thee, there's no place in Britannia's
lov'd isle

I could wish to enjoy when retir'd from my
toil,

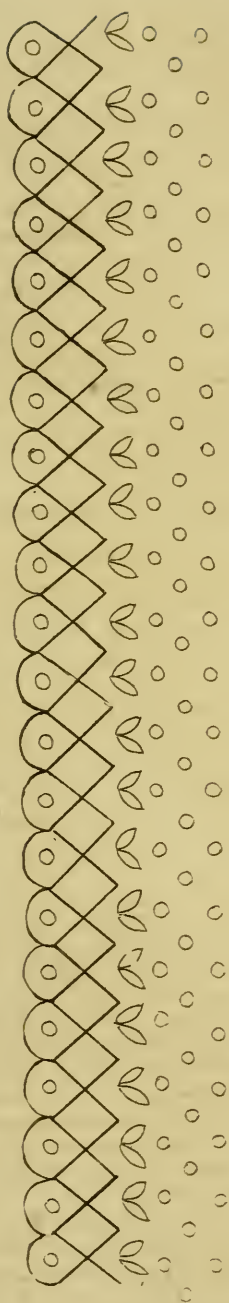
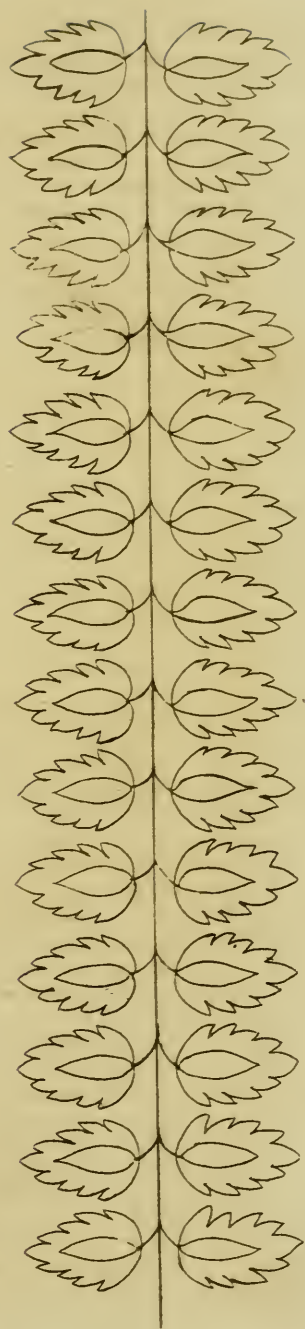
Nor a spot to my feelings so dear.

JOHN CARNEGIE.

* The spires of Paisley are seen at a distance from Dunglas. This opulent manufacturing town is remarkable chiefly for the talent and ingenuity which have for many years been displayed in imitating, rivalling, and latterly surpassing, the light and fanciful manufactures of Flanders and Italy. It has also lately produced specimens nearly equalling the beautiful and expensive fabric of the East India shawls.

† The view of the Frith of Clyde, from the summit of Dalnotter-Hill, has long and justly been esteemed as one of the finest prospects in Britain. In grandeur and variety of scenery it certainly equals at least the view of Plymouth Sound from Mount Edgecombe, which has been so much admired.

‡ The village of Kilpatrick, where Patrick, the tutelary saint of Ireland, is said to be buried, and from whence it derives its name. The syllable *kil*, so common in Scotland and Ireland, signifies in Celtic a tomb.



MUSLIN PATTERNS.

Published by the Government of India.

WIMBLEDON PARK
THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER

The Shepherd del.



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY 1, 1825. NO. XXVI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF WIMBLEDON-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER . . .	63
2. ————PYNES, THE SEAT OF SIR S. H. NORTHCOTE, BART. . .	65
3. LADIES' PROMENADE-DRESS	119
4. ———— EVENING DRESS	ib.
5. SOFA, CANDELABRUM, TABLE, AND FOOTSTOOL	123
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Wimbledon-House, the Seat of Earl SPENCER . . .	63
Pynes, the Seat of Sir STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, Bart.	64
Nowadays	66
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. I.—Jacob Never-Sober: A Popular Tale of Thuringia (<i>concluded</i>)	70
Testimonies of the Existence of People with Tails in Farther India. From <i>Tibet and India beyond the Ganges</i> , in Miniature	74
The Gaming-House of the Palais Royal . . .	76
Thoughts on Sleep	81
Beveolence of the Duke of BERRY . . .	ib.
Osmar: An Eastern Tale	82
The Cavern of Servulo	84
Description of the Marriage Ceremonies of the Kasan Tartars, by Dr. ERDMANN, From the <i>Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels</i> for 1825	88
Observations on the State of Hayti at the Conclusion of CHRISTOPHE's Reign. By CHARLES RITTER (<i>continued</i>) . . .	91
Some Particulars of the last Days of Louis XVI.	96
The Confessions of my Uncle. No. II.—The Correspondence of Flora . . .	98
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XV. . .	102
National Character of the Irish	106
The Literary Coterie. No. I. Introductory .	107
On the Anniversary of King George IV. arriving in Edinburgh	110
The Cathedral	111
MUSICAL REVIEW.	
A favourite Waltz with Variations by	

	PAGE
BEETHOVEN, CZERNY, GENSEBACHER, GE-LINEK, HUMMEL, KALKBRENNER, LEIDES-DORT, LIST, MAYSEDER, MOSCHELES, MOZART, jun. PIXIS, PLACHY, TOMASCHEK, and WORZISCHEK	113
CZERNY's " <i>Les Charmes de Baden</i> " . . .	114
DUMON's " <i>Les Nouveaux Plaisirs</i> " . . .	ib.
GIBSON's Irish Air	115
ADAMS's Three Voluntaries	ib.
RIMBAULT's "Arrangement of Paer's Overture to " <i>Agnese</i> "	116
——— Select French Romances, No. IX.	ib.
——— Select Italian Airs. No. VIII. . .	ib.
POOLE's Arrangement of Rossini's " <i>Numero quindici</i> "	ib.
Selection of the most admired Quadrilles .	ib.
BISHOP's "O lovely is the summer moon" .	ib.
——— "Drink to her"	117
——— "The pretty rose-tree"	ib.
——— "The young Muleteers of Grenada"	ib.
SHEPPARD's new Piano-forte Preceptor .	ib.
To Correspondents	118

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Promenade Dress	119
Ladies' Evening Dress	ib.
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
French Female Fashions	121
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—Sofa, Candelabrum, Table, and Footstool . . .	123

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC *ib.*

POETRY.

Obstipus, an Egotistical Poem	124
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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.

Two contributions from A. W. H. (Lisbon) are received, and shall have an early place. If, as we suppose, his inquiry relates to the publication of Music, we have to inform him, that it does not fall within the line of the Publisher of the Repository.

Anecdotes of the last Days of Louis XI.—The Wonderful Mirror—Legend of a Brownie—The Cavalier and the Roundhead, in our next.

We entreat the indulgence of our Poetical Correspondents, with whose contributions we are considerably in arrear, and shall endeavour to gratify them in our succeeding Numbers.

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

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY 1, 1825. NO. XXVI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

WIMBLEDON-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER.

IN all the ancient records Wimbledon is described as a grange or farm within the manor of Mortlake, which, from the time of the Conquest, belonged to the see of Canterbury, till Archbishop Cranmer exchanged it for other lands with King Henry VIII. By that monarch it was soon afterwards granted to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; and on his attainder it was settled on Queen Catherine Parr for her life. Cardinal Pole obtained a grant of it from Queen Mary, whose successor first gave it to Sir Christopher Hatton; and again, in the thirty-second year of her reign, to Sir Thomas Cecil, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in exchange for an estate in Lincolnshire. The earl left this estate to his third son, who was created Viscount Wimbledon and Baron of Putney. Immediately after his decease

in 1638, the manor was sold by his representatives to the Earl of Holland and others, as trustees for Queen Henrietta Maria. In the inventory of the jewels and pictures of Charles I. the mansion of Wimbledon is mentioned among the houses belonging to the crown. On the sale of the crown lands, this manor was purchased by Adam Baynes, Esq.; and soon afterwards became the property of General Lambert. This officer, as we are informed by Coke, author of a work entitled *The Detection*, "after he had been discarded by Cromwell, betook himself to Wimbledon-House, where he turned florist, and had the finest tulips and gilliflowers that could be got for love or money: yet in these outward pleasures he nourished the ambition which he entertained before he was cashiered by Cromwell." Lambert

was not only a cultivator of flowers, he excelled also in painting them, and specimens of his skill in that art remained for some years at Wimbledon. At the Restoration this estate reverted to the queen-dowager; but "it smelt so strong of a rebel," says the *Magna Britannia*, that it was soon sold by her to the trustees of George Digby, Earl of Bristol. Of his widow it was purchased by the Earl of Danby, afterwards created Duke of Leeds. At his death this estate was sold, under a decree in Chancery, in 1717 to Sir Theodore Janssen, who becoming deeply involved in the South Sea scheme, it was again put up to sale, and purchased for 15,000*l.* by the Duchess of Marlborough. Her grace gave it to her grandson, John Spencer, Esq. whose descendant, Earl Spencer, is the present proprietor.

Wimbledon-House, rebuilt in 1588 by Sir Thomas Cecil, is described as a magnificent structure, "which being placed on the side slip of a rising ground, renders it to stand of that height, that betwixt the basis of the brick wall of the lower court and the hall-door there are five several assents, consisting of threescore and ten steps, which are distinguished in a very graceful manner." Fuller

says, that by some the house was thought to equal Nonsuch, if not to exceed it; and Swift, in one of his letters, calls it much the finest place about London. It was taken down by the Duchess of Marlborough, who erected a new edifice upon or near the site, after a design by the Earl of Pembroke. This house was accidentally burned down in 1785. Some of the offices only being preserved from the flames, were fitted up and used for several years as an occasional residence by the noble proprietor. The present Mansion, of which a View is given in the annexed engraving, stands a little to the north-west of the former building: it was erected after the designs of the late Mr. Holland. The situation of this structure, which was completed in 1801, is particularly advantageous, having towards the north a beautiful home prospect of the park, and an extensive view over the county of Surrey to the south.

The park, which contains 1200 acres, exhibits a pleasing variety of surface, and was planted and laid out with great taste by Brown. To the north of the house it is adorned with a sheet of water that covers fifty acres.

PYNES,

THE SEAT OF SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, BART.

PYNES is the principal seat of the Northcote family. Upton-Pyne or Bramford-Pyne is situated in the hundred of Wonford, about six miles from Crediton, and four from Exeter. The manor belonged to the family of Pynes as early as the reign of Henry I. After ten descents, the heiress of this ancient family brought

it to that of Larder: after five descents more, it passed by marriage to a branch of the Caplestones, of whom it was purchased by Hugh Stafford, Esq.; and his daughter and heiress brought it by marriage to Sir Henry Northcote, Bart. father of the present and sixth baronet.

The ancient family of Northcote



London: del.

PPYNES,

THE SEAT OF SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE BART

derives its descent from Galfridus de Northcote, who possessed Northcote, in the parish of East Downe, in the 12th century. After many descents, during which the heiresses or co-heiresses of Hilion, Meols, Hawk-worthly, Guamed or Mamhede, and Passmere, married into the family, Walter Northcote acquired Hayne, in the parish of Newton St. Cyres, by marriage with the heiress of Drew: their daughter and heiress married to Yarde. His nephew, John Northcote, was created a baronet in 1641: he married the heiress of Haswell; and his son, Sir Arthur, married the heiress of Welsh. The fifth baronet, Sir Henry, married the heiress of Stafford of Pynes, as already noticed.

Hayne, the old family seat of the Northcotes, is in the parish of Newton St. Cyres. A portion of the hall is still remaining, and it continues the property of the family. The manor of Bramford-Speke, adjoining, which for many descents belonged to the Espek or Speke family, is now by purchase the property of Sir Stafford, who also possesses the barton of Woodrow.

Yewton-Arundell was bought by this family in 1600, and is now the property of Sir Stafford. The manor of Dawland has been in the Stafford family for many generations, and is the property of Sir Stafford Northcote by inheritance. In the parish church are monuments of the family of Stafford of Pynes. Sir Stafford is impropriator of the tithes and patron of the curacy. Winscot is likewise the property of this family by inheritance, as well as Blaincomb, described as a manor in ancient records. The manor of Iddeleigh is the property of Sir Stafford by purchase of Sir Charles Bingham, Bart.

The manor of Kennerly is likewise his property. Steventon or Stephenson became the property of Sir Stafford by purchase in 1806.

Pynes owes every thing to its situation, which is retired and beautiful, though but a short drive from the city of Exeter. The mansion is said to have been built by Inigo Jones. In external appearance it has not much to boast, but within it possesses every comfort. The suites of apartments are lofty and spacious. The dining-room contains some of Northcote's best pictures, and a very fine Vandyke.

The lawn is admirably arranged, and possesses a beautiful display of various trees, among which the pine is remarkably fine. That portion of lawn immediately round the house, generally laid out in plantations, is in this beautiful spot particularly delightful; the natural formation of the ground, its aspect, and the fine trees that surround the house, concur with the flowering shrubs, aviaries, and other embellishments, to render the home scene truly delicious. This intermixture of flowering shrubs and stately trees carries on in the sweetest possible manner the home arrangements, and blends them with the more distant park and forest scenery. The sloping grounds in front of the mansion, combined with the many windings of the Exe through the valley, backed by the bold hills called Maypolehead, are particularly fine. This view is seen from the house through the woods to great advantage; and a wear midway in the vale, over which the water dashes, adds greatly to its interest.

Some very extensive plantations of firs are breaking into fine forms on the high grounds, and young

plantations are flourishing in parts hitherto destitute of wood. The choice of those trees for this situation has been judiciously considered, particularly as to their figure, the surrounding hills being of a hemispherical form; the pointed firs produce the variety so much desired, besides adding a value to the undulating lines which they would otherwise lose from their multiplicity. This forest of firs too has a pleasing effect in the dull season of the year.

In traversing these plantations some charming views of the distant country are obtained, particularly over Killerton, which rises in the middle distance, its bold, broad, and well wooded park finely contrasting with the very highly cultivated country around it. Amidst the woods several pretty parish churches with their white towers are seen nestling. This drive is continued on the one side down through a lovely glen to the Exe, while, on the other, it continues along a bold terrace, from which oc-

casional glimpses are caught of the sweet and retired scenery around. In the midst of this walk a small summer-house is so situated as to command a lovely view, and to become a pleasing ornament to this drive: it is beautiful in form and colour; rough unbarked trees have been made use of. It has fanciful perforations, through which the honeysuckle and other creeping plants find their way. Being situated on a bold terrace, and nearly surrounded with trees, the open work has a double advantage in the approach, a partial view of the distant landscape being obtained in consequence. The alcove commands a very beautiful view, not only of the home scene and the stone bridge of Cowley crossing the Exe, which seems to form a portion of the estate, but of the distant village of Exwick and the suburbs of Exeter embosomed in wood, with the still more distant church of Alplington, backed by a fine range of hills skirting the horizon.

NOWADAYS.

THERE are no people who make themselves more ridiculous than those who are always drawing comparisons between old and new times unfavourable to the latter. The thing is an absurdity in itself, as if half a century's advance in the course of civilization must have rendered us inferior to our grandfathers; or as if we ought to take our models from those whose only advantage lies in being nearer to that abyss of ignorance and barbarism, which succeeded the enlightened periods of Grecian freedom and Roman greatness. In fact, these people talk and act as we should

reasonably suppose a Roman to have done after the inroads of the barbarians. They are constantly harping on the "good old times." They exist in this century, but live in the last. "*Nowadays* nothing is done aright, and every thing goes wrong." The degeneracy of the present race is their favourite theme, as if the dandy in starch and stays were a more contemptible object than the *petit maître* in red heels and ruffles, or the *élégante* in net-lace more ridiculous than the beldam in a hoop; or as if the unfettered baby in petticoats must, of necessity, grow up

inferior in stature and beauty to the defaced victim of swaddling-clothes and the small-pox.

These *nowadaysers* (as I call them) I have invariably found to have been great dashers in their youth, but at forty they generally stopped short. The machine then ceased as it were to be wound up, and the hand of time continued to point at the moment when they ceased to change their opinions, their habits, or their dress. These people are almost always out of humour, for nothing pleases them, because it is not as it was in the days when they figured; and then they go on grumbling and growling, a torment to themselves and all around them, as if the cup of life had not enough of bitter in it without their throwing in their daily handful of wormwood. With them every innovation is a departure from right, and every invention, a superfluous and injurious multiplication of the machinery of life. In their eyes a relinquishment of absurd and ridiculous customs savours of revolution, and every deviation from the old system is an abandonment of legitimate principles; while, on the other hand, any increase in the stock of human knowledge, or any addition to the refinements of life, are set down as departures from the purity and simplicity of our ancestors—dear, elegant, and refined ancestors! among whose females the chief accomplishment was the art of tent-stitching, and whose males regaled themselves with punch and tobacco, or sported their leisure hours in the cockpit.

They talk also of “old English hospitality,” in contradistinction to the present system of society; never reflecting, that, in proportion as a community advances in civilization,

so must the necessity for, and the practice of, hospitality be diminished; and that although a man cannot look for a seat at the table of his richer neighbour, or expect to partake of his bounty, as he might where wealth was confined to a few landed proprietors, who gloried in the dependence of those around them; yet he can now do better, being enabled by talents and industry on his part, and the augmented wants of an advanced state of society on the part of the other, to extract, without any obligation, from the pocket of his richer countryman what will support a family in comfort and independence.

Our neighbour, Squire Oldstyle, is one of your *nowadaysers*. His dislike to every thing new extends even from things to persons. He cannot bear young people. Even his own children partake of this aversion. They never please him except when dressed as near as possible to the style of the old school. I do not know how the poor things would get on if they had not an uncle of more modern ideas, who supplies them with the means of appearing like other people. The natural consequence is, that they fly off into the opposite extreme, and are, when out of their father's sight, the greatest dandies imaginable. Every thing with the squire must savour of the last century, or have on it the mould of age. His servants are old. His house and furniture are old. His equipage and horses are old. In short, every thing about him is old, except his children, and he would make them old if he could. The result is, that he is badly lodged, and badly served. Indeed, his only pleasure consists in the gratification of old habits, the least derangement in which, like the move-

ment of a crazy piece of furniture, disjoins him altogether. All his tradesmen are obliged to study his whims, and to keep articles and patterns on purpose for him; for the least deviation from the old standard would lose them his custom. He has given up society, because people will not keep the old hours, and the only company he sees consists of one or two disciples of the old school like himself, or of a few younger parasites, who, finding their account in associating with him on his own terms, patiently listen to his sarcasms on the rising generation, and, with rather more sincerity, assent, by a smack of their lips, to the superiority of old wine over new. The squire is constantly railing against all new institutions, no matter what they are, but, above all, national and Sunday schools are his abomination. To these he attributes in a great measure the degeneracy of the age. The improvement in roads is another subject of complaint with him. Before travelling was rendered so easy, he says, people would stay at home and mind their own business, instead of going hunting after new faces and new fashions. His constant reply to any proposed innovation is, "Why can't we do as we used to do? we got on very well before." It will give him greater pleasure to see the face of an old acquaintance, however great a rogue, than that of a new one, however high his character. He is always exclaiming against the saucy independence of the people. A gentleman, he says, is nothing nowadays, nor is there any thing to distinguish him from the herd of people. He is determined that this shall not be the case with him; never reflecting, poor gentleman, how much better it

is, that rational beings should be distinguished by the cultivation of the mind, than by the clothing of the body. With equal justice he exclaims against fashion; for it could never come into his head that fashion, while it gives bread to millions, is the very thing which spares the educated classes the necessity of giving up their time and thoughts to dress, that being now decided by rule which was before left, in a great measure, to fancy.

Trade and machinery are also constant subjects of crimination; and he would go twenty miles out of his way rather than encounter a manufactory or a steam-engine. He will allow of no new system of husbandry on his estate, which is of course at least twenty years behind those of his neighbours. None of your drill system! Even the rushes are allowed to vegetate in his meadows; and if it were not for the increase of taxes, he never would have allowed one of his old trees to be cut down, although no mercy is shewn to a young one, if it will only make a post and rail. From this, as may be supposed, he does not derive half so much from his estate as he ought. He never raised his rents during the war; but his tenants did not gain much by that, for he insisted upon being paid as formerly in guineas, in return for which his principles did not prevent his receiving a considerably greater value of goods or labour than one pound one of the "new-fangled" currency would command. Whether this arose from cunning or obstinacy on his part I never could discover, but I suppose it was a compound of both; and yet has the old boy some good points. He is crusty to be sure, but only break through that

crust, and you will find he has a tender heart. His prejudices too are many of them on the side of virtue. Though indiscriminate in his charities, they are extensive, and no beggar ever left his door empty-handed. The consequence is, that he has many squabbles with the parish officers for encouraging vagabonds. As he never parts with a servant, a horse, or a dog in their old age, his house is beset by a host of useless hangers-on of all descriptions. When one of his horses dies, instead of sending him to the kennel, he has him decently buried, and a tree planted over him. In politics he is a Whig of the old school, but will hold no fellowship with the new Whigs, who, he says, partake of the general degeneracy. In religion he is a staunch Protestant, and would have been a bigoted Catholic had he been brought up in that communion. Poor man! he is so averse to change of every kind, that I verily believe he fears death more for the derangement it will occasion in his system, than from any apprehensions of the consequences.

My aunt Kitty is another of your *nowadaysers*. If it were not for the laugh she affords us there would be no living with her. She was, I understand, gay and fond of dress in her youth; but since she has ceased to nourish any hopes of matrimony, she has continued in a state of stagnation in every respect except her temper, which has only turned the sourer for keeping; so that she has now become an absolute rennet in the family. She is constantly reading us lectures on the superiority of the young people of her days. With her the servants are saucy, the girls over-taught and forward, and the

boys too boyish. The consequence of this is, that she is neither respected for her age, nor esteemed for the good qualities she possesses. The only instance in which she ever appears quite at home is, when she expects the visit of some *beau* or *belle* of the old school. You can guess at this by the dress she comes down in of a morning, and by the unusual smile which bedecks her countenance, like sunshine on a Stilton cheese. To see them meet is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. For a time they appear beings of another sphere. The long-hidden light seems suddenly to open on them. The frost of fifty winters thaws as if by the glow of each other's countenance. Their dormant sympathies rouse from their torpor as the senses of a boa constrictor at the approach of his half-yearly repast. They sidle towards each other, and throw themselves into all the formalities of the old school by a kind of instinctive process. They spring back, as it were, into youth and the last century; and, if you may judge by their manner and conversation, the past is as fresh to them as the odour of a newly opened jar of *pot-pourri*. Their tongues rattle, their eyes glisten, and they seem for a period to brighten up into their meridian splendour, till a reluctant adieu sees them sink from each other's sight with the same feelings that our northern discoverers view the last rays of a polar sun as he takes his departure for a three months' night.

Nor is this *nowadaysism* confined to age. There are, I lament to say, some on whose young heads a scion of the last century appears to have been grafted. They possess all the prejudice of years without their re-

spectability. Even in the councils of the nation there are some who, notwithstanding their talents, prove, by their opposition to every thing liberal, how ill they are suited to the times in which they live: but let these sink with the doctrines they advocate and the principles they support. Honour to that enlightened statesman who, instead of anchoring the vessel of the state in the stream of time, wisely takes the serving tide, spreads her sails to the favouring gale, and leaves far behind the shoals of bigotry and ignorance!

Defend me from *nowadaysers* of all descriptions! They go grating and fuming through life like a cart-wheel without grease; the very drags

of society in its up-hill course. The passage to their understandings closes, as it were, with a valve, which lets out all they know (for God knows they bore you enough), but will not suffer a new idea to find its way in. I would not for the world ridicule old age. I venerate respectable old age. I am not above profiting by its experience. I can pity its natural infirmities, and I can make allowance for preconceived notions and opinions grown stiff with the rust of years; but I have no patience with that cynical absurdity which rails at every thing new, only because it is new, and which will have it that every change must be for the worse.

B.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. I.

JACOB NEVER-SOBER: *A Popular Tale of Thuringia.*

(Concluded from p. 21.)

BEFORE Jacob had pursued this course of life many months, he found not only that he had recovered his former vigour, but that he was twice as strong as ever: he therefore thought it time to proceed to more important enterprises in prosecution of his plan. The first thing he coveted was a horse. He had incessantly before his eyes the hunter of the haughty Kate, on which he still beheld her in imagination proudly riding past his prison. It was a six-year-old mare, black as jet, swift as a bird, and accustomed to gallop up and down hill; and what was with him a still stronger inducement, it would be not a little galling to Kate and the squire, to see the fugitive who had escaped from their clutches prancing about on this beautiful animal.

In the middle of summer he as-

sumed the disguise of an old woman, in which he sneaked about for some days in the vicinity of Veit's castle, and, concealed behind thickets, observed his enemy mounted on her black hunter, riding about with her father for hours together in all directions through the corn-fields of the peasants in pursuit of a poor hare. At length, on the third evening, at dusk, he found an opportunity for action.

Kate gave her horse, bathed in sweat, to two grooms, who were tending foals in an inclosed pasture before the castle, with directions to let the animal cool gradually. The fellows, instead of doing as they were bid, tied the beast to a tree in the neighbouring coppice, kindled a fire, as the night-wind was rather cold, and sat down to a game at cards. Ja-

cob, in the figure of an old woman, softly approached them, saluted them civilly, and asked permission to warm himself at their fire. The grooms laughed heartily at the curious figure of the supposed old woman, and jocosely asked what she would give for this permission. She pulled a bottle from her pocket, and held it up to them. Eagerly seizing the glistening liquor, they drank and drank again, without suspecting that it was an opiate, and with a laugh returned the empty bottle to the queer old woman. It was not long before the fellows began to yawn; the cards dropped from their hands, and they sunk down beside the fire. When Jacob saw that they were fast asleep, he threw off his upper garment, untied the steed, which he mounted, and hastened, overjoyed at his success, to the forest of Lora. Next morning Kate and her father found the grooms still soundly sleeping in the pasture; but the mare was gone.

While they were venting their fury on the careless scoundrels, Jacob had traversed the rocky ridge with the horse, which, after he had partly led, and partly assisted it down the steep declivity of the hill, was now feeding out of a full manger at the extremity of his larger cavern. The following days he spent almost exclusively in training the horse, which was at first shy of these precipices, to suit his purpose. In a couple of months it would run without rider, either by night or day, up and down the steepest places; at a slight whistle it would stand still; it would lie down or spring up at a sign with the hand; and at last it even learned to gallop over the narrow and dangerous ridge.

According to Jacob's calculation,
Vol. V. No. XXVI.

the anniversary of the day on which he had been dragged from his farm and imprisoned by his lord was now approaching. On that day he resolved to shew him his fugitive prisoner on the mare which he had stolen.

He accordingly made his appearance before Veit's castle, prancing about on his daughter's favourite hunter, in the same dress that he had worn when a husbandman. He announced his coming by blowing from time to time a horn, which had been dropped by a huntsman in the forest. The extraordinary story of a peasant, who presumed to blow a hunting-horn, and seemed to be mounted on the lost mare of the haughty Kate, soon reached the castle; but before the lady and her men could prepare for pursuit, the stranger was gone, crying out as he rode off to some labourers who were ploughing, "Jacob will be here again to-morrow."

He was as good as his word. Veit, on the other hand, was lying in wait for him with six of his people, and his whole pack of dogs, who suddenly sallied out on him and Packan. Jacob turned his steed, which darted away like an arrow, followed at a great distance by some of the squire's men, who saw him vanish at the entrance of the forest of Lora. Several of the larger dogs, however, pursued him to the cavern: here Packan, whom the habit of drinking blood had rendered strong and ferocious, flew upon them like a tiger, and, assisted by his master, made a dreadful carnage among them, so that not more than half their number returned home, limping and covered with wounds.

L

A report was soon spread that Jacob was in league with the devil, and could render himself invisible. Veit nevertheless determined to make another attempt, and swore to take him or die, and perjured himself as he did every day. He lay in wait for him, midway from his castle, concealed behind a thicket, furious on account of the loss of his best dogs, mounted on his charger, and surrounded by twenty picked horsemen and attendants, who vowed to put Jacob to the most cruel death. This time he was well nigh taken. Not suspecting that his foes were so near, he alternately exercised his horse, and endeavoured to blow a challenge to battle on the hunting-horn. All at once Packan, perceiving the proximity of the enemy, began to bark most vehemently, which he never did but in cases of the most imminent danger. Jacob was alarmed, and on looking round, discovered a whole troop, who had not the appearance of friends.

He flew towards the forest of Lora, pursued by Veit and his people, who frequently were on the point of overtaking him, when he suddenly disappeared in the forest and became visible in another place. At length Veit, on his panting charger, and George, the boldest of his men, were close in Jacob's rear, when he leaped down the precipice before his cave, and they instantly lost sight of him. "Did not I tell you, sir," cried George, "that the fellow can make himself invisible? Let those follow who choose to break their necks; for my part, I have no wish to sup with the devil." His master did not hear these words; he had great difficulty to rein in his charger, which, rearing up, threw his rider and plunged

into the abyss. A broken leg, the consequence of his fall, confined Veit for a considerable time to his bed.

After this accident, Jacob was never pursued to his cavern: the precipices down which he rushed were sufficient to deter the boldest from following. He now committed his depredations unmolested on the flocks and herds of the rich nobles, gentry, and convents, either on foot or on horseback, in different disguises, but always accompanied by his Packan, who, at his command, either drove the cattle together or dispersed them. Veit fared worst of all; his cattle were reduced to half their number, and his herdsmen fled appalled when they perceived the terrific figure at ever so great a distance.

Towards the end of the winter Jacob's sons returned to their father as accomplished robbers. They had joined the troops who then ravaged Franconia and Swabia, laying waste what they ought to have protected. With them they had learned more of the robber's trade than they would have done in ten years in Jacob's cavern. They brought with them two black bulldogs, which one of the most celebrated leaders of the troops had trained to the pursuit of men. Jacob informed them what revenge had impelled him to perpetrate; and was not a little surprised when his sons assured him, that the actions, which he would not have had courage to commit but under the influence of intoxication, and which he could not relate without hesitation and shame, were mere trifles. They then told him what was permitted, commended, and rewarded, according to the customs of war prevalent in those days, when houses and lands were laid waste with fire and sword;

and when plunder, murder, accompanied with the most refined cruelties and excesses of every kind, were the daily occupations of the soldiery.

Jacob at first listened to such accounts with horror, but gradually became familiarized with the idea of these atrocities, and at the instigation of his sons, resolved to imitate them on a small scale. Frederic and Kurt soon contrived to procure horses, and to arm themselves after the fashion of those times. As all three were dressed entirely in black, and their dogs were of the same colour, the neighbours gave them the appellation of the *Black Gang*.

Veit, who had meanwhile recovered from his accident, durst not quit his castle, knowing that Jacob had sworn to take his life. With a view to bring him out, they set fire to the wood surrounding his castle; but though the flames communicated to some of the out-buildings, Veit never made his appearance: he had died a few days before in a paroxysm of rage.

The robbers now vowed everlasting enmity and hostility against all the petty despots of the country; and the Black Gang soon struck terror into the nobles and gentry for a great distance round. Hitherto indeed they had abstained from the commission of murder; but they killed or made prize of the cattle belonging to the great landed proprietors wherever they met with them, and frequently set fire to their corn-fields and their forests.

Whole villages were called out against the Black Gang, but without success. Long did the retreats of these nocturnal depredators and their sable companions remain undiscovered. Most of those who were col-

lected to pursue them firmly believed them to be real devils, or in league with hell. The country-people who dwelt nearer to them had more correct notions on the subject, and suspected that Never-Sober, the inmate of the cavern, was the leader of the Black Gang; but they were by no means displeased to have the robbers for neighbours, because they not only spared the huts of the peasantry, but by the wide-spread terror of their name protected them from the oppressions and predatory expeditions of the gentry, who had for ages been accustomed to consider the property of all who were weaker than themselves as their lawful prize. Many too regarded this gang as a scourge raised up by heaven to exercise the right of retribution on those marauders.

By excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors, by eating raw flesh, by having the carcases of slaughtered animals continually before their eyes, and by thinking and conversing of nothing but schemes of revenge, Jacob and his sons, like their dogs, daily became more ferocious and bloodthirsty. They turned professed robbers, and at last ventured to appear on the high-roads in the daytime, attacking all travellers without distinction who were likely to possess money or other valuable effects, and murdering such as made the least resistance. This encroachment on their trade enraged the lordly plunderers who dwelt in the various castles in the vicinity. They covenanted together to make a regular war on the Black Gang; and the latter, deterred by superior force, were necessitated to relinquish the business of public robbery to the privileged orders.

They then reverted to the old stratagem of appearing at night as devils, and continued for some time to commit many excesses, even in the houses of the peasantry in the *Gold-ne Aue* (Golden Plain), which was situated near their den.

A number of Flemings from the Netherlands had recently settled as farmers in this fertile valley; and they soon discovered that the supposed devils were but disguised men. They found means to entice the Black Gang into a house, where they were entrapped and taken, by means

of a pit, the mouth of which was slightly covered. The robbers, intoxicated as usual, fell into the snare, and were obliged to submit to their fate.

At the requisition of his judges, Jacob, previously to his execution, shewed them and the concourse of people assembled on the occasion his long-concealed retreat. Here the three black horses of the robbers were found at their manger; and the cavern, now half filled with rubbish, still bears the name of *Never-Sober's Stable*.

TESTIMONIES OF THE EXISTENCE OF PEOPLE WITH TAILS IN FARTHER INDIA.

(From the Volume of the *WORLD IN MINIATURE* containing *TIBET AND INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES*, just published.)

WE cannot quit this portion of Asia without adverting to a subject which cannot fail to have considerable interest for the philosophical inquirer—the supposed existence of people with tails in some parts of Farther India. From the testimony of Captain Turner, it may be inferred that this notion is current in Tibet: for the Raja Daeb, the sovereign of Bootan, related, quite seriously, that in the range of mountains eastward of his country, towards Assam, there is a race of men with short tails, so rigid and inflexible, that before they can sit down on the ground, they are obliged to make a hole to receive this appendage.

The accounts of earlier voyagers represented the natives of the Nicobar Islands as furnished by nature with a superfluous member of this kind. Köping, a Swede, who was lieutenant of a Dutch ship, asserts this to be a fact, and that not from the appearance of a single individual;

for he assures us, that when at Nicobar he was surrounded by a great concourse of people with tails, who endeavoured to get on board the ship; but the crew, alarmed at the movements of these monsters, fired their guns, which scared away their disagreeable guests.

Fontana, a more recent observer, has, however, on closer examination, discovered that the tail of the Nicobar islanders is only a part of their clothing. This consists of a long narrow piece of cloth, made of the bark of a tree, which encircles the waist, and then passing between the thighs, is tucked up behind in such a manner as to leave one end hanging down. If Nicobar is thus relieved from the imputation of producing such monsters, still the testimonies of the existence of persons with tails in other parts of the East Indies are too numerous and authentic to be so easily invalidated. They mostly relate indeed to individuals;

but it is remarkable that this part of the world should be exclusively celebrated for them.

Barchewitz, a German traveller, gives, in the 6th chapter of his voyage, the following account of a girl whom he met with in the Moluccas: "While I was at Banda, I saw a great curiosity. This was a female slave, a native of Ceram, of the race of the Papuas and cannibals, who had a tail like a stag's; and when any one teased her, which was often done by sportive persons, this tail could be distinctly perceived beneath the cloth which these people are accustomed to wrap round their loins." This slave was of course of the race of Oriental blacks, of whom there are many in the interior of the Moluccas.

But none of the Eastern islands is so notorious for people with tails as Formosa. Hesse, likewise a German, who went in 1680 to Sumatra, to introduce improved methods of working in the gold-mines of Sillida, on the west coast of that island, says, "Here we had among our slaves in the mines a female who was provided, like a brute beast, with a short tail, resembling that of a goat. This kind of savages are brought from the Island of Formosa."

Strauss, a Dutchman, is the third eyewitness, and he gives much too circumstantial an account of one of these tailed Formosans to leave any doubt of its credibility. He visited Formosa in 1650. "While I was at Formosa," says he, "I frequently heard talk of men with tails; but I paid no regard to it. But here I can relate to the reader what I am so sure of as ever I wish to be of any thing, and what I have seen with my own eyes; to wit, a Formosan, from

the south side of the island, with a tail a good foot long, and covered with hair. This I saw distinctly, and on several occasions; for this man had murdered a clergyman in a very cruel manner, for which he was burned to death. He was fastened by a long chain round the middle to the stake, around which the fire was made; and the wretched creature was so broiled before his death that the fat oozed out of him. Many persons saw this as well as I; and some had been with him and conversed with him, and were astonished at his shape; and they understood from him that most of the people of his country had tails like himself. How far this may be true I cannot tell; but that this man had a tail I saw as distinctly as that he had a head."

That similar deviations from the human form are likewise met with in the Philippines is recorded, more especially concerning the Island of Mindero, as well by Gemelli Careri, as by Le Gentil, though by both indeed only from hearsay.

Such persons are also said to exist in the mountains in the interior of Borneo. A surgeon who had returned from the East Indies assured our celebrated Dr. Harvey, who knew him to be a man of strict veracity, that he had himself seen a girl who had been caught with a tail a span long.

But too much evidence has already been adduced of the reality of this singular conformation. It can scarcely be denied that there are such individuals, and that they are met with more frequently in Farther India than in any other part of the world; though, in our own times,

both Falk and Rytschkow relate that such *kuirukli*, or tailed people, are to be found in Turkestan; but that this prolongation is not visible when they are dressed, though in riding it is perceptible, as it obliges them to incline forward or to one side.

It seems by no means improbable

that such a freak of nature furnished the ancients with the first notions of Satyrs, especially if, as we are told, monsters of this kind exist in those parts of Asia situated much nearer to them than the Indian islands.

THE GAMING-HOUSE OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

It is an old observation, that we console ourselves under misfortune by the reflection that there are others still worse off than ourselves. I have very often experienced the truth of this saying, for though naturally averse to the cares of business, it has been my fate to be always overwhelmed with them; and often when more than commonly worried by the settlement of accounts, or adverse turns of fortune, I have thanked Providence that at least I was not so much tormented as others, since I was not a king, and in all human probability never should be one, nor even a prime minister. Nevertheless, in spite of my horror of these two situations, a horror I believe principally imbibed from the idea that they must be the most troublesome of all others, I have, during the last few weeks, wished more than once to change conditions, at least for a day, with his Most Christian Majesty. I flatter myself I should do a little more during my day's reign to regenerate France, than has been done by all the parties put together who have reigned for the last thirty-three years. Oh! what a crowd of abuses of all kinds would I put an end to! and first upon the list, the gaming-houses should be every one suppressed. These fruitful sources of the degeneracy too prevalent in France; these haunts of guilt and

folly, whence men issue with hearts inflamed by the thirst of gold, and nerves strung for any deed, however desperate, by which it can be acquired, should be destroyed. Morality and religion would then be no longer outraged by the scandalous spectacle of a government not only tolerating, but even drawing a revenue from so detestable a vice as gaming.

But instead of declaiming against a passion, the consequences of which are, alas! but too well known, let me inform the reader what it is that has just now so forcibly roused my indignation against it.

Every body has heard of the gaming-houses of Paris, but perhaps every body does not know that these houses are open not merely to the affluent, or at least to the genteel part of the population, but even to the very lowest class. The shopman, the apprentice, nay the *commissionnaire*; has the means of ruining himself as easily by his stake of ten or even five sous, as the nobleman who throws down his rouleau. There is no distinction of rank; all are admitted who bring an offering to the tutelary deity, or rather demon, of the place. A decent coat and a few francs are a sufficient passport to even the highest houses. There are others of an inferior description frequented only by the middling class; and a third

sort lower still gives to the wretch in rags the opportunity of venturing his last three sous.

These houses are to be found in every part of Paris, but the three most frequented by people of a certain rank, and by such as wish to be ruined in good (that is in stylish) company, are in the Palais Royal. It is in one of these that my old friend Dumont has, during the last four years, regularly spent his evenings, and for about as many weeks I have generally accompanied him, for a reason which I am about to give to my readers.

It is more than thirty years since the terrors of the Revolution drove me from my native country, France. I sought in England that bread which industry never fails to find there, and which it will always find more readily if it is accompanied by misfortune. I succeeded, and the land which afforded me shelter when a proscribed fugitive, still remained the country of my choice after political events permitted my return to my native spot. Sometimes, however, I allow myself to pay a short visit to my birth-place, Paris; and it is an event that I have witnessed at the last of those visits which I am about to relate.

As my stay was to be short, I accepted the offer of my old school-fellow, Dumont, to make his house my home. Of the few friends whom time and misfortune had spared to me, Dumont is the one that I value most. A good husband, a good father, and a warm friend, he is universally loved and respected. In accepting his hospitality, I made a condition that we were not to be any restraint upon each other: nevertheless, when I found that he generally

passed some part of almost every evening at a gaming-house, I could not help remonstrating with him on a pursuit which might lead to such fatal consequences. He replied with a laugh, "Make yourself easy, my dear De S—: I have a taste for play, but not a passion; I shall never ruin myself by it, be assured."

A few days afterwards he said to me, "Here is something that will surprise you: listen to this paragraph of a letter that I have just received from our old friend, De Clugny."

"I cannot quit Guadaloupe before next year, and I have just been informed by my correspondent at Bourdeaux, that my son gives himself up to gaming. It is to you, dear Dumont, that I look to cure him of this dreadful habit. I have consented to pay his debts on condition that he goes to Paris to finish his studies for the law. Receive him, my dear Dumont, into your house: he knows that you possess my entire confidence, that I delegate all my authority to you, and I am persuaded that he will be governed by your advice. Use then, I entreat you, the means that you judge most proper to correct this only failing of my poor Louis."

"Well, my old friend, what do you think of this request?"—"That it is the strangest thing I ever heard, for one gamester to be charged to cure another of the same vice. You surely don't intend to undertake it?"—"Indeed I do, and you will see that I shall succeed; for I have only a taste for gaming, and this poor young man has a passion for it."—"Pshaw! it is a distinction without a difference."—"By no means; the difference is immense, and one day or other I shall perhaps convince you of it."

Louis de Clugny arrived the next day, and met with a truly paternal welcome from Dumont. He was a fine young man, whose dark and expressive eye indicated an ardent and feeling heart. Graceful, lively, and ingenuous, he pleased and seemed to be pleased with every body.

When dinner was over, Dumont said to him, "I must make you acquainted with the way in which we pass our evenings: my wife and daughter generally have company at home, or else go out; sometimes, but very rarely, I go with them, for in general I pass some part of the evening at one of the gaming-houses of the Palais Royal; and when chance is not favourable to me, I either finish my evening at one of the theatres, or pay visits. You have your choice, to attend the ladies, to accompany me, to go out alone, or to remain at home, which you like best; for it is by no means my intention in making you my inmate to lay you under the least constraint."

I watched the young man's countenance narrowly while Dumont was speaking, and remarked in it an expression of strong surprise when he heard my friend avow openly that he frequented gaming-houses. He constrained himself, however, and replied modestly, "I will strive to merit the favour of attending the ladies; but until I am found worthy of it, I will accept your permission to accompany you."

"Let us go then," said Dumont; and rising from table, he took the arm of Louis. Hardly able to contain myself at seeing the young man thus thrust into the very jaws of destruction, I rose at the same time, saying, that I would accompany them. Dumont gave me an arch look, but

made no reply, and we hastened to the Palais Royal.

On entering the house, Dumont said, "I will now leave you: De S—— detests gaming, and I shall felicitate you, Louis, if you have the same antipathy to it. As to myself I like play, but only as an amusement. Walk about a little, I shall presently rejoin you."

We walked for some time in silence: I was really horror-struck at seeing the young man thus upon the brink of a precipice; yet I knew not how to draw him from it. As we were passing one of the tables, a young man called to my companion, "What, you here! Is it possible? Don't go till I have spoken to you." Then recalled to what he was about by the voice of the banker, he continued to play with such luck, that in a short time he won a considerable sum.

Louis stood near him eagerly watching the turns of the game, and I could see by his countenance that the passion for play had taken root in his heart. When Dumont came up, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "I have done; come let us go and see *Talma*," I told him what Louis's friend had said, and he agreed very readily to remain.

Although it was evident that Louis was deeply interested in the game, yet I was at least pleased to see that he shewed no intention to join the players, but remained a spectator, till we were told that we must go, for it was midnight, the hour at which these houses are obliged to shut their doors. The young man for whom we had waited hastened to join us, and we went out together.

As we descended the stairs, Dumont whispered to me, "I shall try

to use this chance-meeting as a means of learning something of the real character of Louis." After this whisper I was not surprised to hear him accept the invitation of Chaubert, the friend of De Clugny, to accompany him to a house in the neighbourhood, where we should find a glass of good punch and a hearty welcome. We went accordingly, and were very politely received by some apparently elegant females. The punch was speedily brought; it was pronounced excellent, and was quaffed very freely by Chaubert and his fair friends. I could not help admiring the address of Dumont, who behaved with ease, and even gaiety, while he carefully avoided shewing that he understood the characters of the women; to one of whom Chaubert gave a considerable part of his winnings, while he promised to another a superb cachemere, and to a third an elegant robe: in short, he seemed resolved to throw away his money as quickly as he had gained it.

Dumont affected to drink freely, and pressed Louis to follow his example. I understood his drift, and did all I could to second it; but with all our address, we learned no more than that the two young men had become acquainted in a gaming-house at Bourdeaux, and that their knowledge of each other was very slight.

I was pleased to see, that, in spite of the effects of the punch which Chaubert forced upon him, Louis's disgust at the scene before him shewed itself openly, and he was the first to insist upon retiring; a proposal which I immediately seconded.

The following morning I was roused by Dumont, who presented him-

self at my bed-side, saying, "Come, sluggard, breakfast waits, and I want to see how our young man will look after last night." I was soon ready to accompany him, and prepared as he was to amuse himself with Louis's embarrassment, he was not a little disconcerted at finding the young man busily employed in teaching Mademoiselle Dumont how to execute some difficult passages on the piano.

No allusion was made to the scenes of the preceding night till the ladies had retired, and then Dumont said to Louis, in a serious tone, "I must now, my dear De Clugny, explain to you the motives of conduct which must have appeared to you altogether inexplicable. You have heard me frankly avow my taste for play: I acquired it when, on my recovery after a long and dangerous illness, I sunk into a state of apathy, from which I tried various means to rouse myself: one, and that the most effectual, was play; I found in the lively emotions which it gives a specific for the lassitude and *ennui* under which I was sinking.

"But I found also that my taste for play increased with indulgence, and by the time my health was completely restored, it had become a passion. I deliberated with myself what step I ought to take: whether it would be better to abstain entirely from play, or to pursue it under certain conditions; and I adopted the latter method. I determined in the first place to restrict myself to the sum of ten francs a day; a sum which with my income I can well spare: secondly, as I had observed that the thirst of gold will invariably steal upon all professed gamblers, I re-

solved to remove this temptation far from me, by devoting the profits of the game to the poor.

"It is true that calculations at games of chance are very uncertain; but I believe that a man skilled in calculation, and playing with coolness, must have a better chance than others; and the event has proved that I was right. It is now nearly four years that I have played, and I have gained about fifteen hundred louis: this sum has enabled me to relieve many an unfortunate, whom I could not otherwise have assisted, as my income is but moderate: thus I have the gratification of making my amusement conducive to a much better purpose—that of charity.

"When I proposed to you to accompany me to the Palais Royal, I was already acquainted with your *penchant* for play, otherwise I were inexcusable to have taken you to such a place; but knowing your inclination, I wished to discover, if I could, how the passion acted upon you: the rencontre with Chaubert aided my views. I believe that you no more approve the prodigality with which he lavished his money, a prodigality that always characterizes the professed gamester, than you do the disgusting orgies in which he seeks to drown the voice of reason and conscience. If I have judged you rightly, if you are actuated by the love of play for its own sake, and not stimulated by avarice or ambition, I offer to associate you with me in my expeditions, provided you restrict yourself as I have done. But mark me, Louis: if I have mistaken your cha-

acter; if the love of money, or the desire to purchase expensive pleasures, draws you to the gaming-table, make no engagement with me; you would not be able to keep it. You have in that case no resource but to abandon for ever a pursuit, the unlimited indulgence of which must entail upon you misery and disgrace. Reflect upon what I have said at your leisure, and let me know your determination."

"It is taken, sir," cried Louis eagerly: "under your direction I can never go astray, and I deliver myself without reserve into your hands."—"You are a worthy young man," cried Dumont, shaking him warmly by the hand.—"He is indeed," cried I, "and I hope he will always remain so; but I fear very much that this expedient of yours—"—"Cease your croaking, raven," cried Dumont gaily, "I will answer for its success."

I felt no such certainty; on the contrary, I thought the means he had adopted were the very worst that could be taken, to wean a man so young and ardent as Louis from this pernicious habit. It is very possible that those I had recourse to were not much better; for I followed him like his shadow, and bored him enough I dare say with advice and exhortation, to which he listened with respect and good-humour, though they never prevented him from accompanying Dumont to the Palais Royal; and drawn by the interest which I could not help feeling in the young man's fate, I as regularly went with them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

"BLESSINGS," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye; 'tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

One of the most favourite passages on sleep is the following address from Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is a sufferer under bodily tor-

ment. He is in a chair, slumbering, and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music:

Care - charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,

Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
In gentle showers: givenothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, light,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh! gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest in one who has been tired in the open air; completest to a seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome to the mind haunted with one idea; most interesting to behold in the parent that has wept; lightest in the playful child; proudest in the bride adored.

A I.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE DUKE DE BERRY.

As the late Duke de Berry was one day taking an airing in an open carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, he saw a little boy crawling along with a load upon his back, which was evidently too great for his strength. The duke stopped his carriage, and calling to the boy, asked how he came to be so heavily loaded. "Because my father has nobody to send for these things but me."—"Could not he go himself?"—"Oh! no, he must stay to mind the shop."—"But, my poor little fellow, you can hardly move under that great load; if you

will give it to me, I will take it for you to your father."—"What! will you indeed? Lord, how thankful father will be! and I too, for it is plaguy heavy!"—"Where does your father live?"—"Close to the Barrière du Trône: but are you sure you shall find the way there?"—"Why, yes, I believe so: but perhaps it will not be amiss to have you for a guide; so you may come into the carriage if you like."

The boy did not wait for a second invitation; he soon seated himself, delighted at having a ride for the

first time in his life. During the drive, the duke asked him a good many questions, which the boy, who never suspected to whom he was talking, answered with a *naïveté* that very much pleased the royal inquirer.

When they arrived at the end of the lane in which the boy's father lived, the duke got out, and proceeded on foot to the miserable little *boutique*, followed by a servant carrying the bundle, and preceded by the boy, who was eager to announce the approach of the *grand monsieur*, who had brought him and his bundle home in a *belle voiture*. The father returned thanks respectfully, but without servility. "My good friend," said the duke, "you will injure your son's growth by loading him in this unmerciful manner."—"I know it, sir, but I cannot help it; there is only he or I to do it, and I cannot trust him with the care of the place in my absence."—"Why so? He

seems a shrewd little fellow."—"Yes, sir, he is so; but my customers are not of the honestest kind, and he is not old enough to be a match for them."—"But if you had an ass the child could drive it: why don't you get one then?"

"Ah! dear, dear, you gentry think it so easy to get every thing! Why the most miserable scrub of an ass that I could find would cost me forty francs at least; and where am I to get all that money?"

"And pray what would a good strong beast cost you?"

"Oh! fifty or sixty francs, I dare say."

"Very well, here are four louis-d'ors; buy an ass, and lay out the rest of the money in clothes for your son."

The duke hastened to escape from the lively expression of the poor fellow's gratitude; but he did not lose sight of the boy, to whom he was an occasional benefactor till his death.

OSMAR: AN EASTERN TALE.

THE morning dawned which was to render Osmar, the favourite of the Caliph of Egypt, the happiest of mankind. He had long loved and been beloved by the beautiful Zemira; but a war, in which the caliph was engaged, prevented their espousals: peace again smiled upon Egypt, and Osmar hastened from the conquest of his country's foes to claim the reward dearest to his heart, the long-promised hand of Zemira.

It was readily granted by the parents of the maiden, who herself yielded to their wishes with a delight which she sought not to conceal. The day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials, which the caliph had consented to honour with

his presence; but the very morning that was to have crowned the bliss of Osmar, he saw himself bereft of his beloved. The angel of death summoned Zemira, who expired at the moment that her maidens were arraying her for her nuptials.

The heart of Osmar was rent with anguish. He shut himself up in his chamber, and refused all consolation. In vain did the parents of Zemira seek to alleviate his despair by mingling their tears with his; in vain did the caliph send to summon him to his presence; deaf alike to the voice of affection and of duty, he secretly quitted his dwelling, and wandered far away from the city into a desert solitude, that he might indulge with-

out interruption the despair which preyed upon his soul. Maddened by its violence, he dared even to arraign the justice of the Most High. "How have I deserved," said he, as he cast his upbraiding looks to heaven, "that the bolt of thy wrath should fall upon and crush me, even in the very moment when the felicity for which I had so long sighed appeared within my grasp? Have I not regarded thy laws from my youth upwards? In the fury of the battle was not my arm extended to protect the prostrate foe? And did I not rescue from violation, even at the peril of life, their virgins and their matrons? No, it is not in justice but in wrath that thou hast laid thy hand upon me, and filled my cup with bitterness: but at least I possess the power to drink of it no longer."

As he thus spoke he drew a dagger from his bosom; but the moment that he turned its point against his heart, his arm was suddenly arrested by a youth of more than mortal beauty. The robe of light that enveloped his form, and the celestial fragrance that breathed around him, proclaimed him a messenger from heaven. The awe-struck Osmar listened in trembling silence, while in a tone of calm severity the Genius thus addressed him:

"Is it for thee, O short-sighted mortal, to scan the ways of Providence, and impiously to return thy being uncalled-for to him who gave it? Thou hast attached thy happiness to the possession of Zemira, but she would have been for thee the most fatal gift that heaven could bestow. Yet thou hast dared to arraign as an injustice that mercy which, in removing her to the abode of the

blest, has spared thee the commission of the most dreadful crimes."

Osmar presumed not to reply, but the workings of his heart were known to the messenger of the Most High. "Zemira," said he, "may yet be thine, if, in spite of the warning which heaven has given thee, thou continuest to wish it. But once more I warn thee to beware, for thou must buy her at a dreadful price."

"Be the price what it may," exclaimed Osmar, "I will not shrink from paying it: give me Zemira, or give me death."

"Enough, rash, presumptuous mortal! thou hast thy wish," replied the Genius, breathing upon Osmar, who instantly found himself in the apartments of his beloved. Dressed in her bridal robes, and glowing with health and beauty, she advanced to meet him; and at the same moment the officers of state entered to conduct them to the hall of the palace, where the caliph had deigned to order the nuptials to be celebrated.

Led by Osmar, Zemira approached the foot of the throne, and throwing back her veil, bent before her sovereign, who gazed upon her with astonishment and admiration. Warm in youth, and unused to curb his passions, the beauty of Zemira inflamed him with desire; and forgetful alike of justice and of his friendship for Osmar, he declared that she alone of all the virgins in his kingdom was worthy to share his throne. In vain did the distracted Osmar plead his rights; the caliph addressed himself to the ambition of the maiden, and she, dazzled by the lustre of a throne, yielded to his wishes.

The caliph sought to reward Os-

mar for her loss by the gift of the richest province of his empire; but the outraged lover turned with scorn from the glittering bribe, and cursing in his soul the perfidy of the prince whom he had so truly served, he hastened to the army, with which he knew his influence to be boundless. He harangued the soldiers, and soon prevailed upon them to espouse his cause. The cry of rebellion resounded from rank to rank, and Osmar led them on to storm the palace. The guards of the caliph, still faithful to their master, resolutely defended the gates, but they were soon cut to pieces. Osmar was hastening to the women's apartments, when the voice of Zemira drew him towards the garden, where he found the caliph placing her on horseback. Osmar sprang forward, and seizing Zemira, plunged at the same time his dagger in the bosom of his sovereign.

The soldiers, prostrating themselves before him, made the air resound with shouts of "Hail, Osmar, caliph of Egypt!" The sound smote as the knell of death upon his ear. He stood fixed and motionless; his master and benefactor, him to whom he owed allegiance as a subject, and gratitude for boundless benefits conferred, lay prostrate, robbed by him of that life he had so solemnly sworn to defend. Horror extinguished desire, and Zemira appeared in his eyes as a fiend, who had stained his soul with the deepest, deadliest crime. In the anguish of his heart he

exclaimed, "Accursed be the moment in which I consented to buy thee at this dreadful price!"

As he spoke, the scene vanished from before him, and he found himself standing on the spot where the celestial messenger had appeared to him, with the Genius still at his side. "Dost thou now, O child of mortality!" said he, "acknowledge the mercy which, by removing to a happier world the choice of thy heart, has saved thee from the murder of thy sovereign, and thy country from the scourge of civil war? All that thou hast seen, and even greater horrors, would have awaited thee, had Zemira lived. Bless then in lowliness of spirit that Power who has saved thee from the commission of crimes so dreadful; and remember, that the union which death has now interrupted, may be eternally cemented, if, by a strict observance of the laws of the Most High, thou renderest thyself worthy to rejoin Zemira in the everlasting abodes of innocence and peace."

The Genius disappeared, and Osmar, humbling himself in the dust, besought the pardon of heaven for his presumption. His tears still flowed, but they fell no more as drops of fire withering his heart, but rather as a kindly shower that refreshed it. No longer presuming to murmur at the decrees of Providence, he bowed in humble submission to the will of him who knoweth the weakness of his creatures, and proportioneth their trials to their strength.

THE CAVERN OF SERVULO.

ISTRIA was anciently a portion of Illyria, and in the 14th and 15th centuries largely contributed to the barbarities of the times. At an earlier period, that country suffered all the horrors attending conquest. In

1014, Basil II. took 15,000 Illyrians prisoners after a slaughter of 5000; and happy were they that fell in battle. The tyrant divided his captives into companies of one hundred persons, and with wanton cruelty ninety-nine were deprived of sight; the hundredth man being left one eye, to lead his mutilated countrymen to their aged king, who, subjected to continual indignities, soon died of a broken heart. In successive generations Illyria was ravaged by Huns, Goths, Normans, Croats, and Servians by turns: the conquerors occasionally settled in Istria, and thus their descendants are a people strangely mixed, being sprung from the pirates and banditti known by the name of Uscoques. During eighty years they maintained predatory wars with the Venetians. Venice called in the neighbouring powers to assist in extirpating the spoilers on land and sea, and the Uscoques received aid from their south-eastern allies, the Morlachians, who inhabit Dalmatia: yet their features, their language, and manners shew them to be of a different origin from all classes in other parts of that province. The Morlachians themselves appear to be of two distinct characters. One race have flat noses, blue eyes, flaxen hair, and lively complexions; and are robust though of low stature. Their temper is mild and conciliating. The other race have long features, yellow complexions, hair and eyes chesnut-brown, and their disposition is haughty and ferocious. Both of these contrasted races hold friendship as a bond the most sacred. When two young men or two girls agree to unite in special amity, they repair to church, accompanied by all their relations, to receive the benediction of the priest.

Two girls thus united are called *Possestrine*, and the men are styled *Pobratimi*. To break this engagement is infamous, and such a violation of friendship would be reckoned portentous of public calamity. The revenge of the Morlachians is implacable, as their attachments are fervid and permanent. Cynical declaimers against modern refinements either betray illiberal prejudice, or ignorance, or forgetfulness of the historical and traditional representations of the antiquated habits they eulogize. Those were the eras of gross licentiousness, of rapine, of every outrage which stratagem or force could perpetrate, or bold remorseless audacity presume to vindicate, as included among the rights of warlike enterprise.

The castle of Servulo, erected on a high mountain, commanded a view of the most picturesque and fertile territories of the Continent; and the cavern of Servulo, still celebrated for beautiful sparry concretions, communicated with the castle by excavations in the solid rock. The secret of those passages was transmitted from father to son, as an heirloom of their patrimonial inheritance. About the middle of the 14th century, the Lord Baron Servulo was held in honour and reverence above all the nobles of northern Italy. His courage and skill in war had no superior, and he was unequalled for wisdom in council, fidelity in friendship, kindness to dependents, and clemency to vanquished foes. His redoubtable arm was solicited in all quarters to avert imminent danger; a call he answered with promptitude and success. Thus his youth and prime of manhood rolled away amidst hosts of the brave in sieges and hard-fought fields, and time had

grizzled his locks and flowing beard ere he found leisure to confess the influence of the gentler sex. Pursuing the chace through a forest of his demesnes, all the hero in his generous soul was roused by shrieks of agony. His followers on this occasion were few, and they carried only bows and arrows, boar-spears, and huntsmen's knives. The baron and his chief rangers were armed with the newly invented matchlocks, and also a lance and cutlass. "Follow me, brave lads!" said the Lord of Servulo, dismounting from his charger, which he gave to a stirrup-page, and directed by the sounds of woe, penetrated a thicket, where a lady, encompassed by ruffians, entreated for liberation or death. Two of her captors forcibly bore her along; a third suppressed her cries by holding her lips with his ruthless hands; and the rest, brandishing swords unsheathed, bade defiance to all who might interpose in her behalf.

"The Baron of Servulo to the rescue!" exclaimed the Lord Rodolpho; his followers shouted a response, and rushed forward with their spears. Their leader dashed upon the yellow-visaged Morlachians, and encountered a furious resistance. The desperadoes at length gave way; all that could fly retreated to a short distance, and swift as squirrels climbed the loftiest trees, from whence they aimed a shower of darts at the baron as he mounted his steed, after committing the lady to a brawny-armed forester. The horse plunged at the first puncture of the deathful yew; the next moment, transfixed by following points, he fell, just as the huntsmen extricated their lord from the saddle. They staunchd the flowing wounds, and making a

litter of oak-branches, carried him to the castle; whilst a crowd of vassals, alarmed by his war-cry, scoured the forest, and put to flight the miscreants. The lady, pale and cold as Alpine snows, was given in charge to grey-haired dames and the ghostly father of the household. She soon recovered from the effects of terror, and anxiously inquired for her deliverer. Apprised of his danger, she entreated permission to wait upon him: her fair hands applied unguents to his festering wounds; she prepared his medicines and food, and tenderly smoothed his pillow. Could all these grateful services compensate for his sufferings in her cause? or could she hear unmoved his groans of pain and the wild wanderings of his fevered restless nights?

When recollection dawned upon the mind of the warrior, and extreme debility succeeded to the ravings of a diseased imagination, he observed the unremitting cares of the beautiful stranger; and his first use of speech was to inquire her name and parentage.

"My name," she replied, "is Amalina del Caravacci, of Neapolitan descent, born near Presburg. My father came with Charles of Naples, who, being elected and crowned as their king by the Hungarians, was, by order of the queen-regent, murdered in her very presence. For this foul regicide she was soon after dragged from her carriage, and drowned in the river Boseth. The Conti del Caravacci entered the service of the Emperor Gunther of Schwartzburg, and soon after his marriage with a noble lady of Hungary, gained victories that procured him the chief command of the auxiliary squadrons employed to support

Venice against her lawless invaders. Worn out prematurely by wounds and fatigue, he died a few months since. His inconsolable widow and daughter retired to mourn their loss; and their first violence of grief had not subsided, when, hurried into the open fields by an alarm of fire, I wrapped my mother in the warmest clothing I could find among the heaps thrown out by our active domestics. The conflagration was nearly extinguished; dark was the night, and I was groping for a mantle or blanket to cover myself; but villains seized me, and almost suffocated by their merciless efforts to stifle my voice, they bore me away. The potions they compelled me to swallow by threats worse than death were surely mingled with narcotic drugs; for my anguish and affright were overpowered by sleep so profound, as to bury my senses in total oblivion; and when the report of fire-arms awoke me, I was not instantaneously recalled to the memory of my situation. The truth pierced my heart as a two-edged brand; I screamed aloud, and though menaced by gleaming poniards, I exerted all my strength against the savages, who endeavoured to suppress the cries of despair. I know not how far I have been transported from my native land, and, excepting the noble, the most chivalrous Baron of Servulo, I am here destitute of friend or protector."

The lady paused. The baron asked for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits, and thus addressed the tearful Amalina: "Lady, to all appearance I am dying: yet, if you honour my last hours by accepting this emaciated hand, even in death my name shall be to you a shield of defence. My people will swear fealty

to you, and peril limb and life to guard the relict of their liege lord. Say, lady, can you exchange vows with an old, a dying man?"

"Baron of Servulo," returned Amalina, "the noblest blood of Naples and Hungary swells my high heart; I am also the heiress of immense wealth; but were I empress of the wide universe, you alone deserve all I am and all I possess. With your life-blood, most chivalrous Lord Rodolpho, you have won Amalina, and in life or death she is yours. But for the prowess of your arm, she now must have been abhorrent to herself. Her prayers for your recovery have been incessant; the Blessed Virgin and all the saints are gracious to the defenders of the helpless; they will raise you from the couch of suffering, and happy years shall add new lustre to your fame."

The holy rites of marriage were solemnized by the superior of a neighbouring convent. By slow degrees the baron arose from feebleness and pain. Messengers had been dispatched to apprise the Contessa del Caravacci of her daughter's nuptials: they brought back intelligence, that affright, exposure to the damps of night, and the loss of her only child, had dried the springs of her existence, and reduced her to the debility of childhood. The baron could not yet undertake an autumnal journey, nor would Amalina intrust his imperfect convalescence to the care of another; but they purposed setting out for Hungary at the earliest return of a milder season. The rigours of winter encroached on half the spring, and then the baroness was unfit for travel.

(To be continued in our next.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE KASAN TARTARS, BY DR. ERDMANN.

(From the "*Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels*," vol. I. for 1825.)

WHEN a person intends to marry, he first sends a female into the house of the young woman, to ascertain her inclination, and to agree upon the terms; for they treat about the sum of money which the bridegroom is to give, and also the portion which the bride is to receive from her parents. If they agree, the bridegroom makes a formal offer. According to the law, he must never have beheld her face, or indeed have seen her at all, but only know her from the accounts of others. They, however, not unfrequently find an opportunity to meet previously. If the bridegroom has paid the stipulated sum, which is very different according to the fortune of the bride (among the poor people perhaps only fifty rubles, and among the rich one thousand), the day of marriage is fixed. The wedding is first kept for three days together by all the women of their acquaintance alone; and then, after an interval of two days, by the men for an equal time: this last festivity begins by the consecration of the bridegroom by the Mulla, but without the bride, by which the affiancing is completed: three more days of festivity intervene before the marriage itself takes place. I will describe such a marriage, of which I myself was witness; for, being a Christian, I obtained permission to be present, where, according to the law, no Tartar can have access, *i. e.* in the meeting of the women. In general it is not easy to gain admittance; one must be intimately acquainted, though foreigners obtain it much sooner than Russians.

On Sunday, the 11th of December, at three o'clock in the afternoon; accompanied by a few friends, I went to the house of the bride, in the new Tartar suburb of Kasan. We found her in a small room, on the ground-floor, with her relations, who were dressing, and adorning themselves with patches for the ceremony. After saluting, and observing them for a short time, we went up into the best room, which was not large. Opposite to the door, and on the right hand, were two windows; on the left side was a stove, framed of Dutch tiles, near which a cradle was suspended. Under the ceiling there were a couple of lines to hang linen on, and before the windows were clean towels with red borders; the floor was covered with a carpet; and before the windows opposite to the door were two small elliptical tables, covered with cloths of coloured calico; round these were placed long coloured cushions, on which the female guests, more than seventy in number, sat in the Oriental fashion. They were in their holiday dress, with coloured handkerchiefs round their heads and necks, silk castans embroidered with flowers and gold, with long sleeves, and for the most part adorned with coins round the neck and breast. They sat rather formal and motionless, most of them looking down in silence. Not long after our entrance, another female came into the room; she wore on her head a coloured silk handkerchief, which hung down her back, and over it a fur cap, similar to those worn by the men. After leaving her slippers at the door, she saluted

all the company with *Assölahmiihaleikum*, and then she offered each of us her hand, according to the Tartar fashion. It was not till she had done this that she took off her cap, put her upper handkerchief from her head on the line with the others, and sat down in the circle at a table.

Some time having elapsed, an elderly matron rose from her seat, and approaching the door, began to pray. This was the mother of the bridegroom. She alternately prostrated herself in the Tartar fashion, touching the ground with her forehead, and seated cross-legged, holding her open hand at a small distance from her face, saying her prayers in a low voice. After she had finished, all the company sat still for some time, then rose together, and said a prayer in common, with similar gestures; and then resumed their seats at the tables, to partake of a dark-coloured soup, the composition of which I do not know, with wooden spoons, out of earthenware plates. Each of the company then put on their head-dress and slippers, and hastened to the street, where sixteen sledges, mostly drawn by one horse, were waiting for them. The cushions above-mentioned were laid in the sledges, and about five o'clock the company drove off in procession to the house of the bridegroom, situated in the old Tartar suburb, about a *verst* distant. We followed them in our sledge, and found another company of women already assembled, which, by this accession, was increased to ninety persons. They divided themselves into three small rooms adjoining each other, and sat down, as above described, at little tables, so that ten or twelve women formed a close circle

round each. Four such tables were in the room on the right hand, and three on the left. In the narrow middle room there was only one, which was higher, surrounded with chests and benches, on which the guests, because the space was so confined, sat down in the European fashion. After a rather dull conversation, one of the relations of the bridegroom appeared, bringing the presents intended by him for the bride, which were laid on one table after the other, to be inspected by the company. They consisted of different articles of female attire, of chintz, but for the most part of silk brocade, embroidered with gold and silver, gold medals and silver clasps, worth altogether above one thousand rubles. Each circle examined attentively what was laid before them, and gave opinions more or less favourable; on which every woman gave the female who negotiated the marriage one or more rubles, which were put in a box for the bride. They were extremely pleased that we did the same, and were from that moment particularly obliged to us; and even said, that the bride would certainly be happy, as Christians had contributed to her marriage portion. Immediately after this, supper was brought up. They first placed on each table a wheaten loaf, cut in slices, a salt-cellar, and as many earthenware plates as there was room for, generally six, with as many spoons on them as there were persons present (ten or twelve), and a plate of rice stewed in butter, which is the favourite dish in the East. Before this was touched, each of the company took a little salt out of the salt-cellars with their fingers, conveyed it to their mouths, then helped themselves to some rice, which

they ate very fast. After we had partaken of this standing, we were invited into the adjoining room, where the brother of the bridegroom, who was not permitted, any more than any other man, to join the company, treated us with some excellent tea and dush*. We then returned to the women, who meantime had finished some dishes, in order to partake of the remainder. The following were served up in our presence: minced chicken, mixed with fish and pickled cucumbers; sourkrout in quas; bilberries mixed with honey and water; a baked rice-pudding, sent from the house of the bride, and afterwards dush. All was cleanly and well flavoured; but there were neither knives nor forks used, but only spoons, and sometimes their fingers; and the plates, one of which generally served two persons, were never changed. They drank quas. As soon as the meal was over (about seven o'clock) the company separated. The conversation had become during the repast much more lively and animated; but the volubility of the women shewed itself on going down into the court-yard, for it was pretty long before they got into their sledges and drove home.

Thus ended the fête of this day: but it had been kept in the same manner the day before, and was to be repeated on the following, with this difference, that the third day the guests were to expect tea. On these three days no man (for we, as infidels, were considered of no importance,) was allowed to be present, and every thing was done by the women. After this, the turn for feasting came to the men, from which the women were obliged to absent them-

* A sort of pudding, made of eggs, cream, and flour.

selves: this did not, however, take place immediately, but after some days' interval; namely, on the 16th of December. In order to see this part of the ceremony, we repaired at four o'clock on the appointed day to the house of the bridegroom, where we were very hospitably received. They soon brought a European table into the room, gave us chairs in our fashion, and handed us tea, little meat patties fried in butter, confectionary, and cedar kernels, and afterwards a kind of mead prepared from honey. We had scarcely finished this repast, when the Tartar guests assembled in the next rooms. We would willingly have joined them, but were detained, on the pretext that there was not room enough: probably, however, because they did not wish to be under any constraint. We therefore contented ourselves with looking through the window in the door of the partition, before which a curtain was hung, on account of the women, to observe the conclusion of the ceremony.

As soon as the Mullas entered, the company began to pray. The ceremony was the same as in the mosque. After praying about half an hour, they prepared for departing, and drove off in sledges to the house of the bride. We again followed the procession: this time, the way being very narrow, we pressed among the company, who already filled the above-described room in the house of the bride, as also the adjoining apartment. At the three low tables sat the Mullas and the principal guests; without cushions, on the carpet; others sat on benches at a higher Russian table in the ante-room; and the remainder, for whom there was no room to sit, stood in the intervals. The Mulla who solemnized the mar-

riage now delivered sitting, but with much dignity, a short discourse, in which he pronounced a benediction on the absent betrothed couple. After he had concluded, several of the guests departed, and about sixty persons remained in both rooms, who immediately put money in a dish: many of them proved their liberality by the pieces of gold which they put in. We too contributed to this dowry. After the bread, salt, and plates were brought in, every one prayed in silence, holding his hands before his face; and putting a little salt into his mouth, commenced the repast, which consisted of five dishes. The first thing served was honey and butter, both of which were in separate dishes; the company first taking a spoonful of honey in their mouth, and then a piece of butter with the hand, eating bread with it. The second dish was rice and chicken; the third a rice-pudding with mutton; the fourth mutton with horse-radish; and the fifth was strawberries and raspberries mixed with honey

and water. After this, mead was handed round, and the entertainment concluded. After a short mental prayer, the company rose and drove home. All this was done with so much decorum and silence, that we need not wonder if the Tartars look down with contempt or pride on the infidels in their neighbourhood, whose entertainments generally end in drunkenness. The marriage was indeed solemnized by the speech of the Mulla; but the bride had not made her appearance on that occasion, though every thing had taken place in her parents' house, and the bridegroom had been present at the repast. We found her again down stairs with her relations, not painted, very pale, and in a white night-cap, such as is worn among us by men, and in an ordinary cotton caftan. According to the account of her relations, she was not allowed to go to her husband till three days later, during which time the male guests were to meet, as we have before described.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF HAYTI AT THE CONCLUSION OF CHRISTOPHE'S REIGN.

By CHARLES RITTER.

(Continued from p. 26.)

DR. DENIEU, an old Frenchman, who has passed almost his whole life in Hayti, favoured me with a biographical sketch of Christophe, which is of sufficient interest to be communicated to the reader.

Henry Christophe was born in the small Island of Grenada, in the West Indies, of free but poor parents. In his eleventh year his father transferred him to a French naval captain as cabin-boy. His first voyage carried him to Hayti, where the captain,

wishing to get rid of him as a wicked, mischievous urchin, sold him to the overseer of a plantation, who promoted him to the office of scullion. In this station he was so industrious, and made such progress in the art of cookery, that in process of time his master appointed him his cook.

When at a subsequent period the French General, Count Destaing, was beating up for volunteers, Christophe offered his services, and was placed on board French ships of war,

where he ceased to be a slave, and entered as a freeman upon a new sphere. On the termination of the war he quitted the navy, and established a tavern, called La Couronne. His earlier career as cook now proved of great advantage to him, and as a *restaurateur* he gave satisfaction to his customers; but being rude and uneducated, he soon fell into all sorts of excesses, and involved himself by his misconduct in many quarrels, which frequently ended in blows. It is not improbable that the honourable wounds, which Baron Vastey represented him (in his *Reflexions Politiques*) as having received before the walls of Savannah, in the United States, were the consequences of such an affray.

On the breaking out of the revolution in Hayti, he joined the French troops, serving first in the artillery, and afterwards in the dragoons. His courage and zeal in the service won him the good opinion of his officers to such a degree, that he was soon rewarded with the rank of captain. Under Toussaint he was appointed commandant of Petit Anse, and in 1801 of Cape-Town. The higher he rose in rank the more did a secret antipathy to the Whites and people of colour, which he had hitherto contrived to conceal, manifest itself. His hatred of these people urged him into persecutions and cruelties, which were portentous of his future conduct. He nevertheless strove to deceive the French white officers in regard to his real sentiments, behaved to them with great affability, and even loaded them with presents; hoping by such distinctions to confirm them in the notion that he was sincerely attached to France. By his cunning and various intrigues Christophe con-

trived to retain his post, and Fortune continued to favour him during all the successive convulsions in that unhappy island, till at length, after the death of the *soi-disant* emperor, Des-salines, the southern half of Hayti declared in favour of Petion, a mulatto, while Christophe set himself up for sovereign of the northern part. He assumed the royal title, created a court, and ruled his Blacks with unlimited power. Soon after his elevation he endeavoured to wrest from his rival Petion his share of the prey, and to make himself master of the whole island. He took the field against him with his whole force, but was repulsed with loss. This disaster he attributed wholly to the operation of the Whites and people of colour, and considered them as the sole impediment to his anticipated victory. Henceforward these unfortunate people became the objects of his bitterest animosity. Persecutions of every kind were not the only evils which they had to endure; many were put to death by his command, and he did not even spare those who had fought with him and in his behalf.

Notwithstanding the total failure of his first attempt against Petion, he did not relinquish the hope of subduing him, and ventured upon a second enterprise. The campaign opened with the reduction of Fort Cibert, which was taken by storm. About five hundred of his adversaries, whom he put to the sword, fell victims to his revenge. When, however, Petion came up with his troops, Christophe was again defeated and forced to retreat.

On his return to Cape-Town he again poured forth the fury of his disappointment on the wretched Whites,

Several of them soon disappeared, without leaving the least trace to indicate what had become of them; others he doomed to public execution, without regard to age or sex; nay, even some of his generals, who had incurred his suspicion, were put to death. His jealousy of the Whites was chiefly founded on Petion's endeavours to protect such of those unfortunate people as had escaped the fury of Dessalines. Hence there were to be seen but few people of colour in Christophe's army, excepting individuals who had become indispensably necessary to him, such as Dupuy, Vastey, Rosier, &c. Their writings trumpet forth the praise of their ruler, and bear the palpable stamp of that base adulation and servility by which they contrived to retain their influence. The *Almanac de Hayti* and Baron Vastey's *Reflexions Politiques* furnish specimens of such homage. In the latter, the author, in delineating Christophe's character, ascribes to him "a majestic gait, a penetrating eye;" he calls him "a delicate husband, a tender father, whom miscreants have dared unworthily to calumniate; a generous friend, whose counsel and whose purse have ever been at the service of his friends and his servants."

In spite of these panegyrics, with which Christophe's creatures would have veiled his atrocities, history will not fail to class him with those tyrants whose memory excites horror. His punishments were terrible. His generals and the dukes and princes of his creation received the discipline of the cane equally with the common soldier for the slightest offences, or were loaded with chains and consigned to dungeons. If he sentenced any unhappy man to be flog-

ged, it was a great chance that he survived. He disposed of the property of his generals as he pleased, robbing one of his possessions in order to reward others. At length, he went so far as to withhold their pay from his troops.

He knew more especially how to assume an air of consequence, and to keep his people in the most profound subjection. His customary *Audible!* uttered in an angry tone, made them tremble; but if he stamped at the same time, all around him was consternation and dismay. His inhuman barbarity and daily cruelties at length rendered him detested by his Negroes, and prepared for him a fate which he could not avert.

His person was rather repulsive than prepossessing. He was a tall stout man, with an athletic frame and robust health. His hair was white, though he was then but fifty-two years old. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but rather inclined to brown, or as it is called in the country *Sacatra**. His features were regular and not unpleasing, though his look was calculated to impress the beholder with fear.

He usually wore a green coat with red facings, embroidered with gold, a cocked hat, white breeches, and brown leather boots. He scarcely ever walked, but was always seen on horseback attended by his generals. In the house he carried a stick, with which he pointed to whatever he wanted: his voice was powerful, and his tone that of harsh command. I had frequent occasions to observe him, as the yard where he occupied his soldiers in preparing timber, and

* This race springs from a black father and a three-quarters black mother, called *griffonne*.

where he gave directions in person every morning at six o'clock, was situated near my residence.

Though Christophe was endowed by nature with energy and strength, courage and activity, and extraordinary powers of mind cannot be denied him, their culture had nevertheless been totally neglected. He could not even write, but dictated his family letters to the Count of Limonade, and afterwards subscribed them with an illegible scrawl.

The termination of his career approached. He fell sick at his country-residence, Sans Souci, and was obliged to keep his room in absolute inactivity while awaiting his convalescence. Several of the principal persons about him seized this opportunity of effecting his downfall, and a regular conspiracy was set on foot, at the head of which were the Duke of Marmelade, governor of Cape-Town, and Romain. It broke out on the 6th of October, 1820. Towards evening a dull noise and a running were heard in the streets; alarm and anxiety were expressed in every face; and the movements of the Negroes plainly indicated that preparations were making for something extraordinary. None felt greater apprehension than we Whites, as we were unacquainted with the motive of this bustle, and it was universally feared that some plan against us was in agitation. We therefore assembled without delay, to consult what measures we ought to adopt for our protection. It was determined that we should take refuge on board the ships, which, in case of necessity, might weigh their anchors and sail away. We delayed not a moment to put this resolve in execution; but what was our con-

sternation on finding Negro sentinels posted along the shore, who informed us that they had express orders from the governor to send back every person who should attempt to go on board! This intelligence confirmed us in our fears, that the blow was to be aimed at us. We returned therefore to our houses, the doors of which we barricaded as securely as we could; and keeping our arms in readiness, prepared for the most determined resistance, we awaited our fate. We could conceive nothing else but that the Whites and people of colour were destined to be massacred by Christophe's command, and therefore resolved at least to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

As night came on, the noise in the streets increased. About eleven o'clock the trumpets and drums called the troops together. The rattling of arms, the challenging of the Negro sentinels, the galloping of the cavalry through the streets, augmented the perturbation of the Whites, who passed this night in the most painful suspense, for the tumult continued till morning. As such a state of things puts an end to all order; the Negroes could rob, murder, and commit every other outrage unmolested, without having any occasion to apprehend being called to account for it. Luckily they had not time to break into and plunder the houses, since every Negro capable of bearing arms was required to repair to the parade, where, before the dawn of morning, all were ready to obey the farther orders of the governor, the Duke of Marmelade; for not a creature in Cape-Town had fired a single pistol in Christophe's defence.

At break of day a numerous body of Negroes, headed by one of their

officers, assembled before the house in which we resided. The officer handed to Mr. Hoffmann, the commercial agent of Mr. von Dietrich, a written order from the governor to deliver to him as many muskets as the officer should require*. Resistance under such circumstances would have been equally foolhardy and unavailing. The order was therefore complied with; but the fire-arms delivered to this officer were in the sequel duly paid for.

At Haut de Cap, a small village about half a league from Cape-Town, the insurgents pitched a camp, consisting of huts made of boughs. The store of flour which Christophe had collected at Petit Anse now proved very serviceable to his adversaries, and requisitions of cattle were made in the environs, so that there was no want of provisions.

Christophe was speedily informed at Sans Souci of the events of the preceding night, and he was soon aware that his cruelties had excited the Haytians to insurrection. He considered how to save himself, and tried all means to quash the rebellion. Being informed that one of the Whites had furnished the people with arms, he suspected that these were the authors of the insurrection, and instantly sent orders to the governor, to cause all the Whites to be butchered without delay; for he knew not as yet that Marmelade was the main-spring of this revolution. The answer which Christophe received to this message could not have been of the most agreeable kind; for it threw him into the most vehe-

ment rage. Instead of murdering the Whites, the governor ordered his soldiers not to offer them the least molestation. The Blacks themselves said in their creole dialect, *Nous pas fait guerre à blancs la*—"We do not make war upon the Whites." Christophe now assembled his guards, of whom he had about eight hundred with him at Sans Souci, and made them take anew the oath of allegiance. As he was not yet recovered from his illness, he gave the chief command of the troops to his kinsman, the Duke de Forte Royale; the prince royal and the other generals accompanied him.

The rebels had meanwhile entrenched themselves at Haut de Cap, and had already thrown up a battery, to wait for their adversaries in this advantageous position. The guards indeed advanced impetuously, but their attack was faint, and after firing a few shots, they forgot the oath they had just taken, hoisted white handkerchiefs at the end of their weapons, and went over to their brethren. Their leaders were now obliged to make a precipitate retreat, and to return to Sans Souci.

When they had brought this unwelcome intelligence to Christophe, he is reported to have said to Baron Dupuy, who remained with him till the very last, "Save yourself: it is all over with me!" With these words he put an end to his life with a pistol, at eight in the evening of the 8th of October.

Next day Christophe's queen, the two princesses, the prince royal, the rest of his family, and his most faithful adherents, were conveyed on horseback, amid the acclamations of the populace, the ringing of bells,

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* The ship Echer, in which we came, had on board a cargo of arms and ammunition.

and the discharge of cannon, from Sans Souci to Cape-Town. The females were confined to their rooms; but the men were thrown into prison. Some days afterwards nine of the

most obnoxious of them were put to death; and the prince royal, a youth about eighteen, shared their fate.

(To be continued.)

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.

OF the three lawyers who were assigned by the National Convention to the unfortunate Louis XVI. to conduct his defence, Malesherbes alone was personally known to him. "Ah! how much do I owe you," said he, when that lawyer came to announce that he was to be his advocate, "for this generous devotion! But, alas! it will endanger your own life, and it cannot save mine!"

"Sire," replied Malesherbes in an assured tone, "be satisfied that there is no danger for me; and it will be easy to defend your majesty, so that there cannot be any for you."

"You are mistaken," replied Louis. "I am certain that they will take my life. They have both the power and the will to do it. But no matter, let us occupy ourselves with my cause, as if I was sure to gain it; and in fact I shall gain it, for I shall leave a spotless name behind me."

The king had seen Tronchet at the Constituent Assembly; he knew him to be a man of abilities: but he had never seen Desèze. He asked Malesherbes different questions respecting that lawyer, and seemed very well satisfied with his answers. He assisted the three advocates in preparing his defence with a serenity and presence of mind that filled them with admiration.

The charges against him were so evidently groundless, and there was still so strong a feeling in the minds of the people in his favour, that his

lawyers believed the Convention would not dare to pass sentence of death, and that the decree would be for banishment. They succeeded in inspiring the king with the same hope; but it lasted only a few days, for he saw, by the infamous articles inserted against him in the public papers, as the time of trial drew near, that his first idea was correct, and that his death was resolved upon.

When Desèze had finished his pleading, he read it to the king and his brother advocates: nothing could be more pathetic than the manner in which he concluded it; they were moved even to tears. But the king said to him, in a calm but decided tone, "You must suppress that passage, sir: I will not attempt to move their pity."

Once when he was alone with Malesherbes, he said to him, "There is one thing which troubles me very much. Tronchet and Desèze were never under any obligation to me. They give me their labour and their time; their exertions for me will perhaps cost them their lives; and how can I shew my sense of their services? I have nothing in my power, and were I to leave them a legacy, it would never be paid."

"Sire, they will be rewarded by the testimony of their own conscience, and by the voice of posterity: but your majesty can even now recompense them."

"How so?" cried he eagerly.

"By embracing them." The king did so on the following day, thanking them at the same time with an energy and a sensibility which melted them into tears.

When the time that his sentence was to be pronounced drew near, he said one morning to Malesherbes, "My sister has mentioned to me a good priest who has not taken the oath, and whose obscurity may be the means of saving him afterwards from persecution. Here is his address; pray go and speak to him, and prepare him to come, if they give me permission to see him. This is a strange commission, Monsieur Malesherbes, to give to a philosopher, for I know that you are one; but if you suffered as much as I do, and you were about to die as I am going to do, I should wish you to have the same sentiments of religion: they would console you far more truly than philosophy."

In returning from the Assembly, whither the three lawyers had gone to demand that an appeal might be made on behalf of the king to the people, Malesherbes was surrounded by a great number of persons, who all assured him that Louis should not perish, or at least not before they and their friends had been killed in his defence. Malesherbes hastened to inform the king of it. Louis changed colour, and replied, "Return to the Assembly, endeavour to see some of these people, and tell them, that if they cause a single drop of blood to be shed for me, I will never forgive them. I would not spill the blood of my people when, by doing so, I might perhaps have preserved my throne and my life; and I have never repented that I did not."

The sad task of announcing his

approaching fate to Louis was given to Malesherbes. He found the king with his elbows leaning on a table, and his face covered with his hands. The noise the lawyer made in entering roused him from his meditation. "I have been searching my conscience," said he, "for the last two hours, to discover whether, during the entire course of my reign, I had ever acted so as to merit the slightest reproach from my subjects; and I swear to you, sir, in the truth of my heart, as a man about to appear before his God, that it fully acquits me; that I have constantly desired the happiness of my people, and that I have never formed a wish that could be contrary to it."

The last time that Malesherbes was permitted to see the unfortunate monarch, he found him standing between two municipal officers: he was reading. One of the officers said to the advocate, "You may speak with him; we will not listen." He seized the opportunity to assure Louis, that the clergyman he wished for would attend him. Louis embraced Malesherbes at parting. "Farewell!" said he. "Death does not affright me; I have the greatest confidence in the mercy of God."

One of the three courageous advocates of that unfortunate monarch has survived the storms of the Revolution, and preserved through them all a character of the highest honour and integrity. It is M. Desèze, now president of the Court of Cassation. He had the honour to present the address of that court to Charles X. on his accession to the throne; and the monarch took that occasion to thank him publicly for the services he had rendered to his martyred brother.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

No. II.

(Continued from p. 42.)

YOUR grandfather died early, leaving me, his only son, at the age of seventeen, with plenty of money at my own disposal, a tolerable education for that time of day, a handsome exterior, and an everlasting fund of good-humour; at least, I obtained credit for all these with the fair sex. Visions of happiness seemed to burst into reality: I judged only from the outward appearance of things; I knew not the venom that lay concealed, nor, while reveling in enjoyment, was I aware of the selfishness of my own heart. You, my dear nephew, are of just such an age and temperature as was your uncle when he started in the world; and yet you can scarcely imagine, when you view the wrinkles in my forehead, my few and scattered grey hairs, my extended chin looking up to my nose for sympathy, which an unfurnished mouth does not attempt to prevent, a shambling gait and trembling hands, you will scarcely imagine, I say, that I was once young and elastic as you are, any more than you can imagine that a profusion of curls and powder, with my hair done up in a tail behind, could have possessed charms for either a beau or belle; that a bright scarlet coat, with buttons as large as a crown-piece, and buckles that covered my instep, could ever have been the acme of elegance. But love has been made in scarlet stockings, and men, in the reign of the witty Charles, while lounging in the *boudoir* of a lady, have amused themselves with combing the curls of their long and flowing wigs. You have

lounge in Bond-street, I in the Mall; the same follies have been interesting to both, but the curtain will fall on us both when the farce is finished.

On the possession of the fortune released to me by my guardian I became quite another personage; I was no longer the pretty humble smooth-speaking young man I was wont to be, but assumed a confidential swagger, my hat received only one half my head, and my legs imitated each other in a sort of theatrical strut. I trod like a man who had money in his pocket, instead of one who had to hunt his only sixpence into a corner before he could find it; and at the coffee-rooms and in the society to which I became introduced, instead of courting the acquaintance of any one, I lounged in a sort of picktooth indifference, scarcely condescending to receive the remarks of one I might deem my inferior, but if heard, I generally contradicted him, or if indeed I honoured him with an assent, it was done too coldly to be received as any compliment. Instead of peeping into the window of a shop where I might wish to purchase any article, to see if it was accompanied by a price suitable to my finances, I rolled into the *depôt* with a sort of "Ha! ha! mister! I want to see some article," which I hardly vouchsafed to name, and which I would come out without purchasing, after tumbling over the contents of a warehouse. Do you, my dear nephew, ever do this? At length, having spent all my money on ladies whom I scarcely ever saw, on books which I never read,

and clothes which I scarcely wore, I found my money all spent, and my credit gone, and became thoroughly convinced that I had mistaken the road to happiness.

So much by way of prologomena; but you will perceive by the colour of the ink, that the matter annexed to this was written long ago, at a time when I little expected to leave this MS. as a bequest to a nephew. Read, however, and mark me, and see if there be a very great difference between the errors of men living in the 18th and 19th centuries.

CONFESSION THE FIRST.

Retired within the rules of *Banco Regis*, and entirely dependent upon my friends for support, I determined no longer to consume the time in useless regrets for the past. I will throw aside the numberless unpaid bills, with which I have addled my head to conceive how they are ever to be paid, and endeavour to revive scenes which are more pleasant to recollect; and for which purpose a large packet of letters now lying before me will supply ample materials. Perhaps these may produce some wise lucubrations, which may entice some publisher to introduce me into the world, and I too may become an author. My "Highways and By-ways," my "Sayings and Doings," my "Tales of a Traveller," may also be printed, and get their author a dinner. Come then, thou record of my friends, my follies, but not, I trust, of my crimes; and let me do penance in reviving, while I feel the consequences of error, and leave a moral to posterity worth preserving."

"There are certain periods in a person's life," says a celebrated author, "as there are certain stations in the course of a traveller, when he

thinks it proper to look back on the tract he has passed, for the purpose of reviewing what he has accomplished, and of estimating whether the strength he has left be sufficient to finish what remains to be done; while the sunset of life, like that of the natural day, throws a golden gleam on the objects of our recollection, which brightens them to our view much beyond the appearance which they wear when clothed in sober colours." My first selection shall be from

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF FLORA.

Flora Macdonald, not the *chère amie* of the pretender to a crown, but the friend of a pretender to her sympathy, was about the age of eighteen when I was first introduced to her, through the medium of a shower of rain in the Green Park. She had a fairy, or if you like it better, a sylph-like form, black eyes, and white teeth. She commanded by her pleasant manners all your attentions, and I gave her all I could muster. I must do myself the justice, however, to declare, that, in pleasing her and myself, I never dreamed of any unpleasant circumstance occurring. I was incapable of deliberately seducing any female; and while I was conscious of this, while I constantly held forth, that I could never marry under such and such a fortune, I foolishly imagined that Flora, the daughter of a decayed gentleman, whose family barely subsisted on an annuity, could never dream that the compliments which I could pay her were intended really for any serious purposes. Alas! we deceive ourselves, or Flora, after three years coquetting with me and two or three others, would never have had to upbraid me, had she

properly consulted her own reason. But, however rattling or giddy I might be with a host of young women, when *tête-à-tête* my manners assumed a more dangerous tone; I was naturally enthusiastic, and a pretender to a vast deal of sentimental trash. I also appeared to be of a domestic turn, and I won the hearts of all the aunts and mothers by reading to them moral productions while they sat and worked, and in thus becoming one of them, made myself more acceptably dangerous. I could not but smile to see the manœuvring of these parents: for while the mothers were depreciating each other's offspring, in order to gild their own; while the fathers seemed to repel, and yet really encouraged, my attentions, they would declare before *mé*, that if their daughters chose to marry without their consent, they would give them nothing: thus securing to themselves the gratification which their money afforded, by goading their children to elope, and then to live as they could. The *mammas* *deployed* in more ways than one; some took up the amiable line, deteriorating all the young women they knew, by giving them credit for the only qualification which they did not possess: of course, upon an introduction to them you were dissatisfied, and lothe to give them credit for what was their right, much to the gratification of the calumniator, who affected to differ from you in some such way as, "How delightfully does Miss Crotchet sing!" when poor Miss Crotchet croaked like a raven; "How lovely did Miss B. dance!" when the poor soul displayed a pair of ancles which ought to be *booted*. Other *mammas* indeed, less delicate, would deal out their anathemas in-

discriminately on all: this was injudicious, as it is the very essence of human nature to act by contraries; besides, the devil they say is not so black as he is painted. For myself, "I kissed and I prattled with fifty fairmaids;" yet do I acknowledge that Flora was at this time the queen of them all. I escorted her to different places of amusement, I fetched her home from houses which I did not visit at; and if, under the influence of one more glass, I did press her hand with more fervour than was allowed to Platonism, I lost no time in endeavouring, as I thought, to eradicate every sentimental feeling. Yet Flora would coquet in her turn, and her letters—for I had as many fair correspondents as old Richardson—her letters, during her absence, informed me of one or two offers which she had received of the tenderest nature. I encouraged her to accept of one of these, although I seriously hoped she would not yet marry, for she was a plaything I was lothe to spare. Was I then to bear the stigma of male coquetry? Thus did we continue "the pleasure just as great of being cheated as to cheat;" but I at length perceived that there must be soon an end to this foolery; for at once there appeared a marked manner in her conduct, which, with all my affected blindness, I was obliged to see. I in consequence absented myself from her presence; at least, I went to her house seldomer, but yet too often: nevertheless, the constraint under which her conduct put me brought about a crisis of which I really little dreamed. One night, however, on her return home in a coach from a little dance, from which I could not excuse my absence, she betrayed in one word such a hope

that all would end in a union with me, that I became quite staggered. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and I stammered out a something, I know not what. But I do recollect the tender reproach which her eyes gave me, and the silent despair which, from the light of the moon, was too visible on her face, I never shall forget, while the pressure of her hand seemed to ask me why I had so long trifled with her feelings. Not a word or scarcely a motion passed till we reached her home, and we parted like those never to meet again.

I repaired to my bed, but I slept not, for I seemed tormented with all the pangs of remorse, which I ought only to feel had I been a villain. At length I became somewhat more composed, having flattered myself into something like composure, and hoped that Flora was now in a similar disposition. One thing I *wisely* determined to do, which was to dispatch to her immediately a letter of comfort, at least of attempted comfort, to urge all I could that she might not suffer in her own esteem, and to take a far greater share of blame on myself than I even thought was my portion. There is something in unburdening one's thoughts, even though we are uncertain as to the result, which is vastly refreshing; and when my epistle was fairly out of the door, my spirits became much lighter. From this delusion, however, I was quickly awakened by the return of the servant, who entered with the urn for my breakfast, and put into my hands the following epistle:

"Oh! *add not*, I entreat you, to the misery and mortification I now feel, by telling me you consider yourself the cause. No, no; it is *I* alone who

have been to blame. Heavens! how low am I sunk in my own estimation! What must I then be in yours! You are kind to tell me not; but impossible, it cannot be! you surely must detest me. Great indeed has been my error, and most improper (*I may say*) my conduct. I blush to think how much you have indeed proved my friend, how honourably you have acted! Never can my gratitude repay you. Yes indeed, if you will allow me, I will henceforth be your sister: but can you ever consider such an imprudent girl worthy your future notice? It shall now be my care to endeavour to reclaim your esteem: but we must not meet yet. How shall I ever gain courage to see you? Yet I cannot close my letter without assuming some little excuse for past errors; for, believe me, as I hope for happiness in another world, had I not thought that your affections were as deeply engaged as mine, never would I have revealed what lay so heavy at my heart; and ask yourself, has not your conduct to me been rather pointed?—(this is not alone my own suggestion)—and did you ever yet find a female who was proof against the unwearied attentions of the worthy part of your sex? How then could you suppose I could be insensible to your merit? I indeed wish you had not been so unguarded, or rather let me say, *I wish I had not*, for still the fault is mine. Believe me, I do not attach the least blame to your conduct. Forget then the foibles of your unfortunate Flora, who hopes she may be able to forget an exposure of sentiments which she fears must ever lower her in your esteem."

But matters were not to pass off thus: on my arrival the following

morning, at the earnest request of Flora's mother, I was ushered into the chamber, where lay the once lovely companion of my pleasure, for illness had already made great ravages in her frame. She fixed her vacant yet glaring eyes upon me, and inquired why I came to fetch her away; then recollecting herself, pronounced my name with tenderness. She took my hand, and placing it on her burning forehead, smiling said, "Lie there, and stop this dreadful throbbing!"

thus continuing a melo-drame of insanity, during which her medical attendant appeared, and I underwent from him the humiliation of a sermon, in which he evidently alluded to me as the author of her malady. Alas! what were my feelings in comparison with those of her family! for poor Flora, after a fortnight's illness, rendered up her spirit, and died the victim of an unfortunate attachment.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XV.

ON my arrival at Alexandria, I found a very pretty little summer theatre open about a mile from the town, at a place called Spring-Gardens. The audience-department consisted of boxes, pit, and gallery; the stage was of tolerable dimensions, and the decorations of the house were chaste and appropriate. A part of the Philadelphia company were playing there, and a portion of the same company visited Alexandria every year during my stay; the plan being, during the summer-season, to divide and play at different towns, sharing the profits amongst them. The performers were really respectable, and as Englishmen and Englishwomen, my heart bounded towards them; for sweet is the sight of a countryman or countrywoman in a strange land. The hero of the company was a Mr. Wood, and his wife was the heroine. He was a very gentlemanly man, and she a most agreeable little woman. In genteel comedy and youthful tragedy both were very excellent performers; and Mr. Wood was a great favourite.

The first line in singing was sus-

tained by a Mr. and Mrs. Woodham: Mrs. Woodham's maiden name was Mills, and she was engaged, with her husband, her mother, and Mr. John Bray, by Mr. Warren at Leeds in 1805. Mr. Woodham was a chaste and pleasing singer; but a consumption carried him off a year or two after his arrival. Mrs. Woodham was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and a most bewitching actress. Her character was amiable and her conduct correct, and she was generally admired. After the death of Mr. Woodham, she married a Mr. Moore, an American gentleman residing in New England. He was thought to be very rich, but it turned out the reverse: in a few years she was again obliged to go upon the stage, and I have heard that she died of a broken heart, occasioned by the ill treatment experienced from her husband.

