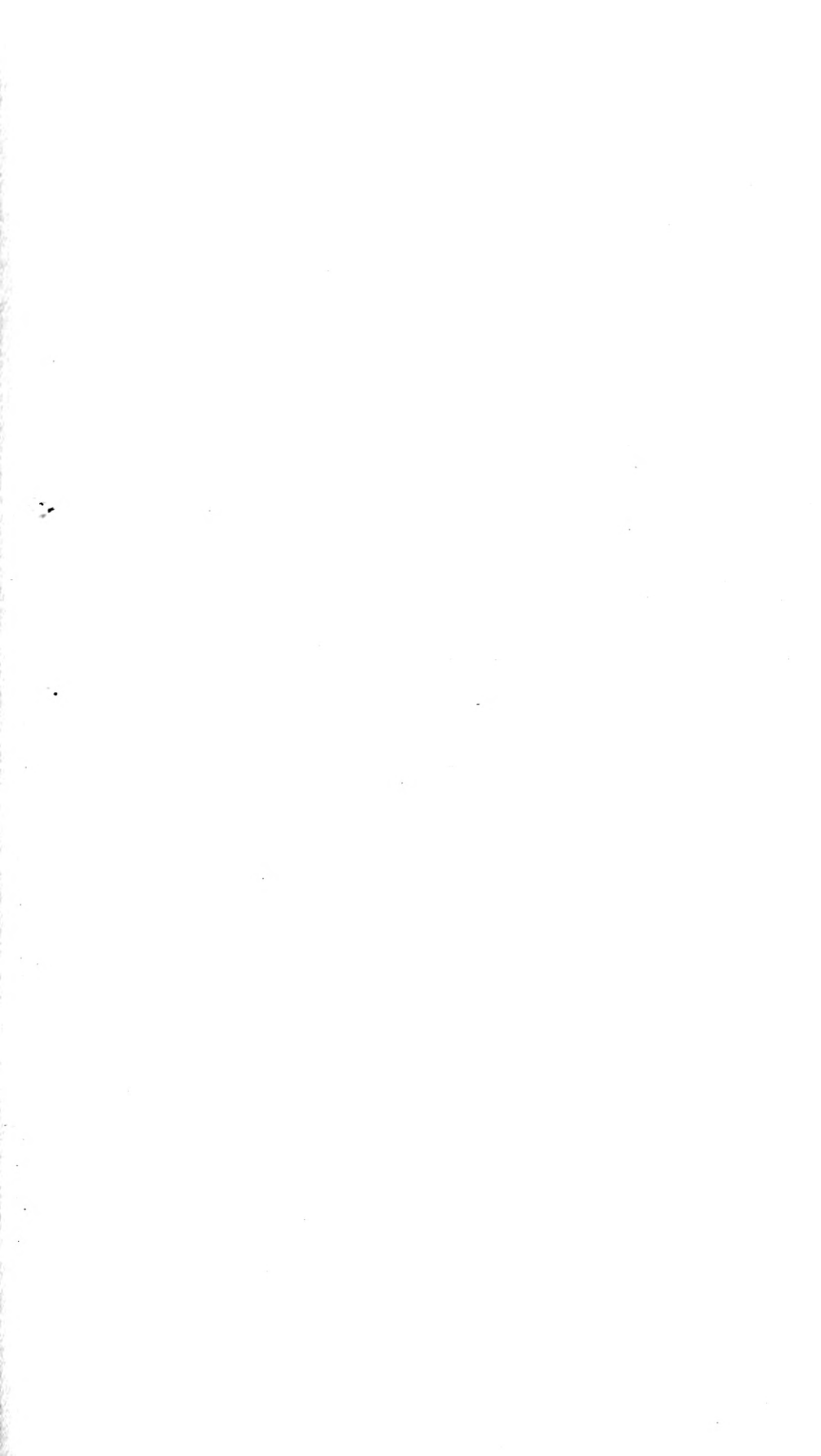
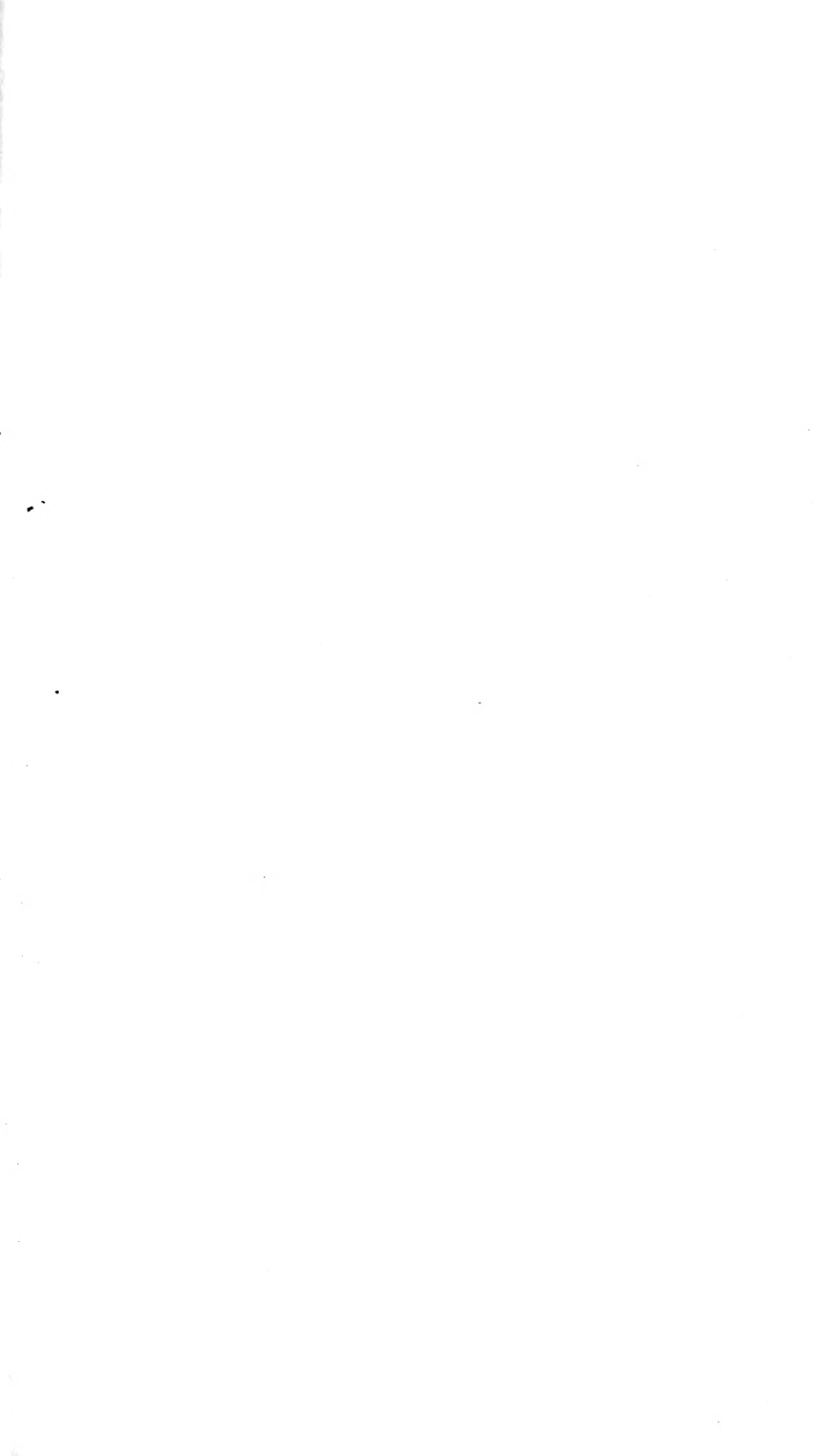


LIBRARY
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA
MUSEUM
OF ART







REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Fashions &c.

THIRD SERIES,

Vol. 6.

THIS WORK,

*Already honoured with His Appreciation,
Is most Humbly Dedicated by Permission,*

TO

HIS MAJESTY,

By his Gracious & Obedient Servant,

R. ACKERMANN.

THE Repository OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

JULY 1, 1825.

N^o. XXXI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. SALTRAM, DEVON, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MORLEY	1
2. ST. PIERRE, MONMOUTH, THE SEAT OF CHARLES LEWIS, ESQ.	2
3. LADIES' PROMENADE DRESS	61
4. ——— EVENING DRESS	<i>ib.</i>
5. A CAMP-BEDSTEAD	62
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Saltram, Devonshire, the Seat of the Earl of Morley	1
St. Pierre, Monmouthshire, the Seat of Charles Lewis, Esq.	2
Padrig, the Welsh Pedagogue, Judge Jefferies, and the Western Assize Court in 1689	3
The Loiterer. No. XV.	9
Adelfrid and Rowena: A Tale of the Olden Time	11
Economy and Profusion in Contrast	16
Generous or Just: A Tale	18
GAELIC RELICS. No XVIII.—Tale of an Ancient Feud; Ruagarach the Conqueror, Primogenitor of the Clan Munro	23
The Confessions of my Uncle. No. IV.	28
The Canary-Bird of J. J. Rousseau. By Madame de Montolieu	30
Superstitions arising from Optical Phenomena	35
The Literary Coterie. No. V.	36
ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS. No. I.—Edmund Girdling of Yarmouth, a self-taught Engraver	46
Premiums adjudged by the Society of Arts	50

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Beauties of Hummel	53
PLEYEL'S Divertimento	54
CZERNY'S O Pescator dell' Onda	<i>ib.</i>
SAUST'S Selection of original Irish Airs	<i>ib.</i>
——— Scotch Airs	<i>ib.</i>
——— Second Edition of Airs from Der Freyschütz	<i>ib.</i>

	PAGE
SAUST'S Beauties of Weber's Preciosa	54
PACINI'S Instructions for the Violin	<i>ib.</i>
HAGART'S Selection of Scotch and Irish Airs	<i>ib.</i>
RAWLINGS' Foreign Melodies	55
——— "La Primavera"	<i>ib.</i>
MERRIOTT'S "Though now we part"	56
KJALLMARK'S Introduction and Variation on the Air "Benedetta sia la Madre"	<i>ib.</i>
LATOUR'S Arrangement of Weber's Overture to Preciosa for two Performers on one Piano-forte	<i>ib.</i>
——— Arrangement of Weber's Overture to Preciosa for one Performer on the Piano-forte and Flute	<i>ib.</i>
CROUCH'S Select Italian Airs	<i>ib.</i>
——— Select Airs from Der Freyschütz	<i>ib.</i>
BELIANY'S "May every hour that flies o'er thee"	57
WEBER'S Donald	<i>ib.</i>
——— Auld Robin Grey	<i>ib.</i>
——— "Oh! say, bonnie Lass"	<i>ib.</i>
WHITAKER'S "My ain sweet Annie"	<i>ib.</i>
SOLIS'S Fantasie alla Rondo	<i>ib.</i>

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of Mr. Bone's Enamels	58
Exhibition of Mr. Pieneman's Battle of Waterloo	60

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Promenade Dress	61
Ladies' Evening Dress	<i>ib.</i>
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A Camp-Bedstead	62

INTELLIGENCE,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	<i>ib.</i>
-----------------------------------	------------

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

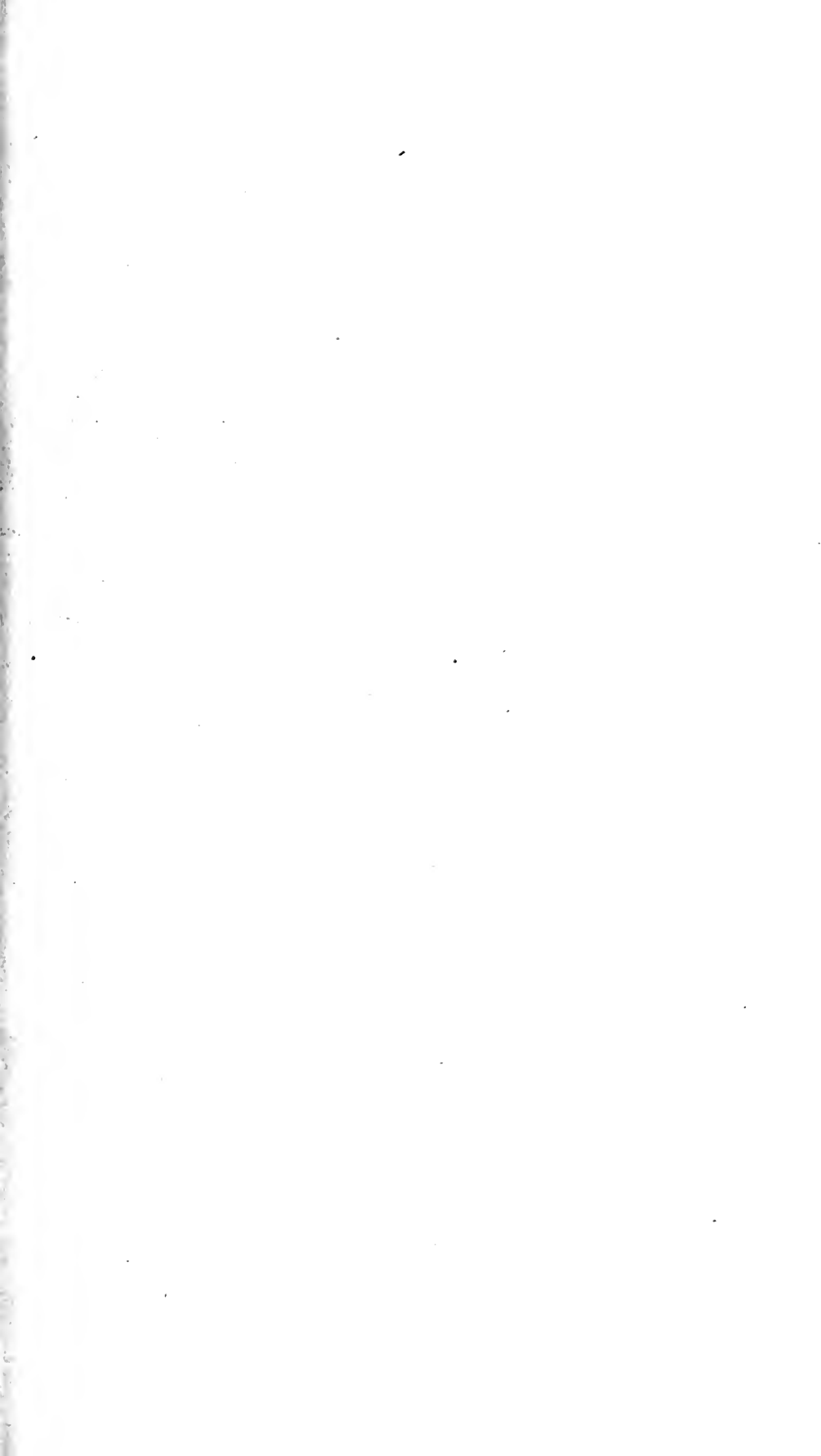
We beg leave to remind our Correspondent who furnished us with the "Adventures in Ireland," that we have none of his papers in hand.

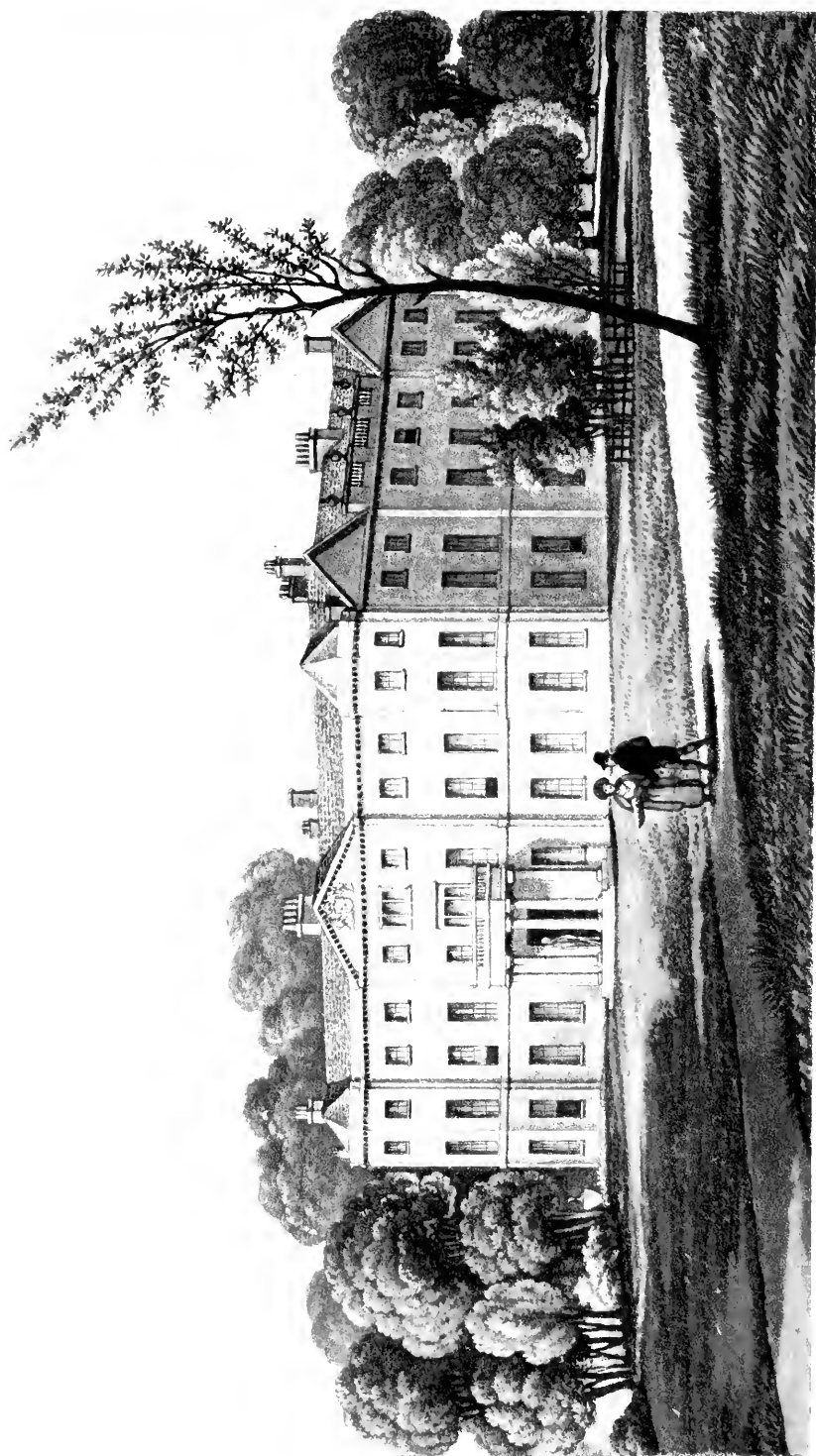
Obstipus is received, but that, as well as our other poetic contributions, has been excluded, owing to the unexpected length of some articles in the present Number, and the receipt of others, the temporary interest of which required their immediate insertion.

Notices of new Publications, with a profusion of which we have lately been supplied, are not admissible among our Literary Intelligence, which is exclusively devoted to announcements of works preparing for the press.

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

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





THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

JULY 1, 1825.

N^o. XXXI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

SALTRAM, DEVONSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MORLEY.

AMONG the numerous elegant residences which the county of Devon presents to notice, none possesses greater attractions than Saltram.—Much expense has been incurred by its noble owner to improve the building; and although the exterior is not remarkable for architectural embellishment, yet the interior is most superb, and contains numerous choice works of art. The pictures amount to nearly three hundred, and during the summer season afford a pleasing exhibition to the numerous visitors of this charming spot. To enumerate them on the present occasion would far exceed the limits of our work, but the following are considered as the most attractive:

St. Faith.—*Guido*.

Peasants playing at Cards.—*Lingleback*.

Galatea surrounded by Nymphs.—*Dominichino*.

Vol. VI. No. XXXI.

A Virgin and Child.—*Sassoferato*.

Landscape and Figures.

Storm at Sea.—*Vandervelde*.

View near Tivoli.—*G. Poussin*.

Banditti.—*Salvator Rosa*.

Interior of Cottage, with Peasants.—*D. Teniers*.

A Conversation Piece.—*A. Palemides*.

Landscape and Ruins.—*F. Milo*.

A ditto with Figures.—*D. Dalens*.

Daphne pursued by Apollo.—*Francesco Albano*.

Landscape, with Travellers halting at a Blacksmith's Shop.—*P. Wouvermans*.

The Incredulity of St. Thomas.—*Gerard Hoel*.

St. Anthony and Christ.—*Antonio Caracci*.

View of the Doge's Palace at Venice.—*Canaletti*.

A Negro's Head, fine.—*Rubens*.

St. John and Christ.—*Mengs*.

A Holy Family.—*F. Baroccio*.

Two Views in Venice.—*Canaletti*.

Three Female Figures.—*Rubens*.

The Bolingbroke Family.—*Vandyke*.
 Siege of Maestricht.—*Vander Meulen*.
 A Group of Figures the size of life,
 —*P. Veronese*.

Adoration of the Shepherds.—*Carlo Dolce*.

Figures, with Goats and Sheep.—*Berghem*.

Group of Sheep.—*Cuyp*.

Ulysses discovering Achilles.—*A. Kauffman*.

Hector taking leave of Andromache.—*Ditto*.

Assumption of the Virgin.—*Lorenzo Sabbatini*.

Portrait of Oliver Cromwell.—*D. Beck*.

There are also some fine Portraits by
 Sir *Joshua Reynolds*.

The situation of Saltram is one of the most delightful in England; the house is built on the eastern banks of the Laira, and which, at high tide, is navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage. The approach to the house, after passing the flying bridge (which is sheltered by some fine trees, whose shady branches render it in summer-time a most charming promenade), is truly de-

lightful; but to remedy the inconvenience and delay which has hitherto taken place by crossing the fly-bridge, a new bridge is now constructing, and will be a great improvement.

The grounds round the mansion abound with a variety of charming prospects: indeed, few places possess so great a diversity of landscape and mossy woods; and their beauty is considerably improved by their proximity to Mount Edgecumbe and Plymouth Sound, where numerous masts of vessels are continually intervening at the opening spaces of the plantations in the park. The principal entrance to Saltram is through an elegant lodge, about four miles from Plymouth, which unites with a small steep bridge, over which the mail-road to Exeter is formed.

The ancient seat of the Parkers, the ancestors of the present nobleman, called Boringdon-House, is now gone much to decay, but is extremely interesting, and has been engraved for Britton's "Architectural Antiquities."

ST. PIERRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF CHARLES LEWIS, ESQ.

THIS is one of the most ancient seats in the county of Monmouth, and is most charmingly situated on the southern banks of the Severn, commanding a most extensive prospect over the counties of Gloucester and Somerset. St. Pierre derives its name from a small parish about three miles from Chepstow, and has considerable claim to notice: although the original character of the building has been greatly altered by an incongruous mixture of modern windows, in place of the ancient Gothic ones, yet here are many objects to

interest the antiquary. Approaching the mansion is an ancient castellated gateway, embellished with the arms of the family; and nearly adjoining it is the church, a small low structure, almost surrounded by trees.

In the front of the church are two very curious sepulchral stones, which were accidentally found by some labourers about the year 1764. Engravings of both have been published in the "Archæologia" and "Gentleman's Magazine." From the inscription on one of them, it appears to have been erected to the memory



R. T. H. 1845

ST. PIERRE,
THE COAST OF ALGERIA. LEWIS. ENR.

of Urien St. Pierre, who lived in the reign of Henry III. The present possessors of St. Pierre rank as one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, being descended from Cadivor, or Cedivor, prince of Pembroke-shire, and have resided here for some centuries.

The interior of the mansion contains a number of spacious apartments; but the drawing-room possesses the chief attraction, being embellished with some rare works of art. The dining-parlour also contains a few valuable pictures, which have been collected by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, the son of the present possessor, a warm admirer of the arts. The following pictures in this collection are most remarkable:

A small Head of Charles I.

A ditto.—*Rembrandt*.

Portrait of Harry Martin, the celebrated regicide.

Several Portraits by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

A fine Flower-Piece.—*Baptiste*.

A Bacchanalian Piece.—*N. Poussin*.

A small Cattle-Piece.—*Karel du Jardin*.

Nymphs Bathing.—*Polemburg*.

A fine specimen as a Mythological Subject.—*Gerard Douw*.

Pontius Pilate washing his Hands.—*Bylert*.—Rare.

Head of St. Francis—*Cigali*—and a Virgin Mary — *Sassoferato*; purchased from one of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp.

An Ascension.—*Albano*.

In the drawing-room are two very valuable carved antique chalices, supposed to have belonged to some ancient monastery in Germany.

The grounds belonging to St. Pierre are extremely beautiful; "the hills of the park," says a late celebrated writer, "like all those on the borders of the Severn, afford various views, rendered brilliant by their fore-ground. The approach is through the park, and no break being made to give an ostentatious view of the house, the woods and glades are enjoyed without interruption."

Near St. Pierre is the new passage or ferry over the Severn, by which the Welsh mail is forwarded. Boats are constantly to be hired, and the inn kept by Mr. Smith affords excellent accommodation for travellers. It is, however, necessary to notice the imposition which is practised by the boatmen should a stranger require to cross the river after the ferry-boat has sailed; the usual charge by the latter being one shilling and sixpence. The neighbourhood of St. Pierre presents numerous attractions, especially for the pencil of an artist; viz. the ruins of Caldecot and Chepstow Castle, Tintern Abbey, &c. &c.

We are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale for this account of St. Pierre, and also for the drawing of the house.

PADRIG THE WELSH PEDAGOGUE, JUDGE JEFFERIES, AND THE WESTERN ASSIZE COURT IN 1689.

THERE was once in the village of St. David's a pedagogue, whose figure and furniture were worthy of comparison with Shakspeare's *Apo-*

thecary. If the bardic notion has any truth, that the soul is an intelligence lapsed from the region of light and knowledge, and makes its prob-

gress in this world through a circle of transmigrations till it returns to its natural state, this good man's spirit was very near its perfection, being almost divested of corporeal matter. He lived in a poor hut, attached to a still poorer garden, which furnished his meagre table with almost all its accompaniments. The riches of his house consisted of numberless traditionary volumes of Welsh romance, especially a genuine copy of the *Brittonum*, ascribed to Nemius, and edited in the tenth century by Mark the Hermit, probably the original of that celebrated MS. lately discovered in the Vatican, after having graced the library of Queen Christina. He knew by heart all the Welsh Chronicle of St. Patrick, from his captivity among the Scots as a swineherd, till he had baptized seven kings, and seen the flock of kids which typified the number of his converts. He knew all the tales of Merlin's "Ship of Glass;" and, in short, whatever proves the abundance of fiction in Wales. But his glory was a school, consisting of about fourteen ragged boys, whose acquirements in Latin could be matched only by their dissertations on leek-porridge. Emulous of what later days have boasted, Padrig qualified his pupils to perform a Latin play annually, to improve their prosody and their manners, though he himself (with the exception of the gray-headed vicar, who fasted and prayed with eight boys on thirty pounds per annum,) was their sole audience. The expense of erecting a stage, or providing scenery, was obviated by his choice of a play which required none but what his hut afforded. Wiser than modern academicians, he rejected all the easy moralities of Terence,

and chose from his old friend Plautus a drama, which required no flip-pant valet, well-dressed courtesan, or gallant young man. He had some thoughts of translating into pure Latin the scene of *Bottom*, *Starveling*, and *Quince*, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," as most likely to be suitably dressed by his actors; but he luckily remembered a scene in one of Aristophanes' comedies, which even his own wardrobe could furnish forth, and this he selected as an interlude. The day of rehearsal was of immense importance, and Padrig prepared for it accordingly. The chief person in the play is an old miser, who, on his return with the broth which he had been receiving from public charity, finds his daughter's lover with a troop of servants preparing for the wedding-dinner in his kitchen, and going to take the soup-kettle in which all his money is concealed. Padrig's kitchen required no alteration to represent the miser's, and no addition except the interment of a three-legged pot under the hearth-stone. He had one of very antique shape, which he filled with pieces of tin and a few old copper metals, to represent the hoarded coin; and having placed it under the stone which served as his fireplace, Padrig went to his bed of chaff, little dreaming by whom the operation had been observed, and what was to follow.

The classic recitations of the next evening began by an interlude translated into Welsh from the original Greek, which Padrig's scholars could not yet compass; and he, acting at once as audience, prompter, chief Roscius, and stage-manager, came down to the door of his hut, which served on this occasion as a very

suitable proscenium. According to the business of the drama, he sat wrapped in an old blanket folded round him in the style of Euripides, when a beggar, of good and very theatrical demeanour, came over the hedge of the copse, exclaiming in the genuine Greek Euripides, "I am a distressed man, and need thy help to procure pity." Padrig, enchanted and surprised by an actor so accomplished, but not doubting that the rector of St. David's had sent his eldest son, as he had promised, to assist his theatricals, replied, in the language of Aristophanes, "Friend, thou hast need of no advocate more eloquent than thy scarecrow visage."—"O prince of poets!" replied the stranger, "of what avail is misery unless suitably dressed? Give me the rags in which thy *Œdipus* makes his appearance with such grand effect." All this being exactly in the business of the comedy, Padrig went into his hut, and brought forth a bundle of very genuine rags, which he gave with the air and speech assigned to Euripides. "But, master of the tragic act," exclaimed the beggar, "I implore another boon: what would thy *Œdipus* himself have done without a basket?"—"Seest thou not that I am busy with a new tragedy?" said Euripides; "take that basket, and begone."—"Beneficent Euripides! of what import is a basket without picturesque contents? Lend me the water-cresses which thy mother used to sell in our streets." Euripides granted this boon also, and the petitioner finished his part of the farce by departing with his rags, basket, and herbs, leaving Padrig to lament, that all the learned of Wales were not present to own how well he had performed the wittiest

satire composed by Aristophanes against his greatest rival.

The white-headed Welsh stripplings, who had gaped with great awe during the pompous Greek dialogue, were now called on to enact their parts in what they called the *Howlolaria* of Plautus. All went on well till the last scene, when the pot had been discovered under the hearth, and a great alteration in its weight appeared to have been made. But until the rehearsal was over, and Padrig uncovered his pot, intending to remove its copper contents, and substitute a little broth for his supper, he did not perceive the wonderful transformation. All the pieces of tin and old metal had been removed, and it contained in their stead more than 80 pieces of pure gold and silver. But what appeared most valuable in his eyes, was a quantity of medals of rare antiquity, and in exquisite preservation. He brooded over this prodigious treasure till daylight; and his simplicity, aided by his legendary learning, almost inclined him to believe it the gift of some second Merlin. In the morn he hastened to his neighbour, the good parish priest, and shewed him the prosperous pot of Plautus, especially pointing out a medal, apparently of the days of Brenhim Oll, King of all Britain, and a series of coins from thence to Cadwallader. The reverend and learned man was deeply astonished at the whole adventure, particularly at the conduct of the stranger who had performed a part in the Greek interlude; and the schoolmaster was no less surprised when the vicar assured him, that he knew nothing of the matter; that his son, whose aid had been promised, had been too much indisposed to recite his part,

and had sent his excuse by an itinerant musician. Honest Padrig thought of his ancient romances; but he saw mischief and danger lurking in his supposed good fortune. The year 1688 had caused the removal of James II. and the agents of his cruelty or his folly were flying in all directions. The confusion, the intrigues, and the secret enmities of two parties suddenly changing places, were felt even in this remote district; and the friends of the Prince of Orange, scarcely yet King of England, were starting out of their concealment, to retaliate the hatred of their enemies. Therefore the vicar of Padrig's parish feared that the giver of the gold was some eminent fugitive, who had contrived to leave this recompence for the disguise which he obtained by acting the part of the Greek poet's mendicant. When the schoolmaster reflected on the singular fluency with which his unknown visitor had spoken a classic language, on the style of his features, which were evidently altered by art, and on the rich tokens left behind, he was of the same opinion; but his friend's advice to keep the matter secret cost him some severe struggles. His gleeful heart ached with its fullness, and he could not forbear muttering some hints of his good luck among his pupils, and sometimes taking his pot to the casement to inspect his treasures. The consequences were not slow in their coming. There lived with Padrig under his roof, as a kind of inmate and assistant, a young man named Lisle, grandson of that unhappy lady whose misfortunes have a place in history. — She was widow of a man who had enjoyed Cromwell's favour, and having fled at the Restoration, was assas-

sinated in Switzerland by three Irish ruffians, who hoped to obtain patronage by their crime.

Lady Lisle was accused of sheltering two of Monmouth's partisans after his defeat at Sedgemoor, and after a shameful trial was sentenced to death by Judge Jefferies, notwithstanding the opinion three times expressed by the jury in favour of her innocence. Her miserable descendant found a refuge in the bounty of the poor schoolmaster, who sheltered him from that year to the present, intending him for his successor, and calling him, with harmless affectation of pomp, his usher. Padrig could not conceal from Lisle, who had been absent on a journey when the adventure occurred, the contents of his iron pot, which still remained deposited under his hearth-stone. Lisle beheld it eagerly, and an evil spirit entered his thoughts. The judges were expected in a few days to hold the county sessions, and he might obtain this wealth, and perhaps obtain patronage, by removing his benefactor. The means were easy. Padrig in the simplicity of his heart had often told, that Jefferies, whose name has gained such dreadful immortality, had been, when an obscure boy five years old, his favourite and most promising pupil; and being secretly proud that a chancellor and chief justice had sprung from his school, he had been often heard to say, that he could not believe Jefferies wholly without some good inclinations. Now it was strongly suspected that this distinguished culprit was endeavouring to escape from the Welsh coast, and lurking about in disguise till he could find an opportunity. Lisle had shrewdness enough to see the possibility that he might have visited

his old friend and tutor, and perhaps have received aid from him. He yielded to temptation, and rising at midnight, took the pot from its place of interment, and speeded to the inn where he knew one of the crown lawyers had stopped to spend the night. Serjeant Bellasise was a politician too wary to miss any occasion of manifesting zeal for the new government. He heard the informer's story, and was shewn the hoarding-pot, from which Lisle had taken all except the coins, medals, and a seal-ring, of which he did not know the value. "Fellow," said the serjeant, "this is not all; bring me the rest, or I shall know what to think of your information." Lisle was taken by surprise, but he had to deal with a craftier and cooler politician than himself. Seeing that he hesitated, the crown lawyer added, "You yourself are an accomplice in secreting a traitor. Shew me the rest of the bribe, or my servants shall take you into custody." The informer was taken in a trap he had not foreseen, and, after a long demur, found himself forced to resign the pot and all its contents to Serjeant Bellasise, who promised, upon this condition, to preserve him from all hazard, and ensure a due reward for his loyalty.

Not many hours after, Padrig was taken from his quiet abode, and lodged in the town-gaol on a charge of high treason. If any thing could have comforted him for the treachery of his adopted guest, it would have been the affectionate lamentations of his little flock of pupils, who followed him from the school he had ruled thirty years to his place of confinement, as if it had been a triumphal procession. Padrig's story had become a subject of very gene-

ral question, and those who knew the bent of public affairs, had but little hopes of his acquittal. Besides, the spirit of the new government was yet untried; and though Chief Justice Herbert and his colleagues were dispossessed of power, their successors might be equally blind and riotous in their new authority. The day of Padrig's trial assembled a crowd as anxious as any that ever filled a court, even in those times of sacrifice and peril. Had he been one of the five hermits once sanctified in Wales, he could not have been more respectfully greeted by the spectators, nor could his appearance have been more venerably simple. His long surcoat of brown camblet belted round his waist, his leathern sandals, and the thick gray hair which fell on each side of his face down to his shoulders, shewing his broad forehead and large mild eye, gave him the aspect of a St. Kentigern, or his favourite Hermit Mark, the chronicler of Wales. But the judges were strangers, and the leading counsel of the crown was a man new to his office and to this remote district. His countenance promised little, for the abundant flow of his hair was even beyond the ordinary fashion of the times, and indicated more coxcombry than wisdom. The accused and accuser were both in court, and the murmur which would have attended the latter was hushed by fear. Few, very few of Padrig's friends ventured to think of testifying in his favour, lest the friends of a fallen man should involve themselves in danger. Padrig stood alone, left to Providence and innocence, in which he trusted; and his eye did not lose its firm fixture when the crown lawyer rose. There was a pause of deep

fear and expectation till he addressed the court.

“ My lord, you have heard the indictment of this man. I have permitted it to be read, though the instructions in my hand are to withdraw the prosecution. I permitted it, I say, because it is fitting that they who dragged him to this bar, and the people who have held him in reverence till now, should be shewn to justice, and witness its dispensation. You have heard this gray-headed old man accused of abetting the escape of a refugee, because a few pieces of gold were found in his possession, and because he was once a teacher of grammar to Jefferies. You are surprised at the name! Who ever thought of befriending Jefferies? He has had his flatterers and his advocates when he sat upon the bench as Chief Justice and Chancellor, and held his sovereign’s commission with such as Kirk, who instigated and besotted him. But he had no friends; and those who had not courage to remonstrate against his violence, will have enough now to shew him the bitterness of his disgrace, when he is weak and desolate. No, my lord, in this land, and in this year, we need not be afraid to find places of refuge open to Jefferies: he has neither brother nor father, wife nor children; he has here only hunters and enemies. If he was here, who is there in this court that would not be ready to mock him now as much as they once feared him? They would bid him go and ask mercy from the woman whose brother perished before her eyes after she had sold herself to save him, or from the mother of that unhappy soldier whose speed was matched with the speed of a war-horse. These

things were done, not by Jefferies, but by men more wicked than he: yet which of these is a greater cruelty than the accusation lodged to-day against a helpless old man by his guest and his pensioner? He is accused of having sheltered a disgraced and proscribed judge, because he loved him when a child. Would this be a fault even if it were true? Perhaps he did not know the unhappy man he befriended; and it is certain, by the public frankness of his communication, that he did not know that the gold was attained. These medals and this ring are known to have belonged to Jefferies; but pure as the soul of infancy might have been his motive for leaving them with Padrig. There must have been some good in his heart when he dared to return to his first friend. It must have been punishment enough to return to that school and that house poor and more despised than when he left it. Let us remember how high he stood, and from whence he fell. Those who sit in his place to-day will remember, that he fell because he judged too rashly, and did not think his king strong enough to shew mercy to his enemies. Let our first act be wiser than his. I might tear my brief, and close the prosecution; but I appeal to this court, and expect to hear the prisoner acquitted; and that you may be assured how little his accuser deserves belief, I am empowered to tell you, that Jefferies the criminal, who, as he pretends, was conveyed away by Padrig’s means, is at this very moment before his judges; and that this paltry jar of coins, which tempted the accusation, was brought to me as a bribe to forward it. If it had been so offered even to Jefferies,

he would have thrown it back as I do."

The pleader was answered by a shout of applause. When he began to speak, his voice was low and hoarse; but as he advanced, it became vigorous; and his eyes, starting from their dark hollows, sparkled with the fire of eloquence. The new judges were touched by his appeal, and by the opportunity of gaining favour by a popular verdict. Padrig was unanimously acquitted; the jar of gold, which his unexpected advocate had thrown upon the table at court, was restored to him undiminished. His miserable accuser stole out of the people's reach; but when Padrig went to thank the public prosecutor for his lenity, he was nowhere to be found. The pleader had never been seen since he left the court; and in a few hours the real Serjeant Bellasise arrived in great trepidation, declaring that he had been detained by indisposition upon the road. None of the judges knew him personally, and they all avouched, that no man but Jefferies himself could have had

the audacity to personate him. Inquiries were made at the village inn, and they were informed, that the stranger, calling himself Bellasise, had arrived there alone on horseback only a few hours before the treacherous informer came to seek him. How he went from the town, or which way he travelled, was not very diligently traced by those who had heard his daring defence of an innocent man. Ever bold and eccentric, mingling invincible courage with pertinacious obstinacy, Jefferies had returned to London, expecting, and justly judging, that he would be least sought in the midst of his enemies. But by lingering too long in the street to hear music, of which he was passionately fond, he was discovered and conveyed to the Tower. There he expiated some of his errors by a long imprisonment, and died without any consolation except the blessing of the poor schoolmaster of St. David's. He chose the bottle for his executioner, and never had recourse to it without drinking health to the judges of the western assize in 1689.

THE LOITERER.

No. XV.

"I CANNOT help envying you," said my friend, Peter Plodwell, to me the other day.—"Why so?"—"Because you are a professed idler, and yet you seem happy."

It would have been of no use to talk to Peter of that sort of idleness which is rather of the body than of the mind; he would not have understood that a man may be ideally very busy while he strolls through the Green Park, or lounges over his breakfast-table, till all his friends cry

Vol. VI. No. XXXI.

shame upon his indolence. He has no idea of any occupations but bodily ones; and as he knows that I have none, he regards me with astonishment; for, judging by his own feelings, he looks upon a happy idle man as a sort of *rara avis*.

During thirty-five years that he was a merchant, he followed his business with an industry and attention so unremitting, that he was never once known to be a single day absent from his counting-house. He had

C

no idea of your modern merchants, who were to be found every where; but where their business called them; it was time enough, he always said, for people in business to begin enjoying themselves when they could afford to leave off trade; and for many a weary year Peter feasted his imagination with the idea of the delicious days that were in store for him, when he should have nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Though he had lived always within the sound of Bow-bell, he thought that the country was the only place for felicity, and he determined to retire thither as soon as he had amassed enough to be comfortable. While a young man, his desires were moderate enough; but as he grew older, there was first one thing, and then another, that he should like to have. In short, his retreat was delayed from year to year, and I never recollect meeting him without hearing heavy complaints of the drudgery of business, the roguery of mankind, and the difficulty an honest man had to live in the busy metropolis, mixed with aspirations after rural peace and tranquillity, and hearty wishes that he was surrounded by innocent rustics, in the midst of whom he should live like one of the ancient patriarchs, tempering the authority of a master with the love of a father, and looked up to by them with a sort of religious respect. These waking dreams kept up his spirits for year after year; and perhaps he never was half so happy as while he was assuring his friends, that he was the most miserable dog in existence, and should be so till his wishes were realized.