Mr. Webster was also a singer extremely popular at one period in Philadelphia and New-York; and a Mr. Jacobs succeeded poor Woodham; but he was wretched both as an actor and singer, and would scarce-

ly have been suffered to deliver a message on an English stage.

Mr. Bray, whom I have mentioned as being engaged at Leeds with Mr. and Mrs. Woodham, was in Emery's line, and in many characters I thought him quite equal to that excellent actor. He was the son of a respectable manufacturer at Huddersfield, in the west riding of Yorkshire; and his natural inclination for the stage was fostered by performing at a private theatre in Leeds, in which town he had been placed by his father in a merchant's counting-house. He made his first appearance on the stage at Leeds on the 7th of July, 1802, in the characters of Zekiel Homespun in *the Heir at Law*, and Cracker in *the Turnpike-Gate*; and though rather an unfavourable critique on his performance appeared in the *Leeds Mercury* of the Saturday following, he was not discouraged, but determined to persevere in the profession he had chosen, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement from Mr. Macready (the father of the eminent tragedian), at the immense salary of eighteen shillings per week. On leaving Leeds to join the company, Mr. Bray was furnished with some written advice by Mr. Denman (a member of the Leeds company), which is so excellent, and would, if generally followed, tend so much to uphold the respectability of the theatrical profession, that I shall make no apology for inserting a copy of it here.

“ Observations and Reflections: addressed to a young Actor.

“ Study to obtain the favour and good opinion of your manager, but by no other means than that of a diligent attention to the duties of your profession.

Vol. V. No. XXVI.

“ To acquire the good-will and favour of your audience, it will be necessary to be correctly perfect in the words of your author, and not to be too often desirous of throwing in trite jokes; and be very circumspect in your *ad libitums*: for such is the value of stage decorum, that I have known some actors of strong talent and genius lose their popularity by using unbecoming liberties; whilst others, whose chief merit lay in steady attention, have increased in favour, and in the end become objects of great value.

“ Be careful not to lavish time in public-houses: occasionally the frequenters of a well-accustomed room may be of considerable advantage to an actor at the benefit; but, in general, one solid private friend will give more assistance than a room-full of public admirers.

“ Rather keep no company than bad company. A singing performer should be attentive and civil to the leader and gentlemen of the orchestra: the reasons are obvious.

“ Nothing gives an actor so much self-possession, ease, and confidence, as the practice of rehearsing perfect.

“ Never run a bill at a public-house or tavern. If you cannot board at a private house, and should be obliged to dine at an ordinary, or in a mess, be sure to accustom yourself to breakfast and sup at your private lodgings, since mornings and evenings are the best times for study and reflection.

“ Never gamble on any occasion whatever.

“ Never speculate on the chance of a good benefit as to your expenses. Articles purchased with ready money after the benefit are worth much more than those bought on credit before.

P

"If you undertake a part at all, good or bad, never neglect it. The best way to get good characters is to pay the strictest attention to bad ones."

Mr. Bray did not remain long with Macready, and during his continuance with him performed only second and third-rate characters. He afterwards played Acres for the benefit of Mr. Chippendale, at Durham; but Mr. Stephen Kemble, the manager, refused him an engagement, giving as a reason the strong Yorkshire dialect by which his pronunciation was marked. Two or three characters subsequently performed at Leeds for the benefit of some of his friends was the extent of his acting prior to his going to America, where he immediately became a great favourite. He was an excellent comic singer as well as actor, and possessed considerable talents as a musical composer. I have also seen several plays and farces of his, some original, and others translated from the French, of great merit. Poor Bray! it was singular that, after having lost sight of him for twelve or thirteen years, I should become acquainted with his friends at Leeds, and should follow to the grave in his own country the man whom I had loved for his good qualities, and admired as an actor, in a foreign land: yet so it was. Mr. Bray, after suffering severely from a complication of disorders, was determined to try the benefit of his native air. He left Boston on the 26th of March (in which city he had been performing with the company), with his eldest son, a fine lad about twelve years of age, as his companion, and only lived to embrace his sister, at whose house in Leeds he died on the 19th of

June, 1822, the day on which he completed his fortieth year.

Mr. Bray had some years before married Miss Hunt, an amiable young lady, attached to the Philadelphia company. She had been a pupil of Mr. Francis, and was one of the most elegant dancers I ever saw. Mrs. Bray remained at Boston, with four children, whilst her husband proceeded to England, where he had intended to offer to the London managers several of his dramatic pieces: amongst others, *the Astrologer*, a five-act comedy, translated from Corneille's *Feint Astrologue*, *Who Pays the Piper*, and *the Simpleton*, farces; and *the Child of the Mountain*: but death put an end to his projects, and the pieces that I have mentioned still remain in undisturbed privacy, though they are superior far, in my opinion, to much of the trash which is nowadays brought forward at our patent theatres.

So much for poor Bray! I return to the notice of a few of his contemporaries. Mr. Jefferson was the son of the veteran Jefferson of Drury-lane, the contemporary of Garrick. He was also an excellent actor in low comedy, and was a universal favourite. Mrs. Jefferson was an actress of great merit. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, from a town in Suffolk, were also members of the *corps dramatique* of Philadelphia. He was not a good general actor, but in some characters succeeded uncommonly well. His *Ennui* in *the Dramatist* was the best representation of that character I ever saw. Mrs. Wilmot was a very superior actress in a great variety of characters. Her *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Juliana*, *Letitia Hardy*, &c. were equally excellent. They were both *petit figures*, and afforded a

fine contrast to Mr. Warren, the manager, who was a good portly figure, making an excellent Falstaff, which, like Stephen Kemble, he played with little or no stuffing. This gentleman married Mrs. Wignal after the death of Mr. W.*; and on her first visit to Alexandria, where her fame had preceded her, I anticipated much pleasure from an introduction. But, alas! soon after her arrival (in 1808), she was seized with a violent illness, which terminated fatally. The disorder affected her brain, and deprived her of her senses during a part of the time of her confinement. In her paroxysms, she would recite passages from some of her favourite characters in such a pathetic strain of declamation, as would draw tears from the eyes of all who were witnesses of the sad spectacle. Mrs. Warren was buried at Alexandria, and her corpse was followed to the grave by an immense assemblage of mourners. One daughter by Mr. Wignal survived her, a beautiful child, who, I have understood, was much noticed by the Countess of Craven, her aunt. I have seen many handsome presents, which I was told were sent by that lady to her orphan niece.

Few who are lovers of the drama but have heard of the name of Barrett, once a most favourite performer and manager of theatres in the south and west of England. I never saw him, but have heard him described as "the admired of all beholders." He captivated the affections of Miss Gay, daughter of Mr. Gay, alderman of Norwich (of which theatre he was manager for some years), with whom he eloped. But their union

* See the last Number of the *Repository*, p. 34.

was not a happy one. Barrett was inconstant, and left her to revel in forbidden charms. Tired of England, he embarked for America with a lady who passed for his wife, and her son, who also bore his name. They performed at Boston and at New-York with a part of the Philadelphia company, who were performing there in 1807. I am not acquainted with the crimes that led to poor Barrett's utter destitution; but he died at Boston, and was buried by the eleemosynary contributions of his brother actors. Mrs. Barrett and her son obtained an engagement in, and played for a few seasons with, the Philadelphia company. He was quite a youth, and was styled the American Roscius; but in ability he was far below even our Henry West Betty in his infantine years.

Before I take my leave of the Philadelphia company, I must not forget Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who joined it at Baltimore in the autumn of 1807. They came from Manchester; she was a beautiful woman, and a pleasing singer. Mr. M. was a very clever actor, and brother to Mrs. Woodham. A ludicrous occurrence took place soon after this lady had opened at Baltimore, which she did in *Rosina*, and was well received. A young man named Sutton sent her his miniature; and a day or two after he called at her lodgings, where he encountered Mr. Mills. On requesting to see the lady, and being asked his business, he began abusing Mr. M. with all the pompous magniloquence which Americans can so well assume, and wanted to know by what right Mr. Mills dared to question him relative to his business with the lady. When told he was her husband—Hogarth might have paint-

ed a good subject from a sight of the crest-fallen lover, who hemmed and haaed, stammered out a thousand apologies, and finally retreated,amidst

the sarcastic laughs of Mr. Mills and a friend who was with him.

A RAMBLER.

NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE IRISH.

It will be recollected that on the visit of his Majesty to the Irish capital, it was proposed to erect a national testimonial in commemoration of that event, the expense to be defrayed by a public subscription. The original design of erecting a bridge over the Liffey for this purpose was abandoned at the suggestion of Mr. William Carey, who had the honour of suggesting the establishment of a National Gallery for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in its stead—a plan which he urged with such zeal, eloquence, and success, that it has since been adopted. In two letters which he published on this subject, the author, himself a native of Ireland, pays the following splendid tribute to the character of his countrymen, by way of refuting a notion, that the Irish are unfitted for the fine arts:

“In what climate however unpromising, in what region however remote, in the east or the west, the north or the south, have not Irishmen signalized their great natural endowments and acquirements, and conferred honour upon their country? In the brilliant display of genuine wit and sportive humour; in the sedate competition of learning, knowledge of human nature, and profound judgment; in the cabinet, the senate, the pulpit, the bar, and the drama; in every department of polite literature, and in a taste for the arts, have not Irishmen obtained a distinguished share of celebrity? Is

a list of names necessary, where the rolls of renown and attesting history are my witnesses? What Irishman does not feel his blood run in a warmer current of exultation, and his breast swell with a loftier spirit, when he throws his eyes over the records of nations during the last fifty years? Amidst the political convulsions and tempests which laid waste so many kingdoms and states, he beholds his countrymen surmounting the up-hill steep of difficulty and danger, and shining among the foremost in every field of fame. He beholds Irishmen sounding every depth of art and science; soaring on the wings of imagination into the highest heaven of sublimity and beauty; and crowned with the immortal palms of eloquence, poetry, painting, and histrionic excellence.

“During the long revolutionary war with France, when the royal standard of George III. and the banners bearing the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, under the august auspices of the Prince Regent, floated in proud union over the British columns; the valour of those triumphant columns in the sanguinary campaigns of Portugal, Spain, France, and Flanders, raised the military fame of the British empire to its highest elevation. The fearless heart and the death-dealing hand of Ireland—her foot that still presses forward when an armed enemy is in front, and her blood that burns with a quick and instinctive sense of ho-

nour, were there. Her soul rose at the sound of the trumpet, when the nations turned pale at the frown of the enemy, and the earth trembled beneath the rushing of his squadrons.

"Whenever the crisis was most imminent, the stake most important, the peril most mighty and appalling; amidst the shock of fleets and armies, when Europe reeled from her centre, and the lot of unborn generations hung upon the sword; there the commanding wisdom of Ireland marshalled the path to glory! there, in dread magnificence, her warlike spirit flamed in the van! there, woo-

ing the forlorn hope, storming the deadly breach, braving the charge of the bayonet and sabre, the thunders of artillery, the explosion of the mine, Irish heroism, proudly rising to the magnitude of the occasion, was seen grappling with death as an inheritance of honour, stemming the tide of battle, and turning the fortune of war, by a long career of splendid victories, which overthrew the vaunted 'all-conqueror,' terminated the tremendous contest, and, with Irish co-operation in the state councils, decided the destinies of the world."

THE LITERARY COTERIE.—No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

My dear Sir,

PERHAPS *you* in the metropolis may like to know what *we* in the country think of passing events in the literary world, and may find our opinions on "Men and Things" neither altogether uninteresting nor impertinent. With that view I purpose to send you a monthly sketch, not of the debates in form, but of the "chit-chat" and cursory remarks of a few individuals who meet at the house of our worthy vicar on the second Wednesday in every month, and to whom I have given the name of the *Literary Coterie*, because literature generally forms the prominent subject of our "conversations," as over a bottle of our worthy host's generous wine, which, when taken in moderation, "gladdens the heart of man," we cheerfully pass away a few hours in social and friendly intercourse, enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

In the present number I merely intend to give you a slight sketch of the characters of the persons who constitute our club, or *coterie*, from which you may be enabled to judge of their pretensions to offer opinions on any subject, and decide to how much weight those opinions are entitled.

The post of honour is, on every account, due to Dr. Primrose, the vicar of R——. He is indeed "an Israelite without guile," one who "lures to brighter worlds, and leads the way;" and even in this age of miscalled liberality, when the clergy are assailed on all hands by free-thinkers and dissenters, he has succeeded in securing the esteem and respect of his flock, and is beloved and revered by his family and friends. He is a powerful and impressive advocate of the truths of Christianity, which he enforces every Sabbath-day in so masterly a style, that, not

unfrequently, the infidel, the careless, and the unthinking have been awakened to a sense of their folly, and "those who came to scoff remained to pray." He has real merit, and his mind is deeply imbued with the learning, not only of the ancients, but of the moderns: yet he is not addicted to pedantry, even in the slightest degree; and though you cannot pass an hour in his company without being convinced that he is both a scholar and a gentleman, he never puts ignorance to the blush by making a parade of his learning, and never obtrudes his opinion, though that opinion is always valuable and most frequently correct.

This amiable man has church preferment to the amount of about 200*l.* per annum; and, with his lady and two daughters, Miss Primrose, a lovely brunette, and Miss Rosina, who is fair and delicate, occupies the vicarage-house at R——, where cheerful piety and unaffected hospitality spread a charm over society, and invest life with added grace.

Captain Primrose, the brother of our host, claims the next place in my list. He is a gallant son of Mars, who has wooed honour in the well-fought field, and won her too. He is a brave and open-hearted soldier, ardently devoted to his king and his country; and his only fault is, that he is apt to be a little dogmatical, and is rather too fond of detailing military adventures: he loves to "shoulder his" stick (for he does not yet require a crutch), "and shew how fields were won;" and thinks the Duke of Wellington, under whom he served in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, one of the greatest heroes and the first general the world ever produced. If we have any in-

clination to put this worthy gentleman in a passion, we have only to detract one iota from the merits of that distinguished commander.

Nor is the navy without its representative amongst us. Basil Fire-drake, who is remotely connected with the vicar's lady, being a cousin about one hundred and fifty times removed, in his youth went to sea with an uncle who commanded a ship of the line. He fought successively under Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson; and after the death of the latter, he was attached to the fleet under the amiable Collingwood, having attained the rank of post-captain. Basil was in active employ for thirty years, and he has now moored himself for life in the pleasant village of R——, to be near his cousin, as he always calls Mrs. Primrose, who is the only relative living that he knows. His face bears the marks of hard service; it is famously weather-beaten, and has assumed quite a copper hue; but his frame bespeaks "the hardy tar," who, though *now* laid up in ordinary, is not rendered unserviceable, but would soon be gallantly rigged, and ready for another trip, should his king and his country require his services.

Mr. Apathy, "the principal" of the academy in the village, is another member of our *coterie*. He is a worthy man in the main, but an independent in religion, and a republican in politics. You will wonder how, with such principles, he got admitted into such society. The vicar became acquainted with him in one of his charitable visits to a poor and infirm parishioner; both met at the bedside of the sufferer on the same errand, and that a charitable one. They have been friends ever since;

and the amenity of the worthy vicar, although it has not made a convert of Mr. Apathy, has certainly softened down much of the acerbity of his sectarian principles, and has meliorated the rancour of his politics. In the former he would once have gone the lengths even of the round-headed members of his sect in the 17th century; in the latter he coalesced with Wooler, Hunt, and Carlisle. But he was innately too good and too wise a man long to be the dupe of these arch-demagogues; and now he has become a convert to the doctrine, that republican institutions are not calculated for Great Britain; though, abstractedly, he still advocates and defends them. His opposition to existing things is, however, gradually gaining cooler, and is perhaps no more than is requisite to keep the *coterie*, as the rest of the members are decidedly Tories, from becoming too ultra-loyal to be truly constitutional.

Mr. Matthews, the surgeon of the village, and Counsellor Eitherside, who resides there during the summer months, are always present, when the former is not detained by the calls of "his vocation," or the latter by the claims of his clients, from whom, however, he is gradually withdrawing himself; for the old gentleman is known to be pretty *warm*, and he wishes, he says, "to be easy and comfortable" in his old age.

Mr. Montagu, a gentleman of birth and fortune, who is unfashionable enough to spend the greater part of every year upon his estates, attending, in conjunction with his amiable lady, to the wants and the wishes, and promoting the improvements of his tenantry, is also a member of our *coterie*, and, with your humble servant, completes the catalogue.

And perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will wish to know who the correspondent is who is now addressing you? A man is always a bad hand at drawing his own character; for he either disguises it by an egregious partiality, or distorts it by an affected modesty. However, instead of giving you *my* opinion of *myself*, I will tell you what my friends think of me. They say I am a wild, eccentric being, always ready to oblige, and never so attached to any one pursuit as to endanger my running mad; they frequently give me very sage advice as to cultivating steady habits, leaving off boyish tricks, and putting on a manly deportment, as time adds days, weeks, months, and years to the date of my existence: they are also continually cautioning me against becoming the dupe of idle tales told by wandering mendicants, and other distressed and forlorn objects; and recommending that I should call in my *head* to advise with my *heart*, and be guided by my judgment rather than my feelings. The ladies say I am saucy, because I will romp and play with, and occasionally tease them; whilst, the sly rogues, they like me the better for it. The old say I am too young; the young, that I am too old: yet both are eager to have me join in their festivities, and take part in their pleasures. The dissenter tells me I am a bigot, because I will not go into a conventicle to hear a cobbler or a weaver spout nonsense by the hour; and even most churchmen say, that I am too tenacious of the peculiar tenets of our establishment, and too unbending to those who dissent from her communion. The radical says I am a fool; but the Tory calls me "a good fellow." And with all these different opinions of my qualities amongst as many different

descriptions of persons, I do not know that I have one personal enemy, and am always hailed with a smile of welcome by my friends, be they old or young. The ladies say I am "a happy man," as well as a saucy one; and, in truth, I know few in this wide world, which is too often one of trial and privation to the most deserving, who are happier than myself, or who have more reason to be so, from the blessings with which my "lot in life" has hitherto been

thickly strewed. If from the above heterogeneous medley of dissimilarities you can shape out an idea to which form and consistency can be attached, if you can imagine any tangible character into which they can be condensed, such, according to the opinion of his friends, will be your humble servant,

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
Jan. 1825.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF KING GEORGE IV. ARRIVING IN EDINBURGH,

Where his Majesty conferred Distinction upon the Men of Genius, and honoured the Clans by appearing in a Garb never before worn by a British Sovereign.

"WOE to the land when the prince is a child," saith an inspired sage. Woe—woe to the land, replies history, if in advancing years the royal mind shall be incapable of manly vigour. Stowe, the celebrated antiquarian, devoted his life and expended his fortune in collecting British antiquities; and at the age of fourscore, being reduced to extreme penury, was compelled most humbly to petition King James I. of England, for a licence to collect alms, to save himself from utterly famishing. The puerile monarch, while lavishing his treasures upon sycophants, or unkingly fancies, accorded no benefaction to the meritorious supplicant, except letters patent, to be read from the pulpits of certain parishes, authorizing him to solicit the lieges for charity. In our day the labours of Stowe would have been duly appreciated. The greatest potentate of western Europe is the most accomplished scholar, the most perfect connoisseur in the fine arts, the most enlightened and munificent patron of

literature and science, the ever gracious and wise conciliator of all parties among his people. Hail to the sovereign, who, to encourage general liberality, is the avowed head of institutions for the relief of unfortunate genius! and hail, thrice hail, to the secret beneficence of royalty, refreshing the drooping spirits, as salutary dews fertilize and beautify the earth amidst the deep obscurity and silence of night! Hail to the ruler triumphant in war, yet more exalted in cultivating the arts of peace, and effacing all invidious distinctions between his subjects! The sons of the mountains, formerly an isolated race, wildly desperate in their attempts to restore another dynasty, now prostrate their hearts and consecrate their lives to uphold the throne filled by *Ri nan Gael**; and their garb shall be for ever a symbol of royal condescension, an unfailling bond of devoted loyalty.

B. G.

* The King of Highlanders.

THE CATHEDRAL.

THE exterior of the building to which I bent my steps exhibited nothing to distinguish it from any other edifice of the 12th and 14th centuries. It was massive and grand as a whole, with Saxon and Anglo-Norman arches. On each side of the northern entrance were niches unoccupied, except by two projecting bases, which probably once supported the effigies of holy men. Its cancellated window above the entrance of a later date was robbed of much of its ornamental work, but whether by the hand of time or the more ruthless hand of modern improvement, it was now too late to decide. Ivy filled up many of the chasms which the destroyer had made, and wound itself about till it had reached some column, and not being able to climb higher, it waved in the air, stopping here and there above the battlements surmounting the pinnacles, and insinuating itself between the tabernacle-work, till it attracted the eye to the magnificent spire of the building, round which the chough and the crow played their airy gambols. The striking and overwhelming heat of the outward air receiving a check from the unrarified atmosphere of the building, caused the perspiration, which was seated on my brow, to turn chilly when I uncovered my head and entered the building; but soon a more congenial breeze played warmer through the nave, and ever and anon poured along the intercolumniations of the upper arches. The service had begun, and the peals of the organ, now high, now low, gave to my then ardent imagination no feeble

picture of the angelic choir, hymning the praise of their Maker as they winged nearer earth, or again soared to heaven. The interior of the cathedral was not at all in unison with the appearance of its outer works; for here the hand of *improvement* had been suffered to continue its unholy cleansing, till every vestige of tracery or enamelling was either clothed with whitewash or covered with paint, depriving ancient art of all that was venerable or artist-like. The exterior facing, *improved* as it had been, was yet broken by many a massive angle, and threw its depth of architecture into broad shadows; but this interior exhibited one spruce sheet of white, chilly and cold to the eye of the painter, and possessing but few attractions for the lovers of antiquity. The enriched shrine, which at one time shewed its vermilion and gold, was now covered with a lucid white: all the beauty of mantel, of capital, or frieze, every interstice, was filled with ochreous mortar, hard as the original cement. Still, however, the beautiful proportions of the building were distinguishable; these were as they were left by the architect Wolstan; and the elliptic arches, whether intended as the resemblance of en-arching trees, or as realizing any other figure of the olden time, or any theory presumed by architects of modern day, lifted the soul to those regions which the association of Grecian or Roman domes could never bring to my imagination. The monuments which lined the aisles and the nave contained but few that harmonized with the place; *recum-*


bent bishops, with the hand broken off which was in the act of conferring a blessing, and mutilated red-cross knights, were seen here in abundance; but a few modern personifications of Virtues and Vices, of Graces and Victories, of modern dates, shocked the eye, as did pimping mural slates, mustard-pot vases, and blubbering urchins. A work by Roubillac adorned the side of one entrance of the choir; but this was disgraced on the other by effigies of monstrosities of art. Carvers of stone there exhibited many a spoiled block of marble; but the divine hand of Chantry was wanting to give a charm to modern sculpture. Had he been employed, I should not have seen wounded heroes falling into the arms of ladies whose names were unknown, but meant to personify some cardinal virtue. Here lay the mitred abbot and whimpled dame, dismembered occasionally it is true by John Bull Vandalism; and here lay "Timothy Jackson" shouldering a venerable dean. There lay the parson and clerk, and their ladies, surmounted with golden balls, or infants sitting on inclined planes, where in fact no one could sit.

The choir was of the grandest proportions, injured as it was by the modern stalls of the time of Queen Anne; while its altar-piece, of Roman design, laughed to scorn all attempts at rendering it Gothic, and shewed the miserable taste which had intruded here its unprofessional hand. Its painted glass was trumpery, and of modern date; but the pulpit of stone shewed how unjustly we had considered as drones in the hive those monks who had executed this building. T——, who accompanied me, was a dissenter, but yet a man of

taste, and could not prevent his eyes from wandering during a religious exercise foreign to his creed: yet he felt a subdued ecstasy as the monkish chant ran along the passages of the cathedral, accompanied by the trumpet-stop of the organ. And when his heart whispered that the Alcocks, the Wykehams, and the Islips were the founders of such piles, his conscience, half church, half dissenter, promised to inquire further into all this; and if the architects of those times, the sculptors, the illuminators of missals, the physicians, and authors, were buried in all that sloth which Nonconformists had attributed to them.

The cathedral was now nearly full: its inmates, it is true, were not so numerous as he had seen them in the extra-parochial chapels in London, but there were many both of poor and rich. The dignitaries of the college, with their wives and families, formed the principal part of the congregation; their servants and dependents the poorer. There was the countryman in his clean frock, who smoothed down his hair as he entered; and there was also the alderman's smug clerk, who poked up his hair as he took his seat; each accommodating himself to his *beau idéal* of smartness. The service of the altar commenced; the procession of the prebendaries, preceded by the vergers, marched to the full swell of the organ, which T—— wondered had ever given place to the nasal twang; and he began to fancy, as he beheld the little rosy but well-behaved choristers, that he had, like many of his sect, condemned ceremonies which they had never beheld, or which perhaps found no unison in their minds. The vicar choral, who

chanted the service, was a veteran in his art: he was fat and healthy-looking, though thirty years of hard duty had worn his frame. Discipline had not it appeared checked his growth, and cheerfulness kept him from declining; pious hope lighted up his countenance. Time had thinned his flowing hair, for it lay scattered on his forehead, and proved,

if not a crown of glory, one of veneration; and T—— declared, when all was ended, if he felt not all that devout warmth for the establishment that others did, he had no objection for the future to attend that ritual and those ceremonies which had been composed by the best of men, and cherished by the worthiest of their descendants. 

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A favourite Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by the following German Composers:

BEETHOVEN, CZERNY (C.), GENS-
BACHER, GELINEK, HUMMEL,
KALKBRENNER, LEIDESDORF, LIST,
MAYSER, MOSCHELES, MOZART
(jun.), PIXIS, PLACHY, TOMAS-
CHEK, WORZISCHEK. Pr. 5s.—
(Boosey and Co. Holles-street, Ca-
vendish-square.)

CAN there be greater variety than in sixteen variations composed by sixteen various composers? A musical pic-nic, to which every member contributes his quota; a real musical curiosity, absolutely unique! Sixteen cooks, it is true, and all German moreover; but as every one has the preparation of his own dish, there is no fear on the score of the old proverb. As all hands may be supposed to have done their best to distinguish themselves in such a contest, we need less wonder at the high-seasoned fare and the *saucés piquantes* which the majority have set before us, than at the plain, wholesome, but no less relishing viands modestly served up by some few of the competitors. There is wherewith to satisfy all palates; but to enjoy the banquet, digesting powers of the first force are indis-

pensable. *Beethoven*, the Dr. Johnson of composers, has been allowed the privilege of two distinct contributions; and he has not spared the spice-box, they are the very *saucés au diable*. *Moscheles*, on the contrary, seems to have taken pains—and we applaud the good sense—to present simple and nourishing food. A Mr. *Umlauff*, not named on the title-page, and *Mayseder*, have pursued the same course; the latter with a little loan from the gran maestro of Pesaro, who, to be sure, borrows from all the world, himself not excepted. *Hummel* and *Kalkbrenner* have taken a higher aim, without, however, missing the mark of good sense.—But what has become of *Ries*? Was he not invited? Little Master List, young people like, was determined to shew his *savoir faire*: bless us how learned and serious! And there is a variation from the son of our dear Mozart, also most elaborate and difficult, highly meritorious, but not at all breathing the spirit of the sire.

We had nearly forgotten to mention the material, upon whose adornment so many celebrated hands have been employed. It is a waltz by Diabelli, rather of a plain cast, if

we except the concluding portions of its two parts, which bear too great a resemblance to each other.

"*Les Charmes de Baden*," *Rondeau pastoral pour le Piano-forte*, par Charles Czerny. Op. 45. Pr. 4s. —(Boosey and Co.)

A perfectly classic composition. The slow movement in D major has an imposing aspect, and there are some ideas and combinations which possess the rare merit of true originality. In inditing the rondo, Mr. C. perhaps heard some street-organ under his window tuning up the French air, *C'est l'amour*, to which his motivo bears an obvious likeness, allowing for a little scrolling and decoration. Be this as it may, all that could be made of the motivo has been done, and well done; the rondo will delight all who can master it.

Les "Nouveaux Plaisirs du bel Age," Recueil des plus modernes et des plus jolis Quadrilles Français, pour le Piano-forte, tirés des Operas de Rossini, Weber, Boieldieu, &c. choisis, arrangés, et composés par Dumon. Cahiers 1, 2, 3, & 4. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey & Co.)

Le recueil de MM. Boosey et Co. se distingue parmi la plupart des ouvrages de ce genre non seulement par le gout qu'ils ont su mettre dans sa decoration, que par — There now! carried away by the foreign title, we nearly had made a French review of Mr. Dumon's quadrille *cahiers*; French from beginning to end, outside and inside. No matter, they are the prettiest books of the kind one could wish to dance by. The very print on the title-page (French drawing too no doubt, to judge from its complexion) is vastly tasty; Damon and Phyllis, or Cu-

pid and Psyche, or Ganymede and Hebe, tripping merrily and in sweet embrace, for all the world like Ferdinand and Noblet, *en avant* towards the Ionic temple of Terpsichore, the Goddess of Mirth hovering over the loving couple, and gently dragging them on by a garland of roses; jessamine, and forget-me-nots. All this is really very pretty and elegant; but let's see what's within: why in the first book you may make your *chassez* and *dos à dos* along with Zamiel, not upon the tune of "Go to the D." &c. but upon nothing but *Freyschütz*-tunes, the Jaeger Chorus too, as may be supposed. In the second *cahier*, Monsieur Dumon introduces our toes to more respectable company, Semiramis, the dowager-queen of Babylon, upon Rossini's opera of which name all the quadrilles are founded. The third book presents a portion of Weber's Euryanthe, quadrillified in like manner; and No. 4 is of the composite or mixed order, the subjects being borrowed from various authors; and here the tunes, owing to a freer choice, are the most danceable. Next to these, the toes will probably find themselves most at home in the *Freyschütz*. As to the music provided by the Babylonian queen, we can only say that, with some exceptions, it is, like her majesty, rather serious. The figures, we rather wonder, are the same in every book.

Mr. Dumon unquestionably has made the most of his subjects; his metamorphoses into quadrilles, even where less apt for pedestrian execution, are, in a musical point of view and for manual performance, interesting, very pleasing, and effective. The style of the arrangement is very superior to what one generally meets

with in books of this kind, the melodic treatment being really tasteful, and the accompaniments not only correct, but very select and free. The original trios, superadded to a number of the operative subjects, are also good. The work therefore possesses sufficient musical merit to interest those whose dancing days are over, or not likely ever to arrive.

Irish Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with an Introduction, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Thomas Thompson, Esq. by Burford G. H. Gibsone. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding).

Among the numerous compositions of this particular description, Mr. Gibsone's labour is entitled to a rank of considerable distinction. We have heard it with much satisfaction, and without finding occasion for any unfavourable criticism. The short adagio, rather a little florid, evinces taste in point of conception, and a knowledge of harmonic arrangement. The Irish rondo, likewise, is written in good style. The theme is well treated, the digressions are in character and of a select cast, and the more active passages proceed with due freedom and neatness. Those in pp. 5 and 6, although of simple construction, are not the least attractive.

Three Voluntaries for the Organ or Piano-forte, composed by Thos. Adams, Organist of St. George's, Camberwell. Book II. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll, 45, High-Holborn.)

An anonymous saintly parishioner, more nice than wise, in musical matters at least, some time ago poured forth a lament in a daily print against Mr. Adams's occasionally indulging in profane melody during service. The accusation, we have it from good authority, is totally unfounded; and

we are informed by competent judges; that the voluntaries which Mr. A. occasionally introduces are worth miles to go and hear them. This we can easily credit from the book before us, as well as from its predecessor, of which we have given a prior notice; and we shall not be long in going to Camberwell to enjoy the treat. The congregation possessing an organist capable of producing music like these voluntaries may truly be envied, for it would be difficult to name cotemporary English compositions of the kind, that could dispute the palm with Mr. A.'s labour; indeed their sterling merit places them near the works of Rinck and Sebastian Bach. The three fugues in this book are master-pieces in their way. They possess in a superior degree all the ingenuity and artifice of mechanical contrivance of which this kind of writing is susceptible, and which, to speak candidly, we value more for the excellent training which it gives in the compositorial art, than for the gratification which musical feeling derives from them. The system of constant interlacement, of progressively engrafting the same or similar periods upon each other, reckless of the continual discords thus engendered, may interest the head, but seldom touches the heart. On this account the slow movements in Mr. A.'s books are infinitely more gratifying to our heterodox ears; and these, whatever St. Anonym may have to say against them, we feel no hesitation in pronouncing truly delightful and classic specimens in the superior branch of the art. The second adagio, for instance, appears to us unrivalled in its kind. If we were inclined to offer any thing in the way of advice, it would be a hint to throw

more plan and keeping and more cantability into the slow movements. As voluntaries, we are fully aware they have a right to appear such as they are, but even the freedom allowable under these conditions may be blended with a certain degree of regularity and symmetry.

Paer's favourite Overture to "Agnese," arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.; with Accompaniments, 3s.—(Hodsoll.)

This overture is known to many of our readers, the opera *L'Agnese* having been produced some years ago at the King's Theatre. Though it bears no analogy whatever to the serious drama, and its beginning deviates little from the common routine of decent Italian overtures, the music gains much in animation as it proceeds; and the latter pages, replete with interest and good effect, wind up with a stirring and striking climax, which makes ample amends for the neutral beginning. The arrangement is very meritorious.

Select French Romances, No. IX. "Dormez donc, mes chers amours," for the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll.)

Select Italian Airs, No. VIII. "Di si felice innesto," arranged for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

"Numero quindici," a favourite Air by Rossini, arranged, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

The above numbers of Mr. Rimbault's Italian and French airs may fairly be classed together. They are both destitute of difficulties, and capable of affording the pupil ten mi-

utes' pleasing and proper practice. The French tune has three neat variations; and the Italian air, from Rossini's "*Barbiere di Siviglia*," is shaped into one connected piece of very agreeable melody, interspersed by passages sufficiently active without being intricate. The introduction, probably of Mr. R.'s own invention, claims our favourable notice.

Mr. Poole's arrangement of Rossini's "*Numero quindici*," also from the "*Barbiere*," deserves commendation. It does not launch out into much extraneous matter, or into any thing bordering upon the higher branch of composition, but it maintains a character of graceful ease, and keeps within the bounds of executive moderation. A numerous class of less advanced players will therefore take it into special favour, we make no doubt; indeed we hope so. The introduction here is also deserving of commendation.

A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures in French and English, as danced at Almack's, the Argyll Rooms, and at the Nobility's Assemblies, arranged for the Piano-forte or Violin. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

All the quadrilles in this book are made from Rossini's "*Barbiere di Siviglia*," and, without pretending to be much of a judge, we should apprehend, that one or two would dance but so so. The musical arrangement, however, is very satisfactory, much better than in the generality of books of this description; and the pieces may therefore be safely put before a pupil for practice.

"O lovely is the summer moon," a Song written by Miss Anna Ma-

ria Porter; the *Music* by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

“*Drink to her,*” *Song written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. composed by the same.* Pr. 2s. (Power.)

“*The pretty rose-tree,*” *a Duet, by Thomas Moore, Esq.* Pr. 2s.—(J. Power.)

“*The young Muleteers of Grenada,*” *a Glee for three Voices, by Thos. Moore, Esq.* Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. Power.)

The first of the above songs, “O lovely is,” &c. is stated to be from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter. The melody which Mr. B. has given it possesses no striking touches of any novelty, but it proceeds with a tenderness and fascinating smoothness which accord well with the text, and cannot fail to render it popular. The accompaniment consists of broken chords, but it is quite in character; and some of the harmonies are of a select choice.

“Drink to her,” has a pretty warm anacreontic text, which Mr. Bishop appears to have fully felt, for he has made a captivating and indeed a capital song of it. The symphony is of some extent and really elegant, and the melody breathes an amorous spirit, a joviality and freshness quite in accordance with the text, and quite free from any ideas bordering upon vulgarity; in short, the music partakes of the anacreontic elegance of the words. The key is A three sharps, which, in the sequel, is at once, and with the best effect, changed for F major, in which tonic the song proceeds for a good number of bars, until, by a neat and well-devised transition, A major is resumed, to conclude the song amidst some touches of transient modulation,

which impart variety and additional interest. To produce effect in this song, previous practice, guided by good taste and judgment, will be found highly desirable.

The two pieces, with words by Mr. Thomas Moore, “The pretty rose-tree,” and “The young Muleteers of Grenada,” are adaptations from Spanish melodies; the former arranged for two voices, and the latter for three. As in most of the Spanish airs, there is in these melodies an originality, a freshness, a peculiarity of style and cadence, which take us by surprise, and at once rivet our favour. These two pieces, therefore, are sure to be favourites, more particularly as no vocal difficulties present themselves, and the arrangement of the parts as well as of the accompaniments is good and very effective.

A new Piano-forte Preceptor, containing Instructions for the attaining a Proficiency on that elegant and fashionable Instrument; together with the Rudiments of Music, which are explained by way of Question and Answer, in a very plain and copious manner; the whole illustrated by a great Variety of Examples, and exemplified in thirty-eight Lessons, properly fingered, composed, and arranged, by W. Sheppard of Peterborough. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(Preston, Dean-street.)

The number of books of instruction for the piano-forte is so great, and their contents are so much alike, that whenever a new one comes under our consideration, and the case is frequent enough, we mostly feel at a loss what to say, without incurring the charge of repetition. Of Mr. Sheppard's labour we can con-

scientifically state, that it is at least equal in merit to any similar work known to us. It is more comprehensive and more particular in its details than most books of the same price; and in its didactic portions, which are of great comparative extent, it is remarkable for the simplicity and perspicuity of its language. The lessons, as may be seen above, are very numerous, and those which proceed from Mr. S.'s pen are in good taste and judiciously devised, with a view to illustrate progressively new features of instruction, which are generally adverted to in brief observations prefixed to the piece chosen for exemplification. In short, the book recommends itself strongly by its methodical arrangement, its good sense, and its comprehensive contents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from Mr. Lillycrop, on the subject of our review of his arrangement of one of Rossini's marches in "La Donna del Lago," reached us too late to receive notice last month. We thought well of the publication, and, in stating our opinion, added, that "*if our memory did not fail us*, the third page was foreign to the subject." We spoke from the recollection of frequent performances at the King's Theatre, not having the opera itself to refer to. But our memory, it now appears, was at fault on the occasion, as Mr. L. professes to have made his arrangement from the score published at Paris. In thus candidly admitting our error, an act which we shall never shrink from, for we are far from pretending to mnemonical or critical infallibility, we

cannot help accusing in our turn that arch-autoplagiarist Rossini as having been the cause of our mistake. It was principally the passage, l. 3, p. 3, in Mr. L.'s march, which had led to our remark. It is a very remarkable one, as exhibiting the employment of apparently the same sound, e b and d ♯, in a different harmonic modulation; viz. 1st. F ♯ with e b as diminished seventh leading to the chord of G; and, secondly, after repeating the phrase, F ♯ with d ♯ (as inversion of B 7) leading to the chord of E. Now precisely the same passage occurs in a song of Rossini's (one of Desdemona's in *Otello* we believe); and it was our recollection of it as belonging to the song in question, which gave rise to our observation in the notice of Mr. L.'s march.

We shall take the present case as a lesson to be upon our guard with any works of Rossini, who, if a favourite idea or a whole period occurs in a previous piece, seems to see no reason why he should not put it again into another; on the contrary, like a good dish, if the people liked it once, they are more likely to fancy it again, even if but warmed up.

* * Want of room compels us to defer several pieces, with which we have been favoured, until next Number. Some of them, indeed, reached us at a time of the month which would not admit of their immediate notice. We should feel particularly obliged to authors and publishers, if they would favour us with the compositions which are intended for consideration at the commencement of the month.



PROMENADE DRESS.



EVENING DRESS.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

WADDLED pelisse of *gros de Naples* of a bright geranium colour, lined with white sarsnet: the *corsage* made to the shape, with a square standing collar, edged with satin, and fastened in front with two gold buttons: broad *ceinture*, with satin corded edges, fastened in the same manner. Long full sleeve, confined between the shoulder and the elbow with a band and button, and five bands equidistant from the wrist towards the elbow. The front of the pelisse is ornamented with three bias tucks on each side, which meet at the waist, and increase in breadth and distance as they reach the shoulder, or descend to the bottom of the skirt, where they turn off circularly, and are continued round to the opposite side, where they unite with the tucks in front, and interlacing with them, form a festoon on each side; beneath is a broad wadded hem. Pamela hat of royal purple velvet; brim broad and circular, edged with a small rouleau of satin of the same colour as is the crown, which is rather high and large at the top: the hat is lined with satin, and trimmed with shaded gold-colour ribbon round the crown, and five bows and long ends, fringed on the right side; broad strings of the same withinside. Cottage cap of sprigged net, and full narrow border of British lace. Narrow frill and ruffles of the same. Long drop gold ear-rings and embossed gold chain twice round the throat. Dark sable muff. Yellow kid gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Ethereal blue satin striped gauze dress: the *corsage* plain in front, with a stomacher formed of blue satin laced with cord, and finished on each side with square satin tabs or straps à l'*Espagnol*; satin rouleau round the top, and narrow blond tucker. The sleeve short and full, and a double row of tabs, forming a wreath, is placed just above the band, which is edged with blond. A satin cape with square corners (divided on the shoulder) extends from the stomacher round the back of the *corsage*, and is also trimmed with narrow blond. Sash of blue satin, fastened at the side with a gold buckle. The bottom of the dress is decorated with a row or wreath of lunulated or crescent-shaped leaves edged with blond, and ornamented in the centre with a sort of chain composed of French folds of satin; two narrow rouleaus of satin and a broad wadded hem beneath. The hair is arranged in large curls in front and at the top of the head, and a blue gauze scarf is tastefully disposed between; on the left side are two bows and ends fringed with gold. Gold necklace, with a brilliant ornament in form of a star in front; ear-rings to correspond. Long white kid gloves; white satin shoes; crimson-shaded silk kerchief.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Mantles begin to be a good deal worn in promenade dress, particularly those composed of black satin, wadded and lined with *marron*, pon-

ceau, or flame-colour. There are also a few in velvet, and some in very fine merino cloth: this last article, soft, light, and warm, appears to us best calculated for walking dress. These mantles are always trimmed with fur.

Black velvet pelisses are likewise much in favour for the promenade: some are made quite plain, others are trimmed with fur, and a few that have recently appeared, are trimmed in a very neat and rather novel manner with satin cords; there are six or sometimes eight cords arranged in waves, which resemble the folds of a drapery.

Velvet and beaver are the materials for plain walking bonnets: both are trimmed with feathers; but a good many of the former are trimmed with velvet and a slight intermixture of satin.

Mantles and pelisses continue in equal favour in carriage dress: the greatest number of the former are lined and trimmed with fur. Among the new trimmings for the latter, we have seen one composed of a double row of points mingled irregularly, one half velvet and the other satin; they are corded at the edge, and have a novel but rather whimsical effect. Fur is also much used for pelisses: it is no longer confined to plain bands, though they are still much in favour; but we see also several cut in scollops, some notched in *dents de scie*, and others cut in a broad border of leaves, which are corded with satin or *gros de Naples*. Gold clasps of various forms begin to supersede the buckles so long used to fasten the *ceinture* of pelisses; they are also in favour for mantles; but rich cords and tassels, either in silk or gold, are still more generally worn with the latter.

We have seen two new carriage bonnets deserving of notice: the one composed of *marron* velvet is trimmed round the crown with satin *bouffants* to correspond; a short down feather, issuing from the extremity of each, forms what the French term a *guirlande de plumes*. The brim is finished with a flat trimming of down feathers: these latter are white; those on the crown are white tipped with *marron*.

The other bonnet is composed of Indian rose-coloured *gros de Naples*; the crown somewhat higher than they are in general: a knot composed of folds of the same material is placed in the centre of the crown; and four white marabouts, which issue from it on each side, are so arranged as to form a fan. The inside of the brim is covered with a fulness of blond net formed into *bouillonné* by narrow rouleaus of the same material as the bonnet. A rouleau of a larger size finishes the edge of the brim: the strings are *gros de Naples*, of the lappet form, and edged with very narrow blond lace.

A very pretty morning dress has just been submitted to our inspection: it is composed of French grey levantine: the *corsage* is made full and up to the throat, but without a collar; the fulness is confined round the bust by a triple gaging, formed by narrow grey silk cord; a similar gaging confines it also at the waist: it fastens behind. Very full sleeve, finished at the wrist by a bracelet composed of a triple row of gaging: a similar band confines it to the arm midway between the elbow and the wrist. The trimming of the skirt consists of bias tucks of the same material, laid on in waves; there are three rows of these tucks, each

row having three tucks placed pretty close together, and having the top tuck of each corded.

White and coloured satins and coloured velvets seem at this moment to have nearly superseded light materials in full dress. Trimmings are of a very rich description: gold and silver gauze intermixed with satin, *bouillonné* of satin interspersed with velvet points edged with silver, and draperies of steel gauze fastened by satin rosettes, are all in favour. Waists continue very long, and the busts of dresses are a good deal ornamented. Sleeves in full dress are extremely short, very full, and falling a good deal off the shoulder. The neck is much displayed; but the dress is cut lower at the back of the

neck and on the shoulder than in front.

Toques and turbans are very much in favour: in some instances they have a bunch of gold or silver ears of ripe corn placed at the base of the feathers which decorate them; but an ornament composed of precious stones is more tonish. Some ladies have their hair arranged in luxuriant curls in front, and a bandeau of pearls or diamonds brought low on the forehead. The hind hair is arranged in bows by jewelled combs, and short white down feathers placed irregularly between the bows.

Fashionable colours are, damask rose colour, Egyptian brown, claret colour, *marron*, and various shades of violet, blue, and green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenade dress offers very little variety, because the mantle, now the most general envelope, is made so long and large, that scarcely even the hem of the gown can be seen: these mantles are for the most part velvet, and either black, grey, or those shades of purple and lilac which we call mourning; those of black glazed satin are also in favour. Furs are now very general in trimmings; lynx, sable, and ermine are most fashionable. The collar is entirely fur: the trimming consists of a broad band, which goes round, and the pelerine is edged to correspond; but the band is about half the width. A few cachemire shawls are seen with *rédingotes*, but their number is very limited, and the *rédingotes* have not altered in form since my last.

Bonnets are still very large; the

favourite material at present is black velvet: we have, however, a good many in black glazed satin. They are generally ornamented with white down feathers, and the lappets are of white *crêpe lisse*, or white *gaze de laine*. In some instances the bonnet is adorned with a mixture of black and white feathers, one black feather being placed between two white ones; or *vice versa*.

Where feathers are not used for velvet bonnets, the bonnet is generally ornamented with a piece of the same stuff, cut in the form of a half-handkerchief; it is lined with satin, and finished at each point with an acorn in wrought silk: this trimming is arranged so that one of the points falls in front of the crown, and the two others at each side.

Black satin and black velvet gowns are much in favour for the morning exhibitions and for the *spectacle*.

A very ungraceful fashion begins to be generally adopted, that of having the gown rather short in front, and falling a little on the ground behind: this kind of dress, which is neither a train nor a short gown, is particularly disadvantageous to the figure.

The most fashionable trimming for half-dress gowns consists of bands of ostrich or down feathers; there are generally three rows at the bottom of the skirt, placed at about half a quarter distance from each other: if there is a half-sleeve, it is made extremely full, and confined at the bottom by a row of the same trimming; the sleeve is also finished at the hand to correspond.

Corsages made tight to the shape begin now very generally to supersede those *en blouse*; but sleeves *en gigot* are still fashionable: they are always made with five bands. Tight sleeves, with very full *mancherons*, are, however, equally in favour. *Pelerines* are very generally adopted, and are always trimmed to correspond with the dress.

I have forgotten to observe in speaking of promenade dress, that shoes for it are always of black velvet, lined and edged with fur. In half-dress, they are of black satin, and cut very low round the instep.

Bonnets and *toques* seem to be in equal favour in half-dress; the first are mostly white, and the latter black or grey. The Peruvian *toque* is in much request; it is made very low, and finished by short grey down feathers, placed round at regular distances à l'*Inca*. The Venetian *toque*, ornamented with ostrich feathers, placed rather on one side, and falling

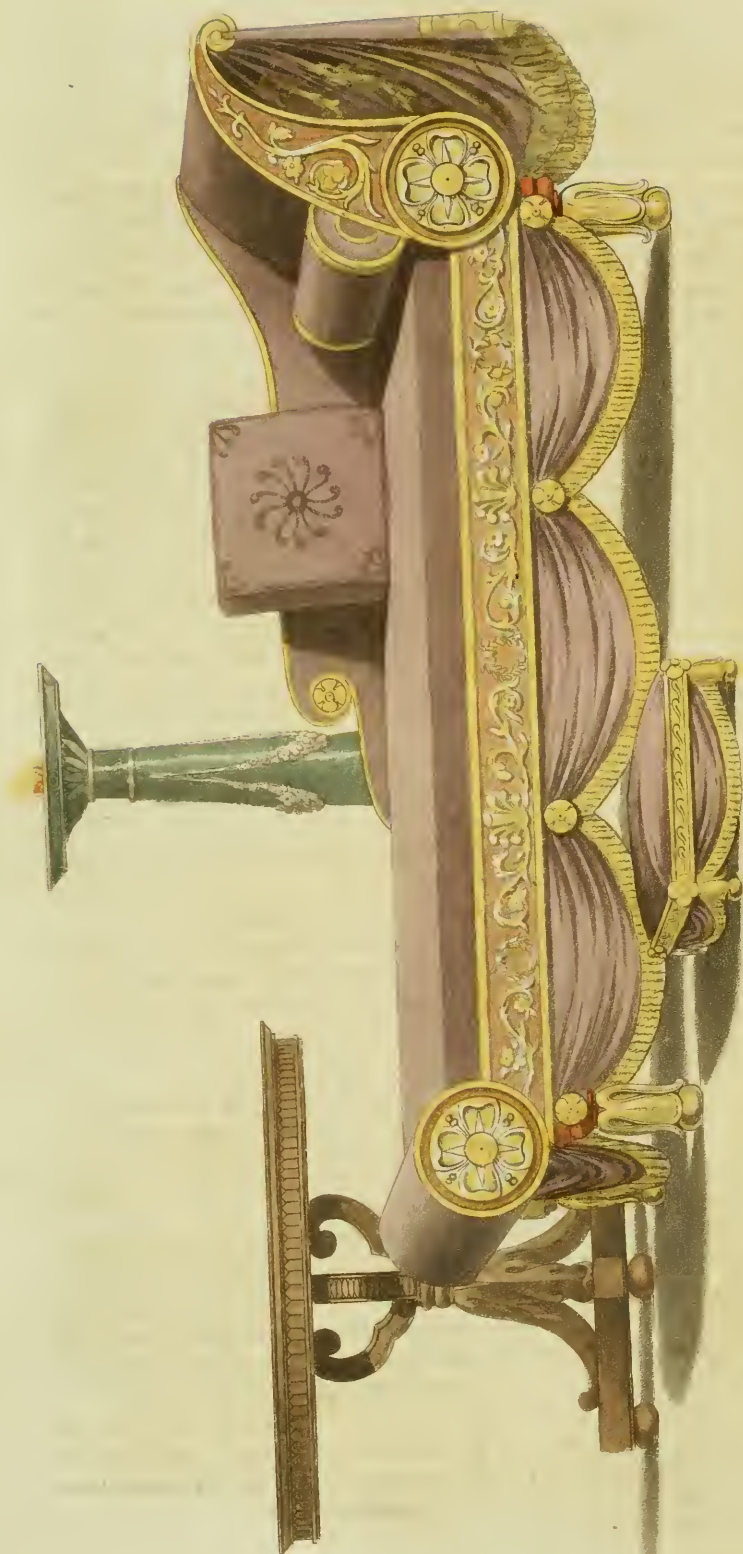
back over the crown, is also in great favour. The bonnets are finished at the edge with blond *ruches*, and ornamented with blond net, or gauze entwined with black foliage round the crown.

Evening dress is now generally of plain white, or a mixture of white and grey. If the dress is white, it is of gauze *crêpe lisse*, or tulle over white satin, and is finished by an intermixture of satin bands corded at the edge and *ruches* of tulle. The *corsage*, made tight to the shape, is simply ornamented with a narrow pointed blond tucker, standing up round the bust; and the sleeve, short and extremely full, is disposed in irregular puffs by satin rouleaus.

If there is a mixture of white and grey, the dress is trimmed round the bottom with a very full white rouleau entwined with a narrow grey one; this is surmounted by a trimming of rouleaus, which issue from knots of white satin, and are terminated by grey flowers: as there are five rouleaus in each of these ornaments, the trimming is consequently deep. The bust of the *corsage* is ornamented with a drapery in tucks and a bouquet à la *jardinière* of grey flowers. The sleeve is very short, and remarkable only for its excessive fulness. Turbans are the most fashionable covering for the head in full dress; they are always adorned with feathers. Head-dresses of hair are more general.

We rarely see any colours but black and white, and the violet, grey, and lilac which we call mourning. Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.



FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

SOFA, CANDELABRUM, TABLE, AND FOOTSTOOL.

THESE examples are intended as the furniture of a *boudoir* or lady's dressing-room. The covering and draperies of the sofa are of silk, and the frame-work and carving of yellow satin-wood, the parts being heightened by burnished gilding. The footstool is of corresponding design and

manufacture; and the table is supposed to be formed in Java wood, and relieved by ornamental inlayings, to correspond with the couch.

The candelabrum is intended as a support for flowers, a glass globe for fish, or to receive a pastille-frame.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, by the command of, and dedicated by permission to, his Most Gracious Majesty, *Views and Illustrations of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton*, by John Nash, Esq. private architect to the King. The work will consist of picturesque views, highly finished in colours, as fac-similes of the original drawings, by Augustus Pugin, of the entire building and principal offices, taken from the gardens; also views of the chief apartments, as completed, with their furniture and decorations. The whole will be illustrated by plans and sections, accompanied by descriptions, explanatory of the building, the relative situation and appropriation of the apartments, and of their splendid furniture. The work will be finished in the first style of elegance, and only 250 copies printed, after which the plates will be destroyed. It will contain twenty-three large folio and six small engravings, highly coloured and mounted, to imitate the drawings; accompanied with as many highly finished outlines, and descriptive letter-press; so that each copy will possess a double set of plates.

The new division of "the World in Miniature," at present in preparation, will embrace *Spain and Portugal*, in two volumes, embellished with twenty-seven coloured engravings of costumes. As the publisher has very few copies left of some of the portions of this popular work, such persons as wish to complete sets should make early application.

A new work, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe,

entitled *The Italian Novelists*, will appear in a few days. It is selected from the most approved authors in that language, from the earliest period down to the close of the eighteenth century, arranged in an historical and chronological series. It is translated from the original Italian, and is accompanied with notes critical and biographical, forming four closely printed volumes in crown 8vo.

In February will be published, *The Pocket Annual Register of History, Politics, Arts, Sciences, and Literature*, for the year 1825.

The Margravine of Anspach has written *Memoirs of her own Life*, which are about to be given to the public.

Lord Porchester is preparing for publication, a poem, in six cantos, entitled *The Moor*. The scene is laid in the south of Spain; the period is a few years before the fall of Grenada.

Letters of the Hon. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, to the Earl of Hertford, during his lordship's embassy in Paris, are preparing, in one royal 4to. volume.

The second volume of Mr. Wiffen's translation of *Tasso*, which was destroyed at the late fire at Mr. Moyes's, is again at press, and will make its appearance, in the same style of embellishment as the first volume, in April or May next.

A translation of *Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812*, by General Count de Segur, is nearly ready for publication, in two 8vo. volumes.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS:

An Egotistical Poem.

SOME poets will invoke the sun,
The Muses all, and eke the Thun-
Derer himself; but I opine
That nor Apollo, nor the Nine,
Nor mighty Jove, a glance will give
On all the verse of all that live.

Yet, what a mighty flood of rhymes
Hath been poured forth in various climes,
In every age, by men of letters,
To heathen gods, as to their betters!
Though some with Neptune and with Jove
Affect to be quite "hand and glove;"
Talk to Apollo just as if
His godship sat to take a whiff
Of "Agiarni" at their fire,
And beg him *just* to lend his lyre,
Because they want to strum a ditty
About some lass that's fair and witty:
While others invoke the dead
To fill a dull and empty head.
Nay, all of us verse-jingling elves
Think wondrous highly of ourselves;
And some conceive mankind to be
Born to admire our poetry:
For patrons scarce the gods content 'em,
Each sings, "*Eregi monumentum !**"

Yet blame we not alone these men,
Who hunt the night down with their pen:
The lover fond hails "Cynthia bright,"
To "shed her mild and lucid light"
Upon some dirty lane or street,
Lest Sacharissa soil her feet.
Hunters in midnight revel call
Chaste Dian into sportsman's hall;
Then, shout again, and bid Apollo
Rise smiling gaily grey to-morrow.
Nor these alone, but all our race
In each emotion seem to trace
A wild unnatural alliance
With unknown powers; so bid defiance
To common things, and loudly cry
On devils, gods, or destiny,

* *Ladies*, the last ode Horace wrote,
Commenceth with the words I quote,
Which mean, "A monument I've reared."
And then he boldly sang, he feared
"Not storms nor all-consuming Time
Could mar his fame, and every clime
Should hail him master of the lyre,
E'en when Jove's worship should expire."
And, ladies, 'tis e'en so, his words came true,
Which poets' prophecies but seldom do.

From proud appeals to Jove or Mars,
Down to Miss Biddy's "Oh! my stars!"

Now, with this feeling of our kind,
I've looked up, down, before, behind,
This way and that, and rolled my eye
"In a fine frenzy," far and nigh,
"From heav'n to earth," but nought can see
Of ether-like consistency,
On which to rest more confidence
Than on mere human common sense.

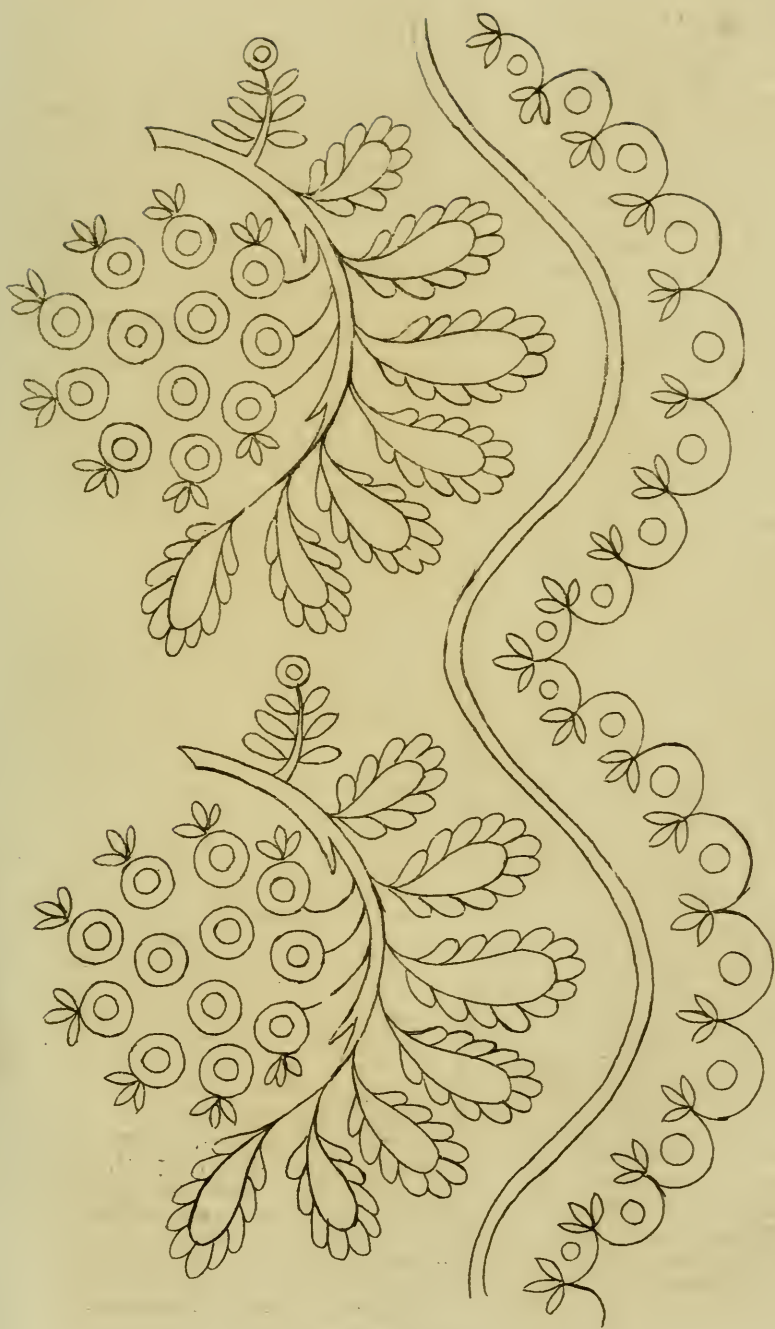
But hold! I have it!

Yes, I'll place
Before mine eyes, Laura, *thy* face,
And look upon it now and then;
And ask my heedless wandering pen,
If *thou* wilt cast th' approving smile
On that which doth our time beguile?
If not, we will forbear.—Agreed.
Nay, now I feel inspir'd indeed,
And deem my inspiration quite
Legitimate, as theirs who write
Invoking all the Gods and Muses,
(A poet picketh whom he chooses).
With them I'll rove the classic plain,
And, for a dozen of wine*, maintain
My choice as good as any body's,
Better than any heathen goddess;
Which, let me tell thee, is not meant,
Laura, for any compliment.

But, in good truth, when we essay
Our thoughts on paper to portray,
To sketch our notions and opinions,
Or roam in Fancy's wide dominions,
There is no spirit that can charm,
Or keep the soul so chastely warm;
There is no spirit that can guide
Our pen from wayward tracks aside,
As that serene anxiety,
Lest *one* should disapprove; and we
Look ever and anon, as turns
The helmsman where the beacon burns,
And steers him for his native isle:
Our Pharos' light is beauty's smile.

Reader, if you the fact deny,
A moment close your eyes and try.
Nay, sir, it is unfair to go on
Talking of Helena and so on:
As well o'er midnight deeps the tar
Might doubt the steady polar star,
Because he saw a comet stray
Erratic through the heaven's high way.
(*To be continued.*)

* In ladies' ears this may sound low,
But a bet is argument's knock-down blow.



MUSLIN PATTERNS

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V.

MARCH 1, 1825.

N^O. XXVII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. BELVOIR CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND	125
2. MOOR PARK, THE SEAT OF R. WILLIAMS, ESQ.	127
3. LADIES' PROMENADE-DRESS	178
4. ——— BALL DRESS	179
5. DESIGNS FOR CHAIRS	182
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, the Seat of the Duke of Rutland	125
MOOR PARK, Hertfordshire, the Seat of ROBERT WILLIAMS, ESQ.	127
GALIC RELICS. No. XVI.—Legend of a Brownie	128
Village Sketches near Paris. No. V.	133
The Cavern of Servulo (<i>continued</i>)	136
The Gaming-House of the Palais Royal (<i>concluded</i>)	140
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. II.—Richilda Countess of Brabant, or the Wonderful Mirror	144
Observations on the State of Hayti at the Conclusion of CHRISTOPHE's Reign. By CHARLES RITTER (<i>concluded</i>)	151
Some Particulars of the last Days of LOUIS XI. King of France	156
More Truth than Fiction (from "Odd Moments, or Time Beguiled")	158
The Maid of Kinsale	161
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.—Frederic William I. of Prussia—Matrimonial Divination—A Heroine of the Camp	165

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Selection of French Melodies	167
WEBER's Duet adapted from Rossini's "Pietro l'Eremita"	169
The Cabinet for the Spanish Guitar	ib.
FAVSTAFF's Selection of French Melodies	170
WEISS's "Fantasia Brillante"	ib.
———"Vive le Roi"	ib.

	PAGE
CALKIN's "La petite Ecossoise"	171
PURKIS's "Pale the moonbeam shone"	ib.
RIMBAULT's Select French Romances	ib.
———Select Italian Airs	ib.
POOLE's Arrangement of Two Airs in Weber's "Freyschutz"	ib.
RIMBAULT's Arrangement of Mozart's Symphony	172
M'MURDIE's Arrangement of Haydn's Sinfonia "London"	ib.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the British Institution	ib.
---	-----

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Promenade Dress	178
Ladies' Ball Dress	179
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
French Female Fashions	180
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—Designs for Chairs	182

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	ib.
-----------------------------------	-----

POETRY.

Obstipus, an Egotistical Poem	183
Elegy on a Shepherdess. Translated from the German of L. H. C. HOELTY	185
Serenade	ib.
Elinor. By J. M. LACEY	ib.
Ronald Stuart (from the <i>Inverness Courier</i>)	186
Sonnet, written after a Visit to Stockgill-Force, a Waterfall near Ambleside, in Cumberland. By J. M. LACEY	ib.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

To our great regret, we have been under the necessity of deferring the second number of the Literary Coterie, the continuation of the Confessions of my Uncle, of The Loiterer, and likewise the tale of the Cavalier and Roundhead, promised in our last publication. We shall endeavour to make amends for these omissions in our next.

We decline S. T.'s invitation, and shall merely observe, that if we were obliged to enter into a discussion of the merits, or rather demerits, of every rejected communication, we should not find leisure for any thing else.

W. C. D.—Translations and Imitations—The Discovery—Three Sonnets—Rhyme and Reason, do not suit us.

ERRATUM.

In No. XXVI. (February) in the Confessions of a Rambler, page 105, col. 2. line 11, for crimes read causes.

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

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V.

MARCH 1, 1825.

N^o. XXVII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

BELVOIR CASTLE, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

THIS castle is situated so near to the borders of the counties of Leicester and Lincoln, that it seems doubtful in which of the two it is really situated. The authors of the *Magna Britannia* assert, that it stands in the latter; but we have followed the usual opinion, which places it in the former.

The foundations of Belvoir Castle are nearly coeval with the Norman conquest: it was built by Robert de Todenei, a noble Norman, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror, who gave him thirty-two manors in Lincolnshire, and this among the rest. He made Belvoir Castle the chief seat of his barony, and erected near it, according to the devotion of those times, a priory for monks, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, making it a cell to the abbey of St. Alban in Hertfordshire, and endowing it with

lands and tithes. His son changed his name to De Albini, and in his family the property continued till the reign of Henry III. when it devolved on Robert de Roos, a powerful baron, by marriage with the heiress of William de Albini, the fourth of that name. In the time of Henry VI. Thomas Lord Roos espoused the cause of the king against the house of York; in consequence of which Lord Hastings, having made himself master of this castle, almost demolished it; and on the attainder of the legitimate owner, begged it of King Edward IV. with large possessions. After the final triumph of the house of Lancaster in the accession of Henry VII. to the throne, Edmund Lord Roos, son of Thomas above-mentioned, recovered the estates of his ancestors, which, as he died without issue, were carried by the mar-

riage of his eldest sister to the family of Manners, in the possession of which Belvoir Castle has ever since remained.

In the 17th of Henry VIII. Thomas Manners, Lord Roos, was created Earl of Rutland. This nobleman rebuilt the castle, which had lain in ruins from the time of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The second earl also devoted much of his attention to its improvement, and greatly extended the buildings, which continued to be the chief residence of the Rutland family, till in the first year of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, when the then earl espoused the cause of the latter, the castle was surprised by the king's forces. During the subsequent hostilities it was occasionally garrisoned by each party, and materially suffered from both. After the restoration of Charles II. the same earl was re-instated in his possessions, and repaired the castle. His son, created by Queen Anne Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland, being very wealthy, kept up here the old English hospitality, residing almost entirely at Belvoir, and not visiting London for many years before his death.

Great alterations were made in this magnificent pile by the present noble proprietor, and a new arrangement was given to the interior, chiefly under the direction of the late Mr. Wyatt, at an expense of two hundred thousand pounds; but in 1816, while the improvements were in progress, a great part of this splendid seat was destroyed by fire. The grand staircase and the picture-gallery, with most of the very fine family pictures, were consumed. The

flames had nearly reached the Regent's Gallery, which is 127 feet long, and filled with the choicest productions of art; but that noble apartment was fortunately saved. The loss sustained by this calamity was estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The damage done to the building has since been restored, and in such a style as to surpass its former appearance in beauty, uniformity, and correctness of architectural decoration.

Situated on the summit of a lofty hill, overlooking a beautiful valley, whence originated its name, Belvoir Castle forms a noble and majestic object. Its chief strong-hold is the circular tower in the centre of the annexed View, called Staunton Tower. The adjacent manor of Staunton is held by the family of the same name by tenure of castleguard, which anciently required them to appear with soldiers for the defence of this post in case of danger, or when summoned by the lord of the castle. It has been customary, whenever any member of the royal family has honoured Belvoir Castle with his presence, for the chief of the Staunton family to appear personally, and to present the key of this tower to the royal visitor. Accordingly, in January 1814, when his present Majesty, then Prince Regent, visited this place, the gold key of Staunton tower was delivered to the illustrious guest soon after his arrival, on a cushion of crimson velvet, by the Rev. Dr. Staunton. His Royal Highness was received with a salute from cannon on the battlements of the castle, and the royal standard was displayed on this tower.

During his stay his Royal Highness, with the Duke of York, stood



THE HOUSE OF LORDS,
THE SEAT OF LORD WILLIAM

sponsor to the eldest son of the noble owner of the castle; and before he left it he named one of the towers the *Regent Tower*, in commemoration of this visit.

MOOR PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF ROBERT WILLIAMS, ESQ.

THIS splendid mansion stands on the site of one originally built by Cardinal Wolsey. In the time of Charles II. it was the property of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of the natural children of that king, for whom the house was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren; and it was esteemed one of the most perfect of his brick structures. Anne, his duchess, who, after his death, married Lord Cornwallis, sold the estate, in 1720, to a Mr. Styles, who had just amassed a very large fortune by the notorious South Sea speculation. By him the house was rebuilt with stone, in a much more magnificent style, from the designs of Giacomo Leoni, a celebrated Italian architect, and Sir James Thornhill, who acted as surveyor, at an expense of 150,000*l*. After the decease of Mr. Styles, the estate was purchased by George, afterwards Lord Anson, who laid out 80,000*l*. in the improvement of the grounds, under the direction of Brown. In 1765, the property was transferred to Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart. whose son sold it, in 1787, to Thos. Bates Rouse, Esq. and from the executors of that gentleman it was purchased in 1799 by Robert Williams, Esq. the father of the present proprietor, to whom it descended in 1814.

The present mansion was the centre only of the magnificent structure erected by Mr. Styles; the two wings, forming the chapel and offices, connected with it by a colonnade of the

Tuscan order, having been taken down, and the materials sold, by Mr. Rouse. In this state it constitutes one of the most elegant residences in the county. The principal, or south front, is adorned with a grand portico, supported by four columns of the Corinthian order, 47 feet in height; and pilasters support the entablature, which is continued round the house, and surmounted with a balustrade.

The air of grandeur which pervades the interior justifies the expectations raised by the external appearance of this mansion. The hall, of spacious proportions, and the principal staircase, are painted with various subjects from Ovid; and the cases of the doors opening into the former are of marble. The ceiling of the saloon is one of the finest works of Sir James Thornhill, a copy from one by Guido, for which the painter obtained by a legal process the sum of 3500*l*. The ball-room, or long drawing-room, was fitted up in a most superb style by Sir Laurence Dundas, at an expense of 10,000*l*. The apartments contain a collection of pictures, some of which are of great value.

The views from the south front are limited, but the north commands a prospect of great extent over a fertile vale, watered by the little rivers Gade and Coln, and studded with mansions, villas, farm-houses, and villages, together with the towns of Watford and Rickmansworth. This

delightful view was obtained in 1725 by Mr. Styles, who lowered a hill for the purpose, at the expense of 5000*l.*; a circumstance for which he incurred the satire of Pope in these lines:

Or cut wide woods through mountains to the plain,

You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again :

to which he attaches an explanatory note to this effect: " This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen at the expense of above 5000*l.* by which means (merely to overlook

a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods."

The park, through which the Grand Junction Canal passes, is about four miles in circuit, finely diversified, and well wooded with almost every kind of timber. The kitchen-garden is celebrated for a particular sort of apricot, called the Moor Park, which was originally planted here by Lord Anson.

Gaelic Relics.—No. XVI.

LEGEND OF A BROWNIE.

IN ancient times all old castles in the Highlands were believed to be attended by a Brownie, a green maiden, or gray-haired matron, who watched over the interests of the laird; punishing neglect in the domestics, or unfaithfulness or artifice in the retainers. Those superstitions were probably introduced and maintained by policy, and it is easy to imagine the restraints arising from awe of an invisible superintendent, whose vigilance no device could elude. Mr. Hogg, in the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, has given celebrity to those guardians of feudal prosperity; and Mr. William Grant Stewart, in the *Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders*, has described a northern Brownie attendant upon the old house of Tullochgorum. We shall trace the origin of a western Brownie pertaining to the castle of Niel Oig of the Turrets, one of the sons of Oduine and Nielvolda, recorded in our *Repository* for December 1822, p. 332. This tradition seems to have been intended to inculcate fidelity to the chief, to deter young

men from piratical enterprises, and to shew the fatal consequence of attachments to the daughters of strange lands.

The golden-haired chief of Sky draws near to his broad bed in the western ocean; his shining course of a day advances to the shades of twilight; his dazzling level beams touch with gorgeous beauty an accumulation of many and varying clouds, reflected by the waveless bay; the gales repose in silence among deep caverns of the rocky shores. Not a leaf rustles on the oak, no breeze disturbs the white slender-threaded *canach**, nor the thistle-beard of the desert; and as evening falls, gray mists, rising slowly from reedy pools, rest like wreaths of snow over the dark-browed cliffs. Yet the crowding seals retreat further from the beach, where they basked in the glittering rays of departing light; and the screaming sea-fowl, with dissonant clang, are seeking the creviced peaks of a high

* The pure white silky substance growing on a slender stalk in mossy tracts.

promontory. Far as the eye can reach, the wild tribes of the flood and sky are seen flapping the brine from their oozy wings, and each cowering to the accustomed shelter, hush their hoarse voices in thick low drowsy murmurs. A heavy moaning sound rolls with the labouring mass of waters, as they sink and rise in foamy-headed billows, till, in gathered heaps, they burst upon the shore. The roaring strife of winds has come abroad; their opposing gusts scatter the gloomy vapours, flying from the squally breath of the fierce spirits bellowing from the hills. The moon, dark red, throws out her fiery horns among towering clouds, shewing her face no larger than the sea-pye riding on her green white-topped waves. A distant sail comes in view; now high on the ridgy summit, now half concealed in a yawning furrow, the ship drives to sunken reefs; awful voices are loud through the dismal obscurity.

“Roars the wild bull of the desert, or howls the wolf over his prey?” said a shadowy form, wringing his hands on a jutting headland within sight of the wreck. “No, the times of monsters in barren tracts of hill or vale have been swallowed up in a long line of generations. Successive chiefs and their vassals have lived and died, since the desolate Brownie beheld the customs of his fathers changed for ever; and here he awaits the last of his race, dragged by a faithful dog through contending tides. He comes a lovely shade; and the dim watery ghosts of his ancestors throw aside the skirts of their foggy robes, as they bend to hail his approach. But on Ferrachar they cast glances of hate. They scorned the wretch that raised a weapon against the head of his people. They

regard not his revolving moons of grief, nor the failing eyes that wept blood, while strangers make their dwelling in the lofty pile, once brightened in the fame of Niel Oig, the hero whose unerring stroke cleft the heart of a traitor. Lo! the sons of other clans draw the dead from involving sands. My offspring of a hundred generations lies a stiffened corse, and hardly will his four-footed follower permit the bearers to take these dear remains from the grasp of ever-enduring love. How in one moment were the valiant dismissed from mortal life to the airy halls of their fathers! Dashed to the beach by eddying currents, they lay till strangers prepare their narrow house.”

Tottering in his steps of woe, the Brownie pursues the bearers of the dead, and as a thin curling smoke, he enters the house of their *late-wake*. The tempest is lulled by softly pattering rain. Pale and motionless lie the bold riders of the stormy main. Robust, hardy, and active, swift and fearless as the untamed steed of the mountains, they rejoiced in the early dawn. Night has wrapped them in darkness, on which no morning shall arise. One cold and beautiful form is the pillow of his dog: he wistfully looks on the fixed features of his master; now he wags his tail, and gently scrapes his paw on the hand that never again shall caress him; he whines, he raises his head with loud lamentations, and again creeps fondly to the breast that heaves no longer. The Brownie, his cheeks wet with the tears of a thin airy sprite, wipes them away with his grisly locks, and mournfully speaks:

“Offspring of my loins, avert not thy lovely countenance from thy woful progenitor.”

Shade. I feel my soul cling to

thee: yet how shall I look upon a ghost that dares not skim the green hills, or enter the tranquil caves of our fathers? Wherefore art thou denied the repose of heroes?

Brownie. Forlorn and abandoned as thou now seest me, I was in my day the most powerful vassal of my numerous clan, and a daring rider of fathomless seas; but passions, wild as the furious, hollow, swollen, tossing billows, ingulphed my frame. My joy lived only among the struggles of raging men, the boisterous mirth of shells, or in the scorching flame, that bright, but terrible, kindles the soul as it flashes from the eyes of charmers bedecked with costly robes in the halls of strangers. The couch of peace, the blushing sigh of innocent loveliness, I contemned and derided, while I roved from isle to isle in quest of rapine or pleasure. My dark ships and their ferocious mariners were a dread of the north. The sons of icy lakes purchased my right hand of friendship with their choicest stores, and gave the snowy-bosomed Algetha as a pledge of their faith. My stately form, my eagle eye, and ruddy cheek were the delight of her secret soul. She entwines her white arms round the neck of her spouse; but his unstable fiery thoughts wandered in false lights amidst the deepest gloom of darkness with Gwillina, and left Algetha to endure a mother's throes for a deceiver. Gwillina, fresh in all her beauty as the blossomy heath, and sportive as the suckling fawn, bewitched my faithless heart; and her heart was cold as icicles pendent from the withered fern, and changeable as the many-tinted arch, shifting before reviving sunbeams. She forsook me to wed a youthful hunter

of my clan. Enraged, I turned my prow to the gales, and tried to forget Gwillina in the ravage of distant coasts, and the enchanting helplessness of imploring captive virgins. I said to myself, The gladness of Ferrachar never shall decline; but as shadows on the smooth face of a lake, so are the joyous hours of a rover. This moment they sparkle high, the next they are broken by tempests, or shrouded in hideous darkness. Moon after moon, and season after season, rolled away; and laden with the riches of coasts far remote, I bethought me of Algetha, who alone gave hopes of conveying my name to ages yet unborn: but the blustering winds and surly rulers of the submarine castles rose in horrid affray; plank disjoined from plank in my twelve-oared berlin, and I only reached the stony verge of the seas that lave my own land. Gwillina watched for the spoils of shipwrecked men, while the soft-eyed daughters of our own glens prepare the splintered pine to warm their chilled bodies, and spread for them a couch of fragrant heath. Gwillina bore me to her dwelling. By wiles unknown to daughters of the Gael, she had stolen into favour with the laird: the laird gave one of his infant twins to her breast, and the boy grew up in all the guile of his nurse*. Gwillina of the flowing speech persuaded the laird to restore the rights I forfeited by long absence; but the gleaming heat of her love shone not for the sake of Ferrachar. I must put forth all my power, all my cunning for her dalt, against the elder of a doubly fruitful birth. The hope

* See the Number of the GAELIC RELICS, entitled *Clan na Gealluna*, in the *Repository of Arts* for April 1823.

of the Turrets shot up as two young oaks watered by living streams; but Niel, the son of Niel, had no suspicion, that, under the name of brother, lurked a deadly foe. With her nurturing milk, Gwillina infused a proud resolve not to be less than the first of his clan; and she lured me to join in her purpose: but who then would have dared to tell me, I should point my spear against him I was bound to defend, while a warm drop of blood heaved my bosom? The deeds of his early valour were wafted far as the voice of bards. The side-long glance of virgins stole over his manly form; and from their white hands, his fame floated from coast to coast with the quivering notes of the harp. The aged sons of music in every hall sung how the high chieftain of Mull, and Niel, the valiant son of Niel, chased the roes, and their swift steps outstripped the followers of their path. A ship from the land of strangers had sent five of her rowers to take water from the hill of streams. They sought to wrest their arms from the hope of Clan na Geallana and the hope of the Turrets, despising their tender bloom of youth.

“No son of the earth, nor spirit of evil, by force or fear, shall wrest our arms from our hands,” said the growing heroes. “We are yet to win renown, but our race is the race of the brave. Ye would have the branching horns of a stag: wait our conquest over his fleet limbs, and the stag and horns are yours. We war not with strangers, when they would slake their thirst in our gurgling rills.”

A ruffian by surprise nearly strikes the weapon from the hand of the chieftain of Mull; Niel, the son of

Niel, covered him with his shield, and with his quick-descending brand repaid the thrust of little men against his friend, laid senseless on the ground. The rushing followers came to aid, and bound up the wounds of their chiefs. The songs of bards arose, echoing from tower to tower, and hill to hill, and passed lovely over the green valleys. They told to future times how the unripened arm of Niel, the son of Niel, guided the sharp edge of the sword; how his soul, kindling with the fire of Oscar, the son of Ossian, the son of Fingal, consumed the manly sinews of war. Awful in the tempest of strife, in the halls of mirth he is a radiant beam of joy, the arm of kindness to support the panting huntress returning wearied from the chase. His eyes, rolling in the liquid light of love, meet the downcast stealing glances of the maid, and her bosom swells with hidden joy. In childhood he wrestled but to overcome, and his arrow never failed from the mark. With downy cheek, and stripping agility, he saved his friend from the ponderous lance of the stranger; and as many streams gliding along their pebbly course, meet at length in one mighty river, so the nobler sports of the boy gather renown for the man. Never was his uplifted arm a scourge to his clansmen, and his ire blasted their foes as the north-eastern gust withers all that oppose its force; but softer than the unruffled breath of summer, or as the meek smile of morn absorbs the showers of night, so the bounties of his hand dried the tears of the unhappy. What then was Ferrachar who aimed the treacherous yew at this mighty heart? But Ferrachar designed the shaft of death for another, unconscious that

Gwillina would have made him the murderer of his chief.

"By the palest light of morning," said Gwillina, "the chieftain of Mull comes to woo the lovely daughter of Norman. Morealluin is wearied by his burning sighs, and rests her joy upon the ripened features of Ferrachar. Her soul is with him on the hill, in the *strath*, or the rustling forest. Do thou meet this raven of the windy isle, and lay him low as the humming wild bee struck by a rolling stone on his nest!"

In the madness of jealousy I replied, "As the forked lightning, will I meet him to crush his boyish love."

Gwillina smiled in malice. She expected the elder brother of her dalt to fall before my rage, and that his followers should avenge him by shedding my blood.

She sent a messenger to Niel, the son of Niel, to say that a wolf reared her growling cubs in Craiganiach. With three followers the keen hunter sought the den before day. By his stately step I knew a chief strode foremost; but darkness hid his visage from my sight. My whistling arrow drew a purple gush from his arm, and, reckless of pain, he followed the direction of the shaft. He sprung upon me as a shaggy deer-hound upon the trembling hare. My guilty hand was lopped away by his pole-axe. My partners in crime stunned the hero by a blow on his head, and secured their safety in coward flight. I escaped to the adjacent wood. A quaking marsh lay before me, and attempting to leap over it, I plunged to the muddy bottom. The guilty hand that would have slain my chief was far from me, and spent by fast-streaming blood, I sunk and perished among noisome reptiles. No stone

declares my grave. No cairn tells the hunter of my fame in the chase, nor recalls to the warrior my deeds of valour. Half-viewless phantoms of the desert, assembling round my drooping ghost, forbade an entrance to the shadowy joys of the dead renowned. My fathers have renewed their youth; but year after year faded the shrivelled spirit of Ferrachar. I have haunted the flinty-souled Gwillina in all her ways, and filled her dreams with terrors. She stalks a gray matron among ruinous towers and desolated battlements, and we meet but to upbraid each other.

On the wings of the southern breeze I sailed to Algetha's lonely turret. Her lovely head was silvered in grief, but calm was her spotless soul. My son was the brightest beam of the valiant. In the moment of peril his race was firm as the everlasting mountains, and dreadful to oppose as the rapid current between two lands; but as the sea subsides when conflicting winds retire to their caves, so the race of my son smoothed their brow when their arm of strength had won the peace of heroes. Their blood descended through a long line of the great in battle. In thee, the last of my offspring, in thee it flowed a tide of glory, and thou art predestined to lead thy primogenitor to halls of rest. For thy sake, my fainting spirit shall be admitted to sail on many-coloured clouds and bright-skirted wreaths with them that live in song. Though no cairn was reared over my mouldering bones, my shade shall be with thee in airy halls of peace, and our fathers shall frown no more on the groaning banished ghost of Ferrachar.

B. G.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. V.

AMONG the few specimens still existing of the genuine character of the French peasantry of former times, one of the most interesting that I have met with is a venerable old man, who is known in the village by the name of Père Antoine. He is now turned of his ninetieth year, and being formerly under-gardener to Louis XVI. is in right of his ancient occupation a very strong ultra-royalist. It would be difficult to convince the old man, that any thing has changed for the better, or that the peasantry are half so happy now; that they eat and drink well, and are handsomely paid for their labour, as they were formerly when wages were not a third of the present rate, and black bread and onion-soup were the standing cottage dishes.

This old man is a rare instance of a spirit so truly and genuinely kind, that even party feeling cannot sour it. Fondly and devotedly as he is attached to his own political creed, he has never shewn himself personally hostile to the professors of any other; and even the most violent of our village Jacobins forgive the horror which the very mention of the rights of man inspires him with, in consideration of the undistinguishing benevolence with which he has always exercised the duties of humanity.

He is in fact a general favourite with rich and poor; his age and his exemplary probity give him a just title to our respect; and the variety of useful and curious information with which his mind is stored, for his faculties are quite unimpaired, ren-

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

der him a famous resource, both for those who wish to employ their time, and those who are only anxious how to get rid of it. Leaving it to my readers to place me in whichever of these classes they please, I frankly avow that a gossip with Père Antoine is one of my greatest treats. I delight in seeing the old man shake off the weight of his years, and paint, with all that warmth of heart for which his countrymen in former days were so remarkable, the good old times, when the French were not, as now, a plodding money-getting set, but a frank, hospitable, and joyous people.

Without assuming that those times were in all respects better than our own, it is certain that the national character is at least in some degree deteriorated. A Frenchman, even of the lowest rank, who was known to have broken his word formerly (except perhaps in love matters) would have been despised by his neighbours. The poorest peasant cheerfully shared his coarse and scanty meal with the passing stranger; and the national hilarity had passed into a proverb. Now the rites of hospitality are little exercised; a man who is a strict observer of his word is regarded as something uncommon; and the light-heartedness which threw a charm over toil and poverty is rarely seen. This last change has been remarked by different writers, and various attempts have been made to account for it: perhaps the cause assigned by Père Antoine is not the least worthy of credit. "Formerly," says he, "we were happy and cheerful, be-

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cause we did not trouble ourselves much about the future; accustomed to fare hardly, and hoping always to find in our labour a resource for our moderate wants, we never thought of hoarding. Thus we had no care but that of making ourselves as happy as we could in enjoying the present moment, nor any ambition but that of bearing an honest name, that we might not disgrace the parents from whom we received it. But that is not enough for the young people of these days; they are all infected with the desire of getting rich; they have not time forsooth to cherish their old parents, to be sociable with their neighbours, to dance and sing, in short, as their fathers did before them, because their minds are occupied with scraping together what money they can, and with making the most of it when they have got it."

Notwithstanding his great age, he is still able to work in his little flower-garden, and there are no flowers in the village so fine or so long in season as his. If any of us want a scarce flower-root, we are sure to find it with the good old man, who will never receive more than our thanks; and there is no piece of finery so eagerly desired by the village lasses as one of his bouquets, because they are known to be always the reward of merit.

I was sitting alone and engaged in reading yesterday, when the old man presented himself, with a declaration that he came to prefer a suit to me. "It is already granted, father, be it what it may."

"Thanks, my good lady! To say the truth, it is a proposal of marriage, which I have been for some time desirous to make to you."

I stared. "A proposal of mar-

riage!" repeated I involuntarily, and scarcely crediting my ears; for with all my respect for the worthy old soul, he is not exactly the sort of man that would tempt me to form a *mes-alliance*.

"Yes, madam, for your pretty little *bonne*. She is a good girl, and she ought to have a good husband."

This was not much better: my little Mannette is but eighteen, and as blooming and fresh as a rose. The poor man begins to dote, thought I; but not willing to offend him, I said, in a soothing tone, "You must consider, my good father, that Mannette is still too young."—"Not a bit, madam," cried he, interrupting me briskly: "my mother was no older when I was born; and, besides, her age is just suitable to that of the boy whom I have in my eye for her."

Oho! said I to myself, this alters the case. "And pray, father, who is he?"

"Pierre Prevost, an honest hard-working lad as any within twenty leagues round. Ah! madam, you need not be afraid of the girl's happiness with him! It is he that will make a good husband: for more than three years before his mother's death he supported her by his labour, and though he was obliged to deny himself every thing in order to be able to pay the physician who attended the poor old soul, nobody ever saw a cloud upon his brow till he lost her. Yes, madam, if you will condescend to make inquiries, you will find that Mannette cannot do better."

"I have no need of any other testimony to his worth than yours. But let us consider a little further: marriage is a serious affair; this couple are both very young; neither of them

I dare say have any money: how then are they to provide for a family?"

This was touching the old man upon rather a tender point; his countenance became rather clouded. "Ah! madam," cried he, "times were never good for any thing since people thought it necessary to have money in order to marry. Pierre has saved enough to defray the expense of the wedding, and when once it is over, he must work to maintain his wife, and she must work to assist her husband, as their fathers did before them. And as for their children, why if Providence should send any, it will supply the means to keep them. Nothing can be more true than our old saying, 'God never sends mouths but he sends meat.'"

My eye glanced at the moment on Malthus's *Essay on Population*, which lay open before me, and I fancied I saw him sitting in judgment upon my poor old Père Antoine. I wonder what punishment he would think severe enough for the disseminator of tenets which tend so abominably to the increase of our species. I hesitated still for a moment, but there was something in the old man's looks which I did not know how to resist; and after all, between thee and me, dear reader, I had perhaps no great merit in yielding; for though prudence is a virtue for which I have a prodigious respect in theory, yet I could not in conscience be very urgent in recommending it to others, since I have never been known to practise it myself. So without endeavouring to combat the old man's wishes any further, I told him frankly, that the young couple should have my consent and a wedding dinner.

"That is right; it is what I expected from the generosity of ma-

dam. But stop though! I had forgot the most essential thing of all, and that is, to ascertain that the girl is of a good family, for my boy must not disgrace himself."

"That is an obstacle that cannot be got over, I fancy," said I; "for I have always understood that the girl's parents were very poor people."

"Oh! that is no matter: but were they honest? Can they count as Pierre can ten or twelve generations back, and not a stain upon the family probity? There's the essential point, madam."

"Mercy upon us! my good Père Antoine, what would become of three-fourths of our modern matches if such a condition were indispensable? But let us summon Mannette, and hear what she can say for her ancestors."

I rang for Mannette, who entered with a rosy blush, that convinced me she knew the cause of Père Antoine's visit. Luckily for the interests of her heart, her ancestors could stand a scrutiny. She ran over with true French volubility the names of her father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and the Lord knows how many more of her forefathers and foremothers (no cavilling against the word, good reader—if it is not English, it ought to be), all of whom were equally noted for their honesty and their poverty. The worthy old man appeared perfectly satisfied; the preliminaries of the marriage were very soon settled, and I crowned the happiness of the intended bride by an assurance, that I would myself attend her to church, and preside at the nuptial feast. This, which in France is the highest favour that a mistress can bestow upon a servant, moved the poor girl even to tears. But it

had the effect of drawing upon me a very heavy animadversion from Mademoiselle Mont - Orgueil, who chanced to drop in at the moment; and as she has a decided aversion to all feasts, and a positive horror of all marriages, she could not forgive me the double crime of supplying the

one and promoting the other. Luckily for me, the good lady's indignation cannot last very long; for she has so much to do in finding fault with each of us in turn, that she cannot spare time enough to be long in a passion with any one in particular. E.

THE CAVERN OF SERVULO.

(Continued from p. 87.)

IN the second month of summer the Lord Rodolpho exulted in the birth of an heir; and in a few weeks the castle was filled with lords, squires, and retainers, assembled to a feast of gratulation. The household busily arranged the social board, when a loud flourish of outlandish music echoed through the outer ballium, demanding ingress for the most warlike lord, the noble Count Wendebonde of Gruithsheim, nearest in blood to the Lord Baron of Servulo. Instant admission was ordered by Lord Rodolpho for Wendebonde Count Gruithsheim and the chief officers of his train; the inferior attendants to be lodged in the lower wards of the castle.

The Count Gruithsheim having bowed with graceful reverence to the Lady Amalina, apologized for coming in the battle accoutrements of Northern Africa, and felicitated the baron on his marriage and the birth of a son. "Had those auspicious events been known to me earlier than the announcement at your castle-gate, my lord, I should have waited to array this weather-beaten person in the vestments of my own dear country. I but stepped ashore at Aquileia, when I heard that my honoured kinsman and martial instructor had been assailed and danger-

ously wounded. Without taking rest, I led hither the intrepid fellows whose arms brought victory to the King of Fez; and, however firmly I trust in their valour, I am glad that we have been fated to prostrate our hearts at the feet of beauty, instead of wielding our good swords against ravaging miscreants. Lord baron, since all is pacific, I crave permission for my followers to court repose and pile their arms in the Cavern of Servulo."

"My right dear kinsman," answered the baron, "your soldiers, direct from the burning sands of Africa, could ill endure the cold humidity of the vault; nor can I be reconciled to tarnish with the smoke of torches the delicate azure or clear white of its sparry decorations. There is still a more insuperable objection: the Cavern of Servulo is an oratory sacred to the Omnipotent God of Battles."

The baroness had returned the adulation of Count Wendebonde de Gruithsheim with chilling formality. She now suspected him of a hidden design to engage her lord in some warlike expedition; and to change the subject of discourse, addressed him, saying, "Why, my lord count, have you preferred Aquileia to the nearer port of Ancona for the landing-place of your warriors?"

"Doubtless I was moved by some inspiration derived from unison with the blissful lot of my honoured kinsman," replied Wendebrome. "Aquila is dear to the Baron of Servulo and to all martial spirits for the brave defence its inhabitants made against the all-conquering Attila; and now I behold Italian prowess subdued by Hungarian beauty."

As Wendebrome concluded this far-fetched compliment, he fixed his dark sparkling eyes upon Amalina; but she looked and spoke to a lady beside her, without deigning to notice his flattery. The Marchese Verastrozzi, a rough old companion in arms to the Baron Servulo, jealous of the military repute of his country, took up the argument. "Lord of Gruithsheim," he said, "as both Italy and Hungary claim our lady baroness, we must strike upon Scylla or Charybdis in complimenting one at the expense of the other. Let truth be the pilot, and we shall not wreck ourselves in the lady's favour. Aquila was defeated by pagan superstition more than by force of arms. The Huns had consumed three months in besieging my native city; they grew clamorous, insisting no longer to waste time before impregnable walls; and Attila was on the point of yielding to their impatience, when he observed a stork leaving a tower of the citadel, and called the attention of his troops to her movements. She conducted her infant family to the interior of the country; and Attila, in a voice of exultation, assured his Huns that this was a prognostic of victory, as he was confident the sagacious bird perceived that Aquila was doomed speedily to fall. The soldiers, reanimated by the fortunate augury, prosecuted the

siege with increased vigour; made a breach, and rushed forward with irresistible fury."

"And thus, my lord marquis," rejoined Wendebrome, "the Baron of Servulo, invulnerable to less potent assaults from weaponed hosts, has been subjugated by Hungarian enchantments."

Finding Amalina quite regardless, Count Gruithsheim directed his ingratiating arts to other ladies, and whispered encomiums passed among them on the easy elegance with which the warrior gave up his soul to mirth. The Baron Rodolpho, pleased with his kinsman's seeming approbation of his conjugal choice, reiterated their applause. He said Count Gruithsheim was presented to him under a new aspect. Who could suppose this gay gallant of the fair sex was Wendebrome, the reckless wooer of danger in every form since early boyhood? He had but entered his tenth year, when, being with his mother visiting a relation in Pomerania, he heard the Baltic sea was frozen over, and got up by the dawn next day, provided with only a piece of rye-bread, for a hazardous journey over the ice from Stralsund to Denmark.

"Baron of Servulo," exclaimed Wendebrome, "my age is now revealed to this honourable company; for all know that in 1349 a memorable frost changed the briny surface of the Baltic to a congealed and solid mass; and I am ashamed of the childish, the insane ramble now mentioned."

"My young kinsman," answered the Lord Rodolpho, "had your exploits terminated there, I should never have recalled that wild expedition to the memory of a guest; but in your case the daring propensities

of the boy indicated heroism in the man."

Wendebronde made answer as a soldier who had yet to win his renown, though Europe resounded with the glory of his achievements in aiding the Greeks against Ottoman encroachments, and in the wars of Muscovy to repel the Tartars. More recently his valour had been conspicuous while reducing the subjects of Morocco to obedience; and as the baron persisted in recounting his feats of strength, activity, and hardihood, the young warrior replied, "Baron of Servulo, to my fosters I owe a bodily constitution inured to fatigue, cold, and privations of food, clothing, and luxuries; and to the ablest instructor of our day I am beholden for some acquaintance with the art military. The Carniolians, who reared my infancy even to youth, accustom themselves to exertion and to manly exercises. They go open-breasted and with bare feet through deep snows; more swiftly than the chamois-goat, they climb the steepest rocks, and fastening to their soles clogs of wicker-work or thin long boards, they descend with great velocity. As to my services in Greece, Muscovy, and Mauritania, if I entirely failed in emulation of my renowned preceptor in the art of war, I must be destitute of spirit."

Thus disclaiming the merit of deeds universally ascribed to him, the count disarmed envy in his own sex; and his fine features, his stately, towering, martial figure, and fascinating manners, captivated the fair. Before the dance commenced, he laid aside the barbaric garb, to frolic with the daughters of Istria in their national vesture. The magnificence of his garments, and the subdued in-

tonations of his voice, the almost feminine sweetness of his demeanour, and his courtly adulation to the young beauties of the circle, effaced every resemblance of the warrior, the redoubtable conqueror of the East and West. He tried every insinuating art to attract the notice of Amalina, and though she avoided all particular attention from him, he was neither disconcerted nor dismayed, but assuming an air of thoughtless vivacity, pursued her wherever she retreated. The sun rose above our horizon before the company separated. The youthful dancers were unwilling to part, and the Baroness of Servulo could not overcome an intense solicitude to guard her lord from a private interview with the designing Wendebronde. When the baron and baroness retired to their dormitory, his generous heart descanted upon the great endowments of Count Gruithsheim. Amalina allowed that his celebrity as a warrior must be deserved, since the Lord Rodolpho had been his instructor, and had witnessed his splendid performances in sieges and fields of danger. She allowed that his deportment was princely or ingratiating, in strict conformity to the occasion, and his countenance faultless in every feature; she even fancied it was familiar to her sight: yet she certainly never till that night beheld him—and—and—Amalina burst into tears. The baron affectionately inquired the cause of her distress. Sobs and hesitation intervened: at length she said, "Dearest, most honoured lord of Amalina's most tender devotion and faithful vows, the thoughts of your wife are loaded with ominous cares. I implore you to beware of this artificial character. I dread lest his influence may

involve my beloved lord in some warlike expedition; and what then may befall me and the infant Rodolpho? Count Gruithsheim is brave, and his talents are unquestionable; but if the expression of a face can be regarded as an index of the disposition, he is no trust-worthy friend. In the flashing brilliance of his glances, he contradicts the softened inflections of his voice and studied smiles: he is not what he desires to appear; he is such as my boding soul discerns, sanguinary and perfidious."

"You are prejudiced against Wendebonde on account of his father, my timid Amalina. The elder count was an abetter of spoliation; but Wendebonde was blameless of his faults. The countess, his mother, lived and died unimpeached. She fled with her infant son from the society of desperadoes, and took refuge with her own relatives in Carniola. By some strange infatuation, the boy, grown to stripling age, left her and joined his father, anxious, as he said, for a paternal benediction."

"Did Wendebonde associate with banditti? Dreadful confirmation of worse than my fears! Instinctively my feelings revolted each time he addressed me."

"My Amalina, the youth spent but six years with his father. Too long, I admit, was his residence in such a community. I was then a commander in foreign wars, and hearing accidentally that Count Gruithsheim detained his son from Carniola, I sent special messengers for him. He joyfully accepted my invitation to join the Christian forces employed in defending the Greeks from Saracen oppression; and as a soldier

of honour and indomitable courage, he was not surpassed by any man, young or old, under the banner of Italy."

"My revered lord, we must not, in admiration of Wendebonde's contempt of danger, we must not forget that the unprincipled man, who dares every risk, may be the insidious foe of unsuspecting worth. You have lived in camps, among the valorous sons of honour. I was reared among courtiers, and learnt from childhood to detect the deceptive wiles of fawning villany. My lord and husband, on my knees I implore you to take every precaution against the Count of Gruithsheim; and, oh! dismiss this revelry, so distasteful to my oppressed mind, because perilous to you!"