Well, at last the day came. He bought a very fine property in — shire; went down to take possession

of it, congratulating himself in the warmest manner, that he had nothing more in this world to wish for. Not hearing from him for some time, I wrote to know how he was going on; and received for answer, that he had not yet got *quite* settled, but that he only wanted to get things arranged about him as he wished, to be the happiest man in the world.

Six months afterwards came another letter: he had found more to do than he imagined, and had experienced a good deal of vexation from the stupidity and ignorance of those about him, but he had made them know he would be obeyed; matters were now in train, and he had no doubt, that in a very short time he should have every thing to his mind. My next intelligence was, that he was gone to spend the winter at a fashionable watering-place. "I find, my dear Nevermove," wrote he to me, "that I have been somewhat mistaken in my views. A country life is not what I thought it was; the squires don't suit me at all. Nothing like neighbourhood, as I had imagined it, in a social uncereemonious way. As to the common people, there is no dealing with them at all. Between ourselves, they are a lost race; ten times more roguish than the same class in London, and as stupid as the devil into the bargain. Never could I get them to understand my new method of ploughing, or any of my other improvements in husbandry. Then they were so cursedly insolent. One fellow told me to my face, that I knew nothing of pruning and planting; and good reason why, because as how I was no more nor a Cockney. So, in short, I have left the house to the care of my servants, and I am determined

in future to think of nothing but enjoying myself."

Alas! the phantom of enjoyment seemed always to fly before poor Peter! He found himself completely out of his element in a gay and fashionable watering-place. The society to which he had been accustomed, grave, quiet men of business like himself, was not to be found there; and though his wealth procured him a ready introduction into genteel company, he saw himself shunned or neglected by all, except some charitable damsels, who thought it might be possible to convert him into a husband, and some needy adventurers, who fancied their attentions might have the effect of transferring a little money from his pocket to their own. Both parties soon found their mistake, and Peter was left to his own resources. "There is nothing after all," said he, "like London; a man can always find society there that will suit him." To London accordingly he came, and settled himself, with a declaration, that he was come

to enjoy the remainder of his days among his old friends. As he was really a worthy fellow, they were very glad to see him again; but as soon as the first bustle of welcoming him back was over, he found himself almost as much alone in his town-house as he had been in his country one. He had always, while he lived among them, been too much occupied with business to make very close connections; his friends consequently visited him but seldom, and thus the greatest part of his time remained a burthen upon his hands, which he did not know what to do with; for he had no mental resources. Thus he lounges away life in a manner as unpleasant to himself as it is unprofitable to others; secretly regretting those days in which, though overwhelmed with the cares of business, he was nevertheless happy, because he looked forward to the enjoyment of a felicity which he now finds is unattainable.

N. NEVERMOVE.

ADELFRID AND ROWENA:

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE other day, after having made a comfortable dinner on turtle-soup, deviled biscuit, &c. with the appendages of tart and cheese, and washed the whole down with a bumper or two of generous old port to the health of the king, and to the prosperity of church and state, I threw myself back in my easy chair, and after half an hour's dose—a *siesta*, as a Spaniard would call it—I drew old father Rapin from my shelf; and the book falling open just at that identical part where the garrulous but impartial historian

narrates, on the authority of our ancient chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, the means by which Hengist the Saxon succeeded in moulding the uxorious Vortigern to his purposes, it brought to my recollection certain traditions which, I understand, have been handed down from that remote period in a family claiming their descent from one of the persons who figure in the tale of the olden times, which I here subjoin.

The two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, arrived in this kingdom about

the year 449, to assist Vortigern, king of the Britons, in his contests with the Picts and Scots. With them came the young and adventurous Adelfrid, the heir of a Saxon noble, a thane of large possessions, who had followed the banners of the brothers with a powerful body of retainers, for love of Rowena, the fair niece, or, according to some, the daughter, of Hengist. The damsel smiled upon his honest passion, and he anticipated, with all the ardour of youth, the blissful moment when he should return to his "fair-eyed maid," lay his trophies at her feet, and claim her hand as the reward of his prowess.

The Saxons were scarcely landed before they were led to battle: the enemies of Vortigern had penetrated to the centre of his kingdom, and his new allies marched against them. The Picts and Scots had been used to a mode of warfare which could rather be called skirmishing than fighting. They began the attack with darts, which they launched at their enemies, and generally with great effect. The Saxons, however, received them unmoved, and having withstood this onset, they advanced to a close encounter, as was their usual custom. The Picts did not much relish this sort of work, and were quickly routed. Some few, however, fought well; amongst them, a gigantic chief singled out Hengist, and with an upraised club would soon have put an end to all his ambitious hopes with his life, had not Adelfrid, just in time to break the force of the blow, struck at the savage, and severed the sinews of his arm: the club fell on Hengist's shoulder with a weakened force; yet it was sufficient, added to the weight of the

weapon, to bring him to the earth. Frantic with rage, the Pict flew upon his prostrate foe, when Adelfrid pierced him to the heart, and he fell a corpse by the side of the Saxon chief.

The victory won, Hengist was profuse in thanks to his preserver; and in several other battles they fought side by side, the cool and more tempered valour of the chief operating as a check upon the impetuous and ardent courage of the young warrior. Foremost in every danger, and successful in every undertaking, Fortune seemed expressly to favour Adelfrid; and after the toils of the day, he would throw himself upon his rude couch, where visions of love and Rowena flitted before him; little dreaming that ambition was contriving a plan to cheat him of that reward to which he looked forward as the greatest blessing he could possess on earth, and one which was only to be equalled by the joys of Valhalla, where, at the feast of the gods, he would quaff celestial liquor from the skulls of his enemies.

Hengist, being reinforced by the arrival of a fresh body of Saxons, and having contracted a strict alliance with Vortigern, began to form schemes of dominion, and to entertain plans of permanent aggrandizement, rather incompatible with his character as a friend to the British monarch. He had early fathomed the character of that weak and credulous prince, and finding that he was much given to voluptuousness, he, in the words of honest old Rabin, "lays a snare which, he thinks, the monarch can hardly escape falling into." With his last reinforcements, his son Escu, and his niece, or daughter, Rowena—by the bye, this very circumstance of her journey

into Britain with his son renders it most probable that she was the latter—had arrived; and although he was perfectly aware of his engagements to Adelfrid, and also could not but recollect, that the youth was the saviour of his life, he resolved to make Rowena the chief instrument of his designs upon Vortigern, whom he invited to visit him at a fort he had built in Lincolnshire, under the pretence, that the lands bestowed upon him by the king in the Isle of Thanet were at too great a distance from the part of the country where his services were required. Vortigern readily accepted the invitation; and whilst the visitor arrived with all the pomp and splendour of a king, his host received him with all those marks of respect due both to his rank and to the character in which he stood as Hengist's benefactor.

A rich and splendid banquet, splendid at least for those times, was prepared, at which the young and beautiful Rowena was ordered to be present. All the Saxon chiefs were invited, and amongst others, Adelfrid, who attended the summons with a heavy heart. A presentiment of approaching ill weighed down his spirits, and deprived him of his usual careless hilarity and joyful animation: yet he could not imagine any probable mischance, for he had seen Rowena, and she had renewed to him those vows of love they had pledged to each other in their own distant land. From that quarter, however, the shaft which wounded Adelfrid's peace was to be sped. This maiden, seduced by the splendid prospects which her father (for so I shall call him) set before her eyes, had agreed to second his schemes with all her influ-

ence; and at the very moment when she swore eternal fidelity to Adelfrid, Rowena was internally revolving by what arts she could best throw her chains around the king of Britain, and make him her slave.

The hour of feasting approached, always an important one to the Saxons, who loved the pleasures of the table, and frequently indulged in them to most unseemly lengths. Vortigern was placed in a chair of state at the upper end of the large table, around which were ranged the British and Saxon chiefs; those of high and commanding rank filling the seats of honour above the salt, whilst the more humble personages took their places promiscuously below. Rowena did not sit down; she, like another Hebe ministering to the gods, hovered about the social board in such a way as to attract the notice of Vortigern, who gazed upon her with impassioned eyes, and thought he never saw any thing half so beautiful in mortal form. At a sign from Hengist, Rowena filled a cup with wine, and kneeling at the feet of the king, addressed him in the Saxon language, saying, *Liever Kyning, wass heil!* that is, Lord King, your health! The silver sounds stole like sweet music into the ears of the enraptured Vortigern, though spoken in an unknown tongue. He was at a loss to know what she said, or how to answer, till told by his interpreter; when he replied, *Drinck heil;* that is, Do yourself drink the health. The maiden put the cup to her lips, and then gave it to the king with an air at once so graceful and dignified, that it completed the monarch's enthralment, who, taking the cup, quaffed off the wine, and gallantly rising, imprinted a kiss on the cheek

of his beauteous cup-bearer. She immediately withdrew, leaving Vortigern desperately enamoured of her charms.

This scene had been beheld by Adelfrid with agonizing sensations: he rushed after the treacherous damsel, who, however, immediately retired to her room; to which, not having acquired sufficient firmness to receive those reproaches her conscience told her were so well deserved, she refused to admit him. He left the fort in a state approaching to insanity, vowing to be revenged on Hengist, on Vortigern, and on all who had combined to thwart his honest passion; at length, exhausted by his feelings, he threw himself on the ground, and insensibility for a time put a period to his sufferings.

In the fort the night was spent in joyous revelry. Rowena appeared no more; but Hengist marked with eager eyes the anxious glances of Vortigern, which were continually directed towards the entrance, in hopes of once more seeing the fair object who had enslaved his affections. Forgetful of what was due to his queen and the mother of his children, he left his host in a tumult of passion, all his thoughts being from that period directed to no other object than how to obtain possession of the beautiful Saxon.

Many obstacles were artfully thrown in the way by Hengist and Horsa to the accomplishment of this favourite purpose of Vortigern's; but these impediments made him only more eager to carry it into effect. The difference of religion, his former marriage, and various other things, were assigned by the artful Saxons as reasons why the wish of the British king could not be complied with.

The latter removed one of these difficulties by divorcing his wife, and the other by guaranteeing to Rowena the free exercise of her religion; but the most efficacious part of his conduct in silencing the pretended scruples of Hengist, was the making over to him and Horsa in sovereignty the province of Kent, in addition to the Isle of Thanet and the possessions in Lincolnshire, which he had before conferred upon them. As soon as this latter point was settled, the Saxon princes became as eager for the conclusion of the marriage as they had before been averse, and every other preliminary was speedily adjusted.

But what became of Adelfrid? This chief was not of a temper to submit tamely to that which he considered as at once a gross wrong and an insufferable indignity. Pride prevented him from reproaching Rowena with her breach of faith; but he openly avowed his defiance of Hengist, and withdrew himself and troops from his command. A secret and faithful emissary brought him intelligence of the proceedings between Hengist and Vortigern; and as soon as the cession of Kent to the former was resolved upon, Adelfrid, with his brave band, took the route for that country, to concert measures to baffle, if possible, the execution of this part of the treaty entered into between the two parties.

Gorongus, a British chief, then ruled over Kent, under Vortigern; and the object of the king and Hengist was to dispossess him of his government, without affording him time for remonstrance or resistance. In this they succeeded: Hengist's Saxons, with Vortigern's orders as their authority, had a day's march ad-

vance of Adelfrid and his band; so that, when the latter reached the frontiers of Kent, he met the displaced governor, with his family and a few faithful followers, who were not to be driven from their old master by the frowns of Fortune, "wending his weary way" he scarcely knew or cared whither. In good time Adelfrid encountered him, to kindle in his breast the spark of patriotism, and fan it to a flame. Together the chiefs concerted measures, not merely to drive the Saxons back to their native land, but also to dispossess Vortigern of that throne which he had disgraced by his pusillanimity and meanness, in first shrinking from meeting his enemies in the field, and then in truckling to the demands made upon him by those whom he had hired to fight his battles. The alliance between Gorongus and Adelfrid was cemented by the union of the latter with Helena, Gorongus's daughter, a female who quickly caused him to forget the inconstancy of Rowena.

Whilst the two discontented chiefs were concerting measures to deprive Vortigern of his kingly dignity, the union of that prince and Rowena took place. It was marked with no plaudits, except from the Saxons who were present; it was hailed with no emotions of joy, except from those who profited by it to fix themselves in the most fertile part of the island. The Britons viewed it as the mark of their sovereign's degradation; and none of them attended the altar to witness the nuptial ceremony, none of them came forward to recognise Rowena as their queen. On the contrary, deep discontent took possession of all their hearts; and "curses,

not loud but deep," were breathed on the destroyer of their liberties.

Such being the disposition of the influential persons among the Britons, Gorongus and Adelfrid found no difficulty in forming a party against Vortigern. They cast their eyes upon a prince of Roman extraction, descended indeed from one of those ephemeral emperors who were elected by the army to flutter a few hours in the blaze of royalty, and then were seen no more; who, at this period, was residing with Aldroen, the king of Armorica. Gorongus and Adelfrid were dispatched to invite this prince over to Britain, and to give him every assurance of the most effective and zealous support; and they set out on their mission with gay hearts and high hopes of ultimate success. They found Ambrosius not at all averse to accept the invitation; nor was his friendly protector, Aldroen, disinclined to assist him. Active preparations were immediately made; and a few months after, Ambrosius landed in Britain at the head of 10,000 men.

Whilst these measures were in progress, Vortimer, the eldest son of Vortigern, had also formed a party against his father, most unnatural conduct in a son, and wholly indefensible; for he should have endeavoured to divert his sire from pursuing measures disgraceful to himself and detrimental to his country, and not have turned them to his own advantage. However, his schemes were so well laid, and so secretly carried on, that Vortigern was deprived of his power, and compelled to admit his son ostensibly to a share in his authority, but really to the exercise of the whole of the sovereign's func-

tions, without being able to take a step in his own behalf. Thus, when Ambrosius landed, he found, that he had not the imbecile Vortigern, but the gallant though undutiful Vortimer, to oppose.

It is not my purpose to detail the bloody wars which ensued between Britons and Britons, and between Britons and Saxons; they ended in the triumph of the latter, and the former were compelled to content themselves with a corner of that island in which they had once held supreme sway. In the mountain-fastnesses of Wales the descend-

ants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain yet exist; and there, in the family of L——, the offspring of the union of Adelfrid and Helena are to be found. The tradition of their ancestor's love for Rowena, her treachery and its consequences, have been handed down from father to son; as have the heroic deeds of Adelfrid, under the standards of Ambrosius and of Arthur, with whom he manfully combated for the liberty of Britain.

W. C. S——D.

YORK, April 1825.

ECONOMY AND PROFUSION IN CONTRAST.

LADY C. having met with some overbearing treatment from the wife of a wealthy baronet, was asked by a friend, how she could bear such insult from a purse-proud upstart, and retain so perfect good-humour and self-possession, as, without uttering one word, by the mere composure and indifference of aspect to assert the dignity of her rank. "My dear," answered her ladyship, "it is easy to maintain good temper when we are conscious of superiority in essentials. I do not mean the advantage I derive from my lord's hereditary and military rank; I mean, that I am more exalted by my lord's character and accomplishments than by his titles; and we are more proud of our economy, our exactitude in paying every claim, and our management in supporting respectable appearances with a very limited income, than though we shone in all the splendours of overflowing opulence; and sure I am, we are happier than many millions of Fortune."

Pleasures that traverse, overwork, and exhaust natural sensation may create transient illusion, but the enjoyment is neither sincere nor durable. Pride and vanity will no doubt be flattered by the adulation paid to persons surrounded by the symbols of wealth: yet shallow indeed must be the mind whose exultation in prosperity is not chastened by a consciousness, that the power of benefiting others forms the basis of popularity; and that, amidst the storms of adversity, popularity would vanish as the beautiful tints of a summer sky obscured by a misty shower. How many prodigals among men, and ultra-fashionables among women, have been made by sycophants, who profited by the sums they squandered, without any permanent satisfaction to themselves! Pleasure becomes inanity by incessant repetition, and is often no more than a fallacious endeavour to escape from weariness and chagrin. If attended by expenses beyond what can be afforded with-

out contracting debt, what actual pain and humiliation will ensue! How bitter, how mortifying must be the regrets of such as, roused from a dream of fancied superiority, shall find they have been dupes and sacrifices! They are pitiable and too surely contemptible simpletons who are flattered out of pecuniary independence, the most essential ingredient of comfort to a man of honour and spirit, or to a woman of sense and delicacy; an ingredient never to be procured without a well-regulated expenditure, a judicious and determined economy.

Lord C. the representative of an ancient and noble house, found his hereditary fortune much impaired by the feudal hospitality of olden time, and yet more by the extravagance of his immediate progenitors; and before marriage his lordship had not quite escaped a taint of the family foible. Lady C. weaned him from pernicious habits almost imperceptibly to himself. In some years, his lordship, having tasted the genuine sweets of independence, would not have resigned them for all the luxuries, all the magnificence that ever encumbered the estates of a sensualist. The debts incurred by himself were first paid, and by degrees the property was cleared of all involvements: yet in no instance had this intrinsically noble pair compromised the dignity of their station. The fund which was formerly appropriated to liquidate the family debts could now accumulate for the younger children. They were happy in themselves, and so wisely and deli-

cately patronised moderation in the style of dress and living among their acquaintances, that Economy lifted her modest head, and resources for charity grew and flourished by pruning away superfluous indulgences. Lady C. possessed wit and humour, and she employed her powers of elegant raillery to discountenance a taste for gaudy expensive finery, and to encourage simplicity in dress and household arrangements. She sometimes asked young matrons whether they would honour her circle of the self-denied, or figure among the gay-er fashionables. Her ladyship was never known to make severe comments upon the more showy style of others; and if she heard that any strictures had passed on her dress, or her plain and plenteous board, she smiled and said, "Though they call me mean, it is because I am proud, that I cannot endure to be obliged to the forbearance of a creditor; and I am likewise too proud to rest my claim to esteem upon the ornaments of my person, or the sumptuous varieties that load my table. It is they who hold out a false appearance of riches they do not possess who are really mean; and in purchasing articles and employing tradespeople on trust, they must distress the industrious, as they cannot make regular payments; but if we honestly though tacitly avow our limited income by suiting our expenses accordingly, we neither deceive ourselves nor mislead others."

B. G.

GENEROUS OR JUST: A TALE.

NEVER think of troubling your head, Master Arthur, about these shabby spalpeens that are bothering you for money. Sure and you will soon be able to pay them, jewel; for its yourself that has got a fine treasure, if you only knew whereabouts it was. Mighty unlucky to be sure, that poor ould Antoine, the cratur, should have popped off just as he was going to tell me all about it; but it is yourself that has got a good head, and I remember even when you were quite a gorsoon, you were always discovering things that could never be found. So, plase the saints, you will soon lay hold of Antoine's money, which wasn't his at all at all. But I must not be saying any more, for fear of letting out the secret, which I swore never to tell you, if I had been so lucky as to discover it, but by word of mouth. So no more at present, but begging of you to come in all haste to your faithful servant,

PATRICK M'DERMOT.

"Poor Pat!" cried Arthur O'Beirne as he finished this curious epistle, "he thinks more of my debts than I do myself; and it is most likely the remembrance of them that has made him twist some expression of old Antoine's into a confession of a concealed treasure. But be it as it may I will go to the *château*; if my journey does not bring me any money, it will at least save me some."

Let us leave this hair-brained young Irishman, whom, for want of a better, we mean to make our hero, to pursue his journey to the *château* in question, while we inform our readers how he came to be the owner of it.

Left at an early age the uncontrouled master of a handsome property, the generosity and the thought-

lessness of his disposition united to draw him into pecuniary embarrassments before he had quite attained his twenty-fifth year; and as the restoration of the Bourbons took place just at that time, he determined to avail himself of the opportunity of the peace, and go to economize for a few years in France. After a short stay in Paris, he made a tour through the provinces. Fascinated with the beauty of the country round Tours, he stopped for a few days in that neighbourhood, where he chanced to dine at a *table d'hôte* with M. Le Pelletier, who gave him a very warm invitation to his *château*. This Gothic edifice, deficient as it was in modern comforts and conveniences, enchanted Arthur, whose disposition was not a little tinctured with romance; and as he gazed from one of its turrets upon the varied and delightful prospects that every where met his eye, he exclaimed to Le Pelletier, that if he was master of such a spot, he thought he could be contented to remain in it for ever.

"And I," cried the other laughing, "would be very well content to part with it for ever; particularly at this moment, for I am in immediate want of money, and do not, to say the truth, very well know how to raise it. So if you have a mind for a bargain, say the word, and it is yours upon easy terms."

Arthur replied with equal frankness, that he could not afford to make the purchase, which he supposed must be a sum far above what he could raise. The other told him he was mistaken; and, in short, before the conversation was concluded, he offered it to him for three thou-

sand pounds, which was not above a fourth of its value.

O'Beirne was the last person in the world to take advantage of any man's necessities, but Le Pelletier frankly said, that he was tired of the place, was determined to get rid of it, and that from circumstances which he could not enter into, that sum would, on the spur of the moment, be worth a great deal more to him than three times the money in a few months afterwards. If Mr. O'Beirne liked it, very well; if not, he should soon find somebody for it.

Arthur no longer hesitated. He wrote to a notary with whom he was acquainted at Paris, to come down and arrange every thing legally. The business was soon done; O'Beirne gave a draft upon his Irish agent for the money, and took possession of the *château*, whence Le Pelletier removed immediately, to go, as he said, to Paris. Arthur was surprised, and in some degree mortified, that he neither gave his address, nor desired to see him, in case he should visit that city.

"No, to be sure," cried the notary, to whom he made the observation, with a sarcastic grin, "he would never think of asking a man to visit him whom he flatters himself that he has just taken in so nicely."

"Taken in! what do you mean?"

"Why, the property, as you know, being national——"

"National! zounds and the devil, it can't be!"

"Can't be! but it is though."

"And you have never told me! you have suffered me to——"

"Softly, softly, if you please. You have nothing to reproach me with; all my business was with the title, and I warrant you that's good

enough, although Le Pelletier does not know it; we have the law on our side."

"D—n the law! I am thinking of justice."

"That is no affair of mine."

"No, so it seems, or you would not have suffered me to buy stolen goods."

"That was your own business. What man with a trifle of brains in his head would ever think of purchasing an estate in France without asking whether it was patrimonial? Do you think if Le Pelletier had not been afraid that it would be wrested from him, he would have sold it to you for a song; but his fears were vain, as he will soon be convinced; and then I dare say he will be glad enough to give you back your money if you desire to break your bargain."

"Do you know," said Arthur thoughtfully, "what has become of the former proprietor and his family?"

"No; they must either have been guillotined in the time of the revolution, or starved since, for nothing has been heard of them during many years."

"But some members of the family may still be living."

"Never trouble your head about them. I repeat to you, that your title is good; and if you do not like to keep the property, you may soon get your money back again."

Other thoughts occupied the mind of Arthur, who immediately formed the design of restoring it to the lawful owners if he could find them. Accordingly he determined to take every means of ascertaining if any branch of the family was still existing, and in what part of the world they were supposed to be.

Luckily for his purpose, Antoine

the gardener, who had lived with the former proprietor, the Marquis de Mersanville, was still in the *château*. Le Pelletier had given him permission, when he bought it from the nation, to end his days in it; a circumstance which he never mentioned to O'Beirne, most probably because he did not wish him to have any conversation with the old man. Upon hearing that he was in the house, O'Beirne immediately sent for him, and the account that he gave of the exiled family interested him warmly in their favour.

The marquis had been adored by his dependents. He had lost his lady a few years after his marriage; but for the sake of a son, his only child, he never married again. As this son was the sole remaining hope of his family, he had united him, while very young, to an amiable and charming girl, of birth equal to his own. When the storm first broke out, he had provided for the safety of his children by sending them out of France, with a promise of speedily following them; but before he could put his design into execution, he was seized at his *château*, thrown into prison, and shortly afterwards guillotined.

"And your young master?"

"Ah! sir, I fear my lady and he must both have perished, for I could never obtain any tidings of them; and had they been living, I think—" the old man hesitated, and then added, "I think they would have contrived to inform their poor old servant."

O'Beirne immediately caused advertisements to be inserted in the English and foreign papers, to inform De Mersanville or his descendants, that, on application to an ad-

dress which he gave in London, Paris, and Dublin, they would hear of something to their advantage: but these advertisements remained unanswered, and Arthur began to believe that the family was really extinct.

The summer wore away; Arthur began to get heartily tired of his purchase. The few families who were in the neighbourhood were all of the old stamp, and they would not visit the possessor of a national property: the solitude in which he consequently lived became insupportable to him, and he determined to winter it in Paris, but in the most economical manner. But what man, young, handsome, and amiable enough to be received with avidity in the first society, could be economical in Paris? If there is such a *rara avis* to be found, it was not our poor Arthur, who kept his economical resolutions so well, that in the course of the winter he had only added three thousand pounds to his debts; a circumstance which, to say the truth, would not have troubled him much, had it not led to a declaration from his agent, that no more money could be raised till some arrangements were made to pay what was already due.

Arthur had in the person of his faithful M'Dermot a monitor whom he very often found troublesome, but whom a sentiment of attachment prevented him from parting with: they were foster-brothers, a title which gave M'Dermot, in his own opinion, an unbounded liberty of speech; and he used it to torment his master with remonstrances, that O'Beirne was glad to put an end to at last by sending him early in the spring to the *château*, from whence very soon afterwards he dispatched to his mas-

ter the letter that we have just given to our readers.

He found, from the information of M'Dermot, that Antoine had been ill but two days, and that it was not till about an hour before his death that he fancied himself in danger; he had then given to Patrick a small key, saying, that it was the key of a treasure of which he was the depository, and he was proceeding when he lost his speech; and notwithstanding several efforts to articulate, the word *chêne* was the only one intelligible.

Patrick, who understood French very imperfectly, could form no conjecture from it; but Arthur, who immediately recollected that he had often seen the old man seated under the shade of an old oak in the park, immediately surmised that the treasure, if there was one, was buried there; and after digging for a considerable time near the root of the tree, they discovered a coffer nearly filled with *louis-d'ors*, and containing also some apparently valuable jewels.

The extravagant joy of M'Dermot at seeing the treasure could only be equalled by his disappointment when Arthur briefly explained to him the reasons which induced him to consider it as a sacred deposit. He would have assumed his usual privilege of arguing the matter, but O'Beirne took on this occasion a tone which he had never before used, and his peremptory "No reply!" awed Patrick into silence, though it could not prevent his muttering to himself, that he hoped the poor souls that had owned it were better provided for in heaven, and that there could be no roguery, but a great deal of honesty, in making use of a God-send to pay one's debts.

In replacing the jewels in their cases, O'Beirne found at the bottom of the coffer the following letter:

To my Children,

The forebodings of my Hortensia weretoo just; she has clasped her father to her bosom for the last time. Yes, my children, the order is arrived to conduct me to prison, and I feel that I shall not leave it but for the scaffold. Let it be your consolation that I die happy. I have preserved all that is dearest to me on earth; I carry with me into eternity the consciousness that I have been faithful to my God and to my king; and I look with an humble hope for mercy from my Almighty Judge. I leave in the hands of my faithful Antoine all that I have been able to conceal of the wreck of my property. I can trust to him to fly to you with it the first moment that it is possible for him to do so. Need I tell you to reward and cherish that faithful servant? Need I tell you, if Providence permits your return, to recompense those who have been faithful to us? No, my children, your hearts want no excitement to perform those sweet and sacred duties. My children, your father on his knees invokes a blessing on your future days. His last prayer will be, that you may rejoin him in that world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Farewell! farewell!

DE MERSANVILLE.

Deeply affected with the contents of this letter, O'Beirne deposited it again in the jewel-case, and considering that the coffer would be safer where it had been so long concealed than in any part of the *château*, he replaced it in the ground. He returned in a few days to Paris, from whence he meant in a short time to proceed to Ireland, in the hope of arranging his pecuniary affairs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TURKEY OF ALENCON.

SOME days previously to the battle of Ivry, Henry IV. of France arrived at Alençon incognito with a few of his suite. He alighted at the house of an officer who was a partizan of his: this officer was not at home, and his wife, who was unacquainted with the person of Henry, received the party courteously as a military chief and friends of her husband. Towards evening the king perceived her countenance changed from cheerfulness to an expression of vexation and anxiety. "What is the matter, madam?" said he. "If I thought my visit were unwelcome or troublesome to you, I would endeavour to relieve you: as the night wears on your gaiety changes to gravity; speak freely, and be assured I have no intention to cause you trouble."—"Sir," said the lady, "I will candidly explain to you the cause of my embarrassment. This is Thursday; if you were acquainted with this town you would be aware of the difficulty of collecting provisions such as I would willingly set before you for supper. I have sent all round the place, and have absolutely been unable to procure a dish: only one of my neighbours can assist me; he owns that he has a turkey in his kitchen, but refuses to let me have it at any price, unless on condition that he is permitted to partake of the supper. I am quite in despair; the obstinate creature refuses all my offers, still insisting on the only condition I cannot expect you will submit to, for he is a mere vulgar mechanic; and this is the true cause of my vexation."

"Is this man a pleasant fellow?" said Henry.—"He is considered as the wit of the place: he is to be

sure a good Frenchman and a loyal subject, and well off in circumstances for one of his class."

"Well, madam," said the king, "let him come: it is better to have a dull supper than no supper at all. Let your obstinate neighbour be invited; we must bear with him for the sake of his good cheer."

The townsman being informed that his conditions were accepted, soon arrived in his holiday suit, and with him the fat turkey. While the supper was preparing, he made himself very agreeable, relating with much ease and drollery the little gossip and scandalous anecdotes of the town; in short, he amused the king so well, that, although he was dying of hunger, he was not impatient for the appearance of supper. When it came, the good man lost no time either in eating or talking, but continued to do both with vigour. The king laughed heartily, and the more the gentlemen laughed, the greater, said the self-invited guest, was his own delight.

When his majesty rose from table, his merry companion suddenly fell at his feet. "Pardon, sire!" he said, "pardon me; this has been the happiest day of my life. I saw and recognised your majesty as you entered the town. I said nothing, however, not even to the lady of this house, when I found she was ignorant of your majesty's rank. I have, by my obstinate refusal of my turkey, the only dish to be procured, obtained for myself the greatest honour, that of presuming to endeavour to amuse you for a short meal." By this time the lady also was at the king's feet.

Henry, with his wonted good na-

ture, endeavoured to raise them, but the man continued kneeling. "I will not rise," said he, "till your majesty has listened to me."—"Well, speak," said the king.—"Sire," continued the suppliant with a solemn air, "the glory of my king has ever been dear to me, and I cannot think without grief that it has been tarnished by the admission of so low a person as myself at his table, and I see but one way of remedying the evil."—"What is that?" asked Henry.—"It is to grant me letters patent of nobility."—"Letters of nobility to thee!"—"Why not, sire? Though I was formerly a mechanic, I am a Frenchman. I have the heart of a Frenchman, and I may deserve nobility by

the nobleness of my sentiments."—"Well, my friend, and if I were to grant the patent, what arms would you have?"—"My turkey, sire; it has procured me the greatest honour I could ever enjoy. I would take my turkey for my arms."—"Ventre Saint Gris!" exclaimed the monarch, "thou shalt be a gentleman, and thou shalt bear for arms thy turkey in pale!" The new-made gentleman was either rich enough, or subsequently acquired sufficient, to purchase a *seigneurie*, on which was erected a *château* by his descendants in his name, which he would not change. His posterity still possess the domain, and their arms are still the turkey in pale.

GAELIC RELICS.—No. XVIII.

TALE OF AN ANCIENT FEUD: RUAGARACH THE CONQUEROR, PRIMOGENITOR OF THE CLAN MUNRO.

FERGUS CEIMUNAICH of the rushing steps, the young lord of Badenoch, was famed for supereminence in personal beauty, strength, agility, and indomitable valour. The impetuosity of his onset in battle obtained for him the cognomen of *Ceimunaich*, or the rushing steps; and thence originated the surname of Cumming. His father purposed to ally him with the only offspring of Earl Bothwell, who had declared she would bestow herself and a large dower upon the handsomest knight that should bear away the prize of chivalry in a tournament to be held at Stirling. At this period there were seven and thirty lords of the redoubtable clan of which the lord of Badenoch was the high leader and head, and all were intent upon the alliance with Earl Bothwell, to extend the influence of the tribes far southward, as in the

north they were all-powerful. But Fergus had no heart to exchange with the lofty Mirabella, the lady-heiress of Bothwell. A lovely unadorned maid in a deep glen of the Highlands had gained the entire and irrevocable hold of his affections. Passing through a remote and hilly district in the end of autumn, Fergus and his followers were bewildered by a snow-storm, and after many wanderings, all the party, except their young chief, sunk down in "the sleep that knows no rising dawn." Fergus exerted all his skill, humanity, and fortitude to rouse his attendants from this fatal repose; but the vital spark was soon extinct, and could not be relumed. In dreary solitude, and half blinded by drifting snows, the noble youth pursued his way, uncertain whither it tended. Long had he defied the tempestuous

darkness ere the flickering of a distant light afforded some direction, and he reached the lowly abode of a chief, who had been deprived by insidious arts and by violence of his own castle and the surrounding lands. Ruagarach was from early youth a soldier of the cross, and during several years was reported to be among the slain "on the burning sands of Palestine." The next heir took possession, in despite of the youngest brother of Ruagarach. The usurper became formidable in *sprraiths*, or incursions upon the Lowland proprietors. He bore away many cattle and other spoils; and having assembled under his command a large body of desperate men, his neighbours were compelled to court his favour and protection. Ruagarach reappeared, but had no means to enforce a restitution of his rights: his only son was born of a fair maid of Albion, or England, and his most attached kinsmen and vassals were estranged when they found he had married a daughter of "the flat ignoble south." His brother had fallen in defence of his inheritance; all the race of his father was apparently extinct, except one girl, who was unborn when her mother was widowed "by the hand of the usurper." The lady recognised her brother-in-law, committed her child to his care, and in a few weeks breathed her last sigh in the arms of filial tenderness. The usurper had assigned to her a humble dwelling, which, for the sake of her unborn babe, she accepted; and there Bragela, as a lovely flower expanding in the desert, grew and bloomed into early womanhood, when Ruagarach and his son came to claim the chieftainry of their mighty fathers. The soldier of bright renown remained

in the cottage, watching for some favourable crisis to regain his rights; but an hour propitious to this restoration never shone on his failing age. His constitution of body and mind had been impaired by severe warfare and frequent wounds; "the sinews of his strength were consumed in the burning East;" and Bragela, the orphan of his brother, was "the light of his dark and helpless years." She wedded his son, the high-minded Maoin, the able and firm of hand and heart; the expert, the mighty hunter of the forests. Calamity still pursued the race of Ruagarach, and, according to the narrow prejudices of the times, his countrymen regarded each visitation of woe as an evidence of the divine wrath for giving the "faith of marriage" to a daughter of stranger lands. In our day many chiefs have chosen a bride from the south, and those ladies have been beloved and revered by the Gael; so happily blended are now the feelings and interests of the three kingdoms that compose the "better part" of the British empire.

Loaded with sorrow and infirmities, "Ruagarach was mingled with the ghosts of his fathers on high-soaring clouds of the north." His family place of interment "rose in piles on the islet of wood-skirted waters." Bragela, with her five sons and her only daughter, attended the obsequies, "to shed over the cairn of Ruagarach the tears of swimming hearts." A land-storm "heaved and foamed the deep bosom of the Lochan;" the boat that ferried Bragela and her offspring was upset. Maoin leaped from the yawl, where he sat by the corpse of his father, and plunged into the waves to aid his spouse and children: he could

save only Shilas. "Shilas, a beam of beauty, mild as the first blush of eastern skies in a summer morn, and artless as the dove of a lonely tower," Shilas was all that upheld the heart of Maoin; but when Fergus Ceimunaich took shelter beneath the lowly roof of the far-descended chief, the noble heart of Maoin was "in the last chill of death." Trained by his father to feats of arms, Maoin was a hero in the most exalted sense of the word. Wrongfully divested of fortune and feudal power, he maintained intrinsic dignity. His prowess in defending his own property, and in helping the feeble, struck insurmountable terror into the freebooters by whom he was encompassed; none dared to invade his little flock, and they "all sought the grasp of his mighty hand." If his high soul could have stooped to "deeds of rapine, his cattle might have covered a thousand hills;" but he preferred hardship and poverty to acquisitions "that must stain the renown of his far-descended fathers;" and with the "lofty soul of a chief," he lived honoured, though obscure. At the commencement of a snow-storm, Maoin hastened to the assistance of his aged faithful goatherd; but the "flaky tempest" had raged on the hills before it spread to the valley, and the goatherd ventured too far in collecting the flock. Maoin called to him on every side, shouting aloud the name of his servant. The dull echoes, half suppressed by wreathing drift, only replied. The goatherd lay beside a cave of the cliffs; and long and painfully searching the trackless wild, the chief found and attempted to carry him to his home. Tedious was the way, and

Vol. VI. No. XXXI.

at every step Maoin sunk deeper in the snow. He came not with the approach of evening, and Shilas in alarm sent her damsels to gather the neighbours in search of her father. All were at a wedding five miles distant, and thither the damsels hied, trusting their master was not in danger, and glad of a pretext to join in the dance. While for them the "hours floated in mirth," Maoin, feeble and "sick even to death," waded through an ocean of snows. Shilas stood at the door, listening impatient for a sound of his approach. The snow-drift beating in her face concealed his figure as he advanced. Her ear caught the motion of his struggling feet. She bounded to meet him; her supporting arm conducted him half way to the blaze she had kept up on his "hearth of peace" awaiting his return: he sunk from her trembling hold—made an effort to speak—his tongue was motionless. He raised his glazed eyes, fixed their last look on his daughter, and expired. What words can express her agony of grief as she bent over the lifeless form of her only parent? Hours elapsed before tears relieved her loaded soul; but inured to adversity, to exertion, and self-command, and placing her hopes on the "rock of ages high above sun, moon, or stars," she seated herself beside the corse in that calm resignation which is yet compatible with a poignant feeling of all earthly bereavement. When Fergus entered, her attention had a salutary excitation. Her cares revived the fainting stranger, and in sympathy with the lovely mourner, Fergus lost all sense of his own disaster. The sun rode on the southern sky before the neigh-

E

bours joined them; for when the damsels told the alarm of Shilas, the men of several districts hastened at the earliest dawn to explore a wide extent of country in search of Maoin, the defender of the feeble, the friend of all, the warrior descended from a long line of heroes, the beloved and venerated chief, venerated though poorer than crowds of vassals enriched by *forays*, in which he disdained to join.

A son of the usurper of the lands of her grandsire was the nearest kinsman of Shilas. He had sought her in marriage; but she turned away with horror and affright "from the fierce spoiler of the south." The persevering wooer came instantly on learning the decease of her father, and claimed an exclusive right as her guardian. She involuntarily directed her imploring eyes to Fergus; but while he considered how to interfere with due decorum, a messenger apprised him that the lord of Badenoch, attended by a train of fifty men, was at hand inquiring for his son. Rumour conveyed to the lord of Badenoch the tales of wonder that circulated concerning the early snow-storm; and he set out for the north, full of anxiety for the safety of his only hope, Fergus Ceimunaich. His family had an ancient and never extinguished feud with the clan of Maoin. Ruagarach had likewise been the rival of the haughty chief, and wedded the maid of the south his valour rescued from licentious pursuit. With crafty caution the lord of Badenoch dissembled his resentments, and led his pompous train to lay the son of his foe in "the bed of long repose." Next morning every tongue inquired for Shilas, but no eye had seen her.

Fergus, half distracted, hurried along valley, hill, moorland, woods, and through every *bhalli*, or hamlet. Shilas was gone—gone for ever, as the lord of Badenoch affirmed. She had been observed some miles off, riding gaily with a young horseman, near the *bhalli* of a *strath* leading to the sea-beach; and Fergus must repair to the tournament at Stirling, in obedience to a mandate from the king of Scotia. Fergus obeyed. He bore away the palm of chivalry; but all his thoughts were with Shilas. Indignant at her departure without one adieu, he had called up "all his pride of manhood" to banish her image from his soul; but "still her tears of beauty," and the "pressure of her white hands" in chafing his benumbed fingers, his head raised on her shoulder when he fell unable to bespeak her pity for a wandering stranger, her kind attentions to save his life; these, and many other fond recollections, mingled in the gayest scenes, and his mind was absent and insensible to the dazzling splendours or varied pleasures of the court. All his angry feelings melted into tender sorrow, when an old friend of her father informed him, that the heir of chieftainry had torn her by violence from her home, again offered to her the hallowed rites of the church, and with horrible imprecations denounced an alternative the most vilifying if she rejected his hand. The conflict in her soul was bitter as the struggle of death. She wished to be laid in the dust with Maoin her father, the defender of the helpless, but death came not to her release. One day only was allowed her to choose between everlasting dishonour and the lofty station of a chieftainess. No friend

was near, no aid to be expected. Fergus stood unmoved by her appealing eyes, and his father was the hereditary foe of her house. With shaken nerves, pale cheeks, and secret horror, she was borne to the altar, and was but "two moons" the pining spouse of him she never could love nor esteem, when a knight of great age and his two sons claimed the chieftainry. The knight proved to be the brother in birth next to Ruagarach. The infidels of Spain sunk before the flame of his valour, and the honours of knighthood brightened his name. The parties were ordered to Stirling, to plead their own cause, and to bring evidence of their rights. All Scotia gathered to hear the decision, and the gloomy spouse took Shilas, "to have her under the blight of his contracted brow." Fergus stood near the king. Melancholy hung on every feature, "his grace of manhood wasted by despair." Shilas avoided the burning glances he turned upon her face; but in evil hour he bribed her handmaidens to admit him to her hall, while the spouse slept off the fumes of Bordeaux wine. In frenzy the youth declared his love. Shilas commanded him to silence, and retired from his view; but a poisoned dart was struck to her pure bosom. Her dejected countenance and anxious avoidance of Fergus alarmed the jealous spouse. He warned the lord of Badenoch, as he valued the life of his son, to remove him from Stirling. The proud chieftain treated this warning with scorn and derision: yet he told the suspicious spouse it might be easy to con-

vince himself how far he wronged the blameless lady. He might disappear, while the lord of Badenoch took his son to hunt for three days in the moors. Before three days passed away, the usurper of the rights of her nearest kindred, the cruel spoiler that forced her from a peaceful home, and dragged her a victim to the sacred altar—he, in furious mood, rushed to her presence with a bloody sword.