"Dearest Amalina, this arm is not so withered that it cannot wield a brand in defence of you and of my boy, ties more precious than life, yes, more precious than fame; dearer than all, except that conscious honour, without which, the sons of war must sink to ferocious brutality, and should be hunted as the wild boar or wolf of the forest."

"Such, through a course of years, were the companions of Wendebonde. I shudder with a presentiment that my lord and husband may find his kinsman has not escaped the contagion of evil example."

"Beloved Amalina, let us beseech the saints to dispel those evil imaginations. Surrounded by high-souled friends and faithful vassals, who shall dare to molest us?"

The days of special invitation passed away. Wendebonde was the first of the numerous guests who proposed to depart. He told the baron he had freighted a ship to convey

his treasures from Northern Africa. Two years would be required to wind up his concerns at Fez, and he hoped the Lord Rodolpho would inquire of Signor Obessini of Aquileia, and give directions about his various consignments. The baron undertook this trust, and within due time sent messengers to Signor Obessini; but

no consignments had reached him from the young Count of Gruithseheim. The baron feared his adventurous kinsman was no longer among the living; and relying on his death or distance, time quieted the anxieties of Amalina.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GAMING-HOUSE OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

(Concluded from p. 80.)

For more than a week both Dumont and Louis continued to lose; at the end of that time Fortune declared in favour of Louis. Dumont, who had finished early one evening, stood and watched the movements of his associate, who continued to play with the utmost coolness till the moment that we were obliged to go.

As we went out, Dumont said to him, "In truth, you have attained the sublime of the art; I have not perceived in you one single trait of cupidity or passion. How much have you won?"—"About two thousand francs."—"Bravo! it will not stay long with you, my friend: I shall give you to-morrow at breakfast a list which I have been forced to leave a long time unnoticed."

"Here, my dear friend," said he to him the next morning, presenting him at the same time with several letters, "here's what will empty your purse, I warrant you. I have received these from a friend on whom I can rely, and who has more opportunity than myself of knowing worthy objects, whose misfortunes may be relieved, or at least ameliorated, by a little money. Go, Louis, remember that you are the agent of Providence, and try to dispose of your

gold with as much coolness and discretion as you shewed in gaining it."

The young man took his hat directly, and quitted us with a quick step, and a proud and pleased countenance. Dinner was nearly ready when he returned with features lightened by benevolent pleasure. "I am afraid, my dear master," said he to Dumont, "that you will scold me for having spent all our money; but I assure you I have some merit in not having anticipated our future profits, as you shall hear.

"First, the family of the mason who broke his thigh in falling from a ladder has had ten francs, and a promise of farther relief. I then hastened to the Greek, who complained that his poverty prevented his flying to the defence of his country. It may be true, but there is something in his appearance that did not please me, so I gave him only ten francs, till we inquire farther. The man who had fainted for want of food in the Tuileries is a disbanded officer: he married after he quitted the army, and not knowing how to manage his slender means, he is now reduced to a miserable situation, having nothing to maintain a sick wife and two children, but thirty sous a day, which he

gains by turning a cutler's wheel: He shewed me his certificates and his cross without a murmur; nay, he even said with gaiety, that he should have been better off, if he had remained single and helped his father to cultivate their little farm, than he was now, after being forced to run all over the Continent after glory, gaining nothing but honour and rheumatism, and finding himself at last incapable of getting a subsistence for his wife and children.

"The *curé* had been beforehand with me in relieving his necessities; therefore I have given him only fifty francs: but I have laid aside two hundred and fifty, that he may have the same sum every month during the next six, and if at the end of that time we are lucky, I shall strive to make you settle something certain upon the poor fellow.

"I went from him to the gardener who hurt himself by falling into his well. I have hired a man to do his work till he gets about again; and when Fortune next smiles upon us, I shall propose to you to buy him one of those newly invented machines for drawing water, by which means we shall prevent the recurrence of any similar accident.

"I had still a bank-note of a thousand francs and some louis, when I arrived at the weaver's who had just lost by a fire the three looms that gave bread to his children. As I stood upon the threshold of his room, in which the ravages of the flames were still visible, I heard him say, in the touching accents of true piety, 'My children, Providence will send us relief.' I entered. He resembled my father. — My friend, I have given him the rest."

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

"You have been prodigal," replied Dumont, wiping away a tear; "but no matter, you will be wiser in time."

At that moment we were called to dinner, and when it was over, Dumont said to Louis, "I want you to tell my wife and daughter whether the sensations you feel when you play at present are the same as you experienced at Bourdeaux: they doubt that a passion recently so strong can be already so much moderated as to become only a mere amusement."—"I can, however, assure you, ladies," replied the youth modestly, "that such is the case. Since I have determined upon following the example of Monsieur Dumont, by restricting myself to the loss of a certain sum daily, I feel, while at play, no other emotion than what we may suppose is felt by a gardener, who, having chosen a corner of his garden to try an experiment with some particular kind of seed, sows it carefully, follows its progress with an eye of curiosity rather than anxiety, neglecting no care necessary to make it flourish, smiling even at the idea of success, but yet resigned to the loss of his hopes."

A glance which Madame Dumont cast upon Julia at this moment, convinced me that the pleasure which the good lady expressed in Louis's reformation had its source in the knowledge that he was not indifferent to her daughter; a sentiment which it was evident she was far from disapproving. As to Julia, she did not trust herself to say a word, but her eyes were sufficiently expressive. I read their language with the more pleasure, because it authorized me to listen to the hopes which Louis

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had confided to me, of being one day able to offer her his hand. As in our frequent conversations he had always hearkened with patience and respect to my exhortations, I could not help lending an ear to his raptures, but I had till then carefully avoided flattering his hopes.

"Be assured," said I often to him, "that Dumont will never give his daughter to a gamester; though his friendship for your father has induced him, in some degree, to lend himself to your weakness, he will never take for his son-in-law a man who cherishes a *penchant* that may at some time or other involve himself and all connected with him in ruin. No, no, if you mean to obtain the hand of Julia, renounce play, adopt a profession; then, and not before, you may look forward with hope." Such was the language I had constantly held to him, and I was not without hope that in time it would take effect; but I feared that his success would rouse his slumbering passion. That evening Dumont staid at home to receive a visit; and the eager tone in which Louis said to me after dinner, "Come with me, Monsieur de S——, you will see that I shall be fortunate," strengthened my fear.

We went to the usual place. Chaubert, who was walking about as if waiting for Louis, ran to us immediately on our entrance, and called to De Clugny in a hurried tone, "Lend me five hundred francs."—"I cannot," replied Louis; "for I have emptied my purse."—"Emptied your purse!" repeated the other in a scornful and incredulous tone."—"Yes," said I, "and for the best of purposes, to relieve the distressed."—"Then he has acted like a child,"

cried Chaubert rudely; "before he threw away his money in charity, he ought to have provided for the chances of play."—"Truly, my friend," replied Louis laughing, "it seems to me that you had not that foresight when you opened your purse so readily for Saphira."—"You have then," cried Chaubert, "nothing to lend me?" and he struck his forehead with an air of distraction."—"Yes," answered Louis, "I have five Napoleons, besides the ten francs that I mean to stake."—"Give me the Napoleons," cried Chaubert eagerly; and snatching them from Louis, he went to a *roulette*-table.

For my part, I followed De Clugny, who very soon lost his ten francs: he affected to laugh at the inconstancy of Fortune, but I thought I could perceive symptoms of impatience and vexation in his manner; and he evidently rose from the table with an effort. "Let us see," said I to him, "how Chaubert gets on." He followed me to the *roulette*-table, where we found Chaubert, whose appearance was truly appalling: pale, convulsed, he fixed his glazed and straining eyes upon the ball in the centre of the table, while his hand appeared to seek, as it were mechanically, for money on the spot where a few minutes before it had been heaped, and finding none, he rose precipitately, and darted from the room. "O heavens, he meditates self-destruction!" exclaimed De Clugny and myself at the same instant, rushing after him into the *galerie*, which was then almost deserted. We perceived the miserable wretch, at a few paces' distance, smash the window of a money-changer, grasp a handful of gold, and fly across the *Passage de Perron*. He was instant-

ly pursued, but darting forward with incredible speed, he cleared the *rue Vivienne*, entered the *rue des Colonnnes*, and there, as we hoped, found shelter, for in one moment we lost sight of him; the next instant the explosion of a pistol and a loud cry directed us to the spot, where we found the miserable wretch extended lifeless, and mangled in a manner too horrid to describe.

Deeply affected as I was at this dreadful spectacle, I saw that Louis was still more so. "Let us go!" said he in a choked voice and with a convulsive shudder. We hastened home, where the family were anxiously and impatiently expecting us. "Gracious heaven, what has happened?" cried they as we entered with all the marks of horror in our countenances.—"We have witnessed a dreadful scene," said I, "but we will tell you more by and by;" and pouring out some wine, I handed it to Louis, who swallowed it mechanically, and then burst into tears. I was glad to see them flow freely, while I related to our friends the shocking catastrophe of Chaubert.

They heard me with emotions of pity and horror, which were too strong to vent themselves in words. Silence was at length broken by De Clugny's saying, "It is to you, M. Dumont, that I owe my escape from the fate of Chaubert: had it not been for the ingenious means which you devised to moderate the violence of my passion for play, I should soon perhaps have expiated my errors by a premature and shameful death. O my father! for such I must call you, suffer me then to shew my gratitude by treating you with the duty and affection of a son! But as I feel that

even your precaution may not be always a sufficient restraint, I abjure play from this moment solemnly and for ever. I feared that my late success had revived my passion for it; and not even the wish to benefit the unfortunate shall ever again tempt me to risk the smallest sum at the gaming-table. I trust to find another and a safer means of serving them in the profession to which, with the assistance of heaven, I shall from to-morrow devote myself."

Dumont replied to this effusion of a good and sincere heart by clasping the young convert in his arms; Julia and her mother melted into tears; and I cried out involuntarily, "Come, Dumont, you owe a debt to Louis, and you ought to pay it, by effacing from his mind the sorrowful remembrances connected with this day."—"With all my heart," cried my friend, wiping his eyes. "Louis, de S—— has communicated to me your passion for my daughter, and your mother, my Julia, has owned to me that it was not unreturned. Your father, De Clugny, is as well inclined to the match as I am; and if, on his return, you are prepared for the practice of your profession, we will give our blessing to your union."

Need I inform my readers, that these words lighted up the features of the young people with pleasure, which was reflected in the countenances of the fond parents? As to myself, I was so heartily delighted, that I firmly believe there was but one circumstance wanting to make me the happiest of the party; and that was, the power of pulling down at that instant every gaming-house in Paris.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. II.

RICHILDA COUNTESS OF BRABANT, *or the Wonderful Mirror.*

GUNDERIC Count of Brabant, who lived about the time of the Crusades, was a prince of such exemplary piety, that he deserved the title of Saint quite as well as the Emperor, Henry the Hobbler. His castle looked for all the world like a convent: there was heard no rattling of spurs, no neighing of steeds, no clashing of weapons; but the litanies of devout monks and the ringing of silver-toned bells incessantly resounded through the halls of his palace. The count never missed mass, attended every procession, bearing in his hand a consecrated taper, and went on pilgrimage to all the holy places where absolution was dispensed within the distance of three days' journey round his residence. In this manner he preserved the polish of his conscience so pure and immaculate, that the breath of sin could not adhere to it; and yet his heart was a stranger to content, for his marriage was unblest with issue to inherit his wealth and his extensive domains. This sterility of his consort he regarded as a punishment of heaven, because, as he said, she was too vain and worldly-minded.

The countess was inwardly grieved by this notion of her husband's. Though she made no pretensions to extraordinary sanctity, still she was at a loss to conceive how she had deserved the chastisement of barrenness; for fecundity is not exactly a premium for female virtue. She, nevertheless, took all possible pains to appease the wrath of heaven by fasting and penance, in case the count's con-

jecture should be well founded: but these pious exercises were of no avail, for instead of increasing her bulk, they served only to make her more slender and taper than ever. It chanced that Albertus Magnus, when proceeding by command of Pope Gregory X. from Cologne to the council of Lyons, passed through Brabant, and called in his way upon the count, whose liberality to the clergy had no bounds. He received his guest in a manner suitable to his rank and dignity*, and had mass performed by him, for which he paid one hundred pieces of gold. The countess, unwilling to be outdone in liberality by her husband, likewise requested him to read mass for her, and paid him the same sum. She was not less solicitous to confess to the reverend Dominican, and revealed to him the concern she felt at having no children. He forbade all further penance and castigation, prescribed a more generous diet for herself and her husband, and in the spirit of prophecy assured her, that before he returned from the council her wish would be gratified. The prediction was fulfilled: Albertus, on his return from Lyons, found in the arms of the delighted countess a lovely infant, the very image of her beautiful mother. Gunderic, indeed, would have been better pleased had Providence sent him a male heir; but as the little

* Albertus was descended from the family of the Counts of Bolstädt, in Swabia. He had been Bishop of Ratisbon, but had resigned the mitre out of love to the sciences.

creature was so sweet and engaging, and smiled so innocently in his face, he would frequently carry it in his arms, and became exceedingly fond of it. As the count had no doubt that the prayers of the pious Albertus had procured him this blessing, he loaded him with favours. The countess begged his benediction for her little daughter, and he imparted it with such earnestness and fervour, that the scandal-mongers of the court thence took occasion to hazard various remarks which might have somewhat puzzled genealogists in regard to the pedigree of the young lady. The good-natured Gunderic, however, shewed his prudence in taking no notice of these sarnises.

Albertus Magnus was an extraordinary personage, who had a very equivocal character among his contemporaries: some held him to be as great a saint as any in the calendar; others declared that he was a magician and necromancer; while others again were of opinion that he was neither the one nor the other, but a learned philosopher, who, by an attentive observation of nature, had made himself master of all her secrets. He actually performed many wonderful things, which excited universal astonishment. When, for instance, the Emperor Frederic II. was desirous of witnessing a specimen of his art, Albertus invited him in the month of December to breakfast in the garden of the abbey of Cologne, and entertained him with a scene the like to which was never known. The hyacinths and tulips were fully blown; some of the fruit-trees were covered with blossom, and others with ripe fruit; the nightingales were singing in the bushes, the grasshoppers chirping, and the swallows merrily sport-

ing in the air about the tower of the convent. When the emperor had sufficiently admired all these things, Albertus conducted him and his courtiers to a vine-trellis, and furnished each of his guests with a knife, for the purpose of helping themselves to a bunch of the ripe grapes, but desired them not to cut till he should give the word. He spoke, and, lo! the grapes had vanished, and it appeared that each person had grasped his own nose, and was applying the knife to cut it off; which trick so convulsed Frederic with laughter, that he was obliged to hold both his imperial sides.

After the reverend Dominican had bestowed his spiritual benediction on the little Richilda, and was about to pursue his journey, the countess asked him for a relic, an agnus-dei, an amulet, or some other keepsake, for her infant daughter. Albertus rubbed his brow: "Your ladyship," said he, "has done right to remind me, otherwise I should have totally forgotten to provide a present for your daughter: but first inform me precisely at what hour the young lady came into the world, and then leave me to myself." Hereupon he shut himself up for nine days together in a solitary cell, and laboured assiduously, till he produced a curious piece of workmanship, by which the little Richilda was to remember him.

When the artificer had finished his work, and found it to be perfect, he carried it privately to the countess, explained to her its secret virtue and effect, and in what manner it was to be used; told her to communicate these things to her daughter when she grew up; then bade a friendly adieu, and departed. The countess, highly delighted with the

mysterious present, locked it up in the drawer in which she kept her jewels.

Gunderic lived several years longer in his castle in close seclusion from the world, founded many convents and chapels, but nevertheless set apart a considerable portion of his revenues as a dowry for his beloved daughter; his domains being entailed on male heirs alone. Perceiving that his end was approaching, he desired to be dressed in the habit of a monk, and expired in full confidence of eternal felicity. The countess chose a nunnery for her abode, and devoted her time to the education of her daughter, whom, when she should attain a proper age, she designed herself to introduce into the great world. But death overtook her before she could accomplish this intention, just when the young lady had attained her fifteenth year, and the bud of beauty gave ample promise of future charms.

The affectionate mother felt at first somewhat dissatisfied at the prospect of this unseasonable separation from the fair Richilda, in whom she expected to live her time over again; but when she was convinced that her end drew nigh, she submitted with resignation to her lot, and prepared for her departure. Calling her daughter to her, she bade her dry her tears, and thus proceeded: "I am summoned away from you, my dear Richilda, at a time when you have most need of the advice and support of a mother: but do not grieve, the loss of a tender parent will be supplied by a faithful friend and counsellor, who, if you are prudent and discreet, will guide your steps and prevent your going astray. In yon drawer, in which my jewels are de-

posited, is a curious piece of workmanship, which belongs to you. It was made under a certain constellation by a celebrated philosopher, called Albertus Magnus, who was much rejoiced at your birth, and charged me to make you acquainted with its use. It is a metallic mirror set in a frame of pure gold. Like an ordinary looking-glass, it possesses the property of reflecting the figures of all who present themselves before it; but for you it has also the quality of representing distinct images of other persons, as soon as you have pronounced the words directed in this paper which I put into your hands. Beware of consulting it out of idle curiosity, or of rashly inquiring your future fortune. Consider this wonderful mirror as a respectable friend, whom you would avoid teasing with trivial questions, but in whom you are sure to find a trusty adviser in the most important occurrences of life. Be discreet, therefore, and sparing in the use of it, and walk in the paths of virtue, that the polished surface may not be dimmed by the pestiferous breath of vice or guilt." The dying mother, having finished this exhortation, embraced the sobbing Richilda, received the accustomed sacraments, and expired.

The young lady was deeply afflicted at the loss of her tender mother, went into mourning, and wept away one of the best years of her life within the walls of the convent, in the society of the venerable domina and the pious sisters, without once examining the effects left by her mother, or looking at the mysterious mirror. Time gradually diminished the keenness of these filial regrets; the source of her tears

dried up, and as her heart ceased to find employment in pouring forth her sorrows, she began to feel a listlessness and languor in her solitary cell. She therefore paid more frequent visits to the parlour, and soon found pleasure in chatting with the aunts and cousins of the nuns, who now manifested such a kind concern for their pious relatives, that they thronged in crowds to the grate when the fair Richilda was in the room. Neither was there any want of comely knights, who said many fine things to the beautiful novice. In these flatteries were enveloped the first seeds of vanity, which, falling on no unfruitful soil, soon struck root and sprung up. Richilda at last conceived that it was far better to enjoy liberty, than to be caged, as it were, behind an iron grate: she therefore quitted the convent, formed a suitable establishment, engaged a governante for the sake of her reputation, and entered the great world with a splendour befitting her rank.

The report of her beauty and virtue spread far and wide. Princes and counts came from distant countries to pay their court to her. The Thames and the Seine, the Tagus, the Po, and the Rhine, sent their heroic sons to Brabant, to pay homage to the lovely Richilda. Her mansion resembled a fairy palace, where strangers were sure of the most polite reception; and they did not fail to repay the civilities of its charming mistress with the most delicate flattery. Not a day passed but the tilt-yard was occupied by knights armed capapee, who caused their heralds to proclaim this challenge in the markets and public places of the city—that whoever did not acknowledge the Countess of

Brabant to be the most beautiful lady of her time, or presumed to assert the contrary, should repair to the lists, and maintain his assertion by arms against the champions of the fair Richilda. In general the challenge was not accepted; or if, on occasion of some festivity, any of the knights, for the sake of a tilt, took up the gauntlet, and disputed the prize in favour of the ladies of their hearts, the combat was a mere sham; politeness would not permit them to unhorse the champions of the countess; they broke their lances, confessed themselves vanquished, and acceded the prize of beauty to Richilda—an homage which she was accustomed to receive with virgin modesty.

Hitherto it had never occurred to her to consult the magic mirror; she used it only as an ordinary glass, merely to see whether her women had arranged her head-dress to the best advantage. She had not yet ventured to address any question to it, either because no critical circumstance had intervened to render an adviser necessary, or because she was too timid and fearful of dimming the lustre of the glass by an idle or impertinent question. Meanwhile the voice of flattery continued more and more strongly to excite her vanity, and generated in her heart a wish to be in reality what report daily proclaimed her: for she had the prudence, so uncommon in the great, to distrust the language of her courtiers. To a damsel of Richilda's age, of what rank and condition soever she be, the question concerning her beauty or plainness is a problem of the last importance. Hence it is no wonder that the fair Richilda should desire information on a point that was

so interesting to her; and of whom could she expect a more faithful and impartial report than of her incorruptible friend, the mirror? After some consideration, the question appeared so just and reasonable, that she had no farther scruple to apply to this oracle. Shutting herself up therefore one day in her apartment, she stepped before the magic mirror, and pronounced these words:

Mirror bright of magic mould,
Mirror true in frame of gold,
Shew me quickly, I command,
The fairest damsel in Brabant.

Instantly drawing aside the silken curtain, she looked at the mirror, and, to her inexpressible satisfaction, beheld in it her own figure, which it had already reflected so often unasked. A deeper flush mantled her cheeks; her eyes sparkled with rapture; but her heart became proud and haughty, like that of Queen Vasthi. The encomiums on her beauty, which she had hitherto received with modest blushes, she now expected as a rightful tribute; she looked down with scorn and contempt on all the ladies of the land; and when in her presence the conversation turned upon foreign princesses, and any of them was praised for her beauty, it struck like a dagger to her heart. The courtiers, who were not long in discovering the foible of their mistress, flattered her in the most shameless manner, railed at the whole sex, and if a lady had any reputation for beauty, they would not allow her the least claim to character.

Thus the fair Richilda passed at her own court for the only perfect model of female loveliness; and as she, according to the testimony of the magic mirror, was in reality the

greatest beauty in Brabant, and moreover possessed vast wealth, together with many towns and castles, she had abundance of high-born suitors. Her charms had already cost many a gallant gentleman his life, and the pangs of unrequited love had reduced many an unfortunate prince to a mere skeleton. The cruel fair secretly feasted herself on the victims which she daily offered at the shrine of her vanity, and she took more delight in their sufferings than in the soft emotions of reciprocal love. Her heart had hitherto felt only slight impressions of a transient passion; she knew not indeed herself exactly to whom it belonged; it was open to every sighing Damon, but, agreeably to the law of hospitality, not longer in general than three days. When a new-comer took possession of it, the preceding occupant was coldly dismissed. The Counts of Artois, Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Namur, Guelders, Gröningen, in short, all the seventeen counts of the Netherlands, excepting a few who were either of a certain age or already bound in the chains of wedlock, were competitors for the heart of the fair Richilda, and desired her for a wife.

The prudent governante was aware that the coquetry of her young mistress could not be of long continuance; her reputation seemed to wane, and it was to be apprehended that the disappointed wooers would revenge the affront on the coy fair-one. She therefore remonstrated with her on the subject, and obtained from her a promise to decide within three days who should be her husband. This resolution being publicly announced at court greatly rejoiced all the suitors. Each of the

candidates hoped to draw the capital prize in the lottery of love; and they all agreed, let Fortune favour whom she would, to approve and support the choice of the countess with their united influence.

The rigid governante, however, had done nothing with her well-meant importunity, but cause the fair Richilda to pass three sleepless nights; for, when the third morning dawned, the lady was as undecided in her choice as the first hour. During this interval, she had numberless times conned over the list of her suitors, examined, compared, chosen, rejected; and the only result of all her meditation was, an unusual paleness and heavy eyes. The lady's heart took no share in the deliberations of reason: hence it was impossible for her to come to any decision. She weighed with great care the birth, merits, fortune, and reputation of each of the candidates for her hand: none of these qualities interested her, and her heart was silent. But the moment she took into account the person of the suitors, there was a cord in it that responded to the thought. Human nature has not undergone the least change in regard to this point during the five centuries which have elapsed since the time of the fair Richilda. Give a damsel of the thirteenth or of the nineteenth century a wise, virtuous, intelligent man, in a word, a Socrates, for a suitor; then place beside him a handsome young spark, an Adonis, a Ganymede, an Endymion, and leave her to choose: a hundred to one but she passes the former with perfect indifference, and pitches upon the latter. Just so did the fair Richilda. Among her suitors were

several goodly personages; and the question was, which was the handsomest of them. The specified time elapsed in these consultations; the court assembled in gala; the counts, knights, and gentlemen appeared in all their insignia, and awaited in anxious suspense the decision of their fate.

The young lady was meanwhile in no small embarrassment: notwithstanding the importunacy of reason, her heart declined to determine. She was at a loss how to act: at length, hastily rising from her sofa, she stepped to the mirror, and thus addressed it:

Mirror bright of magic mould,
Mirror true in frame of gold,
Shew me quickly I command
The comeliest knight in all Brabant.

Here of course there was no question concerning the most virtuous, the most constant, and the most affectionate man, but only concerning the handsomest. The mirror did not fail to reply: as soon as the silk-curtain was undrawn, it presented most distinctly in its polished surface the figure of a stately knight, in full armour, excepting the helmet, comely as the young Adonis when he stole the heart of the Cytherean goddess. His chestnut hair flowed in wavy locks over his shoulders; his close thick eyebrows resembled the rainbow in shape; courage and valour beamed from his animated eye; his manly brown cheek was tinged with the glow of warmth and health; and his whole form bespoke strength and masculine vigour. No sooner did the lady behold the goodly knight, than all the dormant feelings of love were at once awakened in her soul: she drank delight and rapture at his eyes, and solemnly vowed never to

bestow her hand on any other man than this. At the same time she was not a little astonished that the person of the handsome knight should be totally unknown to her: she had never seen him at her court, though there was scarcely a young gentleman in Brabant by whom it had not been visited. She therefore took particular notice of his arms, armour, and characteristic distinctions, and stood a whole hour before the glass without removing her eyes for a moment from the attractive face which it represented: every feature, every attitude, and the most minute peculiarity which she perceived, were in consequence deeply impressed on her mind.

Meanwhile the governante and Richilda's women were waiting in the anti-chamber till their mistress should quit her apartment. Their growing impatience became more and more audible. The countess at length reluctantly dropped the curtain, opened the door, and embracing her governante, "Rejoice with me," said she; "I have found the man of my heart: the handsomest gentleman in Brabant is mine. St. Medard, my patron, appeared to me last night in a dream, presented him to me as the husband destined for me by heaven, and joined our hands in the presence of the Blessed Virgin and many other celestial witnesses." Now this tale was a mere invention of the sly Richilda's; for she would not reveal the secret of the magic mirror, which was not known to any mortal besides herself. The governante rejoiced at the resolution of her young mistress, and eagerly inquired who was the happy prince whom heaven had chosen to wed so fair a bride. All the ladies of the court were soon bu-

sily engaged in conjectures, some fixing on one person, some on another, and all confident they had hit on the right one; whispering in each other's ears, but loudly enough to be heard by the rest, the name of the supposed favoured candidate. But the fair Richilda, after she had somewhat collected her spirits, thus proceeded: "To acquaint you with the name of my spouse, or to tell you where he resides, is not in my power: he is not one of the princes or nobles of my court, nor have I ever beheld him with my eyes; but his figure is indelibly impressed upon my soul, and when he comes to claim me as his bride, I shall not fail to know him again."

At these words, the experienced governante and all the ladies were not a little surprised, and concluded that the countess had devised this story as a pretext for evading her promise to choose a husband: but she stedfastly persisted in declaring, that she would never wed any other than him whom the venerable bishop and saint had presented to her in her dream. During this controversy, the knights had been long waiting in the anti-chamber, and they were at last admitted to hear their sentence. Richilda rose, and with great dignity and grace addressed them in an eloquent speech, concluding with this apostrophe: "Imagine not, illustrious nobles and gentlemen, that I speak to you with deceitful words: I will describe to you the person and the arms of the unknown knight, and perhaps some of you may be able to inform me who he is and where he resides." She thereupon gave a description of his person from head to foot, and added, "His armour is gold-coloured and azure; on

his shield he bears a sable lion in a silver field bestrewed with bleeding hearts; and the colours of his scarf and sword-knot are peach-blossom and orange."

When she ceased speaking, the Count of Brabant, who had inherited her father's domains, rose and said, "Dear cousin, we are not come hither to controul your inclination; you possess full power and authority to act as you please: it is sufficient for us to know that you dismiss us with honour, and that you will no longer delude us with false hopes, for which you are entitled to our thanks. But as to the illustrious knight whom you have seen in a dream, and whom you believe to be destined by heaven for your wedded husband, I must not conceal from you that he is well known to me, and is one of my lieges: for, according to your description of his person, his arms and colours, it can be no other than Count Gombald of Louvain; but he

is already married, and of course cannot be yours."

At these words the countess turned pale and was ready to sink: she had not suspected that her mirror would play her such a trick, and exhibit to her a man whose lawful love she could not possess; neither had it once occurred to her, that the handsomest man in Brabant could wear any other chains than hers. St. Medard himself did not escape censure for having involved his spiritual *protégée* in such a dilemma, and kindled in her heart the flames of illicit love. The countess, however, defended her patron saint, asserting that her dream might probably have some hidden meaning, and that it seemed at least to indicate, that for the present she ought not to enter into any matrimonial engagement. All the suitors accordingly took their leave, and the court of the countess became at once solitary and deserted.

(*To be continued.*)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF HAYTI AT THE CONCLUSION OF CHRISTOPHE'S REIGN.

By CHARLES RITTER.

(Concluded from page 96.)

At the moment of Christophe's death, that portion of the island which had been under his dominion was in a state of the most complete anarchy. Furious shouts of *Liberty! Equality!* were every where heard. The insensate Black, who, like many a white *Sansculotte*, combined with the word *égalité* the idea of a perfect equality of property, robbed and plundered in the adjacent country to his heart's content. No laws now kept the wild populace within bounds: all felt themselves free and unrestrained. Christophe's flourishing

plantations were laid waste, the sugar-mills were burned, the magazines and the palace of Sans-Souci plundered and stripped of every thing. A few days afterwards I went thither in the company of some Whites to view the devastations that had been committed, and on this occasion I found in Christophe's apartments several interesting printed papers, which I intend to give to the public in the more circumstantial narrative of my voyage.

Pillage and outrages of every kind continued to be perpetrated without

obstruction: the plantations and dwelling-houses suffered most, and whole herds of horned cattle were driven away from them. Amidst all the apprehensions which these scenes excited in the minds of the few better and more peaceable inhabitants of Cape-Town, the most ludicrous spectacles were frequently occurring. Here, for instance, was seen a half-naked Negro in a splendid hat adorned with feathers and gold tassels; and there stalked another barefoot and barelegged in the elegant gold-laced uniform of a general: here a Black woman of the lowest class trailed at her heels a silk gown with a long train; and there a fellow pulled along an ass, hung round with shawls of various colours, the trophies of successful plunder.

The President Boyer, who had been fully apprised of all that had happened, meanwhile advanced with an army of about fifteen thousand men. Christophe's generals were at first not disposed to submit to his authority. They had all changed their names: the Duke of Marmelade, for example, now commander-in-chief, styled himself General Richard. But before a new government could be formed, Boyer, after publishing a proclamation, declaring that the whole island of Hayti had now but one government and one constitution, entered Cape-Town with great pomp. This chief, a Mulatto, short and slender in stature, received the rudiments of his education in France, and on his return to St. Domingo became secretary to Pethion. Having taken possession of the town, he immediately liberated Madame Christophe and her daughters, who repaired to Port-au-Prince, and embarked for England.

Christophe's generals and officers were extremely dissatisfied with the new order of things; Boyer's arrangements were not to their mind. Aspiring to the supreme authority themselves, they disliked the subordinate station to which circumstances had, to their great mortification, reduced them. Boyer, having, as he believed, restored tranquillity and order, appointed General Maner, a Black, commandant of Cape-Town, and returned to his place of residence, Port-au-Prince. Meanwhile Richard and Romain, another of Christophe's generals, availed themselves of his absence to put in execution a plan which they had secretly formed for their own exaltation; and excited an insurrection of the people, which broke out with the utmost fury on the 27th of February, 1821. Just at this time I was at Gonaives; it was Sunday: a rumour was suddenly raised in the town that all was uproar in the plain of Artibonite, where the Negroes were dispatching all the Whites and people of colour. Luckily this was only a rumour. About noon some Blacks, either wantonly or by preconcerted agreement, fired their pieces in the market-place. The tumult instantly commenced; the country-people fled from the town, leaving behind them all the commodities which they had brought for sale; the men flew to their arms, and every mind was filled with painful suspense. Francisca, the commandant, appeared on horseback with his retinue, and rode through the streets, endeavouring by kind words to reassure the fugitives. "Fear nothing," said he, "it is only a false alarm." Some old Negro-women then returned slowly and timidly towards the market-place,

and peace was restored, till towards evening, when the uproar recommenced. The drums assembled those fond of fighting in the market-place; troops of armed Negroes poured in from all quarters, and surrounded the powder-magazine; Echo repeated the savage cries of the insensate multitude; and every thing announced the renewal of the melancholy scenes which had recently occurred.

After Christophe's death many tradesmen, artisans, and labourers, mostly people of colour, had removed from Port-au-Prince to the northern province, in the hope of improving their circumstances. The commandant, apprehensive for the safety of these people, directed them to take refuge for the ensuing night on board the ships. All the captains of the European vessels at anchor in the harbour sent their boats ashore, to take off such unfortunate persons as needed an asylum, who came laden with their most valued effects, their wives and children, trembling for their lives.

In the African Negro in a state of insurrection nothing human is to be recognised. In the possession of unbridled liberty, unacquainted with every tender feeling of the heart, breathing revenge and panting for blood, he murders with deliberation and pleasure; the groans of the dying are music to his ear, and his bosom heaves with the more pride the more atrocities he commits. Whoever knows his original condition in his native country, where, amid the incessant petty wars carried on by these people, not in defence of their homes, but out of mutual hatred, he grows up in the most savage barbarism, without instruction or education; and his final lot, which dooms him by sale to

the most ignominious slavery—whoever knows all this, I say, will not deem my sketch of his character exaggerated.

With the velocity of the tempest, the infuriated Blacks hastened in troops from the plain of Artibonite, spreading consternation all around them, to surprise the garrison which acknowledged Boyer's authority. — Night had meanwhile come on; the discharge of a cannon gave the signal for the attack. The streets immediately swarmed with Negroes; musket-balls whizzed through the air, and shouts of *Vive le General Richard! Vive le General Romain!* resounded on all sides.

During these scenes I was waiting on the shore for the captain of the Echer, who had staid behind in the town. Tired of waiting in vain so long, and in such perilous circumstances, I ventured to go back once more to my dwelling, to fetch such part of my collections in natural history as had not yet been removed; expecting that on my return I should find the captain on the beach with the boat to take me on board his ship. I reached my house without impediment, but on the way back I was frequently challenged by the sentinels with their *Ca qui la?*—"Who's there?" *Blanc étranger* was my answer; to which they replied, *Passer!* Two Englishmen, who also wished to go on board, joined me, but the danger increased with every step; and the people called to us from all sides in their Creole language, *Tournez, tournez, blanc, ou pas capable passer ci-la.* "Turn back, white man, you will not be allowed to pass."

Prudence now suggested the propriety of relinquishing our design, and providing for our immediate safe-

ty. A few paces before us stood the house of an Englishman, where we took refuge. The owner had armed his black servants, and posted them at the entrance, to defend himself against the attacks of plunderers. Here we passed a night of the most painful suspense.

The resistance of the little garrison left behind by Boyer was unavailing: the troops were obliged to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war. They were embarked with Francisca, the commandant, and sent off to Port-au-Prince. On leaving our retreat in the morning, when tranquillity was restored, we perceived the effects of the atrocities committed during the preceding night. Here was a husband seeking his wife, there parents looking for their children, yonder the ruins of a demolished house. In short, with the exception of the dwellings of the English, not one of the houses inhabited by the new-comers escaped the destroying fury of the insurgents. I now learned that Captain Smart had passed the night in a fort on the beach with his boat and six armed seamen. His ship and all the others in the harbour were crowded with fugitives from the shore. Boyer advanced a second time, once more reduced the whole country, and chastised the ringleaders of the insurrection.

I must add a few words concerning the fate of those artists, artisans, and others, who, in the hope of improving their fortunes, left Europe at Christophe's invitation, and sailed to Hayti. Among these was a Mr. G——, with whom I became acquainted at Cape-Town. He served in the — troops, threw up his commission, and went to Hayti. Christophe as-

signed to him the duty of instructing his raw Negroes in military evolutions. He cheerfully submitted to all the inconveniences which render such a duty almost intolerable in these tropical regions, where the least bodily exercise under a burning sun exhausts the vital powers. He had also to initiate the young prince royal in European tactics. He lived nevertheless in the most uncomfortable manner, and even suffered want, because he never received money, but at the best a few bags of coffee, as a remuneration for his services; and yet he was one of the most highly favoured of those people. As experience had sufficiently taught G—— what he had to expect, he resolved to solicit his dismissal, and to leave Hayti. At first he was amused with promises, nay he was even made to believe that his wish would be complied with, and was preparing in consequence to embark in a Bremen vessel for Europe, when the intoxication of his joy was suddenly changed into the keenest anguish by this message from Christophe: "You shall never leave my island." In vain did he seek an audience of Christophe; and long did he watch with looks of despair the ship which was to have borne him to his beloved country, scudding under full sail over the billows, till she disappeared from his aching sight. Deeply dejected by his disappointment, he soon sickened and died. On the application of the prince royal, his remains were committed to the earth with military honours. When they were about to be lowered into the grave, the soldiers whom he had instructed, snatched from the coffin his hat and sword, which were sold in the town for a high price.

E——, a companion in misfortune of G.'s, was a painter. He was incessantly employed by Christophe in painting portraits, theatrical decorations, apartments, &c. without receiving any recompence for his labour. When his applications for payment grew more urgent than usual, if Christophe happened to be in a good humour, a few bags of coffee were carried to him; but he often met with a peremptory refusal. Dr. Bird, an Englishman, who was also an apothecary, was never paid in money, either for his attendance as a physician or his medicines, but only in coffee.

Christophe did not resort to this convenient mode of payment for want of ready money, for after his death about twenty millions of Spanish dollars were found in his coffers, kept in the citadel Henri. This considerable sum will not appear exaggerated, when it is considered what immense quantities of sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton, cacao, and such like produce of his plantations, he sold annually; what high export and import duties he levied; how he, moreover, oppressed the people, and practised every kind of extortion. A rumour was at the time generally current in Hayti, that he had flattered himself with the notion of being able to purchase with these treasures the recognition of his independence by France.

The artists from Hamburg, of whose talents he directly availed himself, were no better than prisoners at Sans-Souci; not one of them durst leave the place; neither was any White not in his service allowed ac-

cess to them. It would have been considered as a crime, had any of them attempted to send to Europe an account of his situation. Many of them applied in vain for their dismissal, and such as did were watched with Argus-eyes, to deprive them of every opportunity of escaping clandestinely. Thus most of them felt victims to want, or to the climate, or terminated their wretched lives in prison, if they incurred the suspicion of the slightest fault. Such was the reward of Mr. N——, the architect, for many years' important services, because a drawing of the citadel Henri, and a journal in which he had noted the events of his residence in Hayti, were found in his possession. The poor fellow probably flattered himself with the hope, that fortune might some day favour his return to his native country, where the communication of his adventures might operate as a warning to any of his compatriots, who, deluded by brilliant prospects, might feel desirous of emigrating to that island. N—— was seized, and thrown into a loathsome subterraneous dungeon in the little town of Forte-Royale, where he did not long survive, and whither he had been preceded by many other victims of Christophe's cruelty.

President Boyer now governs the portion of the island which Christophe had usurped. He treats both Whites and people of colour with humanity, and even with distinction, and he is on the whole a man of far nobler character than his predecessor.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.

THE dissimulation which had been the governing principle of this monarch's life did not abandon him even in his last moments. He was ill for a long time, and even from the commencement of the malady, he had reason to think that it would be fatal: but his bodily sufferings had no effect upon the powers of his mind; he was still jealous as ever of his authority; skilful and crafty in finding means to preserve and increase it; anxious, even to his last moment, to crush the great, whom he at once feared and hated. Superstitious to an excess which in our days appears almost incredible, and as cruel as he was superstitious, he persisted; so great was his dissimulation, even when he must have been firmly convinced of his approaching fate, in attempting to deceive those around him. It has been justly said of him, that he carried his dissimulation to such a pitch, that had it been possible for a mortal to have deceived the grisly monarch, he would have done it.

In the year 1481, he had many attacks of epilepsy, the violence of which considerably endangered his life. On this occasion he vowed a pilgrimage to St. Claude; which pilgrimage was, however, but a cloak to a political design; for he treated the saints as he did his fellow-mortals, and made vows and promises to them, which he never scrupled to break when he found an opportunity for doing it.

His health, before very bad, grew so much worse after this pilgrimage, that his life was literally a burthen to him. Nevertheless, the thought of

death was so dreadful, that he strove by every means to banish it. Mistrustful even in his days of youth and health, he became still more so as he saw his life draw towards a close. He never stirred abroad without being surrounded by a large body of troops; and he kept, day and night, a sword by his side, though, from his actual feebleness, it would not have been possible for him to defend himself had he been attacked.

At last his fears that he should be assassinated rose to such a height, that he fixed his abode at Plessis les Tours, which seemed to him the sole asylum in which he had a chance of safety.

But even thither, inaccessible as his precautions had rendered it, his fears followed him. Vain fears, which had their source only in his own troubled conscience! He felt that his hand had been against all men, and he naturally expected that the hatred which he must have excited, would have broken out in plots against him. He had his son, the Dauphin, a prince weak in mind and body, brought up in ignorance, and immured him in the château D'Amboise, where he kept him under strict *surveillance*, but without seeing him.

The Dauphin, notwithstanding the weakness of his intellects, was a good son, and a prince of the most amiable and virtuous disposition; but Louis was haunted by continual fears that he would plot against him—terrible but just retribution for his disobedience to his own father, to whom he had been the most unnatural of sons, and whose life he is said to

have attempted: an accusation to which his conduct on the death of Charles VII. gives too much colour of truth; for he liberally rewarded the messenger who brought him the news, and forbade any of his courtiers to appear before him in mourning.

But to return to his retreat at Plessis les Tours, where he led the life of a hermit, not permitting any one, even the princes of his own blood, to appear before him without being sent for. Being obliged to receive the young Dauphiness, the daughter of Maximilian of Flanders, he was so alarmed at the number of persons who composed her train, that he ordered his people to search them before they were admitted into the castle, for fear they should have arms under their clothes.

But will it be believed, that this monster, whose cruelty had rendered him so redoubtable to his subjects, that they avoided the immediate neighbourhood of his castle with as much care as if its very air had breathed pestilence; will it, I say, be believed, that he could find pleasure in sometimes witnessing from his window the rural sports and dances with which the shepherds and shepherdesses amused themselves in the open plain? This innocent enjoyment, perhaps the only one he ever tasted, was, however, always of short duration: a single glance from any of the villagers towards his gloomy castle was sufficient to make him instantly retire from the window, and give orders that the rural sports should be immediately suspended.

However, the more he concealed himself from all eyes, the more he desired to keep the world in igno-

rance of the dangerous state to which he was reduced. He who had been seen even at the most splendid feasts in a habit of the coarsest cloth, with an old hat adorned with a leaden image of the Virgin, now caused himself to be sumptuously dressed, and appeared to be occupied with affairs of state, when his feeble hands could no longer hold the dispatches, which he feigned to read, though his dim eyes were unable to distinguish their contents. He made frequent changes in the great officers of state, and even in his own attendants, saying, that Nature delighted in variety. He sent commissioners to foreign courts to purchase divers fantastic objects for him—mules, hunting-dogs, horses, reindeer, polished armour from Italy, costly furs from the North, and wild beasts from Africa. By an unaccountable caprice, he caused these things to be bought at the most extravagant price; and when they were presented to him, he did not even deign to look at them.

In taking these singular means to make it be believed that his life was in no danger, he did not neglect any steps that might restore him to health. The most efficacious in his opinion was the intercession of the saints: he caused relics to be brought to him from all parts of Europe, for which he paid munificently; had prayers offered up everywhere for his health; sent donations to different churches, and promised largely to continue them if he recovered: but he said at the same time to his familiars, and the words are characteristic of him, "If I do recover, I shall break all these bargains, for it would ruin me to keep them."

There lived at that time in Cala-

bria a pious anchoret, named Francis Mutorel, born at Paula, and afterwards canonized under the name of Saint Francis of Paula. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity; and Louis, hoping that his prayers would restore him to health, wrote with his own hand to beg of him to come to Plessis les Tours. Francis refused for a long time, and only yielded at last to the positive order of the Pope. Louis, who waited with the utmost impatience for his arrival, dispatched courier after courier to hasten him; and as soon as he saw him, threw himself at his feet, saying, "My father, if you will you can heal me."

Francis replied by begging of the king to put no faith in the efficacy of the prayers which he promised to offer for him, but to prepare himself for death, from which in appearance he was not far distant. He repeated this advice frequently afterwards, as Philip de Comines tells us, with an eloquence and piety that might have moved any heart; but it had no effect upon the king. He commanded the prayers for his recovery to be redoubled; and so great was his dread of dying, that he strictly ordered that death should not be mentioned in his presence. "When you think me in danger," said he, "you may tell me: but speak little; I shall know at once what you mean to say."

When his last hour drew near, Oliver le Daim, and Cottier his physician, undertook to apprise him of it; and one of them said to him, in a

rough and abrupt manner, "Sire, you are about to leave this world: have no more hope in the prayers of the hermit, nor in any thing else, for assuredly it is all over with you. Think therefore of your soul, for nothing further can be done for your body." Although he felt himself dying, dissimulation, which seemed in him an instinct, stuck to him to the last; for he replied calmly, "I have still hope that God may restore me, since I am not so ill as you imagine."

Notwithstanding this declaration, he set seriously about preparing for his end. He assembled round his bed the Sire de Beajeu, the Marshal Desqueres, and his daughter, Anne of France, and declared to them his will. He sent afterwards some of his courtiers to the Dauphin, saying to them, "Go, find the king, and serve him faithfully." He told the marshal to forget the design he had formed of taking Calais, and to leave the Duke of Brittany in peace; adding, "It would have been better if I had done so. France has need of some years of peace in her present condition: I alone should have known how to take advantage of the events which I was desirous of bringing about."

If ever death-bed deserved to be surrounded with horrors, it was his: nevertheless, he expired calmly, in the act of uttering a prayer, on the 30th of August, 1483.

MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION.

(From "*Odd Moments, or Time Beguiled*," just published.)

HELEN MACDONALD was of an ancient Scottish family, who prided themselves upon their noble descent,

but were unable to sustain that appearance which had distinguished their ancestors; but if they were de-

ficient in wealth, Alexander Macdonald could boast of children who would yield to none in point of virtue or loveliness. His youngest daughter, Helen, had plighted her faith to a youth of irreproachable character, the only son of Archibald Douglas: for two years she had been his happy wife, and it was not till his regiment was ordered to join the allies in Portugal that she experienced a moment of sorrow. With a light heart were her preparations made to attend her soldier; what but her affection for him could have reconciled her to leave relatives so truly beloved? But while her tears flowed as she received the paternal blessing and the embraces of her sisters, her smiles were renewed when she found herself the sole stay and comfort of her beloved Archibald.

On their arrival in England, Helen, to whom fatigue was new, was unable to contend with it, and a violent fever was the consequence. Archibald, as he hung in breathless anxiety over her, feared that each moment would bereave him of his treasure; the crisis indeed was favourable, but that she could accompany him was now impossible: it was almost death to him to leave her in this precarious state; but when did a Douglas ever desert his post? It was only his representing to her that his character as an officer would otherwise be tarnished that reconciled her to his leaving her. With her father and sisters he committed his Helen, who, when he quitted her, was nearly heart-broken, and, with his regiment, Captain Douglas arrived safe in Lisbon.

The illness of Helen left a debility which for a long time precluded all exertion; but on one

thing alone was her heart fixed, and scarcely had she regained her strength ere she resolved to put it into execution. To join her husband occupied her every thought; to every remonstrance that was urged for the delay of her voyage she was deaf, and it was with some difficulty that they could persuade her to wait until some friends could be found to protect her. Fearlessly did she encounter the perils of a voyage at an inclement season; nor did she dream of danger till a storm, which continued for nearly a fortnight, impressed the bravest heart with fear; at length a favourable breeze carried them into port.

[The lady proceeded with another female, under a similar predicament, to join her husband at the headquarters of the British army in Spain].

The day preceding that on which they expected to accomplish their expedition, they stopped for some hours rest at a small posada, intending to pursue their way in the cool of the evening. Helen remained quietly within; the gentlemen were loitering at the door. Not many minutes had elapsed before an officer rode up; he was immediately recognised and accosted by the new-comers with the question of "What news do you bring us?"—"Our hands are pretty full just now," returned the officer; "skirmishing is the order of the day; we have hitherto fared very well, but we have lost poor Cameron and Douglas." A piercing shriek within instantly attracted them all to the spot, where they discovered the lifeless form of Helen extended on the ground. The name of her husband as having fallen had deprived her of sense, and no efforts could reanimate her; a feeble pulse alone

indicated that life had not fled. The cause of her fainting was soon unraveled; but the beloved of Helen Douglas was still alive, and the officer mentioned belonged to another Scotch regiment.

What was now to be done? Should she recover to sense, it would be almost impossible to convince her that her fears were groundless, and every one agreed that it would be advisable to dispatch a messenger for Captain Douglas. Lieutenant B——, who had so unwittingly inflicted misery, volunteered his services, eager, by his activity, to repair his error. A few hours brought him to Captain Douglas, to whom he related the unfortunate mistake. On the wings of anxiety and love he flew to his beloved wife, who still remained in the same alarming state. "Fear not," said Dr. W——; "symptoms of animation begin to appear; she will not remain long thus unconscious. Let every one quit the room except yourself: when she revives, I need not tell you every caution is requisite; a sudden transition from grief to joy might be fatal to her." Douglas promised to adhere strictly to this injunction, and with a beating heart he took his station by the pillow of his wife, and behind the curtain watched her with intense interest.

Occasional sighs broke from her, and she at length unclosed her eyes; but an air of wildness bespoke her to be still under the influence of the past scene. A faint murmur of his name caused extreme agitation in Douglas; he could not resist the desire of presenting himself to the view of his Helen; and sinking on his knees by the side of the bed, he gently took her hand. She betrayed some emotion at the sight of him. "Ah, my

God!" exclaimed she, "his spirit, faithful even in death, hovers near me, and is come to conduct me to those mansions where he has preceded me. Douglas, beloved Douglas, and let not that form again quit me!" Her eyes were riveted upon him; he feared to trust his voice, but his tears, which flowed incessantly, and the agitation of his manner, gradually awakened her attention, and at last the sound of that voice which had so often cheered and soothed her, dispelled the illusion.

"Dearest Helen," said he, "compose your spirits, no vision is presented to you; your own Archibald, such as you have ever known him, kneels beside you, and renders his grateful thanks to an all-merciful Providence for having restored to him his heart's dearest treasure: your life, our future happiness, depend upon your being perfectly quiet; as you love me, refrain from questions, which will only tend to increase your agitation." He drew her affectionately towards him: the effect was instantaneous, a welcome flood of tears relieved her, and sinking upon his shoulder, she resigned herself to that composure which he had so earnestly desired. A sweet and sound sleep restored her to comparative health, and she was enabled to listen to her husband, while he explained to her the mistake which had caused such confusion.

The name of Douglas is far from uncommon in the Scotch regiments, but the heart of Helen acknowledged but one, and alive to every fear, no wonder that she should have been overcome by the tidings which had reached her ear. Her mind thus relieved from anxiety, she was able to accompany her soldier to his post.

where she continued his comforter and supporter in every danger; her courage rose in proportion to the occasion, and at the battle of——, where Archibald received a severe wound, she displayed that presence of mind which is so essential. He was for some time rendered unfit for service, and they decided upon visiting their beloved Scotland as soon as his wound was sufficiently healed to allow of his travelling. * * * *

* * * * They arrived at the respectable inn of Helen's native village on an evening of peculiar beauty; hearty was the greeting of the landlord, from whom they learned that the house of the Laird Macdonald now echoed with notes of merriment, to celebrate the marriage of the bonny Kate with the young Laird of Glenross.

“Our return, dear Archibald, could not have been better timed; it would afford me the most heartfelt pleasure to surprise them in the midst of their revelry: indulge me, therefore, in the whim which has just entered my head, of assuming our Spanish costume, which is at the top of one of the boxes; in this habit let us witness their happiness; we shall not long remain disguised.”—“I willingly second your plan,” said Archibald: “with your mantilla, guitar, and assumed voice, you have even deceived me.” In a very short time they were transformed into Spanish ballad-sing-

ers; false whiskers and eyebrows disguised the features of Douglas, while those of Helen were nearly concealed by a veil. On their arrival they begged admittance, that they might afford amusement to the company; their request was complied with, and they were ushered into the midst of a large hall filled with relatives and friends, all animated, all happy, and eager to listen and regard two characters of an appearance so novel.

The agitation of Helen became extreme when the venerable countenance of her father met her view, but she roused herself. With her husband she danced the fandango, which she had promised they should one day behold, and with an exquisite pathos she afterwards sang and played a Spanish air, which drew forth rapturous applause. A second was called for, when she began, in the true Scotch accent, to warble forth the beautiful old ballad of “Auld lang syne.” Her voice became tremulous; the laird stepped forward, and Helen, throwing back her veil, rushed into the arms of her father. Let those who are parents, and those who are blessed with parents, partake ideally in the felicity of such a scene; for there was such a confusion of tongues, so many welcomes, such a motley group, all eager to hear and to be heard, that it is impossible to describe it.

THE MAID OF KINSALE.

THE Lord-Deputy Mountjoy and the royal army of England were drawn up before Kinsale against the Spaniards and rebellious adherents of Tyrone in the year 1601, when a peasant, short in stature, and seem-

ingly of middle age, accompanied by a slender youth, applied at an outpost for a safe conduct to Sir Henry Askew. The commanding officer of the post closely interrogated the strangers, and took from them their

only weapons, a long knife, which they had concealed under their cloaks: having written a few lines, he sent the billet with an escort of soldiers to bring the peasants to Sir Henry Askew. They passed through rows of soldiers' tents and battalions under arms to an officer's marquee, where they were announced by the names of O'Donkin and Hamilton. A young gentleman in military uniform met the strangers, read the note presented by a soldier, and dismissed him and his comrades; then turning to O'Donkin, said, "You and your companion appear in the garb of peasants; but Captain Gower informs me, that you have acknowledged yourselves to be of a superior rank. Pray, gentlemen, be seated, and honour me with your commands."

"Can we not see Sir Henry Askew?" said O'Donkin.

"I am to understand, sir, you inquire for my father. His representative will do his best to serve you. My father lies in a soldier's grave since daybreak. He was wounded when our army took up this ground, and lingered till the day before yesterday. Forgive me, gentlemen, for saying so much on my own affairs, while you perhaps have matters of importance to communicate; but your inquiry touched a chord in my heart, which at present vibrates to no other impression."

"Our object in applying here was to obtain the protection of a Protestant army," said O'Donkin. "We have fled from Romish persecution."

"You may rely upon the lord-deputy for redress of wrongs and perfect security," replied Sir Henry Askew.

A number of servants placed dinner and brought camp-stools. Imme-

diately after the entrance of Colonel Waldegrave, Major Stanley, and the Rev. Mr. Holman, Sir Henry invited the strangers to partake of the repast, which he merely tasted, though he did the honours of his hospitable board, and regretted, with much kindness of voice and manner, that the stranger-guests shewed so little appetite. After a few glasses of wine, the colonel, the major, and chaplain withdrew.

When they were gone, Sir Henry again expressed concern that neither the viands nor the liquor seemed to be acceptable to his visitors. In a tremulous voice Mr. Hamilton pleaded fatigue, to account for their moderation at table. Sir Henry said his camp-beds should be made up for them in a few minutes, adding an earnest request that they would consider the tent as their own. Mr. O'Donkin answered that he and his friend were gratefully obliged by this proposal; but that Sir Henry Askew's rank and general acquaintance must preclude the privacy suitable for them, and they would be satisfied with the most humble shelter where they could be retired. Sir Henry replied, he would not intrude upon their confidence, and should with little delay apply to the quartermaster-general for the best accommodation that could be speedily prepared. Mr. Hamilton regretted the trouble they occasioned; but Sir Henry warmly assured him, that the greatest consolation he could receive for the loss of his beloved father would arise from serving to the utmost of his power whomsoever came in a name so revered. "But, gentlemen," continued Sir Henry, "I must now conduct you to our commander-in-chief, Lord Mountjoy. Your names

have been reported in the routine of duty from the several posts through which you proceeded hither; and I will take the liberty of giving such advice as my father would have tendered if he yet lived."

"Would to heaven he yet lived!" ejaculated Mr. Hamilton.

"Brother of my affections!" exclaimed Sir Henry, embracing the young stranger, who shrunk from him with unaccountable trepidation. "Pardon my enthusiasm," said Sir Henry. "I never knew the happiness of fraternal attachments. I am the only offspring of my parents; my mother died three months ago; my feelings are in a state of high and painful excitation since the solemn event of early morn. I have no near relations, and I feel myself attracted to you, my dear youths, by emotions of irresistible sympathy. Some other time I must beg you to tell me where and when you knew my father. Now we must hasten to Lord Mountjoy; and as the first proof of a friendship which I trust will be mutually cherished, I warn you to prepare for a rigid examination. We have had cause to distrust every stranger: though I, for my own part, am so convinced of the rectitude beaming from your ingenuous countenances, that I could place my life in your hands; but Lord Mountjoy must take every precaution against spies, and the least semblance of mystery will subject you to close confinement."

"I have nothing to conceal but what relates to myself," replied Mr. Hamilton. "Yet why conceal that my mother, an English lady, educated me a Protestant, and after the decease of my father, she converted my dear, my only brother to the reformed persuasion? He was but se-

venteen, and I twelve years of age, when our mother died, and we were trepanned into the hands of her paternal uncle, carried to Ireland, and as we refused to abjure our religion, we were torn from each other. I was held under cruel restraint, and to this hour I know not the fate of my brother. I hope that in the bustle of war he has found means to escape, and has met some friend, like Mr. O'Donkin, to whose courage and presence of mind I am indebted for liberation."

"Your simple narrative carries with it the internal evidence of truth," said Sir H. Askew, "and I think it will obviate all suspicion of sinister designs."

"Let us then pay our respects to Lord Mountjoy," said Mr. O'Donkin. "Suspense is more terrible than any evil his lordship will be disposed to inflict upon blameless strangers. A prison cannot appal my young friend, who has long been inured to every restriction the Romish priesthood impose upon them they unjustly call heretics. Whatever may be his doom, I am ready to share it, if we must be harshly treated for throwing ourselves upon the honour and justice of the English; and so I shall tell Lord Mountjoy. Conscious integrity may be bold."

Mr. O'Donkin spoke so impressively to Lord Mountjoy, that his lordship could harbour no suspicion; and on the representation of Sir Henry Askew, he ordered a tent to be erected for the strangers. They were rising to take leave, but a surgeon entering with a report of his department, prevented their farewell compliments to the lord deputy. The name of Hamilton caught the ear of the younger, and after leaving Lord

Mountjoy, he asked if a wounded gentleman of his name was in the camp. "A young hero of your name was severely wounded in the skirmish of advanced posts where my father commanded, and where he received the fatal stroke. His age and description would have led me to infer that he was your brother, if I had not heard him say to my father that he had no brother, but one loved sister had been forcibly separated from him, and he would risk his life to reclaim her from Popish oppression."

"May we be admitted to that gentleman?" said Mr. O'Donkin. "Though Mr. Hamilton is not his brother, he is probably a near relation."

Sir Henry procured access to the wounded Mr. Hamilton. He was immediately recognised by the youth as a near and dear relative. He was in that sad aberration of mind which patients often suffer during the fever attending deep wounds; and the extreme affliction of his boyish namesake, on perceiving his danger, first awakened in the thoughts of Sir Henry Askew a conjecture, which soon amounted to certainty, that the slim stranger was sister to the brave young man whose life had been nearly sacrificed in saving his father from falling a prisoner to the vindictive enemy, when thrown from his horse, after being stunned by the cut of a heavy sabre.

Several incidents, more especially the recoiling modesty and alarm which agitated the slender form he strained to his breast before they waited upon Lord Mountjoy, confirmed this surmise; and his noble nature was moved to love and respect the maid of Kinsale, who, with the courage of a heroine, endured for the

sake of her religion all the rage of intolerant superstition, and escaped from it in attire the most repugnant to her feelings, yet without permitting the least deviation from the delicate proprieties of her sex. He saw her struggling with suppressed emotion, and called the sick-nurse away, as if to ask some questions concerning her charge. He detained her till the surgeon came on his customary visit; and when that gentleman, in reply to Sir H. Askew's inquiries, gave an opinion, that if Mr. Hamilton survived twelve hours he might recover, the strangers entreated for leave to watch beside him till the next morning. Sir Henry's influence obtained for them the desired privilege and every accommodation which the hospital could afford.

In little more than a week Mr. Hamilton was so far recovered as to be removed on board of an English sloop of war. The siege of Kinsale was pushed with vigour, and rumours were afloat that a large army of the insurgents were marching to attack the besiegers. All the sick and wounded were therefore embarked in the shipping, and young Hamilton, with his friend O'Donkin, was allowed a passage with their convalescent friend. Sir Henry Askew gave them letters of introduction to his aunt, a widow lady, residing with her son near Falmouth; and he engaged the captain of the sloop to dispatch an express to that lady as soon as he reached the harbour. At parting, Sir Henry put a sealed note into the hands of the seeming youth, declaring the conviction he had hitherto, from motives of delicacy, confined to his own bosom, and avowing sentiments of the most ardent and

tender esteem. He intrusted to Mr. O'Donkin several letters from Lord Mountjoy, representing the services of the elder Hamilton, and the severities both had undergone for adherence to the Protestant faith.

Kinsale was taken, Tyrone defeated and a prisoner, and the vanquished Spaniards expelled from Ireland, in a few weeks after the inmates of the hospital had landed on the British shores. Sir Henry Askew returned in safety from conflicts, in which, conspicuous for humanity as for valour, he spared and conciliated the deluded Irish who persisted in opposing the victorious forces of Queen Elizabeth. With eager impatience he hastened to his native isle, to see his beloved friend in her own character. The slim diffident boy was transformed into a lovely graceful young woman; and the worthy spinster, Mrs. Kathleen O'Donkin, shed tears of joy, while she laughed at her own masculine metamorphosis. She had been the faithful intimate of Mrs. Hamilton, and with courageous address liberated and disguised her daughter.

In a short time the fair Helen of Kinsale became Lady Askew; Sir Henry and she blessed the events

which produced such a happy *dénouement*; and Lady Askew, grateful to the Overruling Goodness that decreed such a propitious termination of her sufferings, was continually solicitous to prove, that the doctrines of the reformation are supereminently calculated to implant and mature the most exalted Christian virtues. Equally removed from fanatical ostentation, scrupulous formality, and worldly-minded self-indulgence, she lived in a constant and cheerful reference to the Omnipresent, Omniscient Deity. She taught her family, and took every proper occasion to inculcate, that a time must come when religion would be all in all to every rational being; and she exhorted her friends, by timely devotedness to their Creator, to secure the comforts, and to avert the errors of religion. Hers was genuine piety of the heart. She was the charm of domestic life, the ornament of society; enjoying the present world in moderation, she did not forget the world to come. Diffusing happiness to all around her, she lived in the truest relish of temporal blessings, and expired in a triumphant hope of never-ending felicity.

B. G.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

FREDERIC WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

THIS king was such an enemy to French fashions, that, to the extreme mortification of the great, who always regulated their appearance by the newest gala-dress of the French ambassador, he caused clothes made in that style to be carried about by the army-provosts, who were then

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

held as infamous as the public executioners.

The same monarch had a remarkable partiality for tall men, and spared no expense to procure them for the regiments of his guards: some of these received a bounty of from five to ten thousand dollars, and very high pay afterwards. Persons pos-

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sessing this qualification were collected from every quarter, as well from the Highlands of Scotland as from the cells of Italian convents. Big Joseph, as he was called, was obtained by a bounty of five thousand florins, and fifteen hundred dollars were paid to the monastery to which he belonged, to prevent his being pursued. The Privy-Counsellor, Von Bork, sent from England a flugleman, named James Kirkland: an account yet extant shews, that in bounty-money and travelling and other charges he went to an expense of 1266*l.* sterling to secure him.

Frederic had also a particular predilection for the Dutch. His domestic arrangements were completely in the Dutch style; the keepers of his palaces were Dutchmen, and his apartments were decorated with pictures by Dutch masters. He was himself an artist, and painted in their style, especially when obliged by the gout to keep his bed: for this reason there is still to be seen a picture by him, with this inscription, "Fr. Will. *in tormentis pinxit.*" He once remarked, "Had I remained with King William (William III. of England, Stadtholder of the United Provinces), he would certainly have made a great man of me."

MATRIMONIAL DIVINATION.

At Chartres, in France, the young people of both sexes have the following method of discovering the persons whom they are destined to marry: Exactly at twelve o'clock in the night between the last day of February and the first of March, they rise from their beds, and while the clock is striking, they step three paces forward, pronouncing words to this effect:

Good day, March, from March to March,
Let me in my slumber see
Him (or her) who awake my spouse shall be!

They then step three steps backward, lie down again, go to sleep, and the person of the other sex of whom they dream is to be their husband or wife.

A HEROINE OF THE CAMP.

Colonel Stewart, in his *Sketches of the Highland Character*, makes mention of a female "who had long been a follower of the camp, and had acquired some of its manners. Good and useful as a nurse in quarters, she was bold and fearless in the field. When the arrangements were made previously to the attack on the Vizie (St. Vincent's), on the 10th of June, I directed that her husband, who was in my company, should remain to take charge of the soldiers' knapsacks, which they had thrown off, to be light in the advance up the hill, as I did not wish to expose him to danger on account of his wife and family. He obeyed his orders—but his wife, supposing she was not included, pushed forward to the assault. When the enemy were driven from the third redoubt, I was giving some directions to the men, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round, I saw my Amazonian friend with her clothes tucked up to her knees. Seizing my hand, she exclaimed, 'Well done, my Highland lads! See how the brigands scamper like deer! Come let's drive them from yonder hill.' On inquiry, I found that she had been in the hottest fire, cheering and animating the men; and when the action was over, she was as active as any of the surgeons in assisting the wounded."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Selection of French Melodies; the Introductions and Accompaniments by Mademoiselle Jams of the *Conservatoire Royal, Paris*; *the Poetry* by Eugenius Roche, Esq. No. I.—(Welsh and Hawes, Royal Harmonic Institution.)

MR. R. is somewhat enthusiastic in his praise of French music, when, in the preface, he maintains that “the melodies of France, more successful than her armies, have invaded and subjugated our land. They are sighed in the boudoir, smuggled upon the stage; they double our elasticity in the ball-room, and, as we walk the streets, mingle with the very air we breathe.” We are willing to grant that our neighbours across the Channel possess a facility, and not unfrequently display a certain degree of felicity, in devising *vaudevilles* and other pretty and often truly interesting airs of small calibre. There is pleasant small-talk in their music as in their language. We will allow that some of our fashionable belles, on returning from the *Chaussée d’Antin*, may be inclined to “astonish the natives” with a “Portrait charmant,” or “C’est l’amour,” as willingly as with a *blouse bouillonnée*, *corsage champêtre*, or *câpote à la Byron*. Nor can we gainsay the pilfering propensity of our musical adapters, arrangers, and selectors, when working against time, to rake out crotchets and quavers for “operatic dramas;” but their petty larcenies are not confined to French property, however handier it may be to go to a near neighbour. The poor Germans and the Italians and the Spaniards are fleeced as unmercifully. The Esquimaux and Ashantees would come

in for a plucking, if they had publishers. Who would work, when borrowing without leave—not to use ugly words—serves just as well? And as to the preponderance of French tunes in the ball-room, if fashion will have it that we should skip French dances, it is but natural and civil that the *chassez* and *balancez* should be made to French tunes, in the same manner as we waltz to German airs, and do Spanish dances to Castilian and Andalusian melodies.

We have heard enough of French music at the fountain-head to adhere mainly to Rousseau’s creed. The language itself, as Mr. Roche seems to feel, labours under great insusceptibilities for music. The endless *e*’s mute, the nasal *n*’s, the whistling *u*’s, the diphthongs, the violence inflicted upon accent, and many other peculiarities, will ever present almost insuperable difficulties to the composer as well as the singer of French vocal music of serious or exalted import. Similar reasons, as far as the mechanism of language is concerned—for there are probably other causes more substantial—may be assigned for the deficiency of the French in the epic poem, and, generally, in poetry of the higher order. We may be unfavourably biassed, but we candidly own, that even Talma’s delivery of the best lines of Racine or Corneille is far from causing with us emotions equal to those we feel at a correct and impressive recitation of parallel passages from English, Italian, and German authors.

But to return to French vocal music: we are not insensible of the claims of Gretry and Dalairac, and, to a certain degree, of Mehul, Boy-

eldieu, and Della Maria. These composers, after forming themselves upon Italian models, have more or less had considerable success in airs of a tender or a lively import. Their best melodies, however, will be found to be upon the whole of a lighter cast; and few, if any, of the works of these composers can be said to be of what their countrymen call the *grand genre*, the pathetic, the lofty, the sublime. At all events they fall far short of the serious compositions of their contemporaries in Italy and Germany, a Piccini, Sacchini, Salieri, &c.; a Gluck, Mozart, &c.

In thus qualifying Mr. Roche's unbounded panegyric on French music, we have in a great measure defined the limits within which we should feel disposed to award praise to the lyric compositions of France. In airs of the lightsome, the lively, the tender, and sometimes the martial kind, the bards of that country must be allowed to have been sufficiently happy to attract and deserve the notice of other nations; and this admission is quite enough amply to justify Mr. R.'s undertaking, which is precisely devoted to selections from that region of the musical Parnassus of France which has enjoyed the best cultivation, and produced not only the best but altogether fair and delicate flowerets; not the fragrant rose, the proud tulip, or the sombre passion-flower, but the gay pink, the prim buttercup, the pretty daisy, the modest violet, &c.

In perambulating this flowery field, Mr. R. has neither stooped to weeds, nor culled at random what came first in his way; he has brought home a very interesting and well-chosen collection of varied specimens, and he has had the judgment and good for-

tune to consign his harvest to fair hands, whose skill and taste in assorting and arranging and tying them up into an elegant nosegay, are too conspicuous and deserving of praise to suffer our applause to be diverted by a knot or two, apparently accidental.

To drop parable, the melodies, twelve in number, which form the present and first *livraison* of Mr. R.'s collection, are chosen with taste and judgment from the best French lyric productions of various authors and periods. The musical arrangement, either of the instrumental introductions or accompaniments, or of the vocal parts where the air has been exhibited as duet or glee, is, with one or two slight exceptions, not only satisfactory, but often eminently characteristic, skilful, and imaginative, far, *far* above any female effort of this description that has ever come under our notice. We have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Jams's masterly performance on the piano-forte, but we little thought that our admiration was fixed on a lady gifted with the taste and the theoretical knowledge which the arrangement of these melodies required, and so eminently displays.

On the poetry it is not absolutely our province to comment, nor do we presume to offer ourselves as critical judges. All we can and ought to say is, that, in neatness of thought, select diction, and metrical softness, these specimens of Mr. R.'s Muse appear to us to distinguish themselves most favourably. The subjects, of course, are various: love naturally predominates; and in such lays the author has been particularly successful, some of his efforts reminding us strongly of Mr. T. Moore's Muse:

friendship and moral sentiments in general have likewise their strains assigned to them; and patriotism and loyalty are not left unsung. Even our monarch's visits to France and Ireland have inspired Mr. R.'s pen.

Between the poet and the fair harmonist there lay an intermediate office, of the discharge of which no information is given. It is the assorting the text to the music. This duty, upon the whole, has been satisfactorily executed; we therefore do not feel called upon to advert to a few trivial imperfections, metrical and rhythmical. We may also add an observation on the disadvantageous effect of allotting *one* musical period to two lines of text, each appertaining to rhyme, which latter is thus neutralized.

The work is brought out with every attraction of typographical elegance. Paper, musical engraving, and letterpress are excellent; and there are two lithographic prints, one of which, "The Spell," exhibits some genial grouping of aerial spirits, and a degree of freedom and originality of attitude highly creditable to the artist, Mr. J. Porter. We wish it had been in front, instead of "Henry IV." which the addition of Mr. P.'s name alone could persuade us to have proceeded from the same hands. We ought to add, that six numbers, of which the present is the first, are intended to complete the first volume of the collection.

A second Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, from the "Pietro l'Eremita" of Rossini, adapted, and inscribed to Mesdemoiselles Gifford, by S. Webbe. Pr. 4s.—(Eavestaff, Russell-street, Bloomsbury).

This is the beautiful duet—or ra-

ther scena—for the vocal duet consists of three considerable pieces—in Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, which fell to the share of Madame Camporese and Signor Curioni, and formed one of the great attractions in the opera, especially the concluding and highly original march movement. Better and more brilliant operatic materials for a piano-forte duet it would be difficult to point out, nor would we wish them to have been in better hands. Mr. Webbe's arrangement is excellent, and in no way intricate; the key of A three sharps having been changed to G major, whereby facility has been promoted, but brilliancy unquestionably lessened. Mr. W.'s good sense in marking the tempos metronomically claims our notice. It is utterly impossible to guess the time of such music, and guess-work it would be with the mere direction of the usual Italian terms.

The Cabinet for the Spanish Guitar, containing the most admired vocal and instrumental Pieces; many of them composed expressly for this Work, and others adapted from the Works of eminent foreign Composers. Nos. 1. 2. 3. and 4. Pr. 1s. each—(W. Eavestaff.)

Not playing the guitar, we cannot take upon ourselves to pronounce upon the composition and adaptation of the pieces *with reference to the instrument*; but on this score, the names of such professors as Carulli, Giuliani, &c. afford ample security. Each number contains two or three instrumental tunes, and one air for the voice, with accompaniment; all most correctly and tastefully set, and the greater part bearing the names of authors of eminence. We should, therefore, conceive this to be a most

welcome manual to guitar-players. Its form is convenient, its typography very neat, and the price of one shilling per number extremely moderate.

A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. Eavestaff; the words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. No. I. Pr. 3s. —(W. Eavestaff, Russell-street, Bloomsbury).

Five further numbers, one to appear every two months, and to contain, like this, three airs, are to complete the collection. Mr. Bellamy, the author of the English words, informs us, in a very modest notice, that he preferred writing new texts to the translating of the French poetry; and we fully acquiesce in his reasons. The public has probably been the gainer by his determination, and, as far as our opinion goes, we think he will not want encouragement to proceed in the task.

The three airs contained in this number charm more by their interesting simplicity, than by any strong points of melodic expression or marked modulation. One is entirely constructed with three notes, tonic, second, and third; an attempt made by several composers, including J. J. Rousseau in his *Devin du Village*. In such plain fare, the sauce must do the most: Mr. E. has therefore taken care to season the accompaniment accordingly, and, we must add, effectively. The same air is also set as a glee for two sopranos and bass, and it thus forms a pleasing and easy vocal trio; but we have considerable objection against the second overtopping the first part during the whole of the commencing period, however common the practice may be. There always appears to us a degree of ul-

tra sweetness, a sort of trifling in the effect: besides, the melody becomes instantly altered, inasmuch as the part that chances to be uppermost will naturally usurp melodic predominance.

The accompaniments are effective, in good taste, and free from difficulty; and the book is got up with much neatness, and at a reasonable rate. The continuation of the work, therefore, cannot fail to meet with encouragement.

Fantasia Brillante for the Flute and Piano-forte, introducing the favourite Bridemaids' Song with Variations, and the admired Cavatina in Weber's celebrated Opera "Der Freyschütz," composed, and dedicated to the Rev. H. G. Keene, East India College, Herts, by C. N. Weiss. Op. 77. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(T. Lindsay, Regent-street).

"Vive le Roi," ou "God save the King," en Fantaisie et Variations pour la Flute, avec Accompagnement de Piano-forte ou Harpe, composé, et humblement dédié à la Famille Royale, &c. par C. N. Weiss. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(T. Lindsay).

Essentially flute music; the piano-forte part acting generally as an accompaniment, and exclusively so in "God save the King."

The contents of the fantasia are fully stated in the title; there is also a neat introduction, apparently of Mr. W.'s composition. The variations to the "Bridemaids' Song" are in good style, without inflicting on the performer the toil of insuperable difficulties; and the cavatina tells particularly well on the flute.

"God save the King" has six variations, with coda, which can only

be intrusted to a very matured flute-player, except it be for practice. We should term them *Variazioni di bravura*. In proper hands they will meet with abundance of applause, for every thing has been done for them that cultivated taste, luxuriant imagination, and the highest reach of professional skill could possibly suggest. We wonder Mr. W. did not follow the example of some modern composers, by throwing a little variety into the tuttis which terminate each variation.

"*La petite Ecossoise*," *Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Gordon*, by James Calkin. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay).

Six or seven variations, with coda, upon a popular and very suitable Scotch melody, which is cast into a variety of measure and movement, polonaise, march, minuet, &c. with a great deal of ingenuity, compositorial tact, and good taste. As the variations are not difficult, the foregoing advantages will not fail to procure them the circulation they merit.

"*Pale the moonbeam shone*," *Song written by T. G. Smith, Esq.; the Music by John Purkis, dedicated to Admiral Sir William Sydney Smith, &c.* Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll).

Great as is the number of Mr. Purkis's publications that have come under our notice, we do not at this moment recollect to have met with a secular vocal composition from his pen. The present song is therefore the more welcome, as it presents us with touches of deep pathos, select expression, and skilful harmonic treatment, which raise it greatly beyond the standard of songs generally consigned to the press of the present day, and demand a singer of some

experience and susceptible of corresponding feelings. We hope Mr. P. will continue to cultivate the lyric Muse, in which case a greater degree of regular cantilena may be recommended, although in the present song, impassioned and pathetic as the text is, the strong proportion of recitative and declamatory passages is not without its plea.

Select French Romances for the Piano-forte, No. X. by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll).

Select Italian Airs, No. IX. for the Piano-forte, by Do. Pr. 2s.—(Do.)

Two favourite Airs, selected from Weber's popular Melodrama "Der Freyschütz," arranged for the Piano-forte, by S. Poole. No. III. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll).

Continuations of collections more or less frequently brought under the reader's notice with commendation on our part. The first piece propounds a sweet French air, "*La Suisse au bord du lac*," upon which a few good variations have been devised, demanding a fair degree of proficiency.

For the ninth number of his Italian airs, Mr. R. has taken Rossini's "*Fiera guerra mi sento nel seno*," and made an interesting and lively lesson of four or five pages. It should be played with rapidity. Why not metronomize these things?

Of Mr. Poole's "two" *Freyschütz* airs, we make *three*; the march, the duet, originally in A major, between—whom shall we say, as the characters have been rechristened at every house?—Agathe and Aennchen according to the original; and the polacca with the laughing chorus.—The arrangement is simple, but not inefficient, and may therefore be recom-

mended even to the junior classes of players.

Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony, No. VII. adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.; with Accompaniments, 6s. —(Hodsoll).

Haydn's celebrated Sinfonia "London" as a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-forte, arranged by M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 6s.—(Royal Harmonic Institution).

Of the arrangement of Mozart's symphony, we can only repeat what we have said on many similar labours of Mr. Rimbault. It is as it should

be; indeed, in the present instance, we might confidently go further, and state, that this is one of the best and most careful adaptations among the host which have occupied that gentleman's pen.

Mr. M'Murdie's publication of the above well-known and favourite symphony of Haydn as a duet will be well received. The compression of the score has been performed with his usual good judgment. The staves are far from being crowded, and yet all that can be termed essential in the effect has been preserved. On this account, players of moderate experience may satisfactorily undertake the execution.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opening Exhibition at the British Institution for the present year consists of a miscellaneous collection of the works of British artists. The subjects selected by our artists are more various than we remember to have seen in this gallery at any former period; and on that account at least, if not upon a higher one, the Exhibition possesses considerable attraction, and displays a creditable example of well-directed assiduity and industry, to the steady exercise of which, we have the high authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that nothing is denied in art.

In the historical part of the Exhibition, which is this year full, in consequence of the patriotic notification from the directors, that a prize is intended to be given for the best picture of the *Battle of Trafalgar*,

we have little to notice beyond the repetition of the works. It requires the very highest efforts of the graphic art to awaken us, by any palpable representation, to that admiration of heroic achievements, which the association of ideas previously furnishes to the mind upon the bare recital of the events intended to be commemorated. The inspiration of poetry in awakening enthusiasm in this respect much exceeds the sister art, and breathes, from the sublime pathos of the *Iliad* down to the poetical illustrations of our own times, those enkindling emotions, from the description of glorious deeds, which painting is, in anything like the same degree, inadequate to excite or express. Perhaps it is this comparative inadequacy of art which dooms us to behold with feeble excitement

so many pictures descriptive of the *Death of Nelson*, though an event, which, from infancy to age, has, when told or read in our domestic circles, awakened our tenderest as well as most exalted sentiments.

The interest which we vainly seek in this higher department of art is, however, supplied in the relative degrees of the other branches of the Exhibition: the landscapes are numerous, and in general well executed; the poetical and familiar subjects are skilfully depicted; and in the arts of design, in the inventive faculty of conceiving their subject, we are glad to see a manifest improvement in the works of our students.

Several of the members of the Royal Academy (we wish they were more numerous) have contributed to this Exhibition; and we will not absolutely quarrel with the repetition in the gallery in Pall-Mall, of exhibiting over again what we have already seen in Somerset-House; though we would wish it otherwise, for the sake of the arts as well as their professors: indeed we cannot very well call upon our artists to paint new pictures, whilst any considerable part of the old stock remains on view in their private galleries. Amongst the Royal Academicians who have exhibited pictures in this year's Exhibition at the British Institution, are, Mr. Arnald, Mr. Etty, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Jones, Mr. Ph. Reinagle, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Shee, Messrs. Westalls, and Mr. Baily.

Amongst these, Mr. Etty appears in rather the most conspicuous light: he has some small sketches, which are pretty enough so far as they go, but his principal picture is,

Pandora crowned by the Seasons: from Hesiod.—Wm. Etty, A.

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

Our classic readers will recollect the subject, which is from one of the most poetical fables of the Greek mythology. Pandora, when she had been formed as a statue by Vulcan (whose forge was very prolific in such metamorphoses), and afterwards animated, was instructed in the arts of love by Venus, and being endowed by the gods with her fatal present, was sent to Epimetheus. From this fable the artist has composed a very beautiful group, and invested the figures with the ærial lightness and graceful buoyancy of the poetical character, illumined with such glowing and exquisite tints of colouring as we suppose are reflected from that dazzling source which

“Gilds the courts of heaven with sacred light.”

This picture has been purchased by the president of the Royal Academy.

An Infant Bacchus.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

A good poetical illustration of this artist's powers; the figure well formed; the back-ground rich, with some beautiful tints of colouring.

Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen on the Morning of his Resurrection. *St. John*, chap. xx. verses 16, 17.—R. Westall, R. A.

This sublime subject has been almost exhausted in every age of art. In this work there is a good deal of the dignity of historical character, although the principal figure inclines forward rather ungracefully in rejecting the submissive approach of Mary: there is, however, a grandeur of effect in the back-ground landscape, which greatly assists the subject.

Scene in Knole Park.—H. Howard, R. A.

A A

A very pleasing landscape, delicately finished, and a good example of the various powers to which Mr. Howard can devote his pencil.

The Oriental Love-Letter.—H. W. Pickersgill, A. R. A.

“By all these token-flowers that tell
What works can never spell.”

This clever picture is taken from Lord Byron's sprightly sonnet, “Maid of Athens, ere we part,” of which it is a suitable illustration. This lady's signal to her lover is neither a *pebble* nor a *cinder*, but the gayer and more elegant symbol of a *bouquet*, which means, according to the illustrious poet's definition of the mythology of Eastern love, “Take me and fly.” There is a softness and delicacy of expression in the figure, which, even without the rose-bunch, would convey the languishing invitation, with which the pure and transparent colouring finely corresponds. *The Burial of Christ.*—James Northcote, R. A.

Mr. Northcote is long known as a good historical painter, and this picture sustains his long-established character.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril pulling Major Bridgenorth off his Horse.—A. Cooper, R. A.

A good example of this artist's spirit and skill in animal-painting. Besides the general merit of the work, there is much pains taken in the details, and some sprightly colouring.

The welcome Passenger, a Scene in Bristol Harbour.—G. Jones, R. A.

There is a pleasing variety in this picture, which cannot fail to be generally attractive; the happy recognition of the welcome passenger in the boat, the richness of the architectural back-ground, the agreeable

and contrasted tone of colouring, and skilful perspective, display so many advantageous proofs of the artist's taste and power of execution, that we cannot but admire his picture.

Mr. Drummond's poetical subject, Mr. Jackson's *Study from Nature*, Mr. Ph. Reinagle's *Landscape with Figures (Morning)*, Mr. Garrard's *Three Wild Beasts*, Mr. Daniell's romantic landscapes, and Mr. Westall's Oriental views, are, respectively, fair specimens of the talents of these distinguished members of the Royal Academy, some of whom have also contributed to the paintings of naval actions, which are put in for the prize promised by the directors.

Mr. Singleton has been this year very assiduous: he has nine pictures in this Exhibition; they are principally from the most striking comic scenes in our standard dramatic writers, and are in general well conceived, and executed with spirited effect. We select one or two at random.

Olivia, Maria, and Malvolio.—H. Singleton.

Malv. Sweet lady, ho, ho!

Oliv. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Twelfth Night, Act iii. Scene 4.

Into the expression of these three figures the artist has thrown a good deal of character; the fantastic smile of *Malvolio* is very expressive; and the sweetly mixed glance, affecting “sad and merry madness,” of *Olivia*, is also in good keeping. The *Dispute between Falstaff and Pistol*, in the interesting scene in the second part of *Henry IV.* is also excellent, and the richly comic humour of the subject well preserved by the artist. This subject has been too often caricatured: in the present picture the poet's description is well conveyed,

without "o'erstepping the modesty of nature." The executive parts of the work, the drawing of the principal figures, and colouring, are creditable to Mr. Singleton's acquisitions.

The Hypochondriac.—G. S. Newton.

An old but always amusing subject, when depicted with the proper accessories for pictorial effect. A young man, in the bloom of health, is suddenly seized with nervous depression; he rings the bell, feels his pulse fluttered by his own imaginary excitement, and before him lie the scattered medical books, in which those who pry cannot fail to find the seeds of all the disorders to which "flesh is heir to:" the laughable dismay of his features, the sudden change of his occupation, from dumb-bells and fencing-foils, to a sedentary expression of woe, have a very risible effect. There is a stiffness in the figure which does not exactly correspond with that relaxation which is the invariable concomitant of hypochondriasm, but more resembles the rigidity of real muscular disorganization. The picture is, however, on the whole well composed, and shews considerable comic humour.

Sketch of the Coronation.—F. Nash.

Every thing appertaining to this glorious event deserves record; and Mr. Nash has been assiduous in giving the more prominent views of that auspicious event. His knowledge of perspective peculiarly fitted him for the task, when, from the nature of the architectural arrangements, skill in that branch of art was an indispensable qualification: this is the principal merit of the small picture before us.

The Earl of Leicester's Visit to Amy Robsart at Cumnor-Place.
—H. Fradelle.

"But this other fair collar, so richly wrought with some jewel, like a sheep hung by the needle attached to it; what, said the countess, does that emblem signify?"—See *Kenilworth*, by the Author of *Waverley*, vol. i. p. 149.

This is a very beautiful picture, and perhaps the best ever executed by this artist; it is certainly at once the simplest and the best which has been painted from the rich and fertile mine of subjects furnished to our artists by the "great unknown," the hyperbolical *cognomen* assigned to Sir Walter Scott. It is an exquisite illustration of the high wrought description in the novel, of the interview between the accomplished and ambitious Leicester and the unfortunate object of his conjugal love. Gibbon somewhere says, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that the elevation to the purple was at one time the immediate passage to the tomb; and so it frequently is, as this story illustrates, with equivocal and romantic alliances. The artist has effectually sustained the gorgeous description of the poet, in the portly stature and commanding mien of the proud peer, the beauty and tenderness of his unacknowledged consort, the magnificence of the dresses, and corresponding decorations of the chamber. In all these, Mr. Fradelle maintains his wonted taste and happy execution. Who can behold this fine representation of an interesting historic scene (which ought to be multiplied in engravings), without a pang of abhorrence and pity, at seeing in the noble port of the peer, the gloom of an assassin, and in the beauty and tenderness of

a lovely woman, an unsuspecting victim?

Othello relating the History of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona.—By the same Artist.

This picture, taken from the first act of Shakspeare's play, in which Desdemona is represented to listen with such attention to the Moor's description of his campaigns, is also a clever representation of character, as well as of skill and taste in colouring. There is something simple and unaffectedly graceful in the attitude and expression of Othello; and the warm and subdued interest evinced by Desdemona is highly characteristic: the purple cloak behind Othello's chair gives a rich and splendid relief to the paler colours of the dress of the figure; and the sparkling hues of the drapery and decorations are in general well distributed throughout the picture.

The Pet Rabbit.—Miss Beaumont. A pleasing specimen of this lady's taste: the simple and pretty expression of the child is excellent, and the little object of her playful care well painted. This lady's *Sketch from the Steyne, Brighton*, is also very pretty.

Head of an old Woman—A Study from one of Paul Jones's Crew.—F. Y. Hurlstone.

These works are remarkably well executed, and appear to have been carefully studied from the school of Rembrandt: the imitation of nature is close, perhaps to an extreme; but there is a strength of characteristic expression, even to minute details, without interfering with the general effect, which is in good keeping.

An Enchanted Island.—F. Danby.

We have here a singular picture, entirely drawn from the imagination,

and therefore enabling the artist to indulge a vein peculiarly his own. A sheet of water, with craggy and precipitous boundaries, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, ebbs from the golden sands which fill the foreground of the picture. In this cool region lies the enchanted island, as well as we can see it through the subduing mist with which the artist has encompassed his picture. There is a good deal of credit due to Mr. Danby for his conception and execution of this subject: being a work of imagination, he could indulge, and he has indulged, his own fancy in the region of enchantment. We are not wizards enough to follow him thither for a closer examination of his work, not knowing the canons of criticism which rule the wand of the seer; but in the dispersion of his lights, in addition to the other merits we have enumerated, we see enough to admire in his picture.

A View in Westmoreland (Morning)—Mrs. John White, is a very clever landscape, and the romantic scenery of Westmoreland well depicted.

Viola, Twelfth Night.—John Boaden.

This picture is a correct representation of our interesting Viola; the figure is very pretty and delicately coloured.

The Shepherd's Visit.—A. Fraser.

A lively and natural delineation of a simple occurrence, painted in an unaffected manner.

Landscape, under the Effect of Moon and Fire Light.—T. C. Hofland.

We always admire the peculiar skill with which this artist produces a solemn and striking effect, by a combination and contrast, as it suits his purpose, of masses of colouring;

and this picture possesses that merit in a very high degree. In a milder style of composition is his *Killin and the Burial-Place of the M'Nabs at the Head of Loch Tay, in the Highlands of Scotland*; the tone of colouring of which is very well adapted to this class of landscapes. Mr. Hosland has five or six pictures in the present Exhibition, and they are all well painted.

The Bandit in Concealment.—C. L. Eastlake.

This is not so good a picture as we have seen upon a similar subject in the Royal Academy: it has the same Italian character, much of the same merit of execution, but not similar energy in the composition. His *Roman Head* is a good profile, and well coloured. His *Champion* is, however, a very superior production, and in that he rallies appropriately enough his wonted energy. It is quite a redeeming picture for many careless and subordinate defects.

Private Theatricals, or a Peep into the Green-Room.—Jas. Ramsay.

This sketch has a good deal of comic humour in the composition.

The Poacher.—Edwin Landseer.

This is a small and well-finished picture of a fox, vainly engaged in watching a bird. In execution it has all the truth of nature.

Edward III. Queen Isabella, and Mortimer Earl of March.—H. P. Briggs.

This historical picture, descriptive of the treatment of the "gentle Mortimer" by Edward, is well painted, but has been before exhibited.

A View of London from the River, looking towards Blackfriars Bridge.—Charles Deane,

has also we believe been before ex-

hibited: it is a good picture, and will be admired as often as it is seen.

Retirement.—E. D. Leahy.

"Warm in her cheek the sultry season
glowed,
And robed in loose array, she came to bathe."

This is a very pleasing composition, by a clever young artist, and breathes the sentiment of the poet. The *Fortune-Telling* is also very good.

The Morning Lecture, or late Hours Reproved.—T. Clater.

The serious glance of the good housewife; the good-humoured countenance, endeavouring by that inviting expression to turn aside the lecture; the general appearance of the breakfast, delayed until it has become cold; and the crouched attitude of the dog, who does not seem insensible to the parlour scene, shew that the artist can take a quick glance at character, and embody it felicitously with his pencil.

The Review.—Robert Farrier.

A comic representation of young folks mimicking military movements, with the awkwardness peculiar to such juvenile feats. The boyish expression of the figures is excellent, and the drawing and colouring unobjectionable.

The Discovery.—W. Watts.

A good peep at the sly interview of the poor girl with her military lover; her shame at the detected glove, and the sternness of the paternal admonition, contrasted with the ludicrous situation of the unobserved soldier, give a good idea of the artist's composition, and the drawing has corresponding excellence.

Ulswater.—Wm. Glover.

An agreeable specimen of Mr. Glover's style of painting: the water

is quite transparent, and the mountain scenery picturesque.

The Triumph of Rubens.—F. P. Stephanoff.

A brilliant example of this artist's rich and glowing style of colouring. *Hudibras and the Widow.*—John Cawse.

This picture is a humorous representation of one of the best scenes in our celebrated poem: it is full of characteristic spirit and archness.

David and Bathsheba reproved by Nathan.—Jas. and Geo. Foggo.

A large historical picture, well conceived, but possessing some crudities in the drawing and colouring of some of its parts.

We have not space for further notice of this Exhibition. Amongst other works, to which we can only devote a glance, are, Mr. F. Watts'

Landscapes; Mr. R. T. Bone's *Sparkling Rills*; Miss Gouldsmith's very pleasing *Sketches*, and Mr. Stewardson's *Protection*. We are compelled, from the number of the works and limit of our space, to overlook in this notice many productions which do credit to the British school, and will soon place the artists to whom they belong in that station which their industry and talents deserve.

There are only six or seven works in sculpture: these are, a *Pandora* by William Pitts; *Hector and Andromache*, and a *Theseus*, by E. Physick; a beautiful group, *Affection*, by E. H. Bailey, R. A.; *Studies of Heads*, by S. Henning; *A Nymph*, by C. Moore; *Model of a Horse*, by R. Henderson; and a *Bacchante*, by R. W. Sievier.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

CORAL-colour *gros de Naples* high dress: the *corsage* made to the shape in front, with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist behind: the sleeve *en gigot*, that is, very large at the top, and confined towards the wrist with five corded bands; each about half an inch in breadth; as the sleeves finish at the wrist, cuffs are requisite, which are usually of embroidered French cambric, of the same pattern as the *colletette*. The front of the *corsage* has a fancy bow in the centre, and three more are placed at equal distances down the front of the skirt: on each side are two bias tucks of the same material as the dress, edged on one side with

a narrow satin cord; they approximate at the waist, extend to the shoulder and towards the feet, where they turn off circularly to trim the bottom of the dress; wadded hem beneath. Hat of coral *gros de Naples*; brim broad and circular in front, but much shallower behind; the crown large and projecting forward, composed of six divisions, the points meeting in the centre at the top; a bouquet of fancy flowers on the right side: strings inside the brim. Hyacinthine or deep blue silk mantle, lined with ermine, and trimmed round the bottom with a deep border of the same. Shoes of blue Morocco. Light yellow kid gloves.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of pale pink gauze, or *crêpe lisse*, over a white satin slip: the *corsage à la soubrette*, being made to the shape, and laced with pink cord both in the front and back, with an angular drapery edged with white satin; the points brought to the centre, and extending half way down the *corsage*, which is straight across the bust, and very low on the shoulders: the waist is finished with straps, that in the centre being the widest, and bound with pink satin. The sleeve is extremely short and full, and supported with six shaded pink satin rouleaus, formed into a loop and ring, the latter half concealed in the *bouillonnée* of the sleeve. The bottom of the dress is trimmed to correspond, having a very full and deep *bouillonnée*, surmounted by full-blown pale China roses united by green leaves; from each rose a shaded pink satin rouleau extends over the *bouillonnée*, and is fastened through the rings, which are arranged at regular distances, and rest on the wadded hem beneath. The hair is parted on the forehead, and in large curls, intermixed with bows or *nœuds* of pink and hair-colour *crêpe lisse*; with primroses and poppy-anemones. A very elegant necklace of emeralds, with a brilliant star, or *croix de St. Louis*, in front; ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. Long white kid gloves; white satin shoes; circular ivory fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade costume has not varied since our last Number; but some tasteful novelties have appeared in carriage and home dress, of which we shall endeavour to give an account.

A crimson velvet pelisse appears

to us remarkably elegant: the *corsage* is made tight to the shape, ornamented on each side of the back with braiding in a scroll pattern, and finished at the hips with hard silk lozenges very richly wrought. Low collar, cut in *dents de scie*, which are lightly braided, to correspond with the back. Full sleeve, the fulness brought entirely into the middle of the arm, and confined by five narrow bands of wrought silk, each fastened by a small lozenge. The trimming consists of lynx fur, disposed in a very striking manner in palm-leaves; they are edged with trimming, to correspond with the bracelets, are placed at regular distances, and issue from a scoloped band of velvet at the bottom of the skirt, each scollop forming the base of a leaf. The pelisse fastens up the front with lozenges of different sizes, the largest being placed at bottom, and the smallest at top; a tassel depends from each.

The Austrian mantle is also much in favour in carriage dress; it is lined with white sarsnet, and is large and long enough to form a complete envelope. The trimming consists of a broad flat band of white down feathers; the pelerine is edged to correspond, and the collar is formed entirely of plumes.

Bonnets have not altered in size. We observe that the crowns of a good many undress bonnets are ornamented *en marmotte* with a piece of the same material, the ends of which pass under the brim, and form the lappets: these bonnets are generally trimmed with knots of the material they are composed of. *Ruches* of shaded ribbon cut in sharp points have superseded, in a great degree, the curtain veils lately so fashionable.

Gowns of the pelisse form conti-

nue to be much worn in half dress. We have seen some of them intended for morning visiting dresses, the trimmings of which were particularly rich, but heavy. One of these dresses, composed of poppy-coloured levantine, had the front of the dress ornamented in the form of a broken cone: the trimming was extremely broad at the bottom of the skirt, but narrow at the throat; it consisted of rouleaus of satin placed in a spiral direction between bands of plain velvet: the skirt was finished by two broad rouleaus, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and intersected with narrow rouleaus spirally arranged. Another trimming, consisting of a double row of *gros de Naples* points, placed irregularly and edged with satin, has a lighter effect.

Corsages en blouse, though still worn, begin to decline in favour; they are now cut lower in the bosom, and have less fulness. We are glad to see that long sleeves are of more moderate dimensions, for their width lately has been preposterous.

Full-dress gowns continue to be

cut moderately and becomingly low: they do not fall so much as they did off the shoulder, nor are the sleeves quite so short as last month. Stamped satin trimmings are coming much into favour, and artificial flowers are more worn for ball-dress trimmings than they have been during the two last months. One of the most tasteful trimmings that we have lately seen consists of small satin rouleaus inlaced something in the form of little baskets: these singular-looking ornaments are united by full bows of white satin, and have in the centre of each a small bouquet of exotics.

The *ceinture* in full dress is now always fastened by an ornamental buckle at the side. Several *ceintures* are embroidered and fringed with silver; others are ornamented only with a rich embroidery of silver at the ends instead of fringe.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* are now fancifully ornamented with flowers, placed among the bows of the hind hair: this style of *coiffure* is rather singular than elegant.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Feb. 15.

My dear SOPHIA,

MANTLES and fur tippets are the envelopes most generally adopted for the promenade: the latter, however, are worn only by very young persons. *Rédingotes*, without any other envelope than a pelerine of the same material, are worn by some stylish women; but the number is very limited.

The most tonish mantles are composed of French cachemire, and lined with sarsnet or satin; they are

either gray or purple, of the mourning shades. The trimming is an embroidery of a wreath of leaves in black silk: this embroidery goes round the mantle; and there is, besides, a branch of leaves embroidered on each corner. Two square pelerines of a large size are each finished by a row of embroidery and a black silk fringe; as is also a large square collar, which falls over: it ties at the throat with a rich cord and tassel.

A good many *rédingotes* are trimmed with braiding, disposed either



PROMENADE DRESS.

in waves or in a scroll pattern; the trimmings of others consist of satin rouleaus, which form a chain: this trimming is of moderate breadth, and has a pretty effect; it is somewhat brighter than the colour of the dress, goes round the bottom and up each side of the front, having a row of ornamental buttons between. The trimming of the pelerine always corresponds.

Bonnets are something shallower in the brim, and the crowns rather higher, than last month. Some whimsical *élégantes* have tried to bring into fashion a bonnet with an immense large brim, and a crown in the shape of a Polish cap. It was composed of silver gray velvet; the top of the crown and the edge of the brim finished with a band of white marabouts; in front of the crown was a large velvet knot, on each side of which were placed two long marabout plumes, which, drooping towards each other, formed an arcade. This *chapeau* is worn only by a few *merveilleuses*.

Bolivar hats and *toques* are in equal estimation for the *spectacles*: the first are either of black velvet or white satin, with large brims; they are always adorned with a profusion of feathers, which, if the hat is velvet, are either black or white; if satin, white or gray.

The *toques* are the *toque d'Italie* and the *toque à la Henry IV.*: they are composed either of white satin or gray velvet, and are adorned with a profusion of ostrich feathers. That most unbecoming head-dress the *toque Moabite*, which I described to you a good while ago, is again in request, particularly for the *spectacle*.

Vol. V. No. XXVII.

Lilac satin and violet *pluche* bonnets are also in favour in half-dress. The brims of the first are somewhat larger on the right than the left side, and are finished with a full *ruche* of white *gros de Naples*. The crown is adorned with four rosettes of the same material as the bonnet, each rosette being partially shaded by a tuft consisting of four white marabout feathers. Those of violet *pluche* have the brim edged with a full *ruche* of black blond, and the crown adorned with a full tuft of black marabouts, at the base of which is a large knot of black velvet.

A good many gowns in evening dress have the *corsage* plaited in front, in the form of a demi-lozenge; others are decorated in the shape of a fan, with quillings of net, each of which has a narrow rouleau of satin placed in the middle: these quillings, of which there are five in number, are each terminated at the top of the bust with a rosette.

The only novelty in full dress trimmings is a new kind of *bouillonné*, composed of a mixture of very narrow rouleaus of satin, or *gros de Naples*, with *crêpe lisse*. The rouleaus are so arranged as to form the crape into a zigzag of puffs.

Our colours are still confined to those adopted for the mourning, and one cannot help admiring the tact which our fair fashionables display in choosing those which suit their complexions; thus you see only fair beauties in lilac or black, and brunettes in violet or white.

Adieu, *chère Sophie*! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

DESIGNS FOR CHAIRS.

THE shape of the dining-room chair is well known to form a very agreeable seat; it stands very firmly, and is of a superior class of furniture: it should be executed in mahogany, and finished with the varnish called French polish. This gives considerable brilliancy to the wood, preserves its colour, and is benefited by use.

The central chair is very much carved, and should be finished in dead white and gold. The covering is of British satin, in which the looms

of the country are so successful at the present time, and embellished with ornamental devices in gold colours on a light blue ground. This design reminds the spectator of the splendid furniture lately executed for his Grace the Duke of Northumberland by Messrs. Morell and Hughes. The footstool is of similar materials.

The last design is for the chair of a boudoir, and is composed of snake-like forms in burnished gold: the seat-covering and festoon-drapery are of satin.

 INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has nearly ready for publication, a *Spanish and English Grammar*, designed to facilitate the acquisition of English to Spaniards, by Don Jose de Urcullu, professor of the Spanish language in London.

Travels in Greece, with Critical and Archæological Researches, and maps and engravings of ancient monuments recently discovered, by Dr. P.O. Bronstedt, agent of the King of Denmark at the court of Rome, are announced for publication, in eight parts, royal 4to.

Captain A. Gordon Laing has in the press, *Travels through Timmanee, Kooranko, and Soolima Countries, to the Sources of Rokella and Niger*, in 1822, with a map and plates, in 8vo.

The Sydney Papers, consisting of an unpublished Journal of the Earl of Leicester and original Letters of Algernon Sydney, edited by the Rev. R. W. Blencowe, are preparing for publication.

Mrs. Taylor of Ongar will shortly publish, *the Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness*, addressed to those who are performing the same journey.

Mr. James Jennings has in the press,

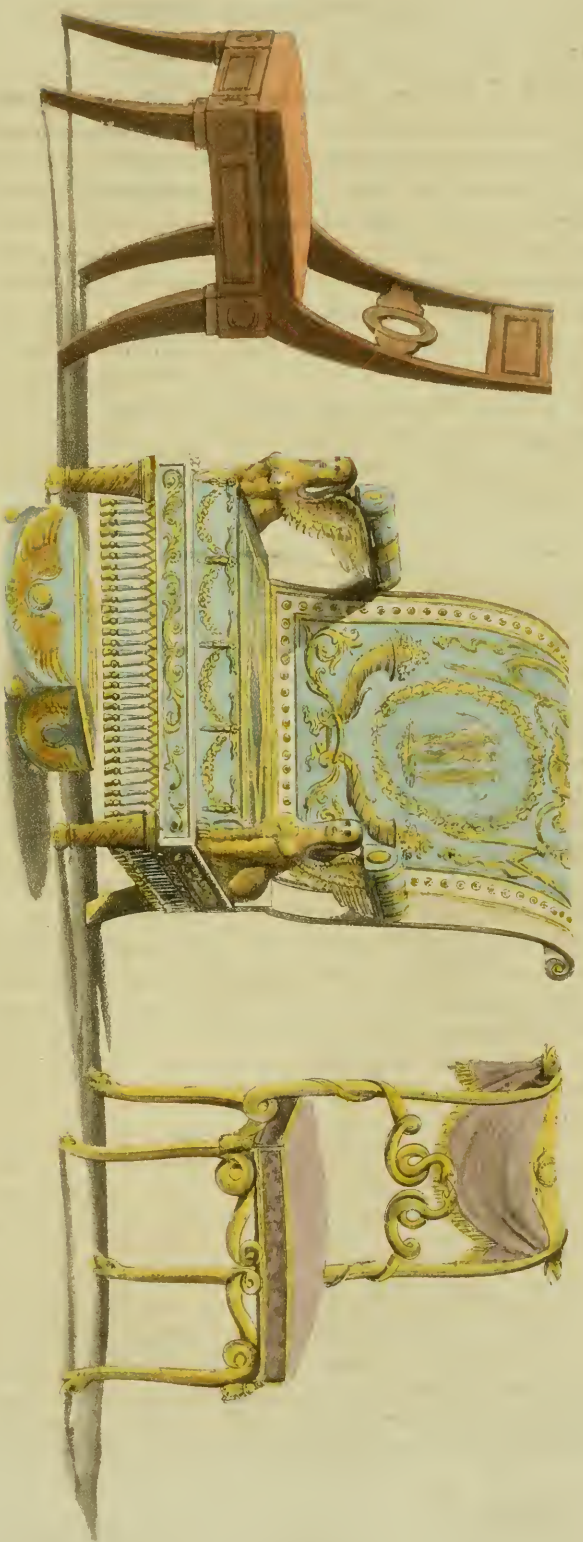
Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England, particularly Somersetshire, with a Glossary of Words now in use there, and poems and other pieces exemplifying the dialect.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. *Songs of the Greeks*, translated into English verse from the Roman text, edited by M. Fauriel, with additions by Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan.

The Rev. J. A. Rupell is preparing for the press, *the Remains and a Memoir of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe*, curate of Donoughmore, author of the well-known poem on the Burial of Sir John Moore, containing his poetical pieces and a selection from his sermons.

The lovers of the arts will soon be gratified by the appearance of a translation of *the History of the Life and Works of Raphael*, from the French of Mr. Quatremere de Quincy; accompanied by copious additions in the form of notes, and preceded by a History of the Progress of Painting in Italy from the time of Cimabue until the era of the divine Raphael.

A very useful work to anatomists, and perhaps to students in painting, is now



FASHIONABLE CHAIRS

AND OF A NEW KIND OF CHAIRS, SEE THE NEW YORK, 1850

in the press, from the pencil of Mr. Frederic R. Say: its object is to illustrate the formation and construction of the human skull, and to give distinct portraits of its separated bones. By the patronage it has received from Sir Astley Cooper, to whom it is dedicated, it promises to be well received by professors both in the arts and in surgical science.

A volume will shortly appear concerning *the Astronomy of the Egyptians*, particularly referring to the celebrated circular zodiac discovered at Denderah, and which was subsequently conveyed to Paris. This work will be taken from the productions of the Abbé Testa, Messrs. Dupuis, Visconte, Tardieu, Ferlus, Saint Martin, Le Lorrain, Lalande, Grosbért, Savigny, Nouet, and Cuvier, all of whom have written concerning the sphere of Denderah, but more particularly from the last work that has appeared from the pen of Mr. J. B. Biot.

Sir R. Colt Hoare, Bart. has recently presented to the British Museum his splendid collection of books relating to the History and Topography of Italy, made between the years 1785 and 1791, during two excursions into that country. It consists of 1733 articles, arranged according to the ancient divisions of Italy. Such has been the effect of the truly royal liberality of his Majesty, that three donations of high importance have since been bestowed on the Museum: a collection of pictures of great value by Sir George Beaumont; a collection of coins,

medals, bronzes, gems, and drawings, worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds, by the late R. P. Knight, Esq.; and a library of Italian History, by Sir R. C. Hoare.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The premiums to be distributed on the 10th of next December among the most successful students in the Royal Academy, are,

1. A gold medal for the best historical picture in oil colours of *Joseph expounding the Dreams of Pharaoh's chief Butler and Baker*, Gen. c. xl. There must be three figures at least; the cloth half-length (that is 4 feet 2 inches by 3 feet 4 inches); the principal figure to measure not less than two feet in height.

2. A gold medal for the best group in sculpture of *David and Goliath*, 1 Sam. c. xvii. The models to be either baked or cast in plaster, and the principal figure not less than two feet in height.

3. A gold medal for the best finished design in architecture: the subject to be a National Edifice, adapted for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquaries. The projected site the lower part of the King's Mews, and the building to front Parliament-street.

Silver medals are offered for the best drawings of Academy figures done in the Academy, the best drawings from ancient statues and groups, the best copies made in the School of Painting, and other studious exercises.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS:

An Egotistical Poem.

PART II.

ENOUGH, however, of a poem,
E'en for an egotistic poem.
So here begins the subject matter,
With which my rhymes your ears shall batter.
But yet a word before we start:
I bargain not that, like a cart,
I'll move on in a given line,
Nor to the right or left incline.

Digress we must: 'tis fit you know it.

A sea-crab walketh like a poet,
And zigzag goes, or ne'er could gain
The point to which he would attain.

Like those whose lives a rope hath ended,
"From honest parents I descended*;"
And, when I first beheld the light,
Was deemed a perfect little fright.

* So sings each bard itinerant who jogs
His round from Tyburn to the Isle of Dogs.

With head uncouth, of tadpole size,
 My nose minute, staring mine eyes,
 Squalling I came with hideous cries.
 The gossips marked my accents wild,
 And pray'd aloud, "God bless the child!"
 Then dandled me from lap to lap,
 And cramm'd my mouth with savoury pap.
 'Twere hard to say how much I owe
 To them; but this we all well know,
 "As twigs are bent, the tree's inclin'd,"
 And body much affects the mind.
 The Macrocephali* of old
 Had heads extremely long, we're told;
 Made so by swathes and boards and bands,
 And scientific nurses' hands,
 Moulding the pericranium just
 As bakers do the unbaked crust.
 So craniologists might work,
 Make a young Christian of a Turk;
 Push murder's "organ" from the head,
 And raise a better in its stead;
 Envy and pride and theft destroy,
 And "finish off" each girl and boy,
 As sculptors will the marble block
 That comes misshapen from the rock.
 Some alteration I suspect,
 By too much care or great neglect
 (For each is bad in different ways),
 In me was wrought: but in those days
 Science had not yet drawn aside
 The curtain which was used to hide
 Dame Nature, as she sly was packing
 Men's brains, as Warren doth his blacking,
 In skulls of different shape and size,
 Secure, she thought, from all surprise.
 Little she deemed, good soul, that one
 Of those skulls she was working on
 Would blab her secrets, and betray
 Her mystery to the light of day.
 All this "came out" long after she
 Had pack'd my brains and destiny:
 Therefore to it I was no debtor,
 Which may resolve why I'm no better;

* If you would know ought more of these
 People, consult Hippocrates.

† Supposing an unlucky lad
 The "organ of secretion" had
 Immensely large: his fingers then
 Must pick the pokes of honest men,
 Unless the phrenologic eye
 The "organ of sweet sounds" descry.
 The art of music then is taught,
 And wond'rous change thereby is wrought.
 The urchin straight, instead of diddling
 His neighbours, spends his time in fiddling.

See SPURZHEIM'S *View of Elementary
 Principles of Education, founded
 on the Study of the Nature of Man.*

And now my skull is grown so thick,
 As well they'd mould a kiln-burnt brick.

Time passed, and I, like other boys,
 Became amus'd with sundry toys;
 On which, at first, with solemn air,
 I gazed in philosophic stare,
 Much wondering, as mankind are wont,
 When things appear of which they don't
 Quite understand the true intention,
 Which happeneth oftener than I'll mention:
 Though modern beaux will boldly dare
 To banish thought, "Nil admirari"
 I* on the vacant brow's their motto,
 Sleepy as old Trophonius' grotto;
 Unlike the mild serenity
 Floating in beauty's lambent eye
 Of sparkling black or heav'nly blue,
 Calm as the mirror, and as true,
 Or ought to be. Oh! I could tell
 Of eyes whose living lustre mel-
 Ted my poor heart like wax before
 The scorching flame; and then it bore
 Her image, like the seal's impress,
 Through live-long days of weariness:
 A tint of which, perchance, e'en now
 Hangs on my dull and heavy brow;
 And when my Pegasus I ride,
 Or fancy's floating skiff would guide,
 Through liquid plains or fields of air,
 A trace of her is everywhere;
 And I'm well pleas'd to stop awhile,
 And catch her soft and lovely smile;
 Then sigh—but, pshaw! the lot is common,
 All men are influenc'd by woman.
 Then, oh! ye teasing, lovely fair,
 Weak, yet all-powerful as ye are,
 Remember, that to you 'tis given
 To make our earth a hell or heaven.
 Reason we call in vain; ye fly
 Like visions 'thwart the mental eye.
 Ye are the winds, as ships are we;
 Our passions as the waves o' th' sea,
 In fury rage, or calm subside,
 As ye, our arbiters, may guide.

No more of you just now I'll tell,
 Save, he knows much who knows ye well.
 'Tis of myself that I must speak.
 Well, I grew up, but wond'rous weak;
 Was deem'd industrious when my book at,
 Though I was "no great things" to look at:
 Nature my form had meanly stinted,
 Wry-neck'd I was, and eke I squinted.
 But 'twas no matter, for that power
 Which guards us from our natal hour,
 Protects us in our adverse days,
 And claims our nightly song of praise,

* Which may be thus translated:
 "Don't stare about you like a dun,
 There's nothing new beneath the sun."

Gave me a mother, one who smil'd
In fondness on her ugly child;
Dreaming, perchance, as mothers will,
That some had children uglier still.

ELEGY ON A SHEPHERDESS.

*Translated from the German of L. H. C.
HÖRLTY.*

What hollow sound salutes mine ear?
The death-bell from that mossy spire!
And now a weeping train appear,
Mothers and children, friends and sire.
A shroud enfolds the lovely form,
A funeral wreath the auburn hair,
Of gentle Rose, her mother's charm,
Our village pride, so good, so fair!

Her friends, involved in deep concern,
Forgetful of our rural dance,
Now weave a garland for her urn,
And to her grave in tears advance.
Ah! none could more deserve their tears
Than thou for whom their sorrow flows;
In heaven no glorious saint appears
More blest than thou, sweet pious Rose.

Before her little cottage neat,
Rose with an angel might compare;
Her ornaments were wild-flowers sweet,
And violets decked her bosom fair.
Her face was Zephyr's silken wing,
The shady grove her dressing-room,
Her mirror bright this silver spring,
That lent her cheeks a finer bloom.

And like the lovely orb of night,
With beauty crown'd was Rose's head,
Suffused with rays of heavenly light,
That modesty round virtue shed.
One youth, with ardent passion fired,
To raise a kindred feeling knew;
The beauteous maid, by all admired,
To William's love was ever true.

The beechen grove, in early spring,
The azure sky their canopy,
Was where they joined the village ring,
In country dances merrily.
He gave her ribbons white and blue,
Her smiles would oft his labour cheer;
In autumn they together flew
To reap the harvest of the year.

For him she golden sheaves would tie,
And pleased observe her favourite swain,
'Till Sol illumed the western sky,
And rest with peaceful evening came.
Rose was her William's tenderest care,
His nightly dream, his daily charm;
Their love with angels' might compare,
So true, reciprocal, and warm.

Ah, William! hark! the death-bell's sound,
And funeral song, for Rose no more—
The sable mourners gather round,
The blooming garland waves before*.
And William to her open grave,
With prayer-book, bends his mournful
way;

There takes a silent, final leave,
And wipes his gushing tears away.

Sleep, lovely maid! till heavenly power
No more thy captive soul detains!
Here oft at twilight's solemn hour
Sing, Philomel, thy plaintive strains;
And softly blow, thou evening breeze,
Around her tomb with wild-flowers drest,
And gently wave the churchyard trees,
Where turtles make their downy nest!

* It is customary in the north of Germany to strew the coffins of young unmarried persons with flowers, or to have a garland carried by the person who leads the procession.

SERENADE.

Ah, sweet! thou little knowest how
I watch, and passionate vigils keep;
And yet while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep:
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep,
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep,
With golden visions for thy dow'r,
Whilst I these midnight vigils keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bow'r!
To me 'tis sweeter than the pow'r
Of sleep, and fairest dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone at this still hour
In patient love outwatch the world.

T. M.

ELINOR.

By J. M. LACEY.

Who is she, that approaches with face full of
sorrow,

In rags and in wretchedness foul to behold;
Yet whose form and whose motions a Hebe
might borrow:

Sure her story's a sad one—I pray thee
unfold?

'Tis Elinor! daughter of fashion and splendour,

Rear'd in luxury's lap, and to affluence
born;

Though now ev'ry misery seems to attend her,
And instead of sweet pity she oft meets
with scorn.

Her father, while rolling in riches unbounded,
Though pleas'd with her beauty, neglected
her mind;

On *accomplishments* only her pleasures were
founded,

Whilst knowledge was spurn'd, though its
charms are refin'd.

Her mother had died, while in infancy pining
Poor Elinor knew not her loss; and she
grew

Like a vine unsupported, all wild, and re-
clining

On treacherous friends, whom her fancy
deem'd true.

Her father, the wife of his bosom departed,
That best friend of man in this world of
deceit,

Grew careless, and mix'd with the base and
black-hearted,

With the gambler of title and more humble
cheat.

Suffice it, that soon came the wide-wasting
ruin,

Which penniless left him, a prey to despair:
Too proud to survive such a wretched un-
doing,

He in suicide sought a relief from his care!

Fair Elinor sunk like the blossoms that perish,
When the chill blast of winter comes over
their bloom:

No friend of her childhood was now left to
cherish,

And in madness she shriek'd o'er her fa-
ther's lone tomb.

Since then but a blank is the wanderer's story:
Unheeding she braves ev'ry terrible storm;
Quite lost is her reason, life's brightest best
glory,

And the bounty of strangers scarce covers
her form.

RONALD STUART.

(From the *Inverness Courier*.)

Ronald Stuart has ridden away to the war,
To fight in the Saracen field!

Ronald Stuart has ridden from Helen afar,
And sworn that the Paynim shall yield,

Ere his falchion he'll sheathe,

Or his true love he'll see—

By peacock and lady

Holy Land shall be free!

The isles' beauteous flower, in Macdonald's
bower,

Now banishes joy from her sight,
Droops with grief like a lily surcharg'd by
the shower,

And hastens to follow her knight,

In weed of the pilgrim,

O'er mountain and main,

Through deserts of sand,

Unto Palestine's plain.

In the fierce Soldan's dungeon young Ronald
lay chain'd,

No fay whisper'd Helen was nigh;

But the lady with jewels his sentinel gain'd,
To vow with her Ronald should fly.

At dread noon of midnight,

By the dark postern-gate,

In Moorish garb shrouded,

Fair Helen did wait.

Wak'd from wild-warring slumber, the rash
captive rush'd

On him that to freedom could lead;

Seiz'd his dagger—one blow—forth the life-
stream hath gush'd,

The murderer fled from his deed.

Through the postern he sprang,

Found the Moor at his side,

Struck his Helen's fond heart,

Heard her voice, sank, and died.

SONNET,

*Written after a Visit to STOCKGILL-FORCE, a
Waterfall near AMBLESIDE, in CUMBERLAND.*

By J. M. LACEY.

Eternal torrent! I have never seen

Niagara's tremendous waters fall,

But at thy smaller fountain I have been,

And Fancy's eye can well portray them
all.

Above, the stream that feeds thy mighty
pow'r,

Glides in pellucid gentleness along,

Below, it makes the humbled spirit cow'r,

As, roaring rock and precipice among,

It seems like some devouring spirit, sent

To tear the masonry of Nature down,

Which o'er the black and boiling pool is
bent,

With front, that seems to look an awful
frown

On humble beings like myself, who dare

To gaze with piety and wonder there!



W. H. Wood del.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V.

APRIL 1, 1825.

N^o. XXVIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. BURGHLEY-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF EXETER	187
2. POWDERHAM-CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD VISCOUNT COURTENAY	192
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	242
4. ——— DINNER DRESS	243
5. A SIDEBOARD	246
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Burghley-House, Northamptonshire, the Seat of the Marquis of Exeter	187
Powderham-Castle, Devon, the Seat of Lord Viscount Courtenay	192
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. II.—Richilda Countess of Brabant, or the Wonderful Mirror (<i>continued</i>)	195
The Loiterer. No. XIII.	201
The Cavern of Servulo (<i>concluded</i>)	204
Tragical Consequences of Female Coquetry	209
The Confessions of my Uncle. No. III.—The Story of Susan Gray, or the Spinster	210
ADVENTURES IN IRELAND. No. I.—The Owens	213
The Literary Coterie. No. II.	216
Superstition in France at the Conclusion of the Fifteenth and Eighteenth Centuries	224
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XVI.	226
The Conflagration of Moscow. (From the <i>History of the Expedition to Russia</i> , by General Count PHILIP DE SEGUR)	231

MUSICAL REVIEW.

LISZT's Seven brilliant Variations	236
——— <i>Impromptu brilliant</i>	ib.
HERBERT's Three Rounds	237
——— Three ditto	ib.
STEEL's Selection of Airs from Weber's celebrated Opera "Der Freyschütz"	239.
CLARKE's "Here's the vow"	ib.

	PAGE
VALENTINE's Divertimento for the Piano-forte	239
BISHOP's "Farewell to thee, Scotland"	ib.
FITZPATRICK's "The Lass of Richmond Hill"	ib.
EAVESTAFF's " <i>Les Regrets du Troubadour</i> "	240
COOKE's "The morn is on the hill"	ib.
FIGGE's "I will meet thee nigh the time of lovers"	ib.
DAVIES's "The celebrated Huntsman's Chorus from "Der Freyschütz"	241
HODSOLL's Collection of Duets	ib.

FINE ARTS.

The Diorama	ib.
-----------------------	-----

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	242
Ladies' Dinner Dress	243
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
French Female Fashions	245
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A Sideboard	246

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

	PAGE
POETRY.	
Farewell on leaving England for Mexico	247
To the Heart's-Ease	248
Morning	ib.
The false Fair-One	ib.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The unusual length to which some of our regular articles has extended, compels us to omit several communications which were marked for insertion this month; amongst these are, The Iron Mask, Recollections of Mr. Woodham, and Authenticated Ghost Stories, No. I.

The Old Bachelor and his Annoyances—The Miller and the Thief—Lines by E. T. D. shall have an early place.

We must again solicit the patience of our poetical correspondents, with whose contributions we are still in considerable arrear. The following are intended for insertion, if possible, in our next Number: To a young Lady on her Birthday—The Vigils of the Heart—Obstipus—The Comforts of Home—and Stanzas by A. W. H.

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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VOL. V.

APRIL 1, 1825.

NO. XXVIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

BURGHLEY-HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.

BURGHLEY, or Burleigh, the seat of one of the branches of the Cecil family, may be ranked among the most splendid old mansions in the kingdom. It was mostly built by that celebrated statesman Lord Burghley, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, who took his title from this place, and whose descendants have been successively created Earls and Marquises of Exeter. It stands on the site of a former mansion, the remains of which are still visible in the old hall, chapel, and kitchen on the east side. In one of his lordship's letters, written in 1585, he says, "My house of Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth, and is the owner thereof, and I but a farmer; and for the building there I have set my walls on the old foundations. Indeed I have made the rough stone walls to be square; and yet one

side remaineth as my father left it me." The plan and general arrangement which prevailed in the time of Henry VIII. seem to have been generally adopted; but the decorations received the Italian forms, which had then been recently introduced into this country. The era of the work is recorded over the west entrance in the inscription "W. DOM. DE BVRGHLEY, 1577;" and beneath the spire, in large gilt characters, is the date 1585, when some considerable additions were made to the mansion. The architect employed in raising this sumptuous pile was John Thorpe, who displayed great judgment in the disposition of the apartments and offices.

The building forms a large quadrangle. The principal front, extending nearly two hundred feet, faces the north. The space before it, now a lawn surrounded by an iron pali-

sade, was formerly occupied by a piece of water, but was altered by Brown, among other improvements introduced by him about the middle of last century. A circular drive, about a furlong in extent, leads from the iron gates to the principal entrance, in the centre of this front. The ascent to the porch, which opens to the hall, is by nine semi-circular steps: over the entrance there is a bold bow or projection, supported by small ornamented buttresses of a peculiar character. From this side the ground gradually declines to the river Welland, and affords a view over a beautiful and extensive tract of country.

The east side is occupied by the great hall, the chapel, &c.; and on this side, detached from the mansion, are situated the kitchen and various domestic offices. The South Front, represented in the annexed Plate, commands a fine sloping lawn, at the extremity of which winds a beautiful piece of water, about three quarters of a mile in length, formed by Brown, and some interesting parts of park-scenery. The west side enjoys nearly the same views; but here the eye embraces also distant objects in the counties of Rutland and Lincoln, and the spires of Stamford. The centre of this front is occupied by a gateway under a bow of three sides, flanked by turrets and cupolas.

At each corner of the mansion is a turret surmounted by an octagonal cupola, and terminated by a vane. The parapet, which runs all round the building, is a series of open-work highly enriched, and consists of arches supported by balusters with obelisks, interspersed with the armorial ensigns of the Cecil family.

All the chimneys form Doric pillars, connected at the top by a frieze and cornice.

The court, inclosed by these buildings, measures 110 feet by 70, crossed by paved walks, which divide it into four grass-plots. This quadrangle appears to the greatest advantage when seen from the west entrance, the east side being most richly ornamented. It exhibits on the lower story the Doric order, above which is the Ionic, and in the upper the Corinthian: over all, in the centre compartment, rises a spire, having in the parapet a curious dial supported by lions, as the family arms are in other parts of this spacious structure.

"Burghley-House," says Mr. Gilpin, "is one of the noblest monuments of British architecture in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the great outlines of magnificence were rudely drawn, but unimproved by taste. It is an immense pile, forming the four sides of a large court; and though decorated with a variety of fantastic ornaments, according to the fashion of the time, before Grecian architecture had introduced symmetry, proportion, and elegance into the plans of private houses, it has still an august appearance. The inside of the court is particularly striking. The spire is neither, I think, in itself an ornament, nor has it any effect except at a distance, where it contributes to give this immense pile the consequence of a town."

The arrangements of the interior are such as to reflect great credit on the architect. The state apartments are spacious, and fitted up in the most magnificent style. Many of the ceilings are painted by the celebrated Verrio, who, after he had finish-

ed his labours at Windsor, was invited hither, and employed by the Earl of Exeter.

The great hall on the north side, measuring 68 feet by 30, exclusive of a recess 13 feet by 9, has an arched roof of oak springing from brackets in the manner of Westminster-Hall. It contains an ancient ornamented chimney-piece of stone, having in the centre the arms of Lord Treasurer Burghley, and is adorned with paintings, sculptures, and casts. Among the former are nine views of this mansion, interior and exterior, in oil, by Garrard. Among the sculptures, that representing Andromeda, larger than life, and the Sea-Monster, have been particularly admired: it is the work of Peter Stephen Monnot. Here too is a fine collection of stuffed British birds, comprising one hundred and twenty different species, arranged in eighty-six glass cases. They were chiefly collected in Yorkshire by Lieutenant Bell, and sold by him to the late marquis.

The great hall opens into a saloon, at the opposite end of which is the dining-room; it is the first of an extensive suite leading westward, under what are called the George Rooms. It measures 39 feet by 26, is 15 feet high, and contains a large silver fountain, and two oval cisterns of the same metal, adorned with lions, the supporters of the family arms: the smaller weighs 600 ounces, and the larger 3600, or nearly two hundred weight: it is supposed to be the largest piece of plate in Europe.

From the hall the ancient vaulted stone staircase leads up to the chapel-room, 20 feet by 13, ornamented with forty-nine paintings, mostly scriptural and religious subjects, among which are five by Guido, two by

Parmigiano, two by Domenichino, two by Teniers, and one by Ant. Caracci.

The chapel itself, decorated with festoons of fruit and flowers, carved by Gibbons, is 42 feet long, 35 wide, and 18 high. The ceiling is of fret-work. The pulpit, desk, and chairs are of mahogany, and the communion-table and rails of cedar. On the sides are ranged ten antique figures as large as life, in imitation of bronze, standing on altars, and bearing lamps in their hands. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when a visitor at Burghley, regularly attended divine service in this chapel; and that she was accustomed to take her place on the left side near the altar, which has ever since been distinguished by the appellation of Queen Elizabeth's seat. The seven paintings here represent scriptural subjects, by Paul Veronese, Luca Giordano, Carlo Loti, and Liberi.

Attached to the west end of the chapel, of which indeed it forms a part, is a large anti-room, 31 feet by 24, wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling, and filled with open seats for the use of the servants.

The billiard-room, 34 feet by 21, and 15 in height, has a modern wainscot of Norway oak, impanneling many fine portraits of the Cecil family; some of them by Kneller and Lely. The portraits of the late marquis, his lady, and their daughter, Lady Sophia Cecil, are from the pencil of the present President of the Royal Academy. The romantic union of this nobleman to Sarah Hoggins, a villager of Shropshire, gives a peculiar interest to this delineation of the countess, who died in 1797, before the elevation of her husband to the rank of marquis.

The ball-room, which is 51 feet long, 28 broad, and 26 high, is adorned with paintings by Louis Laguerre, chiefly representing subjects from the Roman history.

The drawing-room, 29 feet by 21, has over the chimney-piece some beautiful carvings of birds, fruit, and flowers, by Gibbons. The pictures which adorn it are many of them by the older masters; and among the portraits is a half-length of Thomas first Earl of Exeter, with a quilled ruff, a high-crowned hat, and pendant George.

The apartment called Queen Elizabeth's bed-room contains an ancient state-bed, with hangings of green velvet on a ground of gold tissue, and a set of chairs with covered seats of the same manufacture. It is adorned with three pieces of tapestry, representing subjects from the heathen mythology.

The south side of the mansion is occupied by a suite of grand apartments, called the George Rooms, among which are the state bed-room and great drawing-room. They are wainscoted in panels with the finest Dutch wainscot, of the natural colour, which exhibits specimens of carving remarkable for sharpness and execution. They were finished by Mr. Newton of Wardour-street, London, in 1789, under the express direction of Brownlow Earl of Exeter, who selected the whole of the ornaments from publications of ancient architecture in the library at Burghley.

The state bed-room is 23 feet square and 24 high. The bed is considered as one of the most magnificent in Europe. It stands on a platform raised two steps above the floor, and has a spacious dome, supported at each corner by three lofty

columns, elegantly carved and gilt. The bedstead stands on the platform independently of the canopy, in the French style, with the family arms at the head. The hangings contain two hundred and fifty yards of beautiful striped coral-coloured velvet of British manufacture, and are lined, together with the tester, head, &c. with nine hundred yards of white satin, the whole tastefully interspersed with ornaments of gold. Deep black silk fringe and coral-coloured tassels and trimmings enrich the draperies attached to this superb piece of furniture. It is upwards of 20 feet high, and was executed by Mr. Newton.

This bed-room contains three large pieces of tapestry, in which Æolus, Vulcan, and Neptune are delineated with characteristic accompaniments as the representatives of air, fire, and water. According to Peck, they were designed by Albano.

The ceilings of the state bed-room and of the great drawing-room were painted by Verrio. The same artist also painted the fifth room of this suite, which is called Heaven, because the subjects are taken from the heathen mythology. The grand staircase is in like manner termed Hell, because the walls and ceilings exhibit representations of the poetic Tartarus of the pagans by the same master. All these apartments are profusely adorned with paintings, sculpture, and curiosities of different kinds, many of the former being the productions of eminent masters of the Italian school.

Among other curiosities preserved in the jewel-closet, which is one of the suite of George Rooms, are a gold bason and spoon, said to have been used at the coronation of Queen

Elizabeth, and the rosary of her unfortunate rival, Mary Queen of Scots.

The new library, which belongs to the suite of apartments occupied by the late marquis, contains many scarce and valuable books, and a curious manuscript *Life of the Lord Treasurer Burghley* by a contemporary, together with his diary in his own hand-writing. In the old library, situated at the end of the wing of the house, which runs northward from the north-east corner of the quadrangle, are several Roman altars brought from Italy by the fifth earl. This library consists of about 4000 volumes of rare books, comprising a valuable collection of our best English historians, and many Latin, Italian, and French works relative to the history and antiquities of Rome. The cornices are adorned with many excellent busts, and the furniture of this apartment is completed by a good collection of coins and medals, which, from a passage in the lord treasurer's manuscript diary, seems to have been commenced by that statesman.

The total number of apartments in this mansion, all of which are furnished in a manner suitable to the purposes for which they are intended, is one hundred and forty-five. There are few of them which are not adorned with paintings and other productions of the arts; but those in the rooms appropriated to the steward, the housekeeper, &c. are principally copies. These works, many of them of great value, and by the first masters, are so numerous, that it would far exceed our limits to specify merely the most meritorious of them. Such of our readers as are particularly interested in this subject will find a complete catalogue of them, as well as of the antiquities and cu-

riosities of this spacious mansion, in the *Guide to Burghley-House*, published by Mr. Drakard of Stamford, to which we are indebted for many of the preceding details.

The kitchen, which stands detached, with several other buildings, from the east end of the mansion, is a noble room, measuring 48 feet by 30. It is very lofty, and has a groined arched ceiling.

Adjoining to other outbuildings leading from the east wing of the house are the stables, which are extensive, and have a noble appearance. They compose three sides of a square of about 2500 yards, and are very lofty, with indented parapet walls. The coach-houses are in the centre of each side, and the entrances to them are under pointed archways, having windows, like the stables, of the same Gothic structure. A circular bason, in the centre of the spacious gravelled court surrounded by these buildings, is continually supplied with pure spring water.

The pleasure-grounds and shrubberies, also on the east side of the house, with their decorations, were laid out by Brown. The effect produced on a stranger by the boat-house in particular is delightful. After wandering through serpentine walks, where he meets with nothing that indicates the proximity of water, he is suddenly led through a door made in the declivity of a hill, and no sooner has he passed it than the expansive surface of a lake presents itself to view; and on a closer examination, he finds that he is admiring it from a balcony erected round the boat-house, the ceiling and sides of which are thickly covered with moss.

On the south side of the shrub-

beries, at an agreeable distance from the water, is a modern Gothic temple, after the model of that at Campden, Gloucestershire: it contains a fine bust of William Duke of Cumberland. In a contiguous plantation of laurel and other evergreens stands an elegant monument erected by Brownlow, ninth Earl of Exeter, to the memory of his mother.

The park, originally formed and encompassed with a stone wall by the first Lord Burghley, is about two miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in breadth. It is finely wooded and stocked with deer. The entrance and lodges, near the town of Stamford, are an elegant modern structure, erected for the late marquis by Mr. Legg of Stamford. The centre, consisting of three arches, is flanked by two uniform square turrets, surmounted by a sort of hexagonal cupolas, which are terminated by the chimneys. On the outer extremities of

these turrets are wings, containing two or three apartments on the ground-floor. The expense of erecting this entrance and the lodges is said to have amounted to 5000*l*.

Burghley-House and the chief part of the demesne are situated in the parish of Stamford St. Martin, in the church of which are some costly monuments of the Cecil family.

About two miles to the west of Burghley are the ruins of Withorp or Worthorpe Lodge, a building of considerable size, and not inferior in elegance to the former mansion, erected by the first Earl of Exeter, the son of the lord treasurer, who jocularly said, that "he built it only to retire to out of the dust while his great house at Burghley was sweeping." It was so large and commodious as to serve after the Restoration for the residence of the Duke of Buckingham.

POWDERHAM-CASTLE, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF LORD VISCOUNT COURTENAY.

POWDERHAM-CASTLE, situated about seven miles from Exeter, was formerly a strong castle, with a barbican, for the defence of the haven. During the civil war in the 17th century it was garrisoned for King Charles, and besieged by Fairfax, who, finding it too strong, desisted from the attempt, and contented himself by taking possession of Powderham church: this was in 1645. In January 1646, the castle was surrendered to Colonel Hammond. It must again have fallen into the hands of the royalists, from an account we find of its being taken by Sir Hardress Waller in March 1646. Not-

withstanding the various alterations that have taken place, it still retains much of its castellated appearance, as will be seen from the annexed View of the Principal Front from the park.

The hall of entrance leads to an anti-room, still possessing some family portraits. Immediately connected with this are the breakfast-room and middle drawing-room, which had to boast of some splendid works of art that have passed into other hands. Here hung for many years the celebrated work of the Antwerp blacksmith, *the Tribute-Money*, and other master-pieces. The rooms are



Wendell del.

PAWDEERHAM CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF THE LORD COURTHNEY.

finely wrought, and the ceilings highly ornamented. The mantel-pieces are beautiful specimens of art in Parian marble.

Connected with this is the drawing-room. In the absence of the costly furniture that once decorated these fine apartments, we have still the pleasure to make mention of some fine portraits that yet grace the walls. In this room is a three-quarter length of Lady Courtenay, mother of the present lord; a portrait of Dowager-Lady Honeywood, by Sir Joshua; Lord Charles Somerset, by Cosway; a full-length portrait of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, by Hans Holbein; Peregrine Bertie, a full-length, by the same master.

The drawing-room was formerly a chapel: with it is connected a superb music-room; twelve marble pilasters enrich the sides, and support a beautiful frieze, which is terminated by a dome highly ornamented with enriched coffers. The intercolumniations are decorated with pictures and niches containing marble vases on fluted porphyry columns. Over the doors and niches are medallions, by Craig. On one side of this superb room is a full-length portrait of Louis XVI. King of France, by David: it is finely painted. The figure is in a commanding attitude; the background composed of the chair of state or throne, regalia, &c. This portrait was brought into this country, during the troubles in France, in a mutilated condition, being pierced in many places and otherwise defaced. Over the fire-place is a very fine picture, by Cosway, of the three Misses Courtenay, afterwards Lady Lisburne, Mrs. Morland, and Lady

George Thynne. There is another picture in the castle of the same size by this artist of three other sisters, one of whom was afterwards Lady Somerset. The beautiful marble mantel-piece in this room deserves particular notice: it is a superb work of Parian marble, supported by figures on each side, the size of life. The entablature represents Apollo and the Muses, finely wrought. The upper drawing-room contains a family picture of fourteen portraits, by the Rev. W. Peters. In this room are some fine pieces of tapestry, representing a Dutch harvest-home, &c. This apartment communicates with

The library, which consists of a splendid collection of books in ancient carved cases, comprising some very valuable works, both ancient and modern, and among the rest some of the most costly and superb specimens that ever issued from the British press, particularly in point of illustrated works. Among the ancient works we observed, a fair copy of "The Lyf of our Lady," compiled by John Lydgate, monk of Bury; of "The Excitation and Stirring of the noble and victorious Prince Henry V." printed by our first English printer, Caxton; a complete and superb copy of the *Museum Florentinum*, finely embellished; and a curious copy of Hudibras on vellum, the plates on satin. In the centre of the room are some curious astronomical instruments. There is much old carving about this library, which partakes of the style of the 17th century: the mantel indeed appears to be much earlier.

The principal staircase is loaded with arabesque ornaments, which have a fine and stately effect.

The gardens attached to the castle are extensive, and have been kept in the finest order: its flower-gardens likewise have been celebrated for their arrangement and choice collection of costly plants.

The grounds are beautifully laid out, and so blend with the flower-garden, as to form a lovely whole. Here is still to be seen the rare exotic growing in all its native luxuriance, combined with the temple, the orchestra, and banqueting-room, that once gave life and soul to the scene.

The park is extensive and well stocked with deer. The woods are of the finest kind, sweeping along the brow of the hill in the vicinity of the castle in magnificent forms, beautifully diversified in all the tones of forest-scenery, pleasure-grounds, and plantations. This hill is surmounted by an hexagonal building, denominated the Belvidere: it comprises a tower about 60 feet in height, from which some superb views of the adjacent country are commanded. The river Exe constitutes a noble feature, skirting the park, and continuing to flow in all its majesty to the sea at Exmouth, which forms a beautiful point, terminating the headland from Woodbury, that bounds the horizon, and stretches away over the villages of Lympstone and Topsham, which skirt the river, up to Exeter.

The ancient and noble family of Courtenay took its name from the small town of Courtenay in France, and from a very remote period had been connected with the royal family of that kingdom. In the year 1151, Reginald de Courtenay, the immediate ancestor of the English branch, came over into this country with Henry II. he having married the

heiress of Robert de Abrincis or Averinches, hereditary sheriff of Devon, baron of Oakhampton, and governor of the castle of Exeter. His eldest son Robert, who succeeded to the honours of his maternal grandfather, married a daughter and heiress of William de Redvers, Earl of Devon. His son and grandson were only barons of Oakhampton: his great-grandson was summoned to Parliament as Earl of Devon in 1335. The third Earl of Devonshire was Edward Courtenay, the elder son of Sir Hugh's mother. It appears that Thomas, sixth Earl of Devon, was taken prisoner at Towton, and beheaded at York, in 1462. Henry his brother, the seventh earl, was beheaded at Salisbury in 1466. John, a younger brother, was restored to the title in 1470, and slain at the battle of Tewksbury. In him the elder branch of this noble family became extinct. The ninth earl was Sir Edward Courtenay, grandson of Sir Hugh, younger brother of Sir Edward, the third earl. His son William, the tenth earl, married Catherine, youngest daughter of King Edward IV. His son, the eleventh earl, was created Marquis of Exeter in 1525; but being convicted of high treason in 1538, was executed. In 1553 his son was restored to the title, but died without issue in 1556, on which the descendants of the four daughters of Sir Hugh Courtenay of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, sisters of Edward, the ninth Earl of Devonshire, became heirs general of the elder branch of this noble family.

The immediate ancestor of the Powderham branch was Sir Philip Courtenay, sixth son of Hugh, se-

cond Earl of Devonshire. Richard, the eldest son of Philip, was Bishop of Norwich and Chancellor of the university of Oxford: he died at Harfleur, having accompanied King Henry V. into France. Sir Philip Courtenay, nephew and heir of the bishop, had several sons, the eldest of whom, Sir William, was of Powderham. Sir William, his great-grandson, died in 1535. Sir William, the sixth in descent from the last-mentioned, was created a baronet before the Restoration, but never assumed the title. Sir William Courtenay, the third baronet, was created Viscount Courtenay of Powderham in 1762. He was grandfather to the present viscount, who resides in France.

The castle of Powderham, in the reign of William the Conqueror, belonged to William Earl of Eu, who forfeited it in the next reign. It then became the property of a family to whom it gave name, and continued for many descents in this family, the last of whom, John Powderham, was attainted, when it became the property of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, who gave it as a marriage-portion with his daughter Margaret to Hugh Earl of Devon, who, as before stated, settled it on his younger son, Sir Philip, immediate ancestor of Lord Viscount Courtenay, the present proprietor.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. II.

RICHILDA COUNTESS OF BRABANT, *or the Wonderful Mirror.*

(Continued from p. 151.)

RUMOUR with her hundred tongues presently spread the extraordinary news of the wonderful dream over the whole country, and it was not long before it reached the ears of Count Gombald. This nobleman was the son of Theobald, surnamed Brother-heart, because he was so tenderly attached to his brother Botho, that he lived in constant harmony with him, and allowed him to share all the rights of primogeniture. They both resided in the same castle: their consorts also loved each other like sisters; and as the elder brother had no issue but one son, and the younger only a daughter, the parents, with a view to extend the bond of friendship and affection to their children, betrothed them to each other while

in the cradle. The young couple were brought up together: death prematurely deprived them of their parents, but the dispositions of their last wills left the children no choice but to marry one another. For three years they had been united, and, after the example of their parents, they lived happily together, till Count Gombald heard of the remarkable dream of the fair Richilda. Report, which exaggerates every thing, added, that such was the vehemence of her passion for him, that she had made a vow to retire to a nunnery because it was not in his power to return her love. In the bosom of his peaceful family, and in the arms of his amiable wife, Count Gombald had hitherto tasted no other plea-

asures than those of domestic happiness; nor had any spark of forbidden fire yet inflamed his passions. Impetuous desires suddenly arose in his heart; peace and content fled; it conceived foolish wishes, and secretly cherished the base hope, that death would dissolve his matrimonial ties, and restore him his liberty. In short, the idea of the fair Richilda depraved the heart of a heretofore honourable and virtuous man, and rendered it capable of the foulest crimes. The image of the Countess of Brabant followed him whithersoever he went: it flattered his vanity, that he should be the only one who had subdued the coy beauty; and his heated imagination painted the happiness of possessing her in such glowing colours, as threw his consort completely into the shade: all his affection for her was extinguished, and his only wish was to be fairly rid of her. She soon remarked the coldness of her lord, and therefore redoubled her tenderness towards him; but all her efforts to please were unavailing: he was gloomy, peevish, and morose; made all sorts of pretexts for quitting her; and spent his time at his country-seats and in the woods, while his lonely wife sat at home pining and grieving to such a degree, that it would have moved a heart of stone.

One day he surprised her amidst one of these effusions of her sorrows. "Wife," said he, "what means this incessant whining and pining, which you know I cannot bear, and which can be of no benefit either to yourself or to me?"—"My lord and master," replied the gentle sufferer, "be not angry at my grief! Have I not reason to lament me, since I have lost your love, and know not how I have drawn upon me your displeasure?"

Acquaint me with the cause of it, that I may avoid whatever can offend you in future." Gombald appeared to be moved by these words. "Dear wife," said he, taking her lovingly by the hand, "you have not offended me; but I will no longer conceal from you what oppresses my heart, which it is not in your power to relieve. My conscience reproaches me with our marriage: it seems to me a heinous sin, indeed nothing short of incest, which is not to be expiated either in this world or the next. We are within the forbidden degrees—brothers' children—our marriage is like one between brother and sister, for which there is no absolution, no dispensation. This it is that torments my conscience night and day, and allows no rest to my soul."

In the times when there still was such a thing as conscience, it was as tender, delicate, and sensitive, especially in the great, as the membrane called by anatomists the *periosteum*, in which the slightest injury produces intolerable pain. But on no occasion was it more tender than in cases of scruples regarding marriage within the degrees of consanguinity prohibited by the church. All the Christian kings and princes belong, as every body knows, to one family: consequently as custom has required them from time immemorial not to marry out of their clan, they were sometimes obliged to wed their cousins, or even their aunts; and so long as these were young and beautiful, the sensual feeling of love lulled all the moral feelings into a narcotic slumber. But when the charms of the beloved kinswoman began to fade, or satiety generated disgust, or her lord took a fancy to another lady, the tender conscience of the virtu-

ous husband all at once awoke, and left him neither peace nor rest till he had obtained a divorce from his holiness. The discarded cousin was then forced to retire to a convent, and to relinquish her conjugal rights to another, against whom the canon law could find no objection. Thus did Henry VIII. repudiate his brother's widow, Catherine of Arragon, solely from the impulse of his tender conscience: yet, with its entire approbation, did he cause two of her successors to be decapitated for alleged intrigues; and in this manner many conscientious princes and monarchs before him put away their consorts, though we do not find that any since his time has trodden in the footsteps of that pious king. It was therefore no wonder that Count Gombald, conformably with the principles and practice of his age, should feel severe twinges of conscience on account of his too near relationship to his wife, the moment he discovered a prospect of a match that was more flattering to his passions. The good lady might object and urge what she pleased to pacify the scruples of her lord—it was all to no purpose. “Ah! my dear husband,” said she, “if you have no mercy on your unfortunate wife, yet take compassion on the innocent pledge of your extinguished love, which is yet unborn! Would to heaven I could this moment place it in your arms! perhaps its innocent looks might make some impression, and persuade you to give me back that heart which you have taken from me.” A torrent of bitter tears followed these words: but the obdurate breast of her husband was unmoved by the anguish of his unoffending wife; and mounting his horse,

he rode to Mechlin, paid the archbishop a considerable sum of money for a divorce, and shut up his faithful and affectionate consort in a convent, where grief soon put a period to her life. Shortly before she expired, she was delivered of a daughter, whom she ardently embraced, clasped to her maternal bosom, and bedewed with her tears. But the angel of death already stood by her side, and quickly closed her eyes, so that she could not long enjoy the sight of the lovely infant. The count soon afterwards repaired to the convent, took away the child, and placed it under the care of a nurse in one of his castles, appointing maids and pages to wait upon her: he then equipped himself in the most superb manner; for his first care was to secure the hand of the fair Richilda.

He joyfully repaired to the court of the countess, threw himself, intoxicated with rapture, at her feet; and when she beheld the man for whom her heart had so long sighed, she felt inexpressible transport, and that very hour she plighted him her troth. Days and years now fled away like a pleasing dream; Gombald and Richilda frequently assured each other that the felicity of heaven could scarcely surpass that which they enjoyed; and they had nothing to wish for but that it might be lasting. The happy pair had, however, too little philosophy to be aware, that pleasure uninterruptedly enjoyed is sure to cloy; and that this seasoning of life, taken in too copious doses, deprives it of all relish. Dame Richilda, whose disposition was rather fickle, was the first to feel these inconveniences: she became ill-tempered, imperious, cold, and at times jealous. Her husband also began to be sen-

sible, that he was no longer the same happy mortal he once thought himself: he was a prey to spleen; his eye ceased to beam with tenderness, and his conscience, with which he had played such a hypocritical game, now upbraided him in good earnest. It charged him with the murder of his first wife, whom he frequently mentioned with demonstrations of sorrow and warm encomiums. It is said that a second marriage is not the most happy when the husband alludes too often to his former partner. Accordingly unpleasant discussions frequently ensued with Dame Richilda, and he sometimes told her to her teeth, that she was the author of all mischief.

"I can live with you no longer," said he, after one of these altercations, to the countess; "my conscience urges me to expiate my guilt: I will go on pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and try whether I can there find peace for my wounded heart." Richilda offered little opposition to this plan: the count prepared for his pilgrimage, made his will, bade not a very tender adieu to his wife, and departed.

Before a year had elapsed, news reached Brabant, that the count had been carried off in Syria by the black disease, without enjoying the consolation of doing penance for his sins at the tomb of the Redeemer. The countess received these tidings with great indifference; but agreeably to the rules of external etiquette, she wept, she lamented, she wrapped herself in crape and bays, and erected a magnificent cenotaph to the memory of her deceased lord. An acute observer has, nevertheless, remarked, that young widows are like green sticks, which burn at one end while

the sap distils from the other. The heart of the Countess Richilda could not long remain unoccupied, and to such a degree did her mourning set off her charms, that people thronged from all quarters to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful widow. Many adventurers repaired to her court to try their fortune, in hopes of bearing off this rich prize. She had abundance of admirers, and her flatterers were as loud as ever in their praises of her beauty. Her vanity was of course gratified by their homage; but as she had some suspicion of its sincerity, and moreover wished to ascertain if the hand of Time had not in fifteen years diminished any of her charms, she applied to her mirror, on which she could rely for a true answer, in the usual manner:

Mirror bright of magic mould,
Mirror true in frame of gold,
Shew me quickly, I command,
The fairest lady in Brabant.

She drew the curtain, and was thunderstruck on beholding a strange face, lovely and beauteous as an angel's, full of gentleness and innocence, but not resembling hers in any of its features. At this unexpected reply to her inquiry, the fair widow flew into a vehement passion; nay, she had a good mind to take a signal revenge on the indiscreet mirror; nor would she have been much to blame if she had: for what can be a more severe mortification to a female, whose only merit is her beauty, than when the monitor on her toilet announces to her the irrecoverable loss of that which confers all its value on her existence?

Dame Richilda, inconsolable on account of this unwelcome discovery, conceived a mortal hatred against the innocent beauty, whom she regarded as the usurper of her lawful right.

She impressed her lovely features deeply on her memory, and made diligent inquiry concerning her to whom they belonged. She soon learned that, according to her description, it could be no other than her own step-daughter, Blanca, who had won from her the prize of beauty. Satan immediately suggested to her the expediency of destroying this lovely plant, which would have been an ornament to the Garden of Eden itself. To this end the cruel countess sent for Sambul, the physician to her household, gave him a ripe pomegranate, told into his hand fifty pieces of gold, and said, "Prepare this fruit in such a manner that half of it shall be harmless, while the other half shall be impregnated with so subtle a poison, that whoever eats of it shall die in a few hours." The Jew joyfully stroked his beard, dropped the money into his pouch, and promised to comply with the injunction of the malicious countess. He took a sharp needle, with which he made three small punctures in the pomegranate; into these he infused a caustic liquid, and returned the fruit to his employer. Richilda immediately mounted her horse, and, accompanied by a few attendants, took the road towards the sequestered castle where Blanca resided. By the way she dispatched a messenger to announce that the Countess Richilda was coming to visit the young lady, and to condole with her on the loss of her father.

This message set the whole castle in motion to prepare for the reception of the illustrious visitor. Blanca arrayed herself in the colour of innocence, and when she heard the prancing of the horses, flew with open arms to meet her mother. The

countess at the first sight found the maiden seven times as beautiful as her mirror had represented her, and equally sensible, modest, and virtuous. This remark served only to confirm her hatred; but the viper concealed her venom within her own bosom, feigned a warm affection for her, complained of the unkindness of her father, who, while he lived, had denied her the gratification of beholding his amiable child, and promised thenceforward to love her with a mother's fondness. The pages soon afterwards laid the table, and brought in an elegant repast. The housekeeper had provided the finest fruit that the garden afforded for the desert. Richilda tasted it, but found it deficient in flavour, and ordered one of her servants to bring the pomegranate, with which fruit, as she said, she was accustomed to conclude every meal. The servant handed it to her on a silver salver; she cut it in two, and offered one half to the fair Blanca, as if in token of kindness. As soon as the pomegranate was finished, the countess with her retinue set out on their return. Soon after their departure, the young lady was taken ill; the roses on her cheeks faded; she trembled in every limb; convulsions ensued, and her lovely eyes were soon closed in the everlasting sleep of death.

Who can describe the sorrow and affliction which pervaded the mansion on account of the sudden decease of the fair Blanca, cut off in early bloom, like the opening centifolia cropped by the rude hand of the spoiler, because it was the pride of the garden! The portly duenna poured forth streams of tears. The skilful pages constructed a coffin of fir, with silver plates and handles;

and that they might not be all at once deprived of the sight of their lovely mistress, they made a glass window in the lid. The maidens prepared a shroud of the finest Brabant linen, in which they arrayed the corpse, put the crown of chastity, a fresh wreath of myrtle, on her head; and the whole household in funeral procession attended the remains of their mistress to the chapel of the castle, where the service was performed by the chaplain, and the doleful bell continued tolling from morn till late at night.

Donna Richilda meanwhile reached her home in high glee. The first thing she did was to repeat her question to the mirror. She drew up the curtain, and, with an air of triumph, again discovered her own figure; but large spots of rust had settled here and there on the polished surface of the metal, and gave it an appearance resembling that of a fair female face pitted with the smallpox. What does it signify? thought the countess within herself; 'tis better for them to be on the mirror than on my skin: it is as serviceable as ever, and assures me that I am again in possession of my right. In general it is not till we are in danger of losing a thing that we learn to appreciate its value. The fair Richilda had frequently suffered whole years to elapse without appealing to the mirror on the subject of her beauty; now she omitted not a single day to consult it. She had several times enjoyed the pleasure of paying homage to her charms; but one day when she raised the curtain for this purpose—O wonder of wonders!—the mirror again presented to her the likeness of the lovely Blanca! At this sight the jealous dame felt

herself ready to swoon; but hastily pulling out her smelling-bottle, she contrived to dispel the evil. She then summoned up all her spirits, to ascertain whether she might not have been mistaken; but the evidence of her eyes soon convinced her that she was right.

Her malice immediately fell to work to devise new mischief. Sambul was again summoned. "O thou base deceiver! O thou roguish Jew!" cried the countess in an angry tone, "hast thou so little regard for my commands as to dare to impose upon me? Did I not direct thee to prepare a pomegranate in such a manner that it should kill any one who might eat of it? and didst thou not infuse into it the balm of life and health? Thy Judas beard and thy ears shall suffer for it!" Sambul the physician was horror-struck at this address of his enraged mistress. "Ah! wo is me!" cried he; "what shall I do? I know not how I have incurred your ladyship's displeasure. I strictly obeyed your commands: if my art has failed, the cause is unknown to me."—"This time," rejoined the lady, assuming a milder tone, "I forgive thee, but on condition that thou preparest for me a perfumed soap, which shall infallibly accomplish what the pomegranate has failed to effect." The physician promised to do his best; the countess again told out fifty pieces of gold into his pouch, and dismissed him. In a few days Sambul brought his mistress the fatal composition. She immediately equipped her nurse, a very artful woman, as a dealer in small wares; furnished her with a box containing fine thread and needles, perfumes of various kinds, and scented soap, marbled with red and

blue veins, ordering her to proceed to her daughter Blanca, to induce her to purchase the poisoned ball, and promising her an ample recompence for her services. The mercenary menial accordingly repaired to the residence of the young lady, who, suspecting no treachery, was persuaded, on the strong recommendation of the subtle and loquacious stranger, to purchase the soap, which she assured her would preserve the delicacy of the complexion till the end of the longest life, and to make a trial of it unknown to her duenna. The wicked stepmother

meanwhile assiduously consulted the spotted mirror, and concluded from its appearance that her scheme had succeeded; for the spots had spread in the course of a single night over the whole surface of the mirror, so that the figure which it now exhibited, in answer to her inquiry, was absolutely indistinct and undefined. The spoiling of the mirror certainly grieved her to the heart; yet she did not conceive she had thereby paid too dearly for the reputation of being the first beauty in the land.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LOITERER.

No. XIII.

IF, Mr. Loiterer, you have the least particle of that allegiance which you so recently swore to our sex, you will prove it by immediately preaching a crusade against the Turks; or rather, to express myself more clearly, against the head of those barbarians who has just dared, in the face of civilized Europe, to make the most tyrannical and atrocious attack that ever was made upon the rights and privileges of our sex. I am persuaded that posterity will hardly believe the fact, and indeed it would appear incredible even to ourselves, if it was not, alas! too well attested, that in this enlightened age a monarch can be found hardy, or rather I ought to say audacious enough to trample upon the dearest and most sacred rights of woman—those of the toilet.

Thunderstruck as I was when first this barbarian's edict upon female dress appeared, I yet comforted myself with the hope that a general rising at Constantinople would com-

pel him to rescind it: but it seems that those miserable beings are so degraded by the despotism they have so long groaned under, that they do not dare to express the indignation which no doubt they must feel at finding their women prohibited from wearing embroidered *feredges* and the colours most becoming to their complexions; and, worst of all, I protest my gorge rises when I think of it, obliged to cover themselves so closely in their odious old-fashioned veils, that even the most accomplished coquette among them cannot succeed in shewing so much as the tip of her nose in public.

Disappointed in this hope, I next turned my eyes to our modern philosophers. "It cannot be," said I to myself, "that they will stand tamely by; men who, in their hatred of superstition, have gone such lengths towards banishing religion, and, in their love of freedom, have done their utmost to subvert monarchy, will surely crush this abominable ty-

rant, who makes religion a pretext for such a detestable act of oppression. But here also I have been disappointed; not a single philosopher, to their eternal shame be it spoken, has raised his voice in behalf of these persecuted fair-ones, who have shewn themselves so worthy of support by the courageous effort they have made to emancipate themselves from their ancient superstitions.

Thus you see, Mr. Loiterer, the cause of independence in dress is lost for ever in Turkey, if England, generous England, the constant friend of the oppressed, does not take it up, and excite by her glorious example all the other European powers to join in recovering for these poor, innocent, oppressed creatures the right of all others most dear to woman—that of making the most of her charms.

O for the eloquence of another Peter the Hermit to forward this noble cause! not that I mean to undervalue yours, Mr. Loiterer; but, unfortunately, by your own confession, you are not quite of such an active disposition as that famous old worthy; and I am afraid you love your ease too much to travel about as he did all over Europe, to excite every sovereign to take up arms against those vile infidels. However, if the spirit of chivalry has not entirely departed from among us, you may still do some good at home. Sound the *tocsin* then I beg of you. Call to your aid the defenders of legitimate power; they must answer the appeal, for what power was ever more legitimate than that of woman? Invoke the aid of the friends of liberty; they will grant it, for never was liberty so basely attacked as in

this attempt to subvert the rights of the toilet.

Thus you cannot fail of having a plentiful supply of men; and as to money, it would be an insult to the commercial spirit of our country to doubt for a moment of the possibility of raising it. You have only to organize a committee, who will propose a loan, with a good percentage, and security for the reimbursement of the principal within a given time (say fifteen hundred years hence), out of the sinking fund, to be raised by a tax self-imposed by the ladies of Turkey on embroidered *feredjes* and transparent veils. There is no question that this plan must succeed, for the security cannot fail of appearing unexceptionable in the eyes of a prudent and wary person like John Bull.

Thus you see, Mr. Loiterer, I have put abundant means of serving the cause into your hands; lose no time then, I beseech you, in making use of them, and you will entitle yourself to the gratitude of woman all over the globe, and to the applause of posterity: for to shew my disinterestedness, I shall give you all the merit of the plan, leaving you at liberty to avail yourself of the contents of my letter, as if the plan were really your own, and faithfully promising you that it shall never be claimed by

CAROLINE CLARION.

As I scorn to be outdone in generosity, I have not availed myself of the permission given by my fair and ingenious correspondent. I have published her letter, which I have no doubt will obtain for her the universal suffrages of her sex. I would

willingly lend my assistance to her admirable plan, if it were not for fear ministers would be ungallant enough to think more of the rights of nations than of the rights of the toilet; and consequently would soon put a stop to my exertions. The only thing then that I can do is, to advise Caroline Clarion to bring the matter directly before the French Female Parliament, who no doubt will immediately take the necessary means to teach the sultan not to meddle with matters that ought to be out of the reach of his sublimityship's jurisdiction.

N. NEVERMOVE.

TO N. NEVERMOVE, ESQ.

Mr. LOITERER,

Will you brush up your gallantry, and try to lend me a little assistance in a research I am now making after a very interesting piece of information? I want to ascertain the time when the present mode *pour faire des noces*, as the French say, came into fashion. I know that formerly, instead of stepping into a travelling-chariot, and whirling away to shut themselves up in the country, as if they had done something of which they ought to be ashamed, the bride and bridegroom suffered themselves to be made a show of for a month or six weeks, to the great amusement of all their acquaintances. All the old novels, from *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Tom Jones* down to the *Visiting-Day* and *Barford Abbey*, which were in fashion some forty years ago, contain exact accounts of the ceremonial of the nuptials, the dresses of the bride and bridegroom, whom they danced with, what they had for supper, how they looked

Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

sitting up in their laced night-caps when the ceremony of throwing the stocking was performed, and the colour and form of the dishabille in which they came down the next morning to breakfast.

Ah! it was worth while to be married in those days, Mr. Loiterer, when one gave one's neighbours something to talk of for a month at least! But now, mercy upon me! the marriage of a duchess does not make a bit more noise than that of a dairyman's daughter, and they are conducted exactly in the same manner. All the difference is, that their graces set out immediately, after their elegant *dejeuner à la fourchette*, in their splendid travelling-carriage, to hide themselves in their magnificent villa till fashion allows them to throw open their doors to their dear five hundred friends; and the plebeian couple take their flight to a country lodging in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Wood or Bermondsey Spa, till it is genteel for them once more to shew their faces in Long-lane or the Borough.

But to return to the subject of my letter: perhaps, as you say you have always been an observer, you may recollect the time when this great change in our ancient custom took place; or if you do not, you may set your wits to work to trace it. You know you have promised to atone for your past neglect of the ladies, and I think I can answer for it, that such a piece of information will be an acceptable peace-offering to the generality of your fair readers, as well as to your humble servant,

SOPHY —.

I regret that I cannot myself give
E E

my fair correspondent the information she desires; but as a proof of my willingness to procure it for her, I do hereby promise my correspondents in general, that any one of them

who may forward it to me shall receive a set of my papers elegantly bound and gilt, so soon as the said paper shall have reached its tenth edition.

N. N.

THE CAVERN OF SERVULO.

(Concluded from p. 140.)

SUMMER, autumn, and winter improved the beauty, growth, and health of the heir apparent to the Castle of Servulo. His parents took him to Hungary, and they continued with the Dowager-Countess Carravacci until death relieved her pains. Rodolpho began to lisp his father's name, and each day his opening graces more tenderly endeared him. Spring had shewn the snows of a second winter since Amalina shone brightest among the dames of Istria. The hills were wrapped in fogs and twilight; whilst, with an unusual depression of spirits, she waited a return of the baron from the lower hall, where day by day he administered justice to his people. She heard with strange dismay the hooting of owls from the forest, and the west wind murmuring along the battlements and towers of the castle. She gave voice to a silver call: the grey-haired major-domo appeared with a torch to light the cressets suspended from the ceiling. The baroness bade him send the nurse and child: the major-domo replied, that he supposed the young Lord Rodolpho slept, as nurse had not been visible since sunset. The baroness then inquired if many vassals had left the hall of justice: he answered they were all dismissed, and most probably the lord baron was gone to bed.

"If my lord were in health he would have come here according to cus-

tom," said the baroness: "let my damsels hasten hither with lights."

The damsels attended, each bearing a torch: the baroness with quick steps crossed a gallery to her chamber: the baron was not there. Sounds of anguish and consternation filled the castle. Lights blazed in all directions, searching for the best of husbands, the most indulgent master and parental chief. With a torch in her trembling hand, Amalina explored the Cavern of Servulo: traces of blood were on the sparry incrustations of a narrow passage to the deep vault; but it might be blood of a hind, or cock of the pheasant tribe, torn by the wolf or vulture. Every apartment, the keep and dungeon, every unfrequented recess of the fortress and its dependencies, were ransacked by domestics and crowding vassals who gathered to inquire the cause of wailing. In silent grief the baroness led these clamorous mourners in all their researches. She moved from bank to bank of the moat, or stood shivering on the oozy brink, as with hooks attached to long poles the retainers sought for the body of their lord, and still sought in vain. The weeping damsels in attendance, with reiterated importunity, conjured their lady to take comfort in the young Lord Rodolpho. Her excruciated feelings turned to this last sweetener of existence, and she sped to press him to her widowed heart.

But neither in his cradle nor on his couch was he to be found. The bereaved mother tore her hair, beat her bosom, and exclaimed, "Can the fate of woman be more wretched!"

Alas! this question, wrung from her by agonies of despair, had too soon a horrible response! An arm passed round her slender waist, and the accents of Wendebonde were heard: "Charming Amalina, I have witnessed your sorrow, and did intend to allow it free vent by remaining invisible till its violence subsided; but I cannot permit thee to disfigure the beauties that enrapture and enslave my soul. The aged baron no longer breathes the vital air. I grieve that his temerity in opposing single-handed and unarmed a vanguard of soldiers, unaccustomed to be thwarted, has proved fatal to himself. My courageous fellows wished to deposit in the Cavern of Servulo the treasures I intrusted to them until I came up. It was necessary for me to keep in the rear of my host, to prevent stragglers. Would that I had led the van! The lamentable catastrophe should then have been averted."

Amalina resolutely forbore interrupting the count, that she might learn the fate of her lord, and that she might not exasperate the conqueror, into whose relentless power she had fallen, without means of resistance, or a probability of escape.

"Can I see the remains of my lord?" she said in words almost inarticulate, followed by a burst of tears, the first that relieved the tension of her throbbing pulses.

"If you can bear the shock, adorned-empress of all my wishes, beautiful even in this extreme disorder of mind and dress. Angel of my life! you know not how Wendebonde has

doted in love for you, you only; and how that passion has sublimed his nature! Though far from you, your influence was ever present, controuling and purifying my enamoured heart. Many a pleading adversary have I spared for your sake. Take my arm, and I will lead you to the place where the remains of the baron await funereal honours. But no—you cannot support the sight of a massacred human being."

"I that have survived the slaughter of my husband and the loss of my child, may endure any object of horror."

"Be mine, lovely mourner, and the child shall be restored to your arms. You shrink from my approach: therefore, in few words I shall be explicit. You must be mine by the holy sacrament of marriage, or mine by falling lower than the most abject minion of my loosest hours. Be my fond lovely consort, and in ten hours subsequent to our union, the infant Rodolpho shall be replaced on your bosom. Reject this proffer, and rough wooing shall prevail. When I have rifled every grace, the proud Amalina shall be the common mate of every truculent bravado in my legions. Think of these terms, my peerless charmer, and remember Wendebonde is a man of unchangeable purpose. Take my heart, my hand, my supporting arm: I will bring thee to the mangled corse of my aged predecessor, to consider the alternatives I have placed before thee. Thy own lofty mind should decide in favour of honour and purity."

"Let me then be alone, while I invoke the saints to direct me."

"I will conduct thee, since it must be so, to view the frightful spectacle

of an old man literally hewn to pieces."

Every word spoken by Wendebonde struck a pang to the breast of Amalina; but as a helpless captive, she restrained her quivering lips from utterance. Wendebonde unlocked a low door, gave entrance to the heart-stricken baroness, and again turned the key on the outside.

In a short time, her prayers were interrupted by the grey-haired major-domo, saying in whispers, "My dear lady, every moment of delay increases your perils, and I break in upon your devotions to save you from dishonour. I came to this, my once peaceful chamber, to beseech the saints to guide me for your behalf in this terrible conjuncture; and hearing the ruffians at hand, I concealed myself. Give me some token to shew the vassals as authority to arm in your cause."

"Faithful Hubert, Wendebonde is liege lord of the vassals, and long since has made himself popular among them. The castle is in his possession; I am his prisoner, and must receive his vows, to shun a more horrific doom, and to reclaim my child. But go to the sovereign pontiff. His holiness is the brother of my grand-sire. Shew him this jewelled rosary, and say it came from the most wretched Baroness Servulo, and in the library of the Vatican was given by his holiness to the Conti del Carravacci, the son of his brother. Submit to the holy father my unhappy case; and say, that since my honoured lord is numbered with the dead, though compelled to go to the altar with another, it is my fixed purpose to withdraw from the society of man. His holiness in his infallible wisdom will set me free, and I shall finish my

days in a religious house, devoting my vast revenues to pious and charitable exercises. There is gold to freight a swift-sailing galley from Trieste to Fermo, and all the inhabitants of the papal territories will promote your journey to Rome, if —"

As the baroness spoke, the lock turned. Hubert betook himself to his hiding-place; and the appalled widow was obliged to lean on the arm of Wendebonde. As he drew her along passages and galleries to the chapel, she implored him to grant her time to observe the decorum of mourning for her deceased lord.

"Not a day, not a minute, Amalina," replied Wendebonde. "Do I see the enchanting arbitress of my joys at my feet? I cannot endure this. Rise, my love! One hour of mourning is thine. To thee soon will it fly; but to me it prolongs years of torture already known. I admired thee, even to adoration, since thy slender fingers encircled my neck with a golden chain, the trophy of my spear and lance, victorious at a tournament. Disguised as a minstrel, I was daily blessed with thy presence one little month as the inmate of thy father's palace, and the flame which consumed my vitals gathered fuel to burn more intensely. With what delicious tenderness did the object of my idolatry shew commiseration to the pining minstrel youth! but all encouragement, all opportunity to reveal my passion was denied. This good sword gained me renown in Muscovy. I hastened to Presburg; thy father was in command of armies for the aid of Venice. I offered my services, was accepted, and distinguished again and again. I now felt emboldened to ask Count Carravacci to

favour my suit to his daughter. He refused; he forbade me to think of Amalina, for whom alone I had become the famed warrior of the East and West. I insisted to know his objection to my alliance; and when closely pressed, he reminded me that my father was an abettor of spoilers on land and sea. I left him in madness, plunged into the Adriatic to end my grief, but the cooling waters assuaged my distraction. I became composed, hurried to my usual shelter, drew my weapon from the scabbard, wiped it dry and bright, and swore on the trusty steel to possess Amalina or perish in seeking the prize. I collected my valuables and my troops. We marched from Venice to Hungary. My obedient followers set fire to an uninhabited part of thy widowed mother's dwelling, to bring thee out at a time the most propitious for abduction. The Baron of Servulo tore thee from my soldiers, hardly one hour before I should have met thee with a force too resolute and numerous for all his vassals to encounter. Now, my fair enslaver, no power on earth can divide us. Thou shalt exchange the cold dalliance of second childhood for the ecstatic fervours of youthful passion. By this time the baron lies in the earthly vault of the chapel. In one hour I will seek thee there. Be gay, be thyself, my Amalina! The young Rodolpho is safe. In love to thee I preserved him, and charged his nurse, as she valued my favour, to cherish him. Ah, my beauteous bride! hadst thou been half so devoted to Wendebronde as that fond woman, thy loveliness had never been tarnished by subjugation to cold, feeble, tasteless age!"

Amalina heard the voice of Count

Gruithsheim; but the woful agitation of her mind prevented her from comprehending his insidious flatteries, and she stood at the altar with features pale and fixed as a marble statue. Messengers were sent to Morlachia for her child, but ere they could return, a body, partly devoured by wild beasts, was brought to the castle of Servulo. The head was entire, and so much of the clothing remained, as shewed that the treacherous nurse had met the punishment of her crime in passing a wood nearest the fortress, and it was inferred that the innocent Rodolpho shared this dreadful catastrophe.

Wendebronde, to appease the murmuring vassals, shewed profound sympathy in the grief of Amalina, and did not oppose her frequent retirement to pray for the souls of her husband and son. One morning before sunrise, as she kneeled on the grave of her late lord, telling her beads by the light of a dim lamp, she was alarmed by a rustling near the monument; and looking around, beheld Hubert holding up a mandate from the sovereign pontiff, enjoining her to take his guidance to soldiers of the church, who would conduct her to a convent near Naples, and the vicinity of her powerful relations would protect her from the violence or artifices of Wendebronde. She instantly obeyed. Amalina had been five years a boarder in the religious house, when a small party of Carniolians came to the gate of the outer inclosure, begging to see the lady Baroness of Servulo, or that a female with a young boy might be admitted to her retreat. Fearful of a snare from Count Gruithsheim, the baroness denied access to all except the woman and child. With her

soul agitated by indescribable alterations of hope and alarm, the lady turned her eyes on the boy, and instantaneously recognised her son. She hung over him in speechless rapture of joy and tenderness; and the woman, addressing the lady abbess, related how Rodolpho came into her guardianship. Accompanied by her sister, two brothers, and her husband, loud shrieks met their ear as they passed through the forest to the east of the castle of Servulo. Forgetful of personal danger, they followed the sounds with hasty exertion, and were met by a child, seemingly eighteen months or two years old. His dialect would have been unintelligible, if her husband had not known a little of the northern Italian, and understood that the person who carried the boy threw him from her arms to shift for himself when they were attacked by a wolf; but the wolf kept hold of her. "I took up the pretty creature," said the woman, "and we all ran to help the female, whose cries grew fainter and fainter. On coming near, we saw the monstrous brute partly entangled in the woman's mantle. Our men killed him, and whilst a spark of life remained, his teeth were fixed in the victim's breast. Before he was destroyed, she yielded her last breath. We found her body had been sadly mangled; but we laid her on a cloak, intending to carry the corpse to the nearest chapel for interment, when we heard many voices at no great distance, and though it was getting dark, my brother discovered double our number of Morlachian or Uscoque robbers. We all climbed the nearest trees, every one helping me up, as I had still the child in my arms. He has ever since

been as my own. It was but the other day that a very old man of our country came to die among us. Hubert immediately knew my foster child, and directed us where to find the Lady Baroness of Servulo. He is with our men outside of the convent-walls, and has the clothes worn by the young lord at the time he came under our care, which, he says, he can swear to have been his dress on the night he was taken from the castle."

Whilst the woman spoke, the baroness shed tears of joy over her son, and embraced him in all the ecstasies of maternal sensibility. Mothers will imagine better than we can describe, her transports of thankfulness to the preserver of her last stake in worldly happiness. She had not taken the veil, but in voluntary seclusion devoted her time and immense revenues to the duties of religion, in prayer for the souls of her best beloved. Her meeting with Hubert nearly annihilated the superannuated powers of the major-domo.

Our limits forbid much detail; but to wind up the narrative, it is necessary to mention, that Wendebonde resisted the papal authority, and held the castle of Servulo in defiance of the armies of his holiness. During a close blockade, Count Gruithsheim and his legions suffered every extremity by famine and disease. The banditti made several attempts to cut their way through the besiegers, but were repulsed with great slaughter. While Wendebonde survived, they refused to surrender; he fell in a desperate sally, and the freebooters, reduced in number and individual spirit, gave up the contest. The castle of Servulo was restored to the youthful Lord Ro-

dolpho. The baroness returned amidst the acclamations of the vassals, who had found the popular usurper changed into a merciless tyrant. Hubert was reinstated in his office, and the Carniolians who sav-

ed Rodolpho filled places of honour and confidence. Amalina lived to behold her son the inheritor of paternal virtues.

B. G.

TRAGICAL CONSEQUENCES OF FEMALE COQUETRY.

In the reign of Queen Anne two youths of Wigtonshire, in the south of Scotland, had been fondly attached from childhood. The elder was a foundling. He had been laid at the gate of an old naval officer, who, though a bachelor, was moved with generous compassion for the desolate babe, and took upon himself the charge of his rearing and education. His niece, who managed his family, had but lately returned from Edinburgh, where she had been resident some months for medical advice. Mr. Clark feared that she might object to an intruder likely to interfere with her own expectations; and her promptitude in acceding to his proposal, and the unremitting tenderness she shewed the boy, greatly endeared her to her uncle.

The following year she married a gentleman in the neighbourhood—her second son was the Pylades of our foundling, who was named Orestes, in commemoration of a vessel, the first captured by the gallant tar, who cut her out of the French port at the price of his left leg. The boys were educated together, and together went as midshipmen into the navy; and though each with fearless ardour encountered dangers and endured fatigues in their line of duty, emulous of distinction, their professional ambition never interfered with their private friendship. After years of unbounded confidence and affec-

tion, their ship was stationed in a West-Indian harbour and on the adjacent coast. Here they both became violently enamoured of a beautiful Creole of Jamaica, and as both the young officers were remarkably handsome and conspicuous for bravery, the lady was flattered by the impression which she had evidently made on them, and with consummate art she afforded hopes to both, without giving either room to suppose that his rival was preferred. In this manner both these noble hearts were subdued and riveted by her charms; and even when each began to discover a rival in his friend, though they were in some degree estranged, they still would have shuddered at the thoughts of a quarrel—a sanguinary quarrel.

The younger, whose name was Cuthbert, imagined at length that Orestes had gained the lady, and exulted in her favour. The charge was retorted with some acrimony; for it occurred to the accused that his friend wished to break with him, as the only obstacle to pursuing his inclinations. In few words, the friends took in the most offensive light every phrase reciprocally intended as explanatory of their conduct. A challenge ensued, and it was agreed that both should fire in the same moment. Orestes received a mortal wound, and Cuthbert was also shot through the body. His hurt was not imme-

diately fatal, yet he was obliged to return to Scotland for the recovery of his health. His voyage was so rapid, that he gave his mother the first account that his friend, now dearer than life, never uttered a word after receiving his fire. "Great God!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady, "my ill-fated son has slain his brother! Yes, Cutlibert, I was secretly married to an officer who fell at the battle of Ramillies. I was delivered of my poor boy in a week after I heard that his father had bled for his country. I had gone to Edinburgh to conceal my situation till my husband should be promoted to a company, and then I hoped my un-

cle would forgive me. To secure having the child under my own eye, my nurse, the only confidante of my marriage and pregnancy, left my babe at the door of my uncle's house. Alas! I brought him thither, and encouraged your mutual friendship, only to be the sorrow of my declining years!"

Cuthbert lingered a few months. His unhappy mother did not survive him a year. We have not heard what became of the vain coquette whose selfish artifices caused this tragedy; she was virtually a murderess, and the awful retribution of Divine Justice probably chastised her crime.

B. G.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

No. III.

(Continued from p. 102.)

WHEN a certain French *philosophe*, who used to spend every evening with a French *bas bleu*, was asked, "Why, *monsieur*, as you agree so well with *madame*, why do you not marry her? You would then be always sure of an agreeable home."—"All this is very true," replied *monsieur*. "I have long been thinking of this myself; but then where should I spend my evenings?" In the same predicament with *monsieur* did I stand in regard to poor Flora, whose death I indeed bitterly regretted, yet not so much as I endeavoured to imagine. The manner also of her death haunted me, and as I had no one in whom I could repose my grief, I felt it doubly. I put myself into full mourning on the occasion. I bought a ring, in which was a lock of her hair. I had a design made by an eminent drawing-master, in which was seen a young

man leaning over an urn, around which were as many inverted torches as could be conveniently crammed in. I was seen walking alone late on moonlight nights; nay, I even went so far as to try at an elegy on the death of a young lady; but finding as I went on that mine so much approached the celebrated elegy by Pope, that the difference was scarcely perceptible, I contented myself with singing "the Death of Anna" and two or three other well-a-day ditties. I soon returned to the society I had lately left, and, among the rest, a circle in which I had been very intimate until my acquaintance with Flora had estranged me from them. I was heartily received by these people, a mother and three *marriageable* daughters. They consoled with me on the loss of my friend, while I knew they were rejoiced. This then was a note I could

not bear them to touch upon; but there were other notes which I could bear to hear: the piano-forte was open, and I led the girls forward for a song, which had the desired effect of changing the conversation.

But to my correspondence. Whose letter comes next? This is also in a female hand, and the seal Hope; the signature—ah! what recollections does it not recall! what a story to remember!—’tis a homely one; but yet there may be some readers unfashionable enough to feel an interest in

THE STORY OF SUSAN GRAY, OR
THE SPINSTER.

To imagine that there is not in every situation of life, however apparently miserable, much cause of rejoicing, is at once to conceive that the Deity feels more pleasure in withholding than in bestowing happiness. We often suffer our prejudices or our egotism to infer misery where we have no right to form such conclusions. The degree or situation of an old bachelor is always a subject for mirth, as that of an old maid is productive, with the best of us, both of sympathy and compassion; and yet these are often both victims to circumstances over which they have no controul. Were this sympathy and compassion stimulants to good-will towards those we have deemed so unfortunate as to be deserving our pity, all would be well; but, alas! for sympathy and compassion we are too often obliged to read scorn and contempt, mixed with no small share of self-congratulation and sundry tossings of the head, highly indicative of a very different feeling from fraternal love or pity.

Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

Susan Gray was one of those females who are imagined, by such who see but dimly, to have been born only for the sport of Fortune. In the giddy world her name had become significant of unhappiness itself; and to be as wretched as Susan Gray was a simile often employed, by way of illustrating peculiar or local misery, by the many who partly knew her. Born to the expected inheritance of a large fortune, which was at one moment swept from her family by a hurricane, she lost with it a father, who died broken-hearted, leaving Susan, her mother, and a sister dependent upon those who at one time partook of their daily bread. Had Susan been a girl of even moderate fortune her face and form might have been tolerated; but now, penniless and dependent, her plainness was almost revolting; and although her figure and carriage, as it is sometimes called, possessed an every-day sort of form and elasticity, yet poverty and disappointed hope left that form untenanted by a single grace or animation to attract the common observer.

Such was Susan Gray. It is said that we all have two characters, one for Sundays, our best as it were, and one for every day; one for our new acquaintances, another for our intimates. Susan’s was for every day; her holiday one was gone, so said the world.

To behold Susan as she really was, you must have seen her at home: you would there have seen her rocking the cradle of declining age; parrying with pleasantry the ill-natured thrusts of an artful and designing sister; sparing from the extreme scantiness of her own in-

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come to aid and assist the education of an urchin, the son of a brother-in-law, whose father was gone to settle his account at that bar from which there is no appeal.

It may be asked, how I knew so much of the story of Susan Gray. Called in as a professional man, for I once practised medicine, to watch a paroxysm of her mother's, I there encountered the same female whom I had so often met "brushing the early dew from off the grass," in order to invigorate herself for the taskful day; and this person, in whom I thought I had discovered much mind and an air of single blessedness, in a moment claimed my friendship. "A friend," says Sterne, "has the same right as a physician." I do not altogether agree with him; but I was a friend, and hoped to be a physician. I was also at that time, with Sterne, a married man: it is paying myself no compliment to say, I was a better husband than he. I had, however, according to his position, many rights, and I availed myself of them all, and, with my Maria's assistance, secured her confidence. When I first called, the *hauteur* which I had seen on her brow had vanished, for she was tending her mother; but when she turned round to me, and besought me to use all my skill, something of this sternness returned. Still from the moment I saw her thus engaged, she excited a strong interest in her fate. I see her now bending over the chair of sickness, and watching the looks of the invalid. Her spare thin form covered with a white gown, confined at the *real waist* with a narrow black ribbon; her high and ivory forehead displayed between the straight parting of her coal-black hair; her pallid face;

her *Siddonian* nose; a mouth smiling with no common benignity; her long white and taper fingers, one of which shewed a black ring—what a subject was this to the world's everyday woman! What an idea for the pencil of Westall! How interesting to an artist's eye! I restored her mother to apparent convalescence, and I beheld the daughter animated with joy; and then again I saw, that the portrait which out of doors pictured repulse and *hauteur*, was at home full of sweetness, benevolence, and sensibility.

Time flew; the seasons came and went. "Ten years' absence from my native land," I exclaimed, "must have made many alterations in this town," as I at length entered it; and when I approached Susan's door, I cried, continuing my soliloquy, "Alas! what may not have occurred here!" The rose-bushes round Susan's cottage in a suburban lane told that they were much neglected by their owner; they were torn from their training, and urchin feet had evidently trodden the plants to the ground. Here the tall dock reared its head, and the dandelion—sure sign of desolation—obtruded its presence. The shutters were closed, and a placard, in no very scribe-like hand, proclaimed, "This *hous* to *lette—henquire* facing," set my heart throbbing. I inquired for my friend, and with difficulty found her lodging in the heart and smoke of our manufacturing city. I climbed the stairs of a two-pair floor, and was ushered into her room. My heart beat higher still; but she was not there: she was expected to return in ten minutes. I struggled to compose myself; ten minutes is a long time under such circumstances, and I endeavoured to

divert myself by a survey of her room. This was furnished I readily perceived with a selection from the old house. The short-backed but expansive circular chair, which used to inclose her mother's form, and in which I could fancy the poor old soul was seated, stood near the fire. The same blue and white jars and beakers occupied the mantel-piece, which was too high for a chimney-glass: the good old lady's crutch-stick placed over them, crossed in state with a gold-headed cane of her other parent, were arranged in sal-tier. The old harpsichord stood open, with a lesson of Correlli's upon the music-stand. Here and there were faded drawings of friends, fit memorials of their or of life's instability. Over the fire-place were two *silhouette* portraits, a gentleman with a bag-wig, and a lady with a lappet cap; but in the centre was a miniature of a gentleman in blue and silver. Ah! what a tale might be told of this! The old black cat slept before the fire: she raised up her head

from her nether part, in which it was turned, and having viewed me with the most sovereign contempt, again composed herself to sleep. On the pillar and claw-table, black with rubbing, were materials for writing, and an old-fashioned book called the Bible: here also lay the *Spiritual Quixote* "from Jones's library," in which was a ticket with Susan's name as a subscriber to a lying-in charity, to mark the place where she had left off reading; and on a shelf hard by Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, the *Book of Martyrs*, Hervey's *Meditations*, and sundry odd volumes of novels, Court-Guides, &c. An old gown, evidently taken up on a repairing lease, was thrown with a pair of scissars on an old-fashioned work-table, and the whole furniture was in accord with the place: but her voice and footsteps on the stairs set my heart a-throbbing, and disturbed further cogitation.

(*To be continued.*)

ADVENTURES IN IRELAND.

No. I.

AMONGST the national curiosities of Ireland, there are few more worthy of attention than those subterraneous passages which the pugnacious propensities of its aboriginal inhabitants, and the unsettled state of that country in former ages, rendered useful and necessary. One or more of these passages is to be found almost in every parish, always varying in extent, and often in construction; they are sometimes found to lead, either by continuous or circuitous routes, several miles, and generally terminate abruptly in a wild

glen, at the base of an uncultivated mountain, or more frequently in the neighbourhood of some ruined castle or abbey.

Some months ago an English gentleman set out to visit one of those caverns, or rather a cluster of caverns, for such it really was, which lies within a few miles of a populous city in the south of Ireland, and is known to the natives, who dignify every thing uncommon by annexing to its real history a fabulous tradition, under the name of *the Owens*; a title which it is said to

have obtained from having been employed to bake loaves for the dainty stomach of a giant king, who lived heaven only knows how many centuries before the flood. Our traveller arrived about noon, and not having made any previous preparation for his entrance into the Ovens, proceeded to a miserable hamlet hard by, where with much difficulty he procured a few small tallow-candles; and by the promise of a trifling pecuniary reward, induced two peasant-boys, who were scorching their knees at a turf-fire, and who assured him that they were intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the subterraneous labyrinth, to accompany him as guides. Having arrived at the entrance, it was determined, that, after passing through the cavern, the party should emerge at an opening about a mile distant; and the candles being lighted, the guides went boldly and quickly forward; our traveller following with as much speed as the projecting pieces of rock, which now obliged him to creep with the assistance of his hands, and in a moment forced him to climb eminences nearly perpendicular, would permit. Thus the party moved onwards, the flexible and well-exercised limbs of the guides rendering them insensible to fatigue; and the small candles which they held rapidly melting, and often nearly extinguished by the currents of air that rushed from the numerous avenues which met them at every winding. Having walked, scrambled, and crawled in this manner over a distance nearly equal to half an English mile, but which the weary limbs of our traveller induced him to estimate at four times that extent, the party found themselves in the centre of a spacious, lofty, square room,

hollowed out of the solid rock, and intersected by various passages. Here for the first time the eldest and most forward of the guides betrayed some symptoms of embarrassment, and turning round with a striking diminution of that confidence which he had hitherto assumed, inquired of his comrade, if he was acquainted with the way. A hesitating reply in a moment evinced the entire incapability of the person interrogated to afford the desired information. The truth was, those who now undertook to lead, or rather to mislead, another through this labyrinth, although residing since their birth within a hundred yards of its mouth, were never before stimulated by curiosity to proceed beyond its entrance; but as an Irish peasant, whether young or old, is rarely disposed voluntarily to confess that he is ignorant of any thing, those young urchins having often heard the intricacies of the Ovens described, almost fancied that they were acquainted with them, and felt a full reliance on their ability to conduct the stranger. The rashness of the undertaking, and the alarming consequences which it was likely to produce, now forced itself upon them for the first time, and prevented them from making any exertions to evade the evil. As the miserable candles were burning low, the traveller perceived that no time was to be lost, and striking at random into a path which lay before him, was followed by his *ci-devant* guides, muttering *aves*, the first prayers probably which had ever passed their lips unless when within prospect* of the chapel,

* It may be necessary to inform the English reader, that an Irish peasant considers the duty of attendance at chapel fully complied with when he arrives with-

and with countenances in which terror was distinctly discernible, and rendered more striking by the uncertain glimmerings of the remaining taper and the dense humid vapour which filled the cavern. Contest it as we will, sympathy is influential, if not omnipotent: in the day of battle it endues the coward with the spirit of the brave, and in the hour of distress it frequently overthrows the firmness of a mind unaccustomed to fear. Our traveller did not permit his mind to rest upon the gloomy forebodings of his youthful guides, whose busy fancies already conjured up the lingering horrors of death produced by starvation; but as it was not certain that any of the neighbouring natives had witnessed their descent into the cavern, and the feeble candle, without the assistance of whose light it would have been dangerous to move forward even a single step, had nearly expired, he anticipated, with feelings by no means agreeable, the prospect of remaining perhaps for several hours in a situation which fatigue and the increasing difficulty of respiration rendered every moment more painful. Therefore summoning up his remaining strength, and followed by the peasant-boys, he made one other effort to retrace the path by which he had entered, but in vain. Every attempt seemed to involve him in further difficulties; for far as the eye could discern through the dim gloom, apertures presented themselves, but none was enlivened by a ray of sunlight. The candle now only sent an occasional gleam, and our traveller, in view of the building. The writer has frequently seen crowds on their knees, and apparently engaged in fervent prayer, at the distance of several fields from the appointed place of worship.

wearied and dispirited, was about to lie down and leave the means of his deliverance to Providence, when his attention was attracted by something which glistened in the path before him. He pressed forward; it was the gilded ornament which decked a coffin, and beside it he beheld the corpse of a man: the coffin had decayed, but the corpse, shrouded and prepared for the sepulchre, appeared little affected by corruption. The horror of the peasant-boys was now complete; their knees knocked against each other; their features became convulsed; and in an ecstasy of terror and despair, they already imagined themselves the inhabitants of another but by no means a better world. The traveller's difficulties were not diminished by finding himself in the mansion of the dead, a circumstance for which he found it impossible to account; and as fear is contagious, he would soon probably have become as insensible to the realities of his situation as his fainting companions, if he had not been encouraged by beholding at a distance a ray of light, glimmering, as it appeared, through a small aperture in the rock; and never did a banished lover receive his mistress's forgiveness, or a distant exile hear of the home he loves, with more delight than our traveller beheld this little ray of sunshine piercing the moist atmosphere of the Ovens. Groping his way with caution, for the candle no longer lent its light, he reached the aperture, and rousing his companions with words of comfort, after much difficulty, by their united efforts, they succeeded in removing a heap of large stones which blocked up the entrance, and ascending, beheld with joy which I should in vain attempt

to describe, the green carpet of Nature beneath their feet, and her cheering eye gazing on them from above.

The spot where the party ascended from the Ovens was distant about a mile from the opening where they had entered, and within a few yards of a country churchyard. The circumstance of finding the decayed coffin and mortal form of a man, which added so much to their terror, was easily explained. A wealthy country gentleman, who had resided in this neighbourhood, died two or three years before, and in compliance with his wishes, the executors of his will ordered a tomb to be erected in this churchyard to receive his remains. The workmen employed to execute this contract, in digging found the

the passage upon which the party stumbled, and being unwilling to recommence what had already cost considerable labour, and anxious to receive the stipulated sum with the least possible trouble, by an understanding with the undertaker, it was agreed that the old gentleman should be lowered into this spacious recess; where, from something peculiar to the vapour with which it was filled, the coffin decayed, but the body remained without decomposition, and probably lay as tranquilly as if a vault had been directly prepared for its reception; whilst the architect pocketed a good round sum, and his credit with the executors "moulded no feather."

W.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. II.

THE second Wednesday of the month found the gentlemen mentioned in my introductory sketch all assembled in the comfortable study of the worthy Dr. Primrose at the vicarage of R——: the fire blazed brightly; the glow of good-humour beamed on every face; and the cordial welcome awarded by the vicar to "one and all," imparted a feeling of gratified pride to each heart; at least it did to mine. The study was also graced by the presence of Mrs. and the Misses Primrose and of Mrs. Montague; for we are too gallant to exclude the ladies from our society; on the contrary, we are never so happy as when they honour us with their presence: they give a zest, an indescribable charm to society. Something worthy of notice is in general elicited from their observations, and occasionally, before we separate, they

charm us with "strains of heavenly melody:" for Miss Primrose has a voice which Salmon herself might envy; whilst Rosina touches the piano with masterly skill. I cannot sympathize with those who have no soul for music: it is the most delightful of sciences; the most pleasing, nay enchanting, of the fine arts, for it possesses the qualities of both.

"Th' Almighty first called creation out of space,

And deck'd with splendour the late nameless void;

Rob'd a young world with power surpassing grace,

Form'd air and tempest by his mighty word:

And when 'twas finished, with triumphant voice,

The morning stars in concert 'gan rejoice.

Musie was form'd in heav'n, 'twas part of heav'n,

Where angels' voices swell th' harmonious choir,

Where praise to one eternal power is given,
Where one grand subject doth the strain
inspire.

Thus when the giver in the gift we prize,
It is an incense worthy of the skies."

A propos to music. When I entered (for I happened to be the last of the party who arrived), I found the company busily engaged in discussing the merits of a work which Dr. Primrose had that day received, entitled "An Account of the Grand Musical Festival held in September 1823 in the Cathedral Church of York;" a very handsome quarto, embellished with two plates (besides ground-plans, a plan of the orchestra, &c.), beautifully executed, and finely coloured; one representing the orchestra, and the other the patrons' gallery. In both plates a multitude of figures are introduced, which are sketched with a distinctness, and coloured with a careful attention to propriety and to effect, that I have never seen excelled. The drawings were by a York artist, Mr. Browne, and his pencil and Flinden's burin have been both admirably and tastefully handled. The ladies and Mr. Montague, who are enthusiastically fond of music, were busily engaged in turning over the leaves, and eagerly skimming the contents of the volume; whilst the half-Puritan, Apathy, was sneeringly remarking on the folly of "devoting four hundred and thirty quarto pages to the history of a squalling and fiddling match."—"I suppose next," says he, "we shall have histories of every petty concert in the kingdom; and our libraries, not yet sufficiently stocked, will be augmented with the records of the triumphs of Madame This and Signor That; the one for distorting her natural voice to utter unnatural sounds; the other for exhibiting himself more

like a monkey than a man, with a fiddle stuck under his chin, in the face of a set of people who are as great fools as himself."

"Really, Mr. Apathy," said the counsellor, "if I thought you were serious in using such language respecting the 'divine art of music,' I should scarcely deem it worth while answering you. Do you not know what Shakspeare says?

'The man who has no music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

And I shall set you down as an exemplar of the poet's doctrine if you do not recant your heretical dogmas."

"You may set me down as what you please, but you will not alter my opinion. I love music in a room. I love to hear Miss Primrose warble 'Home, sweet home;' and Mrs. Montague has brought the tears into my eyes when singing 'Mary, I believed thee true,' or 'Auld Robin Gray;' but I am not fond of those large music-meetings, where every thing is arranged for display; where all the effort is to make the pieces tell upon the ear, though they never vibrate upon the heart, of the auditor; and where the good old English style is subverted by a florid unmeaning attempt to imitate, with the 'human voice divine,' the sounds breathed upon a reed, or elicited from a piece of dried cat-gut. I like music; but I do not like its counterfeit."

"You have redeemed yourself in my opinion," rejoined the counsellor; "but I think you are inclined to judge of the merits of all public singing from the injudicious conduct of a few of the more eminent vocalists, who, having nothing more left to achieve in the legitimate pursuit of the art, have passed those confines which good taste would

have marked as the boundaries of their efforts, and violated alike the principles of sound judgment and propriety."

"Yes," said Mr. Montague, taking up the conversation, "and had you been present, as I was, at the York Festival, had you been a witness to the sublime and the soothing effect which characterized the instrumental performances, and felt the soul-searching power of Catalani in Luther's hymn; caught the devotional feeling of Miss Travis in 'What though I have;' heard Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Goodall warble forth the sacred strains in sounds that 'fell upon the ear like the sweet south breathing o'er a bed of violets;' whilst the male performers, Vaughan, Bellamy, Isherwood, Knyvett, &c. admirably sustained the honour of the English school, you would have allowed, that such a festival was calculated to exalt the art, and to confer the highest pleasure upon all who had the good fortune to be present."

"Well, but is that huge volume all about this festival?"

"Not exactly," said Dr. Primrose. "The author, or editor, as he modestly styles himself, has given an excellent account of the rise and progress of musical festivals in Great Britain; besides a sketch of the history of secular music in this country, and of the history of oratorios. With this ample field before him, the wonder is, not that he has extended his performance to such a bulk, but that he has compressed his materials into so small a compass, without making it only a dry detail of dates and figures. I assure you I have been much entertained and highly interested with the volume, from the

cursorial inspection which I have been enabled to give it."

"And, Mr. Apathy," said Rosina, "the author of this book is of your opinion. He upholds the English style of singing; and whilst he gives all due credit to the wonderful powers exerted by Madame Catalani in such pieces as Rhodes' Variations and the Variations to 'Robin Adair,' admitting that they 'compel the tribute of unbounded applause' as 'stupendous efforts,' he says, 'By anomalous productions like this' (speaking of Rhodes' Air), 'that most perfect of organs, the human voice, is converted, and, we honestly think, degraded, into a mere instrument.'"

"He is perfectly correct," said Counsellor Eitherside; "and I am happy to perceive, that one so well qualified to judge has thus decidedly expressed his reprobation of the prevailing bad taste of the day. Are his other remarks equally judicious?"

"Why really," replied Mr. Montague, "I cannot give a decided reply. As far as I have seen, I am inclined to go along with him; and he has, in illustration of the various pieces performed, brought together a variety of information, and condensed the opinions of so many eminent authorities, as well as expressed his own, that even if I differed from him more than I think I shall, I should yet allow that the work was a valuable one to all lovers of music."

Mr. M. read a variety of extracts, which convinced us he had not expressed too high an estimate of the volume: but I know your limits will not permit their insertion, so I turn to the next topic which occupied our attention.

"Have you read Captain Lyon's Narrative of his unsuccessful attempt

to reach Repulse Bay?" I inquired, addressing myself to Mrs. Primrose.