"Here," he said, "here is a token, warm from the heart of Fergus Ceimunaich; warm from his heart, the paramour sent it to a faithless dame. Take it, Shilas, to perfume your kerchief."

Shilas calmly gazed on the red edge of death, then buried the point in her stainless breast.

"I die innocent," she said, raising her mild eyes to heaven. "The holy Virgin sees I am unspotted in soul and in person; but the offspring of heroes, the offspring of Ruagarach and Maoin, will not live suspected and miserable."

Fergus cleared her fair fame, by defying to combat any, or all, that dared to asperse an angel ascended to the saints above. No accuser appeared. The sons of her grand-uncle proclaimed challenges to maintain the unblemished honour of Shilas. No lips moved against her, and all deplored her untimely fate. Her grave was yet green when Fergus pined and died.

The king of Scotia restored the chieftainry to the brother and race of Ruagarach.

B. G.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

No. IV.

AN! my old aunt Micklethwaite, thy well-known pothooks and hangers put me in mind of many a day long gone by! Methinks I see thee sailing into the room like a gallant seventy-four, with not only its broad pendant flying, but decked with myriads of subaltern streamers. Thy paduasoy gown, in which hollyhocks large as life bloomed and flourished; that sapphire petticoat, glowing through a short but flounced apron, worked with thine own hands; thy waist small by degrees and delicately less! I even smell the thousand odours emitted by thy ample bouquet, steeped in an elegant receiver, which held sufficient water to refresh the gaudy collection. I hear the rustling of thy standing-on-end silk, which noise my father used, not unaptly, to compare to that made by the servants taking up the hall floor-cloth. I behold thee, and all the furniture of thyself and house is vividly before me. I know not why, but I feel a wish that all could come over again: the walls covered with a red flock paper; the fire-place decorated with Dutch tiles, depicting the several histories of holy writ; these encircling as it were a brass grate, bright as gold; the fender, composed of a straight piece of the same material, would tip over on the least affront offered of placing the foot upon its edge, upsetting and bringing down in the overthrow the sympathetic tongs, poker, and shovel, regardless of the carved hooks that would keep them in their places. And then the chairs, massy and heavy enough for Gog and Magog, and covered on common days with blue and white check,

which once my urchin fingers turned into what I termed windows, by cutting out every other blue diamond. The tables were *en suite*. Nor must I forget the large mezzotintos by Fry, which were suspended over the apartment; nor the looking-glasses, which, hanging up aloft, bent forward to meet your sight, accommodating themselves to your whole shape as you approached nearer and nearer. The frames of these were of mahogany, edged with gold. The chimney-piece, filled with shepherdesses, mandarins, and Gorgons dire, would even now afford a delectable treat to the modern connoisseur in old china; while the collection of tea-pots rivalled that of our late most gracious queen. Under the mantel-shelf were portraits of Garrick in every character which he had performed, taken from the life. And then her conversational power, her "Well I declare," and "I never in my life saw so beautiful a——;" then, how often did she "clap her eyes" upon such and such a thing; but no hoidenish manners did she ever exhibit before me. Her mouth was practised to a simper ever since she lost her teeth; and, to do her justice, she laughed with those who laughed, and cried—the rest of the sentence is obvious.

I have often thought, that if the lovers of scandal would report the worthy as well as the worthless part of the human character, they would confer an essential service on mankind; for then, finding that the world gave us credit for some good intentions, we might endeavour to make these bear some comparison in our

favour. At present, however, the world is so little inclined to give us the smallest credit for good intentions, that we become careless of our reputation; and while we think we have not acted in quite so vile a manner as Mr. A. or Mrs. B. we hold ourselves among the most immaculate of our species. But perhaps, after all, this scandal may arise from the high value which we have for virtue, which makes us jealous of giving our friends credit for a particle of it; and this it is that would make us level every person to our own standard of mediocrity.

My aunt Micklethwaite was one of those beings who, apparently engaged in a routine of frivolity, give the world no opportunity of forming any other than one opinion of their pursuits. She was born somewhere about the year 1700; although she herself had totally forgotten the year, and thought it was about 1725. She was the only daughter of a dashing tradesman, for there were such things in those days; one of those who can only ape their betters in the improper parts of their characters, and, like all imitators, exceed their originals; and though the father of my aunt was, to my father's great grief, a very low fellow, of little or no education, yet having a few hundreds left him by an old aunt, he launched into all the extravagances of horse-racing, cock-fighting, and such intellectual amusements; dressed in ruffles, wore a gold-laced hat, and *attended for orders* in a sword and bagwig. The maccaroni-grocer, as he was called, associating with black-leg lords and prodigal sons of the nobility, and getting some insight into their manner of living, determined to bring up his daughter, Miss Molly, so that she

might make her fortune by marriage. She was therefore taught to clang on an old spinette, and could play, just well enough to lull her papa to sleep, "Down in the woods and shady groves," "Fly, Chloe, fly," and Marshal Saxe's minuet. She neither attended to the house affairs, which she left to servants, her poor mother dying when she was very young; nor did she employ her time in any one thing that was useful, being firmly convinced, that she was destined to be run away with by some lordling. Her reading went no further than the "Amours of Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy," and "The Fortunate Country-Maid," to which she had been particularly attached ever since her papa had taken a country *villy* near the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields, Hoxton. Her religion was borrowed from Mrs. Rowe's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*. These were her favourite works, in the perusal of which, however, she was often interrupted on receiving her last new *négligé*, or some other decorative article. Her delight one day on contemplating a new *saque* of the richest plum-colour brocade was interrupted by the murmuring of voices under her window, and she reached the bottom of the stairs in a violent passion that no one had answered her bell, just in time to behold her papa a corpse, the consequence of an apoplectic seizure.

Miss Micklethwaite having fainted *away* three successive times, began to think that, as she had done every thing that was required of her to do on such an occasion, she might begin to look out for comfort or amusement to divert her melancholy. One would imagine that the change of dress, and attention to the other de-

corums of life on the occasion of death, were wisely ordained by Providence to rob us of some share of our regrets; and nothing is so likely to rouse us from grief as the necessary arrangements on so mournful an occasion. I have known many a young and beautiful widow raise up her streaming eyes, which have yet been bent only on the corpse of her husband, on beholding the entrance of the dress-maker, and sigh while she asked if all her hair must be hid under her cap; nay, I once knew a mother, who, writing for the habiliments of mourning for a darling son, and whose sincerity of grief could never be doubted, beg that the bonnet might be made in the last fashion. Miss Molly was herself quite indifferent how her mourning was to be made: "yet," she added, "one must attend a little to decency;" and though, as her dear papa was dead, she had no one she cared about now, yet she

hoped Mrs. Lutestring would slope it off according to the last French manner.

The first shock was now over, but with regard to her future prospects she was quite ignorant. Tears did at first come into her eyes when she thought of her dear papa; but when she turned them to the pier-glass, and saw how well her mourning became her, her grief grew less violent: but then the idea that her new peach-blossom *négligé* could not be worn for another year revived her chagrin. The visits of the mantua-maker, a designation now quite exploded, continued to wear away those hours which solitude prolonged, until the awful day arrived, when *sal volatile* and *eau-de-luce* were showered on her by her friends, and she was, after the ceremony, led to her aunt's in the most decent and woe-begone manner possible.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CANARY-BIRD OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

By MADAME DE MONTOLIEU.

IN the year 1800 business called me to Paris. I visited all the monuments of the capital. Next to the Louvre, the magnificent edifice at that time called the Pantheon particularly engaged my attention. In the subterraneous church I was shewn among other tombs that which covered the remains of Rousseau. The arm protruding from a cleft, and holding a torch, was in my eyes the most sublime emblem of immortality, and the most expressive representation of his ardent mind. I recalled to memory by turns his most beautiful ideas and his most remarkable sophisms, his greatness and his infir-

mity, his errors and his misfortunes. I was wholly absorbed in these recollections, when I accidentally perceived, in a little hollow formed by the bend of the arm, a small box tied with a ribbon. At that moment my companions and the guide who shewed us the building rejoined me; for I had tarried longer than they by the tomb of Rousseau. Pointing to the box, I asked the latter what it did there. He seemed surprised, and assured me, that he knew not either when or by what means it had come thither; and indeed I should not have discovered it had I not been so very particular in my examination of

the monument. The dust with which it was covered, proved that it must have lain there a considerable time. The guide took it down and put it into my hands. On the lid was written, in small characters, *Jean Jaques loved me*. This inscription raised our curiosity to the utmost; it was soon gratified. The attendant cut the ribbon, opened the lid, and shewed us a beautiful little canary-bird, nicely stuffed, and lying upon a bed of cotton. At this sight he shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously at the trumpery as he called it, and without hesitation made me a present of it. Overjoyed like a child by a Christmas gift, I took the box, put it out of sight, lest my treasure should be demanded back from me, and hurried home. I took the pretty bird cautiously out of its case, smoothed its yellow plumage, and blew upon it to lighten it up, set the little animal upon my finger, and fancied that it was alive, so strong was the illusion produced by the artificial eyes which had replaced the natural ones. I expected every moment that it would begin to sing. I then examined the box, and found under the cotton a sheet of fine paper, filled with writing by the same hand as that on the lid. It was superscribed thus: *To those who shall find my bird*. I read farther, and was made acquainted with its whole history, a copy of which I here communicate, without the alteration of a single word.

To-morrow is the day when the monument erected to my old friend in the Pantheon will be completed. I will not lose a moment, but deposit our canary-bird, as he directed, on his tomb. Though both, alas! have

long ceased to live, I have not yet been able to fulfil my promise: but every thing is now ready; his Carino now reposes in a little box, and I hope to find an opportunity of uniting him with his kind master, though he died so far away from poor Rosine. Whoever you be that find Carino, despise not the little bird. He was tenderly beloved by Rousseau and his Rosine. I will relate his story in a few words, and inclose it in this box: you will read it; it will interest you, and you will carry Carino back to the grave of his master.

My name is Rosine. My father, whose only child I was, resided at Chaux de Fondy, in the principality of Neuchâtel. He was a skilful mechanic and watchmaker, the partner of the celebrated Jaques Droz, and made with him those figures which, called by them automata, were admired by all Europe, and were the principal amusement of my childhood. I was particularly delighted with a musical canary-bird which my father made for me, which whistled three charming tunes, one after another, in the utmost perfection, at the same time turning his head first one way then another, and hopping for a quarter of an hour together from perch to perch in his cage, and all so naturally that it was quite delightful to see him. I loved this toy exceedingly; and when, after my father's death, my mother went to live at Mottier-Travers, with a sister of hers who resided there, I took with me above all things my pretty automaton, which I called Bibi. My aunt to whom we removed was likewise a widow, and had a son, who was but five or six years older than myself, and of whom I was very fond. Whenever he came

to see my father, he paid a thousand attentions to his little cousin. Our mothers often talked of marrying us together; a plan which pleased me much, for there was nobody I liked so well as my cousin Armand. I was eleven years old, and my cousin, who was seventeen, had been sent for education to a relative in Paris, so that when we came to his mother's we did not find him there. This was a bitter disappointment to me, and nothing but the caresses of my good aunt, whose spoiled child I was, and my pretty canary-bird, could console me for it. I wound him up at least twenty times a day, without being tired of the repetition of his three songs. They were then quite new: three airs from the *Devin du Village*; namely, *J'ai perdu mon serviteur*—*Si des galans de la ville*; and concluding with the sweet *raudeville*, *C'est un enfant, c'est un enfant!* I had been taught the words to them, which I sung in correct tune: my canary-bird accompanied me, turning his head to the right and to the left, and hopping up and down. We thus formed little concerts, in which to be sure there was not much variety, but which, nevertheless, afforded a great deal of amusement to my mother and aunt.

We inhabited with my aunt one wing of the house. The opposite wing was separated from it by a narrow garden. An old gentleman from Neufchatel proposed to my aunt to let this wing, which was very small, to a friend. He told her that this friend was already in years, and ailing, but that he was a man of mild and amiable disposition, still and reserved, and had no one about him but a housekeeper who waited on

him. My aunt accepted the proposal: her new tenant took possession—it was Rousseau. Opinions differed widely concerning him: some represented him as an angel; others as a villain, nay a very devil. My aunt declared in his favour, because he was her tenant; and my mother, because she had read a novel of his writing, with which she was much pleased. I, being a little girl, thought neither well nor ill of him; but his looks pleased and his dress diverted me. He wore a long coat lined with fur, fastened round the waist with a broad girdle, and on his head a fur cap in the shape of a turban. In this costume he resembled a Turkish automaton which my father had made, beating a drum. All the people of Mottier called him Jean Jaques the Armenian, but I always called him Jean Jaques the automaton. Whenever I saw him coming out, I watched him from the window. He always went out a-walking alone, with a large round tin box under one arm, and a book under the other. Sometimes I placed myself in his way and made him a low courtesy, which he returned with a smile of pleasure and a few kind words; for he was fond of children, and knew how to make them fond of him. My aunt, who had received him on his first arrival, and formed an acquaintance with his *gouvernante*, Therese le Vasseur, whom she frequently visited, said, that he was the best creature in the world, simple as a child, but shy of strangers, and eccentric in his way of life. He botanized in the morning; in the evening netted scarfs, which he presented to such females as suckled their children themselves, and amused himself in spare moments with a canary-bird which he had brought

with him, and which was his only companion. This bird, which occasioned an intimacy between us, was poor Carino, who is deposited in this box.

The windows of my room looked towards Rousseau's windows. His bird had liberty to fly about in his apartment, but was not allowed to go out of it. One day, allured by the notes of my automaton, he seized the opportunity when the window was opened, and flew away across the little garden and alighted on Bibi's cage. I had just wound up Bibi, and he piped his three tunes. It is impossible to conceive my transport when I saw a second bird arrive: at first he listened to mine, and then began singing himself; but not regular tunes, only wild natural strains, quite a new kind of music to me, and therefore the more delightful. I was enchanted. He turned his head too like my Bibi, but in a much more lively and natural manner, with more grace and a more expressive eye. I held my finger to him, he hopped upon it, and then flew on my shoulder, and afterwards on my head. My Bibi had never done any such thing. When he had finished singing, he hopped up and down from one perch to another, always on the same spot, till at length he stood immovable. The new bird, on the contrary, flew from my finger upon the cage and from the cage back again upon my finger. I raised him to my lips and was going to kiss him, when a whistle, and the repeated call of "Carino!" attracted his attention. He flew off, perched by the way upon a tree, and then returned to his master, who stood at the window whistling and calling him. As soon as he had secured

him, he signified his joy to me by signs, and seemed to congratulate me that my bird was not such a rover, but contented himself to stay quietly at home.

It was not long before I saw our neighbour coming across the garden towards our apartments. I was presently called, and found him seated on the sofa between my mother and my aunt. "I am come, my dear," said he to me, "to thank you for the kind reception you gave my bird, and at the same time to beg your pardon for the bad example that he has set yours: but you have brought yours up better; he is so well off with you that he will not leave you."—"No indeed, sir," I replied laughing, "there is no fear that he will fly away; I wish he could."—"Without doubt, that you might see him come back again. Will you have the goodness to shew him to me? He whistles most charmingly to my thinking some tunes that I whistle myself sometimes." I sprang up and fetched the bird; and the motionless state in which it was, because the work was not wound up, soon demonstrated to him what sort of animal it was. "An automaton!" exclaimed he: "at a distance my eye and my ear were absolutely deceived; I mistook it for a living bird." He took the cage in his hands, and examined the figure. I told him that it was the workmanship of my deceased father, whom I had so tenderly loved and so deeply lamented. At the same time I shewed him how to wind it up, and the bird immediately began his motions and his preludes, and then piped the three tunes one after another. My heart throbbed with joy, because I could plain-

ly perceive with what pleasure Jean Jaques the automaton listened to Bibi the automaton. I ascribed all due honour to my Bibi, but took a little to myself; yet without at that time guessing the reason why Rousseau was so delighted with the bird, because I knew not that he was the author of the songs, and that every author likes to hear his works read or sung. I could not of course conceive why Rousseau's small but dark and animated eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure. Their fire and expression were heightened when my aunt desired me to sing the same songs. I obeyed without hesitation, for it was just what I earnestly wished to do. I think I still see the good Jean Jaques listening to me in transport, beating time upon my hand, which he held in his, joining me in a low tremulous voice, and repeating, *C'est un enfant! c'est un enfant!*—"A child, and an amiable child!" he added, when the *vaudeville* was finished. At the same time he pressed my hand, which he still held to his lips. He inquired my name. "Rosa, sir."—"A very suitable name for you indeed. But do you know my name, my dear?" I cast down my eyes and smiled. My mother, who was tickled with my idea, told him how I had christened him on account of his dress. Rousseau laughed immoderately, and observed, "Rosa is not so far out as you may imagine, madam. Would to God that I had been but an automaton, or that I could yet become one! That is all I aspire to: besides, it is the way to please my little Rosa—how dearly she loved her pretty canary-bird!" He was right to say, "she loved;" for, without knowing why, I felt as if I loved Bibi less than I had

heretofore done. I took up the cage, and was about to carry it away, when Rousseau said, "Many thanks, my good Rosa! and thanks to your little automaton too. He occupied you with me without your being aware of it, and has taught you to sing songs which I am fond of singing; but I fear that you will get tired of them at last."—"O no, sir, never; they are so pretty!" He seemed affected.—"My sweet girl," he resumed, "may you ever retain this inestimable innocence, and never tire of that which has once given you pleasure! Will you love me, Rosa, as you loved your good father?" My eyes filled with tears at the mention of my father. I replied, shaking my head, "I will love you, sir; I do love you already: but to love you as my father—indeed that is not in my power. I feel that I shall not love any one again as I did my father."—"Excellent girl! well then, love me as a friend; call me your good old friend. You will, Rosa, will you not?" These last words he pronounced in so pathetic a tone, that I threw myself into his arms. From this moment I was his Rosa, and he my dear old friend. "Intrust your daughter to me," said he, turning to my mother. "I have occupied myself much with education, and I can assure you that your child shall not be the worse for it." My mother thanked him with emotion, and said, that she committed me entirely to him. "Henceforward then," said he, "you are my daughter, my pupil, my Sophie!" clasping me in his arms. "I wish your name had been Sophie; but Rosa sounds very pretty, and is a very suitable name for you: I like it too."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SUPERSTITIONS ARISING FROM OPTICAL PHENOMENA.

THE ancient Gael imagined, that the "airy forms" of their "awful fathers hung half viewless in the sailing mists of coming day to hear their deeds of renown in the mouth of bards;" and this credulity may be explained, as Kircher accounts for the wild notion of the Mauritanian shepherds, who imagine that they visibly contemplate in the air an immense assemblage of spirits clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and moving in varied measures to the harmony of the spheres. This illusion Kircher rationally infers to have been created by the images of the shepherds reflected on dark clouds; and the echoes of the mountains, responsive to their own voices, they ascribed to spectral demons. Schott, a learned German, speaking of the famous Fata Morgana in the Mamertine sound at Rhegio in Italy, remarks, "This wonderful phenomenon shews itself principally when the heat of the sun is most violent, and, as it should seem, makes the Mamertian lake boil up; when a copious mass of vapour rises from its surface, which produces the most singular appearances. The beholder imagines that he sees fortresses, palaces, and houses in regular order suspended in the air. These gradually disappear, and make room for a vast number of columns, which also vanish in a short time, to be succeeded by an equally splendid and astonishing spectacle: large forests and whole alleys of cypresses and other trees present themselves, and spacious fields covered with a great number of people, and small and large flocks of cattle, and similar objects, in their natural colours."

Kircher accounts for the physical causes of the Fata Morgana as follows: The mountain which is situated opposite to Rhegio extends from Calabria towards Beloso. The shores of the lake, as well as the bed of it, are covered with a vast quantity of very small pellucid mineral particles, which are drawn up by the intense heat of the sun along with the vapours of the lake, and form in the air a perfect speculum, with an immense number of angles. In this speculum, the back-ground of which is formed by the mountain, are represented images of different objects, which vary according to the point of view in which the beholder's eyes are directed towards the aerial mirror. For the row of columns Kircher accounts, by directing the reader to make an experiment of multiplying images by corresponding mirrors, which will convince him, that a column on the shores of the lake would be multiplied in the *facettes* of the atmospheric speculum. Thus a single warrior, if his image should be reflected in the clouds, will represent a multitudinous army.

In our times, it is generally known that the sun attracts, along with vapours, many other bodies, such as chaff, hairs, grains of sand, and mineral particles, not unfrequently found in hailstones. Herrera, a Spanish historian, mentions, that in the country of Guatemala, in America, the pagan inhabitants believed they saw their idol suspended in the air. These people, being entirely destitute of all physical knowledge, were astonished at that wonderful sight, and fell upon their knees to adore the miraculous god. This idol was publicly

worshipped near the shores of the sea, and could easily be reflected by the numerous *facettes* of such a cloudy speculum, which nature per-

haps formed of the saline particles drawn into the air along with the vapours of the ocean.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. V.

IN my future reports of our monthly meetings at my worthy friend's the vicar's, I shall at once give the remarks of the various speakers in the dialogue form; by which means their sentiments will assume a more natural air, and have less of restraint than when given in the narrative method.

It was a delightful evening, on the 8th instant, when we met at the vicar's. His study opens to a beautiful lawn, on which several deer (a present from a friend) disport in merry gambols; and on this occasion we were at once enabled to enjoy the charms of nature and of art: the former was exhibited in her best dress abroad, whilst within the latter displayed all her charms to attract us. The usual greetings over, and each member having taken his seat, the following conversation took place:

Mr. Montague. What do you think of *Lambeth and the Vatican*?

Mr. Mathews. Why it is a curious compilation; a mass of undigested reading; a crude collection of opinions, apophthegms, and anecdotes, selected without taste, and huddled together without arrangement; in which the unlearned and the unthinking (and they form, I fear, a large portion of the readers of every book,) will find amusement; but which will cause the judicious reader to smile at the overweening conceit and to wonder at the egregious ignorance of Mr. Hussey, "the fashionable

preacher at St. Mary-le-Bone church," who is, I understand, the author, collector, editor, or *doer* of the three pretty-looking volumes which you see on the table.

Apathy. Yet the work is popular, I am told.

Dr. Primrose. Precisely so, and on the same principle which leads so many to run after the quack rather than trust their lives to the regular physician, and which fills the conventicle when the church is often deserted. Puffing and pretension are now the order of the day; by their aid the public is daily gulled into a belief in the wonderful merits of many "men and things," which are in themselves utterly worthless; whilst real, modest, unassuming merit is neglected, and

"———doom'd to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Counsellor Eitherside. Mr. Hussey's work would have been very readable had he left out all the learning, and merely confined himself to the anecdotal part. But that would not have suited his vanity perhaps, of which these "fashionable preachers"—nay, Dr. Primrose, do not frown, it is truth—have in general a very large share. The volumes form a pretty *melange* in my opinion for the *boudoir*, the sofa, or the post-chaise, and will do to fill a niche on the shelf by the side of *Law and Lawyers*, which, as I am a collector of every thing relating to the "profession," I

purchased as soon as published. But really where Mr. Hussey does pretend to enter into dissertations on any subject, he soon gets beyond his depth; and I cannot help laughing at the ridiculous figure he cuts. Witness, amongst other instances, the article "Pagan," in the first volume, which contains nearly as many blunders as there are lines.

Dr. Primrose. It is a curious specimen of the credit which ought to be paid to the authority of our modern reviews, when we find one of them describing these volumes as the production of "a person of high church and orthodox principles." For the volumes abound in passages which "a person" of those principles would never have sanctioned; and indeed I am surprised that Mr. Hussey, as a churchman, should have permitted so many passages and anecdotes, in which both the principles and doctrines of the church are sneered at and controverted, not by argument, but by sarcasm or ridicule, to disgrace his pages. The opinion expressed by the reviewer, however, confirms a suspicion which I have long entertained; namely, that many works are elaborately reviewed without having ever been read.

Mr. Apathy. I shall take these volumes under my especial care and protection, since you all appear bent upon denying them any merit at all.

All. Oh! no, you quite mistake!

Mr. Mathews. We do not deny them merit. As a collection of anecdotes, they are amusing; but they must not aspire to a higher rank than that which pertains to any other repository of old Joe Millars and stories of the same description.

Mr. Apathy. I hold a different opinion. And though I admit, that

Mr. Hussey is sometimes at sea when he enters into profound disquisition; yet, on the whole, he has made a fair and impartial selection of highly amusing anecdotes, which I can take up with pleasure whenever I feel a vacant hour, and in which I always find something to chase away *ennui*, or to dissipate melancholy.

Captain Primrose. Well, I think you have all said quite enough of Hussey and his anecdotes. I want my brother's opinion of this work I am reading—Segur's *History of the Russian Campaign*.

Dr. Primrose. You are more competent, Horace, to offer an opinion on that subject than myself, as a military man. I have, however, been highly interested in it, think it is fairly written, and that it gives an accurate detail, tinged in many places no doubt by the usual prejudices of Frenchmen, of the events of that disastrous war.

Captain Primrose. It was indeed a disastrous war, and one in which I still think, notwithstanding all Segur's palliatives, that Buonaparte displayed very little of his usual *tact*, and evinced very little of his usual skill. There, as at Waterloo, his genius seemed cowed and overshadowed, and his overweening presumption proved the ruin of himself and of his army.

Mr. Apathy. Buonaparte, sir, was a great man and a great general. His successes produced envy, and envy always detracts from the merit of its object. The climate, and not the Russian army, conquered him.

Basil Firedrake. Zounds, Apathy, I always find you defending the enemies of your country: if I had you on board the old Victory, you should have a round dozen at the

gangway, to try if the cat-o'-nine-tails would not flog a little patriotism into you.

Mr. Apathy. When you catch me at the gangway of the Victory, I will give you leave to apply the cat-o'-nine-tails without mercy; but you would never induce me to change the opinions I profess, nor to treat a dead foe with injustice. He has suffered enough of that at our hands already.

Captain Primrose. Don't get in a passion, man: my proposition is, that Buonaparte's overweening presumption was the ruin of himself and his army in the Russian expedition; and though something too late in the day to discern his merits, either military or civil, yet I have no objection briefly to state why I entertain that opinion.

All. Proceed.

Captain Primrose. Even from Segur's account, the expedition into Russia appears to have been undertaken in a moment of pique, and when once resolved upon, to have been hurried on in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of those about him, who were either able to appreciate the difficulties, or honourable enough to denounce the iniquity of the enterprise. Russia's great offence was, the abandonment, by the ukase of the 31st December, 1810, of the Continental system. Segur suggests that Buonaparte's pride was also wounded by "the refusal which Russia, in 1807, had made of his hand." Be this as it may, having, when Alexander had dared to offend him, by shewing his independence as a sovereign, offered terms which were refused, he resolved upon war; and from that time forward all opposition to his views was vain and use-

less; and, indeed, it appears, that only a few of his generals or confidants dared express their opinions on the subject if hostile to his. Madame de Staël somewhere says, "that the emperor had become so high and proud, that none of his confidential servants dared even to tell him, that the weather was cold in Russia."

Mr. Apathy. What authority is Madame de Staël? A vain woman, whose self-love was outraged by the little deference the emperor paid to her opinions.

Captain Primrose. That this was an exaggeration is undoubtedly true, in its literal meaning: but what does General Segur say? "Napoleon was not a man to be influenced. As soon as his object was marked out, and he had made advances towards its acquisition, he admitted of no contradiction. He then appeared as if he would hear nothing but what flattered his determination; he repelled with ill-humour, and even with apparent incredulity, all disagreeable intelligence, as if he feared to be shaken by it." "The knowledge of such a disposition induced some subalterns to make false reports to him. Even a minister thought himself occasionally impelled to maintain a dangerous silence. The former inflated his hopes of success, in order to imitate the haughty confidence of their chief, and in order, by their countenance, to stamp upon his mind the impression of a happy omen; the second sometimes declined communicating bad news, in order, as he said, to avoid the harsh rebuffs which he had to encounter." Some of his ministers had honesty enough to tell him the truth, but without effect. "This fear," says Segur, "which

did not restrain Caulaincourt, had no influence upon Duroc, Darn, Lobau, Rapp, Lauriston, and sometimes even Berthier. These ministers and generals, each in his sphere, did not spare the emperor when the truth was to be told."

Mr. Apathy. And he also adds a trait honourable to Napoleon. The discussions were frequently warm, but he says, they "were never productive of bad consequences; good temper was restored immediately after, without leaving any other impression than redoubled esteem on the part of Napoleon for the noble frankness which they had displayed."

Captain Primrose. I should have added the passage if you had not interrupted me. But this trait in his character does not alter the view I am taking of it. His presumption never left him, whatever other good qualities he might have; his pride too was intense; and he lost no opportunity of triumphing over those whom Providence had, for wise and just ends no doubt, placed in his power. Thus, on his route to Russia, Segur tells us,

He had expressed a wish that the Emperor of Austria, several kings, and a crowd of princes, should meet him at Dresden, on his way: his desire was fulfilled; all thronged to meet him; some induced by hope, others prompted by fear: for himself, his motives were to feel his power, to exhibit it, and enjoy it.

These he endeavoured to treat with moderation; "but it was obviously an effort, and not without allowing the *ennui* he experienced to be perceived:" whilst they, "in their assemblies, their attitude, their words, even the tone of their voice, attested his ascendancy over them.

All were assembled there for his sake alone! They scarcely hazarded an objection, so impressed were they with the full conviction of that superiority, of which he was himself too well aware. A feudal lord could not have exacted more of his vassal chiefs." Segur was not blind to the consequences which might result from this unwise display of power. He continues:

The wisest amongst us, however, began to be alarmed; they said, but in an under tone, that a man must fancy himself more than human, to denaturalize and displace every thing in this manner, without fearing to be involved in the universal confusion. They saw these monarchs quitting the palace of Napoleon with their eyes inflamed, and their bosoms swollen with the most poignant resentment. They pictured them during the night, when alone with their ministers, giving vent to the chagrin by which they were devoured. Every thing was calculated to render their suffering more acute. How importunate was the crowd which it was necessary to pass through in order to reach the gate of their proud master, while their own remained deserted! Indeed, all things, even their own people, appeared to betray them. While boasting of his good fortune, was it not evident that he was insulting their misfortunes? They had, therefore, come to Dresden in order to swell the pomp of Napoleon's triumph; for it was over them that he triumphed; each cry of admiration offered to him was a cry of reproach to them; his grandeur was their humiliation; his victory their defeat.

This all must allow was an unwise procedure; but Napoleon never thought of returning through the dominions of those whom he thus insulted, a fugitive, and a baffled and defeated man. He calculated on nothing but victory; and this confidence

was the ruin of his army. If he had thought that there was a possibility of defeat, or if he had even adverted to the difference of climate, he would have made the attack in the latter end of spring, and not in the beginning of winter; he would also have secured the means of retreat, and his not doing so was a most unpardonable error; nor would he have lingered fourteen days in Moscow, after the patriotism of the Russians had reduced that city to ashes, and his soldiers were dying around him, if he had not been callous to their sufferings, and careless of the dreadful loss of human life, which common sense would have told him must await a retreat in such a climate, under any circumstances, more especially a retreat begun and conducted as was the disastrous one from Moscow. But I am taking up too much of your time with this subject; I will read you one or two extracts, to shew what were the dreadful privations the French army endured, and then turn to another topic.

Napoleon, says his historian, entered Orcha with six thousand guards, the remains of thirty-five thousand! Eugene, with eighteen hundred soldiers, the remains of forty-two thousand! Davoust, with four thousand, the remains of seventy thousand!

This marshal had lost every thing, was without linen, and emaciated with hunger. He seized a loaf which was offered him by one of his companions in arms, and devoured it. A handkerchief was given him to wipe his face, which was covered with rime. He exclaimed, that "none but men of iron constitutions could support such trials; that it was physically impossible to resist them; that there were limits to human strength, the farthest of which had been exceeded."

Napoleon continued with his army till the 5th of December, when he left them for Paris; one of the most disgraceful acts of his life. Wellington would have died by inches rather than have thus deserted the gallant fellows who had endured so much for him. I have seen him, when the troops were bivouacking in positions exposed to every wind of heaven, and the rain descending in torrents, attending to the comforts of the soldiers in preference to his own; and at other and more favourable times, have marked him, wrapped in his cloak, passing through the lines, cheering his men, and speaking confidence and hope to all. No, Wellington would have died a thousand times before he would have abandoned his brave followers, and left them a prey to despair. But, let us see what Segur says of their condition after the departure of Buonaparte.

On the 6th of December, the very day after Napoleon's departure, the sky exhibited a still more dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it, quite stiff and frozen. The atmosphere was motionless and silent; it seemed as if every thing which possessed life and movement in nature, the wind itself, had been seized, chained, and as it were frozen, by a universal death. Not the least word or murmur was then heard: nothing but the gloomy silence of despair, and the tears which proclaimed it.

Such of our soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Sometimes the snow opened under their feet, but more frequently its glassy surface affording them no support, they fell at every step, and marched from one fall to another. Whenever they halted for a moment from exhaustion, Winter, laying his heavy and icy hand up-

on them, was ready to seize upon his prey. In vain did these poor unfortunates, feeling themselves benumbed, raise themselves, and already deprived of the power of speech, and plunged into a stupor, proceed a few paces, like automaton; their blood freezing in their veins, like water in the current of rivulets, congealed the heart, and then flew back to the head: these dying men then staggered, as if they had been intoxicated. They were not long before they fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands; the head still wavered for a few minutes alternately to the right and left, and from the open mouth some agonizing sounds escaped; at last it fell in its turn upon the snow, which it reddened immediately with livid blood, and their sufferings were at an end.

Such were the last days of the grand army. Its last nights were still more frightful: those whom they surprised marching together, far from every habitation, halted on the borders of the woods; there they lighted their fires, before which they remained the whole night, erect and motionless, like spectres. They seemed as if they could never have enough of the heat; they kept so close to it, as to burn their clothes, as well as the frozen parts of the body, which the fire decomposed. The most dreadful pain then compelled them to stretch themselves, and the next day they attempted in vain to rise.

In the mean time, such as the winter had almost wholly spared, and who still retained some portion of courage, prepared their melancholy meal. It consisted, ever since they had left Smolensk, of some slices of horse-flesh broiled, and some rye-meal, diluted into a *bouillie* with snow-water, and kneaded into muffins, which they seasoned, for want of salt, with the powder of their cartridges.

The sight of these fires was constantly attracting fresh spectres, who were driven back by the first comers.

Vol. VI. No. XXXI.

These poor wretches wandered about from one bivouac to another, until they were struck by the frost and despair together, and gave themselves up for lost. They then laid themselves down upon the snow, behind their more fortunate comrades, and there expired. Many of them, devoid of the means and the strength necessary to cut down the lofty fir-trees, made vain attempts to set fire to them at the trunks; but death surprised them around these trees in every sort of attitude.

Under the vast pent-houses which are erected by the side of the high-road in some parts of the way, scenes of still greater horror were witnessed. Officers and soldiers all rushed precipitately into them, and crowded together in heaps. There, like so many cattle, they squeezed against each other round some fires, and as the living could not remove the dead from the circle, they laid themselves down upon them, there to expire in their turn, and serve as a bed of death to some other victims. In a short time additional crowds of stragglers presented themselves, and being unable to penetrate into these asylums of suffering, they completely besieged them.

It frequently happened, that they demolished their walls, which were formed of dry wood, in order to feed their fires; at other times, repulsed and disheartened, they were contented to use them as shelters to their bivouacs, the flames of which very soon communicated to these habitations, and the soldiers whom they contained, already half dead with the cold, were completely killed by the fire. Such of us as these places of shelter preserved, found next day our comrades lying frozen and in heaps around their extinguished fires. To escape from these catacombs, a horrible effort was required to enable them to climb over the heaps of these poor wretches, many of whom were still breathing.

At Youpranoui, the same village

G

where the emperor only missed by an hour being taken by the Russian partisan Seslawin, the soldiers burnt the houses completely as they stood, merely to warm themselves for a few minutes. The light of these fires attracted some of those miserable wretches whom the excessive severity of the cold and their sufferings had rendered delirious; they ran in like madmen, and gnashing their teeth, and laughing like demons, they threw themselves into these furnaces, where they perished in the most horrible convulsions. Their famished companions regarded them undismayed; there were even some who drew out these bodies, disfigured and broiled by the flames, and it is but too true, that they ventured to pollute their mouths with this loathsome food!

Though we were all acquainted with the dreadful fate of the French army, though we had all read the details of their sufferings, and were familiar with the issue of the enterprise that decided the fate of Buonaparte; yet the vivid narrative of General Segur inspired us with horror, and we shuddered at the privations and miseries which the ruthless ambition of one man inflicted on thousands of his race. The ladies (who joined us as the captain commenced reading the extracts) heaved a sigh to the memory of the brave dead, even though they were our enemies, and enshrined their memory with tears as pure as ever fell from the bright eyes of beauty. A feeling of pensive melancholy pervaded the whole company, which was broken by Basil Firedrake, who exclaimed,

"It is ungenerous to say any thing very harsh of a dead enemy, or I should be inclined to bestow a few sailor's epithets on that heartless Cor-

sican land-lubber. But, thanks to Providence, he was brought up on a lee shore at last; and his old hulk is now scuttled in deep water, and can never be manned again to disturb the peace of nations."

A pause ensued, which was broken by my asking Miss Primrose if she had read *The Foresters*.—"No, I have not," was the reply.

Reginald. Then lose no time in reading it; for it will amply repay you for your time and trouble. It is long since I have been so much affected by any work of fiction: the characters, with the exception of two, are all of the middle and lower class of the inhabitants of Caledonia; there is but little of incident, scarcely any thing of what is called plot; and yet the author, by the earnest simplicity of his language, the touching pathos of his descriptive passages, and the fine vein of pious and rural feeling that pervades the volume, has succeeded in rivaling the mighty productions of the "great unknown" in the interest he excites; and perhaps has even excelled him in the hold which he takes of the heart.

Mr. Mathews. Whom do you suppose to be the author?

Reginald. Mr. John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; at least I am as morally certain, that *Margaret Lyndsay, Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, and *The Foresters*, are from the pen of Mr. Wilson, as I am that Sir Walter Scott is the author of *Waverley*.

Mr. Apathy. Of which I have great doubts.

Reginald. Very likely; and just now I will not attempt to remove them. *The Crusaders* are coming, you

know, and then we can discuss the question if you think proper.

Mr. Apathy. With all my heart; but I wish to know something more about *The Foresters*, which I have not yet seen.

Reginald. Like Mr. Wilson's former works, it is a tale of humble life; the history of a family, who, with few misfortunes in a mere worldly and pecuniary point of view, had yet some severe trials; for Michael Forester first saw his father die of a broken heart, occasioned by the crimes of a younger son, whom he loved perhaps dearest, even when he was most guilty; he then sold his patrimonial inheritance to pay the demands of a man whose name his brother had forged to a bill for a large amount; and after having prospered in the farm which he rented of Emma Cranstown, the "Lady of the Hirst," beyond the lot of most men; and enjoyed happiness almost perfect in the society of "heaven's best gift," a wife, whose whole joy was centred in her husband's smiles, and in a daughter, the very pattern of innocence and gaiety, and in a maiden aunt, the very pink of old maids, was struck with blindness, and in one moment shut out from the sight of every thing he held most dear on earth. The passage in which this is related is a powerful one; I will read it. To understand it, you must know, that Michael Forester was superintending some workmen who were employed in felling trees in a forest adjacent to his farm: his wife Agnes, his daughter Lucy, a companion of the latter, "meeke Mary Morrison," and aunt Isabel, had paid him a visit at his work, bringing with them provisions for a collation, and a "bottle

of the choicest cowslip-wine, of that celebrated vintage which had proved victorious over all competition at an annual meeting of the Edinburgh Horticultural Society." Lucy had selected a beautiful spot for a dining-room, and here the party sat down to their humble feast, which was enlivened by the strains from the fiddle of "auld blind Sandy Paisley," to whose blithsome strains the lads and lasses footed the merry reel, and beat the sod to Tullochgorum, while Sandy yelled amain at every turn, and moved his bow-hand till the fingers were almost invisible.

"Are these draps o' rain," quoth the blind man, "plashing on the green like lead? and, callants and cotties, dinna ye find it close, and sultry, and breathless? Tell me, are there no ony black clouds in the lift?—hear till't—that growl comes frae the west. The thunder will be rattling like artillery owre our heads, by the time I ha'e played three times baith parts o' the Flowers o' the Forest." Sighing sounds went wavering all over the wood; the western horizon, far and wide, was blackened, and all the work-people flew to seek shelter from the thunder-storm.

Agnes had always been overcome by a thundery atmosphere, and had, indeed, for an hour past felt great oppression; but, in such a happy scene, she concealed her sickness, and had said nothing. Michael, after ordering the work-people to keep away from the standing trees, carried Agnes, almost fainting, in his arms, and laid her on the heather-bed in the shealing, where he had slept for the last two nights. Aunt Isabel sat down beside her; and Michael, taking Lucy and Mary under his protection, lay down with them under some leafy branches. The thunder-cloud was now right over their heads, and seemed to explode like a cannon.

Every person in the wood, for the

space of a moment, was stunned, and there was all around, in the hotness of the unbreathing air, a strong smell of sulphur. Many started to their feet, happy to feel, by the use of their limbs, that they were unstricken; while a greater number lay concealed in fear among the bushes, from which, now and then, was lifted up the frightened face of some cowering urchin. "Where is Mr. Forester?" cried twenty voices; and Lucy, who had been lying almost in his arms, leapt to her feet, and stood over her father, who was yet motionless, and seemingly insensible.

While the thunder went away, growling over the moor and the wood beyond, into the eastern mountains, many hands were assisting Michael Forester. Mary Morrison was lying by his side, but, in a few minutes, she awoke as if from a dream, and looked about her unharmed. There were no outcries, no clamorous voices, all was nearly silent. Michael seemed to recover his recollection, and the first words he was heard to say, were, "Lucy, Lucy, how is your mother?" Lucy heard the words with many sobs, but her sobs were changed into shrieks; for she looked wildly into her father's face, and saw that he was blind. The fire of heaven had scorched out his eyes, and Michael Forester was never more to see either the heavens or the earth.

Dr. Primrose. That is a fine passage.

Reginald. And yet there are many far superior in the volume. I see you ladies are looking with anxious eyes; I may therefore inform you, that Michael's misfortune brought, if possible, added happiness: his other senses soon became endowed with that wonderful quickness and power of discrimination which are generally imparted to the blind; and his domestic affection gained new strength. The fortunes of the fair

Lucy are also happy; and poetical justice is awarded to every person of the novel with an impartial hand.

Dr. Primrose. What do you think the prevailing characteristic of the volume?

Reginald. A strong sense of piety, and a desire to impart to all, those emotions of "peace and good-will" which I will be sworn animate the author's heart. Yet this is not what can be strictly called a religious novel: there is no cant about it; all is the kindly genuine feeling of the Christian and the man. Like his other tales, the predominant characters are all good and amiable; they are of those

"Who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Blest hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy will, and know it not!"

Counsellor Eitherside. I shall order a copy of *The Foresters* as I return home. But has this novel formed the extent of your reading during the month?

Reginald. Oh, no! I have read Pyne's *Twenty-ninth of May*, in which he gives a fine graphic description of the principal occurrences connected with that memorable day, when the second Charles made his triumphant entry into London. I have not the volumes with me, therefore I cannot give you a specimen of the quaint manner in which he gossips over the transactions of the period; but it is a most amusing novel, and will be generally read. Several volumes of poetry have also made their appearance; and from one of them, *The Songs of a Stranger*, I have copied these verses for Miss Rosina:

COMPLAINT OF AMANIEU DES ESCAS,
A Catalanian Troubadour, who flourished
about the end of the 13th century, under
James II. King of Arragon.

When thou shalt ask, why round thee,
sighing,

My mournful friends appear,
They'll tell thee, Amanieu is dying,
And thou wilt smile to hear.

They will reproach thee with my fate:
Yet why should they deplore?
Since death is better than the hate
I suffer evermore.

Why chid'st thou that, in pensive numbers,
I dar'd my love to own?
The kiss we give to one that slumbers
Is never felt or known.
And long I strove my thoughts to hide,
Nor would my weakness shew;
With secret care I should have died,
I can but perish now!

Oh! once I smil'd, in proud derision,
At love, and all its pain:
The woe of others seems a vision,
Our own the truth too plain!
May'st thou yet feel the chilling void
My soul has known too long,
When this brief life, thy scorn destroy'd,
Is ended with my song!

Mr. Apathy. And pray whose
poetry is this (*shewing a paper he
had just picked up from the floor*),
“*To a Lady weeping?*” Vastly sen-
timental, and in Reginald's hand-
writing, as I am an honest man! La-
dies, what do you say? Is it fair?
Shall I read?

The Ladies. Oh! by all means.

Reginald. What! without asking
my leave?

Mr. Montague. Oh! that's of no
consequence, my boy; the verses
are fair game, and Apathy must
read them.

Dr. Primrose. Certainly, by all
means!

Accordingly Mr. Apathy, with
due emphasis and discretion, read
the following lines, which I shall
transcribe as a finish to this paper;
saying nothing of the complete quiz-

zing I received from all quarters,
everyone being anxious to know who
the lady was to whom they were ad-
dressed. *That*, however, is a secret,
which must, for the present at least,
be confined to my own breast.

TO A LADY WEeping.

I cannot bear to see the tears steal down thy
pallid cheek;

I cannot bear to see thy grief, too keen for
words to speak;

I cannot bear to look upon thy sorrow-
clouded brow,

Which erst was brilliant and serene, but, ah!
how alter'd now!

The rose is faded from thy cheek—the lily's
planted there;

And anguish in the flow'r of youth has sil-
ver-ting'd thy hair:

Yet in thy wreck of beauty thou art dearer
to me far,

Than when thou shon'st in all thy bloom,
bright as the morning star.

Oh! do not yield to dark despair, though
the world is not thy friend;

But look with hope to yon bright heav'n,
where all thy woes will end:

There, with the spirits of the just, releas'd
from mortal strife,

Thou'lt reap a sure, a rich reward, for all the
ills of life.

And though thou'rt doomed to wander still
a pilgrim here below,

Remember there's *one* faithful heart would
gladly share thy woe:

Then do not mourn like one forlorn, without
a hope or friend—

Thy sun of life may rise again, and all thy
cares may end.

Just as Mr. Apathy had finished,
the supper-tray made its appearance;
and having pretty well satiated our
mental, we proceeded to administer
to our physical appetites. That done,
we separated, with the hope of again
meeting each other next month.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
June 10, 1825.

ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS.

No. I.

EDMUND GIRLING OF YARMOUTH, A SELF-TAUGHT ENGRAVER.

THERE is no country in Europe richer in natural genius for the cultivation of the fine arts than England and Ireland; and none where so many men of genius are shut out of their proper field of exertion by the accidents of birth and fortune. But the numerous instances of this temporary enforcement against nature are not confined to this age, or to the sister islands. I may, by way of preface to my subject, observe, that after the revival of the arts in Italy, similar instances occurred in that country, at a period when the advancement of painting and sculpture was a primary object with the princes and nobles, who possessed the power of drawing genius from neglect and obscurity into light and public favour. Giotto was the son of a shepherd, and began life in the humble employment of keeping sheep. If Cimabue had not by accident met him, and seen one of his rude attempts at drawing, he must have wasted his life in tending his flocks in the fields. Polidore Caldara, after having passed his early youth in the mean employment of a porter or carrier of mortar for the fresco-painters in the Vatican, became one of the most celebrated masters of that age, and had the honour to be selected by Raphael as one of his principal assistants in that church. Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, the founder of a style which shook the dominion of the Caracci in the zenith of their fame, commenced in the same low employment of a mortar-carrier to the fresco-painters in Milan.

Claude Lorraine served an apprenticeship to a pastry-cook, became afterwards a menial servant, and was employed as a cook and colour-grinder by Agostino Tassi. After these instances abroad, I may return to later times, as an introduction to contemporary genius. Hogarth served an apprenticeship to an engraver, whose chief business was to cut arms upon plate, and the names of the publicans on their pewter vessels. Romney was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Kendal. Opie's father brought him up to his own trade of a carpenter. Raphael Smyth served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper. Proctor the sculptor, who was esteemed by West and the Royal Academicians to have displayed the powers of a Michael Angelo, and to have been gifted with the genius of a Phidias, began life in the drudgery of a counting-house in Yorkshire. He had passed his thirtieth year before he commenced his studies to qualify himself for the profession of an artist. The astonishing display of genius by which he immortalized his name, although it only exposed him to perish of starvation through the public neglect, was produced within about four years after he first entered his name as a pupil in the Royal Academy. Chantrey, whose recent statues of Mr. Watt and the Rev. Cyril Jackson may vie with any single figure by Michael Angelo, and whose exquisite busts rank him as the first sculptor of the age in the domestic style, served an apprenticeship to a respect-

able carver and gilder in Sheffield, and did not come up to London until he was twenty-one years of age. There are several other eminent artists now living, who, in their outset, entered into mechanical pursuits for life, and who have forced their way to fame and fortune by pursuing the bent of their genius.

I have been led to these remarks by a view of the etchings of a young amateur, a native of Yarmouth in Norfolk, whose residence in that town has necessarily restricted him from an opportunity of improving himself by the example and instruction of established artists. Edmund Girling is the son of a respectable citizen and trader, and was early placed by his father as a clerk in a banking-house, in which his attention has been occupied during the last ten or twelve years by the diligent discharge of his daily duties. I am uncertain whether he ever manifested a turn for drawing during his school-days; but I have been assured, that he never received any instructions in drawing from a master. The first circumstance which awakened his passion for the arts, and induced him to make a trial of his hand, was purely accidental. In the same banking-office with him there was some years ago a very ingenious young man, a clerk, who was a son of Crome, the landscape-painter, of Norwich, an artist of strong natural genius, good taste, and much practical power. The Cromes are a family of genius. The artist just mentioned is not long dead; but he has left another son, a landscape-painter, who inherits his abilities, and whose works exhibit great truth of nature, a happy choice, and a richness and power of effect which ren-

der his pictures in general objects of interest and approbation in the British Gallery. But to return to the banking-office in Yarmouth: it happened that young Crome, who was in the clerks' department along with Edmund Girling, had a good natural taste, and some knowledge of drawing and etching, acquired when resident with his father in Norwich; and in the year 1817, he amused himself, after his office-hours, with etching a plate, which attracted the notice of his companion. Girling, who was then about twenty years of age, was struck by the ingenuity and apparent facility of the process which enabled young Crome, in a short space of time, to multiply so many impressions of a favourite sketch or picture. The example awakened new feelings in his breast, and his desire to do something in the same way induced him to lose no time in making a commencement. His first attempt was from the admirable etching of the *Ratcatcher*, by Rembrandt. I have seen good impressions of Basan's and Schmidt's copies of this print, and I do not do them any injustice when I state, that Girling's copy does not fall behind either as far as it goes. By the force of his own mind, the correctness of his eye, and an intuitive good taste, he worked out the picturesque effect of the original with the richness and spirit of a proficient in the school of Rembrandt. Basan and Schmidt copied the whole print; but Girling omitted the entire back-ground, and every part excepting the figure of the *Ratcatcher*. In the impression of his plate now before me, there is a clearness and brilliancy of stroke which surprise me; and his close following of Rembrandt's manner of

drawing, leaves no doubt of his strong natural qualifications for the profession of an artist. The name and date, "E. Girling, 1817," are etched upon this copy: it obtained much deserved praise, and his success more than answered his expectations. He some time after attempted a single figure from a French engraving, after a painting by David Teniers. In copying the finished work of a regular engraver, he laboured under considerable disadvantage, from having to aim at those delicate gradations of shade with the etching-needle and aqua-fortis alone, which, in the original, had been produced by a combination of etching, the graver, and dry-point. A single figure, when taken from a group, in the light and shade of which it harmonizes as an integral part, loses, in its detached state on a white ground of paper, the support of all its accessories, and, like every other part sundered from a whole, it is liable to a certain degree of harshness. The general breadth of effect is preserved in Girling's copy with a good deal of a painter's spirit, although something of the delicacy is lost in the different process. The strong shadows and folds of the coarse dress are etched with force and clearness; but he has been less successful in the drawing of the figure and the character of the head, than in his first attempt. This defect is more perceivable in the hand which supports the basket, and in the leg which is thrown behind. Notwithstanding its merit, he probably was not well pleased with this attempt, as he has not affixed his name or date to it. Of some of his subsequent etchings, I have borrowed impressions from the following plates, for my present

purpose: A small landscape lengthwise, without name or date, from an etching by Waterloo;—a copy, without name or date, of Rembrandt's *Dutch Burgomaster*; a small whole figure, with a long beard, a hat and plume, a medal pendant on his breast, one arm under his furred cloak, and the other hand extended, resting on his walking-cane;—a middling-sized landscape lengthwise, with a cottage embosomed among trees near a roadside, a level distance, and a picturesque sky—the names "J. Crome pi—" "E. Girling fecit," are etched upon this plate;—a copy of Rembrandt's well-known landscape, called *the Three Trees*;—an upright plate, containing five heads copied from Rembrandt's great print of *the Descent from the Cross*. After this, his next work was a very wonderful copy from the last-mentioned print, etched of the same size as the original. I have had a fine impression of this copy in my possession, but I made a present of it to a gentleman very capable of appreciating its value, and I have not one now before me.

His copy from Waterloo is a light and tasteful imitation of that delightful master's manner. His copy of the *Burgomaster with the pendant medal* is etched with singular clearness and delicacy of stroke. The original is one of Rembrandt's inferior prints; it was very faintly corroded by the aqua-fortis, and there is an obvious effort at importance in the attitude; but the importance of Rembrandt's figures is derived from the force of truth, not from an affectation of dignity. In the landscape, from a painting or drawing by Crome, Girling displayed considerable management in touching the grounds, trees,

and clouds, in all of which he had to form a manner of his own. His copy of *the Three Trees* is an extraordinary performance, in which, without servilely following minute details, he caught the spirit of the original, with a force and breadth in the masses, and a vivacity in the handling of the etching-point, not often surpassed by the ablest copyists of Rembrandt. The Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, Captain Baillie, Basan, and other artists in Holland, have copied *the Three Trees*, but I think Girling's will hold its place with any of them. In his five heads, from Rembrandt's great *Descent from the Cross*, the lightness and spirit of his etching-point are combined with striking fidelity of character and vigour of expression. The centre head, that of an old man looking up, with a beard, and a bandeau or turban on his head, is peculiarly excellent. His copy of Rembrandt's great *Descent from the Cross*, when we consider that all he has done has been wrought without instruction by the force of his own mind, may be fairly classed among the extraordinary triumphs of untaught genius. The effect is very powerful, and the characters are expressed with vigour; but although the general success of this effort places it among his best works, he has, in a few details, lost something of the delicate gradations of tint which form the rich union and magic subordination of the original.

I have noticed these copies in succession as they are numbered with a pencil upon the impressions before me. But I have seen two other prints of his etching: one, a copy of Rembrandt's *Goldweigher*, in which the character of the head and the richness of the half-tints are almost

wholly lost; Girling himself speaks of this as a failure; and in a half-figure of a *Smoker*, with a broad-brimmed hat, etched, I believe, from a painting by Brauwer, the drawing is defective, and the character of the head poorly expressed. I have not an impression of these two plates, but I believe that they were very early efforts.

With his talents, enthusiastic love of the arts, and practical skill, it may be a matter of surprise, that Girling has not given way to his passion for the *burin*, and devoted himself wholly to the profession of engraving: but he has wisely been governed by circumstances in adhering to his original station of clerk in the banking-house at Yarmouth. His constitution is naturally delicate, his health is indifferent, and he is now about twenty-eight years of age. The intense application necessary in the studies to qualify himself for the profession of an engraver must prove detrimental, and perhaps extremely dangerous, to him. There are so many uncertainties in the course of an artist, and so many obstacles to prevent the independent establishment of a man of merit, although his powers are manifested, that Girling's resolute adherence to his present respectable situation, in preference to the chances and struggles of another, although it may justly be lamented as a loss to the arts, must be approved of by all his considerate friends. The certainty of his genius is incontestibly proved by his works; but the acknowledged genius of Proctor had not power to rescue him from public neglect and all its worst consequences.

W. C.

June 13, 1825.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE annual meeting for the distribution of the honours and rewards adjudged during the last year by this Society was held on the 30th of May at the King's Theatre. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided, and acquitted himself throughout the long ceremonial with peculiar effect; discriminating the merits of the various productions, and complimenting the candidates in a manner at once kind, dignified, and impressive. The proceedings of the day were illustrated by one of those luminous expositions which come from the able pen of Mr. Aikin, Secretary to the Society. The prosperous state of this useful Institution may be inferred from the fact, that since the last distribution the Society has received an accession of one hundred and fifty members.

The rewards were presented in the following order :

IN AGRICULTURE & RURAL ECONOMY.

Ralph Creyke, jun. Esq. Rawcliffe-House, Yorkshire, for warping 429 acres of peat by an improved method—large gold medal.

Col. James Wilson, Sneaton Castle, near Whitby, for planting 174 acres with forest trees—large gold medal.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for raising seed from the American grass used in making fine plat—twenty guineas.

Mr. Wm. Salisbury, Brompton, for his communication respecting the material employed in Tuscany for fine plat—silver Ceres medal.

George Whitworth, Esq. Acre-House, Lincolnshire, for his improved perennial ryegrass—silver Ceres medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. J. Roberts, St. Helen's, Lancashire, for his apparatus to enable persons to breathe in air loaded with smoke and other suffocating vapours—large silver medal and fifty guineas.

Mr. H. Moore, Green-Hill, Derby, for his mode of etching and cleaning alabaster—large silver medal.

Mr. L. Anstey, Somers-Town, for his improved melting-pots for iron and brass-founders—silver Vulcan medal and twenty guineas.

Mr. W. Sturgeon, Woolwich, for his improved electro-magnetic apparatus—large silver medal and thirty guineas.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. W. Friend, Earl-street, Finsbury, for a secret lock—ten guineas.

Mr. J. P. Hubbard, Leadenhall-street, for a folding chair—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. C. W. Williamson, Kennington, for an improved smoothing-plane—ten guineas.

Mr. T. Griffiths, Royal Institution, for an expanding wedge for sawyers—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. D. Matthews, Basinghall-street, for his improved mode of barrowing out soil—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. E. Pechey, Bury St. Edmonds, for his pump for raising water—five guineas.

Mr. T. Cluley, Sheffield, for his lithotomy forceps—gold Vulcan medal.

W. Brockedon, Esq. Caroline-street, Bedford-square, for a mechanical apparatus to assist a weak knee-joint—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Aitkin, St. John-street, Smithfield, for his improved quarter clock—twenty guineas.

Mr. W. Hardy, Wood-street, Spa-Fields, for an instrument to ascertain very small intervals of time—gold Vulcan medal.

T. Dickinson, Esq. capt. R. N. Purbrook Heath, near Portsmouth, for his mode of applying percussion-powder to the discharge of ship's guns—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. Cow, master boat-builder, Royal Dock-Yard, Woolwich, for his improved mode of conveying anchors and cannon by means of a ship's launch—gold Vulcan medal.

Alfred Ainger, Esq. Everett-street, Brunswick-square, for his centering for arches of wide span—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. C. Sockl, Lambeth, for a safe-valve for steam-boilers—large silver medal and ten guineas.

Colin Shakespear, Esq. Postmaster-General, Calcutta, for a portable rope-bridge—gold Vulcan medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

Mr. R. Jones, master of St. George's Workhouse, Little Chelsea, for cloth made of New Zealand flax—silver Ceres medal and five guineas.

Rewards given for Bonnets of British Materials in Imitation of Leghorn.

Mr. James Cobbin, Bury St. Edmunds—fourteen guineas.

Mrs. Syrett, Bury St. Edmunds—ten pounds.

Mrs. Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk—nine gs.

Anne Venn, ditto—three guineas.

Mr. James Long, Barham House of Industry—silver Ceres medal.

The Children of the School at Adbury, Berks—five guineas.

Lucy Hollowell, Banbury—five guineas.

Mary Marshall, Bandon, near Cork—two guineas.

The Children of the School at Bandon—three guineas.

Sophia Dyer, West Meon, near Alton—two guineas.

Anne Dyer, ditto—two guineas.

Maria Pain, Boxted, near Bury St. Edmunds—two guineas.

Mrs. Morrice, Great Brickhill, Bucks—silver Ceres medal.

Mrs. Laurey, Exeter—silver Ceres medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

J. Mackay, Esq. Picton, Nova Scotia, for an instrument for uprooting trees—gold Ceres medal.

Messrs. Petchey and Wood, Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, for making and importing five tons of extract of Mimosa bark for the use of tanners—gold Ceres medal.

M. Le Cadre, Trinidad, for his plantations of clove-trees in the colony of Trinidad—fifty guineas.

IN POLITE ARTS.

HONORARY CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

Miss Cockburn, St. John's Wood, Regent's Park, for a pencil-drawing of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Mr. J. B. Sedgwick, Fleet-street, for a pencil-drawing of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Wilkinson, James-street, Adelphi, for a pencil-drawing of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss Anne Hoare, Great Cumberland-street, for a chalk-drawing of a head—silver Isis medal.

Miss Sarah Field, Lower Tooting, for a chalk-drawing of a figure—silver palette.

Miss Sale, Westminster-Bridge-road, for a chalk-drawing of a head—silver palette.

Miss Henrietta Tufnell, Bath, for a pencil-drawing of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss A. Millot, Sloane-street, for a chalk-drawing of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Miss M. Smith, Norfolk-street, Strand, for a chalk-drawing of a head—silver palette.

Miss L. H. Fox, Hackney, for a crayon-drawing of figures—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Bizot, Down-street, Piccadilly, for a chalk-drawing of a head—silver palette.

Mr. F. R. Ridgard, Euston-square, for a chalk-drawing of a figure—silver palette.

Drawings from Busts.

Miss D. Lawrance, Oxford-street, for a finished drawing in chalk from a bust—large silver medal.

Miss H. Salmon, Piccadilly, for a finished drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water-Colours.

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

Miss Waters, Clapton-square, for a portrait in miniature—silver Isis medal.

Miss H. H. Morton, Camden-Town, for a group of flowers—large silver medal.

Miss Clark, Charter-house-square, for a group of flowers—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Hargrave, Greenwich, for a group of flowers—silver palette.

Original in Water-Colours.

Mrs. Carbonnier, George-street, Portman-square, for a portrait in miniature—large silver medal.

Miss A. A. Bond, Kentish-Town, for a group of flowers—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Downer, Woolwich, for a group of flowers—silver Isis medal.

Copy in Oil.

Miss E. Evans, Kentish-Town, for a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Original in Oil.

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

Miss Manning, the Priory, near Leatherhead, for a portrait of a lady—large silver medal.

Miss E. Ainslie, Kentish-Town, for a composition in still life—gold Isis medal.

Mr. G. Hilditch, Ludgate-street, for a composition of fish from nature—large silver medal.

ARTISTS' CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

Mr. D. Pasmore, Salisbury-square, for an historical drawing in pencil—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Percy, Cleveland-street, for a drawing in Indian ink of a landscape—silver palette.

Mr. E. G. Papworth, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, for a drawing in pencil of animals—silver Isis medal.

Miss Alderson, Pimlico, for a drawing in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss M. E. Friend, Clark's-terrace, Cannon-street-road, for a drawing in pencil of animals—silver palette.

Miss Liddle, White Lion-street, Goodman's Fields, for a drawing in chalk of a head—silver Isis medal.

Original in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

Mr. S. Lines, jun. Birmingham, for a drawing in pencil of a landscape—large silver medal.

Mr. E. W. Webb, Tamworth, for a pencil-drawing of animals—silver Isis medal.

Miss C. E. Walker, Blyth-Hall, Bawtry, for a pencil-drawing of a landscape—large silver medal.

Drawings and Paintings from Statues and Busts.

Mr. H. T. Wright, Great Titchfield-street, for an outline of an entire figure—large silver medal.

Mr. R. W. Warren, Woolwich, for a finished drawing of an entire figure—large silver medal.

Mr. L. B. Adams, Basinghall-street, for a finished drawing of an entire figure—silver palette.

Mr. B. R. Green, Argyll-street, for an outline of an anatomical figure—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Christie, Brompton, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. Smith, Margaret-street, Bagnigge Wells, for a painting in oil from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water-Colours.

Mr. J. Kennedy, for a drawing of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Mr. G. Brown, Argyll-street, for a drawing of an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. R. Bone, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, for a portrait in miniature—large silver medal.

Miss L. J. Green, Argyll-street, for a portrait in miniature—silver Isis medal.

Originals in Water-Colours.

Miss E. Fearnley, Mecklenburgh-square, for a group of flowers—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. Tomkins, New Bond-street, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Copy in Oil.

Mr. W. A. Hastings, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, for a painting of shipping—silver Isis medal.

Originals in Oil.

Mr. E. Williams, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, for an historical composition—large gold medal.

Mr. A. R. Venables, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, for a portrait of himself—silver Isis medal.

Mr. R. E. Holst, Howland-street, for a portrait of a lady—silver palette.

Mr. Ed. Fancourt, Hoxton-square, for a portrait of himself—large silver medal.

Miss Kearsley, Rathbone-place, for a portrait of a lady—silver palette.

Mr. J. St. John Long, York-street, Portman-square, for a landscape composition—large silver medal.

Mr. R. A. Clark, Clarendon-square, for a landscape composition—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. H. Lines, Birmingham, for a landscape from nature—silver Isis medal.

Models.

Mr. T. Hughes, Long-Acre, for a copy of a bust from the antique—large silver medal.

Mr. C. Panormo, Dean-street, Soho, for a copy in the round of an entire figure—large silver medal.

Mr. E. G. Physick, Park-terrace, Regent's Park, for an original model of a group—gold Isis medal.

Miss S. Bullock, Sloane-square, for a bust from the life—large silver medal.

Architecture.

Mr. S. Burchell, Red Lion-square, for a drawing in perspective from a Corinthian capital—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Samuel Loat, Kensington, for an original design in Greek architecture, comprising seven dwelling-houses—large silver medal.

Mr. D. Mocatta, Russell-square, for an original design for a church in Doric architecture—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Bassett, Norfolk-street, Strand, for an original design for a church in Doric architecture—gold medallion.

Lithography.

Mr. J. Baker, Sydenham Common, for a drawing of a Gothic screen to a church—large silver medal.

Mr. G. Tytler, Villiers-street, Strand, for a drawing of the interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge—silver Isis medal.

Medal Die and Gem Engraving.

Mr. W. Woodhouse, pupil to Mr. Halliday, Birmingham, for two medal dies, copies, the one a head, the other an entire figure—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Warner, Tottenham Court-road,

for a head in intaglio, a copy—large silver medal.

Mr. R. Clint, Rolls Buildings, for an original intaglio of a head—gold Isis medal.

Mr. J. Wood, Surrey-street, Strand, for an original design for the Society's vignette—large silver medal.

Miss A. Miller, Dublin, for carvings in ivory of heads and figures—gold Isis medal.

Mr. W. Savage, Cowley-street, Westminster, for block-printing in colours in imitation of drawings—large silver medal and fifteen guineas.

Mr. Hen. Attenburrow, student in surgery, New Burlington-street, for an original coloured anatomical drawing—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. R. Alcock, student in surgery, New Burlington-street, for an original anatomical model in coloured wax—gold Isis medal.

The Thanks of the Society have been voted to the following Gentlemen, and their Communications have been directed to be inserted in the next Volumes of the Society's Transactions.

Captain T. M. Bagnold, High-row, Knights-

bridge, for his successful application of M. Appert's process to the preservation of lime-juice.

The same gentleman, and to his brother, Captain M. E. Bagnold, of Bombay, for an account of the process employed at Bombay for making twisted gun-barrels and sword-blades, in imitation of those made at Damascus.

Mr. C. A. Deane, Charles-street, Deptford, for his improved key for house-doors.

Mr. Jas. Clement, Prospect-place, Newington-Butts, for his stand for drawing-boards of large area.

Mr. C. Varley, Thornhaugh-street, for his mode of copying screws.

Mr. Turrell, Clarendon-square, for his improved etching-ground for engravers.

The Thanks of the Society have also been voted to

Mr. M. Moreau, Soho-square, for his tabular view of British commerce.

Mr. J. H. Abraham, Sheffield, for his magnet for extracting particles of iron and steel from the eyes of workers in that metal.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Beauties of Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, for the Piano-forte. Book IV. Pr. 4s. Book V. Pr. 3s. —(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

THREE numbers of this valuable collection have already been brought under the notice of our readers.

The fourth, now before us, contains seven or eight variations upon a favourite march in Rossini's opera *La Cenerentola*; and if we add, that these variations are "as good as can be made," little further perhaps need be said. There is abundance of work, not only for the hand, but also for the head; for Mr. H. has not been sparing in original combinations, melodic as well as harmonic. A striking diversity of character forms a conspicuous feature of recommen-

dation in these variations, some being in a lively style, others exhibiting a vein of steady tranquillity, and some being uncommonly serious. Of the latter class are var. 1. and above all var. 6. in C minor. This latter reminds us of Beethoven's manner of writing: it is remarkable for its scientific and sometimes bold contrapuntal treatment; and its tenor is sombre to a degree of absolute mournfulness. As studies, these variations appear to us peculiarly valuable.

Book V. presents us with two "Rondollettos in the form of waltzes." The subjects of both can scarcely be deemed original. They are neither more nor less than Vienna "Laendlers," of very usual occurrence, to be heard from the windows of every public-house in the suburbs of that tuneful capital on a Sunday after-

noon. But they are pretty for all that, and the superstructure to which the themes have given rise is quite captivating. Nobody will be tempted to indulge in melancholy impressions or somnolency (as in the case of var. 6. above adverted to), while listening to these most pleasant and exhilarating rondolets, the execution of which, moreover, may be accomplished without much practical effort.

A Divertimento, in which is introduced Mozart's favourite Air, "The manly Heart;" composed for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)

Not a novel theme, certainly. As to its treatment, we are free to say, the name of the author had raised expectations which were not realized. Not that we could point out any thing objectionable in this divertimento, or even dispute its capability of affording some minutes of entertaining practice; but the texture is of a much lighter calibre than we anticipated in a production from the son of Ignace Pleyel, and we certainly have seen many compositions of Mr. C. Pleyel's which warranted such anticipation. The adherence to the character of the theme, which is successively introduced in divers kindred tonics, and the modulations in p. 4, may be mentioned as commendable features.

"O Pescator dell' onda," Venetian Air, varied for the Piano-forte by Charles Czerny. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)

The subject itself, so beautifully simple, is here propounded with an harmonic colouring of peculiar effectiveness and elegance; and as to the variations, we might almost repeat

word for word what we have stated in the case of Hummel's variations on the march from *Cenerentola*. We would not wish for better, if our wishes for variations were more sanguine than they happen to be. The bass-passages of var. 2. the deeply chromatic character of var. 3.—too much trenching upon the solemn style of church music—the equally serious treatment of var. 6. and the extensive digressions in var. 7. amounting to a whole in the shape of a fantasia, constitute the most remarkable points in this publication, which is classic in its kind.

A Selection of original Irish Airs, set for the Flute, by Charles Saust. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

A Selection of original Scotch Airs for Duets, by ditto. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

Second Edition of the admired Airs from Der Freyschütz, for ditto, by ditto. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)

The Beauties of Weber's Preciosa, for ditto, by ditto. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

Pacini's short Elementary Instructions for the Violin, with ten useful Exercises, and sixteen popular Airs, the whole translated from the original, and carefully fingered by an eminent Professor. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

A Selection of twenty-four Scotch and Irish Airs, set for the Violoncello, by W. H. Hagart. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

The several little volumes above enumerated present an abundant store of practice and instruction to the young student on the flute, violin, or violoncello. They recommend themselves by their typographical neatness, their portable form, and the

satisfactory nature of their contents. In the latter respect, Mr. Saust's extracts from the Freyschütz and the Preciosa particularly deserve the attention of the flute-pupil. The elementary instructions in the violin-book are as much to the purpose as their brevity would probably admit of, and the selection of the airs is judicious and tasteful.

Foreign Melodies, the Words by Harry Stoe Van Dyk; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 15s.--(Goulding and Co.)

This work, like many others of a similar description published by Messrs. G. and Co. presents an exterior of typographical elegance, which, like neat attire, seldom fails to produce a favourable impression; but as our province is more particularly directed towards intrinsic merit, we must proceed to the contents, which are as follow:

- No. 1. "The bee's wing."—*French.*
2. "A maiden of Tyrol."—*Tyrolese.*
3. "Zephyrs of eve"—*Portuguese.*
4. "I am twining."—*German.*
5. "Strike the guitar."—*Mexican.*
6. "Hither, love, hither"—*Spanish.*
7. "There were hopes."—*Portuguese.*
8. "Home of youth."—*German.*
9. "Thou canst not now awaken."—*Portuguese.*
10. "The nightingale to the rose."—*Italian.*
11. "O 'twas sad."—*Portuguese.*
12. "Through foemen surrounding."—*Spanish.*

Of the above airs three or four are also arranged as glees.

The choice of the airs generally speaking is satisfactory, although a considerable number will be recognised by most persons familiar with foreign musical productions, and not a few have ere now issued in some shape or other from the press of this country.

Among the airs which have preferably excited our attention, No. 8. "Home of Youth," stands conspicuous; it is a German composition (by Hurka we believe), replete with sweetness and deep feeling. The Portuguese air, No. 7, also possesses decided pretensions to the amateur's favour. Nos. 3. and 4. ingratiate themselves by their tasteful melodies; and the tune, No. 6. (the Spanish Tragala) is already a universal favourite: it might, however, have been harmonized somewhat more effectively.

With regard to the symphonies and the merits of the harmonic arrangement of Mr. Rawlings, we have, upon the whole, every reason to be satisfied with that gentleman's labour. Several of the introductions are eminently graceful, and the accompaniments *in general* tasteful and effective. Some exceptions, however, have here and there met our eye: such as page 14, bar 5, which presents a very objectionable accompaniment; page 28, bar 12, and page 29, bar 10, also present instances of awkward harmonic support. In page 45, bar 2, the G in the bass, although but a passing note, is scarcely admissible; the modulation into G minor, page 41, bars 11 and 12, may perhaps be authorized by the original Portuguese, but it is objectionable at so early a stage of the song. "La Primavera," *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) introducing two favourite Airs, composed, and dedicated to Miss Harriet Leigh*, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.--(Goulding and Co.) Three movements; the first of which recommends itself by the propriety and regularity of its melodic conduct and general keeping. The

remainder of the composition appears to us to be disadvantageously influenced by the choice of the subjects on which it is founded. They are of an antiquated character, especially the allegretto, p. 5, the motivo of which breathes the simpering pastoral quaintness of ballads now out of date. With such materials it is as difficult to produce impressions congenial to modern taste, as it would be hopeless to retouch a beauty portrayed by Lely or Kneller into an *élégante* of the present day.

"Though now we part," Air from Mr. Baile's Melodies of various Nations, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Anna Maria Ward, by John Ray Merriott. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)

Mr. Merriott's name, if we are not mistaken, is a first appearance in our reviews. A very favourable one it certainly proves to be. His air is well treated; and there is a melodic gracefulness, ease of diction, and selectness of style in his four variations, which more than compensate for the absence of learned profundities. We strongly recommend Mr. M.'s book to the notice of our readers.

Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte on the Air "Benedetta sia la madre," composed by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

These variations are also of an interesting and pleasing nature. The subject is a good simple Spanish air, well adapted for the purpose. The minore, with its fluent bass-passages, and var. 4. with its coda, may be mentioned as favourable portions of Mr. K.'s labour.

Weber's favourite Overture to Preciosa, or the Gipsy-Girl, arrang-

ed for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by T. Latour, Pianiste to his Majesty. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)

Ditto, arranged by ditto for one Performer on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

The overture to *La Preciosa* must be played more than once, and well played, before it comes home to our liking. It possesses many traits of the author's wild geniality, some of them bordering upon eccentricity, which, although in concordance with the subject of the drama, require a little time to be understood and appreciated. Mr. Latour's twofold arrangements are unexceptionable, highly meritorious, considering the peculiarities of the composition; and eminently effective. The adaptation, as a duet, is truly excellent.

Select Italian Airs from the most popular Operas, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, by F. W. Crouch. Book I. Pr. 7s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Select Airs from the Opera of Der Freyschütz, arranged for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, by the same. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The contents of the first of these books consist of the following six Italian airs, propounded at full length:

- No. 1. "Ah mia Cara."—*Puesiello.*
2. "Piu non ho la dolce speranza."—*Sacchini.*
3. "Ombra adorata aspetta."—*Zingarelli.*
4. "Oh quanto l'anima."—*Mayer.*
5. "Paga fui fui lieta un dì."—*Winter.*
6. "Chi dice mal d'amore."—*Mayer.*

Most of these are well known to the musical public; indeed all may be considered as choice specimens of the best Italian style. The violoncello part, although sometimes

merely accompaniment, is here indispensable; and the harmonic arrangement for the piano-forte deserves unqualified approbation for its purity and effectiveness.

The book of airs from the opera of *Der Freyschütz* is in every respect similar to the above, and equally valuable in point of choice and adaptation for the two instruments.

"*May every hour that flies o'er thee,*" *Duet, written and adapted for the Spanish Air in Preciosa,* by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Eavestaff, Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)

One of the most beautiful pieces in the *Preciosa*, a little musical gem, appears here in the shape of a duet, with some little alterations in melody and harmony, neither requisite nor advantageous. The deviation, for instance, from the harmony upon the pedal G, bar 3 (vocal part), for which D 7 has been substituted, is a very deteriorating departure from the original. The short instrumental introduction also is out of character, and common. But, nevertheless, the air has served to make a very pretty vocal duet, which we recommend the more to our readers' notice, as the text of Mr. Bellamy, independently of its general merits, adapts itself well to the tune.

Donald, a Scotch Song, arranged for the Harp or Piano-forte, by S. Webbe. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Eavestaff.)

Auld Robin Grey, a Scotch Song, arranged as above, by the same. Pr. 2s.—(Eavestaff.)

"*Oh! say, bonnie Lass,*" *a Scotch Song, arranged as above,* by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Eavestaff.)

These ballads are stated to have been expressly arranged for Miss Paton, by whom they were sung and accompanied on the harp. As the tunes are no doubt familiar to our readers, we need only add, that the accompaniments are tastefully devised, and lie within the sphere of a moderate performer on either of the instruments. The minor part of *Auld Robin Grey* is particularly well harmonized.

"*My ain sweet Annie,*" *a Ballad in the Scottish Style, composed by John Whitaker.* Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Eavestaff.)

A ballad sufficiently agreeable, without any pretensions to originality, or the slightest deviation from the routine style of compositions of this description.

A Fantasia alla Rondo, in which is introduced the celebrated Jaeger Chorus from the German Opera Der Freyschütz; composed for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss Horne, by E. Solis. Op. 5. Pr. 3s.—(Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

The huntsmen's chorus, which has haunted us in every shape these last twelve months, forms a sort of appendix to this divertimento, which sets out with a largo of small extent and plain texture. It is followed by an allegro in a dance style, in which we observe some satisfactory modulations, and a striking enharmonic transition from G 7 through G 6♯ to F♯. The whole piece is made up of proper materials, and likely to prove attractive to pupils of moderate advancement.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF MR. BONE'S ENAMELS.

WE have on more than one occasion alluded to the fine collection of paintings in enamel executed by Mr. Bone, to form an historical series of portraits of illustrious characters in the reign of Elizabeth. Perhaps there is no reign in the annals of English history so full of the splendid achievements of distinguished individuals; indeed, its celebrity has obtained for it, in these our times of phrase-making, the name of the *Elizabethan age*.

In every point of view, this series of historical portraiture is interesting: it refers to an epoch in which the energy of the sovereign, the comprehensive views of sagacious statesmen, the valour and enterprise of warriors, the influence of court beauty and manly accomplishments, shed a combined lustre upon the times, irradiated still more by the romantic air of chivalry, which had not then visibly declined, and which a great philosopher of modern times has truly described, as shedding an important influence upon the manners of society, which has ever since more or less subsisted with a salutary sway, and the benefits of which have been oftener felt than acknowledged by society.

Mr. Bone evinced great judgment in selecting such a reign for his gallery of illustrious characters; its length and importance furnishing a great variety of objects, gave full scope for the exercise of the artist's talents; and his professional and personal connection with the aristocracy of the kingdom forced upon

him opportunities of access to original works in the possession of the lineal descendants of the eminent characters of the 16th century, which even the inobtrusive and retiring habits and manners of the artist could not prevent his being called upon to use, for the interesting purpose of illustration to which he has applied them. Besides the common curiosity which such representations excite in the most ordinary minds, we have here fertile sources of moral benefit. The mind is stimulated into a new sphere of action, we study history with fresh ardour, we cherish patriotism with enthusiasm, when we have before us these records of departed worth. Who can look at such collections, "where England's triumphs grace the shining wall," without quoting to our rising nobility the lines of the poet?

"Here as a lesson may thine eyes behold,
What their victorious fathers did of old,
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic
shore

Trembled to hear the English lion roar."