"Indeed I have not; but I much wish to see it, for I have heard it is a most interesting account of a melancholy voyage, during which scarcely a ray of hope beamed to cheer the hapless mariners on their way, whilst every circumstance tended 'to swell the brooding terrors of the storm.'"

"I have put it in my pocket, and will leave it for your perusal, first drawing your attention to one or two passages, which represent the British sailor in such an exalted point of view, that I cannot refrain from reading them to you. It was off Southampton's Island, on the 1st of September, the Griper encountered a dreadful storm. As she would neither face the sea nor keep steerage way—you know what I mean, Captain Firedrake—"Aye, aye," he replied—"the vessel was brought up with three bower-anchors and a stream in succession, in shoal water of five fathoms and a half. Here she pitched her bows under water:

" ' Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar.'

"Expecting the immediate wreck of the vessel, the long-boat and four smaller ones were hoisted out, and stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions:

" ' In making these preparations,' says Captain Lyon, ' for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship should she be wrecked; but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats

Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. The danger increased. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected; and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man therefore brought his bag on deck, and dressed himself; and in the fine athletic forms which stood before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest degree of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should in all probability soon appear before our Maker, to enter his presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never perhaps was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons, not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down, conversing with each

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other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world; and I am firmly persuaded, that the resignation which was then shewn to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy."

"Thus far Captain Lyon," I continued; "and on another occasion this devoted crew shewed equal resignation, equal composure, in the hour of danger; and their worthy commander does not forget, before he takes leave of his readers, to pay a just tribute to their excellent conduct."

"Gallant hearts!" said Captain Firedrake; "with such men we need never fear maintaining that superiority at sea which forms our greatest glory and our best safeguard. I love the navy; may it always flourish; and may the anchor of good fellowship never be cut away among its votaries!" And the worthy captain drank off his glass in honour of his heartfelt aspiration.

I read one or two other touching extracts from this admirable little volume, which beguiled the ladies of many a tear.

"And, Pity, if thy holy tear

Immortal decks the wing of Time,"

'Tis when for Neptune's hardy sons

Is shed 'the glittering drop sublime:

For who, from busy life remov'd,

Such glorious, dangerous toil has prov'd,

As he, who on the stormy main

Braves death and danger o'er and o'er again?"

"Here is something," said the vicar to his brother, "in your way, Horatio," laying his hand upon a neat little volume in Spanish and English. "Here we have an account of 'wars and rumours of wars,' and the hero sounds his own praises in a good set style."

"What is it, brother?" inquired Captain Prinrose.

"A short extract from '*The Life of General Mina*,' written by himself, and published, I believe, for the purpose of enabling him to contribute something to the fund now raising for the relief of the Spanish and Italian refugees in this country. I have just glanced over it, and have frequently smiled at the *naïveté* with which he relates his exploits, and the self-complacency with which he recapitulates his 'glorious deeds;' for example:

"During this campaign I gave battle, or sustained the attack (without reckoning small encounters), in one hundred and forty-three regular or occasional actions (the most distinguished of which are given in alphabetical order, and occupy nearly a page of the volume).

"Of the actions named in the preceding paragraph, in that of Rocafórt and Sangüesa, with scarcely 3000 men I routed 5000, took their artillery, and caused the enemy the loss of between 2000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. In that between Salinas and Arlaban, I completely routed the enemy, killed 700 of his men, took all the convoy they were escorting, and liberated from 600 to 700 Spaniards, whom they were carrying prisoners into France; and in that of Maneru, I entirely destroyed, with the loss of its artillery, Abbé's division, consisting of 5000 men, put the greater part of its cavalry to the sword, and followed up the remainder during the night, for the space of five leagues, to the very gates of Pampeluna. It would be too minute and improper to continue in this extract the details of what occurred in various other actions.

"I kept in check in Navarre 26,000 men for the space of fifty-three days, who otherwise would have assisted at the battle of Salamanca, as they were on their march to join Marmont's army; and by cutting down the bridges, and breaking up the roads, I prevented the

advance of eighty pieces of artillery, which would otherwise have been employed in that battle.

"I contributed to the happy result of the decisive battle of Vittoria; for if, by the manœuvres I executed, I had not prevented the junction of the French divisions, Classel and Foi, which consisted of from 27 to 28,000 men, and intercepted their correspondence, the issue would have been very doubtful."

"There's for you!" said Counselor Eitherside: "he beats Wellington hollow."

"Beat Wellington! a conceited son of a Spanish farmer!* put him in competition with my gallant commander, who defeated successively all the marshals of France, and ended by drubbing their master! O! I see him now when he rode up to us, with his hat off, as the fire of the Prussians was heard hollowly resounding at a distance on the memorable 18th of June! 'Up, lads, and at 'em!' he exclaimed; and we obeyed him to a man; for who could have lagged behind when led on by such a hero?"

"Who indeed!" said Apathy. "Why I think such a scene and such a commander would have almost impelled me to follow him, though not much addicted to fighting in general, and not especially enamoured of the cause for which the battle was fought in particular."

"Say nothing against the cause, Apathy," interrupted Mr. Matthews. "The cause was one of the noblest

* General Espoz y Mina is the son of a Navarre farmer, and followed the plough till he was twenty-six years old. When Buonaparte invaded Spain, he entered as a private in Doyle's battalion, and by degrees reached his present eminence.

that ever a sword was drawn for, or that ever soldiers bled to defend. The gallant lads who sustained the honour of England on that glorious day felt that they were fighting not alone for their country but for mankind: they emulated the fame of the heroes of Cressy and of Agincourt; and whilst those who survived, experienced a nation's gratitude, those who fell, were blessed by a nation's tears."

"I always think a soldier deserves our warmest feelings of admiration and respect," said Mrs. Montague; "and I wish some national trophy had been erected, not only to the heroes of Waterloo, but to those of the Peninsula. It requires, I should think, some expectation of honours of this description to sustain the soldier in his perilous and enterprising life: for

"Hard is his fate, the sultry day
To wander o'er the burning plain;
All night to waste the hours away,
Mid howling winds and beating rain;
To talk, O vision sadly sweet!
With her his eyes shall never meet;
And find at morn's returning gleam,
'Twas but a dream!"

"And who,

"When the deafening din is done,
So well deserves as Valour's son,
The proud, the lasting wreath of fame,
To grace his name?"

"No one, my dear madam," I exclaimed, "unless, indeed, you would award to the poet the same meed of honour you do to the soldier; and as one adventures in the field of letters, and the other in that of Mars, I see no reason why their reward should not be equal; for fame is as dear to the poet as to the soldier."

"And to the sailor as to either," chimed in Basil Firedrake.

"And do you think lawyers are in-

sensible to the love of fame?" inquired the counsellor.

"Or surgeons?" said Mr. Matthews.

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. Montague.

"It is a passion which animates all breasts.

" ' Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence
came

This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame re-
nown'd,

Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were
found.

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast.
It Arthur bids in fields and senates shine—
What more can prove its origin divine? "

"Is it the love of fame or of money, do you think," said Apathy, "which induced Hogg to publish his *Queen Hynde*?"

"Faith," I replied, "it is difficult to say. It will add little to his reputation as a poet, however it may tend to replenish his purse from the well-stocked pockets of Longman and Co. It is not equal to the "*Queen's Wake*," and is decidedly inferior to several of his minor poems: yet it contains some beautiful verses; for instance, the description of the boat-race:

" ' Around an isle the race was set,
A nameless isle, and nameless yet;
And when they turn'd its southern mull,
The wind and tide were fair and full:
Then 'twas a cheering sight to view
How swift they skimm'd the ocean blue,
How lightly o'er the wave they scoop'd,
Then down into the hollow swoop'd:
Like flock of sea-birds gliding home,
They scarcely touch'd the floating foam,
But like dim shadows through the rain,
They swept across the heaving main;
While in the spray, that flurr'd and gleam'd,
A thousand little rainbows beam'd.

" ' King Eric's bark, like pilot swan,
Aright before the centre ran,
Stemming the current and the wind,
For all his cygnet fleet behind,

And proudly look'd he back the while
With lofty and imperial smile.
O mariners! why all that strife?
Why plash and plunge 'twixt death and life?
When 'tis as plain as plain can be,
That barge is mistress of the sea.' "

"Those verses flow smoothly and sweetly," said Mr. Montague. "I think," he continued, "that Hogg, like Mr. Moir, the Δ of Blackwood, shines most in his short poems. The latter has just published a volume of poetry, in which the most lengthy piece, that which gives a title to the book, '*The Legend of Genevieve*,' is marked with many puerilities, much false language, and several harsh rhymes. The shorter pieces, however, possess a redeeming merit. They breathe much of that fire and genius which is to be found in his contributions to Blackwood. I will quote one of them, called

THE BARD'S WISH.

" ' Oh! were I laid
In the greenwood shade,
Beneath the covert of waving trees;
Remov'd from wo
And the ills below,
That render life but a long disease!

" ' No more to weep,
But in soothing sleep
To slumber on, long ages through;
My grave-turf bright
With the rosy light
Of eve, or the morning's silver dew!

" ' For all my dreams,
And vision'd gleams,
Are not like those of this earthly span;
My spirit would stray
For ever away
From the noise of strife, and the haunts of
man.

" ' I ask no dirge,
The foaming surge
Of the torrents will sing a lament for me;
And the evening breeze,
That stirs the trees,
Will murmur a mournful lullaby.

" ' Plant not, plant not,
Above the spot,
Memorial stone, for the stranger's gaze!

The earth and sky
Are enough, for I
Have liv'd with Nature all my days.

" ' Oh! were I laid
In the greenwood shade,
Beneath the covert of waving trees;
Remov'd from wo,
And the ills below,
That render life but a long disease! ' "

" I have a *bonne-bouche* for the counsellor," said Mr. Apathy, taking a small volume from his pocket, opening it, and reading aloud :

" ——— ' Come, my friend, and since 'tis
your desire

Into our dull vocation to inquire,
Come, and for once the curtain I'll withdraw,
And shew, as on a stage, our courts of law,
With all their solemn scenes, and actors
rare,

Enough in truth to make a parson swear!
The mighty task will all my cares repay,
Should'st thou but relish and commend my
lay,

And once again reward my arduous toil
With patient hearing, and approving smile,
As festive guests applaud their host's dull
song,
Nor seem to think e'en Chevy-Chase too
long! ' "

" What are you at? What's all that about?" said the counsellor.

" A volume of poetry, and very pretty poetry too, upon that dry and barren subject the law, and those most troublesome of all animals, the lawyers. Written some years back, because it is dedicated to Lord Erskine, who died before the work went to press: the author, with a just regard to departed worth and merits, would not withdraw the dedication."

" And so has been guilty of the solecism of inscribing a work to a dead man, when there are numbers of lawyers living as eminent in their profession as Lord Erskine, and much more entitled to be held in veneration. But since he is dead, I'll drop the curtain o'er his frailties: so let me look at your work." The

counsellor reached out his hand, and snatching the volume from Apathy, glanced over several pages, every now and then muttering " Good"—" Clever dog"—" He knows a thing or two I see," &c.

" Don't keep all the good things to yourself, counsellor; let us have a few of them," said the vicar.

" With all my heart. Hear what he says of Phillips :

" ' An orator! a maker of fine speeches,
A sort of bastard eloquence, that reaches
But ne'er extends beyond that doubtful line,
Which youths and love-sick maids call
' vastly fine,'

And doting dowagers pronounce divine.
A gaudy picture glaringly display'd,
Like Joseph's coat of many colours made,
Jumbled, without regard to light or shade.'

" Then here's an excellent portrait of what the present Chief Justice Best was when at the bar:

" ' Warm from last night's carouse, a
prince's guest,
Limping, but light of heart, comes Serjeant
Best;

With greeting smiles he moves, a courtly
grace

Still beaming o'er his ' shining morning face,'
Wit and champagne still sparkling in his
eyes,

And gay good-humour, that e'en gout defies.
The brilliant court above has clos'd, and now
Both feet and head must to the court below;
To festive scenes of elegance and ease,
Where all are pleas'd because all strive to
please,

Succeed the law's dry facts and dull formalities.

" ' Business becomes the order of the day,
Lo! Brother Best prepares his part to play,
Eager to mingle in the glorious fray.

Then while, like lightning in a fervid sky,
His spirit kindles in his flashing eye,
With earnest look, and bold impassion'd
strain,

He strives the struggling judgment to en-
chain;

Tries and retries with unremitting zeal,
And for his client feels or seems to feel,
Forgets all thoughts of interest and renown,
And pleads the cause as though it were his
own.

Thus, ere the jurymen can raise their eyes,
He takes the slumbering judgment by surprise;
And driving on the siege by force and form,
Carries his point by stratagem or storm.'

"The hit at Pollock is capital:

"Pale Pollock, who consumes the 'mid-night oil,'

And plies his task with unremitting toil,
Till, as the life-drops from his cheeks retreat,
He looks as though he had forgot—to eat.'

"Now here's Scarlett:

"Hark! when he rises to expound his case,

A buzz of approbation fills the place.

'Look, what a handsome lawyer!' goes around,

While notes of admiration much abound,
That such a *rara avis* can be found.

'La! what a pleasant face!' cries Madam Fig,

'I wonder how he'd look without a wig!'

'Without a wig!' her sapient spouse replies,

'Tis in the wig that all their wisdom lies;

'Tis wig and gown that make the lawyer prate—

Strip him of these he's dumb, as sure as fate.'

"I shall pocket that," said the

counsellor; and, "suiting the action to the word," he deposited it safely in the side-pocket of his coat, carefully buttoning it up, lest by an unlucky chance it should escape. "I thank you, Apathy: this *is* quite in my way, and I shall discuss it over my chocolate in the morning; for the author is a pleasant companion, and will serve to pass away an hour or two with very agreeably."

The hour of separation now drew nigh: the sandwich-tray was ordered in, and after it was withdrawn (which was not till we had done due honour to its contents), Rosina placed herself at the piano; several songs and glees were sung, and then having all joined in chorussing the national anthem, we parted, looking forward to another "righte merrie meeting" at no distant day.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL.

SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE FIFTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

IN the year 1499, after the invention of printing, when trade and commerce were diffusing civilization throughout the world; when, after the reduction of Constantinople by the Turks, the light of science, philosophy, and reason, had spread all over Europe, and the ages of darkness seemed to be gone for ever, France furnished an example of what may be called, in the strictest sense of the term, *brutal* superstition. In that year a bull in the village of Caurroy, near Beauvais, in Isle de France, which had gored a boy with his horns, and thereby occasioned his death, was formally tried for murder. The accusers were the abbot and monks of the Cistercian abbey

of Our Lady of Beaupré. The judge was Jean Sondar, deputy of the secular bailiff of the abbey. The proceedings are still extant. The indictment "charges a red-haired bull, belonging to Jean Boulet, farmer of Courroy, with having furiously attacked in the fields and pastures of the abbey and slain Lucas Dupont, a boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age, hind to the said farmer." He was therefore charged by the *procureur* of the abbey with homicide, and the detestation attached to that crime (*du crimme d'omicide, et de la detestation di celui*). After due investigation of the matter, the bull was found guilty, and, agreeably to the sentence passed upon him,

hung on a gallows at the usual place of execution. The sentence is dated May 16, 1499; it is signed by the judge and six witnesses, and was carried into execution the same day.

Who would imagine that so lately as May 1792, a similar but far more cruel sentence should have been passed in the same country, where a bull, that could not be charged with murder, or any other offence, was condemned not to the gallows but the stake? Such an event nevertheless did actually occur.

In May 1792, a dangerous disease prevailed among the cattle in the departments of the Moselle, Meurthe, and Rhine, which made great havoc. Instructions were received from Paris, and these only served to increase the evil. They were drawn up by veterinary-surgeons, who, being unacquainted with the state of the disease, proceeded upon general principles, declared the disorder which was attended with manifest symptoms of infection to be not contagious, directed the administration of ordinary inefficient remedies, without dreaming of the necessity of forbidding all communication between the healthy and diseased animals. The consequence was, that quacks sprung up in every corner of the departments subject to this visitation, and spread themselves over the country, deluding the peasantry with specious pretences and false remedies, promising them wonders, but prudently retiring before the time fixed for the fulfilment of their predictions.

One of these mischievous vagabonds had acquired a reputation at the expense of many of the country-people. He carried on his impositions in the department of the Meurthe, residing mostly in the environs of

Rosière, and finally in the village of Sommerweiler. Here he declared that the last and only expedient for arresting the progress of the disease was to offer a healthy beast in solemn sacrifice, after the manner of the Jewish scape-goat; the pestilence would then cease instantaneously, as it did in David's time. He adduced a number of similar instances both of ancient and modern times, and soon persuaded the credulous peasantry to adopt this plan. They assembled, and having consulted together, made a handsome present to the man who had come forward as the benefactor of the canton, nay, of the whole department, and at whose bidding the mortality was to cease. They at length resolved that the town-bull should suffer for the benefit of his fellow-brutes. The unfortunate beast found no advocate to plead his cause, as the caterpillars did in the time of Francis I. As soon as sentence was passed, and proclaimed throughout the parish with sound of trumpet, the women hastened to make garlands and festoons of wild flowers. The victim was decorated with them, and thus conducted into the choir of the church, where the *curé* was waiting for him in full canonicals. Instead of the parishioners, their bulls, oxen, cows, goats, asses, and sheep filled the nave. A high mass was performed. After the service, the priest blessed the biped and quadruped congregation, sprinkled the victim with holy water, and delivered him to the secular authority.

The pile was constructed in sight of the church. The bull was bound fast to it with ropes, and it was set on fire. The half-consumed ropes presently yielded to the furious efforts of the scorched beast; he pre-

precipitated himself from the pile, ran roaring most tremendously among the concourse of spectators, and rolled himself on the ground maddened and writhing with agony. The cry immediately was, "Look, look, the bull is possessed by the devil! The devil is determined that our cattle shall not recover! he must be driven out!" Accordingly the parson was sent for to exorcise the evil spirit. He was sought for and called, but to no

purpose, having prudently withdrawn to his house. From the window of the parsonage, he advised the multitude to seize the victim and fasten him with chains. With great difficulty he was secured, chained, and once more dragged to the pile. The most horrible part of the scene was, that females of all ages thronged around as closely as the fire would permit them, to feast their eyes on the agonies of the wretched animal.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XVI.

I RESUME my brief and imperfect sketches of American theatricals previous to the conclusion of my own personal adventures in this transatlantic continent; and here I may as well remark, that Mrs. Warren (formerly Miss Brunton), whose melancholy death I mentioned in my last, expired on the 28th of June, 1808. That was the evening fixed for the theatre's opening [at Alexandria]; and in the morning, Mrs. W. having been safely delivered of a still-born child, and having in some degree recovered her senses, after being in a state of derangement for ten days, Mr. Warren at rehearsal was in high spirits, looking forward to her ultimate recovery. But at two in the afternoon she relapsed, and at four was a corpse. Of course the theatre remained closed for several days*.

In addition to the American dramatic productions mentioned in a former Number, I may enumerate, "The Wounded Hussar," a farce, and "The School for Prodigals," a five-act comedy, by a gentleman of

* The lady whom Mr. Warren subsequently married was named Miss Hetty Fortune.

Philadelphia, with whose name I am unacquainted; "The Indian Princess," a very effective drama, founded on the adventures of Pocohontas, written by Mr. Barker of Philadelphia, and the music composed by Mr. Bray of that theatre; "The Clergyman's Daughter," and "The Gordian Knot," by a gentleman of Charlestown; "Alberti Albertini," by Mr. Dunlap of New-York, for which Mr. Bray composed several songs; and "The Glory of Columbia," a comedy. The recovery of some memorandums, which I had imagined lost, have enabled me to supply these particulars. I was not aware when I sent my last communication to the *Repository*, that Mr. Bray, who is there mentioned, ever performed in London. But I have since learned that he visited England in 1811, and on the 9th of September appeared as *John Moody* in "The Provoked Husband," at Drury-lane theatre, where he was very well received: both the London theatres were, however, at that period quite full; and not being enabled to obtain such an engagement as he wished, he returned to America.

To return to the theatres. Mr. Placide of Charlestown entered into partnership with Mrs. West of the Virginia circuit about 1808, and the two companies (under the management of Messrs. Placide and Green I believe) united, played at Norfolk, Richmond, and Petersburg, in Virginia; and at Charlestown in South Carolina. I have heard some of the members of our provincial theatres complain of the fatigue of travelling, as well as the attendant expenses; but what would they say to a journey of upwards of four hundred miles, the distance between Richmond and Charlestown, which the company had to travel if they went by land, or else to encounter the perils of an equally long sea-voyage? In 1809, the united companies were performing at Norfolk, where there was a miserable theatre: yet though at that period the town was neither paved nor lighted, and on a rainy night it was impossible to reach the theatre without being up to the knees in mud, the audiences were tolerably good. Messrs. Fox, Caulfield, Clarke, Placide, Sully, Ringwood, Rutherford, Bury, Green, and Mesdames Green, Placide, and Simpson, formed the principal props of the company. The managers were not cordially united, and had frequent quarrels, which did not enhance the prosperity of the concern. In January 1810, at Richmond, Master John Howard Payne, who, about a twelvemonth before, had appeared in New-York, and was hailed as the American Roscius, was engaged to perform for six nights, to receive half the clear profits and a clear benefit. He played *Douglas*, *Octavian*, *Hamlet*, *Rolla*, *Achmet*, and *Romeo*, to

Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

crowded houses. At his benefit there was a complete overflow; numbers went away, and the receipts amounted to nine hundred and fifty-five dollars, being more by two hundred dollars than had ever been taken at that theatre before.

The success of this lad in America was as extraordinary, or indeed rather more so, than that of Master Betty in England; for he never possessed a tytle of the talents which really distinguished the latter, much as he was applauded beyond his deserts. Payne was a ranting spouter, and his acting scarcely tolerable even for a child: national predilections most likely had a great deal to do with his amazing success at first, and he soon found his level after the novelty had in some degree fallen off. Probably the natural bent of his genius was not directed to the stage, or the amazing practice he had for several years, having the run of all the best characters in the drama, must have made him such a proficient, as finally to have raised him to a deservedly high eminence. This, however, was not the case, as he ultimately quitted the stage, and instead of a bad actor, became a writer of miserable plays. He was now at the zenith of his fame; and in the summer paid a visit to Charlestown and to Alexandria, where he was much applauded, and played to full houses; and a friend, writing to me from Baltimore, under date of September 8, in the same year, says, "Here he is the universal favourite of the ladies. Envied by the men, caressed by the women, he is, in a word, the rage."

Enough of Master Payne. The Richmond theatre was placed in a

very disadvantageous situation; the road to it was bad, without either lamps or pavement; and the audiences were very thin, except during the nights of Master Payne's performance. At Charlestown there is a very pretty theatre, not equal to that at Philadelphia, though superior to the one at Baltimore, being besides the best in this circuit. Here, in February 1810, Mr. Cooper from New-York (where Mr. Price was left as manager) played as a star to excellent houses; but after he quitted, the houses were so bad, that a camp of Catawbaw Indians being formed in the neighbourhood, Placide went and engaged fifteen of them to exhibit their war dance, which they did in the pantomime of Captain Cook. It was a most disgusting exhibition, but it brought six hundred and sixty-three dollars into the house.

A melancholy event at Charlestown deprived the company of the best general actor at that time in the United States. Mr. Fox was taken ill soon after their arrival at that city, and his disorder affected his brain. In a fit of derangement, he jumped out of the window of his lodging-room; by which accident, though he escaped without any broken bones, he injured himself severely, and complained of a pain in his back from that day to his death, which took place on the 15th of March, 1810.

Mr. Placide experienced several reverses of fortune, which were much regretted by his friends, as he was a gentlemanly man, and highly respected by the ladies and gentlemen of the profession. He died in 1812.

The New-York theatre was at this time the property of Messrs. Cooper and Price. In the summer

of 1810, the former sailed for England to engage performers, leaving Messrs. Darley, Twaits, Faulkner, Doyle, Bray, Robertson, and Tyler, with Mesdames Darley, Oldmixon, Mason, Twaits, and Young, to sustain the honour of the drama in his absence. Of these Mr. Twaits exhibited almost a rare example amongst the followers of the drama; for, since his residence in America, he had succeeded in realizing about ten thousand dollars. In September a Mr. and Mrs. Stanley arrived from Liverpool; and in November the celebrated Cooke, with three other actors, Messrs. Doige, Macfarlane, and Smalley, reached New-York from England. The former made his first appearance on the 21st of November. Great interest was excited; and hundreds of persons were turned away from the doors. The play was "Richard III." one of that eccentric but very capital actor's most clever performances, and the receipts of the house were upwards of nineteen hundred dollars. Mr. Cooke played twelve nights, and then took a benefit; the receipts of the twelve nights were about sixteen thousand three hundred and ninety dollars, a larger sum than had probably ever been received in a theatre in America in the same period before: his benefit produced one thousand nine hundred and fifteen dollars. He was re-engaged for four nights, the receipts of which amounted to the sum of three thousand six hundred and seventy dollars. On the first night of this re-engagement, there were only four hundred and eighty dollars in the house: it was for the benefit of the distressed poor, which made it fashionable to stay away. It was on this occasion I believe that a sub-

scription-paper being handed about for the purpose of raising a sum in aid of the same benevolent cause, it was placed in Cooke's hands. Seeing the names of several of the most distinguished individuals of the city down for sums of one dollar, five dollars, and ten dollars each, with an exclamation against the parsimony of the Americans, he returned the paper, and said, "Put down George Frederic Cooke, an Englishman, one hundred guineas;" for which sum he immediately gave the astonished Yankee a check. He concluded his engagement on the 28th of December, and set out for Boston, leaving a wonderful impression behind him in New-York; his last night's performance ("Richard III.") being considered superior to that of any other evening during his stay.

In January 1811, Messrs. Knox and Pritchard arrived from England: none of the newly arrived performers, however, succeeded in making much impression in America, with the exception of Cooke, who, on the 1st of February, commenced another engagement at New-York on his return from Boston, where he had been very successful. The people of New-York, however, were not quite so eager in repairing to the theatre as on his first visit, and the business was so bad, that the managers engaged Master Payne to play in conjunction with Cooke. The latter, either from real or feigned indisposition, or from the natural consequences of his indiscretions, did not play with "the American Roscius." It is not improbable but George, who once d—d an American audience for thinking "that George Frederic Cooke, who had played before the King of England,

would play to please a set of rascally republicans when it did not please himself," felt his pride hurt at finding it necessary to engage Payne to draw a house when he was announced, and therefore would not play. He appeared on two or three subsequent occasions; but the 11th of March, being announced as the last night of his appearance (in "Richard III."), great interest was excited, and the house was full. At six in the evening, however (though perfectly sober), he sent word he would not perform, in consequence of some disputes between Mr. Price and him, and the play was changed to "John Bull." He proceeded to Philadelphia, where his appearance caused quite a sensation. There were immense houses to see his performance; people sat at the doors of the theatre all night to secure boxes for the following evening; and the places thus secured were frequently disposed of in the course of the day at a high premium*.

Mr. Cooper made his first appearance in New-York, after his return from England, on the 8th of April, in *Hamlet*, one of his best characters. Mr. Hilson, a young man, who came with Cooper, made his first appearance on any stage a few days subsequently, as *Walter* in "The Children of the Wood," and he established himself as a favourite in New-York.

On Sunday, the 19th of May, the New-York theatre had a narrow

* Whilst Cooke was performing *Sir Giles Overreach* one evening at Philadelphia, in the last scene, where he falls into the arms of the attendants, both the latter fell down, and Cooke fell with them: this occasioned a violent burst of laughter in the most serious part of the drama.

escape from being destroyed by fire. On that day, the most dreadful fire broke out that was ever remembered in that city. It was discovered just as the inhabitants were going to church, and the wind was so high, that two hundred houses were consumed before the flames were got under, whilst hundreds of others were set on fire and partially damaged. The theatre caught fire, but it was fortunately extinguished; the flames also communicated to the steeple of a church, which was situated near the theatre. Some adventurous sailors ascended the steeple by the lightning-rod, and were the means of stopping the further progress of the destructive element in this direction.

Notwithstanding the cavalier treatment which Mr. Price had experienced from Cooke, that performer was again engaged, and played several nights with Mr. Cooper; and the Americans had never seen two such actors before together on the stage. Mr. Dwyer, from England, a fine dashing actor, commenced an engagement after the expiration of Mr. Cooke's term: he was, however, singularly unfortunate, or rather the managers were, for the receipts did not defray the expenses on any night during his performance, except at his benefit, which brought him six hundred dollars. Mr. Cooke was again engaged for three nights, a few weeks subsequently. At the close of the season, the situation of most of the new actors imported by Mr. Cooper was most deplorable. Knox was deeply in debt and in gaol; Pritchard was also greatly involved; poor Doige had been sick half the season, and received no salary; and the managers gave Smalley one hundred

dollars, and paid debts to the amount of three hundred more, to induce him to give up his articles.

On the 26th of December, in this year, the theatre at Richmond was destroyed by fire, and about seventy persons, most of them the finest young women in the place, perished*. This had a most deplorable effect on theatricals throughout America; the people appeared panic-struck, and could scarcely be induced to go to the theatre on any account. The Philadelphia theatre was also much injured by the opening (on the 1st of January, 1812,) of the Circus, which had formerly been a place merely for the exhibition of horsemanship and tumbling, under the name of the Olympic Theatre, with new scenery, decorations, &c. for the performance of plays and farces, with horsemanship. Mr. Wood was now united with Mr. Warren in the management of the old theatre; and finding their success so bad, and as the New-York managers were in the same situation, they resolved to try the experiment of making an interchange of the principal performers: accordingly Messrs. Wood and Jefferson proceeded to New-York, and Messrs. Cooper, Simpson, and Darley, and Mrs. Darley, came to Philadelphia. The scheme, however, did not answer; but a Mr. Duff, an

* The ground where the theatre stood was consecrated, and the unfortunate individuals were buried in the centre of what was once the pit; a most curious circumstance, and probably a unique one. The Richmond manager blamed Cooke as the cause of this sad misfortune: for if he had not promised to join them there, the company would have been at Charelstown. Cooke did not go to Richmond at all.

Irishman, from the Boston, succeeded in attracting some very good houses at Philadelphia for a few nights: after he left, the receipts fell off again to much less than the expenses. The Olympic Theatre also turned out a most ruinous concern to all the parties engaged in it. At Baltimore the Philadelphia company met with very poor encouragement; even young Payne *did not draw*, to use a professional term. They proceeded from thence to Washington, where, for about eight weeks, they shared twelve dollars per week each. During the season at Washington, war

was declared against England; and one evening the performance was interrupted by a riot between the fiddlers and General Ringold, a drunken member of Congress. The general called for a national air to be played by the orchestra, and not being obeyed as promptly as he thought proper, he began pelting the performers. Some of the latter went and remonstrated with him; and a general row ensued, during which every lady left the house; and it was half an hour before quiet was restored.

A RAMBLER.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

(From the "*History of the Expedition to Russia*, by General Count PHILIP DE SEGUR," just published.)

NAPOLEON did not enter Moscow till after dark. He appointed Marshal Mortier governor of that capital. "Above all," said he to him, "no pillage! For this you shall be answerable to me with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

That night was a gloomy one: sinister reports followed one upon the heels of another. Some Frenchmen resident in the country, and even a Russian officer of police, came to denounce the conflagration. He gave all the particulars of the preparations for it. The emperor, alarmed by these accounts, strove in vain to get some rest. He called every moment, and had the fatal tidings repeated to him. He, nevertheless, intrenched himself in his incredulity, till about two in the morning he was informed that the fire had actually broken out.

It was at the Exchange, in the

centre of the city, and in its richest quarter. He instantly issued orders upon orders. As soon as it was light, he himself hastened to the spot, and threatened the young guard and Mortier. The marshal pointed out to him houses covered with iron; they were closely shut up, as yet untouched and uninjured without, and yet a black smoke was already issuing from them. Napoleon pensively entered the Kremlin.

At the sight of this half Gothic and half modern palace of the Ruriks and Romanoffs, of their throne still standing, of the cross of the great Ivan, and of the finest part of the city, which is overlooked by the Kremlin, and which the flames, as yet confined to the bazaar, seemed disposed to spare, his former hopes revived. His ambition was flattered by this conquest. "At length then," he exclaimed, "I am in Moscow, in the ancient palace of the Czars, in

the Kremlin!" He examined every part of it with pride, curiosity, and gratification.

He required a statement of the resources afforded by the city; and in this brief moment given to hope, he sent proposals to the Emperor Alexander. A superior officer of the enemy's had just been found in the great hospital; he was charged with the delivery of this letter. It was by the baleful light of the flames of the bazaar that Napoleon finished it, and the Russian departed. He was to be the bearer of the news of this disaster to his sovereign, whose only answer was this conflagration.

Daylight favoured the efforts of the Duke of Treviso: he subdued the fire. The incendiaries kept themselves concealed. Doubts were entertained of their existence. At length, strict injunctions being issued, order restored, and alarm suspended, each took possession of a commodious house or sumptuous palace, under the idea of there finding comforts that had been dearly purchased by long and excessive privations.

Two officers had taken up their quarters in one of the buildings of the Kremlin. The view hence embraced the north and west of the city. About midnight they were awakened by an extraordinary light. They looked and beheld palaces filled with flames, which at first merely illuminated but presently consumed the elegant and noble structures. They observed that the north wind drove these flames directly towards the Kremlin, and became alarmed for the safety of that fortress, in which the flower of the army and its commander reposed. They were apprehensive also for the surrounding

houses, where our soldiers, attendants, and horses, weary and exhausted, were doubtless buried in profound sleep. Sparks and burning fragments were already flying over the roofs of the Kremlin, when the wind, shifting from north to west, blew them in another direction.

One of these officers, relieved from apprehension respecting his corps, then composed himself to sleep again, exclaiming, "Let others look to it now—'tis no affair of ours!" For such was the unconcern produced by the multiplicity of events and misfortunes, and such the selfishness arising from excessive suffering and fatigue, that they left to each only just strength and feeling sufficient for his personal service and preservation.

It was not long before fresh and vivid lights again awoke them. They beheld other flames rising precisely in the new direction which the wind had taken towards the Kremlin, and they cursed French imprudence and want of discipline, to which they imputed this disaster. But three times did the wind thus change from north to west, and three times did these hostile fires, as if obstinately bent on the destruction of the imperial quarters, appear eager to follow this new direction.

At this sight a strong suspicion seized their minds. Can the Moscovites, aware of our rash and thoughtless negligence, have conceived the hope of burning with Moscow our soldiers, heavy with wine, fatigue, and sleep? or rather have they dared to imagine that they should involve Napoleon in this catastrophe; that the loss of such a man would be fully equivalent to that of their capital; that it was a result sufficiently important to justify the sacrifice of all Mos-

cow to obtain it; that perhaps heaven, in order to grant them so signal a victory, had decreed so great a sacrifice; and lastly, that so immense a Colossus required a funeral pile not less immense?

Whether this was their plan we cannot tell, but nothing less than the emperor's good fortune was required to prevent its being realized. In fact, not only did the Kremlin contain, unknown to us, a magazine of gunpowder, but that very night the guards, asleep and carelessly posted, suffered a whole park of artillery to enter and draw up under the windows of Napoleon.

It was at this moment that the furious flames were driven from all quarters, and with the greatest violence, towards the Kremlin; for the wind, attracted no doubt by this vast combustion, increased every moment in strength. The flower of the army and the emperor would have been lost, had but one of the brands that flew over our heads alighted on one of the caissons. Thus upon each of the sparks that were for several hours floating in the air, depended the fate of the whole army.

At length the day, a gloomy day, appeared; it came to add itself to the horrors of the scene, and to deprive it of its brilliancy. Many of the officers sought refuge in the halls of the palace. The chief, and Mortier himself, overcome by the fire, with which for thirty-six hours they had been contending, there dropped down from fatigue and despair.

They said nothing, and we accused ourselves. Most imagined, that want of discipline in our troops, and intoxication, had begun the disaster, and that the high wind had complet-

ed it. We viewed ourselves with a sort of disgust; we were now but an army of criminals, whom heaven and the civilized world would severely judge. From these overwhelming thoughts and paroxysms of rage against the incendiaries, we were roused only by eagerness to obtain intelligence; and all accounts began to accuse the Russians alone of this disaster.

Officers arrived from all quarters, and they all agreed. The very first night, a fire-balloon had settled on the palace of Prince Trubetskoi, and consumed it: this was a signal. Fire had been immediately set to the Exchange: Russian police soldiers had been seen stirring it up with tarred lances. Here howitzer-shells, perfidiously placed, had discharged themselves in the stoves of several houses, and wounded the military who crowded round them. Retiring to other quarters which were still standing, they sought fresh retreats: but when on the point of entering houses, closely shut up and uninhabited, they had heard faint explosions within; these were succeeded by a light smoke, which immediately became thick and black, then reddish, and lastly the colour of fire, and presently the whole edifice was involved in flames.

All had seen hideous-looking men covered with rags, and women resembling Furies, wandering among these flames, and completing a frightful image of the infernal regions. The wretches, intoxicated with wine and the success of their crimes, were no longer at the pains to conceal themselves: they proceeded in triumph through the blazing streets; they were caught, armed with torches, assiduously striving to

spread the conflagration: it was necessary to strike down their hands with sabres, to oblige them to loose their hold. It was said that this banditti had been released from prison by the Russian generals, for the purpose of burning Moscow; and that in fact so grand, so extreme a resolution could have been adopted only by patriotism, and executed only by guilt.

Orders were immediately issued to shoot all incendiaries on the spot. The army was on foot. The old guard, which exclusively occupied a part of the Kremlin, was under arms; the baggage and the horses ready loaded filled the courts; we were struck dumb with astonishment, fatigue, and disappointment, on witnessing the destruction of such excellent quarters. Though masters of Moscow, we were forced to go and bivouac, without provisions, beyond its gates.

While our troops were yet struggling with the conflagration, and the army disputing their prey with the flames, Napoleon, whose sleep none had dared disturb during the night, was awoken by the twofold light of day and of the fire. His first feeling was that of irritation, and he would have commanded the devouring element; but he soon paused, and yielded to impossibility. Surprised that, when he had struck at the heart of an empire, he should there find any other sentiment than submission and terror, he felt himself vanquished and surpassed in determination.

This conquest, for which he had sacrificed every thing, was like a phantom which he had pursued, and which, at the moment when he imagined he had grasped it, vanished in a mingled mass of smoke and flame.

He was then siezed with extreme agitation; he seemed to be consumed by the fires which surrounded him. He rose every moment, paced to and fro, and again sat down abruptly. He traversed his apartments with quick steps: his sudden and vehement gestures betrayed painful uneasiness: he quitted, resumed, and again quitted an urgent occupation, to hasten to the windows and watch the progress of the flames. Short and incoherent exclamations burst from his labouring bosom. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"

Between the fire and him, there was an extensive vacant space, then the Moskwa and its two quays; and yet the frames of the windows against which he leaned were already burning to the touch, and the constant exertions of sweepers placed on the iron roofs of the palace were not sufficient to keep them clear of the numerous flakes of fire which alighted upon them.

At this moment a rumour was spread that the Kremlin was undermined: this was confirmed, it was said, by Russians, and by written documents. Some of the attendants were beside themselves with fear; while the military awaited, unmoved, what the orders of the emperor and fate should decree; and to this alarm the emperor replied only with a smile of incredulity.

But he still walked convulsively; he stopped at every window, and beheld the terrible, the victorious element furiously consuming his brilliant conquest; seizing all the bridges, all the avenues to the fortress, inclosing and as it were besieging him in

it; spreading every moment among the neighbouring houses; and reducing him within narrower and narrower limits, confining him at length to the site of the Kremlin alone.

We already breathed nothing but smoke and ashes. Night approached, and was about to add darkness to our dangers: the equinoctial gales, in alliance with the Russians, increased in violence. The King of Naples and Prince Eugene hastened to the spot: in company with the Prince of Neufchatel, they made their way to the emperor, urged him by their gestures, their entreaties, and on their knees, and insisted on removing him from this scene of desolation. All was in vain.

Napoleon, in possession of the palace of the Czars, was bent on not yielding that conquest even to the conflagration, when all at once the shout of "The Kremlin is on fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, and roused us from the contemplative stupor with which we had been seized. The emperor went out to reconnoitre the danger. Twice had the fire communicated to the building in which he was, and twice had it been extinguished; but the tower of the arsenal was still burning. A soldier of the police had been found in it. He was brought, and Napoleon caused him to be interrogated in his presence. This man was the incendiary: he had executed the commission at the signal given by his chief. It was evident that every thing was devoted to destruction, the ancient and sacred Kremlin itself not excepted. The gestures of the emperor betokened disdain and vexation: the wretch was hurried into the first court, where the enraged grenadiers dispatched him with their bayonets.

Vol. V. No. XXVIII.

This incident decided Napoleon. He hastily descended the northern staircase, famous for the massacre of the Strelitzes, and desired to be guided out of the city, towards the imperial palace of Petrowsky, at the distance of a league on the road to Petersburg.

But we were encircled by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search, we discovered a postern-gate leading between the rocks to the Moskwa. It was by this narrow passage that Napoleon, his officers and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were; and how were they to advance? how force a passage through the waves of this ocean of flame? Those who had traversed the city, stunned by the tempest and blinded by the ashes, could not find their way, since the streets themselves were no longer distinguishable amidst smoke and ruins.

There was no time to be lost. The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street, all on fire, appeared to be rather the entrance than the outlet to this hell. The emperor rushed on foot, and without hesitation, into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and the fall of burning timbers and red-hot iron roofs, which tumbled around him. These ruins impeded his progress. The flames which, with impetuous roar, consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding, spreading beyond

the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burned our eyes, which we were nevertheless obliged to keep open and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry; and we were already almost suffocated by the smoke. Our hands were burned, either in endeavouring to protect our faces from the insupportable heat, or in brushing off the sparks which every moment covered and penetrated our garments.

In this inexpressible distress, and when a rapid advance seemed to be our only means of safety, our guide stopped in uncertainty and agitation. Here would probably have terminated our adventurous career, had not

some pillagers of the first corps recognised the emperor amidst the whirling flames: they ran up and guided him towards the smoking ruins of a quarter which had been reduced to ashes in the morning.

It was then that we met the Prince of Eckmühl. This marshal, who had been wounded at the Moskwa, had desired to be carried back among the flames to rescue Napoleon, or to perish with him. He threw himself into his arms with transport; the emperor received him kindly, but with that composure which in danger he never lost for a moment.

To escape from this vast region of calamities, it was further necessary to pass a long convoy of powder, which was defiling amidst the fire. This was not the least of his dangers, but it was the last; and by nightfall he arrived at Petrowsky.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Seven brilliant Variations for the Piano-forte, to a Theme of Rossini, composed and dedicated to Madame Panckoucke, by Frs. Liszt. Op. 2. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street).

Impromptu brillant, for the Piano-forte, on Themes of Rossini and Spontini, composed and dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Eugenie de Noirberne, by the same. Op. 3. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.).

As a performer on the piano-forte, young Liszt must be admitted to be the greatest phenomenon of precocious celebrity that has appeared in the musical horizon since the boyhood of Mozart. He has astonished the connoisseurs of London and several European capitals, not

only by his execution, but by the wonderful tact and almost intuitive facility and correct expression with which he transfers, at sight, scores of the greatest difficulty, never seen before, to the key-board of the instrument. In this particular, he has but few rivals among the very first luminaries of the profession.

It is therefore a question of some interest to know, whether the rare *talent* of Liszt be united with real musical *genius*; whether there be within him the Promethean spark, from whose kindling, works of grandeur, deep feeling, and inventive originality may be anticipated: for talent and genius are by no means inseparable companions. We have in this country musical men, and some of them

composers too, superlatively clever in theory and practice, with little real genius; we have those also who, in the earliest years, raised as sanguine expectations as Liszt, and have stood still when they had reached the highest possible stage of knowledge, experience, and cleverness.

Whether this is likely to be the case with Liszt, we cannot as yet prognosticate. The two works before us, in our opinion, do not afford data to determine the question of genius—we trust we shall not be misunderstood—either way; although we are free to say, they encourage a hope in favour of the aspirant. They both consist, not of original emanations of fancy, but of variations, amplifications, and inoculations—if we may use the term—upon the inventions of others; and we are far from finding fault with such choice. On the contrary, for an incipient harmonist it may be advisable to have something to lay hold of, a sort of balancing-pole to guide one's steps. But when the latter shall be firm and sure, it will be the time to trust boldly to personal strength and vigour; and then we shall be able to appreciate more decisively the genius of the author. A sonata, a divertimento, or even a rondo, not framed upon a borrowed theme, will afford the test which we have in contemplation, and which we eagerly look for.

To return to the present works, we repeat that they hold out the fairest hopes. Indeed they have filled us with wonder; we have taxed our memory without being able to muster any compositions of this class, from an author of Liszt's age, that could be put in competition with these, excepting perhaps—and the

exception itself is complimentary—some of Mozart's productions; and these more on the score of melodic treatment, than with regard to harmonic arrangement and combination. Nay more, leaving age out of consideration, we can freely say, that these two books of Liszt are of a stamp to entitle them to rank with the higher orders of compositions of this kind, and to deserve the attention of the more cultivated amateur. In proof of this assertion, we need only quote a portion of the impromptu—which we prefer altogether to the variations—viz. the chorus from Spontini's *Olympia*, and particularly the ninth page, which exhibits a richness of harmony and depth of solid musical learning, that would not dishonour the pen of an experienced adept in the art.

The style and manner of both these works are such as to require considerable executive skill, and an instrument with the full complement of additional keys.

Three Rounds, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed expressly for the use of Schools and Families; the Music by George B. Herbert; the Poetry by J. R. Planché. Book. I. Pr. 5s.—(Goulding and Co).

Three ditto ditto. Book II. Pr. 5s.

What! “scarcely one concerted piece in twenty, the subject of which is calculated for ladies to sing?” This is a serious piece of information, indeed an awful warning voice, with which Messrs. Herbert and Planché usher their joint labour before the public. We had no idea of matters being so bad, although we certainly had ere now felt *occasional* qualms of the same kind as those which have assailed our lyric bards *wholesale*.

Such alarming intelligence, therefore, was not to be slighted: we forthwith proceeded to the portfolios and drawers and Canterbury containing the musical archives of the family, fully determined on rigid purification; the worst to undergo at once the Quixotean process, and the merely suspicious to be incarcerated for ever under lock and key. But, thanks perhaps to the especial purity reigning in our well-regulated family, we had the consolation to find no fuel for the contemplated *auto da fé*; and although some duets and glees had a very suspicious dash of love and so, we could not find it in our hearts to condemn them to excision, and thus utterly to spoil several fair volumes of neat six and sixpenny binding. Besides, the dear souls might particularly want "them kind of things" by and by, and put us to the expense of buying them over again. So we left matters as they were, determined, however, to remember Messrs. H. and P.'s well-meant caution, and keep a sharp look-out on what may enter the house hereafter.

They can't do better than sing out of Messrs. H. and P.'s volumes, the text of which is avowedly so devised as to avoid the objections which prevent vocal compositions, "however effective, from being placed on the piano-forte of a young female." There is nothing relating to "soldiery, seamen, hunters, banditti, smugglers," &c.; nothing savouring of the tender passion—what has tender age to do with tender passions?—nothing about drinking, excepting draughts from the "pure and sparkling stream;" nothing about kissing, except "kissing every flower that beams," &c.—what can be more harmless in the way of osculation? In short, there is

nothing in the whole poetry which might not tempt a young Quaker to vocalize it.

But, ask some of our fair friends, if there be nothing of "all that," what can there be? Pretty question! as if there were not numberless beauties and interesting features of nature, the silvery moon, the rippling stream, verdant bowers, burning sands, &c.; nor pilgrims, Bedouins, camels, and caravans—Mr. P. is at home in Orientals—trumpets, steeds, banners, &c.

On subjects of this, or a similar description, the pen of Mr. Planché has dwelt in these two volumes, and the short texts thus produced, besides their moral purity (a little soldiering, however, has crept in, rather against the plan in the preface), present attractions of imagery, simplicity, diction, and cantability, which cannot fail to excite interest with the class of vocalists for whom the work is intended.

Of Mr. Herbert's music to these six rounds, we likewise feel fully warranted in speaking with approbation. There is good, clear, and tasteful melody to be found more or less in every piece: all the ideas are not new—who would nowadays venture on such a demand? But there is much which Mr. H. may fairly claim as his own; and where he has availed himself—unconsciously perhaps—of prior thoughts, the loan or imitation certainly has not been from hackneyed materials. The harmonic arrangement of the three vocal parts is generally good and effective, and the piano-forte accompaniment is satisfactory and appropriate; there is also sufficient variation in the melodic figures. Here and there we might point out passages capable of altera-

tion for the better, but not of sufficient importance to render critical notice indispensable. The extent of the scale employed is from \bar{c} to \bar{a} : considering the voices to be employed, we should have been disposed to contract both limits. A less degree of repetition, particularly in the *atre* parts, would also, we conceive, have been attended with advantage.

The titles of the rounds are as follow:

Book I.

- "The Return from Mecca, *Persian*."
- "The Gondola . . . *Venetian*."
- "The Fairies' Invitation, *Old English*."

Book II.

- "The Water-Drawers . *Arabian*."
- "The Willow's Warning *German*."
- "The Triumph of the Cid, *Spanish*."

This nationality, however, is more applicable to the text than the music; the circumstance indeed is admitted in the preface, and explained as being attributable to the wish of rendering the melodies as simple as possible.

A Selection of Airs from C. M. von Weber's celebrated Opera "Der Freyschütz," arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, and dedicated to his Friend F. C. Meyer, Esq. by W. H. Steil. Pr. 7s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)

Eight or nine of the most favoured pieces from the above most favoured opera, extremely well arranged as duets for the harp and piano-forte, *concertante* all through, without subjecting either of the instruments to trying exertions, yet uncommonly effective.

"*Here's the vow*," *Ballad, sung by Mr. Sapiro, composed by Dr. John Clarke. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

A song of vocal variations; that is to say, both the vocal part and the

accompaniment appear under considerable variations in each of the three stanzas. The melody is agreeable, and the harmonic support written carefully, and in a highly active manner; but originality of thought forms none of the recommendations of the air. The notes employed are uncommonly numerous, embellishments in melody and accompaniment are dispensed in abundance, and an experienced singer will find room for the display of his talent.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced Henry R. Bishop's admired Duet, "I love thee," by T. Valentine. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Introduction, air (as above), and *vivace*. Of the introduction and the management of the air, we cannot say much in the way of commendation. The *vivace* is the best; nothing out of the common way, but sprightly and pleasing enough: the last line of the fourth page, and the two first of p. 5, are well imagined.

"*Farewell to thee, Scotland!*" the Poetry by Sir James Webster Wedderburn; the Music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

These three stanzas are stated to have been written on their author's departure for Italy. The melody, $\frac{3}{8}$, which, with some slight alterations, is repeated three times over with a $\frac{2}{4}$ termination, is of Caledonian complexion, with little of novelty. It has some good points, but, upon the whole, drags heavily. In the sixth bar of the vocal part the harsh succession of the chords of G minor and F major might as well have been avoided.

"*The Lass of Richmond Hill*," arranged with Variations for the

Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, and inscribed to Lady Atherley, by W. Fitzpatrick. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(W. Eavestaff, Great Russell-street.)

The lass of Richmond Hill is no chicken, and the old lady don't appear to us to look better in any of the four dresses which Mr. F. has cut out for her. The first variation is so so; the conclusion stiff and meagre. Of the second variation we cannot speak more favourably; and the third is plain work indeed. No. 4. in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, is more satisfactory; at least there is some method and melodic design in its conception.

"*Les Regrets du Troubadour*," a Romance, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss Shield, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 2s.—(Wm. Eavestaff.)

If we must have our fill of variations, let them be written in this manner, provided nothing in the grand and profound style is intended; to which, now and then, we have no objection likewise. Mr. E. knows what he is about: his theme in the first place is simplicity itself, and his variations are conspicuous for their melodic good sense and style, their fanciful diversity of character, and the very satisfactory harmonic treatment. Without entering into individual detail, or intending comparative depreciation, we may just point out No. 2. as particularly interesting from the introduction of various chromatic appoggiaturas; and No. 6. where the $\frac{3}{4}$ theme has been most tastefully transformed into a pastoral $\frac{6}{8}$ movement, which, although full of the subject, appears with a freshness of melodic character as if it had never been any thing else. This is the way

to handle such things. The little coda too is very good. Although there are passages of brilliant activity, the player will meet with no deterring intricacies of execution.

"*The morn is on the hill*," composed, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by T. Cooke. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. B. Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

A Scotch ballad, sung by Master Edmunds, a pupil of the composer, at Drury-lane. The melody follows the received style of Scotch ballads pretty closely; but its tenderness, good plan, and rhythmical regularity impart to it all the interest which Mr. C. probably had in contemplation. Its simplicity, both vocal and instrumental, also acts as a recommendation. The chord of D minor, as employed in its *direct* form, p. 3; b. 1, is somewhat hard.

"*I will meet thee nigh the time of lovers*," written by David Lindsay, composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Stanhope, by Miss Figge. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. Green, Soho-square.)

Before we give a general opinion on this song, we may as well clear our way by stating some slight features of objection which attracted our notice.

Miss F. appears to us to have had to contend against a disadvantageous text. The author seems to have imitated the erotic style of Mr. T. Moore, without great success; but we'll say nothing about intrinsic poetical value. Our business lies rather with the metre; and here, we confess, our ingenuity has been at a loss to unravel any thing like metrical or rhythmical regularity. Some of the composer's attempts to remedy this defect have been attended

with a good result; others have failed, and occasionally some violence has been done to the sense. Thus (p. 2, l. 1,) "I'll meet thee nigh the time of lovers," is melodized "I'll meet thee nigh | the time of lovers." In p. 1, b. 2, the direct chord of C 7 would have been preferable to its inversion, because in the *beginning* of a subject inversions are of feeble and ambiguous effect. We might add one or two more critical remarks of little substantial weight; but we must not sacrifice the space, which it is our duty to reserve for a more pleasing task.

Making some little allowance for evident want of compositorial experience—and that allowance is but inconsiderably called for—we feel fully justified in congratulating Miss F. upon an effort, not only of great promise, but altogether of decided actual success. It is too little to say, that no female composition we can recollect would bear comparison with this; we may safely declare, that it exhibits more real good musical taste, more pathos, we will even add, more skill, or at least germinating skill, than one half of all the vocal compositions that are ushered before the public.

In the ritornels, especially p. 3, some points of extreme delicacy are observable. The first and principal strain is in F minor. In this, not to mention some other clever thoughts, the 3d line (p. 2,) is beautiful; nothing can be more apt, more path-

tic, and well treated, than the imitative passage from A b, 6 ♯, to D 7. The next two lines, mainly in the tonic C major, are also full of taste and musical sense; they are excellent. The concluding strain in F major is equally meritorious, and conspicuous for the sweetness and good melodic conduct which pervade it.

We feel delight in exhorting Miss F. to proceed in the path she has begun to tread. She is sure to succeed; for she has obviously studied from the best models, apparently of the German school. We hope her good taste will guide her in the choice of texts.

The celebrated Huntsman's Chorus from "Der Freyschütz," with Variations, and a characteristic Finale for the Harp, composed by Oliver Davies. Pr. 3s.—(Mitchell, New Bond-street.)

The four variations reared upon this universal subject are written tastefully, and with a due knowledge of effect; and the finale, *alla caccia*, is also in good style, full of spirit and showy. We therefore cannot doubt of this composition affording satisfaction and entertainment.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets, for two Performers on one Piano-forte. No. LVI. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Another Freyschütz, the march in G; arranged by Mr. Rimbault in a very satisfactory and effective manner, as he does all these things. Both parts are perfectly easy.

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

THE new Exhibition just opened at the Diorama is a view of the *Ruins of Holyrood Chapel*. It is taken at moonlight, painted by Monsieur Da-

guerre, and is well calculated to sustain the reputation already acquired

by the proprietors of this Exhibition. There is something in the mode of diffusing light upon this Exhibition which is better calculated to give the effect of a moonlight scene, than of any other tone. The paleness and alabaster transparency which belong, it would seem necessarily, to the principles of the Diorama, give rather a hardness of effect (at least occasionally) to the exhibition of broad daylight views, but entirely harmonize with the chaste and silvery tone of moonlight scenery; and where the delicate tints of moonbeams are flung, as in this picture, upon the dilapidated fragments of ruined but still beautiful Gothic architecture, the stillness and corresponding solemnity of effect is indescribably fine.

This chapel, whose celebrated ruins M. Daguerre has represented, is situated to the east of the ancient monastery of Sainte Croix. To the right is a colonnade of pillars, still remaining, which support the equilateral arches, and form the front of the first gallery, and the basis of the upper one, whose pointed arches, united in pairs, fill up the space between the channeled pillars that form the colonnade we are describing. Through the arches are to be seen the corner of the southern aisle, the windows which overlook the cloister, and an arcade of small pillars and pointed arches. At the eastern extremity of this gallery, under the windows of the gable end, beyond

which the moon rises and lightens a part of the picture, is the entry of the royal vaults of Roxburgh.

The window which lighted the chapel is of a curious form. We believe it to be of modern structure, and to have been built in the reign of James VI. It was repaired in 1816 with the materials found lying about the chapel. Time and a violent storm had considerably damaged it in 1795, and it was in order to give a more picturesque effect to the picture that the artist has here represented it in its unrepaired state.

In the middle of the picture are the remains of two pillars, which were the third and fourth, reckoning from the eastern wall. The part of the picture to the left of these broken pillars is in tolerable preservation, and the style of its architecture is elegant.

Tombs are scattered along the broken and ruined pavement of the chapel, which is nearly overgrown with verdure; and at the right, near a monument upon which a lamp burns, stands the pale figure of a female, introduced by the artist as an episode to the view, to vary the light of the picture. The effect of the glowing light of the lamp, the poetical association which it has with the abstracted seclusion of the scene, are much admired, and contrast with the pale glimmer of the moonlight and twinkling of the stars. The painting is very creditable to the foreign artist whose name it bears.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

PELISSE of Pomona or apple-green
gros de Naples, fastened in front

with circular silk buttons of the same colour; a single rouleau, about an inch and a half broad, surrounds the



MORNING DRESS.



DINNER DRESS -

edge of the skirt just above the wadded hem. The *corsage* fits the shape, and the sleeve is *en gigot*, but not to that extreme size which has been worn; it is slit at the wrist, and buttons, and has a neat row of small oblong ornaments near the edge: the band of the waist is corded, and buttons. The *pelerine* or cape is composed of alternate rows of *gros de Naples* or ribbon, the colour of the pelisse, and of myrtle green: it is notched or vandyked the breadth of each division. Square embroidered *collerette* of French cambric. Hat formed, like the *pelerine*, of two shades of green; the brim broad, flat, and circular in front; the crown plain at the top, and rather full all round; a bouquet of hyacinth or haw-bells and blossoms of the mezerion on the left side. Gold ear-rings, and bracelets outside the sleeves; chain and eye-glass. Pale yellow gloves; bronze-colour parasol and shoes.

DINNER DRESS.

Cerulean blue *crêpe lisse* dress worn over a white satin slip; the *corsage* rather high over the bust, and plain, but drawn behind; narrow satin band round the top. The sleeve short and full, and regulated by small satin stars. A diamond satin trimming, ornamented with a chain of *crêpe lisse* puffs or *bouffants*, crosses the bust in form of a stomacher, and from the waist downwards gradually extends in width till it turns off circularly, to form a border just above a narrow satin rouleau that heads a broad wadded hem at the bottom of the skirt. The hair is *en grandes boucles*, with bands of pearl and bows, or *mends* of blue satin, intermixed. Gold necklace and large medallion in front; armlet and brace-

let of gold, fastened by medallion clasps. Long white kid gloves, white satin shoes, carved cedar fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The spring fashions are this season more than usually forward. We have selected from the novelties in preparation some that struck us as being most worthy of the attention of our fair readers: one of these is a walking pelisse composed of bright green *gros de Naples*, and lined with white sarsnet; it is trimmed with six satin cords, which are disposed in a corkscrew roll round the bottom and up the fronts. The long sleeve is of a very moderate width, and finished at the hand by a narrow corded trimming. The half-sleeve is very much puffed out on the shoulders. Collar, *à la pelerine*, falling over, and edged to correspond with the sleeve. This is a very neat and appropriate walking-dress; as is also a high gown of pale lavender-coloured levantine. The trimming consists of a rouleau of satin, to correspond in colour at the edge of the hem; above it are three rows of satin folds cut bias, and arranged in pyramids. A velvet spencer, to correspond in colour, is worn with this dress: the bust of it is ornamented with satin foliage, arranged so as to form the shape in a very becoming manner. Long sleeve, rather tight, and simply finished at the hand with satin folds. Full half-sleeve, the fulness entwined with satin foliage.

Black bonnets begin to disappear in promenade dress; those of coloured silk are more general. We have seen already some Leghorn bonnets, which, from being trimmed with shaded ribbon of full colours, do

not look too light for the season. Coloured velvet bonnets are still in favour, particularly with velvet spencers, or sarsnet mantles to correspond.

A good many mantles for carriage dress are made of coloured levantine. Some of these have satin capes, and are trimmed with satin points; others are trimmed with swansdown. Several spencers likewise are trimmed with that fur; it edges the fronts and the collar, which turns over. The pelerine is trimmed to correspond, and the bottoms of the sleeves: the pelerine is always of the *fichu* shape.

Carriage bonnets are satin or *gros de Naples*; they are still worn very wide, but not so deep in the brim as they were a few weeks back. Some bonnets of rose-coloured *gros de Naples* are trimmed with an intermixture of short white and rose-coloured down feathers and bows of rose-coloured *crêpe lisse*. The feathers are so arranged as to fall partly to one side, and partly to the other. The lappets are rose-coloured *crêpe lisse* bordered with narrow blond. A bonnet, which has a rich but rather heavy effect, is composed of shaded *velours épingle*: the colours are bright gold and pale brown. The crown is in form of a diadem; the brim is finished at the edge by a rouleau of gold-coloured gauze entwined with a silk trimming resembling gold beads: a plume of ostrich feathers of the same colour tipped with brown stands upright in front; and a full knot of *velours épingle* is placed at the base of the plume.

Muslin begins to be very general in morning dress. We have seen some round dresses trimmed up the fronts and round the bust, so as to give the dress the appearance of a

robe and petticoat. The bodies of these gowns are made full and partially high: the trimming forms a pelerine. Long loose sleeve, confined at the wrist by a bracelet, and simply finished by a full fall of work.

Coloured crapes are coming into favour in full dress; but white tulle, gauze, &c. &c. with a mixture of colour in the trimming, seem likely to be more in request. White silk net is a material just become fashionable for trimmings: it is arranged *en bouillonnée*; the *bouillons* are formed by satin leaves, straps, shells, or points, so that this kind of garniture offers great variety. Some ball dresses are finished by a border in pyramids of satin, each pyramid crowned with a small bouquet of flowers. Others are ornamented with a deep fall of blond net, arranged from the left side of the skirt to the right, so as to form a drapery *à la tunique*, and caught up at regular distances by small bouquets of flowers. The newest head-dress, which is something in the form of a *toque*, is a mixture of blond net and pearls, through which the hind hair is brought at the back and on the crown of the head, and arranged in bows of different sizes. The fore part of the *coiffure* comes low, and rather pointed on the forehead, and is ornamented in the centre with a bouquet of the *camelia Japonica*. Head-dresses *en cheveux* are much in favour for balls: they continue to be ornamented with flowers and precious stones; a mixture which, however it may be sanctioned by fashion, appears to us very incongruous.

The colours in request are, bright green, rose colour, pale lavender, gold colour, violet, and different changeable colours.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

SEVERAL of our fair fashionables, wearied with the long continuance of the mourning, begin to encroach a little upon it. Rose, the favourite colour of the French, is sometimes seen to mingle with the hues which fashion has consecrated to the mourning: this is more particularly the case in half or full dress, for the promenade costume of stylish people is still the same as last month, with the exception of fur tippets, which are now laid aside. Velvet gowns are still worn for the *spectacle* and for dinner dress, though *gros de Naples* and satin are more general. Swansdown is a good deal worn for the trimmings of dresses; and wreaths of down feathers are still as fashionable as ever. Half-dress gowns are always made partially high, and with long sleeves; they had begun to be worn of a moderate width, but are now again extremely wide in the upper part. Black and grey satin are equally in request. Chenille begins to be much in favour in trimmings: fringe composed of it is very fashionable. Chenille cords are also used to head and edge the tucks, which are still much worn: it is likewise employed instead of frogs and braiding to ornament the bodies of dresses.

Half-dress caps are much used for home dress and for the *spectacle*: they are composed of tulle, blond, and sometimes of gauze. The caul is made rather high, and is ornamented with a *fichu* or drapery either of satin or of the same material, generally edged with blond lace. These caps are always ornamented with

flowers, among which roses and chinas are predominant. A few bold innovators have also been seen in citron and rose-coloured turbans and toques, adorned with plumes of heron's feathers. Turbans are worn high and extremely broad round the top of the crown; the most fashionable have the right side higher than the left.

Velvet has disappeared in evening dress; grey or violet *gros de Naples*, or satin only, being worn by ladies of a certain age, and white or lilac by younger *belles*: some of these dresses have two rows of trimming of the same material, consisting of demi-lozenges, placed perpendicularly in such a manner that the point of the one is attached to the middle of the next, and an ornament, something in the form of a leaf, issues from the side of each. This ornament, as well as the demi-lozenges, is corded with satin.

Evening gowns are now made square in the bosom; they have a fulness on each breast, which is confined by three bands on the shoulder; the fulness thus drawn back leaves the centre of the *corsage* plain, and slopes down on each side in folds, which meet at the bottom of the waist: this kind of *corsage* is highly advantageous to the figure. The sash in full dress always fastens behind in short bows and ends; but there is usually a brilliant buckle in the centre of the bows.

Ball dresses are either crape, gauze, or tulle. The newest style of trimming for them is a broad gauze flounce edged with a satin rouleau, and disposed in *dents de loup*: there are two rows of this trimming placed

at some distance from each other. The sleeve is very short and full; it consists of two rows of trimming to correspond, which are only divided by a white satin rouleau placed in the centre of the arm; and the bust is ornamented by folds of satin disposed perpendicularly.

Toques and turbans continue in favour with matronly *belles*; and where the mourning is not strictly observed, they are frequently of gold gauze ornamented with gold *esprits*. In some instances they are of white crape or *barèges*, with a gold chain entwined. Flowers are the *ton* for young ladies, particularly roses and violets of Parma. A fair fashionable, whose baptismal names are Rose Marguerite, appeared lately at a splendid ball, simply dressed in a white crape robe, ornamented only

with a *bouillonnée* of the same material, interspersed with white roses, her hair filleted with white ribbon, and a rose and marguerite, the one of pearls, the other of amethysts with foliage of emeralds, placed on one side of her head. These flowers immediately became the *ton*; those who cannot afford precious stones wear them in crape, with a foliage of gold or silver, except unmarried ladies, who have it of its native green, or if they conform to the mourning, white or black. The hair now is not dressed so high behind, but its luxuriance is fully displayed by the manner in which the bows are intermixed with braids and bands; it is arranged in full tufts of curls on each temple. Adieu, *ma chère Sophie*! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A SIDEBOARD.

THE proportion necessary to a sideboard, its general form and magnitude, render this article of furniture highly useful in the decoration of a dining-room: it has accordingly received from time to time a careful attention. The artist has sometimes bestowed upon it the result of his studies amongst the works of the Greeks and Romans, by which his designs have become classical and imposing; and this has given to furniture a corresponding value amongst men of taste, who perceive, that the operations of the mind can be identified with the labours of the table-

maker, and that each piece of furniture may become a source of delightful contemplation.

The annexed plate represents a sideboard of this order of furniture: the Chimeras that support it are from a fine example of antiquity, and capable of producing a bold and varied effect, as shewn by the end view which accompanies the elevation.

In general, it should be executed in mahogany, and highly polished: if the wood be of superior quality, it would be very handsome; but for a sumptuous apartment, the ornaments might properly be gilded.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, by the command of, and dedicated by permission to, his Majesty, *Views and Illustra-*

tions of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton, by John Nash, Esq. Private Architect to the King. The work will consist



A SIDEBOARD.

of Picturesque Views, highly finished in colours, as fac-similes of the original drawings, by Augustin Pugin, of the entire Building and principal Offices, taken from the gardens; also Views of the chief Apartments, as completed, with their furniture and decorations. The whole will be illustrated by plans and sections, accompanied by descriptions, explanatory of the building, the relative situation and appropriation of the apartments, and of their splendid furniture.

Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest, author of the "Tour of the Ganges and Jumna," is engaged on a *Picturesque Tour through the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada*, descriptive of the grand and interesting scenery on the two mighty rivers, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa. The graphic illustrations will consist of forty-eight views, printed from lithographic drawings, and coloured, from designs taken from nature, besides vignettes and a map of the country. The work will be completed in eight monthly parts, forming a companion to those already published on the Seine, the Rhine, and the Ganges and Jumna rivers.

Mr. Ackermann has in the press, a *Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrennees*, containing twenty-four coloured views of the most interesting scenes, from original drawings taken on the spot by Joseph Hardy, Esq., and a map of the country. It has been the principal object of the author to confine this work within such a form and compass, as to render it an acceptable and commodious guide to travellers who may hereafter be induced to visit that romantic region.

Shortly will be published, in one volume 4to. a *Description of the Island of Madeira*, by the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq.; 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.

Mr. Phillips, author of "*Pomarium Britannicum*" and other works, has just committed to the press his new volume, on which he has been so long engaged, entitled *Floral Emblems*; containing, together with a complete account of the most beautiful picturesque devices employed in ancient and modern times by the most celebrated painters and poets, a Grammar of the Language, whereby in the most pleasing manner ideas may be communicated, or events recorded, under semblances the most fanciful that can be applied to the purposes of amusement or of decoration. The poetical passages, in which a specific character is given to the different flowers, are selected from the best writers of all ages; and the plates, which present a variety of entirely new and delicate associations, have been designed and executed by the author.

A new monthly work, called *the Aurist*, edited by Mr. Wright, surgeon-aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, is in the press, and will be published immediately.

Mr. Lewis is engaged in engraving a *Portrait of Lord John Russell*, from a drawing by Mr. Slater, which is to be circulated among subscribers only, and the personal friends of that nobleman.

Poetry.

A FAREWELL

On leaving ENGLAND for MEXICO.

DOOMED now to quit thy strands, dear England, where

All that my soul loves most I leave behind,
And seeking distant climes, each semblance there

Will warm my heart, and sooth my cheerless mind.

Farewell, my kindred! friends! farewell,
farewell!

For 'tis perhaps decreed we meet no more;
These sighs, these heartfelt accents feebly tell
How bowed the spirit that now quits your shore.

Oh! could I claim the fairest boon of heaven,
And leave with you—pure as your hearts
for ever

My joy—sufficient bliss to me were given
 In thought to hear each say—"Forget
 thee! never!"

In fancy's imagery, on thought's swift wing,
 All those loved scenes will rise that now
 are past;
 Fondly to them will restless memory cling,
 Tell of past joys, and tell they are the
 last.

C. S. A.

TO THE HEART'S-EASE.

Beautiful Heart's-ease, modest little flower!
 Oft in my childhood have I loved to stray
 Adown some shadowy walk at early hour,
 And from the soil that reared thee pick
 away

Thy tender form; and as my sweet bouquet
 I twined with many an opening bud of
 spring,

I little deemed that thou would'st grace this
 lay,

I little deemed that future years would
 bring

Thee back to memory, thou lovely little
 thing!

Innocent flower! with this my verse entwined,
 In earlier days my bosom was to thee
 A place of rest thou never more canst find.
 Alas! sweet flower, thou bloom'st, but not
 for me!

Meek little Heart's-ease! gladly would I flee
 From thoughts which with dull grief and
 misery teem:

Oh! that my spirit by some power could be
 Roused from its lethargy as from a dream!

But memory o'er the past still throws a
 sickly beam.

A. W. II.

MORNING.

The air is cool; the russet earth is moist with
 morning's dew;

Creation's face, all fresh and bright, puts on
 its gayest hue.

The noisy world is slumbering yet, and la-
 bour is at rest;

But just reelin'd tir'd Fashion's head, on
 sleepless pillow press'd.

The wakeful lark alone has left her nest, and
 mounting high,

On early wing she hails the day with carols
 to the sky;

Aloft she soars, and seems to call the hind to
 his employ,

And wakes the feather'd choir to join with
 her in notes of joy.

With what delight I rove abroad at this
 sweet hour of prime,

In silent rapture to enjoy fair Nature's calm
 sublime,

To tread unseen her dewy lawns, breathe the
 unrifled air,

Taste the fresh fragrance of the mead, em-
 boss'd with flow'rets fair!

In every blossom I behold thee, O my God!
 I trace,

And grateful own thy sovereign power, thy
 bounty, and thy grace.

Thus grant me to improve each morn, thy
 mercies still adore,

Nor let me waste in sleep the time that no-
 thing can restore.

Sept. 20.

L. I.

THE FALSE FAIR-ONE.

"Yea but a little moment stay,
 Nor thus avert thine eye!

Let me again behold that face,
 And I'm content to die!

"Oft have we met, but not as now,
 (That blissful dream is fled!)

How brightly then thy sunny smile
 On me its radiance shed!

"And, as the summer's genial breath
 Revives the op'ning flow'r,

So o'er me did thy love's warm ray
 Diffuse its kindly pow'r.

"Fondly I deem'd that love sincere,
 Thy parting vows believ'd;

Ah! little did I think so soon
 That I could be deceiv'd!

"But let me hear it from *thy* lip,
 At once pronounce my doom;

'Tis thine alone to bid me live,
 Or yield me to the tomb."

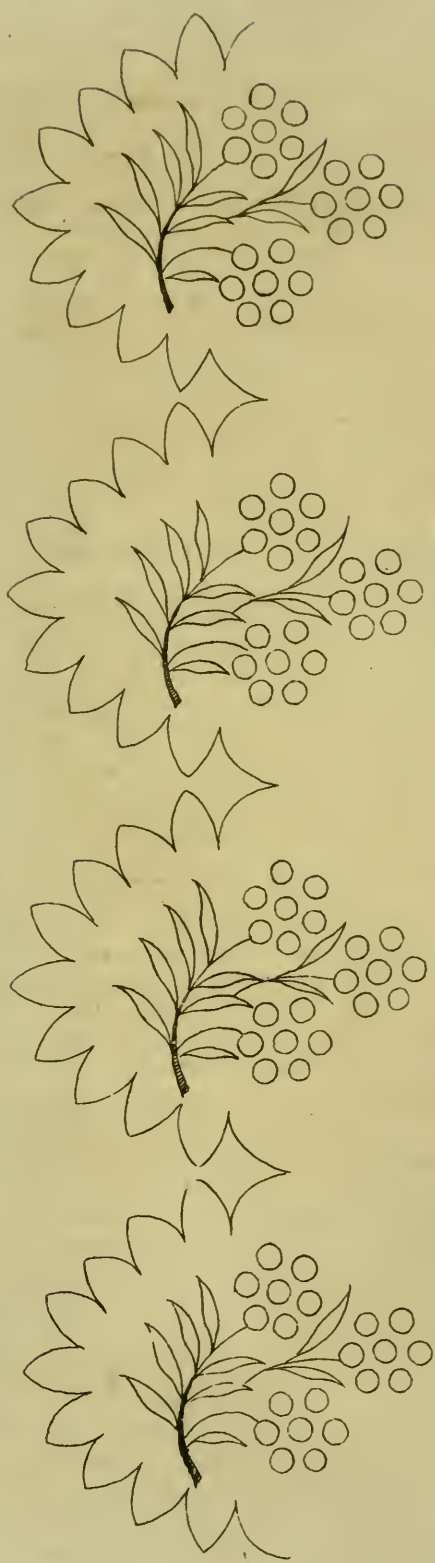
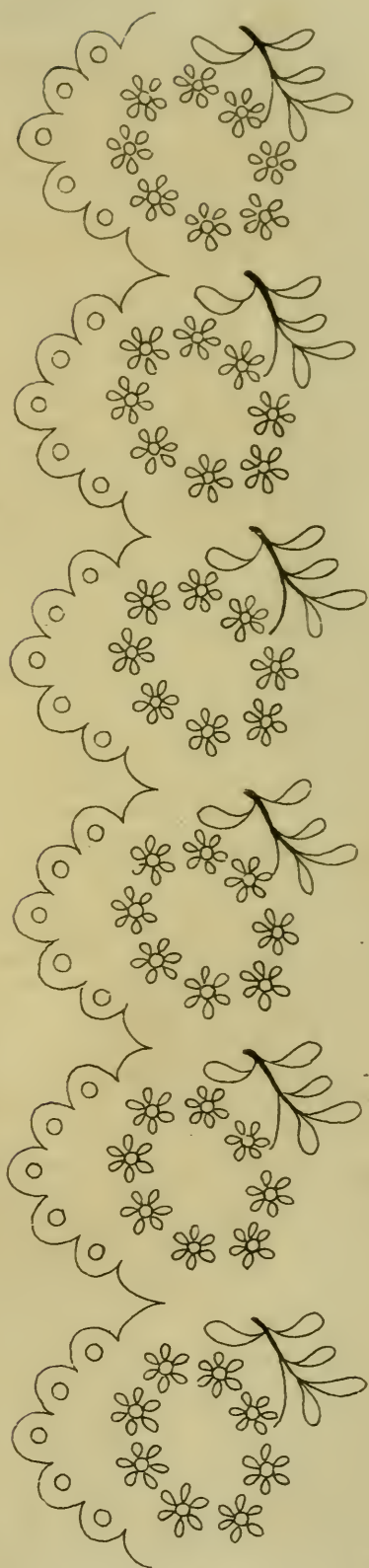
He spoke; a tear bedimm'd his eye—
 But EMMA mark'd it not;

A wealthier suitor sought her smiles,
 And HENRY was forgot.

The lady turn'd away her face,
 Nor heeded his despair;

Alas! that beauty oft should prove
 As false as it is fair!

W. S.



MUSLIN PATTERNS.



DUNSTER CASTLE.
SEAT OF J. F. LUTTRELL ESQ.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

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MAY 1, 1825.

No. XXIX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. DUNSTER CASTLE, THE SEAT OF J. F. LUTTRELL, ESQ. M. P.	249
2. SWAINSTON, THE SEAT OF SIR F. BARRINGTON, BART.	250
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	302
4. ——— EVENING DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
5. TABLE, CHAIR, AND WINDOW-SEAT	305
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS. — Dunster Castle, Somersetshire, the Seat of JOHN FOWNES LUTTRELL, ESQ. M. P.	249
Swainston, Isle of Wight, the Seat of Sir FITZWILLIAM BARRINGTON, BART.	250
ADVENTURES IN IRELAND. No. II.	252
Recollections of Mr. WOODHAM. By J. M. LACEY, ESQ.	257
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. II. — Richilda Countess of Brabant, or the Wonderful Mirror (<i>concluded</i>)	258
AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORIES. No. I.	264
The Iron Mask	266
The Walk before Breakfast	267
The Old Bachelor and his Annoyances	268
The Celtic Paradise	270
The Miller and the Thief	271
The Loiterer. No. XIV.	273
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XVII.	276
The Literary Coterie. No. III.	280
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL. — Salvator Rosa — Botanical Theory — Northern Longevity	285

MUSICAL REVIEW.

DANNELEY'S Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Music	287
SOLIS'S Second Sonata	288
——— Arrangement of CARAFFA'S Operatic Air	289
RIES'S Ninth Fantasia in "Der Freyschütz"	<i>ib.</i>
POTTER'S Enigma, Variations, and Fantasia	290

	PAGE
ONSLOW'S Air	290
A Set of Exercises for the Violoncello	291
DOTZAUER'S Twelve Exercises	<i>ib.</i>
BANISTER'S Arrangement of a Selection of Melodies in "Der Freyschütz"	<i>ib.</i>

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of British Artists	292
Panorama of Edinburgh	297
BELZONI'S Egyptian Tombs	299
The Belzoni Sarcophagus	300
Mr. West's Gallery	301

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	302
Ladies' Evening Dress	<i>ib.</i>
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	<i>ib.</i>
French Female Fashions	304
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE. — Table, Chair, and Window-Seat	305

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC 306

POETRY.

Obstipus, an Egotistical Poem (<i>continued</i>)	307
To a Young Lady on her Birthday	308
The Comforts of Home: A Parody on "Sweet Home." By J. M. LACEY	309
Extracts from a Volume of "Poems by the late Mrs. ELIZABETH COSBOLD, of Holy Wells, Ipswich"	<i>ib.</i>
Joys and Sorrows	<i>ib.</i>

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Correspondent who favoured us with extracts from the Mémoires de Madame de Genlis could not be aware, that an English translation of the work had appeared before the receipt of the article.

The continuation of The Confessions of my Uncle did not reach us in time for this Number.

Owing to the space occupied this month by the Fine Arts, we have been obliged to defer several communications intended for insertion in the present Number, and among the rest various poetical contributions.

The promised account of the late Mrs. Cobbold will be very acceptable.

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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NO. XXIX.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

DUNSTER CASTLE, SOMERSETSHIRE, THE SEAT OF JOHN FOWNES LUTTRELL,
ESQ. M.P.

DUNSTER, a market-town in the hundred of Carhampton, in Somersetshire, is situated in the midst of a rich and fertile vale, opening towards the Bristol Channel, but on every other side defended by lofty hills. Though formerly enjoying the privileges of a borough, and sending members to Parliament, Dunster is now a very inconsiderable place, consisting principally of two streets, the one running north and south, and the other branching westward from the church.

At the southern extremity of the former, on a steep hill, stands Dunster Castle, which forms the subject of the annexed View. It was originally built at a very early period, and was a place of great note, as a fortress belonging to the kings of the West Saxons. In the language of that people, it was at first called

Vol. V. No. XXIX.

Torre, which signifies a fortified tower. In after times it received the addition of Dun or Dune, which implies a ridge of hills stretching along the seacoast. The present appellation is evidently a contraction of Dunéstorre.

After the Conquest, this castle was bestowed, together with fifty-six manors in the county of Somerset, on Sir William de Mohun, descended from an ancient and honourable family in Normandy, who joined the Conqueror in his expedition, with forty-seven stout knights in his retinue. No sooner did he enter into possession, than he demolished the old structure, and built another in its stead. He also built the town, and founded and endowed here a priory of Benedictine monks, which he annexed as a cell to the abbey of St. Peter, at Bath. His son and

L L

grandson, both named William, greatly improved the buildings of their predecessor. The latter is distinguished in history for the assistance which he rendered to the cause of the Empress Maud, in whose behalf he fortified the castle, and made many successful inroads into the neighbouring country. These services procured him the honour of nobility, by the title of Earl of Somerset and Dorset; of which, however, his grandson was deprived in the wars of the barons. His immediate descendants were known by the style of Barons Mohun; and from their family this castle passed by purchase, about the close of the reign of Edward III. to that of Luttrell, a descendant of which, John Fownes Luttrell, Esq. representative in Parliament of the neighbouring borough of Minehead, is the present possessor.

This castle has, like other fortresses, been the scene of much military confusion. In the 17th century, the celebrated William Prynne was here confined by command of Cromwell, on account of his parliamentary conduct.

The views from this building, owing to its elevated situation, are de-

lightfully varied and extensive. It is surrounded by a beautiful park, finely adorned with wood, and which affords pasture to a great number of sheep and deer.

The church of Dunster is one of the largest Gothic structures of the kind in England. It was built by Henry VII. as a mark of his gratitude for the assistance he received from the inhabitants of this town in the battle of Bosworth. This church is divided into two parts by a tower in the centre, 90 feet high. The division eastward of the tower was the original church belonging to the priory, and was also used for the performance of divine service till 1499, when a dispute having taken place between the monks and the parishioners, it was agreed, that the latter should in future have their choir distinct from that of the priory. This part of the church is now stripped of all its furniture, and totally neglected. It contains, however, a number of fine monumental tombs and escutcheons of the families of Mohun and Luttrell, which are now perishing with their owners in the dust, and exhibiting a strong rebuke to the vanity of human greatness.

SWAINSTON, ISLE OF WIGHT,

THE SEAT OF SIR FITZWILLIAM BARRINGTON, BART.

THIS manor has long borne the name of Swainston, for we find, that in the thirteenth year of Edward II. the king confirmed a grant of Adhemar, Bishop of Winchester, to the burgesses of Newtown, and sealed his charter at Swainston. This monarch, in the first year of his reign, bestowed Swainston on his sister Mary, a nun at Ambresbury, in exchange for the borough of Wilton

and other lands settled on her by her father, Edward I. Edward II. bestowed it after this on his son Edward, then Earl of Chester, who, in the fourth year of his reign, granted it to William Lord Montacute, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Being forfeited by the attainder of John Earl of Salisbury in the first year of the reign of Henry IV. this monarch gave it to his son in the following



L. Mitchell. 1871

SWALFSTON,

REAR OF THE FINEST BUILDING IN THE



year. After this we find Thomas de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, granted to his brother, Aleyn de Bruxhall, 10*l.* annually, to be taken out of the manor of Swainston. By the marriage of his daughter and heiress, this manor went to Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, from whom it descended to his son, the famous Earl of Warwick, who being defeated and killed at the battle of Barnet by Edward IV. the estate was forfeited, and granted to George Duke of Clarence. Being again forfeited, it reverted to the crown. It was then restored to Edward Earl of Warwick; by whose attainder it came to Henry VII. His successor granted it to Margaret Countess of Salisbury, sister to the Earl of Warwick, who was beheaded in the Tower. She married Sir Richard Pole, Knight of the Garter; but being attainted and beheaded, the manor reverted to the crown for the fifth time. It was restored by Mary in the first year of her reign to Winefred, daughter and coheir of Henry Lord Montagu, sc of the Countess of Salisbury. She married first Sir Thomas Hastings, brother of Francis Earl of Huntingdon, who married Catherine, the other sister. She afterwards married Sir Thomas Barrington of Barrington-Hall, Essex, by whom she had one son, created a baronet by James I. in 1611, from whom the manor descended to Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, the present representative of this ancient family.

The hall in Essex is still kept up, though Swainston has for many years been the family residence. Swainston is delightfully situated between Calbourne and Carisbrook, one mile and a half from the former, and four

from the latter, to which place the demesne extends, crossing the island from sea to sea. It is one of the few places that possesses a park, and in point of woods and plantations, exceeds any thing in the Isle of Wight. The oak here grows luxuriantly, as well as the pine. The immediate vicinity of the mansion boasts of evergreen oaks that are truly superb, in spite of the prevailing winds that are so inimical to vegetation in the island. There is a sweetness pervading the grounds of Swainston, combined with its extent, that is truly delightful, being banked by a bold hill covered with rich wood inland, while stretching down in a gentle sweep to the Solent sea on the other side. Here the views are as extensive as beautiful, looking over Shal-fleet, Newtown, across the Solent sea into Hampshire and the New Forest; while more to the right, Southampton water, with its shipping, and Calshot castle, tend to perfect this very interesting scene. Some fine sheets of water amidst the gardens and shrubberies, with their accompaniments of swans and other aquatic birds, boats, and elegant seats of various forms on the banks, together with the fine woods that overhang them, give a richness and finish that is truly beautiful. A very elegant rustic building has been lately erected with great taste in the midst of the shrubbery: its simplicity alone deserves particular notice, combining so much beauty of line with the rude material used in its general construction. It is composed of rough stems of the elm covered with ivy, that seems to wind and form the windows as well as the seats. The flower-gardens and green-houses

are kept up with the greatest care, and are in the immediate vicinity of the house.

The entrance to the mansion is elegant, its bold circular projection forming a portico, and giving to the hall a depth that is very imposing, being intersected within by coupled columns on each side, and the outer space filled with choice flowering shrubs, a portion of the hall being lighted with a dome light; the whole has a light, airy, and elegant appearance. The principal suite of apartments is on the ground-floor. The library contains a fine collection of the best authors: connected with this is the drawing-room, which is fitted up with great taste, and com-

mands some beautiful views. The dining-room is a very fine and spacious apartment: here is a very fine picture by Hondeköter and a superb Backhuysen. The staircase is of oak, rich and spacious, and adorned with fine family portraits by the first masters.

A chapel was originally attached to this mansion; a double-headed Norman window still remains. The end of a very pretty chapel, surmounted with a cross, is still entire; and some curious antique fragments remain in the offices. It is supposed to have been originally a mansion of the bishops of Winchester, to whom in early times the manor of Swainston belonged.

ADVENTURES IN IRELAND.

No. II.

THE shadows of evening were falling around; the rich throne of clouds, in which the sun was sinking, assumed a deeper red; the women sat knitting at the cabin-doors; the children performed their frolicsome feats in the middle of the dusty road; the men leaned against some projecting wall, and now and again looked wishfully towards the village alehouse, to which an Irish peasant's notions of happiness are too often confined. Such was the aspect which the little village of Ballymahon presented at the close of a day during the autumn of 1823, when the curiosity of its inhabitants was excited, and "the even tenour of their way" in some degree disturbed, by the appearance of a stranger, who was observed with a small bundle in his hand slowly descending the hill, at whose base the village is situated, and often turning to view the vene-

erable ruins of an abbey, which crowns its summit, and on which the parting rays of the setting sun glistened, like the smiles of affection when they gladden the face of an old man.

The traveller's nearer approach was by no means calculated to diminish those feelings of surprise which his appearance at such an hour and in such a place had naturally enough given birth to. He was a tall, delicately formed, young man, with a fair face, and an intelligent and apparently agreeable countenance; but care and thought seemed to struggle with the freshness of youth. His dress was dusty and travel-worn, but of a texture and fashion which marked the traveller's condition; and his halting step and bending form indicated exhaustion and fatigue, as he moved slowly towards the little alehouse, regardless, and seemingly unconscious, of the

inquisitive gaze of the assembled villagers. The Irish are characteristically curious, as well as communicative; and in a few minutes after the stranger's arrival, the single apartment, which, in the words of an old song, "serves for parlour and kitchen and all," in the only house of entertainment which Ballymahon can boast, was crowded with visitors, who dropped in, one following another, upon various pretexts. The object of this curiosity, however, absorbed in his own reflections, maintained unbroken silence, heedless of the scene which was enacting around him. At length "mine host," in all parts of the world an important personage, thinking himself warranted *ex officio* to lead in conversation, respectfully inquired of the stranger whether he had travelled far. The reply to this interrogatory was a simple affirmative, which by no means satisfied the host or his guests, who exercised all the ingenuity they possessed—and an Irish peasant rarely lacks this talent—to elicit further information. The traveller's sustained reservedness, however, baffled every effort, and when, after partaking of a slight repast, he desired to be shewn to the miserable nook, unaptly termed a place of repose, the sum total of his history with which the gossips of Ballymahon were acquainted was, that he had travelled all day, and reached the village by a road leading from a market-town about twenty miles distant.

Sunrise found the stranger again engaged surveying those ruins which attracted his attention on the preceding evening. The abbey of Ballymahon, as was before observed, stands on the summit of a lofty hill, and commands an extensive view of a country strangely diversified. It was

erected about the period when religious houses were first established in Ireland; and amidst the various revolutions to which that country was subjected, continued to be inhabited by a holy brotherhood, until the invasion of Cromwell, when it was bestowed on an English trooper, in grateful remembrance of some services performed against the Cavaliers in those wars which brought the unhappy Charles to the block. After this time the abbey was never inhabited, although the property in it, joined with that of the adjacent lands, has descended through different families, and at last centred in the heir of a wealthy trader, who died at a good old age, leaving the estate unimpaired to his son, who, in virtue thereof, was summoned twice or thrice on the county grand jury; and having now grown old, is honoured with the commission of the peace, and enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* at a modern building called the Manor-House, erected on a remote part of the estate. Soon after the religious inhabitants were ejected from the abbey, the progress of decay was visible; every succeeding winter its ravages became more distinct; and for many years the dormitory and refectory, as well as the ancient chapel and burial-ground, have been used as a place of interment for the Roman Catholic families of the neighbourhood, in whose mind the abbey is still associated with the sacred character of its former residents. A tower, occupying a central situation amidst the ruins, yet stands, and is ascended by a winding stone staircase, which leads to an apartment partially sheltered by the floor of another, which was situated above; but the casements have long since fallen, and its exposed situation,

combined with the dampness of the walls, renders the air of the abbey chilling even in the calm days of summer.

The evening after his arrival at Ballymahon, the stranger took up his abode in this dwelling of dreariness and desolation. A bundle of straw, procured at a farm-house hard by, was substituted for a bed; a spring, which rose within the walls, supplied him with drink; and for some weeks after his arrival, a small quantity of bread was purchased at the village, upon which he contrived to subsist. Some days passed, during which he was not observed to quit his miserable abode even for a moment: in one of these it was that an adventurous urchin climbed to the broken casement, and beheld the recluse reading, with pistols lying beside him; a circumstance which was faithfully reported, and effectually prevented the villagers from intruding upon his solitude. More frequently, however, the unknown left his retreat with the opening day. He loved to wander through the mountains, or on the seashore which lay near, and the night was often far advanced before he returned to his comfortless home. Yet his manners were calm, and in his slight intercourse with the villagers, he gave them no reason to suspect that his intellects were disordered.

The circumstance of a young man, whose appearance indicated that he came "of gentle blood," thus, in the morning of his days, forsaking society, and voluntarily resigning the comforts and decencies of civilized life, to lead the life of a savage without its freedom, might naturally enough have excited attention even amongst a people divested of that

feeling for the romantic which the Irish are known to possess. The villagers related the strange and unaccountable manner in which the stranger lived to the steward, who of course retailed it to the squire. The parish clerk mentioned the matter to "his reverence," who communicated it to his lady. The maids conveyed it to their young mistresses, who repeated it to their friends; and thus, before he had resided a week at the abbey, the recluse became an object of curiosity, and the chief subject of conversation in every family residing within a circle of ten miles. The fact was no sooner ascertained, than ingenuity was set to work, endeavouring to account for it; and various surmises were hazarded, very many of which, as usual, were founded on the peculiar feelings of those who speculated. The ladies spoke confidently of "the poor young gentleman's unhappy attachment, which induced him (they had no doubt) to seek so disagreeable a retirement:" from these the recluse received an abundant measure of pity. The village politicians, men who could take none but profound views, would have it that the stranger was a designing political emissary: some did not hesitate to assert too, that he was a French spy, although at this precise period his personal infirmities, the claims of the emigrants, or the intrigues of Villelle and Chateaubriand, were of much greater importance to the French king than the state of Ireland. But a French spy was the old bugbear, and French or Irish, Whiteboy or Jesuit, the village sages were unanimously of opinion, that the resident at the abbey was a suspicious character, whose proceedings ought to

be narrowly watched. The peasantry were also unanimous: they resolved that the recluse was a criminal; but whether he had sought the retirement of the abbey as a penance to avert the judgment of heaven, or a hiding-place to evade the punishment of the law, they could not determine. In either case they concluded that he was worthy of respect and attention; and when the little stock of money which he brought with him appeared to be expended, as he no longer came to purchase his scanty allowance of bread, and was observed picking berries from the bushes, every night on his return he found at the threshold of the tower an abundant meal of coarse but nutritious food, provided by the hospitable care of the peasantry.

Thus months passed, and winter came, but brought no change in the mode of life pursued by the solitary inhabitant of the tower. The village gentry, however, began to suspect that he was not altogether so dangerous a character as they at first apprehended. His purpose could not be to tamper with the peasantry, as he held little or no communication with them; nor could he have come "to spy the nakedness of the land," or why confine his observations to so contracted a span? These considerations made a strong impression on the residents at the Manor-House; and when Christmas came, a season which brings festivity and good-humour to all whose circumstances and hearts are at ease, urged by the females of the family, in all cases the friends of the unfortunate, the old gentleman consented to invite the recluse to partake of the hospitality of the season. The invitation was faithfully delivered by one

of the villagers; but, to the disappointment of many, and the wonderment of all, the intended honour was unceremoniously declined, and the following morning the recluse left his retreat, never again to return; he went, none knew whither.

Some one remarks, that a city is distinguished from a village, because nothing that happens in the former is remembered longer than three days. In a village, however, that which does not affect the feelings or interests of the inhabitants is easily forgotten also. In six months after his departure from Ballymahon, the recluse ceased to be mentioned, and his fate in all probability would never have reached the ears of the inhabitants if it had not been for the arrival of a gentleman who came in a post-chaise to the village, and subsequently applied at the Manor-House, to request the assistance of the family, to aid him in discovering the individuals to whom the inhabitant of the abbey was indebted for gratuitous subsistence. From a conversation with this gentleman, the following brief particulars of the unfortunate young man's history were collected:

Henry Owens was the son of an officer of high rank, who was killed in action at the commencement of the Peninsular war, leaving a young and lovely widow and one child, the subject of the present narrative. Henry was necessarily thrown upon the care and affection of his surviving parent at a very early age; and that parent fulfilled the arduous duties which devolved upon her with more than maternal fondness. Accomplished and agreeable, she secluded herself from society, and residing on a small property situated in the north

of Ireland, devoted her entire time and attention to the superintendence of her son's education. The promises of his youth were not destroyed by maturity, and Henry sprung into manhood, graceful in person, amiable in disposition, generous in heart, the pride, the hope, the idol of his adoring mother. His feelings were ardent, and his passions strong; but then his mother could sway and calm him in his most impetuous moods. His attachment to her seemed mixed up with his very existence, and united by gratitude, obedience, and affection, they clung to each other like beings who stood alone in the world. Never were a parent and child happier in their love than Henry Owens and his mother. On the very day when Henry had attained his twenty-first year, Mrs. Owens was afflicted with indisposition, which confined her to her apartment. A physician was immediately in attendance, and announced that she was afflicted with a contagious fever. For three weeks Henry attended upon his mother with unremitting assiduity; the medicines were taken from his hand, and the entreaties of the attendants and friends could not induce him to relinquish, even for an hour, his place by the bedside of the sufferer. At the commencement of the fourth week, the patient's exhausted strength could no longer contend with the violence of the disease, and she died. During his mother's illness, Henry in vain endeavoured to conceal the anxiety which his every look and word and act evinced. After her death, he manifested no external symptoms of agitation. The philosophical calmness with which he appeared to bear up against so dreadful a calamity astonished his friends.

No tear fell from him; no sigh escaped him; but he sat in gloomy, thoughtful, and abstracted silence. The day for the funeral arrived, and Henry *walked* after the corpse (which is the custom in Ireland) with a firm step and composed countenance. He joined too in the solemn and beautiful service appointed by the established church at the burial of the dead. When the grave-diggers were concluding their melancholy office, and the portals of the grave closing for ever upon the remains of the departed, he strolled from the churchyard into the adjacent fields. His friends believed that he retired to indulge a sudden burst of grief, which might unburthen his heart, and delicately refrained from immediately pursuing him. After waiting several minutes in expectation of his return, they sought him, but he had quitted the fields. They proceeded to his residence, he was not seen there; night came, he did not return. Messengers were dispatched in various directions, but brought back no tidings; the rivers and lakes in the neighbourhood were searched for his body, it was not discovered. Expresses were sent to the adjoining seaports; no person of Henry's description had been noticed. After a year had nearly expired, one of his most intimate friends received a letter from him, dated at a little village in Normandy. It ran thus, and contained all that was ever known of his wanderings:

Dear * * * *

Since the fatal day of my mother's death, my mind has been an indescribable chaos. Why I came here, or by what means, I know not. I only remember that I lived in an old castle near the village of —, in the county of

—, and was obliged to the villagers for whatever food I partook of. Find those to whom I am indebted, and reimburse them. My resolution is at length formed. If those who loved in this world may meet in the next, my spirit shall commune with hers who is gone; if not, I shall be spared the intense pain of sorrowing for her. When this reaches you, he shall be no more who was your friend,

H. O.

Upon the receipt of this letter, the gentleman to whom it was ad-

ressed set off for the Continent without delay; but he arrived too late. The day after his letter was forwarded, the writer had prematurely terminated his existence, leaving one amongst many examples, which demonstrate, that the best and purest affections of our nature may grow to excess and lead to destruction, if they be not controuled by reason, and subdued and directed by a spirit of true religion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. WOODHAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

By some accident I had been prevented from reading that part of the *Confessions of a Rambler* published in your Number for February, till this day, and upon doing so now I have been interested by his mention of an old schoolfellow of mine, Mr. Woodham, of whom I had lost sight, and with whose history I had been unacquainted, for many years. I well remember, that, when about ten years of age, he was kept so closely by his father to his musical studies, that he never came to school in the afternoon. He made great proficiency under his father, who was a performer in the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, I think on the violin; and his son, at a very early age, was also in that orchestra, and, to the best of my recollection, played the trumpet. At the time I am speaking of, there was no intention of his becoming a singer, which was principally brought about by accident. On a certain evening, Braham, from illness, or some other cause, could not take his part in an opera

Vol. V. No. XXIX.

(I believe *the Cabinet*,) for which he was announced, and young Woodham, who must of course have been a good amateur singer, volunteered from the orchestra as his substitute, and was accepted. His success and reception were so flattering on this occasion, that he deserted the instrumental for the vocal department of music from that time forward. The last time I saw him was soon after this circumstance, when I remember also he mentioned that he held an ensigncy in the Westminster Volunteers; for, as it often happens, after leaving school, we seldom met then, though we had been great cronies, previously visiting each other on half-holidays and other occasions.