Mr. Bone has finished, in this private collection of historic portraits in enamel, finely executed likenesses of the illustrious personages to whom we have alluded; and they comprise, as all who are acquainted with the history of Elizabeth's reign must know, portraits of great men, whose works are associated with the spirit, the taste, and pursuits of every existing class of society. We have here Shakspeare and Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Drayton and "O rare Ben Jonson"—the illustrious heads of the Howard fa-

mily and of the Russells, Raleigh and Drake, and the intrepid Forbisher; we have the accomplished and intriguing courtiers, Sir Philip Sidney, and Leicester and Essex—the great philosophers and lawyers, Bacon and Coke, Sir Harry Wotton and Camden—and the divines, Parker, Whitgift, Grindall, and Donne; not forgetting the illustrious queens and the beauties who adorned the court. We have several portraits of Elizabeth, and of her unfortunate rival, Mary Queen of Scots—and of Lady Sidney, the Ladies Russell, the fair Geraldine, and other court ladies whose names live in the page of history. Of these portraits, there are above eighty in Mr. Bone's private collection, and they are all inimitably executed in enamel.

It is impossible to glance at the progress of this beautiful art, without being struck with the perfection which it has obtained from the persevering skill and great experimental practice of Mr. Bone; the size of work which he can execute, the body and brilliancy of colour which he can lay on, the softness and delicacy of execution, the fidelity and spirit of his portraiture, command universal admiration. It is not a little gratifying, when we consider the antiquity of this art, to know that so much of its value was left to be achieved by the taste and industry of a British artist. The origin of the art itself is lost in the waste of time; we find it in the oldest fragments of Egyptian antiquity, upon the baked clay idols and the mummy-cases. The vitrification of colours for ornamental design appears to be coeval with the rudest specimens of the earliest arts. In the after-times of Greece, it appears to have been

carried to great perfection, although, according to Count Caylus, a considerable difference of opinion seems to have prevailed; and it is necessary to draw a great distinction between what the ancients called *encaustic painting*, and that which we call *enameling*. The former, according to Pliny and Vitruvius, was of three kinds: 1st, the coating a picture executed in the usual manner with a varnish of melted wax and oil; 2dly, mixing and using the original colours with these ingredients; and, 3dly, executing on ivory by means of the *cestrum*. All these processes are, however, quite distinct from the vitrification of colour which we see upon the *Campanian vases* still preserved, and the many fragments (some with beautiful designs) to be seen in the British Museum, and which has, in all times and countries where the arts have been known, been carried to different degrees of perfection in the manufacture of ornamental porcelain.

The difference, however, in the production of such works as Mr. Bone's is this, that to convey the imitation of the colours in these portraits, the artist is obliged to expose the metal, more than a dozen successive times, to a degree of heat which often melts or bends the metal, and decomposes the colouring, so that at the expected close of a very laborious process his labours are destroyed; and no means have been yet (or indeed seem likely to be) discovered to preserve with certainty the consistency of a metallic body, however well prepared, safe through such a fiery ordeal. It is this which excites such an anxious interest for the artist, and entitles him, when we see such works as these accom-

plished during the life of an artist, otherwise laboriously occupied, to the gratitude of every lover of the fine arts.

These portraits are finished in different styles, according to the character of the originals from which they have been copied; and whilst some of them will furnish matter of speculation to the votaries of Gall and Spurzheim, others will baffle all the ingenuity of the phrenologists.

The formation of such a gallery is, however, in the highest degree cre-

ditable to the artist, and full of interest and utility to the public, by whom we trust it will one day be obtained, to be preserved for popular admiration.

“ Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.”

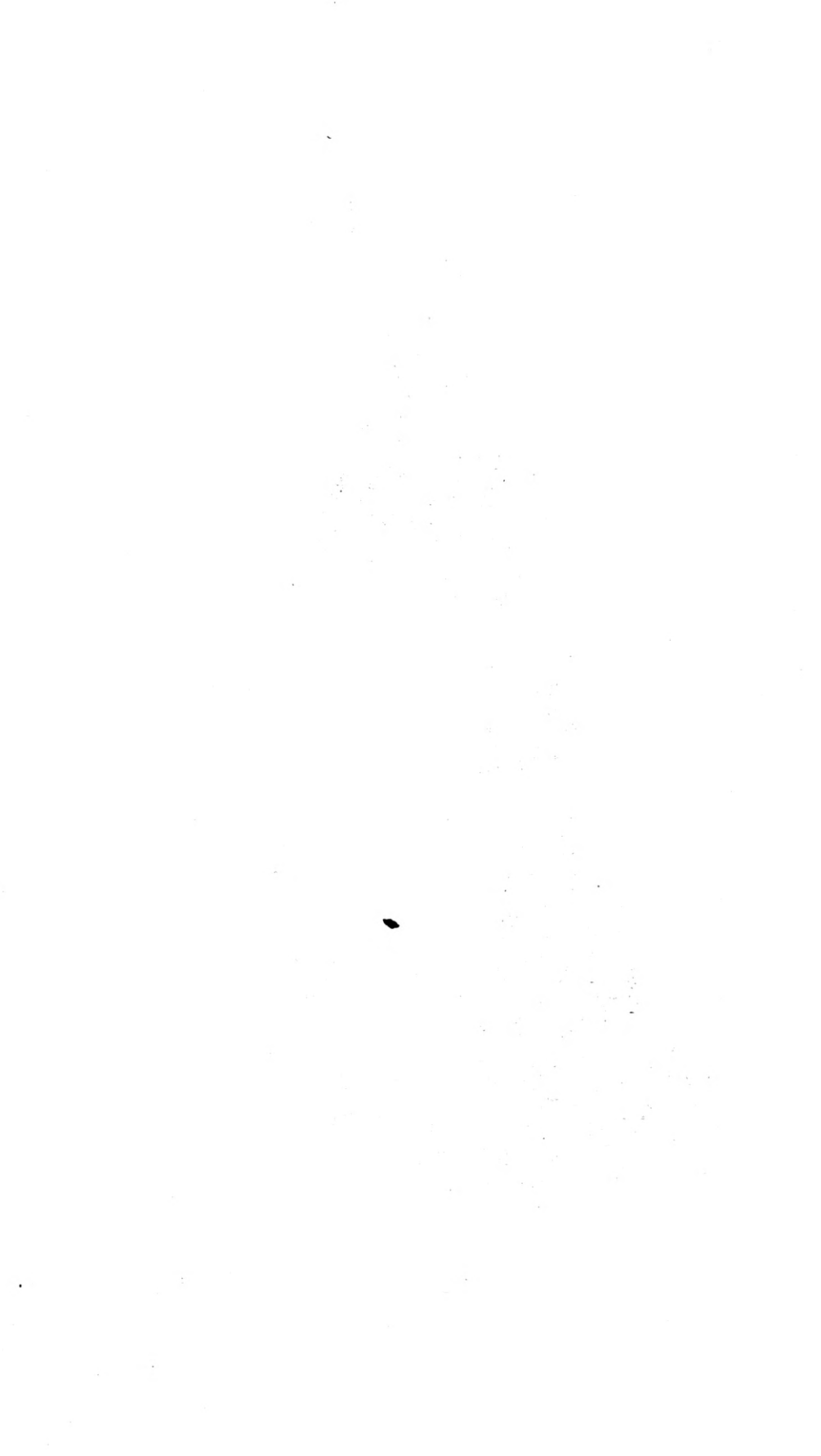
EXHIBITION OF PIENEMAN'S BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

In a temporary building erected for the purpose in Hyde-Park, near Grosvenor-Gate, we have now exhibiting a painting of the *Battle of Waterloo*, by J.W. Pieneman, Knight of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands, Member of the Royal Institution, and first Director of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam.

This picture represents the field of battle at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, the moment the Duke of Wellington, being informed of the approach of the Prussians, orders a general attack upon the French. The Prince of Orange is being carried off the field wounded. The Scotch Greys are shewing two captured French eagles, and conveying the French prisoners to Brussels; at the head of whom is their general, Cambronne. The view of the field of action is taken from the height of Mont St. Jean, where the spectator is supposed to stand, having on his left hand the road which leads from Genappe to Brussels. The foreground is the open corn-country; and the moment chosen by the painter is that when the sun, breaking

through the sky, which had been clouded throughout the day, sheds a bright light upon the allies, while the horizon still lowers over their routed enemy.

The principal group in the front is equestrian, and the figures are as large as life: it consists of the Duke of Wellington, attended by his combined staff, and engaged in giving the necessary orders for the execution of his last movement against the discomfited enemy; while, immediately before him, the Prince of Orange is being borne away on a blanket wounded, but, by the animation of his countenance, sensible of the glorious result which is at hand; as also the dying Colonel de Lancey, who, though mortally wounded, partakes of the approaching triumph to which his valour contributed, but which his doom was not to live to share. The principal group contains portraits, many of them well executed, of the chief officers who served in the field of Waterloo, and they are all engaged in some action, which appears to assist in the business of the eventful day which this





FROM THE "FASHION"



picture commemorates. Along the back-ground the battle rages amid dense masses of contending legions, shrowded in dark clouds of smoke, which conceal from the view, except by half glimpses, the work of havoc that they are carrying on. There can be no variety in the actual mechanism of battle scenes when endeavoured to be literally portrayed; and local scenery, however good, can hardly be depicted through the dense medium of a sulphurous atmosphere. The *coup-d'œil* of such pictures must therefore depend upon the merit of the grouping selected for particular prominence, and its adaptation to sustain the ideas which we have formed of its position. In this respect the artist appears to us successful; he has given, where we should expect to

find them, the principal figures, and in sufficient bustle to denote the spirit of the moment; and the detached groups are well arranged. The colouring, however, of the picture appears to us generally to want harmony; and there is a hardness, from the elaborate working up of so many minute details, which impairs the general effect. There is, notwithstanding, a good deal of merit in the execution of the work; it is well composed, and relieved, by the arrangement of masses of colouring, and the prismatic disposition of rays of light which penetrate them, from that monotony which mostly attends battle-paintings upon this large scale.

It is, we are informed, the property of the King of the Netherlands. The size is 27 feet in breadth by 18 feet in height.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of lilac *gros de Naples*; the collar stiffened, and turned half over; the *corsage* is made full longitudinally, and confined by a band and a row of lilac silk buttons down the centre of the front and back; the shoulders also have a band, but without buttons. The sleeves are *en gigot*, neatly finished with bands at the wrist: the *ceinture* is rather broad, and ornamented behind by two silk frogs of the same colour as the pelisse; a rouleau of the same breadth as the hem, and separated by a space of equal width, surrounds the bottom of the skirt, which is long and full. *Cornette* of tulle, with a narrow full border. Bonnet of British Leghorn,

very fine and light; the brim broad and open; the crown rather low, and trimmed with double white *crèpe lisse* edged with blue satin, beginning at the bottom of the crown in front, and rising across to the top at the back, where it is formed into a tasteful bow. Brussels lace veil. Straw-colour shoes and gloves; green parasol, lined with pale rose-colour sarsnet.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of jonquil-colour *crèpe lisse* over a white satin slip; the *corsage* made plain, but ornamented in the front and at the back with six perpendicular satin rouleaus, rather approximating at the waist, and termi-

nating beneath a white satin band across the top of the bust: small satin orange-leaves are placed directly over each rouleau. The sleeves are short and full, and have a trimming of folded *crêpe lisse* round the arm, and up the centre a wreath of orange-leaves in satin. The skirt is ornamented about a third of its depth, with three satin tucks between each; large orange-leaves in satin are plac-

ed near, but not to touch: broad satin sash, with long ends fringed, fastened on the left side by a brilliant amethyst buckle. The hair in large curls, with bows of shaded jonquil-colour gauze ribbon interspersed. Necklace of graduated amethysts; ear-rings and bracelets to suit. Stripe gauze *fichu*, or handkerchief of white and amethyst colour. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A CAMP-BEDSTEAD.

THE annexed plate is designed to exhibit the manner in which the chief chamber in the house of a military officer may be furnished, and so as to accord with his rank and appointments. The frame-work is of mahogany, and the trophies of war carved and gilt. The bed is supported by inverted mortars at the four corners, and the draperies

by groups of swords, spears, &c. and by representations of the graceful swan, all indicative of repose and peace. The star of glory decorates the head-curtain; and the whole design is surmounted by coronets and small statues of Victory and Fame.

The draperies are of rich lavender-coloured silk, with amber linings, gold lace fringe and tassels.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. Charles Waterton has in the press, in one 4to. volume, *Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, from 1812 to 1825*; with instructions for the perfect preservation of birds, reptiles, &c. for cabinets of natural history.

Mrs. Henry Rolls will soon publish *Legends of the North, or the Feudal Christmas*, a poem.

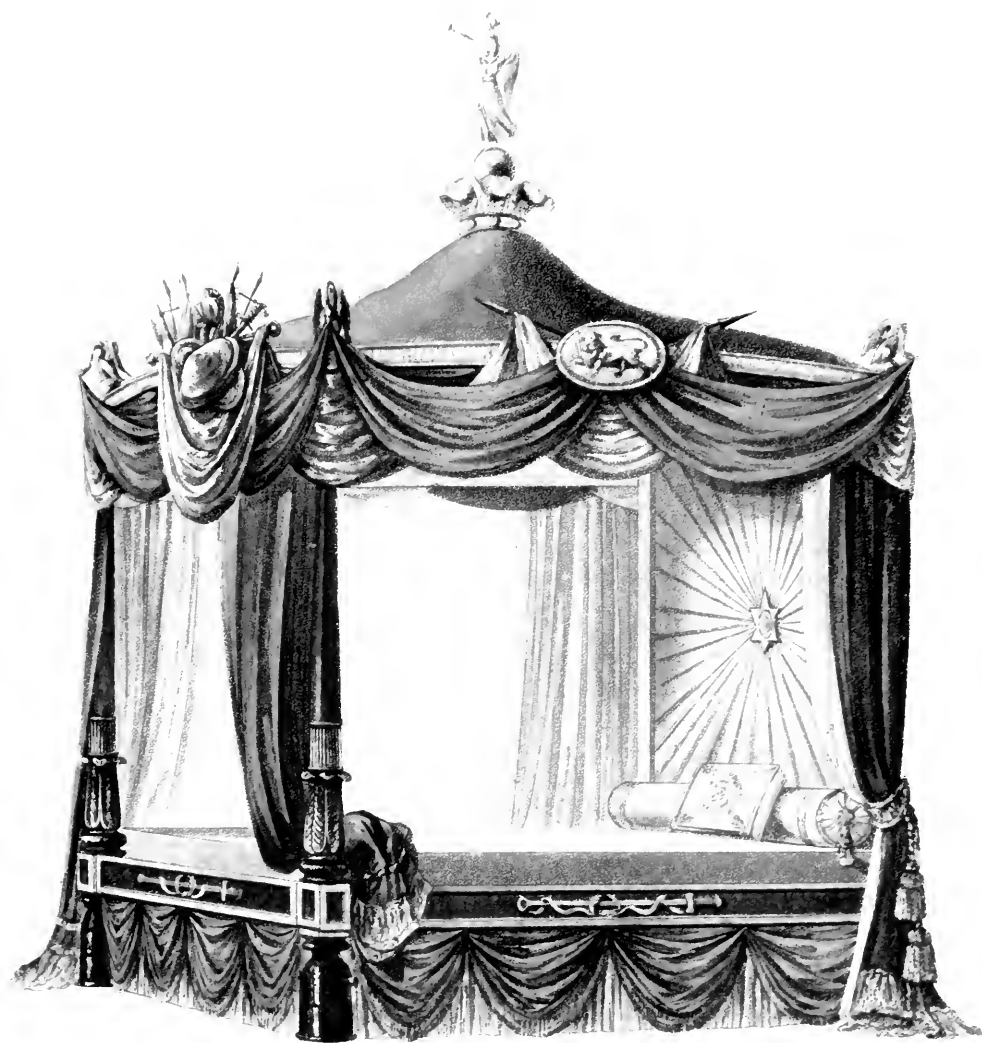
Speedily will be published, in two vols. 8vo. *Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland*, with anecdotes of persons whom he visited.

A work, entitled *The Cheltenham Anthology*, consisting of translations from the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, and original poems, edited by W. H. Alpin, is announced as being in the press.

An Exhibition of Portraits is now open

at 47, Leicester-square, some notice of which will be given in our next.

Dr. Struve, who has directed his particular attention to the composition of artificial mineral waters, and formed establishments at Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, and Warsaw, where imitations of the most efficacious mineral waters of the Continent, those of Carlsbad, Marienbad, Ems, Pyrmont, and Spa, have been administered for some seasons with the most complete success, has recently opened a similar establishment at Brighton. Thus the British invalid will be enabled to obtain, at that fashionable watering-place, at a small cost, the advantages hitherto to be derived only from a long and expensive journey to the Continental Spas above-mentioned, and to combine those advantages with the benefit of sea-bathing.



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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

AUGUST 1, 1825.

N^o. XXXII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. VIEW OF SOUTHILL-HOUSE, THE SEAT OF W. H. WHITREAD, ESQ. M. P.	63
2. VIEW OF WATERMOUTH, THE SEAT OF J. D. BASSETT, ESQ.	64
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	119
4. ——— DINNER DRESS	ib.
5. A GOTHIC LANTERN	123
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MISCELLANIES.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS. — Southill-House, Bedfordshire, the Seat of W. H. WHITREAD, Esq.	63
Watermouth, Devonshire, the Seat of J. D. BASSETT, Esq.	64
Village Sketches near Paris. No. VII.	65
The Canary-Bird of J. J. ROUSSEAU. By Madame de MONTOLIEU (<i>concluded</i>)	69
The Splendid Misery of Vice	73
Generous or Just: A Tale (<i>concluded</i>)	77
Discovery of the Medicinal Properties of Mugwort: A Legend	80
Shakspeare's Heroines	81
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. III.	
—The Two Brothers, an Hungarian Tale, by JOHN COUNT MAILATH	87
Deathbed of Charles IX. of France	91
The Flower of Chivalry	ib.
Remarkable Instinct of the Wild Horses and other Animals of South America	95
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XVIII.	96
THE LITERARY COTERIE. No. VI.—Tales of the Crusaders	102

MUSICAL REVIEW.

CRAMER'S Eighth Concerto	113
PIXIS' Rondeau mignon	ib.
BOOSEY'S Selection of Airs, &c.	114
VARIATIONS.	
RAWLINGS' Introduction and Variations to an Air of Shield's	ib.
KNAPTON'S Russian <i>Pas redoublé</i>	ib.
SOLIS' The Heath Rose	ib.
SAUST'S " <i>Sul margine d'un rio</i> "	ib.

ARRANGEMENTS.

PAGE

<i>Amusemens de l'Opera</i>	115
BURROWES' Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus	ib.
BRUGUIER'S Bishop's "When the wind blows"	ib.
The Snuff-Box Waltz	ib.
HARRIS'S Rossini's Cavatina, " <i>Una voce poco fà</i> ," from " <i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i> "	ib.
——— Nicolo's Rondo, " <i>Non, je ne veux pas chanter</i> "	ib.
RIMBAULT'S Adaptation of Rossini's Overture to " <i>La Gazza ladra</i> "	ib.
——— Weber's Overture to " <i>Preciosa</i> "	ib.
POOLE'S Airs from Weber's " <i>Preciosa</i> "	ib.
PURKIS'S Airs from Weber's " <i>Preciosa</i> "	ib.
POOLE'S Airs from Weber's " <i>Der Freyschütz</i> "	ib.
——— Weber's Huntsman's Chorus in " <i>Der Freyschütz</i> "	ib.
RIMBAULT'S Weber's Huntsman's Chorus in " <i>Der Freyschütz</i> "	116
——— Weber's Bridemaid's Chorus in " <i>Der Freyschütz</i> "	ib.

VOCAL.

NIGHTINGALE'S Recitative, "Soon as the rising morn," and Air, "Now man to man"	117
WORDSWORTH'S "I pledge you, dear Fanny, a heart void of guile"	ib.
BRYAN'S "Strawberry-Girl"	ib.
WEBB'S "The Birks of Invermay"	ib.
——— "Tak' your auld cloak"	ib.

[See over.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

CONTENTS—continued.

	PAGE		PAGE
HARP-MUSIC.			
<i>Amusement pour les Dames</i>	118	General Observations on Fashion and Dress	120
BOCHSA's Polacca from " <i>Il Tancrède</i> "	<i>ib.</i>	French Female Fashions	121
----- Imitative Fantasia	<i>ib.</i>	FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A Gothic Lantern	123
VIOLONCELLO.			
CROUCH's Treatise on the Violoncello	<i>ib.</i>	INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC . <i>ib.</i>	
FASHIONS.			
LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	119	POETRY.	
Ladies' Dinner Dress	<i>ib.</i>	Obstipus: An Ecgotistical Poem. Part IV. 124	

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

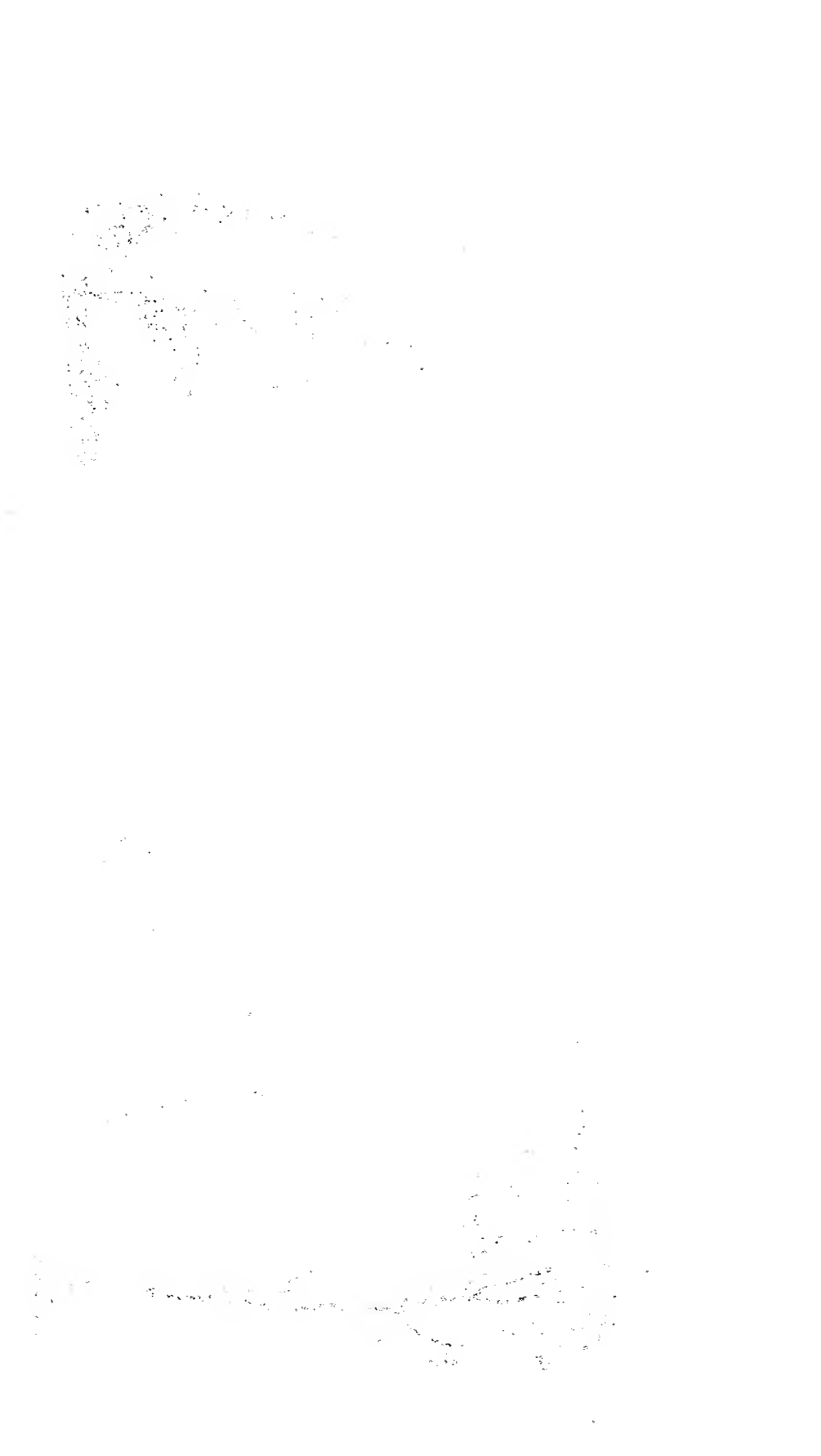
We beg leave to remind our Correspondent, W. B. that a Continuation of Adventures in Ireland would be acceptable.

F. C. M.—S—n—Janet—Criticus—are not admissible.

The great length of the Literary Coterie this month has obliged us to defer The Confessions of my Uncle and several other articles. We have again to solicit on this account the patience of our poetical contributors.

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

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





SOUTHERN PARK

THE SEAT OF THE U. S. ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. A. M. & Co. N.Y.

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. AUGUST 1, 1825. N^o. XXXII.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

SOUTHILL-HOUSE, BEDFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF WILLIAM HENRY
WHITBREAD, ESQ. M.P.

AMONG the numerous seats of noblemen and gentlemen which Bedfordshire contains, Southill-House has considerable claim to notice, being one of the most elegant and spacious modern buildings which ornament that county. It derives its name from the parish in which it is situated; and is about four miles distant from the market-town of Biggleswade, whence it is also a very pleasing ride. Southill-House was built about thirty years since, after the designs of the late Mr. Holland; and from the chasteness of its style reflects much credit on that celebrated architect. It is, however, but just to remark, that the late proprietor, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. did not limit the expense, as the materials used in the construction of the building appear to be of the most valuable and durable description; while, on the

other hand, the exterior does not display that superfluity or redundancy of ornament so common in most other houses of a similar character. The interior is extremely imposing, the several apartments being fitted up in the most superb style, and embellished with some choice works of art. The drawing-room is particularly grand: among the numerous paintings which it contains is Northcote's celebrated picture of *the Murder of the infant Princes in the Tower*; but which is now exhibiting at the British Gallery in Pall-Mall. A very fine bust of Mr. Fox has the following lines inscribed thereon, said to have been written by his friend, the late Mr. Whitbread:

Live, marble, live, to speak the patriot's
mind,
His generous heart embracing all man-
kind,

K

His constant fortitude unbroke by Time,
His thought profound and eloquence sublime.
If vain his toil to *save a venal age*,
If Wisdom's voice be lost in factious rage,
He fosters Liberty's expiring flame;
Her champion, he acquires a deathless fame.

He pleads humanity's neglected cause,
And wins from after-ages sure applause!

In the billiard-room is a valuable collection of Garrard's models of cattle; and in the library are portraits of several of the chief clerks in the brewery of the late Mr. Whitbread's father; also his own portrait, over the fire-place, which has the following motto:

"Nobis hæc otia fecit."

Many of the rooms are also decorated with basso-relievos by the above-named artist, and paintings of *Live Game* by Gilpin. In Lady Elizabeth Whitbread's gallery are several valuable prints, models, &c. well deserving attention.

On the lamented death of the late Samuel Whitbread, the Southill estate devolved to his eldest son, the present proprietor, a gentleman pos-

sessing much taste for the fine arts, and a liberal subscriber to the British Gallery and other institutions.

Southill-House is built in a richly wooded inclosed park, and is embellished with a fine sheet of water of about eight acres, which, when viewed from the mansion, produces, with the surrounding plantations, a very fine effect.

The annexed View was taken from the shrubbery, being considered by our artist as more interesting than a distant one, which would not, from the surrounding foliage, exhibit so much of the building. Southill-House not only possesses many attractions from the beauty of its situation in a rich fertile country, but the hand of art has been liberally encouraged to render this estate in every respect one of the most desirable residences in the kingdom.

For the above particulars, and the drawing of the mansion, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

WATERMOUTH, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF JOSEPH DAVIE BASSETT, ESQ.

THIS mansion is situated about three miles from Ilfracombe, in one of the most desirable spots in the county, as it commands a very extensive sea view, including the coast of South Wales, Swansea Bay, and the Mumbles Light-House. The house has been recently greatly enlarged and beautified. It contains a number of elegant apartments, which are embellished with some valuable paintings, the following being particularly deserving of notice:

Our Saviour crowned with Thorns.—

Master unknown, supposed to have been painted for an altar-piece.

A Fish-Market.—*Rubens* and *Snyders*.

A Sea Piece.

Two Portraits.—*Sir Peter Lely*.

Portrait of Colonel Warcup.—*Walker*, an eminent painter in the time of Oliver Cromwell.

A Holy Family.—*Rebecca*.

A Boy and Dead Game.—*Fyt*.

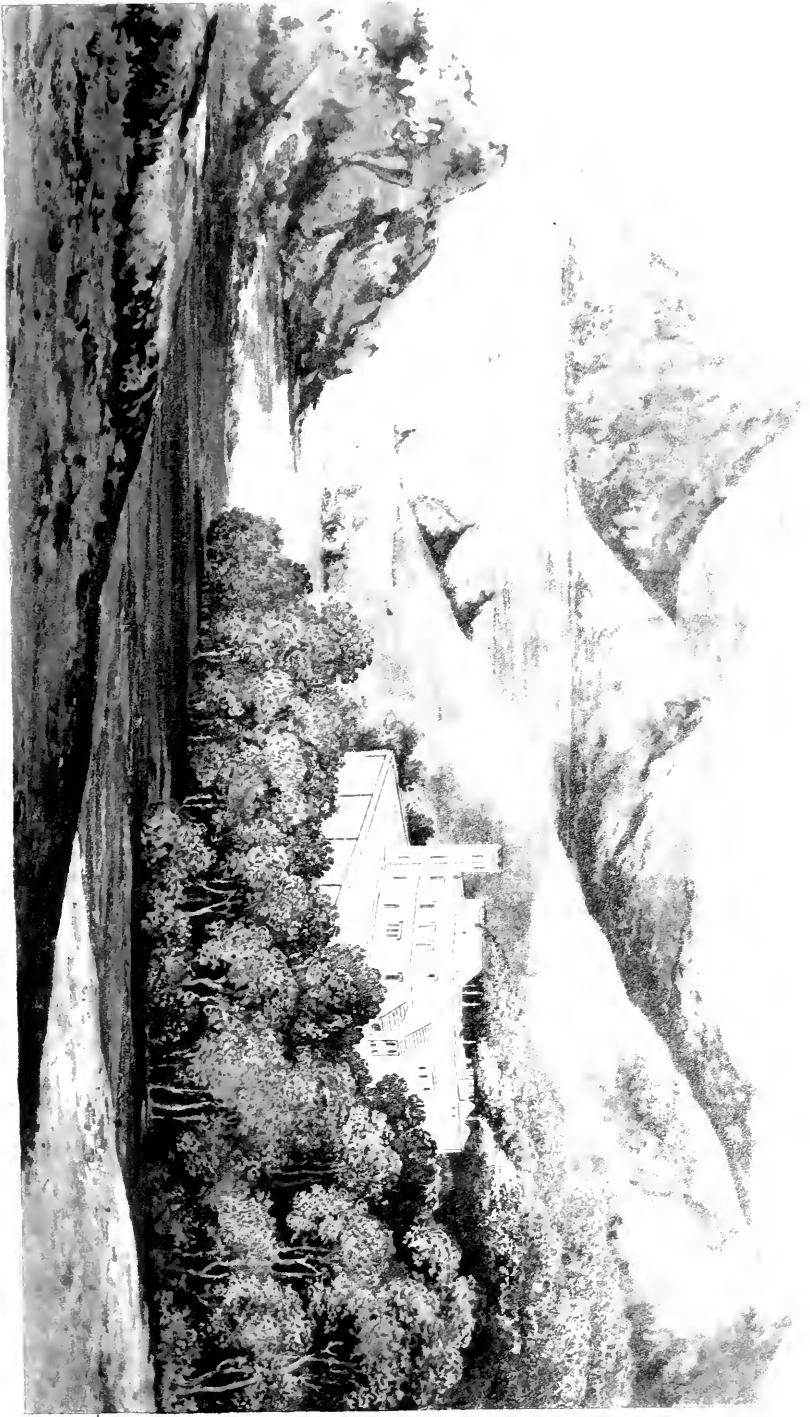
A Silenus.—*Vandyke*.

Fox and Herons.—*Voss*; a remarkably fine specimen of that artist's ability.

The Head of a Roebuck.—*Snyders*.

Two Pieces of Dead Game.—*Wenix*.

Ditto ditto.—*Elmer*.



View of the Castle of St. Peter, from the Valley of the Rhine.

Head of Rembrandt, by himself.

Horses.—*Paul Potter.*

A Holy Family — *Leonardo da Vinci.*

The accompanying View was taken from a bold promontory on the western side of the house, which enabled the artist to introduce the surrounding scenery. Much has been said by Gilpin and other eminent writers on the picturesque scenery of the northern parts of Devonshire; and Mr. Bassett has displayed much taste in expending a considerable sum to improve a spot so truly desirable as this: indeed nothing can surpass the whole of the northern coast of Devon, with its numerous bays and rocky scenery, especially about Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Combe-Martin, and the far-famed Valley of Rocks in the parish of Linton.

The east or principal front of Watermouth is raised on a terrace, and has, with the surrounding plantations, a very grand and imposing appearance. It is situated in the parish of Berry-Narbor, or *Berryn Harbour*, in which are the manors of East Hagginton and Woolscott, the property of Mr. Bassett. Heanton-Court, a large quadrangular brick mansion, situated on the banks of the Taw, near Barnstaple, is also the

property of this gentleman, but has of late years been suffered to go to decay, and part of it is now occupied by a farmer. In Risdon's time, no doubt Heanton was a handsome residence, but the lowness of its situation is most probably the cause of its being neglected.

The estate of Watermouth and manors contiguous abound in game; there is also a small park stocked with deer. The walk hence to Combe-Martin is one of the most pleasing imaginable, and to those who are capable of appreciating such scenes will at all times afford a rich treat. To an artist the place presents many fine studies for the pencil; but it may not be improper to mention, that the village furnishes rather indifferent accommodation for travellers. During the summer season, parties frequently make excursions to this place, and thence to the Valley of Rocks, near which is an excellent inn. The most common mode of travelling is by jaunting cars, a light cart drawn by one horse, but far from being a comfortable conveyance.

For the above particulars, and the drawing of the house, we are also indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. VII.

OUR two *grandes dames* are thrown into consternation by the arrival of a lady who promises to eclipse them both, and who has already succeeded in drawing away a considerable part of their adherents. She opens her doors indiscriminately to all the genteel inhabitants of the village and its environs; and as her dinners are as good as those of Madame d'Ag-

neau, and her *soirées* infinitely more brilliant than Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil's, she is regarded by both with envy and dislike. While unconscious I believe of the sentiments she excites, she appears to have no other object in view than that of feasting the rich and feeding the poor, to each of whom her heart and her purse seem equally open.

As she unites the two qualities, upon the possession of which her rivals individually pique themselves, neither of them has a fair pretence for affecting to despise her: they have, however, taken herself and her household under their joint *surveillance*, and comfort themselves I believe for the shock she has given to their empire, with the charitable hope of soon discovering something to find fault with.

I am among the number of those whom this good lady, Madame Delmont, has drawn to her house, not by her good cheer, for I am not a *gourmande*, nor by the attractions of her *soirées*, for I abominate *soirées*. Nothing is to me so tedious and disagreeable as these truly French exhibitions, where the mind, like the body, is expected to appear in full dress; and outward gaiety and ease are mere masks to hide the labour it costs each to furnish their quota towards the conversation. Neither is it the qualities of the hostess herself, for although a worthy woman, she is not exactly to my taste: the magnet, in short, is her niece, a girl of fifteen, one of those singularly gifted creatures that one seldom meets with any where, and still more rarely among so artificial a people as the French are. She unites English simplicity and sensibility to all the vivacity of her own country and the gay sportiveness of her age. French girls have in general too much of the woman in their manners; and, according to the French taste, Nina's are too childish: with me this is her principal charm, and I pity those who can witness her innocent gambols without sharing in the heartfelt mirth she seems formed at once to feel and to inspire.

This charming girl is just now, and very justly, the idol of our village. In order that you may know why, dear reader, I must explain to you, that in Catholic countries, at the performance of high mass on Sundays and holidays, it is the custom for each of the parishioners to give in turn a large cake composed of eggs, milk, and flour, which is called the *pain beni*. If the person who gives it is a man, his wife, or some other female from his house, presents it at the foot of the altar, where it is blessed by the priest, and then distributed in small pieces among the congregation. The lady who has presented it goes round afterwards to collect offerings for the poor. She is always handsomely attired; and if she does it for the first time, has in general a new dress for the occasion, a part of which is usually a handsome veil flowing back over her shoulders, and bound on with a garland of artificial flowers. Madame Delmont had signified soon after her arrival among us, that it was her intention to give the *pain beni* on the following Sunday, which happened to be also the birthday of Nina, to whom her aunt promised to give whatever she wished for as a birthday gift. Nina knew that she was to offer the bread, and she had already heard very elaborate accounts of the *belle toilette* which it was generally expected that the fair offerer should exhibit.

If she has a foible, it is perhaps too great a love of dress: her aunt's cares have been judiciously directed to check this failing, but at the same time without depriving her niece of what fashion and custom render necessary; both prescribe a simple style of dress for young people, but both

sanction a handsome veil on such an occasion; and it was accordingly decided, to Nina's great joy, that she was to have an English lace veil, which she was to choose herself in Paris, with a proviso that it did not exceed the sum of five *louis*, which her aunt presented to her.

The next day she was to go after breakfast to make her purchase in Paris. She set out as usual to take her morning ramble as soon as she was up, accompanied by her maid Lisette. In consequence of turning wrong when they meant to go back to the village, they wandered to a considerable distance from it, and Nina was beginning to sink with fatigue when she spied a mill. A few minutes brisk walking brought them to the miller's cottage, which they entered to ask their way, and permission to repose a little.

The inmates of the cottage were an old woman, who had lost the use of her limbs, and a pretty young one of nineteen or twenty, who did the honours of the cottage with true French frankness and hospitality; for as the morning was cold, she kindled immediately a bit of fire, drew chairs close to it for Nina and Lisette, and after observing, that mademoiselle seemed very much fatigued, she begged to inform her, that the milk of their goat Bibi was famous all over the country; that she had just milked her, and if mademoiselle could condescend—Nina, who was as hungry as tired, cut short the compliment by eagerly asking for a cup of milk, which was produced immediately, with one for Lisette, and the cottage loaf, that they might help themselves as they pleased.

Nina, who ate and talked with

equal rapidity, perceived, that while the young woman answered her questions, her eye was constantly turned towards the door, and that there was an inquietude and agitation in her manner which she evidently strove to repress. The old woman, who was seated close to the door, never withdrew her eyes from the road which faced it, and after some time, she said sorrowfully, "If he should disappoint us after all!"

"O mother," cried the young person in a tone of emotion, "he cannot!"

She had hardly spoken when the miller, and a young man accompanying him, appeared in sight, both walking very slowly. The daughter flew to them; the poor mother looked after her with straining eyes. "Ah! my God," cried she, "my fears were too just!"

It was not in nature for Nina to refrain from asking what those fears were; and she learned that the young man had been drawn for the conscription, that they intended to provide a substitute, but not having quite money enough to do it, had depended on a friend, who promised to lend them the sum necessary to make it up, and this man, after buoying them up with hope till the last moment, had disappointed them.

I cannot paint the scene which ensued when the young man threw himself into the arms of his mother to bid her farewell—the clamorous grief of the poor old woman, the silent despair in the countenance of the young wife, and the manly sorrow of the father, deprived at once of the comfort and the support of his old age. "I should bear the blow better," cried he, dashing away the tears from his eyes, "if the trea-

chery of Jacques had not added weight to it; but after all the years we have lived in friendship together, to refuse me at last a paltry hundred francs——”

“What,” interrupted Nina, “is that all you want?”

“All, mademoiselle! and enough too, since I cannot have it.”

“Yes, you can have it, you shall have it, for I will give it to you;” and the five *louis* were transferred in an instant from her purse to the hand of the old man.

“But,” cried Lisette, “madame, your aunt——”

“Never mind my aunt; it is my money, my own money, I may do what I please with it, and I will too.”

The little family were beside themselves with joy; their gratitude was unbounded. Nina hurried from its enthusiastic demonstrations, and took her way home, so full of the scene which she had just quitted, that it was some time before she could think of what she should say to her aunt.

Her first care was to enjoin, under sundry pains and penalties, an entire silence upon what had passed to Lisette.

She found her aunt waiting her return in some little alarm. “How is it,” cried she, “that you have been so late? The coach has been waiting for some time to take you to buy your veil.”

“I have been thinking of it,” said Nina blushing, “but——” she stopped.

“You will buy something else perhaps? Well, child, the money is yours, do what you please with it.” Nina thanked her with an embrace; but, to the good lady’s great surprise, she made no purchase; and the next day she appeared in church in her usual neat and simple costume, with a veil of white muslin, instead of the lace one she had been so eager to possess. But as she quitted the church, the mystery was explained: the miller’s son had followed her home, and the father, with his son and daughter, came at the head of the peasants of our village to express their gratitude, and to do honour to the natal day of their young benefactress. Oh! how lovely did Nina appear! how touching was the soft confusion of her air as, covered with blushes, she strove to withdraw from the triumph which awaited her! but she could not prevent the crowd from completing their work, from fixing fresh-gathered garlands over the door of her aunt’s house, and surmounting them with a ribbon, bearing the inscription, *Vive notre bienfaitrice! Vive notre bonne et belle Nina!* Even her aunt, though more cool and sober-minded than the French generally are, yielded to the enthusiasm of the moment, and shed, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, the sweetest tears that had ever fallen from her eyes, in witnessing the enthusiasm caused by the beneficence of her niece. E.

THE CANARY-BIRD OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

By MADAME DE MONTOLIEU.

(Concluded from p. 34.)

AFTER Rousseau had inquired for a few moments what I knew, or rather what I did not know, for I could do little more than play with my canary-bird, he proposed to me to return the visit which he had paid to my

Bibi by going to see his Carino. "He is endowed only with the natural song," said he, "but can vary it to infinity, and redoubles it when I call to him, as if he were obliged to reply to what he regards as my answer. You will learn the difference between an automaton and a creature which possesses life and feeling. I am, besides, indebted to my Carino for the pleasure of making him happy."—"What spoils the pleasure of keeping birds," observed my mother, "is the necessity of making prisoners of them."—"Very true, madam; and it was this consideration which long prevented me from keeping any. The greatest blessing is liberty. Possessed with this idea, I conceived a silly predilection for cats, because the cat manifests a decided instinct to be independent; but I soon found that cats and men are too like one another. Both have liberty to scratch, and both use that liberty too often. A dear female friend made me a present of Carino, and from that moment I began to dislike cats. I shuddered at the idea, that my poor bird might fall into the claws of a cat, which would use it as unmercifully as men have done his poor master. Besides, Carino is my slave only in as far as my friendship binds him; his cage is always open, he flies about the room at pleasure, and has never left me but this once to come and see Rosa: I love him the more for it. Come, my dear, you must be better acquainted with him."

He took me by the hand, and I was already quite familiar with him. As we passed through the garden, he told me the names of a number of plants with which I was unacquainted, and which he promised to teach

me in time. On entering his apartment, he introduced me to his house-keeper, Demoiselle Therese, who was putting it to rights. "This little girl," said he to her, "is my daughter; let her come and go when she likes."—The first thing I did was to run to Carino's cage, the door of which was open. My old friend enticed the bird to come out by holding to him a lump of sugar, at which he pecked; he then fluttered about our heads, and alighted on our shoulders. I had for the first time the pleasure of holding seeds between my lips for him, which he took away in his bill. My Bibi had never done any thing of the sort. Presently he began to sing. He flew from one corner to the other, and seemed quite delighted. I followed him with my eyes, and was still more delighted than he. I now felt that Bibi would be quite intolerable but for two things; namely, that he was a present from my father, and sang my friend's songs.

From this day I became Rousseau's pupil. He performed all that he had promised my mother: he taught me what was good, without mentioning what was bad. Through his instruction, I became a tolerable singer and performer on the harpsichord; I learned the names of all the plants of usual occurrence, and botany sufficient to assign them to their respective classes. I learned as much of history and geography as was necessary to understand the newspaper, which I had to read to my aunt. I read with him some select pieces by the best French authors, some of Racine's tragedies, the whole of *Telemachus*, a few new works, and a few pages of his *Emile*, which explained to me the reason why he sometimes called me *Sophie*.

This name excited in him a thousand pleasing and painful feelings. He often pronounced it when caressing his Carino. He told me it was the name of the person who gave him the bird; and he never uttered it without emotion. On one of these occasions he said to me, "My good Rosa, if you love me, when I am no more, bring Carino, after he is dead, to my grave; place him under the stone that will cover my ashes: he will perhaps be the only creature on earth that has loved me wholly and continually." I wept. "O say not so, Jean Jaques," cried I, putting my hand over his mouth; "you say it is wrong to lie, and now you do not yourself tell the truth. You well know that I love you, and that I shall never cease to love you while I live."—"While you live!" he repeated smiling, then kissed my forehead, and repeated his request that I would deposit Carino on his grave. I could not avoid promising that I would. Ah! he was not then aware that he should die so far from me, and that we should soon be separated for ever. He frequently said, that he would pass the rest of his life at Mottier; and that he hoped still to see his Rosa as a wife, a mother, and the nurse of her children. Whenever he talked thus I could not help laughing, and thinking of my cousin Armand, whose presence alone was wanting to complete my happiness.

At length Armand came back, and his return caused me to discover for the first time in Rousseau that mistrustful and suspicious disposition which I had hitherto only surmised, when at times he appeared capricious or rather gloomy. I ascribed this in general to his Therese and her cross speeches, and saw with

pleasure that a caress of his Rosa, or the singing of his bird, soon dispelled his ill-humour.

Armand returned before he was expected: we were at supper. It would be impossible to express our joy; we loaded him with caresses. He had grown up to a handsome accomplished young man, who was far superior to me, and who might well have deterred me from familiarity; but to me he was still my own dear Armand. He too could not take his eyes off me; his little Rosa was grown so tall, had acquired such grace, ease, and elegance, and spoke French with so pure an accent! This advantage I owed to my old friend, who considered a correct pronunciation as an essential point for women, and never suffered a false expression, a vulgar turn, or a wrong emphasis, to pass uncorrected. In like manner, he made me sit and stand upright, but without stiffness, so that, under his direction, I had acquired a genteel gait and carriage. To every sign of astonishment, to every question, to every commendation of my cousin's, I answered, "I learned that of my old friend!" But how was his astonishment increased when I mentioned the name of this friend! "What!" cried he, capering about the room, "what! Jean Jaques Rousseau here? and your friend too? Is it possible? When can I see him and speak to him?"—"This very evening, if you will, my dear Armand; I can go to him whenever I please." Our mothers remarked it was too late for that night; his door was fastened, and Mademoiselle Therese would grumble and scold: so that, in spite of the impatient curiosity of my cousin, he was obliged to wait till the next morning. He talked to us

the whole evening about Rousseau, his works, and the friends and enemies he had in Paris. He told us also that he was a contributor to a literary journal, and it would afford him the highest gratification to insert in it something concerning Rousseau, his place of abode, and his way of life at Mottier; in short, an account of all that he should see and hear of that celebrated man. "The world shall know," added he exultingly, "that you are his pupil; and the name of my Rosa shall be placed beside the names of Sophie and Julie."

Next morning, as soon as we were up, he begged me to take him to my friend. I was not accustomed to go to him so early, but I complied: we did not find him, for he was already gone out to botanize. Therese was preparing his breakfast, and assured us that he would soon be back. Meanwhile I went with my cousin into his room, and we amused ourselves; I played with Carino, related the story of the bird and my automaton, which highly diverted him, and sat down to the harpsichord, and played a couple of pieces. Armand was meanwhile surveying every thing in the room, opening first one and then another book, and at last he took out his pocket-book, for the purpose of making notes.

Just at that moment Rousseau entered. Gracious heaven! how is it possible for a man to change so suddenly and to become so totally different! The kind, the gentle, the affectionate look with which he always received me, all at once gave place to a look of anger, which was presently increased to fury. He darted it first at Armand and then at me.

Vol. VI. No. XXXII.

"What are you about here, Rosine, with this young man? Why have you brought him to me? Who is he? What would he have with me?"—"It is my cousin Armand," replied I, trembling in every limb. "He is come back from Paris, and——"—"Good God, from Paris!" cried he in a terrific tone, hiding his face with his hands, which trembled with rage. "I see—I understand—begone out of my sight! away! away!" He paced the room in extreme agitation. Armand followed him, stammering forth excuses, and naming the literati whom he knew and to whom he was known at Paris. At every name and with every step Rousseau's frenzy increased, and his tremendous cry, "Begone! away!" became more and more vehement. I brought Carino and his cage—Carino was to intercede for us. "Leave me my bird, Rosine; don't meddle with him; you are not worthy of him: he is the only creature that has not betrayed me!" I perceived that there was no other way than to let the storm blow over: taking my cousin by the arm, I left the room in tears, and bitterly reproached him, convinced that it was owing to him alone that my old friend had been so exasperated. I sobbed all the way, while he was convulsed with laughter. "What an exquisite scene!" cried he; "what a *piquant* story for my friends! what a capital article for my journal!" I was frightened, and with clasped hands implored him not to mention the affair to any individual, and I would presently try to appease my old friend. It was my intention to go to him alone in the afternoon; but he had strangers come to see him, which was the case

L

sometimes, though but rarely; and on such days I always kept away. His visitors staid twice twenty-four hours, each of which seemed to me a year. When they were gone, I wrote him a note, begging his pardon in Armand's name and my own for our unintentional offence and intrusion. I carried it myself, and delivered it to Therese, who, as usual, was in a very ill-humour. She told me that there was some mischief brewing against her master, and that his life would not be safe if he remained any longer at Mottier. Many of the inhabitants were in fact prejudiced against him, but he was adored by the great majority; and Mademoiselle Therese was in the habit of saying so many absurd things, that I paid no regard to this.

I shall narrate here only such circumstances as relate to Carino, and with which I am intimately acquainted. If, therefore, I make mention of the well-known stoning which took place the same night, it is because it occasioned the removal of Rousseau the following morning, which threw me into the deepest affliction. That morning we were sitting sorrowfully together, talking over the scandalous procedure of the night; and I had already made up my mind to go and comfort him, when a girl, who used to assist Therese, brought us the news of Rousseau's sudden departure, together with Carino in his cage, and a note for me to the following purport:

"Adieu, Rosine! it would be too painful for me to hate you; to part from you is distressing enough. I will believe that you have no hand in the conspiracy which drives me from Mottier. I intended to pass the rest of my days here; but I should not like to lose my life in a man-

ner in which the worst of criminals only ought to suffer. I must go, my dear good girl. No, you are not guilty; you have not conspired against him who loved you. But what harm have I done to the young man, that he should watch me, that he should unite with my enemies? You love him, Rosa; he is your cousin, he is to be your husband—well! let him make you happy, and I forgive him. I must go and conceal my wretched existence from my persecutors. Rosa, I shall never see you more! but I shall daily think of you till the day when I shall cease to think. I know not whether cruel Fate will lead me; perhaps beyond the sea. Carino cannot accompany me; we must part, and this is not the least of my sorrows: he was the pledge of the friendship of a female whom I loved above all things; let him now be the pledge of mine for you. Tend Carino, my Rosa, as you would have tended your old friend had he staid with you! Let Carino recal me every moment to your mind; and recollect that you have promised me, if possible, to unite Jean Jaques and Sophie's bird in one grave. If my last abode be too far distant from yours, if the waves swallow me up, or I be destined to die in a foreign land, take my place, and let my bird repose with you! Farewell, Rosine! forget not your old unfortunate friend, your father, your instructor; and prove by your virtues, that he who taught your youth was virtuous."

I am not writing my own history; my narrative draws towards a conclusion: I shall therefore say nothing of my distress, my tears, my irreparable loss. I have never seen my old friend since, but I have never ceased to think of him. Carino's life was prolonged through the care which I bestowed on him. He lived longer than birds of his species generally do, longer than his protector, whose death rent open an old

wound in my heart. I was myself detained at Mottier by the age and infirmities of my two mothers; for Armand's mother became mine, and I his wife. Even as mother and nurse I could not travel to Ermenonville, ardently as I wished to see my excellent instructor once more. I wrote to him, however, and he answered me: he had not forgotten either Rosa or his Carino. Carino died an easy death, of old age; he sang but a moment before, as though it was his last farewell. I had him carefully stuffed by a clever man, who proposed to put clock-work into him, like Bibi; but I had taken a dislike to automaton, and, besides, Carino was destined to repose with Rousseau. It was for this purpose alone that I kept him. At length an opportunity presented itself. Armand, who has correspondents in Paris, was informed, that Rousseau's remains were to be removed to the Pantheon, and a monument to be erected over them: he offered to accompany me to Paris. With joy I assented to this proposal, and my two children, my Emile and my Sophie, travelled along with us. I had given them these names in memory of my old friend. They went with me to the Pantheon: Rousseau's spirit assuredly blessed them. I had suckled them myself, as he had so repeatedly enjoined me; I have educated them according to his principles, and thus far this education has answered my wishes and my hopes.

If this paper should fall into the

hands of a friend of Rousseau's, he will no doubt read it with interest, and perhaps deposit Carino with his master. Who but a warm friend of Jean Jaques' would examine his tomb with sufficient attention to discover this little unobtrusive coffin which I am about to place upon it?

ROSINE N.

Yes, indeed, it was a friend of Rousseau's who found him, and who with sacred veneration has carried him back to his former place, with a request that he may never be removed from it. I have retained nothing but Rosine's narrative. It bears so high a character of truth and ingenuousness, that its authenticity can scarcely be doubted; for what motive could Rosine have for falsehood?

It is true, that in Rousseau's Memoirs we find nothing to confirm this anecdote, and yet this little episode would outweigh several of those which are contained in them; but the acquaintance of Jean Jaques with Rosine occurred in a period of his life which was one of the most turbulent and unhappy. His *Confessions* cease with his abode at Mottier. I find that he makes no mention of several intimacies which he formed there, or refers to them only in general terms. I should imagine that his intercourse with Rosine was in the same predicament. Be this as it may, I cannot help thinking that both she and Carino will interest those who, like me, have loved, esteemed, and pitied Rousseau.

THE SPLENDID MISERY OF VICE.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Lorraine, in a hunting excursion from a royal residence situated at a distance from

his capital, was informed by some of his courtiers, that, in rambling for amusement, they obtained a glimpse

of a young girl, poorly clad, but matchless in beauty, and admirable for grace in her movements and demeanour. They came upon her all unexpectedly, while feeding a large flock of turkeys; and pretending to inquire the way, had time to observe her rare attractions. With only six attendants, Leopold rode next morning to this scene of enchantment. An hour before noon he reached a narrow vale intersected by woody hillocks; and on the summit of a green mountain rose a dilapidated castle: a single curling column of smoke betokened the small number of its inhabitants. Not far from the base of the mount, the duke descried a peasant making up faggots, who, being questioned regarding the proprietor of that domain, replied, "The fortress, and the land it protects, are all that remain to my lord of vast estates, the better part being forfeited in the civil wars of former times, or squandered by the baron in the wildness of his youthful years. Except what I can take in with a glance of my eye, and a small tract belonging to a hilly district in the west, my lord possesses now no wealth, but the precious jewel of an only daughter; and for beauty and goodness, she is more an angel of heaven than a creature of flesh and blood."

Leopold gave the honest rustic a handful of coin, and with assumed indifference said, "Then, no doubt, the young lady is with her parents at the castle?"

"She is at the half-ruined mansion," answered the peasant with quivering lips; "but her mother, the dear lady whom my wife nourished at her breast, and these arms often carried, the dear lady is dead—dead!"

—But why do I grieve? Sure for her it is best—yet her daughter—in her lost all—all—yet she bears it better than I can. My lady lived to see her fortune squandered in working a silver-mine: the baron is now at the hilly country toiling in that ill-omened scheme. He thinks more of it than of his lovely daughter. He leaves her at the *château* with no company except my old wife and myself, not even a servant to spare her the trouble of attending the turkeys, which the baron ordered her to rear, as he expected a very high price for them, since Duke Leopold and his court are coming to hunt where they never hunted till now."

Thus the duke obtained all the intelligence he desired; and courteously wishing peace and plenty to his simple informant, he commanded his attendants to ride speedily to the nearest village, and there to await his call three days. They obeyed. Leopold directed his way to the *château*. Half way up the mount, he greeted with joy the vociferous gabbling of turkeys. He dismounted, and leading his horse, looked around for the object of his enterprise. Having fixed the bridle to the post of a gate, he pushed it open, and beheld a sylph-like being exerting all her address to separate the old turkeys from a numerous brood of young ones, for whom she apparently destined several troughs with food in a small inclosure within the park. Leopold politely offered his assistance, and expelled the intruders; a service the lady acknowledged with easy politeness. The perfect symmetry of her figure claimed admiration; but a large bonnet concealed all her features, except the mouth, which might have imparted fascination to

an ordinary countenance. Her hands and arms were lost in coarse leather gloves; and the same material, of a ruder texture, covered her feet and ankles with rustic boots.

Leopold apologized for his intrusion, alleging that he had disabled his arm by a fall, and incapable of holding the bridle, had taken refuge at the *château*. With ingenuous sympathy the fair hostess said, she would consult a more experienced adviser than herself for the means likely to afford him relief; but with gay frankness warned him she could offer only few conveniences, and as for luxuries, they were strangers to her home. Of the few habitable apartments, only one could receive him; but she assured him of her best endeavours to effect his cure, and a hearty welcome to partake of her rural fare. Approaching the *château*, they met an old woman, clean, but poorly clad, who was evidently startled at the appearance of a visitor. The young lady in a few words acquainted her with his disaster. The old woman prescribed a remedy, and while she ran to prepare some more efficacious application, the young hostess took off her bonnet and gloves, to employ friction with the temporary anodyne of brandy and soap, recommended to assuage the pain in his arm; and in her heart she marvelled at the fortitude with which the gentleman endured his anguish, since, almost fainting, or to speak more correctly, feigning exhaustion, he leaned on her shoulder as she conducted him to an old-fashioned much worn settee, which once had been magnificent with velvet and embroidery. On his appearing to recover, the lady presented to him a repast of milk and fruits, and with-

drew. The old woman soon came to take some articles of gay attire from a worm-eaten commode; and thence Leopold inferred that the young lady had resigned to him her own bedchamber. She returned in a dress more suitable to her beauty and graces; and the old woman, as if enjoined to remain, busied herself in arranging the room, and leading the conversation. She regretted there was no lute or harp for her dear child to delight the gentleman with music, but she could sing like an angel; and, in truth, had learnt every thing becoming her rank when she lived with her uncle; but he feared his son loved her too well, and sent her back to the dismal *château*. The young lady, blushing deeply, cast a reproachful look upon the old woman, and as she persisted in vaunting of other conquests made by the lovely nursling, she ran and applied her fair hand to the skinny lips, so eloquent, or at least fluent, in her praise. The nostrum was ready; the old woman came, as she said, to *rub it in*; but Leopold besought the young lady to save him from a hand hardened by industry, and to apply the unguent. As she was thus engaged, the door was hastily thrown open, and the baron strode into the room. Seeing his daughter in an attitude of familiarity with a visitor, he attacked her with harsh invective, till Leopold asked if he had no recollection of the Duke of Lorraine. These words struck upon the ear of our heroine, and greatly heightened the agitation with which she obeyed her father's command to leave the room.

"Your daughter must come to court," said the duke.

To this the baron replied, "My

life is at the disposal of my sovereign; but," added he fiercely, "my honour is and shall be in my own keeping. My daughter must never behold the court, unless she makes a marriage befitting her family."

"I ask not to see her at court, until with due honours as a matron she shall there be presented by a noble consort."

Leopold requested that his horse might be got ready, and the baron escorted him to rejoin his attendants. Within a week he returned, accompanied by the Prince de Craon, who formally demanded the lovely recluse as his bride. With saddening reluctance, she gave her hand and vows: the too interesting Leopold had made a deep impression upon her artless mind, yet many months passed away ere he could allure her from honour and duty. Craon came to woo her, fully apprized that he must limit his rights to those of a nominal, an ensnaring spouse. The Princess de Craon bore seventeen children to Leopold, and retained her beauty unimpaired. Leopold was wholly devoted to her; and she made so moderate, so humane a use of her influence, as to provoke no enmity, and to gain many friends.

After the decease of Leopold, when his successor exchanged Lorraine for Tuscany, the Prince de Craon, in compliment to his wife, was appointed sole regent of the Tuscan dominions. As may be supposed from the circumstances of his marriage, the prince was imbecile and low-minded; but the princess, by superior understanding, liberal impartiality, and affable kindness, soothed the pride of the Florentine nobility. The prince supported some dignity as a mere soldier, though he had no

talents nor prudence for a minister of state. To relieve himself from the burden of administration, he entreated the emperor to allow him M. Richecourt as a coadjutor. This man professed unbounded attachment to the prince while his advancement depended on the favour of his highness, and when admitted to power, proved ungrateful. He devised daily means to harass and disgust the prince: unable to sustain the conflict, Craon implored leave to resign the government. The emperor accepted his resignation; but he had lived above his income, and debts to a large amount compelled him to sell all his property, even his family plate; and the princess voluntarily disposed of her jewels, to satisfy the creditors. Old and poor, Craon sunk into contempt. The princess survived him some years, to pass that time in penitence for the sins of her youth. They who flattered her in prosperity, though they did not insult the distress of a being so unoffending, contributed no pecuniary aid to her necessities. Even her own children could not treat her with consolatory reverence, stung as they often were by incidents which led them to feel mortified by their origin. The extreme of youthful simplicity first led the Princess de Craon beyond the verge of guilt. Her husband involved her, and her fondness for Leopold continued the bondage. Could she have foreseen the calamities of her declining years, how anxiously would she have extricated herself from the fetters of vice, and sought peace with a humble independence in repentant seclusion! Even in the full possession of wealth and power, she could not always hush the remonstrances of conscience--the sense

of degradation from the honour of her sex. She had yielded all to a royal lover; but when the substance of an action is wrong, no concomitants can change its nature, or hush the self-upbraidings of a mind early imbued with virtuous sentiments and self-respect. B. G.

GENEROUS OR JUST: A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 21.)

ONE day, in strolling through the Tuilleries, O'Beirne chanced to seat himself on the same bench with a *chevalier de St. Louis*. There was something in the countenance of this gentleman which pleased and interested him. He made an advance towards conversation, which the other met with the polite urbanity of his nation. Arthur met him again in the same place and at the same hour at different times, and each time he felt the interest with which he had at first inspired him increase.— Though but little turned of middle age, his hair was perfectly white; and it was evident, from the pensive expression of his fine and noble features, that grief had done upon them the work of time; but he appeared to bear his sorrows with resignation, and spoke of the world as one who was in perfect charity with it.

Arthur suspected that pecuniary distress was at the bottom of the stranger's troubles, for his dress, though scrupulously neat, was threadbare. He longed for an opportunity to have given what might be at least a temporary relief; but there was something in the appearance of the veteran which rendered it impossible to touch the subject. Arthur observed that for several days his looks were more sad; he even thought that the traces of want began to be visible in his interesting countenance: still this might be only fancy.—

O'Beirne was conscious that his imagination frequently presented objects in a false point of view, and he still hesitated, when a circumstance occurred which convinced him that he was not mistaken.

He happened one evening to be in a coffee-house about five o'clock, when he saw the chevalier enter, and call for a cup of coffee and a roll, which he began to eat with an appearance of appetite which plainly shewed that it was to be a substitute for dinner. O'Beirne observed also that he was for the first time without his cross.

Shocked at what he saw, and desirous of sparing the feelings of the poor old officer, Arthur slipped out unperceived, but loitered about in the intention of dogging the chevalier to his lodgings. He was prevented from doing so by an acquaintance, who recognised and fastened upon him; but he determined on doing it the next day when they should meet at the Tuilleries.

The next day and several succeeding ones passed; he saw no more of the chevalier, and he did not fail to reproach himself for the procrastination which had perhaps exposed a fellow-creature to die for want; for he felt convinced that the old officer would perish rather than ask relief.

The day of his departure for Ireland was fixed, and on the morning before it, as he was crossing the Rue du Bacq, he saw a Sister of Charity,

who was unable to get out of the way in time, thrown down by the pole of a carriage: he darted forward, and rescued her from further injury; but though she had no bones broken, she was evidently hurt and frightened by the fall.

O'Beirne conveyed her immediately into a shop, and when he saw her perfectly recovered, offered to call a hackney-coach to carry her home. Hurt as the poor woman was, she was desirous of proceeding on her mission; but when she tried to move, she was evidently unable to stand. "Ah! my God," said she, "how unfortunate it is! I am expected just at this hour; my poor patient will be so grieved, so disappointed!"

"But, my good sister, cannot I go in your place?"

"What! a fine young gentleman like you?"

"I shall not make so good a nurse I grant you; but I can carry a message for you, and if there be occasion for any pecuniary relief, I may be of some use."

The sister paused. "There is occasion," said she, "but—No, you must not offer it; only tell him what has happened, and say that one of my sisters will be with him in an hour."

He handed the good nun into a coach, and cheered her with an assurance that he would proceed directly upon her charitable errand; and in fact he lost not a moment in doing it.

He found the object of her pious solicitude in a small room, miserably furnished, and on the fifth story of the house to which she had directed him.

On entering the room with a light

step, he saw nobody; but a voice from a bed placed in one corner said, "Is it you, sister Agatha?"

He could not be mistaken, it was the voice of the chevalier. His first impulse was to spare the feelings of the old officer by hastily retiring, and conveying his assistance through the hands of the sister; but a movement of the sick man rendered it impossible for him to retreat unseen.

He advanced, and with as much timidity as if he came to ask a favour instead of conferring one, he recounted what had happened, and delivered the message of the sister.

"Ah! sir," said the officer to him in English, "I recognise in this trait that benevolence for which I had already given you credit! Come near me. A few days ago I should have blushed to receive you in this miserable apartment, but I am drawing near the moment when earthly passions and prejudices cease; and I avow it will be sweet to me to prefer a last request to one who has the power, and I am sure has the will, to fulfil it."

"My dear sir," cried Arthur with an emotion which he sought not to conceal, "your request shall be sacred: but call it not a last one; I hope, I trust that you have yet many days to see."

"No, my kind sympathizing friend, my hours are numbered, and I feel my last one rapidly approach. I am an emigrant; I returned in the belief that my name and my services would command a provision for my last days. I have been deceived. My royal master cannot himself judge of all the claims upon his bounty; they are too numerous, alas! and doubtless there are many others more

weighty than mine. The small sum I brought with me was soon exhausted; my necessities have compelled me to raise a supply upon two crosses, the reward of my services, and very dear to me from the circumstances in which they were bestowed——”

“I will get them for you immediately,” interrupted Arthur.

“No, all will soon be over; if you will then obtain them, and let them be deposited in my coffin——You weep, generous young man! had we met in happier circumstances, you would have found De Mersanville not unworthy of your friendship.”

It was with difficulty that Arthur could restrain himself at this unexpected discovery: he had, however, presence of mind enough to consider, that the least emotion might be fatal. He obtained the chevalier's consent to see a physician, though he declared that it would be useless; and the physician was himself, after two or three visits, of the same opinion. “I do not believe,” said he to O'Beirne, “that there is a chance of his recovery: he himself will, or rather can, do nothing to accelerate it; for I see that his spirit is broken, and he looks forward to death as a relief from poverty and sorrow.”

“He has no cause to dread them,” said Arthur, declaring immediately his purchase of the property, and his intention of resigning it. “This will be a cordial indeed,” cried the physician; “but it must be cautiously and skilfully administered. I will take the task upon myself.”

He performed it admirably; it drew from the eyes of the poor sufferer those tears which his misfortunes could not cause him to shed.

Vol. VI. No. XXXII.

He wept upon the bosom of his benefactor; and his oppressed heart, relieved from the load of sorrow which had so long weighed upon it, began once more to taste of peace.

As soon as he was able to converse, Arthur revealed to him the discovery of the treasure, and inquired how it happened that the numerous advertisements had never met his eye. He accounted for it by saying, that he had lost his wife through the shock she received by reading accidentally in a newspaper the murder of her father-in-law. It was so sudden and so violent, that she fell into fits, which carried her off in a few hours. From that period he could never bear to look at a newspaper. He quitted England soon afterwards, hoping to find an honourable death in the army of Condé or in La Vendée; and as, in the obscurity to which he was reduced when the royalist party was at length quelled in France, he had dropped his title, calling himself Mr. Mersan, the very few persons who knew him did not suspect that the advertisement might relate to him.

A few weeks saw him repossessed of that part of his paternal inheritance on which he was born. The coffer afforded the means of satisfying Arthur's pecuniary claims upon him; but his debt of gratitude is one that he thinks he can never pay. He declares that he looks upon himself as only holding a life-interest in the property, which he has secured to Arthur and his children. Never was father more fondly attached to a son; and there are not perhaps many sons more duteously attentive to their parents. Arthur, who has a soul above pecuniary considerations,

M

finds the reward of his honourable conduct in the acquisition of a paternal friend, and in the sweet consciousness of having restored a worthy man to life and happiness.

DISCOVERY OF THE MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF MUGWORT:

A LEGEND.

NEPHRITIC concretions are seldom known among Highlanders, and they ascribe that happy exemption to the use of a plant, vulgarly called mugwort, which they boil and eat as greens in the early spring, before their gardens afford a supply of vegetables. The young leaves of mugwort thus prepared resemble spinach, and the plant is valued as an antidote to, or specific for, distempers of the bladder or kidneys. Tradition has its legend to account for the discovery of its virtue.

Centuries have beheld new generations, wailing infants, turbulent boys, valiant men, and gray-haired seniors, and those, with their descendants and the offspring of their posterity, are mouldered into dust since a mendicant, speaking the language of countries far over the seas, came to the house of a poor widow in the Island of Lismore. It was early in the spring; the preceding harvest had been spoiled by heavy rains, so that meal was scarce and dear. The widow had nothing to appease the growing hunger of her children but the herbs of the field; and the children were gathered round a little fire of drift-wood, impatiently asking if their mess was ready, when an old man with a long white beard opened the latch that secured the entrance, and stooping his long back to enter the very low door-way, spoke words so strange, that the little ones crept close to their mother to hide their

faces in her garments. But she told them that the stranger spoke the same words which she had often heard from dark-visaged sailors, who brought home many of the chiefs from the wars of the holy cross; and she rose and placed a stool for him, and shook the sleet and snow from his black cloak. His breath was short and quick with fatigue, and his hands were blue with cold. The children stood for a while gazing at the old man, and their tender hearts melted to observe how feeble and weary and chill was his tottering frame. They drew near, and chafed his hands and legs, and the eldest boy took his flowing beard between his hands to wipe off the moisture. The old man smiled, and clasped them one by one in his arms, making the sign of the cross on their heads; and raising his eyes, muttered prayers and blessings. The widow had nothing to offer him but mugwort greens. He took a little dish from his scrip, and a rugged stone, which the widow with surprise saw him put into the hot greens that she had poured on his dish. He continued stirring the greens till they were nearly cold, and then with sounds of joy took from his girdle a purse, which he threw into the lap of the widow. She declined to accept so large a recompence for her poor services, and she even feared that he was an evil spirit come to tempt her poverty to the commission of some misdeed. He seemed to en-

ter into her feelings, and to remove all scruples, he drew aside the pilgrim's cloak, and shewed the crosier and mitre, to convince her that he was an ecclesiastic of high dignity, who could have no sinister design in the benefaction offered to her. He gave her to understand, that he wished to be conducted to an ecclesiastic. No holy man dwelt nearer to the widow's hovel than a distance of two long miles: however, she sent with him her eldest boy as a guide and interpreter.

At his return, the boy told his mother that their late guest was lord abbot of a great monastery in a land where the fields are always green, and ripe fruits hang on every tree through all the seasons. He related that a dear friend, suffering extreme agony from the stone, had expired in his arms; and the grief of the abbot was increased by the conviction, that there existed a remedy for the painful disease among the rich profusion of plants and flowers which adorn the earth, though indolent and heedless man had not found out their

virtues. In order to effect a discovery, the abbot had the concretion extracted from the body of his friend, and after having in vain tried every production in his own country, he vowed to prosecute his search through all the regions of the globe. He had wandered far, made decoctions and mixtures of all that sprung from the earth wherever he travelled; but the stone lost neither weight nor size till it yielded to the solvent power of the greens bestowed on him by the poor widow. It was now reduced to air or water, he could not tell which, though of a certainty it had disappeared; and the purse of gold belonged of right to the poor widow, as he had always destined it for the person who might be instrumental in leading to the discovery.

Tradition adds, that this stranger founded an abbey at Lismore, the vestiges of which remain to this day, and the monks brought sea-fishes to the lake, some of the progeny of which are still gliding in the waters of that lake, in the Isle of Lismore, on the coast of Argyleshire.

SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES.

SHAKSPEARE'S female characters are creations of a very different stamp from those which have been generally and immediately popular in histrionic record. They are not mere ranting tragedy queens; every line of their speech is not a clap-trap; they are not talking statues; and they have something else to do besides walking about with a handkerchief in their hands, and a confidante holding up their train. They are women, "very women!" their business is, if my readers will allow me to use a schoolboy illustration, to be

—to do—to suffer. Their sorrows are not outrageous and theatrical; but

"The still sad music of humanity,"

as Wordsworth has finely phrased it, is heard throughout all their history. Shakspeare's description of a lover, in "As you like It," will apply as well to his delineations of woman in the abstract, as opposed to the common herd of stage heroines:

"All made of sighs and tears;
All made of faith and service;
All made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, all patience, all impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance."

Sighs, tears, passion, trial, and humility, are truly the essence of her character; and, however the dramatic writer may endeavour to "elevate and surprise," as Bayes has it, by pursuing a different course, these are the materials with which Nature will furnish him; and if he wish to follow her, "to this complexion must he come at last."

The elevation and surprise, which Mr. Bayes deemed so essential in writing, has been achieved by Shakspeare; but not at the expense of truth and nature. He places his female characters in situations which critics of the French school would shudder at; and yet, when on an enchanted island, like *Miranda*, or wandering through the wilds of Wales in man's attire, like *Imogene*, or becoming the wooer instead of the wooed, like *Helen*, they are infinitely more natural, more feminine, and more probable, than *Marcia*, though she never leaves her father's hall; and the heroine in the "*Cid*," though she shews the most decorous attention to ceremony, even when she hears of the destruction of all whom she holds dear. Shakspeare reconciled poetry and nature; he made—my readers will pardon a colloquial expression—both ends meet; he borrowed her wildest wing of romance, and yet stooped to the severest discipline of truth. He reveled in the impossible, without violating the probable; he preserved the unity of character, while he spurned the unities of time, place, and action; and combined propriety, nature, truth, and feeling, with wildness, extravagance, and an unbounded licence of imagination.

The general cast of character in Shakspeare's females is, as I have already said, tenderness and pathos; but this is not because our author was unable to depict woman in her more dignified and commanding, though less ordinary, attitude. Thus there is nothing more majestic, and actually awful, on the stage, than *Katherine* defending herself against the malice and hypocrisy of Henry; and nothing more fearful and terrific than the whole character of *Lady Macbeth*, from the first scene, in which her ambition is awakened by the perusal of her husband's letter, to the last, in which we discover its bitter fruits in treason, murder, and insanity. Then there is the *Lady Constance*, who is a fine mixture of suffering and of grandeur; a woman, a mother, and a princess, seen in all the fearful vicissitudes of human life; hoping, exulting, fearing, blessing, weeping, despairing, and at last—dying. Shall I add the *Weird Sisters*? I feel that I am travelling somewhat out of my subject: yet I cannot resist the mention of *Cleopatra* and *Isabella*, as farther instances of Shakspeare's power of delineating the loftier and stronger traits of the female character; and how strange is the neglect with which the play, in which the former character occurs, is treated! It is certainly altogether one of Shakspeare's most magnificent productions. Above all, his picture of the fascinating Egyptian queen is a master-piece. In perusing it, we feel no longer astonished that crowns and empires were sacrificed for her. "The soft triumvir's fault" is easily "forgiven." We no longer wonder at, we scarcely pity him, so splendid is the prize for which he is content to

"Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide
arch
Of the ranged empire fall!"

The reader, for this is not on the list of acting plays, is himself caught in the golden snare. The play is occupied with battles and treaties, with wars and commotions, with the quarrels of monarchs and the destinies of the world; yet all are forgotten when *Cleopatra* is on the scene. We have many and splendid descriptions of her personal charms; but it is her mind, the strength of her passion, the fervour and fury of her love, the bitterness of her hatred, and the desperation of her death, which take so strong a hold upon the imagination. We follow her, admire her, sympathize with her through all; and after the asp has done its fatal work, who does not exclaim with *Charmion*?

"Now boast thee, Death! In thy possession
lies
A lass unparallel'd!"

How different a being from this is the ill-fated fair who slumbers in "the tomb of all the Capulets!" She is all gentleness and mildness, all hidden passion and silent suffering; but her love is as ardent, her sorrows are as overwhelming, and her death as melancholy. "The gentle lady wedded to the Moor" is another sweet still picture, which we contemplate with admiration, till death draws his curtain over it. *Imogene* and *Miranda*, *Perdita* and *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, *Helen*, and *Viola*, need only be mentioned to recal to the mind the most fascinating pictures of female character which have ever been delineated. The last is a meresketch, but it is a most charming one. It seems to be a kind of *study*, if I may borrow an expression from the technicalities of the sister art, which

the author intended to have worked up into a more elaborate portrait. Her early misfortunes, her romantic love, her extraordinary and embarrassing situation as *Orsino's* ambassador to *Olivia*—but we need not describe her farther; whoever has seen—and who has not?—Miss Tree's personation of *Viola* is in possession of a finer commentary upon the character, than it is in the power of language to convey. The acting of that lady, throughout the part, is an exquisite paraphrase of those lines in which the character is so beautifully summed up:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in
thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief—."

My remarks have hitherto been confined to Shakspeare's tragedies; but it is fair to retort upon those who deny his power of portraying the female character, by pointing to the exquisite specimens with which his comedies abound. It will be sufficient to adduce two, *Rosalind* and *Beatrice*. What a fascinating creature is the first! What an admirable compound of wit, gaiety, and good-humour, blended, at the same time, with deep and strong passion, with courage and resolution, as evinced in her departure from her uncle's court, with unshaken affection to her father, and constant and fervent love for *Orlando*! How extraordinary and romantic is the character of *Rosalind*, if we contemplate it in the abstract; yet how beautiful and true to nature if we examine it in detail! *Beatrice* is a character of a very different stamp from *Rosalind*. She has indeed all her wit, but she has

none of her gentleness and good-nature. Her arrows are not merely piercing, but poisoned. *Rosalind's* wit is cheerful raillery; *Beatrice's* satirical bitterness. *Rosalind* is not only afraid to strike, but unwilling to wound; *Beatrice* is, at least, careless of the effect of her wit, if she can but find an opportunity to utter it. But Shakspeare has no *heartless* characters in his dramas; he has no mere "intellectual gladiators," as Johnson has well styled the actors in the witty scenes of Congreve. *Beatrice* has strong and easily excited feelings. Love is called into action by the stratagems of the garden scene; and rage, indignation, and revenge, by the slander cast upon her cousin. I have heard the character called inconsistent; but what is human nature but a tissue of inconsistencies? or rather, are not our hopes, fears, affections, and passions linked together by a thread so fine, that only the gifted eye of such a poet as Shakspeare can discover it? The changes of purpose and passion, as developed by *Beatrice*, strike us as being any thing but inconsistencies: abrupt and surprising they certainly are, but they are accounted for by motives of extraordinary weight, and by feelings of singular susceptibility.

Yet after all, *Julia*, the fond, adventurous, passionate *Julia*, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," is my favourite. How pretty is her first scene! She is neither afraid nor ashamed, and would as soon tell her maid of her love for *Proteus* as her pet bird; but then there is maidenly feeling, that best characteristic of the sex, which is neither to be found in pride nor modesty, vanity nor timidity; nor, even as it exists in vir-

gin minds, in all put together. How fine, how exquisitely fine, is the passionate exuberance of the following:

"Look, here is writ, *love-wounded Proteus*:
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice and thrice was *Proteus* written
down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirl-
wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!"

It is, however, in the second act, passing over the leave-taking, that we know her completely. We have her there in an undress. No "robes of gold" to restrain her, she "floats as wild as mountain-breezes" blow, but is still true to nature and to passion:

"Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with
snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words."

Then her next speech, how it riots in beauties! The sentiment—the very soul of poetry is embodied in it. Its current, like the one which it describes, doth indeed

"Make sweet music with the enamell'd
stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage."

She will go at any rate; that is fixed, resolved; and she is willing to make every necessary sacrifice but one, and her refusal to submit to this presents us with a truly feminine trait:

"*Luc.*—Why then your ladyship must cut
your hair.

Jul.—No, girl: I'll knit it up in silken
strings,

With twenty odd-conceited, true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be."

The whole of this scene is excellent. She has no suspicion; if she had,

pride, however weak before such love as hers, must have restrained her. She trusts in him wholly and truly, and forgets all possibility of forgotten faith and broken vows. She has been so long enshrined and worshipped, that she has caught some of the dignity of the altar, and expects homage of necessity. She lodges *Proteus* in her heart, and neither remembers, nor wishes to remember, that he is still an independent being. She will not speculate on his constancy, for to doubt were worse than to hate him:

"His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles;

His love sincere; his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

But in the next scene we have a sorrowful change. The high-minded woman,

"—Breathing, moving
In an atmosphere of loving,"

rioting in the luxury of passion, and triumphing in the eternity of love, is lost. The enchanter has thrown his spell around her; misfortune has touched her lovely form and lovelier mind; but she is chastened as well as depressed. Had it come in other times, and in other situations, she would have met it with human pride. But there is now nobody either to see or admire. She is thrown on a cold world, unmindful either of her sorrows or her joys, and necessity teaches humility.

"He plays false, father."

There is no expression, even in Shakspeare, more affecting than this. Her perfect devotedness under the strongest sense of the injury done her, her meek complainings, and, above all, her still unrepressed pas-

sion, are necessary to the story, and indeed to her character. She is too far gone for resistance: there is no reaction in such love as this. The whole of the scene between her and *Sylvia* is delicious, fit to be read under the shade of an *acacia* in "Ara-by the blest," or reposing on a "bank of violets in the sweet south." And her last speech, maidenly shame banishing all else for the moment, but still affording her the best opportunity for rebuke:

"O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love!"

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men
their minds."

In conclusion, I would say a few words upon the neglected play, entitled "*Pericles*:" first, because it contains a very sweet and interesting female character—that of *Mariana*, the heroine; and, secondly, because its authenticity has been strangely questioned by the commentators. To begin with the last-mentioned topic: it appears clearly to me to be a production of Shakspeare's, although certainly a production of his earlier years. The inconsistency and confusion of the plot, and the inartificial manner in which many of the events are brought about, prove it to be the work of a tyro; but the delicate touches of nature, the beautiful delineations of character, the sweet flow of its verse, and the rich vein of poetry and imagination which pervades the whole, disclose the master's hand, and entitle it to a high rank among the works of Shakspeare. How fine, for instance, is the following soliloquy of *Pericles*, on a ship at sea:

"Thou god of the great vast! rebuke these
surges

Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in
brass,
Having call'd them from the deep ! Oh ! still
thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders ! gently quench thy
nimble,
Sulphureous flashes ! Then storm, then ven-
omously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ! The seaman's
whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death unheard."