From that time I never knew or heard any thing of him to my recollection; and yet upon reading the account of his death in your February Number, I had a sort of dream-like feeling that I had heard of it in some way many years back. At all events, the *Rambler's* notice of Woodham has recalled to my mind many feelings and many events connect-

M M

ed with some of my earliest and happiest days; not that I have any thing to complain of on the score of happiness now, though a good deal of it proceeds from seeing my own children in the active enjoyment of pleasures which once occupied Woodham and myself.

This reminiscence has made me

garrulous, a certain proof of a man's advancing years, and this too on a subject of no moment either to you or your readers: there is, nevertheless, pleasure to me in it, and I must hope for your excuse. I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

March 12, 1825.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. II.

RICHILDA COUNTESS OF BRABANT, *or the Wonderful Mirror.*

(Concluded from p. 201.)

For some time the vain Richilda inwardly exulted in her imaginary pre-eminence, till a foreign knight came to her court, who had stopped by the way at the castle of the Countess Blanca; he had found her not in the sepulchral vault, but at her toilet, and smitten with her beauty, chose her for the lady of his heart. Desirous of amusing the Countess of Brabant, and displaying his skill in tilting, and never supposing that the mother could be jealous of the daughter, after dinner, when flushed with wine, he threw his iron gauntlet on the table. "Whoever," said he, "has the courage to deny that the Countess Blanca of Louvain is the fairest lady in Brabant, let him take up the gauntlet as a token that he will to-morrow break a lance with me." The whole court was highly scandalized at this indiscretion of the Gascon. Richilda turned pale at the intelligence of this second resurrection of the Lady Blanca; the challenge was like a dagger piercing her heart: yet she forced a gracious smile, and approved the proposal, expecting that the knights of her court would quarrel for the honour

of taking up the gauntlet. When, on the contrary, none of them came forward to accept the challenge, for the stranger was a man of gallant bearing, muscular and robust, anger and mortification might be read in her countenance. Her faithful master of the horse, moved by her evident perturbation, snatched up the gauntlet. The conflict took place on the following day, but the Gascon proved victorious, and was declared conqueror by the Countess Richilda, who at the same time was ready to die with vexation.

The first thing she did was to vent her wrath on Sambul the physician. He was thrown into the dungeon of the castle, loaded with fetters, and, without any formality of trial, the angry dame caused his venerable beard to be plucked up hair by hair, and both his ears to be cut clean off. When the first tempest of passion had subsided, and the cruel countess considered that Blanca would still triumph over her, unless she could find means to dispatch her by perfidy—for Gombald's will had deprived her of all authority over his daughter—she wrote a letter,

couched in the most affectionate terms, to the young lady, and expressed her joy at her recovery with such maternal tenderness, as if her heart had dictated every word that flowed from her pen. This letter she delivered to her trusty nurse, who was to carry it to the imprisoned physician, together with the following note: "Inclose in this letter death and destruction for the hand that shall open it. Beware, as thou lovest thy life, of deceiving me the third time!" Sambul the Jew meditated for some time what to do, while his fingers played with his chains as though he were praying his Hebrew Paternoster upon them. At length, the love of life, though in a dreary dungeon, with an earless head and a beardless chin, seemed to outweigh all other considerations, and he promised to obey. The countess dispatched the epistle by a messenger on horseback, who on his arrival made abundance of grimaces, insinuating that it related to business of the utmost importance, though he would not say from whom it came. Blanca, curious to see the contents, quickly broke the seal, read a few lines, fell back on the sofa, closed her sparkling blue eyes, and expired. From this period, the bloodthirsty stepmother could obtain no tidings of her daughter, and though she frequently sent out messengers to make inquiry concerning her, the only intelligence they brought back was, that the young lady had not this time awoke from the sleep of death.

Thus had the lovely Blanca thrice died, and been thrice buried, through the malicious contrivances of the odious woman. After the faithful pages had the first time deposited

her remains in the vault, and ordered masses for the soul of the deceased, they and the weeping maidens diligently kept watch beside their beloved mistress, and often peeped through the little window in the lid of the coffin, that they might enjoy the sight of her as long as possible. To their extreme surprise they observed, that in a few days her pallid cheeks began to be tinged with a slight flush, and her livid lips to display the glow of life; and shortly afterwards the lady opened her eyes. When her astonished attendants perceived this, they joyfully removed the lid from the coffin; the fair Blanca rose, and wondered not a little to find herself in a sepulchral vault, surrounded by her servants in deep mourning. She hastened, though with tottering step, to leave the awful place, and to exchange the gloom of the grave for the cheering light of day.

Sambul the physician was at the bottom a pious Israelite and a tolerably honest man, excepting when the love of the precious metals occasionally overruled the scruples of his conscience. Instead of impregnating the pomegranate with poison, as he was directed, he tinged half of it with a narcotic essence, which stupefied the senses without destroying life. He had recourse to the same subterfuge on the second occasion with the wash-ball, only increasing the quantity of opium: hence the lady did not awake so early as before, and the pages supposing her to be really and truly dead, conveyed her a second time to the vault, and kept vigilant watch, till, to the great joy of her household, she again revived. The guardian angel of the young lady perceived the danger that im-

pended over his charge, when the fear of death impelled the physician to enter in good earnest into the new scheme for poisoning Blanca. He repaired, therefore, unseen to the dungeon, and after a long and violent struggle with the soul of the Jew, he overcame the latter, and constrained him to resolve to sacrifice his life to his integrity, with the same fortitude as he had before given up his beard and both his ears. By means of his chemical knowledge, he reduced the quintessence of his narcotic liquor into a volatile salt, which, on its exposure to the open air, should immediately dissolve and be inhaled. With this he besmeared the letter to the fair Blanca: while she was reading it, a soporific quality was communicated to the whole surrounding atmosphere, and she inhaled the subtle spirit. Its effect was so powerful, that the consequent torpor was of longer continuance than before; and the impatient duenna, totally despairing of the revival of her young mistress, caused her obsequies to be solemnized for the third time.

Just when her household were engaged in the performance of this mournful ceremony, and the funeral bell tolled ever and anon, a young pilgrim arrived, went into the chapel, knelt before the altar, and performed his devotions. His name was Godfrey of Ardenne. He was the son of Teutebald the Ferocious, who, on account of his manifold crimes, had been excommunicated by the holy church, and dying under its anathema, had to suffer severely for it in the flames of purgatory. Finding this situation a great deal too hot for him, he earnestly solicited the angel who guarded the gate to per-

mit him to go abroad a little while, to breathe the fresh air, and to acquaint his family with the torments he endured. On giving his word of honour to return at the hour appointed, his request was readily granted: for in those times the nether regions were not under a very strict police; the spirits wandered in troops to the upper world, paid nocturnal visits to the friends they had left behind, and chatted with them as long as they liked. Teutebald made good use of the period of his furlough, appeared three successive nights to his virtuous widow, awoke her from her slumber by touching her hand with the tip of his burning finger, and said, "Dear wife, have compassion on thy departed husband, who is suffering the torments of purgatory; reconcile me with the holy church, and deliver my poor soul, if thou wouldst one day have mercy shewn to thine!" The lady took these words deeply to heart, communicated the circumstance to her son, gave him jewels and costly effects, and the dutiful youth took a pilgrim's staff in his hand, and journeyed barefoot to Rome, where he obtained from the pope absolution for his father, on condition that he should attend mass in every church he passed on his way home. He had made a large circuit for the purpose of visiting so much the greater number of holy places; and this was the reason of his travelling through Brabant.

When the pious pilgrim had complied with the terms of his vow, he asked the sacristan why the chapel was hung with black, and what was the meaning of the other funeral insignia. The sacristan related to him at length all that had befallen the fair Blanca through the malice of

her stepmother. At this Godfrey was highly astonished, and said, "If I may be permitted to see the body of the young lady, conduct me to the vault. I may be able, God willing, to recall her to life, if her spirit be not fled for ever. I have with me a relic, presented to me by his holiness, a splinter of the staff of the prophet Elisha: it destroys enchantments, and resists all other encroachments on the prerogatives of nature." The sacristan hastily called the watchful pages, and when they had heard the words of the pilgrim, they rejoiced exceedingly, and conducted him to the vault. Godfrey was transported at the sight of the damsel, who looked like a statue of the fairest alabaster. The lid of the coffin was removed; he ordered all the mourning attendants but the pages to withdraw, took out his relic, and laid it upon the heart of the countess. In a few moments, warmth and life returned into the stark clay-cold body. Blanca gazed with surprise on the comely stranger, and the overjoyed pages deemed him to be no less than an angel from heaven. Godfrey told the countess who he was, and the occasion of his pilgrimage; and she in return acquainted him with her history and the persecutions of her cruel stepmother. "You will not escape the effects of her malice," said Godfrey, "unless you follow my advice. Continue to abide for some time in this vault, that it may not be rumoured you are still alive. I will complete my pilgrimage, and speedily return to conduct you to my mother at Ardenne, and with the blessing of heaven to revenge you on her who would fain have been your murderer." The fair Blanca approved this plan; the noble pilgrim

quitted her, and said to her servants outside the vault, when they pressed round him, "The corpse of your mistress will never more revive: the source of life is dried up: her spirit is fled and cannot be recalled." But the trusty pages, who were acquainted with the real state of the case, kept their counsel, secretly supplied their mistress with meat and drink, guarded the vault as before, and impatiently awaited the pious pilgrim's return.

Godfrey bestirred himself to reach Ardenne, embraced his affectionate mother, and being weary with his journey, retired betimes to rest, and his thoughts occupied with the Lady Blanca, he soon fell fast asleep. His father appeared to him in a dream, and with a cheerful countenance informed him that he was delivered from purgatory, bestowed his blessing on his dutiful son, and promised him success in his intended enterprise. Early in the morning, Godfrey equipped himself in complete armour, took leave of his mother, and set off, accompanied by his esquires and attendants. He had soon finished his journey, and hearing at midnight the tolling of the bell in the castle of the fair Blanca, he alighted, put on his pilgrim's habit over his armour, and performed his devotions in the chapel. No sooner did the vigilant pages perceive the pilgrim kneeling at the altar, than they hastened into the vault to communicate the welcome tidings to their mistress. She threw off her shroud, and as soon as matins were over, and the priest and the sacristan had retired from the chilling cold church to their comfortable beds, the lovely maiden went forth from the sepulchral vault with a joyous heart.

But when the virtuous damsel found herself in the arms of a youthful knight, who was come to carry her away, fear and terror fell upon her, and she said, with blushing cheek, "Consider what you are doing, young man; ask your heart whether its intentions are pure or dishonest; for know, that if you betray the confidence I repose in you, the vengeance of heaven will not fail to overtake you."—"I call the Blessed Virgin to witness the purity of my intentions," modestly replied the knight, "and may the curse of heaven light on me, if my soul harbours one guilty thought!" Cheered by this declaration, the lady mounted her horse, and Godfrey conducted her safely to Ardenne, where his mother received her in the most affectionate manner, and treated her as tenderly as if she had been her own child. The soft sympathetic feelings of love were soon developed in the hearts of the young knight and the fair Blanca; and it was the ardent wish of his good mother and their whole household, to see the attachment of the noble pair sealed, the sooner the better, by the holy sacrament of marriage. But Godfrey was not unmindful of his promise to avenge his bride: amidst the preparations for his nuptials, he quitted his residence, and repaired to Brabant to the castle of the Countess Richilda, who was still occupied with the choice of a second husband, but as she could no longer consult her mirror, she found it impossible to make up her mind.

No sooner did Godfrey of Ardenne appear at her court, than his goodly person attracted the eyes of the countess, who gave him the preference to all the other nobles. He

called himself the Knight of the Sepulchre, and that was all dame Richilda could learn concerning him. She would rather he had borne a more agreeable appellation, for life had still so many charms for her, that the thought of death always thrilled her with horror. After she had consulted her heart on the subject of this new passion, she was satisfied, that among all the knights with whom she was acquainted, there was none who could compare with Godfrey; she therefore determined to spare no pains to entangle him in the snares of coquetry. With the assistance of art, she contrived to renovate her charms, or to conceal such as were faded-under the curious texture of the finest Brabant lace. She did not fail at the same time to make the most alluring advances to her Endymion, sometimes attired in all her magnificence, at others in the still more seductive *negligée* of one of the light-robed Graces; now in a *tête-à-tête* at the fountain in her pleasure-garden, where marble Naiads poured the silvery torrent from their urns into the basin; now in a familiar promenade, hand in hand, when the sober moon threw her mild rays over the dark alleys of sombre yew; and now in the shady bower, where her melodious voice strove to touch the softest cords in the heart of the listening knight.

In one of these sentimental interviews, Godfrey, with apparent enthusiasm, threw himself at the feet of the countess. "Cease, cruel fair-one," said he, "to rend my heart by thy mighty spells, and to excite desires that madden my brain. Love without hope is worse than death."—"And why this despondence?" replied Richilda, sweetly smiling, and

raising him with her snow-white arms. "Are you indeed so insensible to the demonstrations of love which burst from my fond heart? If its language is so unintelligible, receive from my lips the acknowledgment of my passion. What prevents us from uniting our lot for ever?"—"Ah!" sighed Godfrey, pressing Richilda's delicate hand to his lips, "your kindness transports me: but you must know that I am bound by a vow never to wed without the approbation of my mother, and not to quit this excellent parent till I have performed the last filial duty, and closed her eyes. If you could resolve, lovely mistress of my heart, to leave your residence, and to accompany me to Ardenne, I should be the happiest of mortals." The countess, after a few moments' consideration, agreed to every thing that her innamorato desired. At bottom she did not much like the proposal to leave Brabant, and still less the idea of a mother-in-law, who seemed to her to be an irksome incumbrance: but what is it that love will not overcome?

Preparations were instantly made for the journey, and the persons who were to compose the brilliant train appointed: among these figured Sambul the physician, notwithstanding the deficiency of a beard and a couple of ears. The crafty Richilda had released him from his fetters, and been graciously pleased to reinstate him in her favour: for she intended to avail herself of his aid to rid herself of the knight's mother, in order that she might return with her future husband to Brabant. The venerable matron received her son and his supposed bride with courtly politeness; she seemed highly to approve his choice; and the preparations for

the nuptials were commenced without delay. The solemn day arrived, and dame Richilda, bedizened like the queen of fairies, entered the hall where the ceremony was to be performed, and wished that the hours had wings. A page meanwhile entered and whispered something in the ear of the bridegroom. Godfrey started up with apparent horror. "Unhappy youth!" exclaimed he aloud, "who shall dance with thee on thy wedding-day, since the hand of the murderer has snatched away thy bride?" Then turning to the countess, he proceeded, "Know, fair Richilda, that I have portioned twelve damsels, whose nuptials were to be solemnized with mine, and the loveliest of them all has fallen a victim to the jealousy of an unnatural mother. Tell me, what punishment does this misdeed deserve?" Richilda, vexed at an event which seemed likely to postpone the consummation of her wishes, or at least to diminish the pleasures of the day, peevishly cried, "O the atrocious wretch! she deserves to be obliged to go down the wedding-dance with the bridegroom, instead of his unfortunate bride, in red-hot iron slippers: this would be balm to his wounded heart, for revenge is sweet as love."—"A just sentence!" replied Godfrey. "Amen—be it so!" The whole assembly applauded the understanding of the countess; and some witlings loudly protested, that the queen who journeyed from Arabia to learn wisdom of Solomon, could not have pronounced a more equitable judgment.

At this moment the folding-doors of the contiguous apartment flew open, and discovered the altar prepared for the nuptial ceremony: near it, in bridal array, stood the angelic form

of the Lady Blanca. Richilda's blood froze in her veins; she fell, as if thunderstruck, to the ground. The officious attentions of the ladies, who produced their smelling-bottles, and sprinkled her with showers of lavender-water, recalled her to her senses. The Knight of the Sepulchre then read her a lecture, every word of which pierced her to the soul, and led the fair Blanca to the altar, where the bishop in full pontificals united the happy couple, and also the twelve portioned maidens with their lovers.

When the ceremony was over, the whole train repaired to the ball-room. The skilful pages had meanwhile forged in haste a pair of slippers of bright steel, and stood blowing the fire till they were of a deep crimson red. Gunzelin, the stout Gascon knight, then stepped forth, and invited the countess to open the dance with him; but though she positively declined this honour, all her entreaties and struggles were in vain. He clasped her in his nervous arms, the pages shod her with the glowing slippers, and Gunzelin led her such a

dance down the hall, that the floor reeked again; while the musicians struck up so loud a strain with their instruments, as to drown all her cries and complaints. The agile knight, after thus threading for some time the mazy dance with his heated partner, whirled her out of the hall, down the stairs, and into a massive tower, where the fair sinner had abundant leisure to complete her penance.

Godfrey of Ardenne and the lovely Blanca enjoyed the highest degree of connubial happiness, and liberally rewarded Sambul the physician, who, reversing the practice of his colleagues, would not kill when he was required. Heaven too recompensed his integrity, for his race still continues to flourish on the earth. One of his descendants, Samuel Sambul the Jew, lifteth his head like a cedar in the house of Israel, serveth his Mauritanian majesty, the Emperor of Morocco, in the capacity of prime minister, and bating an occasional bastinado on the soles of his feet, liveth in prosperity and honour even unto this day.

AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORIES.

No. I.

Before th' Ithuriel spear of truth and reason
Illusions vanish, and horrific marvels
Dwindle to natural incidents.

A CHIEFTAIN, whose large estates were forfeited in 1715, received at St. Germain, from the agent of a powerful nobleman, intelligence that his grace had obtained from the British government a grant of the lands, and would make a transfer of his rights to the young heir, on condition of paying a sum much beneath the value of the property; and that ample securities must be given,

that the young gentleman and his heirs for ever were to pay a feu duty to the Duke of —, with all other services of vassalage. To restore his hereditary possessions to his son, the chieftain would cheerfully have laid down his life, and it seemed to him the severer sacrifice to ask pecuniary aid; but no other alternative remained. All his friends, even the exiled royal family, contri-

buted to raise a loan for the sum demanded. The chieftain was known to be a person of scrupulous honour; and since political misfortune called up her energies, the lady had given admirable proofs of ability, fortitude, and undeviating rectitude. All who hazarded their property, or staked their credit to advance the sum in question, were fully assured, that, when the estate was restored, she would discharge the debt by instalments. The chief difficulty lay in conveying the cash with secrecy. The chieftain resolved to risk every penal consequence of revisiting his native country, and found means to appoint a meeting with his lady at the house of a clansman in the Luckenbooths, Edinburgh. Leaving her children to the charge of her mother-in-law, she set out on a journey, at that period more formidable than in our day appears an overland journey to India. To a lady it must have seemed a perilous enterprise, though she had been attended by a train of running footmen, as usual, during the feudal power of her husband. She had many faithful followers, in whose trusty attachment she could entirely confide; but their unacquaintance with the wiles of spies and informers might betray the secret they would die to preserve inviolate. She determined therefore to undergo any personal risk or discomfort, rather than endanger the safety of her husband. On arriving at Edinburgh, she found he had preceded her by two days, and that he wore the disguise of an aged mendicant. His stature, which rose above the common height, and his majestic mien, were humbled to the semblance of bending under a load

of infirmities. An old grisly wig and tattered nightcap covered his head, his raven hair and arched eyebrows were closely shaven, and the remnant of an old handkerchief concealed his beard. His garments corresponded with the squalid headgear. Oh! how unlike the martial leader of devoted bands, with whom his affectionate spouse last parted in agonies of solicitude, not unrelieved by hope! Now she clasped to her fond heart an outlaw and exile, and their interview must be hurried and brief. The chieftain explained why he appointed her to lodge with a *cawdie*. Besides his tried fidelity, the old tenement where he had his *bieid* afforded an outlet in case of emergency. The chief drew aside a screen which was hung with wet linen, and shewed a door in the paneling. The hinges had been oiled and exercised so as to make no noise, and if an alarm occurred, the chief could spring into the passage; the lady must shut the door, and feign a swoon or convulsion fit, dashing herself to the floor, to overcome any sound made by the refugee in his hasty evasion. The lady received the cash, with instructions for the delivery to an agent. She obeyed, and with gentle but firm reserve checked all inquiries how she obtained so large a sum. The rights to the estates were committed to her care, and three respectable gentlemen accompanied her to the agent for the purpose of giving their securities to bind the young heir, yet a child, to make proper recognizances for the feu duties when he came of age. The writings were legally executed, and deposited in a public office; and the lady hastened back to

her obscure retreat. The chieftain soon issued from behind the screen, and was hearing from his amiable partner the final result of her negotiations, when stealthy steps warned him to retreat. The lady, as if in strong hysterics, made all the noises possible. The common door was locked, but it soon gave way to the force of a party of soldiers headed by an officer. A man, who lodged in the upper story, had met the lady going up stairs, and, prompted by curiosity, watched her motions. He peeped through a chink in the door, saw a strange figure, who, amidst the wretchedness of his garb, had so much the air of a gentleman, that the spy expected a reward for giving notice to a party of soldiers who were stationed near the spot. Their officer inferred that some rebel of great consequence might be seized, and with military precaution having stationed a guard at every outlet, burst open the door. When they

commenced a search, the lady's swoon was no longer a counterfeit. A surgeon was sent for, and on her recovery, being interrogated before a magistrate, she declared that a spirit invited her to meet him at the *cawdie's* house, where he would impart tidings of her husband. The soldiers had cruelly intercepted her before the communication was well begun, and a spirit never returned if his mission was not at first delivered in peace. While the lady lay insensible, every part of the house was searched, and no discovery having ensued, the superhuman invocation passed current as a fact in the Highlands and Lowlands, and no ghost story has ever been authenticated by more credible attestations. When her daughters grew up, the lady told them how she baffled the pursuit of those that would have deprived them of a parent who hazarded so much to benefit his family.

B. G.

THE IRON MASK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As any thing relating to the *Iron Mask* must be interesting to most of your readers, I take the liberty of sending you an extract, translated by me from an old French work which I lately met with; and by allowing it an early insertion in your *Repository*, you will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

TOWARDS the year 1685, the Duke of Mantua, being opposed to the designs of France, sent his minister to every court of Italy, to endeavour to persuade them all to join in one league against their common enemy. This minister, being a most able negotiator, succeeded in his mission, and all the powers of Italy entered into the views of his master. There remained only the Duke of Savoy; and in the hopes of detaching him

also from the interests of France, the Mantuan minister went to Turin. The cabinet of Versailles being informed of the intentions of this minister, sent instructions on the subject to the Marquis d'Arcy, then the French ambassador at Turin. The marquis, with every appearance of friendship, engaged the minister in many parties of pleasure. Hunting one day, the marquis took him towards the city of Pignerol (which

then belonged to France); and the treacherous ambassador no sooner found himself on French ground than he carried off the unfortunate minister, and conveyed him first to Pignerol, and thence to the Isle St. Marguerite, where he remained under the custody of M. St. Marc and Major Bosarges till the year 1690, when he was taken to the Bastille.

For two years no one knew what had become of the Mantuan, till, in 1687, there appeared in "*L'Histoire redigée de l'Europe*" a letter written from Turin, which described his disappearance: but the French ambassador had taken his precautions so well, that it was impossible to furnish proofs of the fact; and the French court thought it more prudent to deny it altogether, than to run the risk of turning against itself every sovereign whose prerogatives and dignity were equally attacked by a violation so glaring.

On the 19th of November, 1703, the Iron Mask died in the Bastille, and was buried the following day in the churchyard of St. Paul. This may be seen by the journal of Dujonca, lieutenant of the Bastille; and there may be found in the register of St. Paul's parish, that on the 20th of November, 1703, was buried there one named Marchioli, aged forty-five years, in presence of Major Bosarges and the surgeon of the Bastille.

Now Bosarges was the same officer who guarded the Iron Mask during his stay in the Isle St. Marguerite. The name of Marchioli must have been a fictitious one, as the real name of the Mantuan minister was Girolamo Magni. A comparison of the journal of Dujonca with the register of St. Paul leaves not a doubt as to this Marchioli being the minister of the Duke of Mantua; and to put an end to all the hypotheses advanced for the purpose of solving this historical problem, the Duke de Choiseul often said, that Louis XV. admitted one day to him, that he was acquainted with the real history of the Iron Mask. The duke being extremely anxious to unravel this mystery, solicited his majesty to communicate it to him; but the king would never tell him more than, that among all the conjectures which had been brought forward, not *one* was correct. Some time afterwards, Madame de Pompadour having pressed the king on the subject, he told her that the Iron Mask was a minister of an Italian prince; and Madame de Pompadour communicated this to the Duke de Choiseul. The letter from Turin, the avowal of Louis XV. &c. &c. all authentic, agree so well together, that the conjecture that the Iron Mask was the first minister of the Duke of Mantua becomes a manifest evidence.

THE WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.

BOUGAINVILLE, afterwards known as the celebrated circumnavigator, one morning crossing the *Champs Elysées* in a post-chaise, perceived a friend of his walking in one of the alleys; he called to him, and invited him to accompany him to Versailles,

whither he was going to breakfast. His friend accepted the invitation, provided he could be back in Paris by four o'clock, which Bougainville assured him he might. They arrived at Versailles, but the post-boy drove on without stopping. "What

are you about?" exclaimed the traveller against his inclination; "why don't you stop?"—"Never mind, we shall push on to —— (mentioning the name of a place about ten leagues farther); there I am to dine with a friend: only come along, you shall see how heartily you will be welcomed."—His companion began to storm and curse. "My dear friend," said Bougainville, "we shall dine here to day, and then continue our journey. To tell the truth, I have business at Brest, and 'tis of no use to refuse, you must come along."—Incensed in the highest degree at the trick thus played him, he raved like a madman. Without linen, and without any other clothes than those on his back, how was he to make a journey to Brest? Bougainville strove

to pacify him, and offered him half of his own wardrobe. As he could not help himself, this impatient friend, yielding to necessity, at length became more tranquil. They arrived at Brest. "Now," said Bougainville, "I have a ship in the road; let us go on board her a little." His unsuspecting companion went along with him. "Hark ye, friend," said Bougainville again, as the crew weighed anchor, "to confess the truth, I am just starting on a voyage round the world, and you must go with me. You shall have every possible accommodation, and your every wish shall be gratified." What was to be done? His friend had not the power of declining the invitation, and his walk before breakfast was prolonged into a circumnavigation of the globe.

THE OLD BACHELOR AND HIS ANNOYANCES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM a bachelor pretty considerably on the wrong side of forty; how much so I need not say, as it might spoil my prospects in the matrimonial way; and yet I contrive to enjoy myself pretty well without the blessing of a wife—a blessing which we bachelors are sometimes sceptical about. I have a small independence, and lodge in a snug little back room on the ground-floor, which "serves me for parlour, for kitchen, and all;" the window of which *commands* a prospect of certain gardens and brick walls, which I call pleasant, though perhaps some fastidious ruralists might think otherwise; but I am pleased with it, and that is enough for me.

Not having much to employ my time, it has always been my custom

to indulge on my little sofa-bed till about ten or eleven in the morning; I then take a solitary breakfast, which, what with toasting my bread, buttering it, and going through the manœuvres of making tea, &c. &c. occupies me, together with a book, full an hour, and sometimes more. I then dress, saunter out, read the papers, look in at Robins's or some other sale-rooms, bid for a gold pin, a watch-key, a seal, or some such nick-nack, and perhaps buy a lot or two; this kills the time till about four: I then take *a chop at the King's Head*, or some other tavern; after which I spend the evening, as most other bachelors I believe do, either at one of the theatres, *at home* with Charles Mathews, or else with any friend who happens to be *at home*, and will battle me *at cribbage*, or

give me a corner at his whist-table. I sometimes indeed get a lecture (having no curtain-lecture to dread on my return) at the Mechanics', or some other institution; and I have even strained a point by attending a debate at what is called the Christian Evidence Society; but where the evidences sought after seem to me to mean any thing else than a wish to foster the Christian religion: after some one or other of these matters and things, I return to my little *sanc-tum sanctorum*, and retire to rest.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the harmless tenour of my ways; but lately I have been so disturbed in my rest by certain feline, canine, and human neighbours of mine, who entertain themselves in the before-mentioned gardens, that, from a fine, comely, I will not say handsome, man, I am really wasting away to such a degree, that my oldest and best friends begin to doubt my identity.

The cats, confound 'em! perform their parts in every possible and impossible key during all my hours of darkness; they seem to have fixed upon the roof of a little penthouse near my window for the perpetration of their midnight orgies; and as to getting rid of them, that seems to be a vain hope. I have "tried every method to silence their tongues," but cannot; I have thrown open my window, at the risk of an ague, and bawled myself as hoarse as they seem to be; I have thrown water of all temperatures at them; I have pelted them till I have nearly exhausted my last half-bushel of Wallsend; and have even fired small shot from my pistols, but all in vain; there they are every night, and there they seem determined to be, in spite of all my war-like operations. By the bye, I have

had several panes of glass to pay for which it seems I broke with the coals in a window belonging to the penthouse above-named, and for which I was summoned before Mr. Commissioner Heath at the Middlesex Court of Requests, where the story caused great fun to all present, except your humble servant. Then, with regard to the pistol business, I am threatened with an indictment about that by a pettifogging lawyer in the next street, for putting an old lady in bodily fear, who happened to have some occasion to cross an adjoining garden when I fired them off.

But this, bad as it is, is not all, sir; for when daylight has arrived, and I begin to console myself with the hope of obtaining two or three hours' sleep, then begins the canine disturbance, with the assistance of a human being, who is more stupid than his dogs. You must know that at the very next house lodges a young dandy, who fancies himself a sportsman, or who would at least have other people believe that he is one: he is, I understand, a clerk in the Bank, or some other public establishment; and as he is obliged to be at office by nine in the forenoon, he regularly begins at day-break to break his dogs in, as he calls it: of these he has a pointer and a spaniel, and really the lashings and thumpings and kickings he gives the poor brutes, are enough to kill them; and as to their cries, those of the cats are melody itself in comparison of these hideous howlings, which seem to be those of the deepest anguish, while the notes of the cats frequently proceed from love—a sort of notes of admiration! queer ones certainly, but not so very horrifying as the cries of the dogs, which I know to pro-

ceed from the direst agony, inflicted by the dandy's whip, &c.

By these means I am robbed of that dearest solace,

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where"

peace and quietness are; but

"Swift on his downy pinions flies from noise,
And lights on lids,"

where cats cry not, and dogs are left unwhipped.

The other morning, having entirely lost my rest the preceding night, I was so indignant, and my nerves were worked up to such a pitch of irritability, that I could bear it no longer, but threw up my window, forgetting my red night-cap, and threatened this dog-whipping puppy, that, unless he discontinued his morning lectures to the dogs, I would certainly indict him for the nuisance he thereby committed; which threat, instead of having the desired effect, threw him into a *horse-laugh* (I wish I could have thrown him into a *horse-pond* instead); and he called me King

of the Goths, *Sans Culotte*, cap-of-liberty man, and a variety of other names; and, moreover, threatened me in my turn, that if I ever dared to interfere again by interrupting him in his amusements (*amusements!* I thought of the wretched dogs), he would caricature me, *cap and all*. I shrunk back at this remark, shut down my window, and crept into bed; nor have I since ventured to expostulate with the fellow; but if you, sir, or any of your readers, can put me in a good way of getting rid of my troublesome and tormenting neighbours, feline, canine, and, I had almost said, *human*, I shall feel much obliged; and am, sir, your humble servant,

SIMON SINGLETON.

P.S. Is it not possible to get the humane Martin to introduce a clause in some of his bills in favour of such unfortunate beings as myself, for truly I have been as much baited as any of the bears he is interfering in behalf of?

THE CELTIC PARADISE.

THE ancient inhabitants of Britain, to enjoy the felicity of a future state, ascended not into heaven with the Christians, nor dived under the ocean with the poets of Greece and Rome. Their Flath-Innis, a noble island, lay surrounded with tempest in the western ocean.

One of those tales, which tradition has brought down to our time, relates to the Paradise of the Celtic nations.

In former days (says the bard), there lived in Skerr a magician of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate;

he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen. He sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green isle of the west.

One day, as the magician of Skerr sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose from the sea: a cloud, under

whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung round with a hundred moving oars. But it was destitute of mariners; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror struck the aged magician. He heard a voice, though he saw no human form. "Arise, behold the boat of heroes! arise, and see the green isle of those who have passed away!"

He felt strange force on his limbs; he saw no person, but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed. In the bosom of the cloud he sailed away; seven days gleamed fairly round him; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to side. The darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried out, "The isle! the isle!" The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, placid, and distinguishing light, which called forth every

object to view in their most perfect form. The isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul, where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom the source of a stream--a beauteous stream--which, wandering down a steep, was like the half-touched notes of the harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open, and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved in the light breeze, were scattered on the rising grounds of green declivities. The rude winds walked not on the mountains; no storm took its course along the sky. All was calm and bright. The pure sun of autumn shone on the fields from his unruffled blue sky. He hastened not to the west for repose, nor was he seen to awake in the east. He sits in his height, and looks obliquely on the noble isle. In each valley is its slow moving stream. The pure waters swell and rise to the banks, but abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by burning rays of light and heat. On the lofty summits of ever-green mountains are the halls of the departed--the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.

THE MILLER AND THE THIEF.

SOME years before the French revolution broke out, as a miller was one night returning to his own house from a neighbouring town, he thought that in passing a gibbet he perceived the malefactor who was hanging up-

on it move. He stopped, looked attentively at the body, and fancied that the motion was repeated. There was not a breath of wind stirring to agitate the body, and the moon shone so brightly, that he thought he could

not be mistaken. "This man is certainly still alive," said he to himself, "and if proper care was taken of him he would recover."

Full of this idea, the humane miller cut down the body, and taking it upon his back, proceeded to his home, which was at but a short distance, tottering under the weight of his burthen.

"Ah!" cried his wife, when she saw him enter with it on his back, "what hast thou brought to us?"—"What! why a poor soul whom we may be the means of restoring to life. Haste, make up the fire, while I undress him." The wife obeyed, the body was placed before it, and the honest couple bestirred themselves so effectually, that in a short time signs of returning animation began to appear. They then placed him in their own bed, and continued their humane cares till they succeeded in getting him to swallow a little wine, when they left him to his repose.

Till then, the feelings of the miller and his better half had been in unison; but now they assumed a different complexion. The husband, happy and proud to have saved a human life, was all gaiety; while the pleasure of the wife was damped by a fear of the consequences which might flow from what they had done. "Cease thy croaking," cried the miller, "we have performed a good action, and Providence will not allow that we should suffer for it."

"I do not know after all, that it is a good action to throw a criminal back upon society."

"How uncharitable thou art! as if a man, who has suffered as he has done, could ever again be dishonest. No, no, poor fellow, he is cured of thieving for the remainder of his

life. We shall keep him till he is able to work, and then I warrant he will maintain himself honestly."

The wife offered no opposition to this resolution, contenting herself with hoping it might all end well; a dubious kind of phrase, which always leaves the utterer at liberty to praise or blame, as the thing may turn out.

But the good woman's sentiments underwent a very considerable change when the culprit was able to express his gratitude, which he did with an appearance of warmth and sincerity, that made her entirely his friend. He uttered many professions of repentance for the past, and vowed to live honestly in future. The good couple readily believed him, and as he appeared to be extremely weak and ill, they invited him to stay with them till his strength was entirely re-established.

Some time passed, he still complained of extreme weakness, and was very tenderly nursed by the miller's wife. One day, when the husband was absent on business, the robber, who had pretended to be more than usually weak that morning, came behind the poor woman, at the moment she was stooping over the fire to prepare a mess of broth for him, and gave her such a violent blow with a log of wood, that she fell senseless, and as he thought, dead at his feet. Without losing a moment; the miscreant broke open a drawer, in which he had seen the miller put some money, and taking what it contained, ran away as fast as he could.

The woman, who was only stunned, came to her senses in a little time; but she was unable, from the effects of the blow, to seek for any one to apprehend the villain; and the hus-

band, on his return in a few hours afterwards, found her crying and lamenting her misfortune. He instantly borrowed a horse, and set out in pursuit of the fugitive, whose traces he soon discovered, and with whom he came up, just as night was falling, at the entrance of a wood. Being much the stronger of the two, he soon seized him, and taking from his pocket the money he had stolen, he dragged him to a tree, reproaching him with the robbery he had committed, and, above all, with the barbarity with which he had treated his benefactress; the other begging all the time for mercy, and protesting his repentance. "No, no," cried the miller, "I thought that thou hadst been cured of thieving by being once hanged; but since thou art not, I will try what hanging thee a second time will do." And taking out a rope, which he had ready noosed in his pocket, he soon, in spite of the resistance of the struggling wretch, suspended him to a tree, and then returned to his own house, satisfied,

as he told his wife, that the gallows was after all the only way to cure rogues of thieving.

Two days afterwards, as the miller was quietly pursuing his occupation, he was surprised by the appearance of a party of *gens-d'armes*, who told him he was their prisoner. "And what for? I have done nothing."—"Nothing truly! do you call it nothing to hang a man?"—"Oh! is that all?"—"All! you will find it enough I fancy;" and away they carried him to the *juge de paix*.

Nothing dismayed, the miller insisted boldly that the only fault he had committed was by saving the culprit's life; and as he had rectified that, by afterwards hanging him, it was impossible he could be to blame." This novel defence did not, however, avail him in point of law; he was condemned, and sentenced to the gibbet; but pardoned by Louis XVI. who considered him, under all the circumstances, excusable for having taken the law in his own hands.

THE LOITERER.

No. XIV.

TO N. NEVERMOVE, ESQ.

Mr. LOITERER,

As the heroine of the following little tale has given proof of the disinterestedness which, in a late Loiterer, you maintained to be inherent in the sex, you will not perhaps refuse it a place in your paper. By inserting it, you will much oblige your constant reader,

C.

Ten years ago, Ned Stormont was one of the most dashing men about
Vol. V. No. XXIX.

town. Nobody sported a more elegant equipage, or lost his money with a better grace at play. The ladies pronounced him a charming fellow, the men a jolly dog, and both agreed that he wanted nothing but ten thousand a year to render him the very model of perfection.

This little want never seemed to occur to Ned himself; on the contrary, his fortune, originally moderate, diminished every day, and very

O o

soon was nearly exhausted, without his troubling himself at all about the matter. When things were in this state, a relation of Ned's, who had a little more prudence than himself, proposed to him to recruit his fortune by marriage, and mentioned to him at the same time a lady, who, from having narrowly observed her conduct when in his company, he thought regarded him with a favourable eye. Though not beautiful, she was extremely agreeable, and as rich in virtues and accomplishments as she was in the gifts of fortune.

Ned, whose heart was perfectly disengaged, listened to the hint of her partiality with great satisfaction, and lost no time in paying his addresses. They were favourably received, and not the less so for the frankness with which he avowed the state of his finances: in fact, as the fortune of Cornelia was immense, his candour in this respect, by heightening her esteem for his character, increased her desire for their union.

However, as she wanted some months of being twenty-one, it was agreed to defer the nuptials till after that event had taken place; but until then, Ned was allowed to visit her upon the footing of an accepted lover. In these visits he frequently saw a young person whom Cornelia had taken as a companion. She was an orphan of respectable family, lovely in person, and the timid softness of her manner made it impossible to see her often without feeling a strong interest for her. This interest at first appeared to Ned, who was one of the warmest-hearted fellows in the world, only the natural consequences of pity for her misfortunes; but accident soon convinced him that it was something more: he

found that, do what he would, she was always in his thoughts, and that all his efforts to banish her from them were in vain; in short, his heart was irrecoverably gone.

After combating his passion for some time in vain, he began seriously to consider how he should act. His conscience told him that it would be the height of baseness to draw the generous and unsuspecting Cornelia into a union which could be only productive of misery: yet how could he wound her by acknowledging the motive which induced him to break it off? However, to do so without assigning any reason was impossible; and after a severe conflict with himself, he determined upon owning the truth to her by letter, but without discovering who it was that had occasioned his involuntary infidelity. He declared, that honour and prudence alike forbade him to seek a return to his passion, which he should endeavour to forget amidst the toils and dangers of war, too happy could he but carry with him the certainty that he was forgiven by her whom he had so cruelly though involuntarily injured.

This letter was delivered to Cornelia in the presence of Maria, to whom, in the first excess of her grief and astonishment, she revealed the contents. The poor orphan trembled, turned pale, and with difficulty preserved herself from fainting. Her emotion at once discovered to Cornelia that she was the object of Ned's attachment, and that she returned it. The discovery was a thunder-clap. "What," said she to herself, "is it not enough to lose the heart which I prized above any thing on earth, must I have also the bitter reflection that it has been sto-

len from me by one whom I regarded as a sister? Must I be at one and the same moment deprived of the joys of love and the consolations of friendship?" Her first impulse was to order Maria to quit her house; but her natural generosity soon triumphed. She wrote to Ned, and avoiding either reproach or expostulation, simply told him, that circumstances which she could not communicate by letter, induced her to desire to see him once more.

Poor Ned would rather have faced a cannon-ball; but it was impossible for him to refuse the summons. One may judge what he felt when he found Maria with Cornelia, and heard the latter say, "No, my dear, you must not go, I insist upon your remaining."—"Mr. Stormont," said she, turning to Ned with an air of calm dignity, "I have sent for you to reproach you——"—"You have reason; I acknowledge that I merit the bitterest reproaches."—"Yes you do, not for bestowing your affections elsewhere, that was an involuntary fault, but for concealing from me their object, and by so doing, depriving me of the happiness of contributing to your felicity. Yes, since I cannot constitute it myself, it shall at least be my work to bestow it: receive then from me the hand of her you love, and a fortune such as my sister ought to possess."

I should strive in vain to paint the scene that followed, and the gratitude of the lovers, whose rapture was chastened by a sense of the sacrifice their benefactress had made. In vain would they have restrained her generosity, and accepted only a small

part of the sum she destined for them, she insisted upon securing to them a handsome independence. The feelings of Ned, perhaps his pride, revolted at the idea of owing his support to a woman whose heart he had so cruelly wounded; he employed a small part of her gift in the purchase of a place under government, and would have returned the rest, but she positively refused to receive it, and insisted upon his keeping it as a deposit for his children.

Three years afterwards, finding that she was upon the point of marriage, he made another attempt, and was equally unsuccessful. "My friend," said she, "the money in question is no longer either yours or mine; it is the property of your son, and of any other children it may please heaven to send you, and I should think I robbed them in receiving it."

"But your future husband—pardon me, dear generous friend, for reminding you that the extent of your fortune is known; what then must he think at finding it so much less than he has a right to expect?"

"Be easy on that score, he knows all; and I am well assured, that the diminution of my fortune has had no other effect than to increase his affection."

Cornelia was right; she is now one of the happiest of wives; and she enjoys the satisfaction of seeing, in the prudent conduct and domestic felicity of Ned and his Maria, that her generosity has been well bestowed.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XVII.

THE New-York theatre re-opened in the autumn of 1812; but the war with England, which operated much to the disadvantage of the citizens of that place, who were greatly dependent on British commerce for their support, made the business very bad, notwithstanding the arrival of Mr. Holman and his daughter from England. Here the veteran Cooke breathed his last: he had been playing during the summer at Providence, and on his return to New-York, he found himself dangerously ill with the dropsy. He still indulged his fatal and disgraceful propensity for drinking; and after being in a state of inebriety for two or three days, took to his bed, from which he never rose again; but died on the 26th of September. Of Cooke's merits as an actor, it is now needless to speak: he was the true child of nature, and we must not expect soon to see his equal: as a man he possessed many good qualities; his failings were rather of the head than the heart; his judgment often erred, but he never did an unmanly or an ungenerous act. His corpse was followed to the grave by all the English resident at New-York; and in several of the American theatres compliments were paid to his memory.

The Philadelphia theatre opened on the 28th of September, with better success than attended the New-York managers, notwithstanding the former had to contend at first with an opposition from two quarters: Mr. Twaites, and the remains of the former company from the Olympic,

again opening that theatre; and a Mr. Beaumont, also opening the old theatre in South-street. Both these schemes, however, soon failed; and Messrs. Warren and Wood had the town to themselves till nearly the close of the season, which was extended to the 24th of April, 1813, being the longest term ever known; and also a profitable one, the managers making money, and there not being one failing benefit. The novelties were, Mr. and Mrs. White-locke, from England, Mr. and Miss Holman, and Mr. and the two Miss Abercrombies. The naval victories greatly exhilarated the spirits of the Philadelphians; and the interlude of "The Constitution," altered from our "Naval Pillar," was one of the most successful pieces of the season.

On the 10th of May, 1813, a very handsome new theatre was opened at Baltimore by the Philadelphia company, and the managers had tolerable success. In June, the company went to Washington on a sharing scheme; which was profitable to the undertakers, though they were compelled to close the theatre for a fortnight, owing to the arrival of the British squadron in the Potowmac. Here, on the 2d of August, Miss Charlotte Abercrombie died: she was a most charming interesting girl, and greatly lamented by all who knew her. The Baltimore theatre was again opened from October to November 19th, when the company returned to Philadelphia, where they opened on the 22d.

During the summer an opposition was made to the regular theatre at

New-York, by Mr. Twaites, who, when in Philadelphia, published a scheme, which he entitled *Proposals for a Theatrical Commonwealth*. It was on a plan of mutual profits, after all expenses were paid. On this system he opened the Circus in that city, being assisted by the talents in decoration and the influence of Mr. Holland, the scene-painter, who had quarrelled with Cooper and Price, the managers; and also by Mr. and Miss Holman, who joined them. They played the same nights, and frequently the same pieces, as the other theatre, and met with great success. Having closed at New-York, the Commonwealth visited Philadelphia, and opened the Olympic Theatre, at reduced prices, but with wretched encouragement; whilst Messrs. Warren and Wood's company were playing to full houses. They produced two American pieces during the season, besides most of the popular operas and melodramas from England: the former were "*Marmion*," written by Mr. J. N. Barker of Philadelphia; and "*The Tooth-ache*," a farce, translated from the French by Mr. Bray, whom I have formerly mentioned: both were successful. This Mr. Barker was soon after appointed to the situation of assistant adjutant-general. The office, at this period, was held by a Major D——n, a deserter from the British army, a dashing, swaggering fellow, who was suspected of being a great coward, a sort of Bobadil, who had more taste for running away than for fighting, and who, like Falstaff, thought discretion the better part of valour. Conscious of the imputation which attached to his character, he sought to wipe it off by challenging his man. A friend was

applied to, to act as his second, and they set off for the appointed spot early one morning. The major, however, not being worth a pair of pistols, they stopped on the way at a friend's house to borrow them; the second went in to procure the pistols, leaving his principal at the door. On his return, the major was not to be found; and thinking that his impatient honour would brook no delay, but had hurried him on to the place of meeting, he repaired thither, and found his opponent and his second; but the gallant major was *non inventus*. The fact was, he had cooled upon the business when left to himself; his valour, like that of Bob Acres, had all "oozed out of his fingers' ends," and he went home, where he kept himself concealed all the day. He was broke for his cowardice; and Mr. Barker, who was a lad of another kind of metal, having lost the use of one leg in a duel, succeeded him.

The dramatic annals of the United States are very meagre for the years 1814, 1815, 1816, and 1817. During the first of these years, the Philadelphia company, whilst performing at Washington, was a good deal harassed by the British expedition to that city, which occasioned a great loss to the performers. The next season seems, however, to have been very profitable, both at Philadelphia and Baltimore: the New-York company, too, had nothing to complain of. In both cities, however, the *horse-riders* contended warmly for a share of public favour with the theatres, and not unfrequently the quadrupeds were preferred to the bipeds. On the death of Mr. Piacide, the Charlestown company was broken up, and the

performers were reduced to great distress. After some time, the theatre was taken by Mr. Holman; and he commenced his career as manager with great spirit, building several new theatres, and intending to employ two companies. He died, however, in September 1817, at Rockaway, near New-York, and left a young widow, just on the point of giving birth to a child. A Mr. Gilfert, who married Miss Holman, took the scheme into his hands, and opened the Norfolk theatre on the 13th of October, 1817.

The Boston theatre, during this period, was under the management of Messrs. Powell and Dickson; and it does not seem to have been a very profitable concern. They had a good company; but the Boston people appeared to go to the theatre only by fits and starts. The managers were in the constant practice of engaging stars from the New-York and Philadelphia companies, and also from England: very frequently these were not so good as their regular actors or actresses; and the general practice of the town was, not to go near the theatre till the benefit nights, when they generally made the stranger a bumping house.

In October, Mr. Inledon and Mr. Phillips arrived at New-York from England. Inledon was engaged at the theatre there for seven nights, and drew very great houses. The third or fourth night of his performance, the audience taking it into their heads not to like the "Beggars' Opera" (in which he was performing *Macheath*), a grand row commenced. It continued during the piece, and after that was concluded, they wanted "Black-eyed Susan," which Inledon was accustomed to give in a style

such as the Americans had never heard before. He had, however, left the house; and of course the song was not sung. There was a good deal of fighting, and the constables were introduced, and several persons taken to the watch-house. The New-Yorkists, notwithstanding, made this excellent singer a capital benefit. Phillips succeeded him, and was very well liked: he had a better benefit than Inledon; but his stock nights were not so good, they averaging only one thousand dollars per night, whilst Inledon's averaged one thousand three hundred. From New-York, Inledon went to Baltimore (where he was equally successful); and thence to Boston, where he opened on the 31st of December, for an engagement of eight nights, in the characters of *Belville* and *Tom Tough*. He was a great favourite at Boston; and, at the conclusion of his engagement (by which he made about one thousand five hundred and fifty dollars), the performers gave him an elegant dinner at the Concert-Hall, on the 13th of January, 1818. He was highly gratified with the compliment, and sung some of his best songs in the course of the afternoon and evening, which, it may well be imagined, were spent most agreeably.

Mr. Phillips commenced an engagement at Boston on the 3d of April. The theatre was not so well attended, upon the whole, as it was during Inledon's performances: Phillips was fashionable, and the grandees made a point of going to hear him; thus the boxes were filled, but scarcely any body attended the pit. The box-people, after one or two evenings, began to go away at the end of the opera; they would go

out by whole box-fulls, so that, by the end of the farce, scarcely any one was left in them. The receipts for Phillips's benefit were one thousand and sixty dollars, being the greatest house ever known in Boston. The pieces represented were "The Maid of the Mill," and "Brother and Sister." Mr. Phillips sung at two oratorios, besides his engagement at the theatre, and made about three thousand dollars in the three weeks he remained in Boston. This singer now became quite the rage, and poor Incledon was neglected. The former had another benefit at New-York, which produced him one thousand two hundred dollars, and received eight hundred dollars at a concert at Philadelphia, on his way to Baltimore; whilst the latter, with two other performers, were giving entertainments to houses of about forty and fifty dollars. Incledon returned to England in September 1818, where he was more properly appreciated, and where his talents met with a better reward than they did in America.

On the 30th of November, Mr. Wallack, from Drury-lane Theatre, commenced an engagement at Boston. He did not bring remarkably good houses, but the people who did attend were delighted with his acting. His benefit produced eight hundred and eighty-seven dollars. On his way from Boston to New-York, the stage in which he was travelling was upset, and he was seriously injured by the accident. On the 3d of January, 1819, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley made their appearance in Boston. They did not succeed either in bringing houses, or in giving satisfaction. There were much better actors in the company than

Mr. Bartley; and the lady's *Siddonian* voice, which was the making of her in London, did not please the Bostonians, though they admired her acting. She had only four hundred and fifty dollars at her benefit. Wallack commenced a second engagement in March: at his benefit there was one thousand and seventy dollars in the house. The first night of his performance, a terrible snow-storm rendered the streets nearly impassable; the snow drifted six feet deep in many places; and, of course, there was a miserably thin audience to welcome his return to Boston. On the 15th of November, he entered into a third engagement, which was more successful than either of his former ones; and on the 2d of December, the performers gave this gentleman an elegant dinner, as a testimony of their respect. About this period the New-York theatre was closed, owing to the bad business; and at Philadelphia, the managers could only pay half salaries. The Bartleys commenced a second engagement at Boston on the 9th January, 1820, but with no better success than before. Mrs. Bartley had only four hundred and fifty dollars at her benefit; Mr. Bartley had seven hundred and sixty-two.

In April both the Philadelphia and Washington theatres were burnt down; the act of a vile incendiary. The latter company were playing at Baltimore, to which place they fortunately had removed a large part of the wardrobe, &c.: yet Mr. Warren lost about twenty-five thousand dollars. Some of the wardrobe, music, scenery, &c. destroyed, could not be replaced. And in May (the 23d), the New-York theatre was also burnt down. This was supposed to be the ef-

fect of accident, originating in the absurd and dangerous custom of smoking cigars in the house during the performance. In the following January, an attempt was made to destroy the Boston theatre. A villain set fire to a wooden building in which the scenery was kept, and where no light was ever allowed to go; this was destroyed, with the greatest part of the scenery, carpenter's tools, two panoramas, &c. The fire broke out about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, and communicated to Mr. Powell's house, who was then confined to his bed, and was obliged to be carried out on blankets. The snow on the roof of the theatre, and the active exertions of the firemen, saved the building.

On the 12th of February, 1821, Mr. Kean made his appearance in Boston; his terms were to share with the managers all above two hundred and fifty dollars. The house was crowded almost every night of his

performance; and the rage for places in the boxes was so great, that at length the managers put up the box-tickets to auction, and in nine nights the sum received by this means above the regular price amounted to near three thousand dollars; one half of which the managers appropriated to defray their loss by the fire, and the remainder to forming a fund for the relief of unfortunate actors. Kean was re-engaged for seven nights at fifty pounds a night and a clear benefit. He made about five thousand three hundred dollars by his two engagements.

These memorandums, which I have here brought to a close, may hereafter serve as materials for filling up a niche in the history of the drama. I now drop the subject, and in my next shall resume what was the more immediate object of these papers—

“The Confessions of

A RAMBLER.”

YORK, April 1825.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. III.

“AND *whom* do you deem the first poet of the age?” inquired the pretty Rosina Primrose of Mr. Montague at our last social party; the question being occasioned by that gentleman's passing some strictures not very complimentary upon a recently published poem. “Who is the first poet of the day?” was the lady's question; and, like a true knight, being bound to attend the lady's bidding, I proceed to give the pros and cons of our *Coterie* on the important topic.

“Were the immortal Byron alive,” said Apathy, “your question were soon answered; for who *did*, who *can*, compete with that highly gifted

man? His works are fraught with the very soul of poetry: his were the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; his was the power to raise uncontrollable emotions in the sensitive breast, to carry us with him, unresisting, as he swept along like the tempestuous whirlwind, or glided by like the spirit of the air riding on clouds and enveloped in storms; or as he burst upon us in the full refulgence of his genius, like the sun dispersing light and life, joy and animation, to all around. Such Byron *was*: alas! his sun is set! yet, though the grave contains his body, his fame is imperishable; it is a le-

gacy he has left his country, and shall never die."

"Vastly enthusiastic, really!" rejoined Captain Primrose with a sneer. "But, for my part, I can ill accord such unmeasured praise to the bard of *Cain*, of *Don Juan*, and of *The Vision of Judgment*, though he be also the author of *Childe Harold*, of *Lara*, of *The Giaour*, of *Parasina*, and of some other of the 'most splendid imaginings' of the human mind. I will give Lord Byron his due; but were he living, I would affirm, that he was not the greatest poet of the day. In my opinion the Laureate not only surpasses him in purity—but, in splendour of diction, in vividness of imagination, in all the higher qualities of poetry, the author of *Roderic* and of *Madoc*, of *Thalaba* and of *Kehama*, need not shrink from the most rigid comparison with the noble poet, whose death his warmest friend does not deplore more sincerely than myself; for I believe that, had he lived, his errors would have been corrected, his faults amended, and that he would indeed have done honour to the land which gave him birth."

"We must not be too severe with the memory of Lord Byron," said the vicar. "He was a man who, I should say, was at least as much 'sinned against as sinning;' and though I believe that his feelings and his opinions tincture his productions, that the Manichæanism of *Cain*, the scepticism of *Childe Harold*, the lasciviousness of *Don Juan*, and the gloomy misanthropy that pervades almost every page of his writings, are too faithful transcripts of his mind: yet it must be remembered, that if we search his writings for

Vol. V. No. XXIX.

proofs of what he *was*, we should also see if we cannot find in them indications of what he *had been*. He himself has said,

" ' The time has been when no harsh sound
would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with
gall;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my
eyes.
But now so callous grown, so chang'd since
youth,
I've learnt to think, and sternly speak the
truth;
Learnt to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for
me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts or crowds applaud or
hiss.' "

"As his own testimony, this might perhaps be objected to; but the work of Mr. Dallas, though less creditable to the author than I could wish, affords ample proof, that the vices of Lord Byron were not so much those of his natural disposition, as the fruits of the world's ill treatment, springing from the effects of neglect and scorn upon a too sensitive spirit, and which rankled in his heart, till they produced, as he grew in years, and saw more of the world and its ways, those unsocial and selfish principles, that disregard of the decencies and courtesies of society, discoverable not only in his conduct but in his writings. Yet the touches of deep and sensitive feeling so thickly strewn o'er the latter, evidently shew that, like his own Manfred, he

" ' Mourn'd the deepest o'er the fatal
truth—
The tree of knowledge is not the tree of
life.' "

"I believe your remarks are perfectly just both as to the individual feelings of Lord Byron giving a
P P

tone and character to his works (for who can divest himself of the idea, when reading *Childe Harold*, that he is perusing a narrative of personal adventures, of which the author is the hero? and many of the scenes in *Don Juan*, I have good authority for saying, are painted by the hand of one who was an actor in them), and also as to the cause which has imparted such a repulsive tinge, such a dark and hideous colouring, to the great proportion of his poems. His genius appeared to 'delight in storms and darkness,' and to 'sport amid the wilder scenes of nature,' as I have seen it observed by an able periodical writer. He loved to 'ride on the whirlwind, and to direct the storm' of the passions, when agitated to fury, or roused to madness, or sunk into despair: yet there are passages in his writings, scattered indeed here and there,

" 'Like angel visits, few and far between,
Like sunny islands in a stormy main,
Like spots of azure in a sky of clouds,'

which prove that he was no stranger to the more kindly feelings of our nature; that he was not entirely dead to the social virtues, nor totally lost to the softer sympathies of his kind. Thus much we may say of Byron; but I certainly think Southey his equal, if not his superior, as a poet: in fact, I know no epics of the present age worthy to be placed by the side of *Joan of Arc*, of *Madoc*, or of *Roderic*; to say nothing of the splendid imagery, the lofty diction, the power of imagination, and the beautiful descriptive efforts, that are to be found in *Kehama* or *Thalaba*."

"I should award the palm to Sir Walter Scott," said Miss Primrose. "He

" '—has essay'd to break a lance
In the fair fields of old romance;'

he has

" '—song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare;'

and no poet, either ancient or modern, has touched the lyre so well, or tuned it to a sweeter, purer strain. If he has not the majesty and grandeur which I have seen attributed to Byron, he is free from those blemishes which disfigure his poems; and in conception and delineation of character, in the truth of his descriptive scenes, and in the force of his impassioned ones, I hold him superior to the 'wond'rous Childe' who was the theme of Mr. Apathy's eulogy."

"We are rich in poets," said Dr. Primrose; "and it is a difficult, perhaps an invidious, task, to say which of them is entitled to hold the first place in the list. Besides those mentioned, there is Campbell, who must be acknowledged to have shone forth in *The Pleasures of Hope* and in *Gertrude of Wyoming* with the vigour of a true poet. Rogers too is not without his claims to our admiration. He and Campbell both resemble Goldsmith; and either of them would hold a most respectable rank indeed, had we not so many who have superior claims and higher merit than their own."

"Crabbe must not be forgotten," said Mr. Matthews; "he is the true poet of nature, and seizes on the imagination whilst he grapples with the understanding. Many have written more flowing verses, but few have so well described the manners; so keenly satirized the follies, or so sternly rebuked the vices, of those classes of society amongst whom the scenes of his poems are laid. He is a moral poet in the highest sense of

the word; and, like Cowper, there is not a line of his writing which he could wish to blot, as containing an offensive sentiment, or an unworthy thought. Wordsworth and Coleridge too are poets of a high class, though extremely dissimilar in their styles: the one all serenity and repose, courting nature in her humblest dress, and wooing her in her most retired and obscure recesses; the other, reveling in the wild and the mystical, delighting in metaphysical researches, and tuning his harp to strains of a more exalted kind than those which Wordsworth sings. Then there's the mild and amiable Montgomery, in whose serene and benevolent countenance you may read the character of his poems, which are the unobtrusive but eloquent advocates of every thing which adorns the Christian and the man."

"And you cannot give them higher praise," rejoined the doctor. "I have read most of Montgomery's productions, and have been the better for the perusal. Genuine religion and pure philanthropy breathe in his pages; and let others boast as they may more of the fervour of genius, more of the glowing fire of poetry, it is sufficient for Montgomery, that he is the poet of religion and of virtue."

"No one as yet has mentioned my brace of Quaker poets, Wiffen and Bernard Barton, or Watts, the brother-in-law of the former," said the counsellor.

"Because," observed Mr. Apathy, though all three are gifted with talents of a high order, and though some of the verses of the latter are touchingly beautiful, yet we do not think of them, when discussing the question of 'Who is the first poet

of the day?' Indeed, though if Byron were alive, I should be ready to maintain the opinion, that none would contend the palm with him; yet as it is the living poets, and not the dead, to whom our attention is turned, I should say, that the contest must lie between Scott and Southey. None of those who have been named, nor many others that might be named, such as Wilson, Hogg, Moore, Proctor, Milman, Dale, Peers, Clare—I name them as I recollect them, and not as I estimate their merits—can with justice assume the first rank in the splendid galaxy of bright names which are the ornaments and glory of our isle. No! the two I have named must contend the palm in generous rivalry; I dare not award it to either."

"And we will not attempt to decide Rosina's question," said Dr. Primrose, "but turn to another topic. I have this morning received the second part of *The Country Minister*, a poem by the Rev. Jacob Brettell, of Rotherham. The first part it has not yet been my good fortune to see, but I shall certainly order my bookseller to procure it, as I have been highly interested by the perusal of this little volume. The object of the poem is to describe the retired and domestic life of a country minister, 'possessing from nature an imaginative and sanguine temperament of mind; but, from the melancholy impression left by the misfortunes of early life, and from the gloomy influence of secluded habits, as well as adverse circumstances at a later period, inclined to pensive and querulous musings.' In this object the author has, I think (judging from this concluding part), happily succeeded. Without any sort of pre-

tension, without any affectation of superior talent, without any of that trickery which I regret to see some men of strong minds resort to, he has produced a volume of pleasing poetry, the versification of which is easy, and the diction in most places pure, and in many approaching to elegance. Take, for example, the following apostrophe to domestic bliss, at nearly the commencement:

“ ‘ Domestic bliss! where most thy joys
abound,
Attendant ills amidst their smiles are found:
Tho’ bright the faces round thy beaming
shrine,
How many cares, how many tears are thine!
In thy most loved retreats, with footsteps
rude,
Disease and all her train of woes intrude,
Scattering their mildew o’er the drooping
flowers,
That bloomed awhile the loveliest in thy
bowers:
With these, hard want, expell’d the loftier
dome,
Too oft invades thy dear, tho’ humble home.
Nursed by such ills, source of severer pain,
Foes to the tranquil empire of thy reign,
Oft jarring passions in the soul arise,
And wounded Love the harsh contention flies.’ ”

“ A little further on he has an apostrophe to Homer, which is couched in more lofty strains:

“ ‘ Immortal Homer! venerable sire
Of all who since have struck the epic lyre,
Creator of those winged words, that dart
With penetrating ardour to the heart,
Where numbers, like a river, pour along
Thro’ all the mazes of thy wond’rous song,
Still ever varying with the varying theme:
Now softly flowing in a gentle stream;
Now swelling in a tide of melody,
Loud as the full and much-resounding sea:
Who has not felt the magic of thy lay?
The soul of Alfred own’d its potent sway;
Charm’d with the music of a foreign tongue,
As o’er thy page he oft enraptured hung.
The Roman’s noble strain and polished line,
Tho’ rich and pure, are but the shade of thine,
Which, bright and lofty as the starry sky,
Rises above all other verse as high
As thy own Discord lifts her towering head,
Which, touching heaven, on earth her foot-
steps tread:

Such is the boundless measure of thy mind,
Thou first and greatest bard of all mankind!

“ I could read you other passages of equal merit with the above; but this is sufficient to shew, that the poem is pretty equal in its merits, neither rising much above, nor sinking below, what I have quoted: though, as the author is unknown to fame, in all probability it will excite little attention, and perhaps fall still-born from the press.”

“ I have read Mr. Brettell’s poem,” said Mr. Montague;” and I have only one fault to find with it. He is a Dissenter, and, like all Dissenters, he cannot avoid shewing the cloven foot. Of course his hero is a Dissenter, and in distress is made to apply for relief to a relative;

“ ‘ A wealthy prelate, who, in early youth,
Had tried to change his opening views of
truth.’ ”

“ The following is the answer which this *liberal* preacher presumes to think a dignitary of the Church of England would write to one who differed from him in religious belief, and who was a suppliant for his bounty; probably because he feels, that *such* would be his answer, were a similar application under similar circumstances to be made to him. Hear!

“ ‘ Renounce thy creed, a purer faith embrace;

Forget thy errors, be a child of grace;
Heaven then will smile on all thy future
years,

And wealth and joy succeed to want and
tears:

But if too stubborn yet thy soul to bend,
Hope not in heaven or me to find a friend.
Sorrow uncheer’d by hope will be thy lot,
Famine and sickness inmates of thy cot;
No eye to pity, and no hand to save,
Thy life one scene of woe—unblest thy grave!’ ”

“ Now I venture to affirm no clergyman of the Established Church would have returned such a heartless, such an unfeeling answer, not

even to a stranger, much less to a relative; and Mr. Brettell has been guilty of a gross and unprovoked libel on men perhaps much more deserving than himself."

"I noticed the passage which you have quoted," said the vicar, "but was unwilling to allude to what I certainly conceive is calculated to convey an undeserved imputation on that order to which I belong. But we will pass that over, and I shall read one of the minor poems that conclude the volume.

" 'There was a voice, but now 'tis mute,
And I no more shall hear its tone,
That like some sweet and tender lute,
Could still my bosom's deepest groan.

That lute is broken, and no string

Such soothing to my soul can bring.

Days, hopes, and joys, alas! are fled,

All that I lov'd, and all that blest;

Living, my heart is with the dead,

And in the tomb alone can rest:

For darkly in my troubled soul

Its former thoughts and feelings roll;

Like waves on some lone desert shore,

They sink awhile within my breast,

Retiring, but to swell the more,

And gather strength to break my rest!"

This finished the literary conversation of the night, and with it I shall also conclude this communication.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,

April 12, 1825.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

SALVATOR ROSA.

ABOUT the close of the Carnival 1639, when, as at all times, the revelers make a last brilliant rally for the finale of their exhibitions, a car, with a stage highly ornamented, and occupied by maskers, was drawn by oxen through the principal streets of Romé. This display of fancy attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The most prominent personage declared himself as Signor Formico, a Neapolitan actor, who, in the character of Coviello, a charlatan, mingled poignant and exquisite humour with satire at once keen and inoffensive; and the burlesque in which he occasionally indulged was rendered more effective by a broad Neapolitan dialect and national gesticulation. For this entertainment all other exhibitions were deserted. Improvisatores and singers strained their imagination and lungs, gipsies prognos-

ticated a fortunate or fatal destiny, and Jews were hung in effigy, without exciting notice—the charlatan Coviello had all Rome to himself. Every tongue extolled his inventive powers; more especially the versatility with which he passed from original composition in poetry or music, to the grotesque foolery he employed in recommending his unguents and elixirs to restore health or ensure longevity to the populace. Curiosity and supposition were circulating a thousand conjectures, when Formico, ere he drove his car from the Piazza Navona, commanded his troop to raise their masks, and in Coviello was discovered Salvator Rosa, the sublime author of the Prometheus, the painter of Nature in her most grand and awful scenery. His inimitable landscapes, his intellectual superiority had comparatively a limited fame; but the public admiration, hitherto scantily bestowed upon

his exalted talents, was now in a brilliant profusion of notoriety to reward lighter and easier performances. The celebrity conferred by genius, erudition, and scientific attainments, or works of art, though gradual, is progressive in lustre. The eulogies of Coviello are almost forgotten. The pencil of Salvator Rosa is immortal.

BOTANICAL THEORY.

Mrs. Agnes Ibbetson, adverting to the great demand in ancient Rome for tables of the *bruscum* and *moluscum*, says, that from six to ten thousand sesterces were frequently given for tables not larger than those which were in fashion with us a few years since. It became accordingly common with the ladies of Rome, when reproached by their husbands with the expense of their jewels and ornaments, to remind them in turn of the sums they lavished on their tables; they were then said to turn the tables on them. Mrs. I. maintains, that by the words *bruscum* and *moluscum*, the Romans meant indiscriminately any wood that was remarkably spotted or variegated; and that it was an excellence not peculiar to any one tree, but was occasionally met with in the maple, citron, yew, ash, beech, lime, and other trees. A knowledge of the particular time when trees may be expected to exhibit such figured appearances, seems to have been a secret confined to very few, who, by thus having the command of the market, contrived to keep up the prices. To the discovery of this secret, the fair botanist has been led by her researches in support of a theory which she has the honour of originating; namely, that the buds of trees ascend from

the root. Willdenow thought that they were formed in the bark; Mr. Knight says, that they originate in the alburnum next the bark; Du Hamel gives no decided opinion on the subject. "Pliny's description of the *bruscum*," says Mrs. Ibbetson, "immediately brought to my mind the different figures of the roots of various trees, when cut down at the proper season: for this does not last above a fortnight or three weeks at most in any tree; but if taken within that time, most roots form a very beautiful picture." This she contends may be attributed to the various grouping of the buds, as they are about to start, or have started, from the root on their progress up the different layers of the wood to the exterior.

NORTHERN LONGEVITY.

In the evening of the last New-Year's day, at a house in the parish of Glenorchy, when a number of friends and neighbours were assembled to enjoy themselves, we saw a grand-daughter, a grandmother, a mother and son, dance a reel. Though bordering on her ninety-second year, the old lady excited the admiration and applause of all the company, for the spirit and agility with which she threaded the mazes of this sprightly Scottish dance; indeed she appeared the most supple and the merriest in the group. The matron's living descendants were reckoned, and she had ten children, sixty-four grandchildren, and seventy-five great-grandchildren.

J. Gordon, who died at Turriff, Banffshire, a few months ago, had attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two years. All the travellers who called at the inn of Turriff were

directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, where they might see "the oldest man in the world." Among the visitors, one day at the close of the harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man, employed in knitting hose, with, "So, my old friend, you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is a rare number of years!"—"De'il's in the man, it's my grandfather ye're wanting. I'm only seventy-three: ye'll find *him* round the corner of the house." On turning round, the stranger encountered a debilitated man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir,

for a man so old."—"What's your weel, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "O ye'll be wanting my father I reckon. He's i'th kail yard there." The visitor now entered the garden, where he found the antediluvian busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of "the Battle of Harlaw."—"I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your son and grandson, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labour is rather hard for one at your advanced age."—"It is," replied John; "but I'm thankful that I am able for't, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no very stout now." The united ages of the worthy trio amounted to three hundred years.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA, or DICTIONARY OF MUSIC, in which not only every technical Word is explained, the Formation of every Species of Composition distinctly shewn, their Harmonies, Melodies, Periods, Cadences, and Accentuation, but the various Poetic Feet employed in Music, Diapasons of Instruments, Terms of the Ancient Greeks, &c. &c.; forming a Work of Reference to Musical Students in general, consisting of nearly three thousand Articles more than any English Musical Dictionary extant, with upwards of two hundred engraved Examples; the whole compiled from the most celebrated Foreign and English Authorities; interspersed with Observations, criti-

cal and explanatory, by J. F. Danneley, Professor of Music. 1 vol. 12mo. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(Pres-ton, Dean-street, Soho.)

WE have at various times had occasion to notice compositions of merit from the pen of Mr. Danneley, whose talents deserved a wider scope than the neighbourhood of a country town. It therefore affords us double satisfaction to find, that in fixing his residence in London, he has marked his arrival in the midst of us by the above publication, which we hail as the fairest passport of musical talent and character.

A good and comprehensive Dictionary of Music, similar to the German Lexicon of Koch, has long been universally wished for; and although the contracted limits which Mr. D.

appears to have prescribed to himself in the present work, rendered it impossible to supply the desideratum in its full extent, it is but justice to state, that by his labour a great and important step has been gained. Perhaps, indeed, a more comprehensive undertaking would have been less generally accessible and useful, than a book of the portable form and moderate price of Mr. D.'s Dictionary.

That a work of this description should, in a *first* edition (which we have no doubt will soon be exhausted), exhibit imperfections of several kinds, is quite natural. Some indeed, we may be told, are errors on the right side. It abounds in German technical terms of little or no utility. Many French words might also be dispensed with. The space thus gained might be devoted to the enlargement and more perspicuous treatment of articles of primary importance, such as *melody, accent, measure, harmony*, &c. &c. The translations from other languages are not always correct, and the typographical errors are rather numerous.

But the imperfections we have discovered are not, generally speaking, of great moment; while, on the other hand, we have met with numerous articles which evinced the author's good taste, his musical skill and very extensive reading, and which cannot fail to render his labour highly valuable to the musical student. When we consider that the volume before us required, at every step, the knowledge of at least three foreign languages, and that this advantage must have been united to a high degree of musical learning, we cannot help applauding the zeal and strenuous exertions which enabled Mr. D. at

an age but just arrived at its vigour, to add to these accomplishments a superiority of skill as a piano-forte player and instructor, which, while it places him amongst the most esteemed of our professors, presents a cheering prospect of fame and success in his metropolitan career.

A second Sonata for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss E. Elyard, by E. Solis. Op. 3. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co.)

The very determination to write a sonata pleads favourably with us. It shews infinitely more good sense than to sit down and write rondos, divertimentos, fantasias, and variations upon "*favourite airs*," which is the ruling fashion of this musical age of copyism and imitation; as if a composer must needs borrow a musical go-cart in which to perform his evolutions. What should we say of our Royal Academicians, if the major part of their productions were of the following description?

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Fortuneteller, with new faces, additional figures, and sundry new exotics.

A Holy Family, by Raffaele, with *variations* in costume and scenery.

Titian's Venus, with a new head-dress, red morocco slippers, and petticoat of Brussels lace.

Or suppose one of our modern poets were to indite and publish Gray's "*Elegy on a Churchyard*," or an ode of Dryden's, or a sonnet of Burns', with *variations* in metre, rhyme, and expression?

Yet of this character are most of the musical publications that meet our eye in this age of plagiarism, concoction, and rumination! We are heartily sick of them, and turn with

some satisfaction to Mr. Solis' attempt at a change for the better.

His production is not of the higher order of musical writing, nor distinguished by striking originality; and the style is not absolutely modern; but the sonata presents a fair specimen of respectable talent, considerable taste, and familiarity with good models. The allegro (G major $\frac{2}{4}$) sets out with rather a plain and common motivo, but it gains in interest as it proceeds; and some of the passages, especially pp. 4 and 5, are decidedly attractive. In the slow movement (C major, $\frac{3}{4}$), good and well-ordered melody predominates. The succeeding allegretto (G $\frac{6}{8}$) has a lively subject, quite *alla quadrille*, which gives rise to a variety of digressive matter of a routine stamp; such as, the subject minorized, passages of no particular attraction in the latter half of p. 8, variation-work of the usual kind in p. 9, and a decorous and effective winding up in the tenth page.

Caraffa's celebrated Operatic Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss M. A. Ward, by E. Solis. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(W. Horn, Tichborne-street.)

Once more *Fra tante angoscie!* We thought we had done with the daring chevalier's consecutive fifths, which have so often plunged us into critical *angoscie*. Mr. Solis has made a very fair and pleasing rondo out of the air. He has not only called in aid the various keys of nearest relationship to his tonic B \flat ; but has ventured even as deep as D \flat in p. 6, which, together with p. 7, presents very favourable specimens of Mr. S.'s manner of treating his subject.

Vol. V. No. XXIX.

There is a great deal of good plan and good sense in these two pages, and the conclusion is well managed.

Ninth Fantasia for the Piano-forte, on the most favourite Themes in C. M. de Weber's Opera, "Der Freyschütz," composed by Ferd. Ries. Op. 131. Pr. 5s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

This fantasia acted upon our feelings somewhat like a letter from a friend abroad, of whom we had heard nothing for some time. It gladdened our heart to find that Mr. Ries, in his retreat on the Rhine, continued to fix his thoughts on England, and to devote his time to productions in an art, between which and himself there are so many mutual obligations. Residing in the country of "The Freyschütz," it is natural that Mr. R. should have chosen that opera for the continuation of the series of his fantasias. Besides, its music accords greatly with the bent of his own musical style; it is sentimental, thoughtful, and not unfrequently stern and severe. To this cause, no doubt, may be ascribed the serious, meditative, and sometimes austere, vein which pervades the present fantasia. Mr. Ries is not generally of a gay and sprightly turn in his compositions; he is the Salvator Rosa, the Domenichino in music. This is, more or less, the character of the Beethoven school; the playfulness of Steibelt, the humour and comfortable tranquillity of Haydn, are seldom met with in its founder or his disciples.

Among the six or seven themes introduced in this fantasia, we notice, "Softly sighs"—"Why, good people, are you gazing"—"Though clouds by tempests may be driven"—the Jæger Chorus—the Song of the

Q q

Bridemaids, &c. All these subjects are handled in a masterly manner, and in all sorts of shapes: upon the whole, however, the style in which they have been treated appears to us too stern and sombre. The digressive portions are conspicuous for an unusual proportion of modulation of all kinds, and generally of very chromatic tendency, which is the more felt as the piece extends to twenty-one well-filled pages. None but players of matured proficiency, and very cultivated musical taste, will find themselves either adequate to the performance, or capable of relishing the bold flights of Mr. R.'s pen. But to such, we are sure, the present fantasia will afford both gratification and scope for excellent practical and theoretical study.

The Enigma, Variations, and Fantasia on a favourite Irish Air for the Piano-forte, in the Style of five eminent Artists, composed, and dedicated to the Originals, by Cipriani Potter. No. VIII. of *Airs*. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

In a recent review of ours, we had to comment upon a theme with fifteen or sixteen variations, each written by a different composer, or *artist*, as it begins to be the fashion to call them. But the present publication goes a much shorter way to work: instead of applying to each composer to write his variation, Mr. P. writes them all himself in the style peculiar to each different author; and by way of exercising our ingenuity, and proving his success at imitation, he leaves us to guess the names of the "artists;" in the same manner as Mr. Mathews imitates eight or ten celebrated comedians in the recital of the same speech.

We hope it will not be expected

from our critical functions, that we should try our luck in solving, or rather in publishing here our attempt at solving, Mr. Potter's enigma. Not that we have been wanting in curiosity to make the attempt: Rossini we are pretty sure we did not mistake, nor probably J. B. Cramer; and we fancy we can guess at two more "artists" pretty tolerably; but as by a wrong guess we might either compromise our critical infallibility, or disappoint the confidence which Mr. P. may feel in the strength of his likenesses, we shall wisely keep our counsel in so important a business, and not spoil the treat which our readers may derive from a little guess-work on their parts.

This, however, we may safely declare, that whosoever be "the originals" whom Mr. P. has had in view, the variations which he has made on their behalf are of such a stamp; that had they written them themselves, they need not be ashamed of their work. They are all in the higher style of musical writing, in the best taste, and of uncommon interest, as far as variations can be. The fantasia, which concludes the publication, is above all calculated to satisfy the connoisseur in a general point of view; and it is doubly interesting on account of the ingenious idea on which it is framed, of embodying in it *collectively* the styles of the five artists which, in the preceding variations, Mr. P. had imitated *individually*.

An Air for the Piano-forte; the Variations composed for, and dedicated by Permission to, H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, by George Onslow. Op. 28. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

In point of finished musical edu-

cation, refined taste, consummate skill, and depth of science, Mr. Onslow, in our opinion, stands foremost among all his musical fellow-countrymen of the present age. His style is absolutely Continental; indeed it possesses a depth and finish to be met with in but few of the first-rate living composers of Germany, although we will allow that, with regard to invention and originality of melody, Mr. Onslow may be the loser by the comparison. Considering the foregoing merits, and the high value in which his works are held on the Continent, it has often been matter of surprise to us, that, comparatively speaking, they should be so little known among his countrymen.

The variations before us are perhaps the first original publication in England of any of his writings; and although we should have been better pleased to introduce Mr. O.'s name with a more important species of composition than mere variations, we are free to declare, that, in the shape of variations, he could not have appeared to greater advantage. They are excellent, perfect models of this style of writing; good melody, skilful harmonic treatment, and scientific modulation are conspicuous throughout: the capabilities of the instrument are put under full contribution; and although this latter feature may naturally be supposed to call for considerable practical abilities, yet there is nothing in this publication which ought to deter a player of tolerable advancement from the performance of these variations.

A Set of Exercises for the Violoncello, selected from the Works of Corelli, Haydn, and Kreutzer (edited by H. J. Banister.) Pr.

3s. 6d.—(H. J. Banister, 109, Goswell-street.)

Twelve Exercises for the Violoncello Solo, composed by J. J. F. Dotzauer. Op. 47. Pr. 4s.—(Published by the same.)

A Selection of Melodies from Weber's celebrated Opera Der Freyschütz; arranged for the Violoncello and Piano-forte by H. J. Banister. Pr. 4s.—(Published by the same.)

It gives us pleasure to find Mr. Banister perseveres in his zeal on behalf of an instrument so unaccountably neglected in this country, that its study is almost limited to professional musicians. Perhaps the very perseverance in bringing forward his publications may be hailed as a token of a change for the better, to which, at all events, they cannot fail to contribute considerably.

The first of these books contains fourteen exercises, judiciously selected from the works of the above-mentioned authors, so as to initiate the student (progressively in most instances) in the practice of fingering and bowing.

Dotzauer's exercises, being purposely written as such, and by a master of celebrity in his line, deserve the student's pointed attention; they present a code of instruction and practice from which, at the price of less than a single lesson, the benefit of dozens and dozens of hours of tuition may be procured. The diagram, p. 2, might well have received a line or two of explanation, for there will be some few we apprehend who may not understand that it is intended to display the almost endless variety of bowing and expression to be infused into eight simple notes.

The publication from the Frey-

schütz contains four or five of the most favourite airs of that opera, in all which the accompaniment of the violoncello is indispensable, although the piano-forte part, which is extremely satisfactory, acts as principal. The two instruments frequently

take the melody by turns; and the violoncello, when employed as mere accompaniment, is often very actively engaged, occasionally rather a little in excess, at least more so than intended by Weber himself. Print and paper are particularly good.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE second annual Exhibition of this Society, in Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East, was opened at the close of last month; and the dinner, on the Saturday preceding the public view (at which Mr. Hofland presided), was attended by several personages of distinction. Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, with that gracious disposition to patronise the fine arts which has always so peculiarly marked the royal family, honoured the private view of the Exhibition by her presence.

In a prefatory note attached to the Catalogue, we are informed, that the last year's Exhibition more than realized the anticipation of the founders of the new society; that it produced, in purchases and commissions, nearly 4000*l.* whilst the receipts at the doors greatly exceeded the demands of an unavoidably expensive year. The founders add, that "the success of the society having thus proved the necessity of its establishment, the committee consider, that the entire purchase of the building would render their future exertions more effective; and they respectfully solicit, in furtherance of this object, an extension of the patronage so generously afforded to them at the commencement of their undertaking."

Cordially wishing the extension of the fine arts by all public and honourable means, we hope that the wishes of the committee will be speedily realized.

This year's Exhibition is, on the whole, very creditable to the members of the society: the historical pictures are, it is true, few, and not generally striking, owing we believe to the inadequate encouragement held out to this higher department of art. The landscapes are, however, numerous, and many of them in very pure taste: the familiar subjects, several in the class of still life, are equally attractive; and the miniatures and engravings (not omitting some of the enamels) display some beautiful specimens of the softness and delicacy of our artists. The sculpture, of which we have a few works, shews, that that elevated branch of art is also carefully cultivated by some of the members of the society; not that we have here any of those "breathing statues," of which the annals of Grecian sculpture convey such ennobling descriptions, but we have some fair examples of the proficiency of British art.

Some very judicious alterations have been made in the suite of rooms of this society since the last Exhibition, and an improvement has been

made in the casting of the drapery, which is favourable to the general effect of the pictures. The general arrangement is praiseworthy, and we see no reason to find fault with the disposition of any of the pictures. There are seven hundred and twenty-one works entered in the Catalogue. In this Exhibition we do not pretend to classify works, but to make a miscellaneous selection from them, as they appear to us at a passing view.

Scarborough Castle.—T. C. Hoffland.

"The deafening clamours of the angry surge,
Commingle with the rush of warring winds
And the dread thunders of the lurid sky."

Mr. Hoffland (who is president this year) has seven pictures in this Exhibition; the one which we have named is of large size, and well executed; there is a deep and stormy tone in the sky, which, contrasted with the foaming dash of the spray, is productive of fine effect. But it is not alone to the display of the sublimer operations of Nature that Mr. Hoffland directs his powers; for he is equally, if not more, successful in the present Exhibition in composing and delineating the softer harmony of her works, of which there cannot be a finer example than No. 129, *a Grecian Landscape, Moonlight*. This is not one of those pale and cold moonlight tints which almost freeze you with their frigidity; it has Cuyp's golden tone. In this picture "the Queen of Night" does shed her mellow light. There is a beautiful yellowish tint, a poetical serenity, a transparent rippling of reflected light upon the waters, that almost reminds us of Claude. These are pictures which do honour to the British school. Mr. Hoffland has several others, which

display great merit; but we have not space for any elaborate description of individual excellence.

An historical Portrait of the Emperor of Russia.—T. Northcote, R. A.

The story of this picture is interesting: the conduct of sovereigns is matter of history, and where it is directed to the diffusion of humanity, as in this instance, and in many others of our own times and country, it is a pleasing and useful duty to record such bright examples. We therefore give the subject:

"The Emperor Alexander of Russia, riding one day before his attendants, on the bank of the river Wilna, and not far from the town of that name in Lithuania, his Majesty perceived several persons dragging something out of the water, which proved to be the body of a man, apparently lifeless. Having directed the boors around him to convey the body to the brink, he proceeded with his own hands to assist in taking the wet clothes from the body of the corpse, and to rub his temples, wrists, &c. for a considerable time, but without any visible effect. While thus occupied, his Majesty was joined by the gentlemen of his suite, among whom was an English surgeon in the Emperor's service, who proposing to bleed the man, his Majesty held and rubbed the arm, rendering also every other assistance in his power. This attempt failing, they continued to employ all other means they could devise, until more than three hours were expired, when the surgeon declared it to be a hopeless case. His Majesty, however, not yet satisfied, desired that the attempt to let blood might be repeated; which was accordingly done, the Emperor and his noble attendants making a last effort in rubbing, &c. when they had the satisfaction to behold the blood make its appearance, accompanied by a slight groan. His Majesty's emotions were so ardent, that, in the plenitude of his joy, he exclaimed, 'This is the brightest day of my life!' and the tears which instantaneously glistened in his eyes, indicated the sincerity of his exclamation. The favourable appearance occasioned them to redouble their exertions, which were finally crowned with success. When the surgeon was looking about for something to stop the blood, and tie up

the arm with, the Emperor took out his handkerchief, tore it in pieces, bound up the poor fellow's arm with it, and ordered proper care to be taken of him. His Majesty concluded this act of benevolence by ordering the restored peasant a sum of money, and otherwise providing for him and his family."

Of the execution of this picture it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of praise; the horse is well drawn, and the figure of the Emperor is extremely natural, and the likeness well preserved; the back-ground is painted with effect, and the peasant group well chosen, and full of expression.

The Vale and Lakes of Keswick, Cumberland.—W. Linton.

"To Nature's pride,
Sweet Keswick's vale, the Muse will guide;
The Muse who trod the enchanted ground,
And sailed the wondrous lake around."

This landscape is an improvement upon this artist's *Lonsdale View*, in last year's Exhibition. The perspective is good, and the fore-ground well filled up. Mr. Linton has also given us a classical landscape, composed from Virgil's 3d *Æneid*, descriptive of the flight of the Trojans from the destruction of Troy, and their landing on the island of Delos, to consult the oracle of Apollo respecting their future destiny. There is a good deal of merit in this composition; the gorgeous architecture of the city, and the splendour of "bright Phœbus' temple," are highly wrought, whilst the abrupt acclivities of the distant back-ground possess a corresponding grandeur. We wish that the Trojan fleet, after the toils of the voyage, and hailing the port that sheltered them, had done what sailors in modern times are accustomed to do, *hauled* down their sails (to use the nautical phrase). Were it so (though perhaps forbidden until the oracle had decreed it), we should

have still more admired this pleasing picture, which, besides its general merit as a composition, is full of well-executed details.

View near Caulk Abbey, Derbyshire.—J. Glover.

Mr. Glover is one of the most industrious artists we know; he has twenty pictures in this Exhibition, nearly all of which exemplify his calm and pleasing style of composition, and his executive merits as a landscape-painter, always true to Nature, in her more placid appearance. The *Caulk Abbey* is an interesting and well-painted landscape.

Portrait of Dr. Darling.—B. R. Haydon.

This portrait is on the very verge of being a perfect work: the head has a truly contemplative air; it is finely drawn, and full of energy. There are other portraits by the same artist in this Exhibition, which do not partake of the same merit. What can be said of such a picture as *Juliet at the Balcony*?

"Be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

Why, who would hesitate to replace the hood upon such a face as this? Is this an attempt to rival Hogarth's *Sigismunda*? Has not Mr. Haydon read Walpole's *Criticism*? It is an unpleasant duty to notice such crudities.

West Front of Notre Dame, Rouen.
—D. Roberts.

Perhaps there is no species of architecture capable of being made so pleasing in a picture as the florid Gothic, from its infinite variety of elaborate ornaments, and the beauty of its multiplied tapering points. This artist is very successful in his drawing, and has managed his colouring with equal skill. The sky is rather hard,

perhaps from the attempt to harmonize with the material of the cathedral. There is also too much relief in the bright colours of the adjoining houses, which appear to project beyond their perpendicular; the fault perhaps more of time than of the artist.

Landscape.—J. Stark.

This is an agreeable specimen of this artist's light and natural style of landscape-painting. The trees are beautifully touched, and the foreground interspersed with some pleasing and corresponding objects.

Portrait of a Lady.—S. Drummond, A. R. A.

A very lively and agreeable portrait, although the colouring is somewhat black.

Dead Game.—B. Blake, is a very beautiful imitation of nature: the plumage of the birds, particularly the rich and glowing feathers of the peacock, shew the power of execution which belongs to this artist: perhaps there is rather too much sacrificed to sparkling and brilliant tints of colouring. It is, however, a fine picture.

Christmas Cheer.—G. Lance.

We have here, as in the last picture, that minuteness of execution for which the Dutch artists were so remarkable, and indeed so extravagantly praised; for what else is it, to admire a man, who (as Mieris was said to have done) could spend fifteen days of close and unwearied application in painting a *birch broom*? (he ought to have been flogged with one for his pains). Mr. Lance's picture is full of merit for all the necessary *minutiæ* of its parts, with uncommon freedom of execution. Every article of the *Christmas Cheer* is painted with uncommon truth.

The Creation.—J. Martin.

It is difficult to censure or restrain the aspirations of undoubted professional talents; and yet how can one with propriety praise that which is incomprehensible in the form in which it is submitted to examination? This picture is intended to represent the Creation, as described in Genesis, in the words:

"And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—"And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also."

It is difficult to pretend to set bounds to genius, and it is moreover always unavailing; but it is necessary to repeat over again, that there are subjects beyond the reach of art, and of which any description, however vague, in words, will convey a more adequate idea, than can be embodied by palpable representation. We are quite aware of the connection between poetry and the fine arts, and of the lengths to which it has been carried by enthusiasts, in unqualifiedly and universally giving a preference to the palpable powers of the latter. After all these hypotheses are stated and enforced, we must still come back to the question, whether these (we speak of such as Mr. Martin's) are subjects adapted for the delineation of art? We decidedly think in the negative, and are supported by the testimony of modern times.

There is a good deal of vivid colouring in this picture, and of a glowing, and often grand, conception, which shew much of the hand of a master; but we must repeat, that it is quite hopeless to convey, by painting, the same sublime idea of this

omnipotent effort of the Deity, that we receive from the simple but impressive language of holy writ. Artists, however great, always fail in these subjects.

Mr. Martin has some engravings on steel, to form a series of illustrations of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which are in the true spirit of poetry.

The Bridge of Turk, near Loch Achray, Highlands of Scotland

—P. Nasmyth,

is a very pleasing landscape: the rural bridge is very well executed, and the distant view managed with much skill.

A Magdalen.—I. Biaird.

A soft and rich drawing, very creditable to a meritorious artist.

Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.—H. Collen.

This artist has several miniature copies from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence of personages of distinction, and they are faithfully and tastefully executed. One of *Prince Leopold* is very perfect.

George's Dock Basin, with the old Church, Liverpool.—S. Austin.

This, as well as others by the same artist in the present Exhibition, displays considerable skill and taste in drawing.

The Death of Rizzio.—W. Ross.

This young artist has this year exercised his talents upon a subject which we almost thought had exhausted the fancy of painters, and has varied the composition with much skill and taste: the dismay of the victim, the mingled terror and indignation of the unfortunate queen, and the stern and inexorable front of the armed intruders, present a contrasted force of expression, which cannot fail to raise Mr. Ross's name among the most favoured of our ris-

ing students in art. The softness and pleasing expression of his *Portrait of the Hon. Mr. Howard* sufficiently evince his skill in portrait-painting; whilst his *Fruit-Girl* displays a simple style of composition, and a forcible power of colouring, which attest the varied powers of this artist's pencil.

Mr. Stephanoff has a clever poetical drawing.

Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence.—W. Ward, jun.

The admiral of the fleet is engraved in his full naval uniform, holding a telescope in his hand. The likeness is spirited, and the attitude marked by ease and dignity.

A Dutch Cottage, after Rembrandt.

—I. Bromley.

An engraving from what has been colloquially called Rembrandt's cradle picture, and the artist has well preserved the uncommon effect of light and shade, for which the original was so celebrated.

Haerlem.—*The Minnow Water, Bruges.*—Miss L. Byrne.

These are beautiful and soft touches of engraving: the architectural and landscape parts are particularly good.

Portrait.—Miss J. Ross.

The miniature *Portraits of Mrs. Barrow* and of the *Girl Reading* are executed with considerable taste; but that, No. 470, surpasses the others, though they are excellent: it has a peculiar *naïveté* of animated and intelligent expression, which is evidently natural, from the contour of the features, and not, what we too often find, the flattering creation of the artist. The painting is also beautiful.

Mr. D. Wolstenholme has a clever picture of an *Essex Barn*; Mr. Mey-

er has a good *Portrait of Mr. Nugent*, and several other very tasteful works. Mr. S. J. Jones has some very clever landscape-drawings. Mr. W. Woodman has a frame with four well-drawn family portraits. Mr. Scriven exhibits two good engravings of *Anne Boleyn* and *Nell Gwynn*, in the female costume of their day. Mr. W. Say has a spirited engraving of *Lord Chief Justice Best*, in his judicial robes. Mr. Carbonnier's *Sulky Girl* is a clever engraving. Mr. D. T. Egerton's *Pavilion Banqueting-Room* is a clear and well-finished work. Mr. W. Say's *Cupid*, after Pickersgill, is a lively and poetical figure, engraved with great softness and delicacy. His engraving from Mr. Fradelle's picture of *Mary Queen of Scots and her Secretary Chatelar* is very beautiful. Mr. Romney has some clever designs. Mr. Heaphy has some landscapes, executed with his usual taste and correctness; and Miss Heaphy evinces her lively imagination in some pleasing miniatures of different subjects. Miss Gouldsmith is ever successful in her landscapes. Mr. Stanfield's *Italian Fishermen* is a pleasing picture. Mr. Cartwright's *Mole at Santa Maura* is also well painted. Mr. Finden has a beautiful engraving of *Earl Spencer*; and Mr. Fry has some good copies from Vandyke. It is due to the ladies to state, that their efforts have been this year pre-eminently successful; besides those we have had the pleasure of

already alluding to, we were also attracted by some other lively and delicate works, in various departments, from Mrs. Pearson, Miss Arnold, the Misses Byrnes, Mrs. Dighton, Miss Hayter, Miss Kenrick, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Sharples, Miss Wilson, Miss Wright, and Miss Wroughton.

Among the works in the sculptural department, we were particularly struck with some of Mr. Henning's and Mr. De Ville's busts: that of *Mr. Mudford* by the latter is an intelligent and expressive likeness. Mr. H. Rossi has two good models for *Statues of Cricketers*. Mr. Scoular and Mr. Henning, jun. have also good poetical groups. The medallions are in general tastefully executed.

We regret that we have not space for a more detailed enumeration of the individual merits which this Exhibition develops; and we trust that those whose names we have overlooked in the bustle of an exhibition, will not think us either indifferent to their claims for public patronage, or unwilling to promote them by all the means in our power.

It is pleasing to add, that the sale of works of art appears to advance rapidly; and as the public taste must extend in a proportionable degree, considering the merit of these purchases, we are entitled to anticipate a still further improvement, with an augmentation of the value of professional taste and skill.

PANORAMA OF EDINBURGH.

WHAT between steam-boats and panoramic exhibitions, we are every day not only informed of, but actually brought into contact with, remote objects. We have now in Leicester-square a new Panorama of

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Edinburgh, perhaps the city in the world best adapted, from its local situation, to be rendered familiar to the eye of the stranger through the medium of this mode of representation. In other cities, to give a perfect delineation of the elevated parts, you must sacrifice level objects worth notice; so it is in Lisbon, and so it was we are told in ancient Rome. But let the spectator only stand upon the Calton-Hill (and if he be an Englishman, his proximity to Nelson's monument will warm him on the coldest northern day), and cast his eyes in front towards Holyrood and Salisbury Craigs, then direct them over the old town, to the right towards the castle; let them then fall upon the new town, and be guided in succession towards the views of the coast of Fife and along the Frith of Forth to the distant Bass; and when the vision almost aches with the rich and expansive diversity of the prospect, covering architecture of all ages, and the picturesque in all its mixed details, we ask, what object, high or low, has escaped the glance of the spectator? None; for he has seen Old and New Edinburgh, together with all the circumjacent sea and shore; and if the spectator be a reading and observing person, and more particularly a lady, then has his (or her) mind become stored with refreshing images of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, and equally delightful prose, in all its historical and local descriptions of Mary Queen of Scots and her palace; of the voluptuousness of French manners within its walls, contrasted with the coarse and rough spirit of the Scottish; the one resembling the neat and spiral form of the palace-towers, with the elaborate ornaments of that kind of ar-

chitecture; the other, the iron outline of the crags which darken and overhang them. Then again the beautiful scenery of the bay, so exquisitely painted in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, that none is found to describe it after the poet; for to quote his own lines elsewhere,

“What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?”

This scenery and these associations are all but realized in this panoramic view. Works of this kind, painted for effect, exclude minute examination; fidelity, rather than finish of execution, is the artist's aim, and this is here well obtained: not that we mean to withhold from the work its due portion of merit as a *work of art*; for it is, in point of fact, one of the best painted panoramas we have seen, and the general effect of the perspective is well obtained. It looks better in sun-light than in shade. When the day is dull, the smokiness and dingy stone of the old town produce a hardness of effect, unrelieved, as it must be in nature, by the medium of ærial distance: but the sun-gleams bring out the distant parts; and then even the accidents of this mode of painting, where the colours have in one or two places sunk into the canvas, become picturesque, and the black spottiness so caused assumes the appearance of smoke, from some object hidden from the view, and assists in perfecting the agreeable delusion. The painter *has put* the statue on the Melville monument in St. Andrew-square, not an unnecessary hint we suppose to the architect for the dilatoriness of his work; but possibly he is not without his excuse.

BELZONI'S EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

THE name of Belzoni has long been known in this country as that of a man who had devoted to enterprise all the energies of a strong mind and an herculean frame of body, and who had particularly distinguished himself half a dozen years ago in Egypt in excavating cavities hitherto unexplored, and laying open, for the curiosity of the antiquarian and study of the historian, monuments of palaces or of tombs, which attest the magnificence of ancient cities, all knowledge of even the existence of which had ceased, except in the earliest imagery of poets. All who have read Homer have heard of Thebes, of its extent, and the splendour of its arts; but from the overthrow of the ancient Egyptian empire, on the first invasion of the Persians, until the end of the last century, little was known of the buried splendour of its remains, the curiosity of travellers being chiefly confined to the stupendous pyramidal objects which arise from the desert waste of a trackless country, for ages peopled by countless tribes of barbarians.

It principally remained for the lamented Belzoni (who has lately fallen a victim to the climate of Southern Africa), to explore the hidden recesses of a soil teeming with valuable antiquities, and surmount the appalling obstacles opposed to his research from the nature of the ground and the climate, and the still more embarrassing impediments of the superstition, supineness, ignorance, and treachery of the natives. Perhaps there is not on record a proof of so much having been accomplished by one man, so left to the emergency of his own limited resources.