The description of the recovery
of *Thaisa* from a state of suspended
animation is also very eloquent:

"Nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been en-
tranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again ! She is alive : behold
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich."

But it is with *Mariana* that I have
most to do at present, who is born
at sea during a storm. Our author
in this play, as in the "Winter's
Tale," leaps over the intervening
years, and shews *Mariana* in the
fourth act "on the eve of woman-
hood ;" and her first speech on the
death of her nurse is sweetly plain-
tive and poetical:

"No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed
To strew thy grave with flowers ; the yellows,
blues,
Shall as a chaplet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days do last. Ah, me ! poor
maid,
Born in a tempest when my mother died !
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends."

The pathos and eloquence with
which she pleads for her life with
the ruffian who is hired to murder
her, will remind the reader of the
scene between *Hubert* and *Prince
Arthur*:

"*Leonine*.—Come, say your prayers speed-
ily.

Mar.—What mean you ?

Leo.—If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious ;
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar.—Why will you kill me ?

Leo.—To satisfy my lady.

Mar.—Why would she have me killed ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me now,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death will yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger ?

Leo.—My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar.—You will not do't for all the world I
hope :

You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-
shew

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought ;

Good sooth, it shew'd well in you ; do so
now :

Your lady seeks my life, come you between,
And save poor me—the weaker."

She is rescued from the hands of
the assassin by pirates, and after-
wards undergoes a variety of adven-
tures, in all of which the mingled
gentleness and dignity of her cha-
racter is most admirably developed.
The interview with her father in the
fifth act is indeed one of the most
powerful and affecting passages in
the whole range of the British dra-
ma : but I hope I have said enough
to induce such of my readers as are
unacquainted with this fine play to
peruse it immediately, and so judge
for themselves whether the mighty
hand of Shakspeare is not visible
throughout.

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. III.

THE TWO BROTHERS: AN HUNGARIAN TALE.

(By JOHN COUNT MAILATH.)

THERE were once two brothers of very different dispositions; the younger was kind and gentle, but the elder the reverse of him in every respect. When they had grown old enough to go to school, their father died, and both of them were obliged to leave their home. On reaching a place where the road divided, the elder stood still, and said to his brother, "Go you to the left, while I take the right-hand road, and we will make this bargain—either of the two who shall become a greater man than the other shall have a right to put out the eyes of the latter when we next meet." The younger remonstrated with his brother against the cruelty of this proposal; but the elder was not to be dissuaded from it, so that he was at length forced to assent. They then departed, the one to the right, the other to the left, in quest of a school where they might learn something useful.

Some years had passed away, during which the younger brother had pursued his studies with great diligence, when he one day went out for a walk. He perceived at a distance a coach and four approaching, and the horses ran very swiftly. Ha! thought he to himself, it must be some great personage who rides in such style. When the carriage had come close to him, he recognised his brother. "God bless you, my dear brother!" he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you again!"—The elder ordered his coachman to stop, and

having surveyed the simple apparel of his brother, he asked, "What are you then, brother?"—The younger replied, "Nothing at all as yet." "And I," rejoined the elder, "am judge on the estate of a great nobleman, and ride in a coach and four, as you see. You recollect our agreement, that on meeting, whichever of us should be the greater man of the two should have a right to put out the eyes of the other. Look around you then once more, for never shall you again behold the light." The younger raised his eyes to heaven, and implored the Almighty to aid him in his distress: he then said to his brother, "If you can really be so cruel as to put out my eyes, promise me at least, that you will afterwards take me to a cross, where I may say my prayers and die." The wicked brother readily promised, but without any intention of keeping his word. Having put out his eyes, he carried his brother under a gibbet, and there left him.

The blind student now prayed much and fervently, and there came three ravens flying from different quarters, and perched together. "Tell me," began one of them, "what there is new with you, and then I will tell you what has happened with us."—"Our king," answered the second raven, "is extremely sad: he had a tree which bore silver pears, which the king valued very highly, as well on account of their rarity, as because they were very good to eat; but for

N

seven years past this tree has produced no fruit, and that is the reason why the king is so sad.”—"Is there no help for this?" asked the first raven.—"O yes," replied the second: "at the foot of the tree lodges a toad, which draws to itself all the silver that ought to ascend into the tree. If this toad were dug out and shot, the tree would again bear silver fruit; but this can only be done with twenty-four diamond bullets, which must be fired off at once."—Then said the third raven, "Our king is very sad; for his son has fallen out of the window, and injured both his eyes so much that he is quite blind, and the doctors cannot do any thing for him."—"Is there no help for this?" asked the second raven.—"O yes," replied the third raven: "under this gibbet on which we are perched there grows a kind of grass, which, if rubbed on his eyes, would restore his sight."—"Well," said the first raven, "I will now tell you what has happened with us. Our king is very sad; he has imagined all along that he was the wisest man in the world, and knew every thing, and he has lately found something which he cannot account for, and that is, a glass coffin, containing a maiden of exquisite beauty; this maiden daily grows larger and more beautiful, and as she grows, the glass coffin grows with her, but she does not awake."—"Is there no help for this?" asked the third raven.—"Hardly," replied the first, "for nobody knows the history of this maiden; and if any one did know it, the king would be the sadder, because he had not discovered the mystery. The only help that can be had for it is, to procure a feather out of the tail of the bird Greif, which will answer in writing every

question that is asked it: but the wise bird Greif will not easily part with one of his feathers; and, besides, who would venture to repair to his abode?"—With these words the three ravens flew away.

The blind man, when the talking ceased, stooped to the ground, and pulled up one blade of grass after another, just as they chanced to come to hand, and rubbed his eyes with them, in hopes of finding that sort of which the ravens had spoken; thinking at the same time, "If I find the grass that restores my sight, I will be, as long as I live, kind and beneficent to all the distressed." As he was thus thinking, he plucked a fresh blade of grass, and, on applying it to his eyes, his sight all at once returned. He thanked God for his extraordinary recovery, and set out to relieve the three sorrowful kings of whom the three ravens had been talking.

He went first to the king with the silver pears. He proceeded to the palace, and was about to enter, when the sentinel asked, "Who are you?"—He answered, "I am a gardener."—The sentinel again asked, "What is your business here?"—"I am come," he replied, "to make the silver pears grow."—"There have been many other gardeners here before you," said the sentinel, "and they could not do it; but go in." When he entered the hall, he made due obeisance to the king. "Most puissant king," said he, "I know how to make the silver pears grow." Then did the countenance of the king beam with joy. "If you can accomplish that," said he, "I will give you half my kingdom."—Thereupon he replied, "I shall want for this purpose twenty-four men with

spades, and twenty-four soldiers with guns charged with diamonds instead of leaden bullets."—"My guards always fire with diamonds," cried the king. The king beckoned, and immediately twenty-four soldiers and twenty-four gardeners provided with spades entered, and taking the student in their midst, conducted him into the garden. When they had come to the tree which was wont to bear silver pears, the student ordered the twenty-four gardeners to dig round about the tree till they should find a toad, when they must all instantly draw back, because the toad was extremely vicious. The men did as they were bidden, and after digging half a day, they found the toad: they immediately drew back, for the toad was as large as a hog, had on silver harness, and vomited fire; but the twenty-four soldiers were not afraid, they pointed their guns, and when the student cried "*Fire!*" they fired all at once, and the toad fell down dead. The tree instantly appeared flourishing, and the silver pears glistened on the branches. The king forthwith tasted one, and finding them as savoury as ever, he gave half his kingdom to the student, so that he was now half a king. But the student said, "O king, I have yet a long journey to take; give me three of the pears to take with me." The king plucked them with his own hand, and gave them to him, and he departed in quest of the second sorrowful king.

The second sorrowful king to whom he came was he whose son had lost his sight. The sentinel asked him, "Who are you?"—He replied, "I am a doctor."—The sentinel again said, "What is your business here?" He replied, "I am come to cure the

prince."—"Then," said the sentinel, "there have been doctors enough here, and they have not cured the prince, neither will you be able to do it."—"You know, comrade," said another sentinel, "that the king has given orders to admit into the palace every one who says he is a doctor, were it even a gipsy: go in then." The king was sitting upon his throne, and he was very sad. The student made obeisance before him, and said, "Most puissant king, I am come to cure your son."—"Come to him then," answered the king. "If you can cure my son, I will give you half my kingdom." The king descended from his throne, and conducted the student to his son. Then the student drew from his pocket the grass which had restored his own sight, and rubbed the eyes of the young prince, who immediately saw: the king was exceedingly rejoiced, and gave to the student half his kingdom according to his promise, so that he now had two half-kings. But the student said, "O king, I have yet a long journey to make; take care of my half-kingdom for me till I come back." The king and the prince whom he had cured promised to do so, and he set out to find the third sorrowful king.

And as he came to the door of the palace, the king sat upon his throne, and said to his ministers, "There is at the door a young man who wishes to speak to me; bring him in." The ministers went forth, found the young man, and were astonished at the wisdom of the king. On the entrance of the student, the king motioned to the ministers, and they retired. When the king and the student were alone together, the king said, "You are come to tell me the history of the

maiden in the glass coffin; first look at her." He pulled a silken cord, a curtain rose, and the student beheld the maiden: she pleased him beyond measure, for she was uncommonly beautiful. The student bowed and said, "Most puissant king, you must not suppose that I am wiser than you; in fact, I possess not half your wisdom: but if you will promise to give me this maiden to wife, I will find means to make you acquainted with her history, and how to bring her to life." The king was astonished at the sensible speech of the student, and replied, "Your desire shall be granted." Then the student immediately went his way, and journeyed to the wise bird Greif.

He had travelled many days through countries in which were neither men nor beasts, when at length he heard a prodigious noise: he wished to know whence the noise proceeded, and he journeyed on the whole day and the whole night, and the noise became louder and louder. At dawn of morning he found himself near two hills, which were engaged in fierce conflict with each other, and made this tremendous uproar. As two fighting cocks or two rams dart and butt at one another, so did these hills spring and clash and encounter; and the only road which led to the bird Greif lay between the two contending hills. "Then," said the student, "may it please you, mighty hills, have the goodness to be quiet for a moment, that I may pursue my way."—"And whither are you going?" asked one of the hills.—"To the wise bird Greif," answered the student.—

"Well then," said the other hill, "run on between us, we will strive to be quiet; but you must ask the bird Greif how long we are to battle it here, and bring us his answer, for we are both quite tired, and yet cannot desist from fighting."—"That I will do with great pleasure," replied the student; and the hills strove to be quiet, but rocked on their bases while the student ran on between them. Scarcely had he cleared the narrow pass, when the hills fell upon one another again with increased fury.

Again the student travelled many days through countries in which there was neither man nor beast, till at length he came to the Dead Sea, which he had to cross, but there was neither boat nor raft to be seen. By and by, he perceived an old woman in a nutshell, and this was the only conveyance across the sea; but the old woman threw every one whom she undertook to carry over, out of the nutshell into the middle of the sea, where he perished miserably. Then said the student, "Kind and beauteous lady, carry me over."—"Whither are you going?" asked the old woman.—"To the wise bird Greif," answered he.—"Well, I will carry you over," said the old woman, "if you will promise to bring me an answer to the question, how long I am to attend this ferry."—"That I will do with great pleasure," answered the student, boldly stepping into the nutshell to the old woman, and in three days and three nights she ferried him over the Dead Sea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DEATHBED OF CHARLES IX. OF FRANCE.

THE accession of Charles X. to the throne of France recalls the mind by a numerical association to the character of Charles IX. though no act of the new sovereign bears any similarity to the atrocious horrors of St. Bartholomew. The death of that royal bigot offers an awful lesson to all who are guilty of the tyrannical abuse of power. From the high justiciary to the prison-keeper, from the naval and military commander, ambitious to be distinguished as a rigid disciplinarian, to the pedagogue armed with an instrument of torture, to avenge the trouble occasioned by puerile ineptitude, giddiness, or indolence, the dying agonies of Charles IX. ought to inculcate the important truth, that, in the hour of death, the recollection of severities inflicted upon our fellow-beings will dreadfully aggravate the sufferings of nature. The description given by Dr. Cayet of the bodily and mental anguish endured by the sanguinary monster, who had been the means of spilling the blood of seventy thousand of his subjects, might deter all mankind from giving needless pain to the meanest of sentient creatures.

By a remarkable effect of retributive Providence, Charles IX. found the blood oozing from all parts of his body, and two days before his decease he sent for Mazille, his chief physician, to whom in helpless impatience he expressed his surprise, that neither the principal nor any of the numerous physicians in his domini-

ons could alleviate his torments. Mazille replied, that every resource of their skill was now exhausted, and in such a disease God alone could be the physician. "I believe you," answered the king, "so draw from me my large cap, that I may try to rest." Mazille obeyed the order, and withdrew, enjoining all to leave the room excepting the nurse and two inferior attendants. The nurse, fatigued with watching, endeavoured to sleep; but the sighs and groans of the royal patient would not allow her to compose herself; and going to his bedside, she endeavoured to soothe his distress. In broken sentences, interrupted by the violence of his feelings, the king exclaimed, "O my dear nurse, beloved woman! what blood! what murders! Oh! I have followed wicked counsels! I know not where I am—they so perplex and agitate me. How will all this end? I am lost—lost for ever!"—The nurse, with sympathizing tears, replied, "Sire, be the murders on those who induced you to order them; and since you never willingly consented to and now repent them, believe that the Almighty will not impute them to you. Oh! for God's sake, cease weeping!"

What a striking admonition to human pride and cruelty. When merciless to others, could we for one moment look forward to deathbed sufferings, fellow-feeling must lead us to spare inflictions, which, in some form or other, inevitably recoil upon ourselves.

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

"My dear, dear mother," said Lord Seabourne, "I conjure you to acquaint me with the source of your

increasing melancholy. Change of scene might have a salutary effect; yet you delay returning to England."

"Ever my favourite, and now my only son! my beloved William! do your conjectures afford no explanation for the recoil of my feelings when you speak of revisiting our country? Ah! my son! your countenance acknowledges a distinct perception of the cause."

"My mother, are your dislikes so insuperable?"

"My son! my only hope and comfort! I have no dislike to any human being; nor any repugnance, unless to *one* whose fascinations have been, and may be still, inimical to your happiness. Let us no longer treat this important discussion obscurely. With mutual candour, with mutual unreserve, as a filial confidential friend and affectionate mother, let us come to a clear understanding of each other's sentiments. I have not forgotten, I shall never forget, your claim to sacrifices on my part. You formerly renounced your inclinations to console a widowed parent, whose eldest son, in the prime of life, and the lustre of talents and moral excellence, perished by the swamping of a pleasure-boat; and his brother, next in age, making exertions to save him, contracted a dangerous, a fatal malady. You, my duteous son, to assuage my grief, consented to study for a learned profession, instead of indulging your ardent wishes for a military career; and shall not your mother resign her prepossessions if the resignation can make you happy? Yet, as her fears, too well founded, prognosticate misery, and not durable bliss, from connecting your fate with a person whose disposition can never be truly assimilated to yours, let us review the most interesting incidents which have made an impression upon your youth-

ful imagination. The mild climate of Devonshire was recommended for Lord Seabourne's alarming disorder, and a vacation from the university permitted you to spend some time with your brother. Sir Robert Monkton's residence was hardly a mile from our lodging, and he was kindly attentive to the invalid; your brother and you, in your airings, frequently called at Monkton Grove; Lady Cecilia Gore was with her sister, Lady Arrietta Monkton. Your brother knew her repute as an artful fascinatress, and with chilling coldness checked her advances. A swain she must have; and an accomplished, animated, polished Adonis of seventeen was presented to her, with some chance of a splendid succession. Her beauty, her graces, her mental adornments surrounded him with spells, which more experienced hearts had been unable to escape; and her well-acted *naïveté* rendered the enchantment unsuspected by its victim, till too late. I indeed saw through her studied character at a very early period, for a mother's cares are eagle-eyed; and the lady's celebrity as a consummate vanquisher of unwary youths, a finished coquette, no doubt quickened my penetration. Her years, four at least beyond the age of her prize, and her early initiation in all the arts of *match-seeking*, under a mother who had settled five unportioned daughters with fine establishments, excited my apprehension; but she ensnared a noble heart, and appeared to live only for her ingenuous captive, till the gay Earl of Elmwood, with a superb equipage, arrived at his magnificent seat in the close vicinity of Monkton Grove, and amused his idle hours by flirtation with the sprightly Lady Cecilia. My

dearest William! if I must inflict a pang by recalling to mind the ingratitude of a selfish young woman, forgive me, since I probe a festering wound only to prevent incurable distress. When Lord Elmwood engaged Lady Cecilia's attention, your brother, the Earl of Seabourne, was apparently convalescent: her ladyship, 'tis true, endeavoured to keep you on hand by casual marks of favour then, and in London; but with becoming spirit you scorned a divided attachment. She, however, trusted to her own address for reclaiming you to her chains, when you were withdrawn from her blandishments, by accompanying your brother and me to the Continent; and too certainly she will spread her nets of allurements when you return to England, the titled possessor of a fortune, which my cousin's immense legacy to me can clear of all incumbrances. You have youth, health, wealth, splendid, cultivated, and distinguished endowments of mind and person; and I beseech you, before you peril every fair promise of felicity, to pause upon the imminent, the irrevocable hazard and bondage of entering into nuptial ties with a woman who has manifestly sported with your feelings."

While, in a tone of anguish, or tender interest, Lady Seabourne spoke to the earl, his lordship sat with downcast eyes, leaning his head on one hand, and the other, an emblem of his dejected spirits, hung listless by his side. He continued thus, revolving his mother's expostulating sentences; and she, with anxious looks, had her eyes fixed upon him. He rose after some time, saying, "My mother, you have conquered, and I hope to subdue my-

self. Fortunately, I made no proposals to Lady Cecilia. That she is charming, I have felt in my inmost soul; but your ladyship has convinced me, I ought to be more unequivocally assured she is amiable, and sincerely attached to me. My dear brother Edward admonished me, not in vain, to be cautious, and I promised him to bring her to a test of disinterested preference, which I hope your ladyship will sanction by approbation. My brother George went into a sale-room at Edinburgh as a loungeur, and to observe the customs of the place on such occasions. Not to seem quite an idle spectator, he bid for a small landed property in Fifeshire: it was knocked down to him; and he gave orders to repair the house. Will my dear mother vouchsafe me her company for some months to that retreat, and we may let it be supposed we are making a virtue of necessity in nursing my estates."

"I applaud your wisdom, fortitude, and spirit, my dear, dear son," said Lady Seabourne, "and joyfully coincide in your proposal. As my cousin was a merchant in a remote part of India, and almost forty years absent from his country, his bequest to me is little known, and we may prevent the intelligence from being further circulated. I shall be ready to set out for Scotland in a week; in the mean time a few darkling inuendoes to Lady Sherlock and her news-giving family will speedily diffuse reports of our indispensable economy; and the lady in question shall be welcomed by me with unfeigned pleasure, if she comes nobly through the ordeal your prudence intends for her doubtful affection."

Few weeks rolled on before Lord

and Lady Seabourne were the inhabitants of a small but elegant mansion in the parish of Aberdour, Fifeshire. The countess had abundant resources for filling up the hours while his lordship rode or walked for exercise; and when both were at home, their similarity of tastes created for them agreeable entertainment and interchanges of sentiment. They had been four months secluded when Lady Seabourne was again filled with painful solitudes, by observing the earl alternately restless or pensive; and attributing his uneasiness to impatience for a return to London, with some remarks upon the rigorous winters of North Britain, her ladyship asked if they should not migrate to a warmer clime, like other birds of passage.

"What will your ladyship think of me should I answer, that I would gladly pass the winter here?"

"Why, my dear William, should I say aught but that you are become a sage? And I have no objection to remain here while you incline to it. However, I apprehend you would repent the choice, if confined but a few weeks by such inclement weather as we have read of in the Edinburgh newspapers of former years; nor does this autumn allow us to expect a mild winter."

Soon after this colloquy a week of tempestuous winds and rain settled into frost. Lord Seabourne came from a ride at the usual hour, and went to dress for dinner. His toilet was completed in a few minutes. He came to the drawing-room, where the countess stood at the window, looking at the rising moon. It was now twilight: Lady Seabourne said, "I did not think you could have finished adorning so quickly, and for-

bade the candles, that I might delight myself by admiring these gentle luminaries appearing in the clear azure concave. I likewise desired dinner to be kept back till your lordship was ready; for yesterday you were hurried from your toilet."

"I might have been ready if I had not trifled time in reverie yesterday. To-day I was resolved to be more expeditious. But I am very glad the dinner is retarded; and I prefer the moon and her galaxy to artificial lights; for indeed I wish to lay open my foolish heart to the indulgent friend who will pity, though she may not quite excuse, my weakness."

"My dear son, has Lady Cecilia Gore pursued the fugitive, undismayed by his supposed pecuniary embarrassments? If so, I retract my censures; I beg her pardon, and shall atone for my uncandid opinions by cherishing her with maternal love."

"Lady Cecilia deigns not to inquire after a fugitive; and, my liberal-minded mother, your readiness to favour her ladyship emboldens me to confess, I have seen a more attractive, and certainly a more lovely and amiable, object."

"Where? How, my son, since we have lived in unbroken retirement?"

"Perhaps your ladyship has some recollection, that on the pleasant day we spent at Inchkeith and Inchcolm, I ascended the highest cliff in one of the islets, and stood viewing an extensive prospect on all sides, assisted by my telescope, while your ladyship rested at the base of the rock. I saw amidst far surrounding trees an open space inclosed by a white railing, and fancied I could distinguish a slight figure clothed in white in a garden near a low build-

ing. We had dined *al fresco* at Inchcolm; it was evening when we got home: yet I went out among the peasants, to ask who lived in the cottage encompassed by a wood. I learned that an old Englishman and his wife were there. The wood had pertained by a long succession of generations to the offspring of the Lord of Liddesdale, the flower of chivalry; and though all the rest of his wide-stretching lands had passed to other lords during the civil and religious contests of Scotland, the descendants of the Lord of Liddesdale had held fast the forest domain, because he gave it to his favourite daughter, with a prophetic blessing, importing, that while her posterity retained it, they would be of lofty soul, undaunted in fortitude, and prosperous in every enterprise worthy of their race. It was now believed this honourable race was extinct by the death of a lady, her daughter and grandchild, beyond sea. The house was long unoccupied; but nobody could presume to say who was the next heir; and the precincts of the forest were regarded with a superstitious awe, which deterred the peasantry from even allowing their cattle to pasture in the forest.

The Lord of Liddesdale had denounced calamity to all who invaded these hallowed grounds; and that tradition perhaps was the most inviolable barrier against the rapacity of the church or state in troublous times. About two years ago it was reported, that *fairy spunkies* were flickering about the deserted house and its environs; but this rumour lost all credit when it was found that a number of English workmen had landed from a Leith packet near the date of the first exhibition of lights about the forest mansion; that in the course of some weeks these men took a passage to London in another vessel; and an old man and woman came at times to the town of Aberdeen to purchase necessities. They encouraged nobody to see them, and it would be mean and silly to court their acquaintance, since they gave but a surly reception to one or two who went to call upon them. No neighbour knew how or why they came; and their accent alone acquainted others that they were English. I cannot repeat the expressions of the peasantry in their genuine style, therefore I must give them in my own."

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMARKABLE INSTINCT OF THE WILD HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

A FRENCH writer, M. Dauxion Lavaysse, in his *Voyage to Spanish Guyana*, gives the following particulars relative to the herds of wild animals, and especially horses, in that country:

The horned cattle, horses, and asses, introduced by the Europeans into America, have there increased
Fol. II. No. XXXII.

to such a degree as to form very numerous herds. Some of them are kept in extensive pastures, and the Spaniards pay considerable attention to the training of these animals. Some proprietors, who possess all the land for fifteen or twenty miles round, frequently own from thirty to forty thousand horned cattle, horses,

asses, and mules. As, however, it is impossible for them to look after such an immense number, they merely burn a mark on the hide of each, and let them run where they please. Five or six times a year general hunts are held; each proprietor takes his own animals from among those which are caught, and sells the finest of them.

But there are thousands of these beasts which run wild in the woods, and have no owner. The horses in particular live in wild troops of five or six hundred, or even a thousand. They occupy immense savannahs, where it is dangerous to attempt to catch them, or to molest them in any other way. In the dry season they are frequently obliged to run two or three leagues, or perhaps farther, in quest of water. They then march in regular files, four abreast, so that the troop is frequently a quarter of an hour in passing. Four or five scouts precede them, at the distance of about fifty paces. These, if they descry a man or a jaguar, give a signal by neighing, and the whole troop immediately halt: if the object of their alarm goes out of their way, they continue their march; but should he attempt to break their ranks, they spring upon him, and trample him to death. It is therefore advisable to clear the way for them, and let them pass quietly. Besides the four scouts they have a leader, who goes between these and the troop. Five

or six other horses march on each flank, to prevent the rest from breaking their ranks. Should any one, however, quit the main body, either from hunger, thirst, or caprice, they fall upon the disorderly animal with their teeth, and compel him to return to his place. At Trinidad I often heard mention made of this extraordinary discipline among the wild horses, and could scarcely believe it; but on the banks of the Guarapiche, I twice witnessed instances of it, and remained there five days, for the purpose of observing closely this singular instinct.

I have noticed something of the same sort among the wild oxen on the banks of the Oronoko. A leader goes before each herd, and another brings up the rear. The inhabitants of those parts assert, that the wild asses have the same practice. The mules alone have not been observed to have any leader. On the approach of a common enemy, they nevertheless unite, and shew more cunning and address than the horses in avoiding the snares which are laid for them, or in escaping when caught. I recollect to have once seen in an inclosure at Carupano, a wild mule throw himself on the ground, and assume the appearance of death; but before we were aware, he sprang up, burst through the fence, and ran off. Thirty persons pursued him for two hours, but could not catch him at last.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XVIII.

IN looking over the sketches to which the Editor of the *Repository* has done me the honour to give a place in his interesting Miscellany, I

find I have said nothing of Washington, to which I made several excursions during my residence in Alexandria; and which, as the capi-

tal of the Union, certainly deserves some notice. Later travellers may give a more vivid, and perhaps a more correct, picture of the "federal city" as "it is;" I shall sketch the portrait of it as "it was" at the period of my wanderings. On approaching the city, the eye was presented with little to interest or to charm. The site was fixed upon as being equidistant from what at that time formed the extreme of the Union to the north and the south; and it was also very nearly in the centre, taking the Ohio for the boundary on the west, and the Atlantic on the east. A tract of land, about ten miles square, situated upon the Potowmac, and what is termed the eastern branch of that river, was ceded by the states of Maryland and Virginia, and called the District of Columbia. Washington stands nearly at the north-western, as Alexandria does at the southern extremity of this district; and the spot on which it is built possesses many advantages, being salubrious and pleasant, and affording some beautiful prospects and picturesque scenery. The original plan for the city was a very magnificent one. It was laid out in squares, something on the plan of Philadelphia; the streets running due north and south, and east and west; with several crossing in diagonals, from one principal point to another, as from the Capitol to the President's house. The squares, formed by the intersections of the streets, contain from three to five acres each; and the streets are from 110 to 160 feet in breadth, having generally a broad footpath, with trees planted on each side. The principal buildings were the Presi-

dent's house and the Capitol: the former, a plain but handsome stone edifice; the other, a superb building of the same material, erected on the summit of a hill, rising 78 feet from the level of the tide in a neighbouring creek, which is called Tiber Creek, from the river Tiber at Rome, as the Capitol was named after the legislative hall of that city. Both these buildings were destroyed by the British in 1814; a well-merited punishment for the perfidy and bad conduct of the American government.

At the time I visited Washington, the prevailing aspect of the city was a most desolate one. I was informed, that the money for building it had been originally raised by lottery; the houses being the prizes. They were merely shells when made over to the fortunate holders of the tickets which came up prizes; and many of these persons were unable, from want of pecuniary means, to finish them. Hence whole rows of houses were crumbling into ruins, whilst the majority of the streets were unpaved; and, in consequence, in wet weather almost impassable to pedestrians. Mean wooden houses were also interspersed with the fine stone and brick buildings; and bushes and shrubs were growing in many places, just as they are to be seen in some country villages in England. A very large building, nearly in the centre of the city, had been destined for an hotel in the original plan: it fell to the lot of two orphan boys, who could not fit it up, and were gone no one knew whither. Of course, no person could lay claim to it; and a party of Irishmen who had seized it, were living in it at free

quarters, and sometimes were the cause of no little terror to the neighbouring inhabitants. I had heard a good deal of these rude beings, who were wild as the untamed savages of the woods, and was strongly inclined to pay them a visit; rather a dangerous experiment I was told, but I determined to persevere; and not to involve any one but myself, if the consequences should be as disastrous as they were represented to me, I resolved to go alone. On one occasion, having come over from Alexandria unexpectedly, on a visit to my friends, the Ripleys, and finding them from home, I resolved not to await their return at their own house, but to take that opportunity of visiting this Irish colony; and bending my way towards the quarter of the city where the huge pile which they inhabited rose in solitary magnificence, I soon found myself at its portal, which yielded to my touch.

On entering, I was a good deal struck with the appearance which the wide and spacious apartment presented. Men, women, and children were intermixed together, with cats and dogs and pigs; and in one corner a cow was tethered, whilst a jackass brayed in another. A large fire blazed on the hearth, round which a group of beings were collected, that would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of a Hogarth, or the pen of a Scott. An elderly man, of the true Milesian breed, occupied the centre, on a three-legged stool, the only seat the room afforded. His countenance was distinguished by an arch expression, which it was difficult to define, being of the description that may either appertain to roguery or good-humour. His matted locks of "yel-

low hair" seemed not to have encountered the teeth of a comb for some months at least; and his habiliments were in "rags and tatters," and of all the colours of the rainbow. At a little distance from him was seated, on the floor, a fine specimen of the female visage. This woman's features were harsh and repulsive; and her elf-like raven locks, reaching to her shoulders, unconfined by the black and dirty rag which I suppose she denominated a cap, added to the disagreeable effect which her dark and scowling countenance was calculated to produce. She wore an old bedgown, which, however, was scarcely sufficient for the purposes of decency; her bosom was exposed, but one glance was I think as much as the least fastidious wight could possibly endure: the shrivelled skin seemed of the consistence of parchment, and the natural healthy colour was changed for a ghastly, sickly, and disgusting yellow hue, perhaps equally the effect of exposure and disease. Her feet disdained the incumbrances of shoes and stockings; and when I entered, she was in the act of cooking a cake of Indian corn on an iron skillet: her form, as she bent over the curling flames, the smoke, at the moment, being driven by the concussion of the air in a revolving eddy around her, might well have been taken for one of the Furies. A young girl, too fair and too beautiful to belong to such parents, leaned against the chimney-piece: she had not a superfluity of clothing to boast of; but what she had was arranged with a care and attention, which shewed, that her residence in this den of iniquity had not deprived her of that greatest feminine grace, the grace of modesty.

Three urchins were pursuing their noisy gambols on the floor; heedless of all that passed around, and as happy as if they were clothed in silks and satins and fine linen, instead of being covered with patchwork habiliments, the materials of which might have been gathered from all the corners of the earth. The contrast between their round, chubby, good-humoured features, and the strongly marked countenance of the woman, the half-knavish, but still less disagreeable one of the man, and the pale cheek of the young and delicate female, was striking, and could not fail to excite attention in those who love to see nature in its most eccentric moods.

Several other groups were scattered about, some gaming, others singing, others making matches, or arranging ballads in their baskets, emblems of their vocation, which was that of haunting the streets and highways, to pick up what they could from the charitable passenger. Some were evidently quarreling, as their language was harsh, and delivered with the most vehement gestures; but, for several minutes, none took the slightest notice of me, as I stood just within the entrance, gazing on the disorderly scene.

At length the female, of whom I have made such honourable mention, having finished her cake, turning round, discovered the intruder, and exclaimed, "Arrah! and, Dermot, now! don't ye see there's a jontleman? and perhaps he be speaking to ye, ye hear."

Dermot got up from his three-legged stool, and his movement and the speech of Norah (which I afterwards found was her name) directed all eyes upon poor Pilgarlick, who

scarcely knew whether to stand his ground, or make good his retreat while it was yet in his power. However, all freedom of choice was soon taken away; for Dermot accosted me, and making a *congé*, "Sarvant, sir," he said; "it is not often that we see the likes of ye, any how; and what would yere bizness plase to be?"

"Faith, Dermot," I replied, "I have very little business indeed; curiosity chiefly brought me here."

"And then let *curosimy* be taking ye away, my jewel," said Norah, "before ye get your head broke for poking it into other people's shielings, and bad luck to ye!"

"Now be quiet, can't ye, Norah, and let me spake to the jontleman," rejoined Dermot, interrupting his less placid helpmate, for such I took her to be; "I'll warrant ye I'll make him give a good account of himself. Faith and ye shall see that 'tisn't I will cross-examine him nately, my honey." (Then addressing himself to me.) "Where d'ye come from, ye spalpeen?"

"If you are civil," I replied, "I shall have no objection to answer any of your questions; but I certainly shall not if you begin to call names, and —"

"Arrah! and here till him now!" shouted Norah at the very top of her voice; "here's a pretty hubbaboo! He comes into our house without asking lave or licence, and then stands upon not being called names! But I'll name him, only let me come at him, Dermot, will ye now?"

Suited the action to the word, she brandished a fire-shovel which she held in her hand, and I began to think that my situation might prove a very unpleasant one. I

therefore hastily exclaimed, " My good friends, I have no evil intentions, I assure you. As I have told you, curiosity was the prevailing motive which led me here. I had heard a good deal of your way of life, of your free and easy and unconstrained mode of conducting yourselves, and I wished to be an eyewitness of your fun and frolic: nothing more, believe me."

" Och! and is that all? Faith then, and ye shall see that we are merry boys. Norah, put on the pot, jewel; and, d'ye hear, give us some of the crature—a drap of the right usquebaugh. Now, lads, let's treat the jontleman with a little life."

In a minute the whole of the inhabitants of the room were in motion. Some fetched trestles and boards out of an adjoining apartment, and a long table, with forms on each side, was soon placed in the middle of the floor. This was covered with horn cups and two large tin cans; one of which contained water, and the other I knew from its smell was full of genuine whiskey; a liquor as much in vogue in America, and as much relished, as it is in Scotia's glens, or in the land of St. Patrick itself. Dermot seized me by the arm, and leading me towards the head of the board, where he placed himself, seated me by his side, and told me to make myself welcome, and to shew that I was good company for jolly Irish lads, who lived free and independent, caring for nobody, whilst nobody cared for them. Then the whiskey began briskly to circulate; and the laugh and the joke and the song went merrily round. As the liquor took effect upon my companions, I found that some of them were not

the most scrupulous in their modes of furnishing the supplies; and the manner in which they boasted of their exploits made me feel rather uneasy in my seat, as I began to fear that, with such a lawless set, I should find little mercy if I chanced in any way to offend them. Several of the men soon began to be quite inebriated; and then, like true Irishmen, they were one moment kissing and embracing each other, and the next, knocking each other down. The voice of Dermot, who seemed to exercise some authority over the horde, succeeded in establishing silence for a short period; and I took the opportunity of asking him who the young girl was whom I had seen standing by the fire when I came in.

" Faith, and is it Miss Lizzy ye'd be asking ater? Why then ye'd better never have been shewing your ugly face here, if its any harm to her that ye're thinking on."

" Indeed, you mistake me entirely," I replied; " so far from harming, I wish I could serve her. Her features and appearance clearly prove, that she is not of your race; and I think her situation here does not seem congenial to her feelings. I would fain place her in a better."

" Divvel doubt ye," said Dermot; " but ye don't get Lizzy from me; because I promised her father, Dead or alive, says I, Sandy, my man, I'll take care on her; and I'm not the lad to run from my word."

" She is the daughter of a comrade of yours then?" I asked.

" Why, yes, he was a bit of a comrade to be sure; we fought together in several campaigns, and one day, when a great big black-looking spalpeen of a Frenchman had knocked me down with his firelock, which

he handled as well as I could a shillela, bad luck to him! to be sure an Sandy didn't give him such a pretty proking with his baganet, that he began to caper like as Phelim there does when he hears old Father Luke scrape the strings of his fiddle. So ye see for that, why when Sandy was dying, I promised to take care of his daughter; and ha'nt she been wid the childer ever since? and don't my own Norah look up to her as if she was a queen? To be sure she does."

I had very little faith in any attention which Norah might pay the poor girl, who seemed to be thus thrown, without any adequate protector, into a situation as little calculated as could possibly be imagined to improve either the morals or manners of a young female; and I was determined to see if something could not be done to remove her from what appeared to me a den of vice and of profligacy. My attention was, however, soon drawn off from "Lizzy's" care to the storm which was gathering round me, and of which the growlings of discontent, and the loud and dissonant shouts of various disputants, gave ample indications. I thought my situation would soon grow very unpleasant, and taking some dollars from my pocket, I placed them in Dermot's hand, as a recompence for my entertainment, telling him I should take my departure. He was just then too busily engaged in catching up a stool to ward off a blow aimed at him by a tall Munster peasant for some observation derogatory to the latter which Dermot had made, to do any thing more than hold hard by the cash; and I with some difficulty made my way to the door. Per-

haps I should not have escaped so easily if a general row among the Hibernians, in which man, woman, and child joined, had not commenced. In the midst of the combatants I observed Norah particularly active; and I had to creep along close to the wall to avoid catching any of the blows that were plentifully dealt around. In the confusion it is not to be wondered at if I missed the door, and, instead of finding myself in the street, when I passed what I considered the entrance, a long and narrow passage presented itself. Not much liking to return to the room I had left, I resolved to see to what part of the mansion this led, but had not advanced far when a sound of distress arrested my attention. To my right I observed a small door, which stood ajar, and thence the sounds seemed to issue. I pushed it open, and there, leaning against the wall, for the room was entirely empty, with the exception of a bundle of straw in one corner, that evidently served for a bed, stood the fair damsel whose story I had partially heard from Dermot. She was weeping, and I advanced to inquire the cause. Her reply was marked by modesty and good sense. She observed, that to a stranger she scarcely knew whether she ought to make any communication: "but," she added, "you seem, sir, to be a gentleman; can you then wonder, that, in such a situation, and with such associates, I am miserable and unhappy?"—"Why do you not leave them?" I inquired.—"Alas!" she said, "what should I do? and where should I go to? An orphan, far away from my native land, without relatives, without home, what can I do? where can I go?"—"I think, if you

really wish to leave this place——” —“Really wish to leave it? O sir!” —“Well then, I have but little doubt that I can procure you an asylum in a house where the family are amiable, and where I am sure you will be treated with kindness, and, if you deserve it, meet with every encouragement and reward.” —“Oh! bless you, bless you! lose no time in conveying me from this horrid den of vice and riot. Hark!” she said, as the noise from the apartment I had left grew louder, “they are now at the usual work: such is generally the end of all their revels!”

Presently a loud crash made us start; and, in another instant, Dermot rushed into the apartment bleeding dreadfully from the head. He was followed by a tall and athletic Hibernian, with a huge staff in his hand, which he brandished with fury; and at his heels came Norah, seemingly breathless with rage, and eager to save her husband. The pursuer aimed a blow at poor Dermot, which would probably have finished the term of his mortal existence, had I not caught the stick, and, by the suddenness of the jerk, wrenched it out of the ruffian's hand. “Och! and kill him then, darling—the big blackguard!” cried Norah; following up her words with a well-meant blow, which, however, from her being a bad judge of distances, fell short, and poor Norah, from the

violence with which it was aimed, lost her equilibrium, and measured her length on the floor. With some difficulty, by expostulations, threats, and the promises of reward, I succeeded in restoring peace between the two; and after Dermot's head had been bound up (by the bye, he made very light of the matter, saying a “bit of brown paper wud soon cure it,”) I at once introduced the subject of “Lizzy's” leaving them. Dermot was very loth to hear any thing of such a proposition; but Norah eagerly embraced it; and as “the gray mare was the better horse,” it was soon arranged that this interesting girl (whose father, Alexander Sanderson, a Scotch soldier, who fell in an engagement a few years previous, leaving his daughter to Dermot, as he had related,) should accompany me. Poor girl, I could not let her walk through the streets, and therefore sent Dermot for a coach; and having given Norah such a sum as quite reconciled her to my intrusion, as soon as the vehicle arrived, I placed the hapless girl in it, and ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Ripley's. Here, to bring this long, and I am afraid, rather tedious tale to a conclusion, I succeeded in securing her an asylum in a domestic situation, and left the grateful girl quite happy.

A RAMBLER.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. VI.

THE appointed night for our monthly meeting arrived, and found us seated at the worthy vicar's, enjoying the delightful breeze which agitated the drapery of the apart-

ment, and wafted to us sweet perfumes from a beautiful flower-parterre that ornamented the front of the house. The *Tales of the Crusaders* lay on the table, and the vicar,

with a smile, observed—

“Well, Reginald, are you inclined to break a lance to-night in defence of the author of *Waverley*, who has been found guilty of numberless sins and misdemeanours, committed in his capacity of novelist, and on whom summary execution is to be done?”