Belzoni, upon his return to England in the year 1821, formed an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of the model of a tomb which he had excavated near the site of Thebes, among rocks, at the foot of the Libyan chain of mountains, where the ancient inhabitants were wont to construct chambers and galleries for depositing their embalmed dead, which (thanks to the unconquerable enterprise of this traveller) display, after a lapse of above 3000 years, the genius and amazing resources of the early Egyptians, from the splendour and magnificence, as well as prodigious extent, of the original excavations. It was in one of the inner recesses of this tomb that Belzoni discovered the sarcophagus of Oriental alabaster which now adorns the fine collection of Mr. Soane, and the minute and elaborate sculpturing of which has been so universally admired. This sarcophagus was supposed to have originally contained the body of the founder of the tomb. We are not aware what success attended the Exhibition, superintended by Belzoni himself, at the Egyptian Hall; but we suppose it could not have been discouraging, as his widow has just opened a similar Exhibition in Leicester-square (No. 28). When we say similar, we do not mean a repetition of the former model, which might be construed into a mere appeal to the generosity of the British public, to obtain for the family that reward which the principal did not live to reap; but a more detailed view of these Egyptian tombs, with an improved arrangement of, and several additions to, the ancient fragments of mummies, papyri, figures

(mostly of baked clay varnished), and the painted decorations, consisting of innumerable hieroglyphics of all sizes, from the full sized and colossal emblems of the Egyptian mythology, representing the strangest and most distorted compound of various human objects, to the minutest size and detail of stenographic character.

To classify, or explain, the hitherto hidden mystery of these hieroglyphic memorials, belongs to the acute investigator of a learned and most interesting branch of study, in which competent persons are now (we hope successfully) engaged. We only mean to speak of this Exhibition from its connection with the arts; and in this light it is extremely curious, from the preservation of rich and glowing colours, the distribution of which displays more skill than does the shapeless drawing they illustrate, which defies all approach to anatomical accuracy, a study in ancient times interdicted from mistaken notions of reverence for the dead, although there is a spirit in the com-

position of some of the groups, and a neatness of detail in some of the ornamental borders, which denote no small perfection in the mechanism of art.

It must be gratifying to the public to learn, that while they are administering to a laudable, and, in many instances, important and useful, curiosity, by visiting this Exhibition, they are at the same time contributing to the means of a meritorious female, herself a traveller of very extraordinary perseverance, but now left in her widowhood without any resources, save those records which her husband's indefatigable research provided; resources which, if as successful for the immediate wants of the family, as they must eventually be for the uses of science and history, will be doubly valued by the widow, as the connecting link between her humble fortune and the acknowledged memorial of her husband's fame by that public to whom he was a benefactor.

THE BELZONI SARCOPHAGUS.

MR. SOANE, whose taste for the fine arts has been long so proverbial, has lately, for the gratification of his friends, and of artists generally, as well as for the promotion of the fine arts, thrown open his spacious mansion in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on stated evenings, and by special invitation, to exhibit his splendid and beautifully classed collection of ancient and modern works in painting and sculpture. The principal of these is that unique relic of antiquity,

the *Alabaster Sarcophagus* which the intrepid and lamented Belzoni succeeded in once more bringing into light after its entombment for thousands of years. This sarcophagus is covered with hieroglyphics, executed with more than ordinary precision, and comprehending the whole of the Egyptian mythology. It is transparent, and by artificial illumination the effect was uncommonly splendid.

MR. WEST'S GALLERY.

THE length to which our department of the Fine Arts has already extended, prevents us from bestowing so much space as we should wish, and as the importance of the subject demands, on a work from the pen of Mr. Wm. Carey, relative to the *Decline of British Historical Painting from the Effects of the Church Exclusion of Paintings*. The author contends, with his usual eloquence and cogency of argument, that nothing but the interference of the government can prevent the extinction of historical painting in this country: he shews that the artists by whom it has been pursued have been, if not absolutely ruined by it, as in the case of Haydon, at least not enriched as they might have been by pursuing a different line of art; and then proceeds to examine the merits and claims of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, who may justly be styled the father of historical painting in England. After a practice of fifty-six years, devoted entirely to this style of art, Mr. West bequeathed to his family little more than his large collection of the unsold productions of his pencil. "These accumulated labours," says Mr. Carey, "are now exhibiting, in the spacious rooms built at a great expense in filial affection and respect for the public, by his sons. We speak here from our own knowledge: if Mr. Raphael and Mr. Benjamin West were possessed of an independent fortune, it would be their first pride as Englishmen, lovers of their country, and of the British school, to follow the noble example set by Sir George Beaumont, by presenting the entire collection now in

their possession to the National Gallery, for the benefit of the British students and the advancement of the fine arts. But as those gentlemen are not so circumstanced, their next pride would be to place them in the National Gallery, through the wisdom and liberality of his Majesty's government and parliament. They now make this offer in the most open manner, without any qualification or reserve whatever.

"Besides the claims which West's paintings have to a place in the British National Gallery, from their approved merits, from their being productions of British genius, and from the invaluable services which he rendered to the British school, we conceive that the purchase would contribute to remove a very prevalent opinion, that to study history-painting is to adopt a profession which must involve the individual for life in public neglect, difficulty, and distress, and expose his family to be left without any certain provision at his decease. It would contribute, with other measures for giving certain employment to history-painters, to terminate the reign of terror in the British school. Aspiring students would entertain a belief and reliance, that a man of genius, who devotes his life to history-painting, and who obtains the highest honours of his profession by his pencil, will not be abandoned at his death; but that his interests, connected with the advancement of the arts and the national glory, will be duly attended to by the government after his decease, so that his family may fairly hope for a provision in the fruits of his labour and genius. On this broad public ground, the

purchase would have a salutary effect in preventing the extinction of the public style of history in this country."

As well-wishers to the arts, of which the author has, on many occa-

sions, proved himself a most able and enlightened advocate, we heartily concur in the sentiments expressed in these *Observations*, which deserve the serious attention of the members of the legislature.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of lilac *gros de Naples*: the *corsage* plain, rather high in front, broad on the shoulders, and edged with a double satin rouleau of the same colour; it fastens behind with hooks and eyes. The upper part of the sleeve is full; below the elbow it has three satin bands equidistant, and tied in bows on the outside of the arm: the wrist is finished with a double satin rouleau and embroidered cambric ruffles. The skirt is very neatly ornamented with waving satin bands, a quarter of a yard deep, fastened at the top with silk buttons, and inserted within the broad satin rouleau at the edge of the dress: corded *ceinture*, ornamented in front with six silk buttons. Lace *fichu*, scalloped at the edge and richly embroidered; it crosses in front, and ties in a small bow behind. The hair is parted, and arranged in large regular curls on each side. Gold ear-rings, bracelets, chain, and eye-glass. The necklace is formed of a black ribbon, with a small elegant embossed gold rosette at the throat, from which the ribbon descends, and a large richly ornamented gold cross is suspended, nearly reaching to the *ceinture*. Morocco shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Elegant dress of Urling's lace, with

Brussels sprigs: the *corsage* full, circular round the bust, and trimmed with a falling lace: the sleeves short and regularly full. The fulness of the skirt is not entirely set in the band at the back, but slightly introduced in the front and sides, which has a very pleasing effect with dresses of so light and delicate a texture. Half way of the skirt is a very elegant row of flowers in separate clusters, and beneath are two deep flounces of rich lace, separated by a simple wreath of leaves: the edge of the skirt is scalloped, and a richly embroidered dwarf cistus fills up each space. Blue satin sash, with an embossed gold buckle on the right side. Blue satin slip. Turban of blue satin; the band composed of four longitudinal folds, and a row of French pearls at the edge; the satin full and double round the crown, and two long white ostrich feathers falling backwards. Necklace of pearl, fastened in front with an elegant gold clasp, ornamented with rubies and pearls. Ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves; white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

White gowns are now much in favour for the promenade; they are worn with spencers, and in some in-



EVENING DRESS.

stances with *barèges* scarfs: the latter, however, are not so much in favour as the former. Silk high dresses are almost as much in request as muslin ones; but they are worn with scarfs only. Silk pelisses are still seen in the morning promenade; those most in estimation are made in the style described in our last Number.

The form and trimming of spencers vary a good deal, many being made very plain, and others much trimmed. Some of the latter, which fasten behind, have the busts ornamented with narrow rouleaus on each side, disposed in a sloping direction, and terminated by a wrought silk lozenge. Others are decorated in the stomacher style by rows of *coquilles*; and some are finished by a row of rich silk buttons up the middle of the bust, and a row of satin bells reaching in a bias direction from the point of the shoulder to the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are moderately wide; and the epaulette, which is always full, is arranged in puffs or *bouillonnée*. These spencers have no collars, but lace *collarettes*, of various forms and of very rich descriptions, supply their place.

When the spencer is made in a plain style, the sleeve is generally *en gigot*, and without epaulettes; the collar is high, standing much out from the neck, and turning a little over: a lace or tulle *collarette en crévé* is generally worn with these spencers.

Leghorn bonnets are now very much in favour for the promenade; they are trimmed still with shaded ribbons, but of light colours: flowers are sometimes mingled with the ribbons. Short white veils are much in favour. *Capotes* of coloured silk also begin to be worn. Coloured

silk bonnets with curtain veils of black blond are in favour, and have a neat and appropriate appearance. The brims of bonnets have not altered in shape or size, but the crowns are higher. Feathers are still partially worn, but flowers are more general.

Laced mantles, lined with coloured silk and satin, begin already to appear in carriage dress. White *barèges* scarfs, finished at the ends with gold or silver *chêfs*, are also worn; and satin spencers very much trimmed with blond are in request. Bolivar hats have come much into favour, particularly in white or pink satin. The feathers with which they are trimmed are either disposed upright in front, or else arranged on each side of the crown, so as to droop one over the other in front. White *gros de Naples capotes*, made very large, and without any other ornament than a *ruche* of the same material, begin to be in favour.

Muslin and silk seem to be in nearly equal estimation for dinner dress. Shaded *barèges* is very much worn: it is trimmed with the same material, but has mostly a mixture of satin: thus flounces, which are again coming into favour, are headed by three narrow satin folds; *bouillonné* is formed by satin rouleaus or *pattes*, or by *coquilles* placed between *bouffants* of *barèges*. A few dinner gowns are made *à la vierge*, but the major part display the neck very much. The first are rounded at the top of the bust, and are either finished by a trimming to correspond with that of the bottom, or else a satin rouleau, or a quilling of blond. The lower part of the *corsage* has a little fulness gathered under the *ceinture* in front of the bust and behind. The others are cut entirely square, have

a row of blond disposed in wolves' teeth, or a fold of satin falling round the bust. The front of the *corsage* is either ornamented with satin folds in the stomacher style, or else has two demi-lozenges of the same material as the gown, edged with blond, which, proceeding from each side of the bust, meets in a point in the centre of the bosom. This is a very novel ornament.

Some dinner gowns have long sleeves of a transparent material; they are made *en gigot*, and confined at the wrist with a bracelet to corre-

spond with the necklace, &c. &c.: they are always surmounted by full half-sleeves, ornamented to correspond with the bust, or the trimming of the dress. The greatest part, however, have short sleeves only: the under sleeve is made nearly close to the arm, and confined by a band; and the upper sleeve extremely full, the fulness interspersed with rouleaus, *coquilles*, or whatever forms the ornament of the skirt.

Fashionable colours are, apple-green, lilac, pale rose colour, primrose, peach-blossom, and cherry-red.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 19.

My dear SOPHIA,

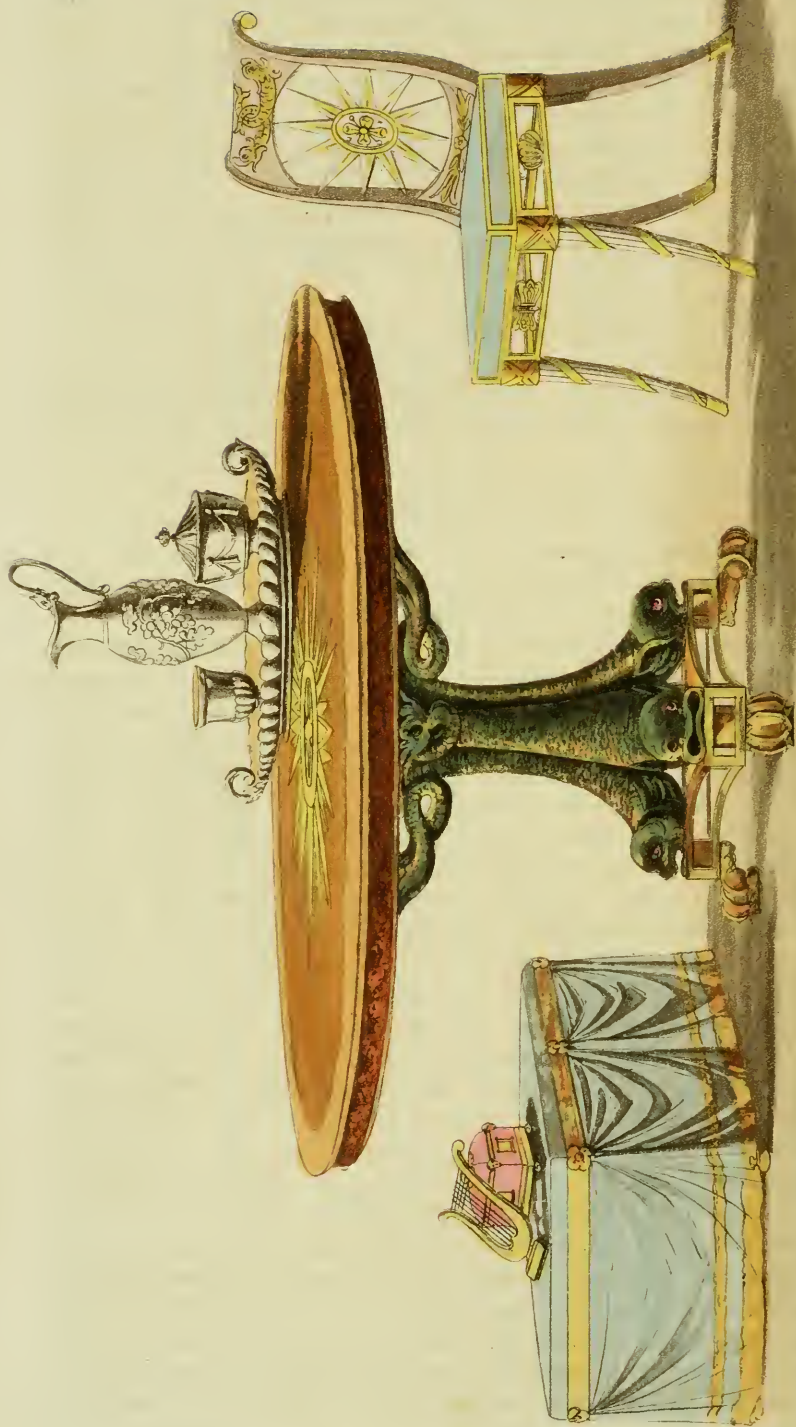
I SEND you the last account I am able of the novelties proposed to succeed to our mourning, which, to the great joy of our fair fashionables, is now entirely over. *Barèges*, both plain and shaded in stripes, is likely to be a good deal worn for the promenade, but not so much as muslin. I have seen some *rédiingotes* of the latter material made in a very showy style, and adorned with a profusion of work. The *corsage* was made to fit the shape; the sleeve nearly tight to the arm, and finished by a band of work. The half-sleeve had a very full lozenge puff in the middle of the arm, and a rich embroidery on each side. The front was ornamented from the throat to the bottom of the skirt with two serpentine rows of embroidery, having wreaths of foliage in open-work between. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a row of lozenge puffs of a large size, the divisions between being filled with work to correspond with the epaulette.

I have seen also a good many white muslin gowns trimmed with flounces, which were embroidered in wreaths of foliage of various shades of green. The *corsage*, three quarters high, and made to the shape, is embroidered to correspond at the top of the bust; and the sleeves, *en gigot*, are simply finished at the wrist with an embroidered band. These dresses are intended to be worn with muslin pelerines of a large size, and embroidered to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

Silk will be worn, though not so much as lighter materials. I have seen some gowns made in the *rédiingote* style of peach-blossom, grass-green, canary-yellow, and blue; the trimmings were of satin, and in the form of crescents, Maltese crosses, and *coquilles*.

There is nothing yet new in the way of out-door coverings. Some lace pelerines of a new form have been seen, and are likely to take; they are larger than those generally worn. *Barèges* scarfs also, with a white ground, and shaded at the ends,

17
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FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

are a novelty likely to become fashionable; the ends are very deep, and they are shaded in the most beautiful manner.

Though a number of our fashionables appeared at Longchamps in the gowns of the mourning colours, their head-dresses were of various hues, and decidedly of a summer description. Leghorn hats, *en demi pelerine*, that is with the brim somewhat smaller at the sides and behind, than in front, were very numerous; they were ornamented with a bunch of lilac, or else violets of Parma, or jonquils mingled with marabouts. Bonnets of rice-straw, with a brim somewhat smaller than they have been lately worn, and a round and rather high crown, were ornamented with wreaths of peach-blossoms; those of crape were crowned with clove pinks and narcissus; and the white satin and *gros de Naples* bonnets had garlands of tuberoses: several of these last had curtain veils of blond and blond lappets. The prettiest and most novel bonnet that I saw was of white satin: the crown adorned with blond draperies, which were caught up at the sides by small bouquets of rose-buds, half concealed by the blond; the brim was edged by a pink satin rouleau, round which was wreathed in a spiral direction a row of blond. A bouquet of Provence roses, their buds intermin-

gled with bunches of white lilac, was arranged in a particularly tasteful manner in front of the crown.

Dinner gowns are now cut very low round the bust, and the sleeves very short. I have seen some in white silk, trimmed with rose-coloured satin: a bias band of the latter surrounded the bust and the armholes; the shape of the back was also marked by a bias cord: the trimming of the bottom consisted of two rows of *bouillons* made of net, composed of rose-coloured gauze, and intersected with bias bands of satin placed in a serpentine direction.

Ball dresses of crape will be very general. I saw a remarkably pretty one last night: it was trimmed with white satin rouleaus, round which were *ruches* of tulle, twined in a spiral direction; there were two of these rouleaus placed at some distance from each other, and looped a little at the sides of the gown with bouquets of roses, tied with full bows of white ribbon. The *corsage* was made to the shape, and without any other ornament than a *ruche* of tulle; and the short full sleeve was arranged in a double drapery, bordered with *ruches* of tulle.

The colours most likely to be in favour are, rose, blue, straw colour, peach-blossom, violet, different shades of slate colour and of green. Always your
EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

TABLE, CHAIR, AND WINDOW-SEAT.

THESE examples of modern French furniture will be acceptable to our subscribers, as they present a novelty, arising from the introduction of metal-work to obtain an effect of

Vol. V. No. XXIX.

lightness, by making those parts open and delicate that have lately been the most solid of the several articles. That style is quite departed from in these designs, which makes the or-

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namental portions of them merely *applique*; for the table is supported by a tripod of dolphins, without the aid of a stem, as usually introduced in the lately prevailing manner; and the decorations of the chair are chiefly relieved by perforations, instead of a solid ground-work.

The table may be executed in any of the ornamental woods: the dolphins are supposed to be in bronze, and the feet in or-molu.

The chair is of white and gold, with a satin seat; and the settee is covered to correspond, and finished with gold lace and fringes.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ON the 1st of May will appear, in one volume 8vo. *Teologia Natural ó Pruebas de la Existencia y de los Atributos de Dios*, being a translation of Paley's *Natural Theology*, by Dr. D. J. L. de Villanueva, an eminent Spanish divine, at present residing in London.

In a few days will be published, *The Novice*, or the Man of Integrity, from the French of L. B. Picard, author of the *Gil Blas* of the Revolution, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

The venerable author of the *Man of Feeling*, Henry Mackenzie, Esq. is engaged on an autobiographical work, which cannot fail to be eminently interesting to the literary world, from the number of eminent characters with whom, during his long career, he has been intimately acquainted.

Mr. John Nichols has in great forwardness, *The Progresses, Processions, and Public Entertainments of King James I.* which will be printed uniformly with the "*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*," and form three handsome volumes, to be published periodically. It will contain, besides many interesting particulars, never before published, of the king's welcome reception in various corporation towns, and of his entertainment in the hospitable mansions of the nobility and gentry, complete copies of several tracts of extreme rarity, not to be separately obtained but at an enormous expense; among which are all the masques at court during his reign, including those performed by the gentlemen of the inns of

court, and as many of the London pageants of the period as can be met with. The whole will be illustrated by historical, topographical, biographical, and bibliographical notes, collected during the researches of not less than half a century.

Mr. J. G. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, is preparing for press an edition of *Shakspeare*, with notes.

A gentleman long resident in Italy has nearly ready for publication, the result of his observations among the higher orders there, under the title of *The English in Italy*, in 3 vols.

A new work is expected from the pen of Mr. Taylor of Ongar.

Speedily will appear, in two post 8vo. volumes, *November Nights*, a series of tales, by the author of "*The Innkeeper's Album*," &c.

Sir Jonah Barrington has announced his intention of immediately completing a work commenced by him some years since, under the title of *Historical Anecdotes of Ireland, with Secret Memoirs of the Union*. It will be published in ten numbers, embellished with forty portraits.

The Rev. Dr. Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Lord Burleigh*, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; with extracts from his private and official correspondence, and other papers not previously investigated. The work will form two 4to. volumes, and be ac-

accompanied by portraits and other engravings.

Mr. Parry, who is mentioned by Count Gamba and others as having been intimate with Lord Byron during the latter period of his residence in Greece, is about to publish a work on that subject, which, it is said, will differ considerably from every other account.

The *Poetical Works of the late Mrs. Barbauld*, with a memoir of the author, and also her *Correspondence and other Prose Works*, are preparing for publication, each in an 8vo. volume, by her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin.

Mr. Robert Proctor is preparing for press, a *Narrative of a Journey across the Cordilleras of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima and other Parts of Peru*, in 1823-4, in 1 vol. 8vo.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition opened on the 25th of April. Among the prominent contributors to it, if not in number of productions, at least in merit, we may reckon, Christall, Richter, Stephanoff, Wright, Hills, and Wild. In landscape, Fielding, Prout, Barrett, Robson, Cox, and Varley, take the lead. The society has this year two new members of some celebrity, Dewint and Cotman, whose pictures have not been before the public for many years. As we shall enter into a detailed account of this Exhibition in our next publication, we shall only add, that the number of pictures is greater than usual, and a considerable improvement has been made in the general arrangements.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS :

An Egotistical Poem.

PART III.

(Continued from p. 185.)

SUFFICE'T I was my mother's pride,
And to her apron-string was tied,
While on "my own" red stool I sate,
My book to con or contemplate.

With reverence I would here recur*,
While memory bleeds to think of her,
To paint her mild and placid brow,
And what a plague I was, and how,
With censure or judicious praise
Correcting my untoward ways,
She toil'd and strove by every art
T'instruct my head, to mend my heart.
Alas! I left that happy station,
To benefit my education;
And went to study Latin, Greek;
The latter only once a week;

* Few lived so loved, so calm and mild,
As he who once called me his child.
Alas! 'twas long ago that I
Beheld his fond paternal eye,
Leaned on his knee, and understood
The world held none so wise, so good.
I loved him; and his memory
Shall cherish till the day I die.

A plan most excellent for men
To learn what they'd forget again.
For me, alas! 'twas much too often;
No rhetoric, methought, could soften
The dire, terrific, cabalistic
Figures and sounds of that most mystic
Criss-cross row called alpha, beta:
Often, I thought, I'd rather meet a
Huge rav'nous beast in the highway,
Than have such crack-jaw words to say
As "A cow, oh! and eh! cow kine,
Twhoop! tommyth, on! and a cow sign*!"
And as for Latin, I must own,
I liked it not, and oft would groan,
Murmur, and call it useless stuff:
"One language surely is enough!
And who can talk to me," thought I,
"When I can speak these fluently?
No one. They're nonsense; and in vain
The scholar frets and racks his brain."
Such boyish reasoning now I find
To be a maxim with mankind.
"Always find fault with that which you
Don't understand or cannot do,"

* Alias

ἀλλῶς, ἢ ἄλλῳ,

τυπτόμεθον καὶ ἀκρίτειν.

S s 2

Cries Custom, as she speaks aloud
Through every gaper in a crowd.
'Tis every free-born Briton's right,
And seldom feels he such delight,
As when with modest confidence,
He doubts if others have his sense.
Who walk on foot discover pride
In thoughtless faces if they ride;
And ugly people feel disgust
E'en at a mole on beauty's bust.
The squire, whose music is the hounds,
Groans at the "concord of sweet sounds;"
While musical professors bland
Tell how that squire should let his land.
Thus every man throughout the nation
Doth works of supererogation.
But to return: the round I jogg'd,
Which schoolboys use, was praised and
flogged

Alternately; and, as I grew,
Added piecemeal to what I knew;
And much did learn with toil and pain,
Which memory hath let go again;
While arts that I acquired at play
Are fresh as though but yesterday
I drove the hoop in mimic chase,
Or fagged and dodged at "prisoner's
base."

Well. "Those were happy times," you'll
say;

And so think I, speaking compa-
ratively; for to increase my powers,
I roved the academic bowers:
And there they strove my thoughts to fix
On learning; but they still would mix
With fancies that across would stray
Of ancient Romans; how that they,
With knowledge only of *one* language,
Won their way quite from Rome to Sand-
wich;

And, o'er the wide transalpine earth,
Startled young Freedom into birth,
Amid the rude and wondering nations,
By Cæsarean operations.

Methought it was a nobler way
To fame than studying day by day,
Pent, as a prisoner, in some dark
And close room, like a berth i'th'ark.
But, ah! how different the fur-
niture! A scholar, like a cur
Gnawing a bone, snarls o'er his book
Alone with discontented look;
While Noah's passengers, elate,
Each to his cabin led a mate;
A lovely one no doubt, or Shem
And Ham and Japhet I condemn.

Yet all the ugly folks one sees
Must have descent from one of these!

(*To be continued.*)

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Accept, dear Kate, the votive lay,
To celebrate thy natal day;
And though no votary of the Muse,
Who thus to win her favour sues,
I yet adventure to rehearse
My rambling thoughts in rambling verse.

As seated in my elbow-chair
Last night, with mind quite free from care,
Morpheus threw his fetters round me,
And in soft slumbers gently bound me.
When, lo! a vision to my view,
Rais'd by his magic art, arose;
A sylph-like form, in robes of blue,
Garlands of roses crown'd her brows.
Her wings, like Psyche's, light as air,
Shone brilliant in the roving sunbeams;
The tresses of her silvery hair
Seem'd to mine eye like dazzling moon-
beams.

A silver wand she wav'd on high,
Then silence broke in dulcet tones,
So soft, so sweet, that minstrelsy
Might claim her own beloved ones:
"See'st thou yon maid with golden
hair,

She is my own peculiar care;
'Tis mine to watch her guileless heart,
To teach her virtue's better part;
To warn of error's dang'rous maze,
To lure from pleasure's winning ways;
To turn aside the venom'd dart,
Defeat the aims of winning art
To wound her peace, her rest destroy,
With carking care her breast annoy.
This is my task, and well repaid
Are all my cares by that sweet maid:
She's sportive as wing'd zephyrs are,
Graceful and gay and debonair;
As daughter, duteous and kind;
As friend, belov'd by all mankind.
She's form'd her station to adorn:
But soft—I scent the breath of morn—
I must away. Yet ere I go,
My purpose I would fully shew;
To-morrow's sun will light the morn
On which my lovely charge was born;
And with my fellows I would make
A joyous day of mirth and glee;
Keep holiday for her dear sake,
Leaving my task for once to thee.

Say, wilt thou take the charge I give?
If so I fly to yonder star;
In its bright beams my Uriel lives,
With him my pleasures I would share.
Careless we'll roam in boundless space,
Nor seek to find a resting-place,

Till night its shades around us throws,
And weary mortals seek repose.
Well pleas'd, I'll then resume my duty,
Nor wish again to quit my station
As guardian-sylph of youth and beauty:
Meanwhile to you I leave my proud voca-
tion."

She spoke, and vanish'd from my view;
The maiden, need I add, was you.

Such was my dream; and having told,
In halting rhymes, my visitation,
I now presume (don't deem me bold)
To change to strains of gratulation:
To wish thee many happy years—
Years of increas'd and added pleasure;
A bosom free from doubts and fears;
With Fortune's gifts in boundless measure.
Content and happiness be thine,
With health, that most especial blessing;
And may the pleasure still be mine,
To see thee all these joys possessing!

Now, fare thee well! Excuse my rude en-
deavour

To tell in rhyme how truly I am ever
Thy friend sincere; in true affection steady;
To serve thee willing, and to aid thee ready.

WM. COOKE STAFFORD.

YORK, March 8, 1825.

THE COMFORTS OF HOME:

A Parody on "Sweet Home."

By J. M. LACEY.

Howe'er we may wander, where'er we may
roam,
The world has no spot that can charm us
like home:
There peace ever smiles, and there hope
spreads her balm;
There friendship and love make the scene
ever calm.

Home, home, &c.

Man meets in the world only anguish and
care,
But he turns to his home, and finds sweet
solace there;
The wife of his breast, and the children of
love,
May emblem the joys of the mansions above.
How oft has the seeker of pleasure been
taught,
That the world's greatest joys are with
misery fraught!
Disappointed he turns to his dear home
again,
And soon finds his soul free from sorrow and
pain.

Then "Home" be our motto, and home be
the place
Where we still seek of life ev'ry comfort and
grace;
Oh! ne'er may it be our sad fortune to roam,
But find love and friendship united at home!
Home, home, &c.

EXTRACTS from a Volume of "POEMS*, by
the late Mrs. ELIZABETH COBBOLD, of Holy
Wells, Ipswich," just published.

I.

SONNET TO SPRING.

Breathe, gentle gales, that o'er my hawthorn
play,
And blythe, in wanton pastime, scatter
round
White blossoms, fragrant on the dewy
ground,
A mimic snow upon the breast of May!
I feel your balmy health-bestowing pow'r,
With ev'ry breeze successive pleasures
rise;
Bright curls the wave, clear spread the
azure skies,
And op'ning roses deck my tranquil bow'r.
Still'd is the soul, wild passion hush'd to rest;
The regulated pulses gently move;
And blameless friendship, peace, and hal-
low'd love,
Hold their bland empire in my quiet breast.
Then, vernal gales, your sportive flight
pursue,
And reason's pow'rs, with nature's charms,
renew!

II.

LINES ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. K——'S FAVOURITE NIGHTINGALE.

When languor late, with icy chain,
Confin'd the charms of Myra's strain,
Her Nightingale, with artless pride,
A melody responsive tried,
And breath'd his song in tender tone,
Subdued and soften'd like her own:
But when Hygeia brought the hour
That gave her voice its pristine pow'r,
When to her favourite lyre she sung,
And rapture on her accents hung,
To catch the clear expressive note;
Her darling swell'd his little throat
Like Strada's fabled bird. How vain
The task to emulate that strain!

* We are given to understand, that the profits arising from the sale of this volume of posthumous poems, are destined to be applied to charitable purposes. — EDITOR.

He felt his hour of triumph o'er,
And dreading now to charm no more,
On Myra's lip a kiss he prest,
A farewell flutter'd on her breast,
Collected all his fleeting breath
For one sad note, then sunk in death.

III.

EXTEMPORE

*On observing two young Ladies with Wreaths
of Ivy, which shaded their Faces.*

O'er the lone hermit's gloomy bow'r
Let baleful ivy spread,
And mantle round the sinking tow'r,
Or ruin'd castle's head.

On roseate cheeks and temples fair
Its branches ne'er should stray,
Since none can think the structure there
Is falling to decay.

IV.

LOVE'S PROGRESS:

A Song, from the French.

Infant Love, a harmless child,
Brush'd with playful feet the dew;
Round him Nature's beauty smil'd,
Ere his purple pinions grew.

Soon the boy's persuasive tongue
Soft complaints began to utter;
Fond on Psyche's breast he hung,
Tried his op'ning wings to flutter.

Having taught the gentle maid
Love with ardour to repay,
Quick, with changing plumes display'd,
Love took wing, and flew away.

V.

WAFTE KISSES.

Ah! hush'd be thy murmurs, thou soft-
breathing gale,
And light be thy wing as it sweeps o'er the
vale;
For know, gentle gale, on thy wing thou
dost bear
A kiss, that my tenderness trusts to thy care.

O yes, gentle gale, thou wilt visit my love,
Wilt meet his warm cheek as he strays
through the grove;
Then kindly convey the affectionate kiss,
And whisper "*Camilla* partakes in the bliss."

Should he sportively wish to return one to me,
And waft, gentle gale, the blest token by
thee,
Turn swiftly, and speed to my cottage thy
flight,
And breathe on my lip the transporting de-
light.

O thou, gentle zephyr, with me thou may'st
stay,
And round me, of love ever redolent, play;
My heart in thy sweetness his sweetness
shall prove,
And feel in thy breath the fond kiss of my
love.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

How sweet was Passion's early dream!
How bright the *ignis fatuus* shone!
But o'er this heart no more 'twill gleam—
'Tis gone! 'tis gone!

O Time! I little deemed that thou
So soon the cup of grief wouldst pour
Into the breast whose comfort now,
Alas! is o'er!

The flower that sweetly blooms in spring,
If through the air some Zephyr flies,
And o'er it wave its chilly wing,
How soon it dies!

So those of Love, which fondly grew
Around my heart, whereon they shed
A soft and more than heavenly dew,
Are blown and dead!

'Tis ever thus with human joys;
They live awhile—but in the shade
Of Sorrow, which their bloom destroys,
They quickly fade.

Though o'er the past my spirit grieve,
Why let it nurture thus despair?
Still let me live, and learn to leave
A world of care.

A. W. H.





THE Repository

OF

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V.

JUNE 1, 1825.

N^o. XXX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. FRONTISPIECE.	
2. CAEN-WOOD, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD	311
3. PIERCEFIELD, THE SEAT OF NATHANIEL WELLS, ESQ.	312
4. LADIES' DINNER DRESS	363
5. ——— BALL DRESS	ib.
6. A GOTHIC CHIMNEY-PIECE AND STOVE	365

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MISCELLANIES.		KIALLMARK'S Highland Air	
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—CAEN-WOOD, Middlesex, the Seat of the Earl of Mansfield	311	——— Arrangement of Bocsa's favourite Notturmo	ib.
Piercefield, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, the Seat of NATHANIEL WELLS, Esq.	312	CZERNY'S Variations on the Finale in "La Féc de France"	ib.
The Parting Gift	314	——— Rondeletto on a Cavatina in "L'Italiana in Algeri"	ib.
The Confessions of my Uncle. No. III.—The Story of Susan Gray, or the Spuister	317	TULOU'S Fantasia Brillante	346
Village Sketches near Paris. No. VI.	321	Select Flute Solos	ib.
GAELIC RELICS. No. XVII.—Iolar, Chief of the Fearshion, or Macphersons; and Plurana of the Clan Roshanach, or Ross	325	CALKIN'S Fantasia Brillante	ib.
DIDEROT and his red Morocco Slippers	329	EAVESTAFF'S Selection of French Melodies	ib.
History of FRANÇOIS MONNIER, a Monk of Paris	ib.	CLARKE'S Divertimento	347
AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORIES. No. II. The Origin of Dolls	333	EAVESTAFF'S "Oh! it is not while riches"	ib.
The Literary Coterie. No. IV.	335	FINE ARTS.	
ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.—Kosciusko—Lorenzo the Magnificent and Michael Angelo—The Honest Beggar—Voltaire—Louis XI.—The Seuderies—Henry IV.—Geneva	340	Exhibition of the Royal Academy	ib.
MUSICAL REVIEW.		Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours	357
HUMMEL'S Trio	343	Exhibition of the British Institution	361
BRUGUIER'S Preparatory Exercises	344	FASHIONS.	
LANZA'S "The Orphan Maid"	345	LONDON—FASHIONS.—Ladies' Dinner Dress	363
Bocsa's "Content," a Ballad	ib.	Ladies' Ball Dress	ib.
		French Female Fashions	364
		FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A Gothic Chimney-Piece and Stove	365
		INTELLIGENCE,	
		LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	366
		POETRY.	
		Eliza (extracted from "Lines written for the Benefit of the Inhabitants of the Island of Portland, who suffered from the late Storm, Nov. 1824")	ib.
		INDEX	368

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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.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the FIFTH VOLUME, THIRD SERIES.

No.	PAGE	No.	PAGE
XXV.	1. Frontispiece.	XXVIII.	20. View of Burghley-House . 187
	2. View of Bicton 1		21. ——— Powderham-Castle . 192
	3. ——— Bunney-Hall . . . 4		22. Ladies' Morning Dress . . 242
	4. Ladies' Head-Dresses . . 55		23. ——— Dinner Dress . . . 243
	5. ——— Evening Dress . . . ib.		24. A Sideboard 246
	6. View on Herne-Hill, Cam- berwell 58		25. Muslin Pattern.
	7. Muslin Pattern.	XXIX.	26. View of Dunster-Castle . 249
XXVI.	8. View of Wimbledon-House . 63		27. ——— Swainston 250
	9. ——— Pynes 64		28. Ladies' Morning Dress . . 302
	10. Ladies' Promenade Dress . 119		29. ——— Evening Dress . . . ib.
	11. ——— Evening Dress . . . ib.		30. Table, Chair, and Win- dow-Seat 305
	12. A Sofa, &c. 123		31. Muslin Pattern.
	13. Muslin Pattern.	XXX.	32. View of Caen-Wood . . . 311
XXVII.	14. View of Belvoir-Castle . 126		33. ——— Piercefield . . . 312
	15. ——— Moor-Park . . . 127		34. Ladies' Dinner Dress . . 363
	16. Ladies' Promenade Dress . 178		35. ——— Ball Dress ib.
	17. ——— Ball Dress 179		36. A Gothic Chimney - Piece and Stove 365
	18. Designs for Chairs . . . 182		
	19. Muslin Pattern.		

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PIERCEFIELD,
SEAT OF NATHANIEL WELLS, ESQ.

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F.W. Stockdale del. 6

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. V.

JUNE 1, 1825.

NO. XXX.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

CAEN-WOOD, MIDDLESEX, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

WITHIN the last century, the neighbourhood of the metropolis has been considerably improved by the erection of a great variety of pleasing and elegant mansions, and many spots, which were, even from their dreariness, considered dangerous, have now assumed quite a different character. The advantages attending the improvements which have taken place, especially the formation of several new roads and canals, are incalculable.

Few places in the immediate vicinity of town possess greater attractions than Hampstead or Highgate; the heath of the former being, from its numerous excavations and declivities, remarkably picturesque. The rising ground upon which those places are built is considered more healthy than any other so near London.

Vol. V. No. XXX.

Caen-Wood House, which forms the subject of our First Plate, is a very elegant structure, and is situated but a short distance to the north of Hampstead, in a small but richly wooded park, embellished with fine plantations and water. The present mansion was erected by the late Earl of Mansfield, and the design being chiefly of the Ionic order, the building has a very chaste appearance. The entrance is on the western side, but the Southern Front, which is exhibited in the annexed Engraving, commands a fine prospect of the metropolis and surrounding country. On each side extends a wing, with an entablature supported by three-quarter columns, one of which forms the library, and the other a conservatory. The interior is extremely imposing; the proportions of the several apartments and

T T

their numerous embellishments being allowed to surpass those of a similar nature in most of the seats of other noblemen. The music-room is particularly deserving of attention; its compartments, painted by Julius Ibbetson, display some interesting views in North Wales. The library also is very handsome, and contains a portrait of the first Earl of Mansfield, by Martin.

Among other works of art which adorn the different apartments, is Wilkie's celebrated picture of *the Village Politicians*. The portrait of the late Chief Justice Mansfield, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and which has been engraved, is not considered a faithful likeness of that nobleman. There are also some fine busts—of Homer, which was bequeathed by Pope to the late Lord Mansfield, Sir Isaac Newton, and the Earl of Mansfield, by the late Mr. Nollekins.

An eminent modern topographer, Mr. E. W. Brayley, speaking of Caen-Wood, justly observes, "that the place is rich in circumstances of natural beauty; the undulations are gentle, yet sheltering; and that deep mass of woodland, which imparts a

name to the domain, is an adjunct of the picturesque rarely found in the close vicinage of the metropolis. Art has been largely employed to complete the display, but all her operations have been guided by so fine a taste, that the patient examiner alone detects the parts indebted to her interference.

"A serpentine walk, nearly two miles in extent, conducts round the most interesting parts of the domain, and through large and venerable woods. In the course of this perambulation occur numerous pleasing views, varied between a comprehensive prospect of the metropolis and its immediate environs, and the more attractive points of home scenery."

Attached to the domain is a valuable farm, containing two hundred acres, which is kept in a high state of cultivation, and enables its present noble proprietor to employ many poor labourers who otherwise would become a burthen upon the parish.

For the above particulars, as also for the drawing from which our engraving was taken, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

PIERCEFIELD, NEAR CHEPSTOW, MONMOUTHSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF NATHANIEL WELLS, ESQ.

PIERCEFIELD is one of the most elegant modern structures erected during the last century, and, in respect to situation, it possesses advantages superior to some of the most celebrated residences of the nobility. The house stands in the centre of a park of more than six hundred acres, embellished with the finest plantations imaginable, and commands most

pleasing views of the river Severn, and the distant hills of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire.

This seat has passed through various hands, and among others of a man whose name will be ever revered (the late Valentine Morris, Esq.), and who experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune, and died, after seven years' confinement, in the King's

Bench, in a state of comparative indigence. The present edifice was erected by Sir Mark Wood, Bart. formerly chief engineer in Bengal, and consists of a centre and two wings, built of Bath freestone, with an elegant portico. The centre part of the building contains three stories, with a noble saloon paved with marble, and an elegant winding staircase, by Bonomi; the apartments are fitted up in the most costly manner, the walls being embellished with some fine designs in relievo. There is also some fine tapestry from the Gobelin manufactory in Paris, and which is said to have belonged to the unfortunate Louis XVI. The wings, which contain the library and billiard-room, are built in the Grecian style, and have a very elegant appearance: indeed, the character of the whole building, in point of chasteness of design, is rarely to be surpassed. The wings are highly ornamented, and on the summit of them are six figures from the heathen mythology.

In describing the scenery of Piercefield, a celebrated modern writer says, "The walks are carried through a thick mantle of forests, with occasional openings, which seem, not the result of art or design, but the effect of chance or nature; and seats are placed where the spectator may repose and view at leisure the scenery above, beneath, and around."—"This bowery walk," he further says, "is consonant to the genius of Piercefield; the screen of wood prevents the uniformity of a bird's-eye view, and the imperceptible bend of the amphitheatre conveys the spectator from one part of this fairy region to another, without discovering the gra-

dations. Hence the Wye is sometimes concealed or half obscured by overhanging foliage; at others, wholly expanding to view, is seen sweeping beneath in a broad and circuitous channel: hence, at one place, the Severn spreads in the midst of a boundless expanse of country, and on the opposite side of the Wye; at another, both rivers appear on the same side, and the Severn seems supported on the level summit of the cliffs which form the banks of the Wye. Hence the same objects present themselves in different aspects, and with varied accompaniments; hence the magic transition from the impervious gloom of the forest to open groves, from meadows and lawns to rocks and precipices, and from the mild beauties of English landscape to the wildness of Alpine scenery."

The walks extend nearly three miles, but the most remarkable features which they present to notice are the Alcove, the Grotto, the Double View, the Giant's Cave, and the Lover's Leap. To particularize their several beauties and attractions would far exceed the limits of this work, neither is it necessary, as they are to be found in most of the topographical accounts of Monmouthshire and the scenery on the Wye.

Strangers are allowed admittance, every Tuesday and Friday, to the grounds of Piercefield, the only approach to which is by the lodge, entering the park from the road leading to the village of St. Arvans, about a mile from Chepstow.

The lodges and park-wall were also built at the expense of Sir Mark Wood, at a time when provisions were extremely dear, and gave employment to many poor persons, who

otherwise would have been subjected to much distress.

A new road has lately been opened, leading by the park-wall under

the Wind-Cliff to Tintern Abbey.

The above particulars and the design for our view were also contributed by Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

THE PARTING GIFT.

FRANCOIS DUPONT succeeded, at the age of twenty-one, to a little property which had belonged to his uncle in the province of Touraine. Circumstances obliged him to go to Tours, and as he was rambling about, two or three days after his arrival in that city, a young girl, holding a basket, in which were a few bouquets of violets and primroses, presented it to him with a silent courtesy.

The graceful air of the young suppliant, and the modesty of her looks, so different from those of her class, interested him; he took one of her little nosegays, asking at the same time the price. "What you please to give," was the reply, delivered in a tone scarcely audible. Dupont presented her with a franc. The look of delighted surprise and grateful acknowledgment with which it was received, made him think that the sum, small as it was, was a treasure to her; and on making a few inquiries, he found his suspicions were just.

Her mother was a widow; they subsisted by needle-work, but the long illness of her parent had reduced them to great distress, and after parting by degrees with their little wardrobe, and few articles of furniture, Adele, who was scarcely twelve years of age, had recourse to this humble and precarious mode of obtaining some relief for her almost famished mother.

This little tale was told with an air of truth and simplicity which sensibly affected the good-natured Dupont; he added five francs to his gift, and the young girl, almost wild with joy, hastened home to procure immediate sustenance for her mother.

The little *marchande*, who had more prudence than is common at her age, had no sooner made the necessary purchases for her mother, than she hastened to lay out the rest of her money in such flowers as she could not before afford to buy: these she arranged in tasteful nosegays, and stationed herself with her basket in the most fashionable part of the city. The beauty of the flowers, and perhaps also the pretty and interesting countenance of the vender, soon procured her customers, and she returned in the evening with her flower-basket empty, and her little capital more than doubled.

Three days afterwards, François was passing the spot, when Adele ran after him with a sprig of hot-house roses. "Take them, sir, do pray take them!"—"Willingly, my dear," replied he, putting his hand in his pocket.—"Oh, no, sir, no money! You must indeed, you must condescend to accept of them: they have been purchased, with a great many more, out of your money; and I have sold them so well, that mother says, if our good fortune continues till she gets better, we shall

be able to buy materials for our work, and then I shall not sell flowers any more."—"She is quite right," said Dupont, who easily guessed that the prudent mother was desirous of withdrawing her blooming child from a situation so dangerous to her morals. "Here is my address, give it to your mother, and tell her to come to me as soon as she is able to go out." He walked on, resolving in his own mind to assist the good woman in placing the pretty Adele in a more eligible employment.

But while he was thus meditating the good of others, he was regardless of his own. Naturally unsuspicious, and very fond of play, he became a prey to a sharper, who, after suffering him, as is usually done by these gentry, to win several times, at last pretended one evening to be so piqued at his ill fortune, that he demanded a meeting for the next morning, in order to take his revenge. Dupont accepted the challenge, repaired in the morning to the appointed place, and before evening quitted it a beggar.

For some days previous to this event he had not seen Adele, but in returning to his lodgings, he passed by the spot where she stationed herself; but too much absorbed in his own misfortunes to think of any thing else, he would not have noticed her, had she not stopped him. "Ah, my God! what is the matter, sir? what has happened to you?"

"Nothing."

"But you tremble, you look wild, you must be ill then!"

"No, I tell you," and he looked her sternly in the face; but perceiving that she was pale as death, and had been weeping, his heart softened.

"Poor child, what has happened to you?"

"Ah, sir! I am very unhappy! I cannot sell my flowers: during some days past, I have taken scarcely any thing, and my mother is worse." Dupont's hand was put instinctively into his pocket, but, alas! he had emptied it completely; nothing remained but a lottery-ticket, which he had bought some time before. "I have no money," said he, "but take this: it will sell at least for the price of a morsel of bread." He darted away as he finished these words, and shutting himself up in his lodgings, gave vent during some hours to a despair happily too violent to be of long duration. When it had a little subsided, he began, Frenchman-like, to look his fate in the face, with the intention of making the best of it; and the result of his meditations was, a resolution to enlist, in the hope that Fortune would be more favourable to him in the field, than she had been at the gaming-table.

Let us leave him to win her smiles as he may, and return to Adele, who hastened to her mother with a heart full of grief and pity for her benefactor; for she easily saw he was unhappy, though she could not divine the cause. Her mother sympathized in her feelings; but could by no means consent to make the use he had desired of the billet. "It will bring so little," said she, "and who knows what may happen? To be sure, the chances are a thousand to one against us, but still there is a chance. Your flowers are still tolerably fresh; you may therefore sell some of them to-morrow, and the next day the lottery will be drawn."

How did the good woman exult

in her precaution, when she found that the number was a prize of forty thousand francs! Adele's joy was not less; but her first thought was of Dupont. "Oh! let us go to him," said she, "to tell him our good fortune, and to share it with him!" They hastened to his lodgings, but he had quitted them the day before, and no one knew what had become of him.

The mother of Adele placed the amount of the prize in the funds. The interest which it brought was more than sufficient for the wants of people who had never possessed an income half so large, and whose desires were as simple as their condition: they lived happy and respected; and Adele advanced to womanhood, with the reputation of being the best and prettiest girl in Tours.

Time rolled on without bringing any tidings of their benefactor, much to the regret of Adele, who often said to her mother, "Ah! we shall never see him again, never have the happiness of expressing our gratitude to him!"—"Have patience, my child," the good woman always replied; "he will return at the moment when he is least expected."

Full of the idea that her mother's words might be prophetic, Adele never passed a stranger without stealing a look to see if it was her benefactor; but she looked in vain, and when five years had passed, she began to lose all faith in her mother's prediction.

One evening, as she was walking with one of her young companions, she chanced to pass near two soldiers, one of whom said to the other, "Come, cheer up, man! I never saw you look glum before, but you have been possessed with the blue devils

ever since you arrived here."—"And with reason," replied the other in a melancholy tone, "for this place has been very fatal to me."

Adele could not see the face of the speaker, but the voice was sufficient. "God be praised," cried she, "my dear benefactor, that I see you once more!"

"Me, mademoiselle! I your benefactor! Impossible, there is some mistake."

"Oh, no, no! Do not you remember Adele, the little flower-girl, to whom you gave a lottery-ticket? I am Adele, and the number was a great prize. Ah! we should not have been so happy in the enjoyment of it if we had known——"

She stopped—she was upon the point of saying, if we had known that you wanted it yourself; but her natural delicacy checked the words, and she proceeded more calmly to tell him the amount of the prize, and the manner in which it was placed, concluding with a request, which we may believe was not made in vain, that he would be so good as to go with her to her mother's.

Perhaps the good matron would have been better pleased had she found her benefactor a rich gentleman, instead of a poor soldier, but she had too strong a sense of gratitude to hesitate a moment as to how she ought to act; and as she was not troubled with her daughter's delicacy, she came at once to the point by bluntly declaring, that they could never be happy in the enjoyment of all that money while it was clear he wanted it himself: he must therefore divide it with them, and she was ready to do so as soon as he pleased.

The ice once broken, Adele seconded her mother warmly. The

young soldier, intoxicated with such unexpected good fortune, declared he would have all or nothing. "Yes," continued he, "Adele is in my eyes a treasure a thousand times more precious than all the gold in the world. If she is disengaged, bestow her upon me; if she is not, keep what God has given you by my hands to make her happy with the man of her heart."

The good mother looked at her daughter, then, without asking any question, placed her hand in that of the young soldier, and prayed God to bless their union. Her prayers were heard, for it is a most happy one: Dupont obtained his discharge, invested his wife's fortune in land, and is at this moment one of the most thriving and industrious farmers in Touraine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.—No. III.

THE STORY OF SUSAN GRAY, OR THE SPINSTER.

(Continued from p. 213.)

THE palpitation of my heart kept increasing as the footsteps of my friend approached nearer and nearer to the door. The surprise and joy which beamed on her countenance as she recognised me brought the roses, after many years' absence, into her cheeks, and gave her an appearance of youth and health, which in a few moments vanished; and I found that my poor friend bore stronger traces of the hardness of her fate than her increase of years. My wife arrived: the confidence between these females was renewed; and Susan, through the medium of "my better half," made me acquainted with all the changes and chances of her life during our absence.

"I cannot help feeling," said the sufferer, "that the Almighty gave me some presentiment of what I had to endure, by the encouragement which he has bestowed to prepare for the worst. I had the same desires, wishes, and feelings as other women; but the books which I have perused, and hourly experience, did even in our more prosperous circumstances seem to warn me that I ought not to live merely for the day, but told me to be-

come independent of the world for pleasure, and to cultivate every resource within myself which I could, as I should have need of all my self-possession. Take no pleasures, cried reason, upon trust; divest yourself of prejudices; think for yourself; and if from this you find yourself inclined to be dictatorial, correct it with humility; believe that other people know as much as you, until you have reason to find it otherwise. Heaven knows that I had occasion for all this schooling; and I do declare to you, my only friend," she added, "most sincerely, that amidst all my trouble, nay, I may say, sometimes the misery which I have felt, I firmly believe, that, through the consolation which religion has afforded me, I have been even happier than those who wear a gayer semblance.

"Some time after you left us, my cousin Monro made his appearance in our city: he had been a sad wild youth, at least so I had been informed; and I freely confess to you, that my prejudices for once got the better of my judgment, and I determined to dislike him: but, alas! I fell into the other extreme. He condescended

to visit us frequently: he romped with my younger sister Marianne; but with cousin Graveairs, as he called me, his behaviour was such as to palliate many errors which report had fathered on him. He appeared heartily sorry for those imprudences with which I taxed him; he denied other charges; and the first I perhaps too readily attributed to early indulgence. Cut off by the narrowness of our circumstances from mixing in that kind of society from which I might have profited, I had indeed great need of inward consolation, and of studies for which I had long owned a predilection. With much fagging, for my ear is radically defective, I contrived to manage a sonata: my eyesight, as you know, is none of the best, yet I attempted drawing; nay, I at length could copy so correctly as to puzzle my poor dear parent, who was indeed no judge, to decide which was the original. I recovered all the little Italian and French I had learned at school. In fact, I tried every thing to keep myself unexpensively employed; and if I mended stockings or altered gowns all the morning, I thought I was justified in resorting to accomplishments for the rest of the day, when nothing important solicited my attention. Sometimes indeed these continued exertions would become irksome, and then with a sigh I would exclaim, 'For what is all this care?' I had no friend to encourage my progress; my poor mother was incapable of giving any opinion, except a partial one, of my attainments. You had left us, and I sometimes thought that to have had some one who would even have blamed my productions would have been a luxury.

"My sister Marianne, caressed on

account of her great beauty, had no taste for study even of the lighter kind. She did nothing but what she was obliged to do; she affected to despise that society which she was debarred visiting, and would, rather than be alone, descend to that of which she was ashamed, and from which she could gain no information. She became fretful and ill-natured, and suffered the narrowness of our income to keep her in a constant state of irritation, instead of rising superior to it. It was at this period that, disgusted, or affecting to be disgusted, with a town life, cousin Monro was constantly at our cottage: he was a relation, in some measure therefore a privileged person, for our family were under heavy obligations to his father. He became indeed, in spite of letters written to his father, who despised my mother's fears, our universal *chaperon*; and from the time he began to visit us until his final absence, the days flew, and the serenity of the horizon caused us to believe that no tempest would ever disfigure it. Monro had been bred at college; he argued mildly, he drew, he painted, and he played. At once he put me, if not in a royal, at least into a pleasant, road to accomplishments and knowledge in those points which I had been most anxious to attain: he spread my palette; he lent me elementary books; and then for me, he might romp whole days with Marianne, so he condescended to contribute ten minutes to my improvement.

"At length," continued Susan, "the time arrived for Monro to revisit London, and we parted. My sister shed a flood of tears while he gave the permitted salute, and I affected to laugh at her sentimenta-

lity. Alas! they little thought what was passing in my heart; but I endeavoured, under the guise of indifference, to veil the distress I felt at his departure; and though I worked on the materials which he had left me, to dissipate *ennui*, I became dissatisfied with my exertions. Marianne was for a time absolutely frantic for his loss: she even dared to commence a correspondence with Monro. This at once opened my eyes more than ever to the necessity of acquiring self-possession. I was not long in examining the state of my heart. Silly girl, I exclaimed, who, in the pride of your attainments, fancied you were proof against the attacks of passion, how have you suffered your heart to be surprised by a false security! and the poverty of our family coming to my aid, brought with it its pride also. Alas! while I kept assuring my heart that in truth it must exist alone in single blessedness, that imperious circumstances must oblige me to dwell on the idea only of happiness, while I was schooling this heart to become acquiescent in its fate, that heart was nearly breaking, when Marianne became dangerously ill of a fever, and I recovered my liberty. I had but just begun to harbour discretion and composure when Monro was again with us, but not as before. Consciousness of what had passed caused me to shew a more than usual reserve in his presence, which evidently chagrined him. Marianne recovered; but as if misery was yet to be our portion, he studiously avoided her. He more than ever attached himself to me, and at length dropped inuendos, which, although I pretended not to hear, I must have been

a fool not to have understood. What was the end of this? One day having by the greatest chance caught me alone, he made a serious avowal of his passion, and an offer of his hand. The dormant joys of surprised love threw me off my guard. I stammered out a something, and escaped from him. Breathless and faint, I threw myself on my bed, overcome with conflicting emotions. Happiness in its most alluring shape seemed bursting upon me; but when I attempted to catch it, it escaped my grasp. Prudence intruded herself; my dependent situation alarmed my pride; Monro's fortune I knew to be very uncertain, particularly if he married against his father's wishes: but stronger impossibilities than these appeared before me. The ghost of Marianne seemed in imagination to upbraid me, and to accuse me of a sister's murder. I felt choked; but checking this nervous feeling, and applying myself to him who can alone administer to the mind diseased, I became in a little time perfectly composed. I appeared gayer than usual, and was accused by my sister of laughing at her misery, while my own wounds were scarcely healed. Night after night was I kept awake by the sorrows of Marianne, whose grief for her cousin's coolness betrayed itself in all the agonies of distress. Monro, she declared aloud, hated her: but little did she think that I, her confidante, was the innocent cause of all this. What would have been the consequence, I know not, when an anonymous billet was put into my hands, and somewhat altered the state of things. This letter accused my cousin of being engaged even now in an illicit amour in Lon-

don; and summoning all my fortitude, I lost no time in reading to him this communication. Steeped as he was in crime, the suddenness of this charge overwhelmed him, and he left me abashed: but the lesson it gave him wounded his pride, and he quitted us once more. He did not, however, do this till he had offered, in all the eloquence of a lover, to give up this amour, and to invoke my pity when his errors were amended: but of this there seemed little hope. Some of his letters I was obliged to receive from London, or he threatened to lay open the whole affair to my mother; and this, owing to the state in which she was, would have probably cost her life. I could not help pitying him, and would willingly have assisted his reformation: but at one time I dreaded lest suicide should send him prematurely before an offended Maker; at another time a fever, which he had suffered himself to be hurried into upon my account, threatened his existence; and I was besought by his father to save the life of his child. I lost no time in breaking this passion of Monro's to Marianne; but she did not view it in the objectionable light which I did. To add to my embarrassment, I received a letter from the unfortunate woman who had been attached to Monro, beseeching me to save her and her child: this was conclusive. I was now worn to a shadow; my regrets at his fate, in whose destiny my own seemed to be involved, severely injured my health: you, my only friend, were absent, and without any one to whom I could confide the cause of my sorrow, the disease preyed upon itself. I dreaded each night the return of day, and yet at

times I felt cheerful; for my conscience seemed void of offence.

"I dare say I have not suffered more than a hundred other young women; but egotism and vanity magnify the bitterness of individual fate. At length my poor mother died; and at this time Marianne's health mended, and her spirits appeared to rise in proportion as the sadness of the scene around her seemed to call for greater grief. How shall I tell the rest!" said the innocent sufferer. "Scarcely was our dear mother resting in the grave, when Marianne was missing: she married Monro, who, after this, dared to write to me, and informed me that, despairing of ever persuading me to unite my fortunes with his, he had married one, who was only dear to him as being sister to the only woman he had ever really loved. What a composition is human nature! To enforce the sincerity of his reformation, he told me, that the woman who had lived with him, and whom the world said he had seduced, had gone off with another.

"Say then, my friend, heartbroken, a solitary wanderer on the face of the earth, what should I have done without that little self-possession which I had acquired, or the solaces of that religion which has never left me? But wretched and isolated as I was, I soon gained a comparative composure, when again I was called to fresh exertions. The small annuity left us would just have maintained with economy myself and sister, if we had lived together; but she had with her share to maintain a disinherited husband also. Compunction and disappointment called for a thousand aids from a man dissatisfied with himself, and expensive

in his habits. The consequence was, that this unhappy couple soon became insolvent, and I was resorted to for support, not pecuniary aid alone, but also advice and fortitude. Compelled to visit London, where they resided in a very humble state, I found my sister fast travelling to that land from which no one returns; consumption and neglect preying upon her. The man whom I confess to you I did once love, now formed a walking picture of despair. Could I see this, and not compassionate their situation? I cannot even now dwell on the awful catastrophe.

Marianne soon sunk into a premature grave. Monro lingered some time after, when an apoplectic fit closed his existence, bequeathing the urchin, whom you noticed on my arrival, to my care. Still, from their sincere, though late repentance, I rejoice in the belief, that the spirits of those we love are sometimes permitted to view with delight my endeavours to supply the place of a parent to their child." Saying this, she snatched the boy to her heart, and by the warmth of her kisses fully shewed the sincerity of her affection.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. VI.

THE Carnival at Paris might be more splendid, but I doubt if it was half so merry, as ours. All the villagers, of every age and sex, exerted themselves to render the *fête* of *Mardi-gras* as gay as possible; and Nature seconded their efforts, for the day was one of the finest I ever saw: clear, mild, serene, it resembled rather the end of April than the middle of February.

During the preceding week we had been reminded more or less of the Carnival by strolling parties of masquers, who paraded the village chanting merry roundelays, and stopping occasionally before the houses of such of the *bourgeois* as are popular among them, to dance, or to hold characteristic dialogues. These Carnival frolics were, however, only indications of the gala of Shrove-Tuesday, when the whole population turned out. Happy was the he or she who could raise thirty sous or a franc to pay for a habit; for on these occasions the masquerade ware-

houses of Paris take care to send a part of their old wardrobes to the neighbouring villages; while those who were not able to hire one, contrived, with a singular degree of dexterity, to convert their daily attire into something that would answer the purpose. Thus a pretty village girl, whose slender purse could not reach to the faded finery of a shepherdess of the opera, managed to make a creditable appearance as a Norman peasant, by clubbing her hair under a *bonnet montant*, and borrowing her grandmother's long-waisted gown; while her sweetheart, who might have appeared with propriety in his own smock-frock as a waggoner, lent it to his friend the tailor, who, in return, furnished him with as much list as enabled him to convert his Sunday waistcoat into a harlequin's jacket. I could not help smiling at the sight of the grotesque groups who paraded about, quite satisfied that they were dressed in the best style, and amusing themselves

with a heartfelt glee, that it did me good to witness; some dancing, others singing, and not a few talking in character with a sprightliness and *naïveté* that one could not expect to find in clowns. The merry jest, the sprightly repartee, were bandied about with a gaiety, that spleen itself could scarcely have looked on without partaking; and yet at the moment that I laughed with all my heart at their frolics, I felt that I should not like to see my country-people exhibit themselves in the same manner. The national character is so totally different, that what sits well and even gracefully upon them, would appear *outré* in us. Even a refined Englishman does not appear to advantage in masquerade; but a peasant endeavouring to support an assumed character, would most likely remind one of the gambols of the ass when he attempted to imitate the lap-dog.

The *bourgeois* on these occasions contribute more or less by trifling donations to the amusement of their poor neighbours, who expend the money thus given in music and refreshments for a dance. This time the enjoyment of the rustics was complete, for the weather enabled them to have it in the open air, much to the annoyance of Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil, who covers her detestation of every thing that looks like festivity by a pretended regard to the solemnity of the season. "They have none of them missed prayers this morning," said the *curé* mildly to her when she was haranguing on the subject the next day. She could not feel the gentle rebuke, though she was silenced by it; but she makes herself amends by anathematizing the blind indulgence of the good pas-

tor, which she does not scruple to say will be the means of leading his flock to perdition.

One house, and one only, in the village shewed that its owner did not participate in the gaiety with which the Carnival filled every other heart: it was the cottage of the widow Marcel. For five years its doors and windows have been regularly closed on each return of this day; for five years its afflicted mistress has passed those hours so mirthful to others in solitude and silence: prostrate in humble submission before that Almighty Power whose awful fiat tore from her all she loved in this world, she sees in her loss the consequences of her own rash pride and blind temerity.

Some years ago this unfortunate woman was the happiest of the villagers; her own skill in needle-work, and that of her only child, provided her with the means of living decently. Every body agreed that the widow Marcel had but one fault, pride; and every body was inclined to excuse that pride when its object was her daughter: the mother who would not have been proud of Agathe must indeed have been more or less than human, for never did a lovelier or a better girl breathe. Superior in mind as well as person to her station, no look or word ever proved that she thought herself so. Kind, though not familiar with the villagers, mixing rarely in their sports or pleasures, but ever ready to assist them in distress, or to sooth them in sorrow, Agathe was looked up to as a superior being by all around her: her fond mother saw and felt that superiority, and founded upon it hopes, the disappointment of which drew upon her the bitterest affliction.

A retired merchant came to live at some distance from the village; he was accompanied by his nephew, whom he meant to make his heir. This young man was captivated by the beauty of Agathe: under pretence of employing her mother, he found his way to their cottage. The native delicacy and good sense of Agathe taught her that his visits ought to be discouraged; but her mother, secure in the virtue of her child, and hoping every thing from the effect that her charms evidently produced on Valmont, was deaf to her wishes. She triumphed in the progress of the young people's attachment: Valmont indeed was rich, and her daughter poor; but in birth they were nearly equal, and as Valmont's uncle doted upon him, the widow flattered herself that he would not suffer money to be an obstacle to his happiness.

Valmont had not the fortitude to contradict this hope, though it was one that he did not dare to cherish: but his uncle was old and very infirm; a few years therefore would probably render him his own master: could he then bind Agathe to himself by the interchange of vows, the time was probably not far distant when they could be ratified at the altar. She yielded to his reiterated prayers; they plighted their faith, and two days afterwards the uncle of Valmont announced to him his intention of going immediately to pass the summer in a distant province.

This was a blow to both. Valmont sought by the tenderest protestations to reassure his weeping, trembling mistress, who saw him depart with a sad presentiment, that they should meet no more. Yet it was not that she doubted of his

truth; she could have staked her life upon it; and even when weeks and months passed without a line from him, her faith in his constancy remained unshaken: but her fears for his health, and even for his life, became every day stronger. The suspense was beginning visibly to affect her health: her mother's belief in his fidelity was shaken; she saw her child withering before her eyes, and thinking that a knowledge of the worst might, by rousing her to exertion, work her cure, she determined to ascertain the truth.

She had recourse to one whose advice, had she before taken it, would have preserved the peace of her child. The *curé* had warned her of the danger to her Agathe's happiness when she first admitted Valmont beneath her roof; but blinded by ambition, she heeded him not. She now applied to him to learn if Valmont was living. Ah! how did the poor Agathe count the moments till the answer arrived! Valmont was well, and supposed to be on the point of marriage; and Agathe heard this news with calmness: she shed no tears; she uttered no complaints; and the deceived mother congratulated herself upon the firmness with which she bore up against the blow.

From that time she evidently exerted herself to appear more cheerful: the rose again bloomed upon her cheek; but it was not as before, the delicate glow which only emotion or exercise deepened to vermilion, but the bright deep red too often occasioned by that life-consuming malady, which, in its earlier stages, borrows the appearance of health. Her wasting form and total loss of appetite soon, however, alarmed the fond mother: she became anxious to get

her as much as possible into the open air; and as the only means of inducing her to leave her work, she frequently pretended a desire of going out herself.

The Carnival was as usual a time of relaxation in the village. Agathe had, on different pretences, excused herself from going out during the first days; but on the Shrove-Tuesday she could no longer withstand her mother's entreaties not to let the last day pass without partaking in the mirth of their neighbours. She walked down the village leaning on her mother's arm; the honest rustics every where crowded round her, and congratulated her on looking so well. Never indeed had she appeared more beautiful: always alive to the desire of pleasing her mother, the delight which she saw beaming in her countenance, lighted up her own with a degree of animation to which it had long been a stranger.

They seated themselves on a bench in the middle of the village, opposite to a group who were dancing. A post-chaise passed at full speed; it stopped suddenly; a gentleman sprang from it, and in a moment Agathe was clasped in the arms of Valmont. "My Agathe, my love, we meet to part no more!"—"Dearest Valmont, you have not then deceived me?"—"Never! never!"—"And I thought, I believed—oh! forgive!" and with these words her spirit fled for ever.

Let me draw a veil over the grief that I cannot paint. The unfortunate girl had fallen a victim to the worldly-minded policy of Valmont's uncle: he had removed his nephew because he discovered their attachment; but well aware that open opposition would avail nothing with a temper like Valmont's, he had intercepted his letters, and by a stratagem

that was but too successful, persuaded him of the falsehood of Agathe; at the same time that, by circulating an unfounded report of his intended marriage with another, he dealt a death-blow to the confiding girl. He was beginning to triumph in the success of his plan, when the hand of death caused him to view it in another light; and in bequeathing his fortune to his nephew, he revealed what alone could render it welcome—the innocence and truth of his Agathe.

No sooner were his uncle's remains consigned to the tomb, than Valmont hastened to claim the bride now dearer than ever to his fond heart. He came; he saw her blooming, as he thought, in health and beauty, and he received her a corpse in his arms.

Valmont still lives; happier than the mother of the lost Agathe, he exists insensible of his misfortunes. From that hour his reason fled. One idea, and one only, has constant possession of his mind—he conceives that he is always on the point of setting out to join his beloved. His friends humour this harmless fancy; and though every day fresh obstacles to his journey are supposed to arise, he still, with the happy unconsciousness of his situation, looks forward to having his wishes accomplished on the morrow.

Alas! for the poor mother! who nourishes in her bosom the bitter conviction, that her ambition conducted her daughter to the tomb, what consolation can she find? One and one only remains for her—the hope that her penitence and tears will expiate her fault; and that, in a few short years, perhaps months, she may rejoin in a happier world that child so lovely and so worthy to be loved.

E.

GAELIC RELICS.—No. XVII.

IOLAR, CHIEF OF THE FEARSHION, OR MACPHERSONS; AND PLURANA OF
THE CLAN ROSHANACH, OR ROSS.

WHEN a boy, I took great pleasure in hearing those recitations, and now reflect with much surprise on the ease and rapidity with which a person could continue them for hours, without hesitation or stopping, except to give the argument or prelude to a new chapter or subject. One of the most remarkable of these reciters in my time, was Duncan Macintyre, a native of Glenlyon, in Perthshire, who died in September 1816, in his ninety-third year. His memory was most tenacious; and the poems, songs, and tales, of which he retained a perfect remembrance to the last, would fill a volume. Several of the poems are in the possession of the Highland Society of London, who settled a small annual pension on Macintyre a few years before his death, as being one of the last who retained any resemblance to the ancient race of bards. When any surprise was expressed at the strength of his memory and his great store of ancient poetry, he said, that, in his early years, he knew numbers whose superior stores of poetry would have made his own appear as nothing. This talent was so general, that to multiply instances would appear superfluous. A few years ago the Highland Society of London sent the late Mr. Alexander Stuart through the southern Highlands, to collect a few remains of Gaelic poetry. When he came to this house, a young woman in the immediate neighbourhood was sent for, from whose recitations he wrote down upwards of three thousand lines; and had she been desired, she could have given him many more. So correct was her memory, that, when the whole was read over to her, the emendations were trifling. When she stopped to give the transcriber time to write, she invariably took up the word immediately following that at which she paused. The girl had peculiar advantages, as her father and mother possessed great stores of Celtic poetry and traditions. Several of them are in possession of the Highland Society of London.—*STEWART'S Sketches of the Highland Character.*

IN connection with the above authenticated statements, the specimens of Highland poesy we have recently presented to the reader will serve to illustrate the character of clans, who, from the chieftain to the lowest retainer, had their sentiments formed upon the models of ancient heroes, the objects of their enthusiastic admiration. It appears from the following *Ouarskal*, and from many other remains of the bards, that though they extolled valour as the noblest of qualities, they discouraged feud and indiscriminate aggression. In a fragment, entitled *Iolar*, or the Eagle, chief of the Fearshion, or Macphersons; and *Plurana*, the pleasant daughter to the chief of Roshanach, or clan Ross, the bard is represented in discourse with the young heir apparent of the chief of this clan (Macpherson), a lineal though remote descendant of *Iolar*. In that era no youth could be accounted presumptive chief until "he had earned his fame;" or, in other words, had distinguished himself by warlike enter-

prise. It would seem that *Caslua*, the swift-footed, though conspicuous in the chase, had obtained no opportunity "to shine as a meteor of battle," and he disclosed to his aged friend the impatient ardour of his aspiring mind. *Caslua*, or *Faoghaid*, means swift-footed in starting game.

"From the dim shades of years long passed away the billows of grief flow over the soul of the aged. He looks on every side for the friends of his early hours, when the bow of the hunter and the lance of the hero gave fame to his hand; but new faces meet his failing eye: the faces of his friends live only in his breast."

"Son of song," replied *Caslua* of the swiftest steps on the hills, "son of song, thy words are on my soul as clouds of evening on the orb of day. As the roe with his feet of wind I climbed the mountain, and from high cliffs my sight stretches far, while joy arises by wood or vale, river or rippling tides of the lake; since in each I find the sport of the chase, or lure fenny multitudes to smoke

amidst feasts of shells in the halls of my fathers. If I turn to the towers of Coirtanas, my glowing thoughts are with the maid of mildest beauty, Ceanalta, in her bower, filling the air with the music of her voice, and in my soul I behold her white hand gliding along the many-stringed harp. Must these my buds of joy wither and fall in the winter of age?"

"Dark, chilly, and sad is the winter of age; yet beams of renown come back from days long past to cheer the gloom. Few are the falling hairs of Coirtanas*, and the strength of his limbs shall no more bear him first in the chase of the forest, or the furious struggle of foes; but age sits smiling on his brow, for his banners are gilded by the brightest sun of renown. A long line of heroes have borne them from fields of victory; and the grandsire of Ceanalta, the chief of even-handed justice, by the wisdom of his words and the might of his steel, allayed the feuds of many clans."

"Son of gathered years, it may be thine to praise the words that stay the uplifted arm of feud; thy fame has echoed over land and sea: but in the mouth of bards the name of Faoghaid has no voice. He burns to win a high sound in the strife of danger, and to calm the storm of feud with his gore-dripping lance. Shall the young chief of the Fearshion feel the down of manhood on his cheek, and breathe unknown among the mighty in arms? Shall the soft eye of Ceanalta sparkle with no glance of pride in his deeds? nor the roar of battle in other lands give

answer to the echo of his terrible steel?"

"The spirit of high-descended fathers flames bright in thy soul of fire, O young chief of the Fearshion! leader of a race of the brave shalt thou shine, and great shall be thy name in the mouth of bards. Yet seek not to stir the smouldering embers of feud; their flame-crested smoke will shoot even to the skies, and they are quenched but with the blood of the valiant and the tears of beauty."

"The gushing blood of the valiant and the fast-dropping tears of beauty gnaw not the high heart like the grief of a name unknown. When shall Faoghaid in his deeds reveal to the nations the fire of his kindled soul? Let him die, or shine a meteor in the fight of heroes."

"The blood of Iolar beats at the high heart of the young chief of the Fearshion. Such was he in youth; and lovely as Ceanalta was the bride of his love, Plurana: but soon the broken light of the stars shewed their ghosts sailing on fleecy clouds over an early grave. They were wrapped in the devouring flame of feud; and heroes from shores remote, with spear at rest, come to add a stone to the *cairn* of valour and loveliness. May the years of Faoghaid and Ceanalta stretch to the deepest mists of age! may unclouded sunshine be the light of their paths! but never may Faoghaid be the first to break a bond of peace. It is enough for a hero to meet danger firm in heart and with unshrinking foot; but the breath that blows the embers of feud shall be stifled by the ashes. Iolar was brightest among the sons of renown. No squall from the voice of little men unsheathed

* Primogenitor and chief of the Gordons: his name implies rectitude and dominion.

his sword: yet if it gleamed in his grasp, the death of hosts sat on the point. Overpowered by sorrow, he gave his life to the foe: he died; for all his joy had sunk to the narrow house, and the aged lives but to spread the echo of his fame."

"Son of song, let Faoghaid re-echo the sigh of thy breast! Whence came the waters of grief over the hero of heroes?"

"The aged recalls days of other years far removed. Whence arose the waters of grief? They gathered in a nuptial song from the halls of the mighty. The names of Iolar and Plurana are on every breeze; and the spirits of their valiant fathers bend down from moon-cheered skies to rejoice in their joy. The oak of the feast flashes streams of light through the vaulted halls, and chiefs are loud in the strength of shells. But who is he that wears on his brow the scowl of sullen wrath, as the bird of night in a dusky grove murmurs low to the rising tempest? It is the brother of Plurana—the blustering, dark Miorunach. Wherefore are thy rage-boding frowns, chief of the loaded shaggy brows? Does thy contracted gloomy mind restore the day when Iolar the eagle among the sons of chiefs soared beyond the son of the Roshanach in a sportful combat? The red eye of Miorunach fixes on the love of Plurana a menacing gaze, more fierce than the noontide sun upon the waving brands of warriors rushing to the fight. His glances of hate are not unmarked by Iolar; and his fiery valour repays the glances of disdain. Wrathful words burst from the lips of Miorunach; Iolar returns the threat: but Coirtanas, the chief of even-handed

justice, the light of wisdom, the edge of the two-edged power of assembled clans, has stilled the rising gusts of choler. They die away as changing squalls of spring in a wooded valley of young roes. With the wound of pride festering in his bosom, Miorunach withdraws to the sea-beat shore. His berlin is manned for the coasts of the Roshanach; and Iolar and Plurana foresee not the storm bursting on the land of the Fearshion. As the hunter on the heath sleeps the deep slumber of weariness, while the red lightnings of heaven quiver before his eyes, and thunders follow peal on peal, or as his dreams give back the glad-some toils of the day, he whistles to grey swift-footed dogs, or in fancy draws the twanging bow-string: so Iolar and Plurana repose in shadowy hope of smiling years, though the coming day advances to sorrow. The Roshanach joins a host to the furious warriors of Miorunach, gathered from every field of strife in Eastern climes. The broad-winged flame is in the towers of the chief of the Fearshion. He embattles his powers, and with the big tear trembling in her soft blue eye, Plurana and her damsels extinguish the fire enkindled by a brother to consume the turrets of her spouse. But who shall stop the wild-burning feud? It is quenched only by the blood of heroes and the streaming eyes of beauty. From the high walls of her castle, Plurana with straining sight follows the stately steps of her hero striding to the deadly fray. She wishes to be with him in some cave of the rock, where sea-fowl lay their eggs for the sons of misfortune. Her white hands are spread in terror when he mingles in

the loud maddening struggle of foes. Contending clans, as the fiercest rage of winds on beetling cliffs, are rousing the echoes from hill to hill with sounding shields and clashing arms; they fall as sweeping gusts overthrow the young pine of the mountain forest. The Roshanach are bent to the dust and trodden by the Fearshion. In shame for the defeat of his friends, Miorunach darts from rank to rank in search of Iolar. The hero has paused to bind up his wounds, and a warrior, in the tenderest bloom of youth, observes the frowning leader of feud approach the chief of the Fearshion. His slender form is thrown between them. His helmet is cleft by the unsparing hand of Miorunach, and an expiring sister gasps at his feet. Iolar casts himself beside the bleeding life of his life. He unbinds the scarf from a gash in his own side, and tries to staunch the purple current, dearer than the warm tide that heaved his heart; but raising her hands, white as snows descending from a wintry sky, she clasps the neck of her spouse, and meekly yields to the dreamless slumber of unending night. Iolar embraces the cold corse, then bears her to the weeping damsels, and plunging in the thickest fight, his spirit joins the hovering ghost of Plurana. One *cairn* is piled high over their mouldering bones. Dwellers of the desert! lovely as a first glance of the sun on budding oaks were your smiles of love; and together ye float dimly bright, when the mountain shadows grow faint over the sleeping waters, and heroes around the hearth of joy are all ear for the bards of song spreading the fame of Iolar and the unmatched beauty of Plurana. Distant far, and alone, half-viewless among red-brown

fogs, is the restless, woful shade of Miorunach. His high-descended fathers debar him from their caves of peace, and shun the air that wraps him in the skies. No stone of memory is reared on his grave: the wolf has entombed in his bloody jaws the destroyer of Iolar and Plurana. His ambushed Eastern spoilers rose from the long heath, and sprung behind the Fearshion, while, reckless of his own safety, Iolar presses to the point of danger. Multitudes groan the last pang of death on his steel; but his strength of youth is oozing from wound on wound; and with the name of Plurana on his lips, they close for ever. Over his stiffening corse the Fearshion wield their swords, and winged messengers of doom are piercing the rovers of other lands. They sink or fly; and the clan of Iolar bear him to the narrow house of Plurana, with the song of bards and the resounding voice of warriors lamenting the star of battle darkened in his bright course of renown.

"Miorunach lies on the gory heath. The blackest mists of night hang low with shrieking ghosts, calling on the unburied dead, when a glow of life revives in his limbs. He would move, but the wolf of the desert has seized the leader of feud. No arm of friendship comes to the rescue. The foe of his own house, he that stirred the embers of strife must gorge the ravening hunger of a beast of the wilds; and no light from the mouth of song is shed on his cavern of long repose. He shall be known only in the sorrows of Iolar and Plurana; and the Roshanach, a race mighty in war, the gladdening beam of peace, and the firm in bonds of friendship—the Roshanach hang down the head at the name of Miorunach."

B. G.

DIDEROT AND HIS RED MOROCCO SLIPPERS.

A NEW acquisition often causes us some embarrassment, because it does not harmonize with what we had before, and forces us, merely for the sake of symmetry; to incur a second expence. A singular instance of this is furnished by the following anecdote:

A friend of Diderot's one day called to see him, and brought him a present of a new pair of red morocco slippers. Diderot, who had till then paid little attention to appearances, all at once discovered, that his old cap was not at all suited to his smart slippers. It was thrown aside; and a new cap of crimson velvet harmonized admirably with his recent present. Before two days more had passed, Diderot perceived that this was not enough by a great deal. With such a top and bottom, the middle, that is to say, his old morning-gown, was totally out of keeping. The morning gown was dismissed, and a new one produced symmetry in his whole costume. But it would be a pity to rub such a hand-

some gown to pieces against his old writing-table. No, he could not do without a new one, and that nicely covered. Diderot could not help turning now and then to his little shaving-glass, to see how well his new dress became him; but it was too small to shew much of it at once. What was to be done? A handsome chimney-glass was bought, and fixed up in its proper place. But what do I see? an old-fashioned chimney-piece! Nothing worse than a marble chimney-piece can agree with such a glass. Away with the old stone one! In this manner he proceeded from one thing to another. Presently the library was found to be too small for the handsome sitting-room; next the books were not bound elegantly enough; then the bed-chamber formed too strong a contrast with the other apartments; and thus he continued harmonizing and improving, till twenty thousand livres had been expended merely to produce symmetry with a new pair of red morocco slippers!

HISTORY OF FRANCOIS MONNIER, A MONK OF PARIS.

At the conclusion of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, there lived in Paris a man named François Monnier, who was then about twenty-two years of age. He had two places of residence; the one in the Place Maubert, and the other in the convent of Petit St. Antoine, of which he was a brother. This is supposed to have been his original destination, to which he added in the sequel the character of a husband. He had, namely, fallen deeply in love with a

fair Parisian, Marguerite Simon, and formed a plan for living with her at least part of the year quietly and unmolested in Paris itself. To this end he obtained from his superior, the commander of Petit St. Antoine, permission to take a journey to a distant province. Instead, however, of really performing this journey, he merely went out at one gate of the city, and returned in disguise by another, and established himself with his mistress, whom he gave out for

his wife, in a house in the Place Maubert: there he assumed the name of Jaques Croquet.

In a few months he pretended that he had obtained an appointment at Blois, which obliged him to divide his time between that town and Paris: he accordingly quitted the capital, leaving his pseudo-wife behind him, and promising to rejoin her in the ensuing year. He was as good as his word; for after his return to the convent of St. Antoine, he spent the greatest part of the year there, obtained permission to take a second journey, and availed himself of it, as before, to pass a few months with his reputed wife. In this manner he lived twenty years undiscovered, as Croquet in the Place Maubert, and Monnier in the convent of Petit St. Antoine; and Marguerite Simon bore him several children, who were all baptized in the name of Croquet.

At the beginning of the 17th century, the commander of St. Antoine, a member of the family of Anisson of Lyons, took it into his head, on account of the infirmities of age, to resign his priory to François Monnier, who was one of the seniors of the institution, and a particular favourite with his superior. Monnier thought the idea not amiss; but he was at the same time aware, that it would be a difficult matter for him in his new dignity to keep the secret of his double character. He consulted his wife on the subject, and they agreed to put an end to the comedy, by announcing the death of the pseudo-Croquet. Accordingly Madame Croquet circulated all over her neighbourhood a letter, stating that her dear husband was dangerously ill at Blois, for which place she pretended to set out; and after some

time she returned with a forged certificate of his death. She assumed widow's weeds, and all the inhabitants of the quarter, where she was much beloved, vied with each other in consoling her under her affliction.

It so happened, however, that a near neighbour of Madame Croquet's, who had been well acquainted with her husband during his occasional residences in the Place Maubert, having business in the quarter where St. Antoine was situated, went into the conventual church to attend mass. His mind was probably full of the thoughts of poor Croquet, whose loss he had particularly deplored. So much the greater was his astonishment, when he recognised his features in the officiating monk. As he was leaving the church, he inquired his name, and was informed that it was the pious father Monnier, the worthy superior of the convent. Still incredulous, he attended mass the following day, and being more and more convinced that he was not mistaken, he had the boldness to enter the sacristy, where Monnier was changing his dress, and to accost him before several of the brethren of his convent. "What!" said he, "Monsieur Croquet, they are at this moment mourning your death in the Place Maubert, and here you are reading mass!" The superior was the more confounded by this address on account of the presence of his monks: but soon recovering himself, he told his old neighbour that he did not know him, nor could he conceive what he meant by calling him Croquet; that his name was Monnier, and he had been upwards of twenty years in that convent, as all present could testify. They naturally attested the truth of what he said, and sent

off the impertinent inhabitant of the Place Maubert, who went and repeated the story to the pretended widow; but she received him no better than her alledged husband. As, however, the Place Maubert was always notorious for scandal, and, on the other hand, there were several of the monks of St. Antoine who envied their colleague Monnier on account of his elevation, the affair soon made a great noise. It was reported to the general of the order of St. Antoine, and he appointed a commission to investigate the conduct of the superior. The police also set on foot inquiries concerning him. These proceedings having come to the ears of Monnier and his wife, they both suddenly disappeared. Their flight of course strengthened the suspicion,

which, instead of being removed by the result of the inquiries, was on the contrary converted into certainty. The fugitives were therefore condemned *in contumaciam*, the husband sentenced to be hanged in effigy, and the wife to be imprisoned for life. Their property was adjudged to their children, as these were not to blame for the criminality of their parents.

Five years afterwards, Monnier ventured to return to Paris, but was apprehended and thrown into prison. The proceedings against him were revised, and his sentence mitigated. He was obliged to do penance at the door of the conventual church of St. Antoine, and then banished the kingdom for ever.

AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORIES.

No. II.

WHEN a mania for sheep-farming was at the extreme, two northern proprietors agreed to make a joint stock of their fleecy wealth, as their adjacent hill-farms would constitute an extensive sheep-walk; but if each walk should be separately pastured, they must be hemmed in, and neither could thrive; a free range of several miles being indispensable to the well-being of sheep in every stage of their growth. The lairds alternately inspected this concern, and one of them finding it necessary to send from thence some intelligence to his colleague, dispatched a young shepherd to Castle —, late in a wintry afternoon. The stripling messenger had been born among the hills, and reared in primitive ignorance of the world; never leaving his charge, unless twice or thrice in a

year to go to church; and a great distance from the place of worship precluded staying a moment to enjoy a *talk* in the churchyard, though it is one of the chief delights of rustic society. However, the lad was shrewd and intelligent in shepherd duties, and though deeply tinctured with their superstitions, he overcame reluctance to journey alone by night, as he was anxious to see his sister, and with his own eyes to behold some of the wonderful splendours at the castle, where, since childhood, she had been trained to usefulness. Following a zigzag beaten track, the lad travelled "beneath the pale light of the witching moon;" and, according to the directions he received, keeping to the south-east, came within view of the sea, and entered the portal of Castle —: the voice of mer-

riment guided him to the kitchen; he staggered forward a few steps, and fell motionless on the floor. He held a letter in his hand, which, in absence of the laird, was opened by the lady. She prescribed means for his recovery; but he continued insensible till some time after. The laird returned from a shooting party at an islet peopled by rabbits and sea-fowl. By the application of strong stimulants, he was restored so far as to answer some questions regarding the flock under his father's care, and to take a reply to the letter he brought. His bewildered look and manner were ascribed to awkward ignorance, and his rejection of food could be accounted for by the over-exertion in walking, which was supposed to have occasioned the swoon that spread such alarm in the kitchen. He had not the happiness of seeing his sister: she was in attendance upon the young ladies, who were visiting at the distance of some miles. He left Castle — at a very early hour: his employer applauded the expedition of his return, and after seeing the flock, departed quite satisfied. Next Sunday the servants of Castle — brought from church a marvellous recital of the adventures encountered by the young shepherd. His sister was miserable. She informed the young ladies, and they communicated the extraordinary stories to their parents: the laird sent for his colleague in the sheep concern, and both agreed that it must be indispensable to put down such terrific rumours, or else they would find no man hardy enough to undertake an errand after sunset. On considering all the circumstances, a rational explanation became self-evident; and the young handmaiden, furnished with suitable instructions,

was sent to reason with her brother, and to dispel the horrors he had circulated throughout the pastoral community. She found him in a very uncomfortable state of mind; his health impaired, his nerves shaken, and all the neighbourhood dismayed. She followed exactly the instructions given by her master; spoke first to her brother in private, and then, in presence of the most sensible heads of families, questioned him on every particular that had appalled him. He related that, so far as he could compute, he might be within a mile of the castle, when a dreadful rattling and roaring made him look about, and he distinctly saw a monster larger than the church, with two fiery eyes bigger than his own head, making a noise louder than thunder, and flying along the ground swifter than a bird in the air. He was bewitched to look and look at it, though the sight turned his heart to ice; but it soon disappeared, and the frightful sound died away like the last gusts of a storm among the hills. Nothing but anxiety to deliver the laird's letter could have propped his legs under him: he went on, hardly knowing what he was doing, and as he found his tongue cleave to his mouth when he tried to speak on entering the kitchen, he took the letter from his pocket and held it out; but he dropped down before any one noticed him. How he was carried to bed he did not know, nor would he take upon himself to say, whether in dreams or visions he was haunted by the evil spirit, and all the witches, fairies, *glashties*, and water-sprites, that kiss the prints of his cloven feet. It was a relief to him, the greatest he ever knew, when the laird put biting stuff to his nose, that

chased away the horrible goblins: after that he had some quiet sleep, and awaking at his usual time, looked to a long narrow window, where the light of dawning day came over the feet of his bed. The next moment the head and breast of an enormous giant rose before him, with eyes staring wide, and every hair on the crown of his head standing up like withered rushes in a calm winter day. The shepherd popped his head under the bed-clothes, and again and again tried to look out; but the giant still fixed his terrible eyes upon him. At length it occurred to him that it was unmanly to play bo-peep with a spirit; he should speak to it: he spoke; the spirit moved his monstrous lips, but made no sound. The wisest measure must be retreat: he jumped out of bed, huddled on his garments, and hastened home, resolved no more to leave the peaceful security of the hills.

"Now, Donald," said his sister, "I understand perfectly the cause of your fears. Several others have been alarmed in the same way, and they now laugh at their own terrors. I hope you will join in scorning such idle notions, when I tell you, and offer to prove, that the noisy monster with fiery eyes was nothing but the great East India colonel's carriage, with the lamps lighted. I am not surprised that you, who never saw a coach or chaise, perhaps never saw a cart or any wheel-carriage, have

been startled, since many people that had seen all these took fright, when, at a late hour, they first met the colonel's coach with all the lamps lighted. And as for the giant, it was no other than your own image in a glass our laird has to look at himself after he has shaved. It stands on a table at the lower end of the bed, in a little room, where *his honour's* servant keeps the shaving articles, clothes, brushes, and fishing or fowling tackle, and such things belonging to the laird. The glass makes every thing look fearfully large; and not a few country folks have fancied themselves bewitched, seeing it made them ten times bigger than any one else. This is the plain truth, which I will prove to you if you come with me to Castle —. The colonel is there now; he will be going home to-morrow night, and you can examine and touch the lighted lamps. I will likewise give you the looking-glass in your own hand, and every one in our house will shew you how odd they look in it."

Donald would not again venture to Castle —, nor did he and his neighbours wish to part with their wonders. They almost regarded Donald's sister as a pagan, for disbelieving the supernatural agency. Donald's narrative gained more credit than her exposition, and it is still cited as standing evidence of the existence of goblins and giants.

B. G.

THE ORIGIN OF DOLLS.

KING CHARLES VI. of France was, as is well known, disordered in mind. For some time the invention of playing-cards furnished him with

amusement, but at length he grew tired of them, and those about him tried in vain to devise other means of diverting him. All at once ru-

mour spread the tidings of the arrival of a man from Padua, with a train of thirty mules laden with coffers and hung with bells. His name was Pufello; and his coffers contained no fewer than ninety-six Roman empresses, carved in wood after medals or statues. With this exhibition he travelled all over Europe, and, notwithstanding the low price of admission, his receipts were considerable. He was represented as being a most entertaining man for women, children, and hypochondriacs.

A royal command summoned Pufello immediately to the court of France; and he accordingly repaired thither incontinently with his mules and empresses, and a most entertainingape—the orchestra of those times. He arranged his collection in the garden-saloon. The king appeared, and Pufello began his declamations. Having come to the Empress Poppea, he proceeded as follows: “Here, sire, and illustrious lords and princesses, is the striking likeness of the Empress Poppea, daughter of Titus Ollius and of Poppea, a Roman lady, who put an end to her life because she had a rival in Messalina, who, like herself, was enamoured of Mnes-ter the dancer. This empress, sire, and illustrious princes and princesses, united with the charms of her person all the graces of mind, and combined coquetry in the most skillful manner with amiability and complaisance. She was first the wife of Crispinus, a Roman knight; but Otho, afterwards emperor, at that time a favourite of Nero’s, stole her from Crispinus, and married her. It has been justly observed, that illicit pleasures cannot be enjoyed in peace. Otho talked so often to Nero concerning the beau-

ty of this Poppea, that the monarch could not resist the desire to see her; and he immediately conceived such a passion for her, that he sent her husband as governor to the distant province of Lusitania. Not content with this, the depraved prince repudiated his own wife, Octavia, and conducted the fair Poppea to the altar of Hymen. Consider; illustrious princes and princesses, the growing wickedness of a Nero, who--.” Here the chancellor desired Pufello to omit all such reflections, and to adhere to what was purely historical. The narrator swallowed a glass of Burgundy that was offered to him, wiped his lips with his long sleeve, and resumed: “Poppea, whom you here see before you, sire, and illustrious lords and princesses, had one daughter by Nero. The emperor, transported with delight, gave her the name of his mother, Augusta. But, sire, and illustrious lords and princesses, his happiness was not of long duration. Nero was cruel and and excessively jealous; and in one of his fits of jealousy, one day, on coming out of the bath, he gave the fair Poppea a kick on a part which decorum forbids me to name, but in consequence of which, Poppea, who was in the fifth month of her second pregnancy, died. The hypocritical Nero mourned the death of his wife with abundance of tears, and carried his infernal tenderness to such a pitch, that he delivered a funeral oration over her, and erected for her a superb monument, the relics of which are to be seen to this day on the bank of the Tiber, between the temple of Vesta and the fountain of Coriolanus.”

Here the king, who seemed to be particularly interested by this story,

ordered the figure of *Poppea* to be brought, that he might examine it more closely: after attentively surveying it for a considerable time, he expressed a wish to keep it. The chancellor had therefore to bargain with Pufello, and he bought the figure on behalf of the king for fifty sous, equal to about three hundred francs of the present money. As the example of the court is sure to find imitators, so they were not wanting on this occasion. In a few days Pufello found all his Roman empress-

es converted into money: not only the courtiers, but even wealthy citizens, vied with each other in purchasing these figures; and as the king's was a *Poppea*, so all the others gave to theirs the name of *Poppea*; which was gradually changed to *Poppée*, *Pouppée*, and *Poupée*. After the adults had amused themselves to satiety with these figures, they became a toy for children, and such they have continued to the present day.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. IV.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

OUR worthy host's study was but slenderly attended on the evening of our May meeting; Dr. Primrose, Mr. Montague, Mr. Apathy, and myself, only being present. The remainder of our *Coterie* was distributed over the country, at too great a distance to permit of their return to R—— in time for our monthly rendezvous. We, however, consoled ourselves for their absence, drank off a bumper to their healths, and to a "right merrie meeting" on their return; and our conversation soon became animated and interesting.

"I have not seen you, Mr. Montague," said the worthy vicar, "since your return from our assizes. How did you spend your time? Did you find any thing to interest or amuse?"

"Oh! much of both; and as I was a mere spectator, as I had no law business to distract or occupy my attention, I was capable of enjoying the bustle and animation of the scene without any of those 'doubts

and fears' which must be the natural concomitants of a law-suit. I saw many strange faces, and many strange scenes; but the circumstance productive of the greatest pleasure was my introduction to Montgomery the poet, who, I understood, was subpoenaed from Sheffield, to give evidence in some cause relative to a bill of exchange, but was not examined."

"I once saw him," said Mr. Apathy, "but never had the pleasure of his acquaintance. What sort of a man did you find him?"

"Just such a man as his poetry would indicate him to be; mild, courteous, benevolent; in a word, a true Christian. None of his portraits that I have seen do justice to his personal appearance: they want the benignity, the calm placidity, which are the distinguishing features in his countenance; and it is impossible, by description, to give an adequate idea of his manners, which win upon you every moment. In short, though a

Whig, I think Montgomery an amiable man, and an excellent companion."

"Why do you make that reservation, sir, as if a Whig could be neither?" inquired our friend Apathy.

"Why, sir, I have found so few Whigs who were either one or the other, that I may be justified in making the remark. However, to oblige you, I will admit, that probably my acquaintance has not been with the choice spirits of the party; and that, on this head, my opinion may be somewhat tinged with prejudice. But with regard to Montgomery, certainly every one must love and esteem him."

"He has thrown together a few excellent remarks upon the assizes, and the barristers and attorneys, their clients and the witnesses, which appeared in his *Iris* of the 19th and 26th of last month. How do you approve of them?" asked Dr. Primrose.

"Why, on the whole, I perfectly agree with their main scope and tendency; not altogether in his opinion as to the costume of the barristers, though their robes he deems not ungraceful; but 'their grotesque wigs, as white and trim as powder and puff can make them,' he describes as giving 'a preposterous, and to speak the truth, a silly expression to many a noble countenance amongst them; while the ordinary ones look barely human, all the intellectual organs being narrowed, or under eclipse above, while the cheek-bones seem unnaturally protruded, and the chin lengthened, as if it signified nothing how little brains a lawyer had, provided there were jaw enough. To do them justice,' he continues, '(with few exceptions),

they are a sorry-looking, sallow-faced fraternity, with prominent eyes, flabby under-lids, and cheeks, forehead, and mouth so lined and indurated, that their physiognomies may be compared to that of the Sphinx herself, tatooed with hieroglyphics.' The latter observation is true enough; for, generally speaking, the gentlemen of the bar on the northern circuit are not gifted with any remarkable share of beauty: but I differ as to the effect of the wigs. I have seen the same men plead with and without those appendages; and certainly think they impart a dignity, and give an importance, to their appearance, which their disuse would divest them of. With some countenances they certainly disagree: but the noble face of Scarlett looks still more imposing from under a wig; while the same decoration gives a degree of amiability even to the iron countenance of Brougham, which it is far from possessing without it. And I think Mr. Williams looks better pleading in his gown and wig, than he would do in the little drab coat, leather breeches, and *high-lows*, which he wears when taking his morning walk, and which give him the appearance of a farmer's lad just come from the plough."

"Mr. Montgomery's observations on the general effects of a barrister's profession upon its members are singularly just," I observed. "What can be more true than the following remarks, which reflect equal credit on the head and heart of the writer: 'There are men of power, integrity, and independence among barristers; as many, probably, as among any other class equally numerous: but his exercises, either in chambers, or in the forum, are little calculated to

school the practitioner in 'whatsoever things are lovely, pure, and of good report;' nor, 'if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,' are they likely to remind him with extraordinary emphasis, to 'think of these things.' The impunity with which a counsel, at pleasure, and merely for the purpose of effect, can libel private character, in using that licence of speech which may be necessary for the purposes of justice, will not render him brave, courteous, polite, or valiant, for the truth. The barbarian refinement of cruelty which he can practise with perfect self-complacency, and often with such dastardly exultation, in cross-examining a helpless witness, a woman for example, to wring from her confessions which she ought rather to die than to make, and which she would rather die than make, if he had not the subtilty to worm them from her by implication, under covert of words, of which she neither knows nor suspects the meaning, till every cheek except her own and her cross-examiner's is tinged with shame: this deliberate 'cutting up' of witnesses, as it is very properly called, resembling nothing so much as the exquisite skill and *sang froid* with which Dr. Majendie anatomizes live animals, is not the discipline that will teach the barrister humanity, tenderness, or delicacy. The habit of making the best of every cause in hand, whatever its merits may be, is not a power by which the moral sense will be much purified, nor an inflexible adherence to justice, converted by custom into a second nature with him. The poverty with which most lawyers in early life are tempted, and which makes them eagerly grasp the petty fees that come,

Like angel-visits, few and far between, and the prodigality with which wealth, once opening its sluices, is poured in upon them afterwards, are neither the means of opening their hearts nor their hands in generous or charitable actions. On the contrary, too many of those who make gold as fast as Midas did, are notoriously rapacious, unthankful, and illiberal.—What do you think of this portrait?" I inquired as I laid down the paper from which I had read the extract.

"That it is drawn from life," replied Mr. Montague.

"Are we not rather too hard upon the profession in the absence of its champion, Counsellor Eitherside?" asked Dr. Primrose. "Remember, the bar have not at present any representative among us; and we should condemn no man without a fair hearing."

"I suppose, doctor," said Mr. Montague, starting a fresh subject, "you have read Wordsworth's *Letters* on the author of *Icon Basiliké*?"

"I have," replied Dr. Primrose.

"And what is your opinion of them?"

"That they establish as fully as it is possible to establish at this distance of time, and under all the circumstances, the fact, that the royal martyr—nay, start not, smile not, Mr. Apathy, for such *I will* call him—was the author of this admirable treatise. That prince, sir, has been equally the sport of friends and foes: whilst the latter, from the Puritan rebel of the 17th, to the Whigs and Radicals of the 19th century, have been his bigoted, his determined enemies; the former, with a few honourable exceptions, have only faintly and heartlessly defended him

from the calumnies of revolutionary régicides of one age, and discontented reformers of another. That Mr. Brodie, the Scotch advocate, who has lately undertaken to give us an entire new view of one portion of British history, as Dr. Lingard has of another, should assume that the king was not the author of the *Icon*; that he should accuse him of 'guilt in the publication,' though he 'had no merit in the writing of it,' and stigmatize the affecting and pious and pathetic appeals to a Supreme Power, with which it abounds, as 'a mockery of heaven;' that the *Edinburgh Review* should traduce the character of Charles, for claiming a work as his own, which was the production of another, was natural, and is not to be wondered at: but I am indeed surprised, that Mr. Todd, whom I know, and whom to know is to esteem and respect, should have adopted the opinion, that the pretensions of Dr. Guaden can no longer be called in question. On any other subject, the facts, that the right of authorship became the subject of inquiry almost immediately after the publication of the book, which took place a few days subsequent to the murder of the king; that pamphlets were then written, anonymous ones, it is true—but who would have dared, at that period, to come forth on the side of royalty in his own proper character?—in which it was unequivocally asserted, that the king was the author of the *Icon*, on the personal knowledge of the writers; that it was written before the battle of Naseby, on which occasion the king lost it, and it was afterwards restored; that Guaden never pretended to have commenced writing such a book till long after

that battle; and that this circumstance was publicly stated during Cromwell's life, when it could have been as publicly contradicted and disproved, if false: I say, on any other question, these circumstances would be considered so convincing, that there would not be a shadow of doubt left."

"I require nothing," said Mr. Montague, "but the testimony of Dr. Gorge, as narrated by Bishop Bull, in a letter, dated July 19, 1701, to Mr. Cornelius, the rector of Buckfastleigh, to convince me, that the claim of Guaden is unfounded. The bishop says, 'That about the year 1656, while he was vicar of St George's, near Bristol, he had frequent conversation with Dr. Gorge, a learned divine, and a gentleman of a very worthy family of that name in Somersetshire, and of credit answerable to his quality and character; who told him, that, being chaplain to King Charles, and in his army at the fatal battle of Naseby, he was employed, after that defeat, by his majesty, to retrieve certain papers lost in his cabinet, in which some private thoughts and meditations of that good king were set down; the loss of which troubled him more than all the other papers of his which fell into the enemy's hands that day. It was with some difficulty they were obtained from the conqueror, but restored they were; and Dr. Gorge did most solemnly profess to this informant, Bishop Bull, that having an opportunity to peruse them, he found they were the same, as to the matters preceding that dismal day, with those printed in *Icon Basiliké*.'"

"Then how did Guaden get them into his possession? how did he con-

trive to give the shadow of a colour to his claim?" inquired Mr. Apathy.

"They were lent to him by Mr. Symmons," rejoined Dr. Primrose, "to whom the king had intrusted them for the purpose of having them printed. And we have the testimony of one William Allen, that the doctor sat up a whole night to copy them. But read Wordsworth's Letters, sir, and if they do not convince you that Guaden was an impostor, I shall despair of being able to remove your prejudices. Recollect, we have no evidence on Guaden's side but his own and his wife's assertions, and the testimony of one or two persons who saw a copy of the *Icon* in his hand-writing; and that circumstance is sufficiently accounted for: whilst, on the side of the king, there is a strong claim of circumstantial and positive evidence, which establishes his case on a foundation not to be shaken."

"I am entirely of your opinion," Mr. Montague observed; "and though Dr. Wordsworth's book affixes an indelible stigma upon the memory of Guaden, I am thankful to him for having rescued that of Charles from the charge of duplicity, insincerity, and meanness, which has been brought against him."

"It will be a mere compliment," I observed to Dr. Primrose, "to ask if you have read *Tremayne*, for of course every body has read it."

"I am not one of the every bodies then; for I have not read it, nor do I intend. I do not approve of what are called religious novels: the only one I ever read that I can tolerate at all is *Body and Soul*; the principles of which are good, the diction pure, and the whole tenour unex-

ceptionable. But I never intend to peruse another of the class."

"It is true," I rejoined, "that *Tremayne* does partake of the nature of a religious novel, as nearly the whole of the third volume is occupied with discussions upon natural religion: yet this is not its only feature. It contains some charming descriptions of men and manners; and though its incidents are few, and several of them not over-natural, yet there is a good deal of interest contrived to be kept up to the last. I must, however, own, that it by no means deserves the elaborate puffs, both direct and collateral, which have appeared in the papers; nor was it at all necessary for Mr. Ryder to disclaim the authorship, as nobody would have thought it was his after having read it."

"Here's something worth all your novels," said Apathy, producing a very elegant new edition of Professor Wilson's *Poems*, from which he read several extracts, too long for this paper; but I must subjoin the following, though perhaps many of your readers have seen it before:

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright,
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy
flight;

For what hath the child of the desert to
dread,

Wafting up his own mountains that far-
beaming head;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
Hail, king of the wild and the beautiful,
hail!

Hail, idol divine! whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of
the morn;

Whom the pilgrim, lone wandering on moun-
tain and moor,

As the vision glides by him, may blameless
adore;

For the joy of the happy, the strength of
the free,

Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up, up to yon cliff like a king to his throne,
 O'er the black silent forest, piled lofty and
 lone,
 A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
 Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as
 thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love
 of thy breast;
 Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at
 rest,
 And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the
 hill;
 In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie
 still!
 Though your branches now toss in the storm
 of delight,
 Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless
 height,
 One moment, thou bright apparition! delay;
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from
 the day.
 Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the
 earth,
 The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth;
 In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss
 O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning
 abyss;
 O'er the grim rocks careering with prosper-
 ous motion,
 Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the
 ocean.

Then proudly he turned, ere he sank to
 the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty fare-
 well;
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance
 shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is
 gone.

All admired the beautiful extracts,
 which Mr. Apathy read with much
 feeling and propriety; and a dis-
 cussion ensued upon Mr. Wilson's
 general merits as a writer, which we
 seemed inclined to rate very highly.
 His *Lights and Shadows of Scottish
 Life*, and *Trials of Margaret Lynd-
 say*, are admirable novels; and if his
 forthcoming tale (*The Foresters*) is
 equal to those productions, it will af-
 ford a rich treat to the lovers of ima-
 ginative works.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
 May 11, 1825.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

KOSCIUSKO.

A POLISH regiment, forming part
 of the advanced guard of the Rus-
 sian army in 1814 after expelling
 the French from Troyes, marched
 upon Fontainebleau. The troops were
 foraging in a neighbouring village,
 and were about to commit disorders,
 which would have caused considera-
 ble loss to the proprietors, without
 benefit to themselves; such as break-
 ing down the banks, or forcing the
 sluices on some fish-ponds. While
 they were thus employed, and their
 officers looking on, they were asto-
 nished to hear the word of command,
 bidding them to cease, pronounced

in their own language by a person
 in the dress of the upper class of
 peasants. They ceased their attempt
 at further spoliation, and drew near
 the stranger. He represented to
 the troops the useless mischief they
 were about to commit, and ordered
 them to withdraw. The officers com-
 ing up were lectured in their turn,
 and heard, with the same astonish-
 ment, the laws of predatory warfare
 explained to them. "When I had
 a command in the army of which
 your regiment is a part, I punished
 very severely such acts as you seem
 to authorize by your presence; and
 it would not have been on these sol-

diers, but on you, that punishment would have fallen." To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants at the same time taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily, though respectfully, to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed in a half-stifled voice, "I am Kosciusko!" The name was electric. The soldiers threw down their arms, and falling on their knees, covered their heads with sand, according to the custom of their country. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusko's return to his house in the neighbourhood, he found a Russian military post stationed for its protection.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT AND
MICHAEL ANGELO.

A youth, who had engaged to work at the shop of Ghirlandaio the painter for three years, for the sum of twenty florins, came, like others, to see the prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the workshop of Ghirlandaio was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck with the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a fawn; he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person, sauntering in the gardens, stopped

to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first, and by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This host was Lorenzo the Magnificent; the boy was Michael Angelo; and the head of the fawn is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence.

THE HONEST BEGGAR.

One of the Dukes of Brunswick was once accosted in Venice by a boy who solicited alms; the duke told him he had no small change, on which the boy offered to get a piece of gold changed: the duke thought this a most ridiculous circumstance; but to rid himself of the applicant, he gave him a ducat, in the full expectation that the young beggar would keep it. After a very short time, to his great surprise, the lad returned with the full change of his ducat in the small coin of Venice. The duke, struck with his honesty, not only gave him the gold, but undertook to provide for him, and afterwards promoted him to honourable employment.

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, when a young man, was committed to the Bastille by command of the Regent Duke of Orleans. On the representation of his tragedy of *Œdipus*, the regent was so much pleased with it, that he liberated the author, who immediately waited on him to acknowledge the favour. "Henceforth," said Orleans, "be prudent, and I will provide for you."—"I am infinitely obliged," replied Voltaire, "but I entreat your highness to spare yourself the trou-

ble of boarding and lodging me in future."

LOUIS XI.

Louis XI. when he was Dauphin was hospitably received and entertained by a peasant. On his accession to the throne, this peasant paid his respects to him, and made him a present of a turnip of uncommon size. Louis graciously accepted it, and ordered the attendants to give the visitor a considerable sum as a remuneration. The feudal lord of the village heard of the peasant's good luck: thinking he should obtain a larger sum if he made a present more worthy of a sovereign, he repaired to court with the finest horse in his stables. Louis received the present with great affability. "Bring me my fine turnip," said he. "Here, my friend," turning to the country gentleman, "this turnip is in its kind as rare and valuable as your horse. I give it you in exchange, and am much obliged to you."

THE SCUDERIES.

While Mons. and Mademoiselle de Scudery were writing the celebrated novel of *Clelie*, they were one night at an inn, and conversing on the subject. "What shall we do with Prince Mazarius?" said Mademoiselle de Scudery. "I think we had better kill him by poison than the dagger."—"There is time enough to think of that," replied her brother: "we shall find ways to dispatch him whenever we choose." Two tradesmen in the next room having heard the first words, listened in horror to what they supposed was a plot to assassinate some real prince, whom they doubted not to be alluded to under the fictitious name of Prince

Mazarius; and they gave notice to the landlord and landlady, that they thought it expedient to lodge an information with the police. These guardians of the state were ever ready to make an arrest, and accordingly secured and escorted the persons of the supposed conspirators under a strong guard to the Conciergerie, the prison of Paris. As soon as they were recognised, they were of course liberated, and permitted to choose whether they would dispatch the heroes of their own novels either by poison or the steel.

HENRY IV.

Henry IV. of France was possessed of heroic bravery and constitutional presence of mind. He acted with generosity even towards his enemies, whose fanatic zeal entertained designs against his life.

In 1610, under pretext of disgust against the court of Madrid, a Flemish officer offered his services to Henry, but merely to procure an opportunity of assassinating the king. Henry was informed of the danger which threatened him; instead of avoiding, he invited the traitor to accompany him on a hunting party, but without any other attendant. The Spanish officer was well mounted, and eagerly accepted the opportunity, which, he thought, most favourable to his plan. In his holsters he had a pair of pistols loaded and cocked. They rode a little way together, when the king suddenly stopped. "Captain Michaux," said he, "alight. I have a mind to try if your horse is as good as you boast him to be." Thus thrown off his guard by the tone of gaiety which the king assumed, the assassin alighted: the king leaped on his horse,

and seized the pistols. "Did you mean to shoot anybody?" said Henry. "I was told it was my life you sought: if so, you see I am now master of yours." He then fired both the pistols in the air, and ordered Michaux to follow him. The captain denied any bad intention; but withdrew two days afterwards, and appeared no more.

GENEVA.

The following description of the state of society in Geneva is given by a young gentleman of Inverness: "I find in this delightful city all the charms so often vaunted by travellers. The inhabitants may indeed be compared to one family, where all the members are mutually known. From their earliest years the young people of either sex are habituated to constant intercourse, and assimilating rounds of study and amusement. These beget attachments, which branch out into other ties. The young married persons form intimacies; husbands with husbands, wives with wives. Their children do the like; the old men, and those in the

autumn of life, have their *coteries* also: so that, if I may use the expression, there is here a circle within a circle of never-failing amity. Yet in these habits of intercourse, the Genevese are obliged, by the paucity of riches, to observe the most rigid economy. In a place, however, where no one ventures to eclipse his neighbour by more splendid repasts, a free welcome constitutes the chief pleasure of their visits. The charms of Geneva, and of the surrounding country, have attracted an immense number of English. In fact, the English have colonized it. Living therefore, to one of us, is not very moderate. We are in some respects flying pests to one another all over the Continent; for wherever a countryman of ours shews his face, his followers may depend on being charged double the real value of almost every commodity they require. Foreigners seem to entertain a notion, that we can coin money as fast as oaths; an opinion which the extravagant conduct of not a few tends to confirm."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Trio for the Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to the Baroness de Koenneritz, by J. N. Hummel. Op. 96. Pr. 6s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Good, solid,* original compositions are so scarce now-a-days, that it quite cheers one's heart to meet once in a way with music like the present trio, which, taken as a whole, may fairly be termed excellent. It consists of an allegro in E b, an andante in B b, and a rondo in E b. Without en-

tering into particulars, we shall only say, that the first and second of these movements are every thing that we could desire. The rondo presents a subject of uncommon freshness, includes many ideas of the highest interest, and will to some tastes afford an inestimable treat, by the abundance and depth of its modulations, and the quantum of contrapuntal science, in a style gradually becoming obsolete, employed in its construction: on our part, we candidly own,

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a less proportion of these contrivances of the art would have conveyed greater gratification to our ears, as it certainly would at the same time have involved less intricacy of execution. But this may be matter of individual liking: at all events, there is wherewith to please different tastes; and, with the exception of some portions of the rondo, the performance of this trio may be accomplished without the possession of first-rate abilities.

Preparatory Exercises for the Piano-forte, calculated to form the Hand, and give a correct Idea of Fingering, chiefly intended as an Introduction to the Studies of (Clementi?) Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Steibelt, Woelfl, &c.; composed and fingered by D. Bruguier. Book I. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Mr. B. very justly observes, with regard to the Exercises of the great masters above referred to, that "their difficulty of execution precludes the possibility of placing them in the hands of a pupil until he is considerably advanced in piano-forte playing." This circumstance, and a conviction of the absolute necessity of making digital practice an early ingredient in the course of instruction, appear to have given rise to the present preparatory work, which was long wanted. It precisely fills up the chasm which existed between the classic but intricate studies of the celebrated professors adverted to, and the scanty lessons for manual exercise to be met with in elementary books of instruction.

Mr. B.'s book is exactly what it should be, progressive, well digested, and directed to such points of fingering and execution as stand more par-

ticularly in need of illustration and attentive practice, so far as the space of the present volume might fairly admit of. There is ample matter left for future additions. But this number alone will, and ought to, afford occupation to the pupil for some months; and happy should we be if our most earnest recommendation of a thorough and proper study of it were capable of impressing the pupil with all the importance of the undertaking. The few shillings laid out in the acquisition of Mr. B.'s book cannot fail, under a zealous and persevering system of practice, to produce the effect of dozens of pounds spent on masters.

A few hints as to the proper and most beneficial course to be adopted in studying these and all similar exercises, would have been desirable; and as such matters cannot be told too often, we may be permitted to repeat some directions we gave on a former occasion: In playing exercises, the pupil must on no account huddle and bluster through page after page, but confine himself to one lesson, nay to one period, or even one bar of it, according to circumstances; and not venture a step onwards, until the prior portion be so completely mastered, that he can execute it, however slowly, with evenness, distinctness, in proper connection, and with a seemly attitude of hand and fingers, free from any thing distorted, forced, or cramped. In this kind of drill the beating of the metronome is of the greatest service; and it is extremely desirable that the practice should continue until the fingers begin to feel fatigue. This pious wish may excite a smile; but it is a fact, that the feeling of fatigue announces the point of practice at

which the fingers have been worked into a state of pliability, and into a capability of growing strength, the result of which will be manifest on the very next trial.

"*The Orphan Maid*," a favourite Ballad, sung by Mrs. Salmon; the Words by Wm. Ball, Esq.; the Music by G. Lanza. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

A tender and very tasteful melody; the component portions of which are in good rhythmical keeping, and proceed with such natural ease and good connection, that every bar seems to be called forth by the one which preceded. The instrumental introduction, written, as it mainly is, in two parts only, comes rather thin upon the ear, used to the strong harmonic colouring of the present day; and the redundancy of one bar in the second period (l. 2.)—not in the song itself—affects the rhythmical symmetry, which, even in ritornels, should not not be lost sight of.

"*Content*," a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, written by S. P. Planché, Esq. the Music by Bochsá. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

This song is set in a style of great chasteness, and with a degree of impassioned feeling fully corresponding with the text. There is considerable variety in the conduct of the melody, chiefly derived from some select and very apposite modulations. The piano-forte part, also, is written with peculiar elegance, and with much strength of harmonic support.

Highland Air, composed and arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

The five variations to this Scotch air are devised in Mr. K.'s unaffected

and pleasing style of musical writing, and may serve as a useful and entertaining lesson. The first variation and the finale appeared to us of preferable attraction. The adagio (var. 4.) presents no decisive feature of interest.

Bochsá's favourite Notturmo, originally composed for the Harp and Violoncelle, arranged by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

In reviewing Mr. Bochsá's harp-compositions, we have ere now pronounced some of them deserving of adaptation for the piano-forte. The above Notturmo belongs to this class: its subject is extremely sweet and graceful, and the variations to it are conceived in good style. The arrangement for the piano-forte is satisfactory: in one or two instances, however, such as p. 3, the character of the harp-passages might more positively have been subjected to suitable alteration.

Variations in an easy Style on the favourite Finale in the Melodrama "La Fée de France," for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Czerny. Op. 52. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Rondoletto Brillante on a Cavatina introduced in the Opera "L'Italiana in Algieri," composed for the Piano-forte by Charles Czerny. Op. 74. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Of the above two works by Charles Czerny, the variations, op. 52. distinguish themselves from the generality of the compositions of this master, by the comparative facility with which their execution may be accomplished; that is to say, they do not demand a performer of consummate ability, although a player of respect-

able attainments will not have cause to slight them on the ground of being beneath his advancement. This merit, joined to the good taste and good melodic conduct discernible in every part of the composition, renders it valuable to the student.

The rondoletto upon the theme from *L'Italiana in Algieri*, is of a higher cast, both as to execution and treatment. Here Charles Czerny has ventured to engraft decorative amplifications and genial digressions upon the arch-decorateur Rossini. This was a hazardous undertaking; but success has attended it. There is a gracefulness in some portions of the rondoletto, which, in proper hands, must captivate the ears of a musical epicure; while other parts exhibit very striking and chromatic features of modulation, fit food to the more serious connoisseur. The piece is perfect in its kind.

Fantasia Brillante, introducing "Voilà le plaisir, mes Dames, voilà le plaisir," or the Cries of Paris, composed for the Flute, with a Piano-forte Accompaniment, by Tulou. Op. 30. Pr. 3s.—(Lindsay, Regent-street.)

Though brilliant and eminently effective, the flute-part, which is constantly principal (the piano-forte being mere support), will be found free from deterring difficulties, and perfectly accessible to a player of respectable proficiency. The whole fantasia is highly interesting, as might be anticipated from an author of Mr. Tulou's talents and celebrity.

Select Flute Solos. No. 1. to 12. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)

Of these solos we have seen one number, the seventh, which contains seven or eight good variations by

Gabrielsky upon the favourite Gavotte of Vestris. The names of the authors who have been included in the collection seem to vouch for its general value; viz.

No. 1. "God save the King," var.—W. Gabrielsky.

No. 2. *Fantasia and Variations.* (Op. 16.)—Tulou.

No. 3. "Nel cor piu," vars.—T. Lindsay.

No. 4. "Rule, Britannia," vars.—W. Gabrielsky.

No. 5. "Au clair de la lune," vars.—Gebaur.

No. 6. *Capriccio* from Op. 10. of F. Kuhlau.

No. 7. *Vestris' Gavotte*, vars.—W. Gabrielsky.

No. 8. Theme in F, with vars.—R. Dressler.

No. 9. *Di tanti Palpiti*.—W. Gabrielsky.

No. 10. *Fantasia.* Op. 30. *Cries of Paris.*—Tulou.

No. 11. *Introduction and Polonaise.*—F. Kuhlau.

No. 12. *Air fr. Aline*, vars.—W. Gabrielsky.

Fantasia Brillante, introducing the Waltz and Jaeger Chorus from "Der Freyschütz," composed for the Piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to C. Kramer, Esq. by James Calkin. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Lindsay, Regent-street.)

After a good introductory slow movement, the Freyschütz waltz is propounded, with considerable variety of digressive matter, of a cast sufficiently appropriate and attractive, but not particularly original. The Jaeger Chorus is treated in a similar manner, and with the addition of ample and well conducted modulatory seasoning. The conclusion is forcibly wound up.

A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by W. Eavestaff; *the Words* by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. Pr. 3s.—(Eavestaff, Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)

The first number of this work has been noticed in a former review of

ours, when its merits were brought under the reader's cognizance. We shall therefore merely add, that the character of the publication has been in every respect maintained in this second *livraison*, which includes the following pieces:

1. "When far from those we prize;" a very pleasing air.

2. "Come, my love, and sail with me;" a well-known lively tune, which has also been arranged for three voices.

3. "Fare thee well;" a short but tender and particularly graceful melody.

Mr. Bellamy's poetry is as satisfactory as Mr. Eavestaff's harmonic arrangement. The work is fully entitled to the favour of the musical public.

A Divertimento for the Piano-forte and Flute, in which are introduced admired Airs from the Opera of "Der Freyschütz," arranged, and dedicated to Arthur Salwey,

Esq. by James Clarke. Pr. 3s. 6d. —(W. Eavestaff.)

Three or four airs from the above opera, properly arranged and connected, constitute the present divertimento, which is in every respect satisfactory, and calculated to afford a quarter of an hour's pleasing musical occupation. The flute, we must add, is indispensable in the performance, the piano-forte being mostly matter of accompaniment.

"*Oh! it is not while riches,*" an original Irish Melody, never before published; the Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(W. Eavestaff.)

Although simple as to air and harmony, this song cannot fail to produce considerable impression. Whether the charm lies in the words or in the melody, or in both, we freely own its effect upon our feelings.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

Nec omnia apud priores meliora; sed nostra quoque ætas multa laudis et artium imitanda posteris tulit.—TACITUS *Annal.* lib. iii. c. 55.

LAST month the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened at Somerset-House, with undoubtedly one of the finest and most miscellaneous collections ever presented at one view by our artists to the British public. It contains examples (some of them pre-eminent) in every department of art; and in the severer branches of historical painting, it has developed efforts, many of them made by our younger artists, which en-

courage just expectations, that our school of painting will soon rival, in the highest walk of art, the most splendid examples of genius which have been preserved for our admiration from the meridian age of modern art. In portrait and landscape painting, we have been long pre-eminent in Europe; and when we see collected in a single Exhibition such works as are now before us, we look forward to the universal acknowledg-

ment of that general superiority in the arts, to the merit of which the undivided and patient attention, the persevering struggles, and profound and general study of our artists, so justly entitle them.

In the present Exhibition there are nine hundred and eighty-five paintings, drawings, and medallie designs; and eighty-seven sculptural works and models. We hear the usual complaints of the arrangements, and must bear with them as long as it is the foible of human nature to prefer one's-self to one's neighbour. There is, however, a juster complaint (though we admit it to be of old standing, and one with which every voluntary exhibitor is familiar): that those who are not members of the Royal Academy are disallowed the indulgence which the academicians enjoy, of retouching their pictures, to suit the effect required by the particular positions which they occupy on the walls of the building; an advantage from which those who are supposed most to require it are thus excluded.

It is gratifying to find that the patrons of the fine arts commenced their purchases at the private view; and on that scale of munificence, which will, we trust, always characterize the patronage of British noblemen. The British Institution purchased Mr. Hilton's large picture for 1000 guineas; and the Marquis of Stafford, Mr. Danby's for 500; and we understand these purchases were made in the most gratifying manner to the feelings of the respective artists. Perhaps we cannot do better than commence our notice with these works; premising, with regret, that we do not pretend to comprise in our review *all* the works of merit

which abound in this Exhibition, and for which our limits necessarily disqualify us; but rather to touch cursorily upon the collection, in the hope of leading the public to see it with their own eyes, instead of gratifying or satiating it with an abundant and detailed description. To begin with the first purchases, which indeed being historical, are entitled to priority of order.

Christ crowned with Thorns.—W.

Hilton, R. A.

And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe; and when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand, and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews!

St. Matthew c. xxvii. 28, 29.

This is a very fine historical picture, and in the highest degree creditable to the artist. It has merit of every kind: the drawing (with the exception of parts of one or two figures) is good; the colouring excellent; the expression chaste and characteristic; and the composition of the grouping exactly what it ought to be in an historical work. A fine tone of feeling pervades the whole picture; and the figures are so arranged and contrasted, that the awful and instructive lesson recorded in holy writ is told by the artist in the language of the pencil, with the same precision, and in the same fullness of detail, with which we have been accustomed to read it. The subject has been often painted, but never with greater truth and simplicity than by Mr. Hilton, or with a tone of colouring better suited to its proper illustration.

The Delivery of Israel out of Egypt.

—F. Danby.

And it came to pass that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the

Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot-wheels, that they drove them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians. And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and upon their horsemen; and Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. —*Exodus* c. xiv.

This is one of the grandest compositions which we remember to have seen from the pencil of a young artist. The subject is itself one of great difficulty: to convey any thing like an adequate idea of a countless host, an overwhelming sea, a stormy and supernatural sky, requires the hand of a master, and a master of the highest attainments. Nothing can exceed the depth and grandeur of the devastating sea which overwhelms the host of the Egyptians; and the superincumbent atmosphere is depicted with astonishing force: it is all in keeping with the sublime conception of supernatural agency. The pillar of fire is very extraordinary; and its execution in this picture has been variously considered. The artist has judiciously avoided giving to it that glare which flame usually emits; he has rather represented a pale phosphoric light, and of that brilliant and transparent hue which belongs to the great operations of the phenomena of nature. This light is of important use to the artist in illuminating those figures and objects which are supposed to be yet involved in the gloom of night at that side of the picture: it is so brilliant as to be thought by some to impair the ge-

neral effect of the picture, by not harmonizing with the mass of colouring. The first effect it has upon the spectator, is to remind him of a strong gleam of sun-light reflected through a narrow aperture, and falling perpendicularly upon the canvas, quite unconnected with the painter's work: the imitation of nature is therefore complete, whatever is said of the manner of its introduction. The drawing of the figures is careless, and in some parts deficient in accuracy; but we repeat, the general design and execution cannot be too highly praised. The artist is a young man, who has not, we believe, been hitherto much incumbered with patronage, although he has already exhibited some pictures of great merit: it is therefore gratifying to find, that, in a case which deserved and would seem to require it, the success was so immediately attended with the fostering encouragement calculated to impel genius to renewed and reinvigorating exertions.

Juliet.—H. Thomson, R. A.

Often as this beautiful subject has been illustrated by our artists, we never remember to have seen it more poetically embodied than on the present occasion. The reclining and languishing attitude of Juliet breathes the pure spirit of genuine love; and nothing can be happier than the introduction by the artist of the group of Cupid and Psyche: it is the emanation of poetical feeling. The drawing of the figure is free and unconstrained, and the colouring chaste and delicate. The artist has at least done justice to his subject; and the public will, we trust, appreciate as it deserves merit of so high a character.

The Travelling Druggist.—W. Mulready, R. A.

A fine composition, which rivals Wilkie in his best style. A Turkish vender of rhubarb is weighing his medicine to a female cottager, who bears in her arms the child whose desponding looks betray his sickness, whilst hers denote her anxious watchfulness and solicitude for the tender object of her attachment. The fine figure of the Turk, with the rich flowing of his dress, has a good effect; and his gravity and unmoved attention to business give a contrast to the gloomy character of expression of the other figures. The painting is in every respect beautiful; the details are highly wrought; and there is a clearness in the tints, and a careful execution, which cannot fail to be productive of the proper effect.

Bosworth Field.—A. Cooper, R. A.

This is an historical picture, representing the memorable battle between Richard and Henry, which was to decide the possession of the crown of England, and which has for centuries given a story to both painters and poets. The artist has embodied in his combat, portraits of the distinguished chieftains who fought and bled on the memorable day he celebrates. The spirit of the scene is finely preserved, and the equestrian grouping depicted with uncommon skill and vigour. The horses are painted after nature with extraordinary precision, and at the same time with a free and bold pencil. The colouring too, and the very correct study of the different styles of armour, and armorial bearings and ensigns, entitle the artist to great praise.

Comus—Psyche.—By the late H. Fuseli, R. A.

These are works long painted by the late keeper and professor of painting: the *Comus* we believe was sketched several years ago. The fault of Mr. Fuseli's style was an extravagant imagination, which, often heated with enthusiasm, impelled him beyond the bounds of nature, and gave that peculiarity to his works, which, together with the peculiarity of manner of the man, often withdrew the public from the contemplation of much excellence. Justice to the merits (and they were considerable) of a foreigner who sojourned amongst us until he became an octogenarian, now that he is no more, requires us to record, that during his residence amongst us for upwards of half a century, he warmly devoted himself to the cultivation of the arts; and in the Royal and Shakespeare Exhibitions, and in the Milton Gallery, which he himself opened, as well as in the numerous designs for prints, long universally known, he shewed examples of vigorous and poetical conception, and often of powerful and appropriate execution, which entitle him to a high place in our records of British art. The drawings of Mr. Fuseli are valuable, and worthy of being collected and preserved. The *Psyche* in the present Exhibition is a pleasing poetical subject. As a colourist, our lamented artist was deficient, either through want of power, or a morbid indifference to success in this essential department of his profession.

The Combat—Woman pleading for the Vanquished, an ideal Group.—W. Etty, A.

This artist has been justly cele-

brated for the richness of his colouring, and the poetical delicacy of his small easel subjects. He has, however, in the picture (No. 1.) in this Exhibition, devoted his acknowledged powers to a subject far from being in accordance with his previous works, one indeed in direct contrast to them. A combat of gladiators looks better in sculpture than in painting; the throes and bleeding wounds of a vanquished combatant, and the frenzy of his reckless antagonist, are really repulsive objects upon canvas, and require all the redeeming executive merits of this picture of Mr. Etty's, to be rendered even tolerable to the spectator. We can hardly bring correct and well-regulated minds to behold in art the representation of scenes, from which in nature they would turn with horror and disgust; and we, possibly from a peculiar fastidiousness, always regret to see undoubted merit devoted to their exhibition.

It is due, however, to this artist to state, that nothing, in point of execution, can be finer than the work before us. The straining and quivering muscles of the athletic figures are excellently developed; and the interposing woman (illustrating the sensibility and humanity of her sex) presents a soft and delicate object, which gives repose to the eye, and brings a calmer feeling to the heart, after the exciting contemplation of the deeds of masculine combatants. The colouring is very rich, and the landscape at the back-ground has considerable grandeur. As a study, this picture is certainly full of merit; but we cannot easily reconcile ourselves to such subjects.

The Regent, Murray shot by Ha-
Vol. V. No. XXX.

milton of Bothwellhaugh.--W. Allan.

The readers of Scottish history will recollect the sad story from which our Scottish painter has taken his subject. The assassin had owed his life to the regent's clemency, but his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent's favourites, who turned out his wife naked in a cold night into the fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged. He resolved at last to wait at Linlithgow, through which the regent was to pass. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, and hung up a black cloth, that he might not be observed: the regent proceeded along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot the regent on the spot. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the shot had come, but the assassin instantly escaped upon a fleet horse he had in waiting.

This picture, like that of *Archbishop Sharpe*, exhibited a year or two ago by the same artist, conveys an interesting and animated representation of the more than feudal violence of our northern neighbours a few centuries ago. The rugged outline of the national character, and the fierce and contentious spirit of its chieftains, are excellently developed in the individual action and portraiture of the figures introduced by Mr. Allan. His grouping is in general well conceived and contrasted: not that we approve of the softness and delicacy of expression he has given to so many of the female bystanders, who are preparing to hurry from the catas-

trophe, in this picture. It was natural for them to escape as fast as they could from such a scene, but not to carry away with them the texture of blooming features which they did not bring into the pageant. The good women and housewives of Linlithgow never deluded themselves into the notion of cutting such an historic figure as Mr. Allan's fancy has invented for them. This artist, however, evinces great power of conception and execution; and it would not be difficult to find single figures, indeed groups, in this picture, equal to any which we have been accustomed to admire in our best historical pictures.

Slender, with the Assistance of Shallow, courting Anne Page.—C. R. Leslie, A.

The subject is taken from the fourth scene in the third act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where *Slender* is pushed forward by *Shallow* to court *Mistress Anne*. The artist has imparted the comic vein of Shakespeare to the expression of his figures. The clownish action of the lover, his cousin's prompting him to explain his views, the lady's downcast and arch play of features, with the appropriate employment of picking the rose-leaves asunder, these are admirably caught and portrayed. The colouring of the picture is very beautiful, and the furniture and all the accessorial parts excellently made out. The light is beautifully cast upon the picture.

Harbour of Dieppe (Changement de Domicile).—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Mr. Turner's high merits as a landscape-painter are too universally known to require the aid of elaborate enumeration. This is a full sun-

light view of Dieppe from the harbour, which is covered with small vessels, freighted with every cargo which could impart gay colouring to the scene, and reflect bright tints upon the water; whilst in the broad expanse of the distance the town stands forward in all the variety of its architecture, and is depicted with a skill of perspective that is really astonishing, and more particularly when we consider the bright effulgence of the sunlight, which throughout irradiates this picture with its burning rays.

The Trial of William Lord Russell at the Old Bailey, 1683.—G. Hayter.

The part of the trial which the artist has chosen, is that in which Lord Howard (of treacherous memory) stands forward to be examined against his friend and companion. It will be recollected, that Lady Russell was permitted by the court to assist her lord in taking notes of the evidence upon his trial, and this interesting and devoted lady is engaged with intent anxiety in watching the questions which Lord Russell is about to put to the witness. If we mistake not, the outline of this picture is taken from a sketch of the former Old Bailey Court, sometimes found in old prints, and which, from the peculiar situation of the side lights, is not ill adapted to the display of pictorial effect. The imposing appearance of the judges, the general array of the court, the fine figure of Lord Russell at the bar, the peculiar and flowing costume of the times, present so many objects of attraction, which the artist has converted to his purpose with considerable taste and skill; and he has made the heavy and antiquated dra-

perly conform to them with something like grandeur of effect. The individual portraits are executed with great precision, and in most instances we believe with accurate portraiture. It is a very well painted picture, and interesting from its historical association.

Of the portraits we cannot avoid speaking in terms of the highest praise; for in this department at least our artists stand confessedly pre-eminent in the eyes of the world. The President has his full number, eight. The most pre-eminent is that of *Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia*.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.

It is seldom that we have to blame this distinguished artist for not giving, not only the fullest, but the finest effect to his portraits. His subjects being in general "the fairest of the fair" of our nobility, he has had to copy nature from her finest mould, set off with what Sir Joshua Reynolds expressively called, all the "incidental air of fashion." For an artist to be eminently successful where such beauty sat before him, was an easy task to the congenial pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence; but in the present instance he has hardly done justice to the soft and expressive features of the princess, or touched off the complexion with the delicacy of the original: there is a mealiness upon its surface, which gives too much of a cosmetic hue. This is the only imperfect part of the portrait; for the attitude is full of ease and dignity, and the rich and magnificent colouring of the dress, and the beauty of its folds, are naturally and suitably managed.

The full-length figure of the *Duke of Wellington* is a noble production.

His grace is represented in his ordinary short blue frock-coat, wearing also his common military riding-cloak over his shoulders, standing in an attitude of fixed attention, with crossed arms, and bearing a telescope, with which he has evidently been employed in surveying the ground on which the awful sound of battle was soon to vibrate. The likeness is admirable; and the absorbed and deep responsibility of thought and impending action is powerfully depicted in the fixedness of the brow and corresponding contraction of the muscles of the face. Time has worn upon his grace since his military campaigns; and while the artist has attended to this alteration, he has not been unmindful of the peculiar expression of his subject, as it has been described in those moments when all his faculties were engaged in deep and important action. There is considerable grandeur in the colouring of the back-ground of the picture.

To pass from the severity of military habit to the gayer turn of civil life, we have a bright and brilliant display of lively intellect in the beautifully painted portrait of the *Right Hon. George Canning*. The artist has instinctively caught the attractive play of features of the statesman, the clear and sparkling eye, the general vivacity, the finely formed head, and general air of the individual. In addition to these essential merits, the colouring is very beautiful. Mr. *Croker's* portrait is also a capital likeness, and painted with great force and delicacy. The portrait of Mr. *Lambton's Son* is one of the most exquisite paintings of a boy we have ever seen. The fine youth, carelessly enjoying his gambols upon a rock,

appears in his crimson dress to have almost caught the hues of heaven, from which it would not be a great stretch of imagination to suppose he had just dropped, to give an example of playful innocence to less favoured mortals. But enough of the President's portraits.

Portrait of Don Bemardino Rivadavia, first Minister of the Republic of Buenos Ayres.—T. Phillips, R. A.

This is evidently the portrait of a very intelligent foreigner; and it is painted with great breadth and taste. If we mistake not, it was this minister who took the bold and decisive step of getting rid of the monks in the settlement of the constitution of Buenos Ayres.

There are several other portraits in this Exhibition by the principal members of the Royal Academy: those by Sir Wm. Beechey, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Shee, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Howard, Mr. Northcote, Mr. Lonsdale, and one or two other artists, are peculiarly entitled to commendation.

Nonpareil, the favourite Charger of his Most Gracious Majesty King George IV.—J. Ward, R. A.

The celebrity of this artist in his profession, but more particularly in the department of animal-painting, has been so long known, that it has become trite by constant repetition. Still we cannot withhold the expression of our admiration from the work before us, in which Mr. Ward has done justice to the vigour, the symmetry, and accurately defined beauty of one of the finest chargers we ever saw. The landscape in the back-ground shews the skill and freedom of pencil of the artist. *Monitor* and the *Brood Mares* are also

beautifully drawn and painted. Mr. Ward has been this year remarkably successful.

The distressed Situation of the Kent East-Indiaman, Captain Cobb, when on Fire in the Bay of Biscay on the 1st of last March.—W. Daniell, R. A.

This picture, though hastily finished, is a good and, as well as we can judge, naturally painted description of a recent occurrence, which is fresh in every one's memory. The marine view, though buoyant and transparent, would look better if it were not so darkly shadowed.

Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell, Son of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.—E. Landseer.

A very lively and spirited equestrian portrait of a boy in a Highland uniform, galloping on a well-sinewed pony.

Buying Fish on the Beach, lazy Morning.—W. Collins, R. A.

This picture is remarkable for a fine effect of light which sweeps across the surface. There is a peculiar simplicity in the style of Mr. Collins, and an air of nature predominating throughout his execution, which justly place him in the first rank of our landscape-painters.

Titania.—T. Stothard, R. A.

This favourite artist retains in the example before us his glowing charm of execution. We have the same beautiful colouring, richness of effect, depth, light, and buoyant grouping of cherubs fitting over the scene, which we are so accustomed to admire in his works: they are always of poetical composition.

L'Allegro.—R. Westall, R. A. has a good deal of merit, mixed up with some hardness of execution.

Sir Henry Wotton presenting the Countess Sabrina with a valuable Jewel on the eve of his Departure from Venice.—C. R. Leslie, A.

is a pretty composition, and full of character: it is painted for Major's illustrated edition of Walton's Lives.

The Highland Family.—

D. Wilkie, R. A.

A small picture, to all appearance hastily finished, though still full of the precision and delicacy of touch of the artist. Mr. Wilkie is, we believe, principally occupied in a work upon his Majesty's visit to Scotland, which we are glad to hear is far advanced towards its completion, and will beautifully illustrate the gracious event which it is intended to describe.

Olivia and Viola.—H. Fradelle.

A well-composed picture, and coloured in the usual sparkling style of this clever artist. The expression of the figures is very characteristic.

Windsor, Moonlight.—T. C.

Hofland.

A beautiful moonlight view in Mr. Hofland's chaste and sober tone of transparent colouring.

Scene from the Taming of the Shrew.

—H. P. Briggs.

This is taken from the first scene of the third act, in the dialogue between *Lucentio*, *Bianca*, and *Hortensio*, in which *Lucentio* conveys the lesson of love through the dry medium of mock instruction in the Latin tongue. The expression of the figures is good, and the colouring altogether agreeable.

The Daughters of Œdipus restored to him by Theseus.—H. P. Bone.

A very pleasing poetical composition, and well painted. The same artist has also some clever portraits.

The Youth and the Philosopher.—

G. Arnald, A.

All our classic readers know Pla-

to's moral tale, in which the philosopher deplores the depraved taste of his intellectual pupil, who devoted naturally great energies to feats of horsemanship and charioteeing, instead of more liberal and enlightened acquirements. The contrast between the expression of the zeal and impetuosity of the youth, and the grief and scorn of Plato, is well conceived: it is on the whole a favourable specimen of the artist's talents.

A Waterfall on the River Dee, near Llangollen, North Wales.—J. Glover.

A well-painted sketch of romantic scenery, in the artist's usual style of light and natural execution.

Mill-Scene, near Leawood, Devon.

—F. C. Lewis.

This picturesque view is painted with great clearness and spirit.

The Widow.—F. P. Stephanoff.

A composition from domestic life, marked by a pleasing archness. There are also two good specimens of this artist's brilliant colouring in the sketch of *Henry VIII. crowned Victor at the Tournament of the Cloth of Gold*, designed for a stained glass window, and *The Restoration of Charles the First's Children to him, after he had been seized by the Army.*

Olivia and Viola.—H. Singleton.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable position in which this picture is hung, we were pleased with the composition and colouring, though in a bad light.

Among the other praiseworthy works, we noticed the following: Mr. Oliver's sketch, *Fortune-telling*; Mr. Foster's *Paul and Virginia*; Mr. H. B. Chalon's equestrian portraits; Mr. Clint's *Scene in the Comedy of Charles II.*; Mr. Eastlake's *Girl of Albano*; Mr. Deane's *Bristol View*;

Mr. Jonstable's *Landscapes*; Mr. Sharpe's *Barber Politician*; Mr. Witherington's *Robin*; Mr. Blake's *Dead Game*; Mr. Bromley's *Design for the Death of Nelson*; Mr. Dighton's *Brigands*; Mrs. Dighton's *Fruit and Flowers*; Captain Batty's *Dutch Landscapes*; Mr. Leslie's *Drawings from the Scotch Novels*; Mr. W. H. Watts's beautiful miniatures; and Miss Ross's *Portrait of a Lady* (No. 792). Also well-finished portraits by Mr. Newton, Mr. Reinagle, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. Hobday, Mr. Leaky, Mrs. Ansley, Miss Beaumont, Miss Leslie, Mr. Brockedon, Mr. Heaphy, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Webb, Miss Andree, Miss Reynolds, Miss Costello, Mrs. Pearson, and several other artists of merit.

Among the enamels, as usual, Mr. Bone, the academician, takes the lead. His Jane Duchess of Gordon, Charles I. and Vandyke's portraits, are splendid proofs of his great superiority in this difficult branch of art. Mr. Lee has a fine enamel of Lady Hamilton. Mr. Higham and Mr. Essex have also good specimens of their skill in enamel-painting.

The architectural drawings are this year very beautiful: Mr. Gandy has several, which are very elaborately composed and finished. Mr. J. C. Backler has several drawings of cathedrals; Mr. Soane has some fine plans for public buildings; and Mr. Wilkins some drawings, in very good taste, of the new buildings at the University of Cambridge. There are several other architectural drawings finished by our artists in a style of fine perspective.

The sculptural display this year contains, as usual, some pleasing specimens of our artists' proficiency in this eminent branch of art. We miss Mr. Chantrey from the bust-room;

but we have a fine bust by Mr. Behnes of Earl Grey, and of a son of Mr. Watson Taylor by Mr. Baily, R. A. There are other well-executed busts by Mr. Heffernan, Mr. Physick, Mr. Kendrick, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Rossi, Mr. Turnerelli, and other sculptors.

The historical and poetical groups are few.

A Madonna and Child, a group in marble.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

A pleasing and finely painted group, designed with great feeling and simplicity; the expression possesses corresponding merit.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, part of a monument, executed in marble, to the Memory of the Hon. Lady Ann Elizabeth Hare, of Stone-Hall, Norfolk.—W. Theed.

The composition of this monumental work is chaste and simple, and reflects credit upon the taste of the architect.

Shepherd and Shepherdess, finished sketch for a group in marble.—C. Rossi, R. A.

—————"While soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms."

From these lines in Thomson's "Autumn," Mr. Rossi has composed an agreeable poetical group, in the execution of which there is much softness and delicacy.

Mr. Scoular's *Narcissus*, Mr. Smith's *Ajax*, and Mr. Heffernan's *Susanna*, are also beautiful subjects, and do great credit to the proficiency of our first class of students.

We have, in conclusion, to lament that we have not space to enumerate even the names of all the artists whose works afforded us gratification in this Exhibition; much less to dwell upon, as we should have wished, the varied and progressive merits they disclosed.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE twenty-first Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was opened at the end of last month, at their Gallery, Pall-Mall East; and when we consider how purely national this department of our arts must always be deemed, and how confessedly pre-eminent are the attainments of our artists in this peculiarly beautiful imitation of nature, we have much gratification in announcing, that this year's Exhibition of the Society exceeds all previous ones in the skill, the purity, and elegance of finish of the works it contains. We have not perhaps the same number of drawings that we have once or twice seen in this annual Exhibition, but we repeat, the subjects are in general more excellent, more full of agreeable variety; and while they display the more prominent and improved proficiency of the principal members of the society, are at the same time so liberally and tastefully arranged, as to place in a not unfavourable point of view the works of other artists, who put forth their younger claims to public notice at this popular Exhibition.

As a proof of the industry of the members of this society, we need only mention that Mr. G. F. Robson has in the present Exhibition no less than twenty-five pictures; Mr. Copley Fielding nearly fifty; and about half a dozen of the other leading members something bordering upon the same proportion: still there is room for all, and the arrangement is calculated to give general satisfaction.

Where we have such a number to deal with by the same artists, and where really the merit is so equal, it

is difficult to select; indeed we do not pretend to bring forward particular works, but rather to take them accidentally, as we observed them in the Exhibition, and endeavour to do justice to the general merit of the artist in the particular class to which he belongs.

Scene in Shoreham Harbour, Sussex.—Copley Fielding.

This is really a beautiful drawing; the rays of light faintly penetrating through the misty shadows, the reach of soft strand exactly as we see it left by the reflux of the sea, and then the town and the distant promontory, the aerial tints and driving shadows, are all so expressive and truly natural, that we could dwell upon this picture with almost as pleasurable a gratification as that with which we have often contemplated the real view in nature. The *Lake Scenery* in this collection, by Mr. Fielding, is also beautiful. *The View on the Clyde looking to Dumbarton Castle* is also a sweetly finished marine prospect. The effect of rain clearing off in the drawing of *Dundarra Castle, on Loch Fyne*, near Inverary, is also fine.

The East End of Loch Katrine.—
G. F. Robson,

“The summer morn’s reflected hue
To silver changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just fanned the trees;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken, nor at rest;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;

A widening forest feathered o'er
 Its ruined sides, and summit hoar."

We give the whole of the quotation in which the artist describes his picture, not because any extract from Sir Walter Scott's poetry must repay the reader for the time of perusal, but because Mr. Robson has in his picture realized every beauty which is described in these exquisite lines. The magnificence of the landscape, the calmness and serenity of the water, the fine harmony of colouring which predominates, the delicate tints of the mountain herbage, and the manner in which the artist has brought out the whole of the details, bespeak at once the highest skill in this department of art. The quietness and repose in his mountain scenery, the softness of his shadows, and transparency of his colouring, united with such careful drawing, give Mr. Robson's works a peculiar value. There is also a great variety of merit in his present drawings, particularly in the Durham, Cumberland, and Westmoreland scenery.

The drawing of *Barnard Castle, Durham*, has much grandeur of effect, and beautifully illustrates the lines in *Rokeby*:

"Far sweeping in the west, he sees
 Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
 And where a livelier sunshine falls,
 Emerge proud Barnard's shatter'd walls;
 High crowned he sits, in ruin pale,
 The sovereign of the lovely vale."

Ponte di Rialto, Venice.—S. Prout.

A beautiful architectural view in this artist's best style; the perspective is excellent, and the fantastical and gorgeous details of the local scenery are brought out in a very picturesque manner. Mr. Prout has in this Exhibition other specimens of his skill besides this view of the Rialto.

The *Maison de Ville, Louvain*, is also a remarkably fine drawing; the perspective is admirable, and the architectural details wrought with the greatest care and accuracy.

Sir Walter Raleigh throwing his Cloak at the Feet of Queen Elizabeth.—J. Stephanoff.

The subject is taken from the story in the novel of *Kenilworth*, in which Raleigh disburthened himself of his mantle, to spread it across a spot of mud, over which the queen had to pass in one of her pastimes at the famous revels at the castle. It is, like all Mr. Stephanoff's works, a rich and splendid piece of colouring. The grouping too is finely arranged: her majesty is certainly in the full bloom of the artist's colouring; but we believe queens possess the property of the aloe, and shed fresh lustre, whilst humbler mortals decline and decay; at all events, we never saw a queen that was not painted handsome, and Mr. Stephanoff is determined not to furnish an exception to the general practice. The magnificence of the court, the glowing beauty of the dresses, and all the other splendid accessories of the pageant are finely depicted.

The Reconciliation of Selim and Nourmahal during the Feast of Roses at Cashmere is also very beautiful. Who does not recollect the fine passage in "*Lalla Rookh*?"

"The mask is off, the charm is wrought,
 And Selim to his heart has caught,
 In blushes more than ever bright,
 His Nourmahal, his harem's light."

This is an exquisite drawing, and has all the voluptuous richness of the poem: it is indeed a feast of roses.

The School in Repose.—H. Richter.

A schoolmistress has fallen asleep, and, as a matter of course, the scholars (a fine ruddy-faced group of fe-

males) are engaged in every sort of arch play that can be carried on, with just as much noise as will give zest to the fun, without risking the slumber of the principal. The composition is good, and there is a vein of humour throughout the work which is pleasing; but the colouring and drawing are in parts feeble.

Llangollen, North Wales.—H. Gasteau.

This artist has a number of pleasing landscapes in this Exhibition: that of Llangollen has a beautiful effect of rainbow; the colours are quite prismatic.

Welsh Peasant-Girls, with Cader Idris in the Distance.—J. Cristall.

The happy union of figure and landscape in Mr. Cristall's works is always pleasing; and this Exhibition abounds in proofs of his talents, which are all effective, notwithstanding the predominance of a bluish hue. His figures are always simple and natural, and the action uniformly suited to their character. The group in this drawing is very simple and pleasing, and the colouring in good harmony.

Fruit and Flowers.—Miss Byrne.

This lady evinces great taste in her drawings, which are perfect imitations of nature; her fruit and flowers have all the pulpiness and soft colours of the real objects. In a picture of *Grapes* in this Exhibition, a butterfly is introduced upon a stalk with very pretty effect.

The Saloon of his Majesty's Palace, Brighton.—A. Pugin.

A clever specimen of Mr. Pugin's taste for architectural and ornamental drawing. The richness and exquisite taste which predominate in
Vol. V. No. XXX.

the furniture and decorations of the palace gave full scope to the artist's skill in drawing.

Ruins of the Temple of Juno at Agrigentum.

Independent of the correctness of the drawing, there is a good deal of beauty in the colouring of the landscape.

Town, Castle, and Port of Monaco, in the Gulf of Genoa.—J. D. Harding.

A very clever drawing of a peculiarly bold and romantic view of local scenery. The castle and rocks are peculiarly picturesque, and well finished.

Evening.—G. Barret.

“Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and
streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long
retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming
scene,
Uncertain if beheld.”

From these lines of our favourite poet Thomson the artist has composed a very beautiful drawing. The composition is quite poetical, and full of fertility of invention; there is a sweet and agreeable softness over the whole work, which is in such perfect harmony with the scene, that we are recalled to the serene abstraction excited by such a prospect in nature. It is a pity that the figures which are introduced are so clumsy; in every other respect the landscape is complete. Mr. Barret has several other works in this Exhibition, which display a power of conception and

execution of a very high order. He appears, like Claude, to catch the varying tints of nature, even in their more evanescent changes. His *Morning and Evening Scenes* are carefully and successfully distinguished, and he has acquired a delicacy of execution which is full of fine effect.

Miss Barret has some clever drawings of birds.

An *Ancient City* is also a beautiful classical landscape; a calm delightful drawing, full of rich sentiment.

View at the East End of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, considered retrospectively, as it may have appeared before the removal of the Shrine of St. Hugh, with Preparation for an Episcopal High Mass.—C. Wild.

A very beautiful architectural drawing: the painted window is uncommonly fine, and the perspective remarkably accurate. Mr. Wild has several drawings in this Exhibition of equal interest: among them, and particularly well executed, is *The View of the Cathedral Church of Chartres*, of late so well known through the Diorama.

Red-legged Partridge.—W. Nesfield.

A very clever and well-coloured drawing.

Alderney Cattle.—R. Hills.

This artist has so many delightful cattle-drawings in the present Exhibition, that the only difficulty is, which to select for particular notice, where all have so many claims upon our attention. The correctness of the drawing of his cattle can only be equalled by the taste and precision with which he disposes of them

amid scenery to which they are naturalized. What a pleasing little drawing is *The Roebuck!*

Carthage, Æneas and Achates.—

D. Cox.

“They climb the next ascent, and looking down,

Now at a nearer distance, view the town:

The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,

Which late were huts and shepherds’ homely bowers,

The gates and streets, and hears from every part

The noise and busy concourse of the mart.”

From this passage in the first book of the “*Æneid*,” the artist has traced a very rich and beautiful composition: being an emanation of pure invention, we cannot try his merit by the standard of nature, for to that these splendid and gorgeous objects do not belong: nevertheless, as a composition, it has a good deal of merit, and as such deserves our commendation.

View on the Thames, with Moulsey-Hurst.—Miss Harriet Gouldsmith.

We always admire this lady’s taste for landscape-painting, which she sufficiently sustains in this Exhibition: her paintings and drawings always partake of the character of nature; and in depicting local scenery, she is remarkable for fidelity of execution.

Among the other drawings which struck us as extremely beautiful, were those of *Edinburgh Castle*, by Mr. Scott; *Stacking Barley*, by Mr. Dewint (as well as the *Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire*); *Teal*, by Miss Barret; *Fruit*, by Miss Scott; the drawings of the *French Palaces*, by Mr. Nash; and *Birds*, by Mr. Hunt. There is a good deal of humour in some of Mr. Wright’s drawings. Mr. Varley has several works in his usual style of composi-

tion; and Mr. Wichelo's sea-views are clever.

We have merely space this month, owing to the numerous Exhibitions of works of art now open, to take this brief notice of the Water-Colour Society, and to congratulate

the members upon the progressive excellence of their annual contributions to this agreeable department of the arts, in which they have at length surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of their warmest admirers.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution has just opened with one of the finest collections of the works of living artists of the British School ever presented to the public.

Since the establishment of this gallery, the Directors have largely contributed to the promotion of the fine arts: first, by the direct patronage of our meritorious artists; and, secondly, by the certain tendency of their Exhibitions to improve the public taste, and thereby diffuse a more general feeling for the arts. We have seen at the British Institution a succession of exhibitions of the *old* masters, and various collections of the *new*. We have seen here the pictures of Hogarth, of Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, and Wilson; and always expressed our gratification in contemplating over again the finest specimens of the skill and talents of men who were by all admired in their day; but never before were we so struck with the real ascendancy of the British school of painting as on the present occasion, when its merits shine out before us, and challenge, with their collective force in all the essential departments of art, competition with the most eminent productions of any other school. The edifice we had seen before; we had anxiously watched its superstructure from its base to its summit; during its progressive as-

cent we had often proclaimed its merit: but now that the scaffolding is taken down, and we can approach the whole work with an undivided glance, who can deny to British art the purity and elegance of design, the just and chaste proportions, the lofty and comprehensive conception, which now stand out in full relief to the public eye, in the great example thus furnished to the admiration and patronage of, we trust, a liberal and discerning people? Formerly it was often the cruel lot of merit to pine in obscurity; this cannot be again the case: the indiscretion of the individual we hope seldom to see; the apathy of the public we never can anticipate with this mass of glowing information, and we will add, conviction before them.

The present Exhibition contains one hundred and forty-one pictures, selected (and very judiciously too) from the best of our living artists. We have Sir Thomas Lawrence's fine *Portrait of the King*, full of the dignified expression and the graceful attitude of the original; and the celebrated *Portrait of John Kemble* in "Hamlet," from his Majesty's collection, one of the finest models of living and noble thought which was ever embodied by the pencil of any artist. Then Phillips's portraits, particularly that of *H. R. H. the Duke of York*, shew unaffected fi-

delity of execution, with chaste and natural colouring. Mr. Howard's *Girl in a Florentine Costume* is also a beautiful work in the class of portraiture; and we cannot behold the *Portrait of the Dowager Lady Beaumont*, by the late Mr. Owen, without a feeling of deep regret for the loss of an artist who possessed such excellence in his profession. Sir Wm. Beechey's *Portraits of the Duchess of Kent and her Daughter* are very tastefully executed; and Fradelle's *Mary Queen of Scots* deserves a better name than that of being in a good class of portraiture, for it is a beautiful and interesting composition. Shee's *Portrait of the Bishop of Norwich* is a fine likeness, and very well painted.

Daniell's landscapes are in general very clever; and we have in this collection Collins's *Wood-Cutter's Repast*, which is the finest landscape he ever painted. Stothard's *Children in the Wood* is a sweet and touching composition; and this artist's poetical productions, near it, sustain his well-earned reputation in design and colouring. Calcott's *Dover* is one of the finest marine pieces ever exhibited, containing so much of nature and so little of obtrusive art.

Alston's *Jacob's Dream* is a composition full of fine sentiment, and the arrangement and drawing of the figures in the highest degree perfect. Near it we have Howard's *Fairies*, which tempts us to exclaim in the language of Shakspeare,

"This is the fairy-land: oh! spite of spites!"

There is something extremely beautiful in the poetical taste of this artist. What can be more lovely than his picture of *Sunrise*? Hilton's *Cu-*

pid taught by the Graces will always sustain his merit.

Of Wilkie it would be difficult to speak without unqualified praise. His *Chelsea Pensioners* is in this collection to attest his extraordinary merit; it has all his deep insight into character, his fidelity of execution, and the clear and transparent tints which he can diffuse over his subjects. Cooper's battle pieces are admired by every body, and some of them are here. Ward's animal paintings are universally known to the admirers of fine symmetry, and one or two capital specimens of them are in this collection.

Northcote's historical compositions are generally interesting, and the *Portrait of Lady Jane Grey in Prison* has been much admired.

Stephanoff's *Escape of Gil Blas* is a very comic and well-coloured picture. Leahy's *Catching the Expression* is the best picture by this artist, and most excellent in its kind. Etty has one or two of those poetical compositions which acquired for him such deserved reputation at former Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Leslie's subjects from "Don Quixote" are also seen here over again to great advantage. Jones's *Battle of Vittoria* is a good battle piece. Sharp's familiar subjects always please; and some of Hoffman's best landscapes adorn this Exhibition. Pickersgill is also well represented among our living artists by his *Guy Fawkes* and *L'Improvisatrice*; and Drummond has a scriptural picture which has considerable merit as an historical composition. There are several other artists of equal celebrity, whose works we are precluded from noticing by the late



BALL DRESS.

period of the month when the British Institution opened.

Of Bone's enamels it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate admiration. We have here the delicacy of execution of Murillo, with the full body of Holbein. The private gallery of this eminent artist contains some admirable examples, which shall have, as they deserve, an early and separate notice.

It is due to our artists to insert the following paragraph, from the preface to the Catalogue of this Exhibition:

"The Directors feel it due to several artists whose reputation stands deservedly high in the public estimation, to state, that want of space alone to display their pictures to advantage was the sole cause of their not having been requested to contribute their assistance upon this occasion; and the same cause has obliged the Directors to decline the acceptance of several works, which they are sensible would have added interest to the Exhibition."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

CANARY-YELLOW *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* bias, plain, and made to fit the shape: it is trimmed at the top of the bust with two rows of ribbon of the same colour, put on very full, and fluted; it is very prettily rounded in front, and retires a little off the shoulder. Short sleeve, moderately full, beneath a white *crêpe lisse* full long sleeve, confined at the wrist with a broad gold bracelet, with embossed gold snaps, and a row of turquois above. The dress is decorated with ornamented silk cords, which approximate at the waist, and extend as they ascend the *corsage*, or descend the skirt: each cord is inserted into a double circlet, which unites the points of a row of deep festoons, formed of fluted ribbon, corresponding with the trimming of the bust: a broad rouleau surrounds the edge of the dress, which just touches the ground: broad satin sash of canary-yellow. Silk dress

hat, with a gold ornament in front, and a full plume of white ostrich feathers; one is placed beneath the brim, and falls low on the right side of the face. Necklace and ear-rings of different coloured gems set in gold; gold chain and eye-glass. White kid gloves; white satin shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of white crape; the *corsage* ornamented in front with a full-blown satin rose, with rose-colour tulip-leaves emanating from it and extending over the bust, their points reaching to the *ceinture*. Short sleeve, set in a white satin band round the arm, and moderately full; in the centre is a rose, with a pink satin lotus, edged with white satin, rising above it. The skirt is terminated by a broad rose-colour satin rouleau, above which are bouquets of flowers, each surmounted by a rose-colour lotus, edged with white satin. Sash of rose colour, with long ends fringed,

and fastened with a brilliant buckle on the right side. The hair is in large curls, with satin leaves in front, and an ornamented gold pin placed transversely towards the left side.

Rich embroidered blond scarf. Delicately wrought gold necklace and ear-rings. Long white kid gloves; white satin shoes. Transparent painted fan.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 17.

My dear SOPHIA,

SILK has been during the last month the material most in favour for the promenade, owing, I believe, to the uncommon coldness and dampness of the weather. *Rédingotes* and *robe rédingotes* are very generally adopted; the former are buttoned up the front: the trimming consists of a row of points on each side of the buttons, and one round the bottom, or a rouleau disposed up the fronts and round the bottom in a spiral wreath. A large pelerine, which is an indispensable appendage, has also a row of trimming to correspond. The body is made tight, with a falling collar; and the sleeve, always *en gigot*, is finished at the hand to correspond with the dress.

Promenade-gowns are also made high and tight to the shape; they are trimmed with rouleaus, either placed horizontally or in waves, or arranged in a scroll pattern. The bust is always ornamented with folds of satin in the demi-lozenge style; the sleeve, *en gigot*, is confined to the arm by four or five bracelets, somewhat broader than common: the sleeve forms puffs between each bracelet. These dresses also are finished by a pelerine, which, in general, forms the only outdoor covering, except for ladies of a certain age, who still wear shawls.

Bonnets have more a summer appearance; white crape ones are already seen in the promenades. The

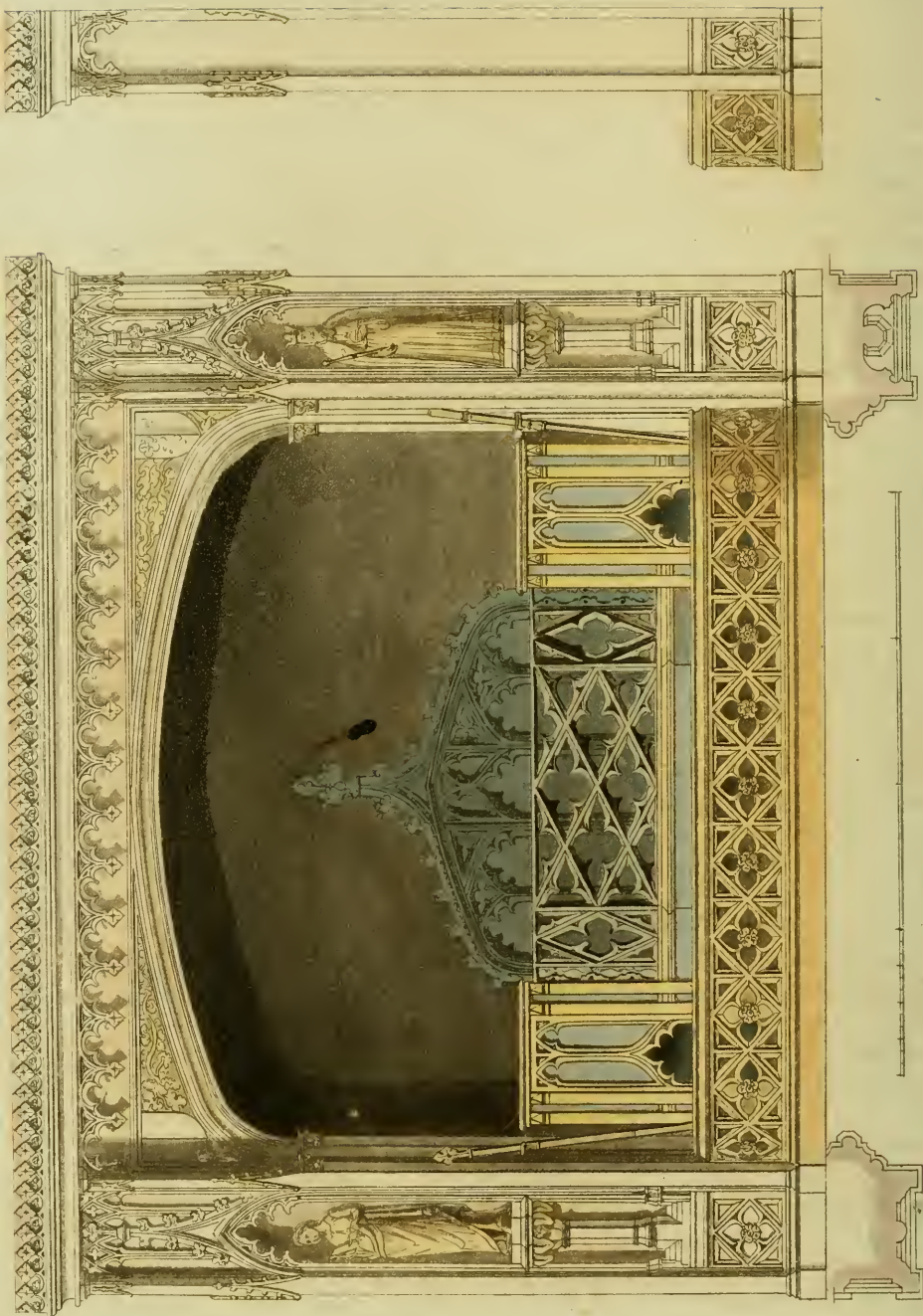
crowns are higher than they have been worn lately, and the brims shallower, but still very wide. Some have a drapery, *en marmotte*, arranged over the top of the crown; it is edged with blond, and the spaces on each side filled with bouquets of Provence roses, lilac, and white lilac. Others have the front of the crown adorned with a garland of marabouts placed upright, and having *plumes de pintade* at the base; two of the feathers fall negligently under the brim: the lappets are generally blond.

Rice-straw bonnets, which are much in favour, are frequently covered with silk net; they are ornamented with flowers; the strings are of a richly embroidered ribbon.

Leghorn hats are in great favour; but it is only those of an enormous price that are fashionable: they are trimmed with ribbon of a gauze ground and satin leaves highly raised, and a garland of rose, laurel, jessamine, or lilac. White *gros de Naples* bonnets are generally lined with rose or straw colour, trimmed with a *torsade* of gauze to correspond, and a bouquet of wild daisies, *bluets*, or fancy flowers, composed of peacocks' feathers.

Morning bonnets or *capotes* are of *gros de Naples* shaded in stripes, green and amaranth, mahogany and nut-brown: blue and massaca are the colours most in favour for these bonnets, which are worn very large.

Muslin is much in favour in din-



GOTHIC FIRE PLACE.

ner dress. A good many gowns are still made *en blouse*, but a still greater number are made tight to the shape, with each side of the back and bust ornamented with reversed plaits: the *corsage* is cut low, and finished by a falling tucker *à l'enfant*. The sleeve, if long, is *en grigot*, with from four to six bracelets of letting-in lace; if short, which is oftener the case, it is formed into bias puffs by broad bands of letting-in lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of three muslin flounces, placed exactly one above another, and laid on rather plain; they are cut in large scollops, and are edged with lace, quilled on very full.

Coloured crapes, tulles, and gauzes are now very much in favour in full dress. Some are worn over satin slips of the same colour; others over white: the latter is most general. The gowns are now cut excessively low, and fall a great deal off the shoulders; but the bosom is shielded by a drapery composed of folds, which rises rather high on each side. Trimmings are of two kinds: *bouffants* formed by satin stars, with

a slight intermixture of flowers; and blond rouleaus fancifully twined with fairy wreaths of daisies, primroses, &c. &c. The rouleaus are disposed in wreaths, and form a drapery, which goes half way up the front in a sloping direction. The other style of trimming forms also a drapery, which goes from the waist, on the left side, to the bottom of the dress.

The head-dresses worn with these gowns mostly consist of gauze scarfs to correspond, arranged among the bows of the hair, and intermingled with flowers. The hair is now dressed rather high; it is disposed in full curls on the forehead, but so as to shew the beauty of the forehead and eyebrows. Nothing is talked of but the coronation. We are to have coronation caps, ribbons, handkerchiefs. In short, it seems that next month we shall be literally covered with coronation articles. Expect a faithful account of them from your devoted
EUDOCIA.

P.S. Our favourite colours are, emerald-green, rose, straw colour, lilac, blue, topaz, deep rose, pea-green, and peach-blossom.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A GOTHIC CHIMNEY-PIECE AND STOVE.

THE prevailing taste for Gothic architecture renders valuable every information that may be collected towards assisting the artisan in perfecting his works; and for this purpose the design is here introduced.

It is of considerable importance, where several manufacturers are engaged in forming a whole, as in the present instance, that they should all perceive the relative connection that the several parts ought to have with each other: thus, from the an-

nexed design, the statuary (so called merely because he works marble of which sculptors make statues,) will form the chimney-piece, so as to receive gracefully the works of the sculptor destined to adorn the tabernacles in the design. The smith will perceive the necessity of making his stove conformable to the peculiarity of style; the maker of the fender and its accessories will also follow the example; and all unite in obtaining an effect of propriety, and

which propriety is an object of the first importance to architectural beauty. But to enable these different manufacturers to produce this necessary concordance, it is evident that the architect must precede their labours, by laying down a guide in this

way for their observance and regulation; for without this first preparation, as many varieties of style may be expected as articles employed, and instead of a uniform whole, a jumble of incongruities, as offensive to the eye as to the judgment.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN a few days will be published, *The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of Lord Byron*, in 3 vols. 8vo. with a portrait, from a miniature by Holmes, a portrait of the Marchioness Guiccioli, and other embellishments.

John Howison, Esq. of the East India Company's service, has nearly ready for publication, *Foreign Scenes and Traveling Recreations*, in 2 vols. post 8vo.

Leigh's new pocket *Road-Book of England, Wales, and Part of Scotland*, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries, is in the press.

On the 1st of July will be published, the first number of a work, entitled *Flora Conspicua*, which will contain a selection of the most ornamental trees, shrubs, and plants, for embellishing flower-gardens and pleasure-grounds, with descriptions, by Richard Morris, F. L. S.

Shortly will be published, *Observations on the Law and Constitution of India, and on the Nature of Landed Tenures*.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols.

The History of the Principal Transactions in British India during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings, enlarged from the Narrative published in 1820, by Henry T. Prinsep, of the Bengal civil service.

Shortly will be published, *the East India Vade-Mecum*, by Dr. J. B. Gilchrist.

On the 1st of July next will be published, the first number of a new monthly periodical work, to be entitled *The Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine*, to be conducted by clergymen of the Established Church.

The prize of 300*l.* given by the Board of Longitude for the best chronometer, after one year's trial at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was last month adjudged to Mr. R. Widenham, of East-street, Red Lion-square, whose time-piece varied within the year only one second and 84 hundredths of time, computed from actual observation by the astronomer royal, according to the table of mean rates.

Poetry.

ELIZA*.

'Twas in a deep retiring vale, and meet
For rural pleasure's calm and safe retreat,
The fair Eliza lived—of humblest birth—
No fleeting dream of grandeur checked her
mirth;
But as she laugh'd and sung, to all unknown,
She deem'd life's brightest joys were all her
own.

* Extracted from *Lines written for the Benefit of the Inhabitants of the Island of Portland, who suffered from the late Storm, November 1824.*

Thus as she sported 'mong her own wild
flowers,
And calm content led on youth's silken hours,
Time slept not in his course,—but there she
stood
In all the pride of perfect womanhood;
While many a peasant group that saw her
there,
Prayed Heaven no frost might chill a flower
so fair.
And now, her heart's own choice, young Wil-
liam, led
The blushing maiden to the bridal bed,

And all was fondest love—not such as some
Call love, where, pillowed 'neath the gilded
dome,

The lonely consort, on the couch of sleep,
Is left a husband's faithless vows to weep.
Ah! no—the love their faithful bosoms knew
Was that of our first parents, pure and true!

And thus months, years roll'd on—one
beauteous boy,
And one fair girl, her mother's darling joy,
The rites of Hymen bless'd.

But now had come
The day her William was to quit his home
And tempt the billowy deep; for he had
heard

Her father talk of ocean, and preferr'd
A sailor's busy life, e'en though removed
For many a dreary month from her he loved.
He's gone—the vessel speeds—no tear was
shed,—

But as around the surging ocean spread,
As in a brief embrace her hand he press'd,
One sigh, one struggling sigh, her grief confess'd.

Calm was the dawning day, but ere the
night

Had own'd the glory of the moon's pale light,
The rising tempest came—but who can find
Words to express that tempest of her mind,
Who but a few brief days ago was seen
The happiest wife upon the village green,
And now perchance the saddest?

The wild blast,
Its fury spent, had ceased—the storm had
pass'd,

But not its agents—many a heavy cloud
Spread o'er the cold wan moon its vapoury
shroud,

While many a sudden squall that hurtled by
Seem'd to foretell her sailor's destiny:
For, little heedful of her own frail form,
Soon as had pass'd the zenith of the storm,
With but her children, one in either hand
Led on, she'd left her cottage for the strand,
Where in the breeze of yester's orient day
She saw her William's parting streamers
play.

Quick, quick, she hasten'd on, nor mark'd
the rill—

A river now,—nor e'en her favourite mill—
A floating ruin,—other thoughts were now
Upon her soul, and darkened o'er her brow;
For fear already—of dark fancy bred—
Had shewn her shipwreck'd sailor cold and
dead.

"There will he lie or ere the sands I reach,
A stiffened corse, upon the pebbly beach.

Oh! had we both but sailed, we then had slept
In peace together there!" she said, and wept.
"Yet, no—my children!—Heaven forbid!—
'tis o'er—

I hear—I hear the murderous ocean roar!
See! yes, it is the bay—what sudden fear
Thus holds me back?—I *must*, I *will* draw
near;

Am I a sailor's wife, and dread the spray
The sailor loves! vain fears, away, away!"

Thus spoke the wife, the mother, as she
drew

Near Weymouth's crescent shore; the night-
winds blew

Hollow and sad, while o'er the surfy rock
The sullen wave in heavier surges broke;
When, lo! a drifted boat, with sail and oar,
She saw at distance on th' expanding shore!
She gain'd the wreck—a louring cloud o'er-
cast

The moon—she nearer drew—the hollow blast
Swept by—the dark cloud parted—Heavens!
what sight

Met her fix'd eye, as all unnerv'd, with light
And trembling hand she slow uprais'd the
sail!

It was her own lost William,—cold and pale
Upon the shore he lay!

Ye who have known
What 'tis affection's mystic cares to own,
To you I speak—oh! say what feelings then
Heav'd her fond breast!—again she look'd—
again

Dropt the wet sail, and then again, as if
'Twere but the phantom of her frenzied grief,
Gaz'd on his face once more.

No tear fell now,
Dry was her eye, and hectic was her brow;
But there she sat—her young Eliza kept
An awful silence; she alone had wept—
Alone had power to weep;—the boy, he stood
Fearless and frowning on the angry flood,
As if he thought, poor child! th' affrighted
main

Would give his parted parent life again.
Yes—there all faint beside that fearful wreck,
Her head upon that weeping orphan's neck,
She sat; no inward groan, no sound to tell
If life or death were there; a fatal spell
Had turn'd her form to marble!

William knelt
Upon the weedy sand, and as he felt,
Unconscious felt, life's vital current play
Fainter and fainter as it ebb'd away,
A sudden flush her pallid brow came o'er,
One sigh was heard—*she* too was now no more!

INDEX.

A.
 ABBOT of Unreason, 45
 Adams, T. review of his Three Voluntaries, 115
 Adventures in Ireland, 213, 252
 Allan, W. remarks on a picture by, 351
 Anecdotes, &c. historical, literary, and personal, 45, 163, 285, 340
 Anspach, Margravine of, her Memoirs announced, 123
 Arnald, G. remarks on a picture by, 355
 Arts, fine, 172, 241, 292, 347
 Astronomy of the Egyptians announced, 183
 Aurist, the, announced, 247
 Austin, S. remarks on a picture by, 296
 B.
 Bachelor, the old, and his annoyances, 268
 Banister, H. J. review of his Exercises, 291
 —his Selection of Melodies from "Der Freyschütz," *ib.*
 Barbauld, Mrs. her Poetical Works announced, 307
 Bard's wish, the, 222
 Barret, G. remarks on a drawing by, 359
 Barrington, sir F. bart. view of his seat, 250
 —, sir J. his Historical Anecdotes of Ireland announced, 306
 Beaumont, Miss, remarks on a picture by, 176
 Beggar, the honest, 341
 Belvoir-castle, view of, 125
 Belzoni's Egyptian tombs, exhibition of, 299
 Berry, duke of, benevolence of the, 81
 Best, Justice, lines on, 223
 Blair, J. remarks on a picture by, 296
 Bieton, view of, 1
 Bishop, H. R. review of his Selection of Irish Melodies, 52—his "Star that bringest home the bee," 53—his "The Maid's Remonstrance," 54—his Overture alla Irlandese, *ib.*—his "O lovely is the summer moon," 116—his "Drink to her," 117—his "Farewell to thee, Scotland!" 239
 Blake, B. remarks on a picture by, 295
 Blyth, B. review of his Introduction and Rondo, 54
 Boaden, J. remarks on a picture by, 176
 Bochsa, Mr. review of his "Content," a ballad, 345
 Bone, H. P. remarks on a picture by, 355
 Botanical theory, 286
 Bougainville, anecdote of, 267
 Bowdich, T. E. his Description of Madeira, &c. announced, 247
 Brabant, Richilda, countess of, a popular tale, 144, 195, 258
 Breakfast, the walk before, 267
 Brettell, Rev. J. extracts from his Country Minister, 284, 285
 Brewer, J. N. his Delineations of Gloucestershire announced, 59
 Briggs, H. P. remarks on pictures by, 177, 355
 British Artists, exhibition of the society of, 292
 British Institution, exhibition of the, 172, 361
 Bromley, J. remarks on a picture by, 296

Bronstedt, Dr. his Travels in Greece announced, 182
 Brownie, legend of a, 128
 Bruguier, D. review of his Preparatory Exercises, 344
 Bunney-hall, view of, 4
 Burghley-house, view of, 187
 Burmese government, its despotism, 46
 Byrne, Miss, remarks on pictures by, 296, 359
 Byron, lord, his Life, &c. announced, 366

C.

Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels, extract from, 88
 Cabinet of the Spanish Guitar reviewed, 169
 Caen-wood, view of, 311
 Calkin, J. review of his "*La petite Ecossoise*," 171—his Fantasia Brillante, 346
 Carey, Mrs. J. extract from her "Lasting Impressions," 36
 —, W. on the national character of the Irish, 106—his observations on Mr. West's gallery, 301
 Carlisle, first earl of, anecdote of, 47
 Carnegie, J. poetry by, 60
 Cathedral, the, 111
 Cavern of Servulo, 84, 136, 204
 Cawse, J. remarks on a picture by, 178
 Celtic Paradise, the, 270
 Chairs, designs for, 182
 Chimney-piece and stove, description of, 365
 Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine announced, 366
 Christophe, particulars respecting the conclusion of his reign, 23, 91, 151
 Clarke, J. review of his Divertimento, 347
 —, Dr. J. review of his "Here's the vow," 239
 Clater, T. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Cobbold, Mrs. extracts from her poems, 309
 Collen, H. remarks on a picture by, 296
 Collins, W. remarks on a picture by, 354
 Compliment repaid, 48
 Confessions of a rambler, 34, 102, 226, 276
 — my uncle, 40, 98, 210, 317
 Conflagration of Moscow, 231
 Cooke, T. review of his "The morn is on the hill," 240
 Cooper, A. remarks on pictures by, 174, 350
 Coquetry, female, tragic consequences of, 209
 Coterie, the literary, 107, 216, 280, 335
 Country-seats, views of, 1, 63, 125, 187, 249, 311
 Courtenay, viscount, view of his seat, 192
 Cox, P. remarks on a drawing by, 360
 Cristall, J. remarks on a drawing by, 359
 Cure for national prejudices, 45
 Cuvier's *Ossements Fossiles*, translation of, announced, 59
 Czerny, C. review of his "*Les Charmes de Bade*," 114—his Variations on the Finale in "*La Fée de France*," 345—his Rondoletto on a Cavatina in "*L'Italiana in Algieri*," *ib.*

D.

- Daguerre, Mons. remarks on a picture by, 241
 Danby, F. remarks on pictures by, 176, 348
 Daniell, W. remarks on a picture by, 354
 Danneley, J. F. review of his *Encyclopædia of Music*, 287
 Davies, O. review of his the Huntsman's Chorus in "Der Freyschütz," 241
 Deane, C. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Deer, wild, address to, 339
 Dibdin, Rev. T. F. his *Library Companion* announced, 60
 Diderot and his red morocco slippers, 329
 Diorama, exhibition of the, 241
 Dolls, origin of, 333
 Domestic picture of the fourteenth century, 42
 Dotzauer, J. J. F. review of his *Twelve Exercises*, 291
 Drummond, S. remarks on a picture by, 295
 Dumon, Mr. review of his "*Nouveaux Plaisirs du bel Age*," 114
 Dunglas-castle, 60
 Dunster-castle, view of, 249

E.

- East-India Register and Directory for 1825 announced, 59
 Eastlake, C. L. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Eavestaff, W. review of his *Selection of French Melodies*, 170, 346—his "*Les Regrets de Troubadour*," 240—his "Oh! it is not while riches," 347
 Edgeworth, Miss, her *Mutual Instruction* announced, 59
 Edinburgh, on the anniversary of the king's arrival in, 110
 Elegy on a shepherdess, 185
 Elinor, 185
 Eliza, 366
 English, the, in Italy, announced, 306
 Erdmann, Dr. his description of the marriage ceremonies of the Kasan-Tartars, 88
 Ettv, W. remarks on pictures by, 173, 350
 Exeter, marquis of, view of his seat, 187
 Exhibitions—the British Institution, 172, 361—
 —the Diorama, 241—the Society of British Artists, 292—Panorama of Edinburgh, 297—
 —Belzoni's Egyptian tombs, 299—the Belzoni sarcophagus, 300—of Painters in Water-Colours, notice respecting, 307—
 —the Royal Academy, 347—of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 357
 Extempore lines, 310

F.

- False fair-one, to the, 248
 Farewell on leaving England for Mexico, 247
 Farr, Mr. his *Treatise on Cancer* announced, 59
 Farrier, R. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Fashion and dress, general observations on, 55, 119, 179, 243, 302
 Fashions for ladies, 55, 119, 178, 242, 302, 363
 Fashions, French female, 57, 121, 180, 245, 304, 364
 Field, B. his *Account of New South Wales* announced, 59
 Fielding, C. remarks on a drawing by, 357
 Figge, Miss, review of her "I will meet thee nigh the time of lovers," 240
 Fine arts, 172, 241, 292, 347

- Fitzpatrick, W. review of his "The lass of Richmond-Hill," 239
 Flora Conspicua announced, 366
 Flute Solos, *Selection of*, reviewed, 346
 Foggo, J. and G. remarks on a picture by, 178
 Forrest, lieut.-col. his *Picturesque Tour through Lower and Upper Canada* announced, 247
 Fourteenth century, domestic picture of the, 42
 Foy, J. review of his *Dramatic March*, 50
 Fradelle, H. remarks on pictures by, 175, 176, 355
 France, superstition in, 224
 Fraser, A. remarks on a picture by, 176
 Frederic William I. of Prussia, particulars respecting, 165
 French female fashions, 57, 121, 180, 245, 304, 364
 Freyschütz, der, popularity of the music of, 48
 Furniture, fashionable, description of, 123, 182, 246, 305, 365
 Fuseli, H. remarks on pictures by, 350

G.

- Gaelic relics, 128, 325
 Gaining-house of the Palais Royal, 76, 140
 Gastineau, H. remarks on a drawing by, 359
 Geneva, description of the state of society in, 343
 George IV. on the anniversary of his arriving in Edinburgh, 110
 Ghost stories, authenticated, 264, 331
 Gibsone, B. G. H. review of his *Irish Air*, 113
 Gift, the parting, 314
 Gilchrist, Dr. his *East-India Vade-Mecum* announced, 366
 Glover, W. remarks on pictures by, 177, 294, 355
 Good Nurse announced, 59
 Gordon, J. longevity of, 286
 Gouldsmith, H. remarks on a drawing by, 360
 Guardian outwitted, a tale founded on facts, 26

H.

- Harding, J. D. remarks on a drawing by, 359
 Hardy, J. his *Tour in the High Pyrenees* announced, 247
 Haydon, B. R. remarks on a picture by, 294
 Hayter, G. remarks on a picture by, 352
 Hayti, observations on the state of, at the conclusion of Christophe's reign, 23, 91, 151
 Heart's-ease, lines to the, 248
 Henry IV. anecdotes of, 47, 342
 Herbert, G. B. review of his *Three Rounds*, 237
 Herne-hill, Camberwell, view on, 58
 Heroine of the camp, 166
 Hills, R. remarks on a drawing by, 360
 Hilton, W. remarks on a picture by, 348
 Hoare, sir R. C. collection of works on Italy presented by him to the British Museum, 183
 Hodsoll's Collection of Duets reviewed, 241
 Hoelty, L. H. C. translation of an elegy by, 185
 Holland, T. C. remarks on pictures by, 176, 293, 355
 Hogg, J. extract from his *Queen Hynde*, 222
 Holyrood-chapel, painting of, at the Diorama, 241

- Home, the comforts of, 309
Howard, H. remarks on a picture by, 173
Howison, J. his *Foreign Scenes* announced, 366
Hummel, the Beauties of, reviewed, 50
——, J. N. review of his *Trio*, 343
Hurlstone, F. Y. remarks on a picture by, 176
I.
Ibbetson, Mrs. her botanical theory, 286
India, people with tails in, 74
India, Observations on the Law and Constitution of, announced, 366
Intelligence, literary and scientific, 59, 123, 182, 246, 306, 366
Inventions, 12
Iolar and Plurana, legend of, 325
Ireland, adventures in, 213, 252
Irish, national character of, the, 106
Iron mask, particulars respecting, 266
J.
Jacob Never-Sober, a popular tale, 16, 70
Jennings, J. his Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England announced, 182
Joanna queen of Naples, extract from the Life of, 42
Jones, G. remarks on a picture by, 174
Joseph II. of Austria, anecdote of, 47
Joys and sorrows, 310
K.
Kasan-Tartars, description of the marriage ceremonies of, 88
Kiallmark, G. review of his *Highland Air*, 345—his Arrangement of Bochs's *Notturno*, *ib.*
Kinsale, the maid of, 161
Kisses, wafted, 310
Köhler, H. review of his *Grand Pot-Pourri* from the "Freyschütz," 49
Kosciusko, anecdote of, 340
L.
Lacey, J. M. poetry by, 185, 186, 309—his recollections of Mr. Woodham, 257
Ladies, London fashions for, 55, 119, 178, 242, 302, 363
——, general observations on fashions for, 55, 119, 179, 243, 302
——, French fashions for, 57, 121, 180, 245, 304, 364
La Fontaine, anecdote of, 47
Laing, captain, his *Travels through Timbance, &c.* announced, 182
Lance, G. remarks on a picture by, 295
Landon, Miss L. E. her *Troubadour* announced, 60
Landseer, E. remarks on a picture by, 354
——, J. remarks on a picture by, 177
Lanza, G. review of his "The Orphan Maid," 345
Lawrence, sir T. remarks on pictures by, 353
Leahy, E. D. remarks on a picture by, 177
Legend of a Brownie, 128
Leigh, Mr. his *New Road-Book of England*, &c. announced, 366
Leslie, C. R. remarks on pictures by, 352, 355
Lewis, F. C. remarks on a picture by, 355
——, Mr. his portrait of Lord Russell announced, 247
Lillycrop, Mr. apology for the review of his Arrangement of one of Rossini's *Marches*, 118
Linton, W. remarks on a picture by, 294
Liszt, F. review of his *Seven Variations*, 236
——his *Impromptu Brillant*, *ib.*
Literary Coterie, the, 107, 216, 280, 335
Lockhart, J. G. his edition of Shakespeare announced, 306
Loiterer, the, 14, 201, 273
London fashions for ladies, 55, 119, 178, 242, 302
Longevity, northern, 286
Lorenzo the magnificent, anecdote of, 341
Louis XI. particulars of his last days, 156—
anecdote of, 342
Louis XIV. anecdote of, 47
Louis XVI. particulars of the last days of, 96
Love's progress, 310
Luttrell, J. F. Esq. view of his seat, 249
Lyon, captain, extract from his *Narrative of an Attempt to reach Repulse Bay*, 219
M.
Mackenzie, H. his *Autobiographical Work* announced, 306
M'Murdie, Mr. review of his Arrangement of Haydn's *Sinfonia "London,"* 172
Maid of Kinsale, the, 161
Mansfield, earl of, view of his seat, 311
Marriage ceremonies of the Kasan-Tartars, description of, 88
Martin, J. remarks on a picture by, 295
Mask, the iron, particulars respecting, 266
Matrimonial divination, 166
Michael Angelo, anecdote of, 341
Miller and the thief, 271
Mina, general, extract from his life, 220
Mirror, the wonderful, a popular tale, 144, 195, 258
Moir, Mr. extract from his *Poems*, 222
Monnier, P. a monk of Paris, history of, 329
Montgomery, J. remarks on, 335
Moore, T. review of his "Poor wounded heart," 53—his "My heart and life," *ib.*—his "The East-Indian," *ib.*—his "The pretty rose-tree," 117—his "The young Muleteers of Grenada," *ib.*
Moor-park, view of, 127
More truth than fiction, 158
Morning, 248
Moscow, the conflagration of, 231
Mulready, W. remarks on a picture by, 350
Musical review, 48, 113, 167, 236, 287, 343
N.
Naires of India, custom of, 46
Nares, Dr. his *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh* announced, 306
Nash, F. remarks on a picture by, 175
Nash, J. his *Views of the King's Palace at Brighton* announced, 123, 246
Nasmyth, P. remarks on a picture by, 296
Nerves, weak, 36
Nesfield, W. remarks on a drawing by, 360
New Landlord's *Tales* announced, 59
Newton, G. S. remarks on a picture by, 175
Nichols, J. his *Progresses of James I.* announced, 306
Nightingale, lines on the death of a, 309
Northcote, J. remarks on pictures by, 174, 293
Northcote, sir S. H. bart. view of his seat, 64
November Nights announced, 306
Nowadays, 66
O.
Obstipus, an egotistical poem, 124, 183, 307

Odd Moments, or Time Beguiled, extract from, 158
 Onslow, G. review of his Air, 290
 Origin of dolls, 333
 Osmar, an eastern tale, 82
 Outwitted guardian, the, 26
 Ovens, adventures in the, 213

P.

Palais Royal, gaming-house of the, 76, 140
 Panorama of Edinburgh, exhibition of, 297
 Paradise, the Celtic, 270
 Paris, village sketches near, 8, 133, 321
 Parry, Mr. on Lord Byron's Residence in Greece announced, 307
 Parting gift, the, 314
 Phillips, counsellor, lines on, 223
 Phillips, H. his Floral Emblems announced, 247

———, T. remarks on a picture by, 354
 Picard, L. B. translation of his Novice announced, 306
 Pickersgill, H. W. remarks on a picture by, 174

Piercefield, view of, 312
 Pocket Annual Register announced, 123
 Poetry, 60, 124, 183, 216, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 247, 281, 284, 285, 307, 339, 366
 Pollock, counsellor, lines on, 224
 Poole, S. review of his favourite Airs from the Freyschütz, 49, 171—his Arrangement of Rossini's Air "*Numero quindici*," 116
 Popular tales of all nations, 16, 70, 144, 195, 258

Porchester, lord, The Moor, a poem by, announced, 123
 Potter, C. review of his Enigma, Variations, and Fantasia, 290

Powderham-castle, view of, 192
 Prejudices, national, cure for, 45
 Prinsep, H. T. his History of the Principal Transactions in British India announced, 366

Proctor, R. his Journey across the Andes announced, 307

Prout, S. remarks on a drawing by, 358
 Pugin, A. remarks on a drawing by, 359
 Purkis, J. review of his favourite Airs from the Freyschütz, 49—his Airs from Rossini's "*Pietro L'Eremita*," 50—his "*Pale the moon-beam shone*," 171

Pynes, view of, 64

Q.

Quadrilles, review of a Selection of, 116
 Quincy, Q. de, a translation of his History of the Life and Works of Raphael announced, 182

R.

Rambler, the confessions of a, 34, 102, 226, 276

Ramsay, J. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Randleffe, lord, view of his seat, 4
 Recollections of Mr. Woodham, 257
 Review, musical, 48, 113, 167, 236, 257, 343
 Richilda, countess of Brabant, or the wonderful mirror, a popular tale, 144, 195, 258

Richter, H. remarks on a drawing by, 358
 Ries, F. review of his Ninth Fantasia, 289
 Rimbault, S. F. review of his Arrangement of Paer's Overture to "*Agnese*," 116—his select French Romances, *ib.*, 171—his

select Italian Airs, 116, 171—his Mozart's grand Symphony, 172
 Ritter, C. his observations on the state of Hayti, 23, 91, 151

Roberts, D. remarks on a picture by, 294
 Robson, G. F. remarks on a drawing by, 357
 Roche, E. review of his Selection of French Melodies, 167

Rolle, lord, view of his seat, 1
 Ronald Stuart, 186
 Roscoe, T. his Italian Novelists announced, 123

Ross, Miss J. remarks on a picture by, 296
 ———, W. remarks on a picture by, 296
 Rossi, C. remarks on sculpture by, 356
 Rover, 6

Royal Academy, notice respecting the premiums distributed by, 183—exhibition of the, 347

Rupell, J. A. The Remains and a Memoir of the late Rev. C. Wolfe, by, announced, 182
 Rutland, duke of, view of his seat, 125

S.

Salvator Rosa, anecdote of, 285
 Say, F. R. his work on the Anatomy of the Skull announced, 183

Scarlett, counsellor, lines on, 224
 Scudery, Monsieur and Mademoiselle, anecdote of, 342
 Seeing not believing, 47

Segur, general count de, translation of his Napoleon's Expedition to Russia announced, 123—extract from, 231
 Serenade, 185

Servulo, the cavern of, 84, 136, 204
 Shee, M. A. remarks on a picture by, 173
 Shepherdess, elegy on a, 184

Sheppard, W. review of his new Piano-forte Preceptor, 117

Sheridan, C. B. his translation of the Songs of the Greeks announced, 182

Sideboard, description of a, 246
 Singleton, H. remarks on pictures by, 174, 355

Sivena and Ymbric, 21
 Sleep, thoughts on, 81
 Soane, Mr. his exhibition of the Belzoni sarcophagus, 300

Sofa, &c. description of, 123
 Solis, E. review of his Second Sonata, 288—his Arrangement of Caraffa's Operatic Air, *ib.*

Sonnets, 186, 309
 Spain and Portugal in Miniature announced, 123

Spencer, earl of, view of his seat, 63
 Spring, sonnet to, 309

Stafford, W. C. his lines to a young lady on her birthday, 308

Stark, J. remarks on a picture by, 295
 Steil, J. review of his Selection of Airs from "*Der Freyschütz*," 239

Stephanoff, F. P. remarks on pictures by, 178, 355

———, J. remarks on a drawing by, 358
 Stewart, col. extracts from his Sketches of the Highland Character, 166, 325

Storer, Messrs. their Delineations of Gloucestershire announced, 59

Stothard, J. remarks on a picture by, 354
 Stott, T. his collection of Poems announced, 60

- Superstition in France, 224
 Swainston, view of, 250
 Sydney Papers announced, 182
 T.
 Table, chair, and window-seat, description of, 305
 Tails, account of people with, 74
 Tales, popular, of all nations, 16, 70, 144, 195, 258
 Taylor, Mr. a new work by, announced, 306
 Taylor, Mrs. her Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness announced, 182
 Theed, W. remarks on a sculpture by, 356
 Thief and the miller, 271
 Thomson, H. remarks on a picture by, 349
 Thoughts on sleep, 81
 Thuringia, a popular tale of, 16, 70
 Tibet and India beyond the Ganges, extract from, 74
 Topham, Rev. J. his Synopsis of the Evidences of Religion announced, 59
 Tragical consequences of female coquetry, 209
 Tremayne, remarks on, 339
 Tulou, Mr. review of his *Fantasia Brillante*, 346
 Turner, J. M. W. remarks on a picture by, 352
 U.
 Uncle, the confessions of my, 40, 98, 210, 317
 Unreason, abbot of, 45
 Urcullu, J. de, his Spanish and English Grammar announced, 182
 V.
 Valentine, T. review of his *Divertimento*, 239
 Views of country seats, 1, 63, 125, 187, 249, 311
 Village Sketches near Paris, 8, 133, 321
 Villanueva, Dr. his translation of Paley's *Natural Theology* announced, 306
 Voltaire, anecdote of, 341
 W.
 Wagstaff, W. review of his *Sacred Music*, 51
 Walk, the, before breakfast, 267
 Walpole, hon. H. his Letters to the Earl of Hertford announced, 123
 Waltz, by various composers, reviewed, 113
 Ward, J. remarks on a picture by, 354
 ———, W. jun. remarks on a picture by, 296
 Water-colour exhibition, notice respecting, 307—review of the, 357
 Watts, W. remarks on a picture by, 177
 Weak nerves, 36
 Webbe, S. review of his Duet adapted from Rossini's "*Pietro l'Eremita*," 169
 Weber, C. M. de, review of his Overture to the Freyschütz, 49—his Introduction and Polonaise, 51—his Variations on a Gipsy Air, *ib*
 Weiss, E. N. review of his *Fantasia Brillante*, 170—his "*Vive le Roi*," *ib*
 Wells, N. esq. view of his seat, 312
 West, Mr. offer of his gallery to the nation, 301
 Westall, R. remarks on pictures by, 173, 354
 Westmacott, R. remarks on a sculpture by, 356
 White, Mrs. remarks on a picture by, 176
 Widenham, R. prize adjudged for his chronometer, 366
 Wiffen, Mr. his translation of Tasso announced, 123
 Wild, C. remarks on a drawing by, 360
 Wilkie, D. remarks on a picture by, 355
 Williams, R. esq. view of his seat, 127
 Wilson, professor, extract from his *Poems*, 339
 Wimbledon-house, view of, 63
 Woodham, Mr. recollections of, 257
 Wordsworth, Rev. Dr. remarks on his letters respecting the author of *Icon Basiliké*, 33
 World in Miniature, extract from, 74—new portion of, announced, 123
 Y.
 Ymbrie and Sivena, 21
 York Musical Festival, remarks on the Account of, 217