Reginald. In such a case, who would not be eager to be the foremost in the fray? And you cannot doubt but I, whose admiration of the genius which dictated the *Waverley* novels not all the spleen of all the critics in *Cockayne* will ever be able to damp, shall be ready to do the duty of a good knight, and to maintain the combat against all comers.

Captain Primrose. Foregad, a gallant defiance, Reginald! and I, for one, shall decline taking up the gauntlet which you have thrown down, for two reasons: first, a dread of your superior prowess in the art of wordy warfare; and, secondly, because I am as warm an admirer of the works in question as you can be.

Apathy. Psha! what are they but gross plagiarisms from old black-letter records and musty chronicles? The materials with which these furnish him have been woven by Sir Walter, if indeed he be the “Great Unknown,” with tales certainly of some little interest, but the faults of which are even more conspicuous than their beauties.

Dr. Primrose. But how is it, friend Apathy, that, with every advantage which Sir Walter possessed, no one before him ever produced such wonderfully interesting pictures of “men and manners;” so interesting, because they are so natural; and, whatever age his characters may belong to, so completely embodying every essential feature of the different class—

Fol. VI. No. XXXII.

es of which they are members, that they cease to be individuals, and stand before us as representatives of the different bodies into which society was divided, whether clerical, military, or civil?

Mr. Montague. Or why is it, that out of the host of imitators whom his success has provoked to emulation, not one has yet come up to the excellence of the original?

Apathy. What! do you mean to say, that no modern novel is equal to the *Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, or—

Reginald. Stop, stop, my most candid disputant! I do not mean to contend, that the genius of the author of *Waverley* never flags, or that there are not novels of the modern school equal, or even superior, to those you have named. But shew me the man in the three kingdoms whose genius is competent to the producing a *Waverley*, an *Antiquary*, a *Rob Roy*, a *Heart of Mid Lothian*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and last, but not least, *The Talisman*. Do this, and I will vail my bonnet to the equal of the mighty magician of the north, whose genius, like that of our own immortal Shakspeare, will be confined to no time or place, but will bloom and flourish wherever literature is cultivated, and when those who loved and those who envied him are sleeping alike in the cold and silent grave.

Miss Rosina Primrose. You have read *The Crusaders*, Reginald?

Reginald. Aye, before they were forty-eight hours old, I was seated at my desk, and had begun to place my ivory knife between the leaves.

Rosina. And what is your opinion of the tales?

Reginald. That *The Betrothed* is

P

a very respectable, though not super-eminentely clever, production; but that *The Talisman* is equal to any thing the author ever wrote: it is a splendid tale of chivalry, told in his best style, and the interest never flags from the first page to the last.

Mr. Mathews. Don't you think much of that interest arises from the felicitous manner in which the tale opens, which makes us at once anxious for the fortunes of the brave Knight of the Leopard, and awakens all our sympathies as Christians by the localities of the scene in which Sir Kenneth is first presented to our view?

Reginald. Undoubtedly. And that proves the great tact of the author. And this part of his subject is handled delightfully, and in a masterly style. The picture of this brave knight in the wilderness flits before our eyes as we read; and we almost think the scene is realized, so vivid is the impression the book leaves on our imagination. How beautiful is the description of the knight's approach to the Dead Sea, and the scenery of that spot of desolation!

Crossing himself as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire; and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, send not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon:

the land, as well as the lake, might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation; and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of water-spouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphureous substance, called naphtha, which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied these rolling clouds with new vapours, and seemed to give awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

The Vicar. It occurs to me, that that is a very correct and vivid description of the site where once proud Sodom and Gomorrah reared their impious heads in proud defiance to the will of heaven. Let us see what old Baumgarten says of it*.

The vicar reached a book from one of the shelves, and turning over its pages, read as follows:

On the third day, having followed our guides, we arrived at the Dead Sea. In our journey thither we had a view of that frightful and horrid place, where God did so signally pour down his vengeance upon the Sodomites. The land lying round about is full of pits, covered over with ashes, that seem newly cast up there: it scarcely ever produceth any thing green; but ever looks black, and as it were scorched and blasted with lightning. It is full of pits and holes, into which our mules stumbling, and throwing us upon the ground, gave us occasion, sometimes of laughing, and sometimes of compassionating the poor creatures. It had rained for a long time when we were there, and by that means the earth was grown soft and spongy, so

* Martin Baumgarten was a German nobleman, a native of the Tyrol. He travelled in the East between 1505 and 1510.

that if any chanced to fall, the ground giving way, immediately received, and, as it were, hugged him in its bosom, being covered above with the clammy tough earth; one had much ado to get up again. Shortly after we came to the Dead Sea, and there, having secured our mules by fastening them to some bushes that grew there, we advanced to the shore. The suffocating stink, the melancholy and hellish aspect of this place, the shore full of reeds and rotten trees, the unwholesome saltness and binding quality of the water, which is bitter as gall, represented to our eyes the dreadful vengeance of an offended and angry God.

Apathy. The "Unknown" had been reading that passage when he wrote his own.

Mr. Montague. Well, and suppose he had? Is he not right to procure the best information, and to consult the best authorities, relative to the localities of which he treats, if he cannot be himself an eyewitness of them? Can you blame him for that? Or is it a crime in him, that he supplies a deficiency so much felt and complained of in many imaginative writers; viz. that their descriptions of scenery and places are as fictitious as their stories?

Counsellor Eitherside. Don't you think, Reginald, that the fountain, called "the diamond of the desert" by the novelist, is Elisha's well?

Reginald. I have little doubt of it. Sir Kenneth has now obtained a companion in a Saracen, whom he encounters in the desert; and the two are pursuing their destination to a spot where they can partake of some refreshment; and their approach to it is thus described:

They were now arrived at the knot of palm-trees, and the fountain which

welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion.

We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene which, perhaps, elsewhere would have deserved but little notice; but as the single speck, in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water, these blessings, held cheap where they are common, rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise. Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in and arched over the fountain, to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth, or choked by the flitting clouds of dust with which the least breath of wind covered the desert. The arch was now broken, and partly ruinous; but it still so far projected over and covered in the fountain, that it excluded the sun in a great measure from its waters, which, hardly touched by a straggling beam, while all around was blazing, lay in a steady repose, alike delightful to the eye and the imagination. Stealing from under the arch, they were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering the eye, by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man's accommodation had, in some measure, been attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, reposed in the same spot, and doubtless found their way in safety to a more fertile country. Again, the little scarce visible current which escaped from the basin, served to nourish the few trees which surrounded the fountain, and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared, its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

This is touchingly described; and

not less beautifully characteristic is the sketch of that wild scene where our Saviour was tempted of the Devil, and fasted forty days and forty nights in the mountains. The knight and the Saracen have left the fountain, and are proceeding onward to their destination:

Meanwhile, as they advanced, the scene began to change around them. They were now turning to the eastward, and had reached the range of steep and barren hills, which binds in that quarter the naked plain, and varies the surface of the country without changing its sterile character. Sharp, rocky eminences began to rise around them, and in a short time deep declivities and rents, both formidable in height and difficult from the narrowness of the path, offered to the travellers obstacles of a different kind from those with which they had recently contended. Dark caverns and chasms among the rocks, those grottoes so often alluded to in Scripture, yawned fearfully on either side as they proceeded; and the Scottish knight was informed by the Emir, that these were often the refuge of beasts of prey, or of men still more ferocious, who, driven to desperation by the constant war and the oppression exercised by the soldiery as well of the Cross as of the Crescent, had become robbers, and spared neither rank nor religion, neither sex nor age, in their depredations.

The Scottish knight listened with indifference to the accounts of ravages committed by wild beasts or wicked men, secure as he felt himself in his own valour and personal strength; but he was struck with mysterious dread when he recollected that he was now in the awful wilderness of the forty days' fast, and the scene of the actual personal temptation wherewith the Evil Principle was permitted to assail the Son of Man. He withdrew his attention gradually from the light and worldly conversation of the in-

fidel warrior beside him, and, however acceptable his gay and gallant bravery would have rendered him as a companion elsewhere, Sir Kenneth felt as if, in these wildernesses, the waste and dry places, in which the foul spirits were wont to wander when expelled the mortals whose form they possessed, a bare-footed friar would have been a better associate than the gay but unbelieving paynim.

Miss Primrose. That is indeed a beautiful passage! Shall I turn to some of our friends here (extending her hand to a shelf, on which the most celebrated Voyages and Travels were arranged), and see how true to nature the picture is drawn?

Basil Firedrake. Aye, aye, haul over their cargoes; and as I can't do any thing else, I'll read for you.

Our fair associate first took down Maundrell's *Travels from Aleppo to Jerusalem*, which journey was made in the year 1697; and finding the illustrations she wanted, the gallant captain read as follows:

As soon as we entered the plain, we turned up on the left hand, and going about one hour that way, came to the foot of the Quarantana, which, they say, is the mountain into which the Devil took our blessed Saviour when he tempted him with that visionary scene of all the kingdoms and glories of the world. It is, as St. Matthew styles it, an exceeding high mountain, and in its ascent not only difficult but dangerous. It has a small chapel at the top, and another about half way up, founded upon a prominent part of the rock: near this latter are several caves and holes in the sides of the mountain, made use of anciently by hermits, and by some at this day, for places to keep their Lent in, in imitation of that of our blessed Saviour.

Turning down from hence into the plain, we passed by a ruined aqueduct, and a convent in the same condition;

and in about a mile's riding came to the fountain of Elisha, so called because miraculously purged from its brackishness by that prophet, at the request of the men of Jericho*. Its waters are at present received in a basin, about nine or ten paces long, and five or six broad; and from thence issuing out in good plenty, divide themselves into several small streams, dispersing their refreshment to all the field between this and Jericho, and rendering it exceeding fruitful. Close by the fountain grows a large tree, spreading into boughs over the water.

Mrs. Primrose. Can you turn to any other author, Mary-Ann, who notices the same places?

Miss Primrose. Yes, mamma. Pococke, who travelled in 1737 and the subsequent year, thus describes the localities of the scenes of our Saviour's temptation, and of Elisha's well. He was travelling with a caravan, which left Jerusalem on Easter Monday for the Jordan. They passed by Bethany; and when about midway on their journey, they had a view of the plain of Jericho, which is part of the great plain on both sides of the Jordan, that extended from the lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea. We passed near a very deep vale, in which there was a small stream of water; the descent to the plain was long, and the road bad: towards the bottom, on the north, are the ruins of a small building, and a larger about a mile to the south. We crossed over a large stream, running east at the bottom of the hill, our course being now to the north; and after having gone about a mile, we came to a low hill at the foot of the high mountains to the west, which are commonly called the Quarantana, because there is an account from tradition, that Christ was tempted there forty days by the Devil; and it seems to be the chain of hills mentioned

by Josephus, as extending from Scythopolis towards Tiberias, to the further end of the Dead Sea, and possibly as far as Idumea. Going in between this hill and the mountains, I saw a large ruined building opposite to the place where we were to ascend the mountains to the west, which, they say, are the highest in all Judca. As we ascended, we passed by several grottoes, and an Arab took a *capha* or tax. In the way they shew two or three grots relative to Christ's temptation; and at the top is a chapel, to which no pilgrims are allowed to go: it is on the spot from which, they say, the Devil shewed our Saviour all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. On the east of the low hill before-mentioned is a large ruinous building, with a channel to it from the hill, as if designed to convey the rain-water to a cistern that probably was there. There is a canal from it to an aqueduct, which is built on high arches over a small valley: there are remains of several of these arches, which probably distributed the water over the fields that are higher than the fountain of Elisha. We passed by another little hill, to the north of which is the bed of a torrent, which goes near the fountain of Elisha, which is near the end of a wood. The water of this spring is very shallow, and rises up in several parts; it is a soft water, and rather warm. I found some small shell-fish in it, of the turbinated kind: there is a round inclosure about it of hewn stone, in which were six niches, semicircular at top; two of them remain entire. These are said to be the waters which were healed and made fruitful by Elisha's throwing salt into them, at the request of the people of Jericho*. I observed that the country around it was very fruitful, producing good herbage and a great number of trees.

The Vicar. I shall read you one passage more. It is from my quaint

* 2 Kings ii. 19.

* 2 Kings ii. 19.

but favourite author, Baumgarten. He too is travelling from Jerusalem. But, cousin, as you undertook to be reader for Mary-Ann, execute the same office for me, and read this passage—pointing one out to the captain, who proceeded:

The first place we came to was Bethany; and having passed it, we came next to a fountain, called the Fountain of the Sun. Having there watered our mules, we went on our journey eight miles further, until we came to the ruins of Adymon, which was on the confines of Judea and Benjamin. Having afterwards taken some refreshment at the fountain of Elisha, and tied our mules to the trees, we marched up the mountain Quarantana. The sun shone extremely hot, and annoyed us very much as we strove to get up: for so it was, that when we crept upon the small stones that lay loose, and scattered up and down in heaps, before we could arrive at any place to fix upon, down we tumbled, stones and all. With many such falls, there was scarce any part of our bodies but was marked most miserably with the roughness of the stones. But because we thought it dishonourable to be defeated by this mountain, after we had mustered Horeb and Sinai, higher and far more inaccessible than this, we plucked up our courage, and went on resolutely till we had gained the middle of the mountain; and here the remaining part appearing still more steep and unconquerable, sixteen of the monks, that were our fellow-travellers, deserted us. Three of the lustiest of them stuck to us; the rest going back to the mules, were fain to stay till we returned. And so six of us, by the help of God, with much ado, at last got up to the top of the mountain, and there being entertained with a fine cool air, we were much refreshed and comforted. On this mountain they say our Saviour fasted, and was tempted of Satan. From hence we

saw the ruins of a great many cities and places, particularly Galgala, towards the east, where the children of Israel pitched their tents, after they passed the river Jordan*. We saw likewise the ruins of Hay and Bethel, and of other cities. And then, when we had descended, or rather tumbled down, from this mountain Quarantana, we came to our company.

Mrs. Montague. Now will you allow me to read one passage more; or at least to point it out to our friend here? It is from Mr. Buckingham's *Travels in Palestine*.—The lady handed the book to Basil, who read the following extract from the chapter entitled the Passage of the Jordan:

As we proceeded to the northward, we had on our left a lofty peak of the range of hills which border the plain of Jordan on the west, and end in this direction the mountains of Judea. The peak is conceived to be that to which Jesus was transported by the Devil during his fast of forty days in the wilderness, “after which he was an hungered†.”

Nothing can be more forbidding than the aspect of these hills: not a blade of verdure is to be seen over all their surface, and not the sound of any living being is to be heard throughout all their extent. They form indeed a most appropriate scene for that wilderness in which the Son of God is said to have “dwelt with the wild beasts, while the angels ministered unto him‡.”

In this mountain of the temptation there are many grottoes of the early anchorites, which were visible to us as we passed. The grottoes below are in long ranges, consisting each of several separate chambers; those higher up are in general isolated ones, all in the cliff of the rock; and on the summit of the hill itself is a small Greek chapel, erected

* Joshua v.

† Matt. iv. 2.

‡ Mark i. 13.

on the supposed spot of the temptation. The grottoes were all formerly inhabited; and one of the uppermost of them, which is approached by a flight of steps cut out of the solid rock behind the immediate front of the cliff, has still its decorations of Greek saints painted on the walls, with the colours perfectly fresh.

Mrs. Primrose. Why is the tale called *The Talisman*?

Reginald. Because our gallant Richard, who, when the tale opens, is suffering under the enervating fever of the climate, and obliged to remain inactive in his tent, whilst dissension and disunion reign in the councils of the Crusaders, is cured by El Hakim, a Saracen physician, sent by the sultan himself, by the application of a talisman. It was a stone, which, at some particular situations of the moon, he infused in water, giving the latter to the patient to drink. A stone, called the Lee-penny, or Lee-stone, is now actually in possession of Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart of Lee and Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, the representative of the family of Lee, which is said to possess the wonderful quality of healing. It was brought from the Holy Land by Simon Lochard of Lee, who accompanied one of the Douglasses thither, and who obtained it from the wife of a Saracen chief, as a part of her husband's ransom. It has been in the family of Lee ever since 1320: it is of a triangular shape; and tradition has handed down accounts of the many wonderful cures it has performed.

Apathy. Yes; that is the way with this author; he plagiarizes even from stories.

Reginald. And is it not a proof of great, of consummate ability, to work up traditions of popular su-

perstitions into wild and romantic tales? What a beautiful episode, for instance, is that which the Emir Sherkolif, who, by the bye, is Saladin himself, relates to Sir Kenneth of the origin of his family, founded on the Oriental tradition, that as the Ayoubites, the ancestors of the orthodox sultans, were infested with the heresy of the metempsychosis, their descent was only on the mother's side, and that their paternal ancestor was a stranger, who settled among the Curds. I will read it.

"Know, brave stranger," he said, "that when the cruel Zohauk, one of the descendants of Giamschid, held the throne of Persia, he formed a league with the powers of darkness, amidst the secret vaults of Istakhar, vaults which the hands of the elementary spirits had hewn out of the living rock long before Adam himself had an existence. Here he fed, with daily oblations of human blood, two devouring serpents, which had been, according to the poets, a part of himself, and to sustain whom he levied a tax of daily human sacrifices, till the exhausted patience of his subjects caused some to raise up the scymitar of resistance, like the valiant blacksmith and the victorious Feridoun, by whom the tyrant was at length dethroned, and imprisoned for ever in the dismal caverns of the mountain Damavend. But, ere that deliverance had taken place, and whilst the power of the blood-thirsty tyrant was at its height, the band of ravening slaves, whom he had sent forth to purvey victims for his daily sacrifices, brought to the vaults of the palace of Istakhar, seven sisters, so beautiful that they seemed seven Houris. These seven maidens were the daughters of a sage, who had no treasures save their beauty and his own wisdom. The last was not sufficient to foresee this misfortune; the former seemed ineffectual to prevent it. The eldest exceeded not her twentieth

year, the youngest had scarce attained her thirteenth, and so like were they to each other, that they could not have been distinguished but for the difference of height, in which they gradually rose in easy gradations above each other, like the ascent which leads to the gates of Paradise. So lovely were these seven sisters when they stood in the darksome vault, disrobed of all clothing, saving a cymar of white silk, that their charms moved the hearts of those who were not mortal. Thunder muttered, the earth shook, the wall of the vault was rent, and at the chasm entered one dressed like a hunter, with bow and shafts, and followed by six others, his brethren. They were tall men, and though dark, yet comely to behold; but their eyes had more the glare of those of the dead, than the light which lives under the eyelids of the living. 'Zeineb,' said the leader of the band, and as he spoke he took the eldest sister by the hand, and his voice was soft, low, and melancholy, 'I am Cothrob, king of the subterranean world, and supreme chief of Ginnistan. I and my brethren are of those who, created out of the pure elementary fire, disdained, even at the command of Omnipotence, to do homage to a clod of earth, because it was called man. Thou mayst have heard of us as cruel, unrelenting, and persecuting. It is false. We are by nature kind and generous; only vengeful when insulted, only cruel when affronted. We are true to those who trust us; and we have heard the invocations of thy father, the sage Mithrasp, who wisely worships not alone the Origin of Good, but that which is called the Source of Evil. You and your sisters are on the eve of death; but let each give to us one hair of your fair tresses, in token of fealty, and we will carry you many miles from hence to a place of safety, where you may bid defiance to Zohauk and his ministers.'— 'The fear of instant death, saith the poet, is like the rod of the prophet Ha-

roun, which devoured all other rods, when transformed into snakes before king Pharaoh; and the daughters of the Persian sage were less apt than others to be afraid of the addresses of a spirit. They gave the tribute which Cothrob demanded, and in an instant the sisters were transported to an enchanted castle on the mountains of Tagrut, in Kurdistan, and were never again seen by mortal eye. But in process of time, seven youths, distinguished in the war and in the chase, appeared in the environs of the castle of the demons. They were darker, taller, fiercer, and more resolute, than any of the scattered inhabitants of the valleys of Kurdistan; and they took to themselves wives, and became fathers of the seven tribes of the Kurdmans, whose valour is known throughout the universe."

Mr. Montague. The character of Saladin is well drawn, and well supported throughout. He was the Buonaparte of the age in point of fortune; but infinitely Buonaparte's superior in all the qualities of the heart. His father was a soldier of fortune, a native of Curdistan; and in his youth, Saladin followed the standard of his sire. An uncle named Shiracough being sent from Curdistan to assist Adhel, the sultan of Egypt, against his rebellious vizir Shawer, Saladin accompanied him; and on that uncle's death in 1168, the fortunate Curd, at the age of thirty-one, was appointed to succeed him in the command of the army of the caliph. By a fortunate concatenation of circumstances, he procured, after the death of Adhel, and his son Al-Malek (with whom he had been engaged in hostilities), his acknowledgment as sultan of Egypt and Syria, when he became actuated by an ardent desire to drive the Christians from the Holy Land. Re-

ginald de Chatillon, a soldier of fortune, having seized a fortress on the borders of the desert, from whence he greatly annoyed the caravans which travelled to Mecca and Medina, and even threatened those cities, Saladin complained of this conduct as a violation of the treaties then existing between the Christians and infidels: redress not being accorded, he resolved to take it into his own hands; and invaded Palestine at the head of a large army. The traitor Raymond, Count of Tripolis, persuaded the Saracen to lay siege to Tiberias as his first exploit. The King of Jerusalem advanced to its relief; but the Christians were deceived by the base counsels of Raymond, and defeated. Guy of Lusignan, the imbecile King of Jerusalem, and Reginald, were both taken, and conducted to the tent of Saladin, when an incident occurred, which probably suggested to Sir Walter the fate of the grand master of the Templars. Guy was fainting and exhausted, and the generous victor ordered him a cup of sherbet cooled in snow; but of this pledge of hospitality and pardon he would not suffer Reginald to partake. "The person and dignity of a king," he observed, "are sacred; but this impious robber must instantly acknowledge the Prophet whom he has blasphemed, or meet the death which he has so often deserved." Reginald nobly refused to abjure his God to save his life; when Saladin, striking him with his scymitar, the hapless warrior was dispatched by the infidel's guards.

Mr. Mathews. The character of the King of France is not less ably drawn; and that of Richard is admirably contrasted with it. The cool,

Vol. VI. No. XXXII.

cautious policy of Philip, and the ardent, generous, but too impetuous zeal of Cœur de Lion, were never more admirably depicted.

Reginald. And the author does justice to the better qualities of Philip, who, though a crafty, was an able prince, the son of Louis the Young: he succeeded his father on the throne of France, A. D. 1180, at the early age of fifteen. One of his first measures was to banish from court the buffoons and players, whose licentious manners had so long disgraced it; his next was to expel the Jews from the kingdom. His genius triumphed over that of our second Henry, who was compelled to make submissions to the French monarch, which were most unpalatable to his high spirit; and after his quarrel with Richard in Palestine, he omitted no means of aggrandizing himself, and extending his dominions. From the weak and imbecile John he succeeded in conquering some of the brightest jewels in the English crown; and died with the character of being the ablest prince of his time.

Captain Primrose. His treatment of our gallant monarch was, however, exactly that of a Frenchman: it was disgraceful to him as a man, and ought to cover him with contempt as a king. But even the Templars, those sworn soldiers of the Holy Land, were disaffected, as were all the allies of the English, Richard alone remaining true to his vow. In the tale, we have all their petty jealousies and base resolves brought before us with the fidelity of history.

The Vicar. The Templars had long been corrupted from their ori-

Q

ginal intention. They had suffered the world to obtrude its cares and its pleasures upon them; and had forgotten the solemn purpose for which their order was instituted. It originated in 1118, when some pious and noble persons devoted themselves to the service of God in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem; promising to live in perpetual chastity, obedience, and poverty, after the manner of canons. Baldwin II. then King of Jerusalem, gave them an apartment in his palace, which, being in the neighbourhood of the Temple, they derived from it their denomination of Templars. The order by degrees extended itself to every Christian state, and neglecting their vow of poverty, they acquired immense riches, and became so corrupt and licentious, that at length, in 1312, it was suppressed, and their territories and revenues confiscated. The unfortunate brethren, however, had not strict justice done them. A trial was certainly instituted, but the accusations against them were so contradictory, that they ought not to have prevailed. Philip the Fair of France was their great enemy; and avarice, which led him to cast a greedy eye on their immense possessions, was probably one motive for his relentless persecution; whilst, perhaps, revenge was another; as, in his quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII. the knights espoused the cause of the latter, and furnished him with money to carry on the war.

Basil Firedrake. Are there no ladies in these *Tales of the Crusaders*? By my faith, you have no gallantry amongst you if there be, and ought to be kept on an allowance of half a biscuit a day and no grog, for

passing over the dear creatures without mention!

Reginald. There are ladies; and Rose Flammock, in *The Betrothed*, with Edith Plantagenet, in *The Crusaders*, are as beautiful creations as ever emanated from the author's pen. They are depicted in glowing language, and are in admirable keeping throughout. Nor are Emmeline Berenger in the first, and the lovely Berengaria in the second tale, destitute of interest. The latter in particular has some fine ethereal qualities; she is like a beautiful sylph, which hovers near us, to charm our wondering eyes, and then is no more seen.

The Vicar. The Hermit of Engaddi, the half-insane Theodoric, is also an excellent sketch. I should suppose, by Engaddi, our author means Engedi, or the fountain of the goat, called also Hazazon Tamar, or the palm-tree city, from the great number of palm-trees by which it was surrounded. This was a city of Palestine, in the tribe of Judah (*Josh.* xv. 62), situated on the summit of a steep rock near the lake of Sodom, three hundred furlongs from Jerusalem, not far from Jericho and the mouth of the river Jordan. It was in a cave of the wilderness of Engedi that David had an opportunity of killing and of sparing the life of Saul, then in pursuit of him. 1 *Samuel* xxiv. 1, 2, 3, &c. And it seems to be the city of palm-trees spoken of in the Book of Judges, rather than Jericho.

Counsellor Eitherside. Most probably that is the place Sir Walter had in view, as the localities correspond with it. I thank you for the illustration; for I had forgotten the

mention of Engedi, and had in vain looked for Engaddi.

But it is time to draw this article to a close; though our conversation did not end here. The foregoing forms, however, the most important part of it; and I trust that the po-

pularity of the subject at the present moment will be a sufficient excuse for the length of this communication.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
July 14, 1825.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE number of musical publications, which demand our notice at this prolific season, induces us to comment on them collectively, under different heads. Variations and arrangements abound, as usual; while original compositions are the least numerous. Among the latter we submit the following:

Eighth grand Concerto for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments of a full Orchestra, composed, and dedicated to the Most Noble her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 70. Pr. 8s.—(Boosey and Co.)

An allegro, $\frac{2}{4}$ in D minor; a largo, $\frac{3}{8}$ in D major; and a rondo, $\frac{3}{4}$ in D minor. The predominance of the minor mood of itself imparts to this concerto a certain degree of serious colouring, which is further deepened by the style in which it is mainly written. Its very beginning is of canonic structure, and throughout the composition Mr. C. has more indulged in musical diction, treatment, and formulas of former times, than followed the style of modern writers; unless, what we have had occasion to remark of late, the most modern style of composition implies an approximation to the manner in vogue in the days of Corelli, Händel, and the Bachs. Music not

being exempt from the fluctuating and revolving sway of fashion, it cannot create surprise, that this art should, in its caprice, take a leaning to what was admired by our grandfathers: a similar fancy has for some years shewn itself in the decoration of our rooms, furniture, and utensils, where simplicity and chasteness have yielded to the whimsical and unsymmetrical forms and scrolls so universal a century ago.

This by way of general illustration, without implicating in the latter comparison the concerto of Mr. Cramer, which, with all its ancient hues, presents as great a proportion of interesting detail, bold flights of fancy, and striking combinations, as can justly be looked for in a composition of this description. The length (upwards of thirty close pages) is considerable; but this objection is much compensated by *tutti* of great extent and decided general interest.

Rondeau mignon pour le Piano-forte, composé par J. P. Pixis. Op. 77. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

Mr. Pixis is a favourite composer with the inhabitants of Vienna, where he resides; and this fact alone must act as a passport every where else. His compositions, and the present rondo especially, combine the rare advantages of good melody in-

termixed with numerous indications of sterling science; the hues of nature, set off by occasional colouring of deeper tints, producing a happy effect of light and shade; and although Mr. P. does not descend to matters trivial in point of execution, his productions seldom prove discouraging to a player of fair and reasonable attainments. This is certainly the case in the pretty rondo before us. It has some strong modulatory touches (pp. 6 and 7); but there is much fascinating cantilena sprinkled over the whole, and the subject is conspicuous for *naïveté* and cheerful humour.

T. Boosey and Co.'s Selection of Airs, varied Rondos, &c. for Piano and Violoncello, by the most admired foreign Composers.—Book III. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

A divertimento, op. 18, composed by Mr. Cipriani Potter, whose name has been admitted in the class of authors designated in the title-page. It consists of an andantino and allegretto, both in D major and $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and principally in a style of an age gone by. In the allegretto, indeed, the author tells us so himself by the superscription, “*piuttosto nello stilo antico.*” To an occasional trial of this kind there can be no objection, especially when the work is well done, as in the present case, where a considerable portion “*nel buon gusto moderno*” is made to intervene occasionally. The piece, upon the whole, however, does not abound in clear and fresh melody; but we must allow it the merit of decided cleverness as to harmonic structure. The violoncello part is effectively and tastefully written, and is indispensable.

VARIATIONS.

1. *Introduction and Variations, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. on an admired Air composed by Mr. Shield, to whom they are inscribed,* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
2. *A Russian Pas redoublé, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte,* by Philip Knapton. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
3. *The Heath Rose, a Prussian favourite Air by Reichardt, with six Variations for the Piano-forte* by E. Solis. Op. 6. Price 2s.6d.—(Published by the Author.)
4. *The favourite Air, “Sal margine d'un rio,” with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute obligato,* by Charles Saust. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

1. Mr. Shield's song of “The Thorn” is the subject chosen by Mr. Rawlings. Although it is not altogether a favourable theme for variation, Mr. R. has been successful in his treatment. The three variations and coda are imagined in very good style; and the introduction is appropriate and interesting. The amplification, which has crept into the theme, is premature; a theme ought to be propounded in its simplest form.

2. Mr. Knapton's “Pas redoublé,” in B \flat major, is preceded by a few plain successive chords of no import. Among the variations, which are of simple structure and not numbered, two in G minor and B \flat minor have attracted our attention. In the sixth page, a new subject in G major, little connected with the theme, is introduced, and pursued to a considerable extent, and with becoming freedom.

3. The air, by Reichardt, selected

by Mr. Solis, possesses great originality, and is curious in its melodic forms; but this circumstance, and especially its unrhythmical structure, were rather unfavourable for Mr. S.'s purpose. We award therefore the greater commendation in stating his variations to be both creditable and pleasing. Var. 5. in four flats breathes much good taste; the presto (var. 6.) leading to the winding-up, is conceived in an effective style; and all that follows, to the end, is very satisfactory.

4. Often as "Sul margine" has been treated in a similar manner, Mr. Saust's variations are well deserving the marked attention of the amateur. He has infused a peculiar gracefulness of diction and amplification into every page of his labour, not excepting the flute part, which is quite obligato, and, without presenting difficulties, full of interest. In terminating the first period of the theme by the dominant, Mr. S. appears to us to have unnecessarily deviated from the authentic melody.

ARRANGEMENTS.

1. *Amusemens de l'Opera, Selection of the most admired Picces from the latest foreign Operas and Ballets; arranged for the Piano-forte, without the Words.* No. 7. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
2. *Beethoven's Hallehujah Chorus, from the Mount of Olives, being No. 9. of a Selection of Choruses, arranged as Duets for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for Flute and Violoncello,* by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. No. IV. *Henry R. Bishop's Round, "When the wind blows," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.),* by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
4. *The celebrated Snuff-Box Waltz, for the Piano-forte, composed by Mr. S.* Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May.)
5. *Rossini's celebrated Cavatina, "Una voce poco fà," from the Opera of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia;" arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte,* by J. J. Harris. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Monro and May.)
6. *Nicolo's admired Rondo, "Non, je ne veux pas chanter;" arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte,* by J. J. Harris. Pr. 5s.—(Monro and May.)
7. *Rossini's popular Overture to "La Gazza ladra," newly adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.),* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(W. Hodsoll.)
8. *Weber's celebrated Overture to "Preciosa;" arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.),* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll.)
9. *Favourite Airs, selected from Weber's "Preciosa;" arranged for the Piano-forte* by S. Poole. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 2s. each.—(Hodsoll.)
10. *Favourite Airs, selected from Weber's "Preciosa;" arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniment for the Flute,* by John Purkis. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll.)
11. *Two favourite Airs, selected from Weber's "Der Freyschütz;" arranged for the Piano-forte* by Samuel Poole. No. 4. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
12. *Weber's celebrated Huntsman's*

Chorus and Waltz in "Der Freyschütz;" arranged in a familiar style for the Piano-forte by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

13. *Weber's celebrated Huntsman's Chorus in "Der Freyschütz;" arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)*

14. *Weber's celebrated Bridemaid's Chorus in "Der Freyschütz;" arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)*

1. Messrs. Boosey's seventh number of "Amusemens de l'Opera" includes four or five pieces from Spohr's new opera of "Jessonda," very ably arranged for the piano-forte. As this is the first time we have seen any of its music, it would be presumption to offer a general opinion on the merits of this opera, which has obtained great celebrity in Germany. If the whole resembled this small portion, we should suspect the work to abound less in the charms of original and captivating melody, than in bold harmonies, scientific treatment, contrapuntal combinations, and rich orchestral support.

2. The "Hallelujah Chorus" in "The Mount of Olives" is so universally acknowledged to be a master-piece of the fugued style of writing, that, in noticing Mr. Burrowes' arrangements, we only feel called upon to do justice to the skill and judgment displayed by that gentleman in its compression.

3. Mr. Bruguier's adaptation of Bishop's round, "When the wind blows," is in every respect satisfactory and effective.

4. "The Snuff-Box Waltz" is really gracefully delicate; it presents

abundance of notes and embellishments, which require a light hand and a brilliant smartness of touch.

5 and 6. Mr. Harris's "Una voce poco fà" merely represents the authentic air transposed from the key of E to the easier tonic F, in the form of a duet, and arranged in an agreeable and satisfactory manner. The numerous ornaments of Rossini demand considerable neatness and taste in the performance.—Nicolò's rondo is an elegant composition; and the duet which Mr. H. has made from it equally deserves our unqualified approbation. Its melodic attraction, and the absence of executive difficulties, are sure to find favour with the pupil.

7. Mr. Rimbault's new and excellent arrangement of the overture to "La Gazza ladra" is every thing we could wish for, making allowance for the departure from the original key, E, which he has transposed a whole tone lower, no doubt with a view to greater facility. We are no friends to these expedients; every tonic has its peculiar character, which is not lost even by alteration of pitch in the tuning. Thus, in the present instance, were the overture, to D as it is transposed, played on an instrument tuned a whole tone above the general standard, it would still not sound as if in E, owing to the influence of temperament.

8, 9, 10. "Preciosas" in various shapes. As we have already spoken of this music on former occasions, we need only add here, that Mr. Rimbault's arrangement of the overture (8) is not inferior to any that has come under our notice. Mr. Poole's two books (9) exhibit the substance of the airs of the "Preciosa" in a form accessible to players of mo-

derate proficiency—not absolute beginners—and under an arrangement sufficiently complete to convey a very good idea of the peculiar and interesting character of the music. Mr. Purkis's divertimento (10) may be considered as a continuation of his Operatic Fantasias and Divertimentos, which have been noticed in our former reports in terms of decided approbation; and his “Preciosa” forms no exception in our good opinion. Four or five of the tunes are neatly brought into successive connection, under some changes of key, scarcely avoidable in the present case. The flute part is essential.

11, 12, 13, 14, are further Freyschütz-effusions, of which there really seems to be no end, in doors, out of doors, at the theatres, and in the shops. Our worthy friend, the “Jaeger Chorus,” is here once more in duplicate—bless him!—and another dear acquaintance, the “Bridemaid's Chorus,” also craves twofold notice. How do they do, the pretty dears? As well as can be expected—for the purpose they come for. Mr. Poole's and Mr. Rimbault's books will afford pleasant recreation to pupils not yet arrived at any marked degree of skill. This class is the most numerous, and it is right they should be attended to.

VOCAL.

1. *Recitative*, “*Soon as the rising morn,*” and *Air*, “*Now man to man,*” composed by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May.)
2. “*I pledge you, dear Fanny, a heart void of guile;*” a *Ballad*, written by H. Barker, Esq. composed by W. A. Wordsworth. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May.)
3. “*The Strawberry-Girl,*” *Ballad*, composed by S. Bryan. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May.)

4. “*The Birks of Invermay,*” a *Scotch Song*, arranged for the *Harp or Piano-forte*, by S. Webbe. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(W. Eavestaff, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)

5. “*Tak' your auld cloak,*” a *Scotch Song*, arranged as above, by the same. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(W. Eavestaff.)

1. Mr. Nightingale's composition consists of a recitative and air from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and is stated to have been sung by Mr. Braham, and also by Mr. Pyne: it is a composition of considerable extent, partaking both of the nature of a cantata and bravura. The recitative is appropriate and impressive: the air itself is conceived in a martial style, energetic and striking; it reminded us here and there of “*The Soldier tir'd*,” to which, however, we should prefer it, as more varied in expression, and of stronger harmonic colouring. We observe some striking transitions and modulations; and the accompaniments, as well as the instrumental interludes, are active and appropriate.

2. Mr. Wordsworth's ballad, without deviating from the usual tenor of these compositions, presents a flowing and pleasing melody; its latter part is the most pointed, owing in part to an appropriate employment of the extreme sixth.

3. “*The Strawberry-Girl*” of Mr. Bryan is equally entitled to commendation for its regularity and the smooth progress of its melody. Its interest would have been enhanced by an accompaniment independent of the voice, which latter merely follows the treble part of the piano-forte.

4 and 5. The two Scotch songs,

"The Birks of Invermay" and "Tak' your auld cloak," are stated to have been expressly arranged for Miss Paton, who sang and accompanied them on the harp. For the first of them, both as to melody and arrangement, we cannot profess any great partiality; the style is obsolete, and the harmonies occasionally rather hard. The second, although neither of modern date, is not only more attractive in general, but derives a certain degree of interest from the ancient character of its truly Caledonian melody.

HARP-MUSIC.

1. *Amusement pour les Dames, Recueil periodique de Pièces choisies pour la Harpe, non publiées auparavant en Angleterre.* No. 3. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)
2. *The admired Polacca from the Opera of "Il Tancredi," arranged as a Rondo for the Harp,* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
3. *Imitative Fantasia for the Harp, in a new style,* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

1. The third number of Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s "Recueil periodique" contains three pieces from "Der Freyschütz;" viz. the Echo Waltz, the Echo Song, and the Jaeger Chorus; a waltz made from materials in Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto," and Haydn's "God save the Emperor," with some variations. All these pieces are arranged in a pleasing manner, and with due regard to the capabilities and effect of the harp; and, with the exception of the variations, the whole may be compassed by performers of moderate proficiency.

2 and 3. Mr. Bochsa's two books above-mentioned, without being in-

tricate as to execution, are nevertheless calculated for players of somewhat higher attainments. The introduction to the polacca from Tancredi is very tasteful; and the polacca itself, what with appropriate amplification and some interesting passages and modulations, deserves the attention of the amateur. In the imitative fantasia, No. 3, Mr. B. has introduced that well-known Spanish serenade, "Wake, dearest, wake," besides several other favourite vocal motivos. In the treatment of these, there is a degree of originality and gracefulness, and a selectness of harmonic colouring, which shew not only the hand of a master, but a state of mind quite in cue for a composition of this description.

VIOLONCELLO.

A complete Treatise on the Violoncello, including, besides the necessary Preliminary Instructions, the Art of Bowing; with easy Lessons and Exercises in all the Keys, properly fingered; the whole written, selected, and composed by F. W. Crouch, of the King's Theatre, Haymarket. Pr. 12s.—(Chappell and Co.)

Although the violoncello is but a theoretical acquaintance of ours, we feel fully justified in accompanying the treatise of Mr. Crouch with our most strenuous recommendation; and we hail its appearance as a confirmation of the opinion expressed on former occasions, as to the increasing estimation and cultivation bestowed upon so essential and beautiful an instrument. After some very sensible and judicious introductory remarks on the character and the capabilities of the violoncello, Mr. C. enters upon his didactic course, which, besides a variety of general element-





ary instructions, contains excellent directions and rules with regard to position, bowing, fingering, the employment of the thumb, &c. The exercises and lessons, whether single, or in the shape of duettinos, are numerous and pertinent; introduced, as they are, in different parts of the work, to illustrate the doctrines pro-

gressively propounded: we also meet with some sensible remarks on accompaniment, ornaments, harmonies, &c.; in short, the book, as far as we are able to judge, appears to us to present the most complete and satisfactory code of instruction for the violoncello now extant.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of plain jaconot muslin; the *corsage* full at the back, and ornamented in front with insertion-work, which proceeds outwardly from the shoulder to nearly the centre of the waist, inclosing four rows of very delicate work, placed transversely between the muslin, and meeting in points in the front. The sleeves long and full, with three rows of insertion-work near the wrist. The skirt has three broad rows of insertion-lace-work, of an elegant and novel pattern. *Ceinture* of garter-blue ribbon, with a silver buckle in front. White *crêpe lisse* cap, of a circular or dome shape; the crown irradiating from the top in large flutes, which are edged with small blue satin piping, and contain each a half-blown rose, or a rose-colour gauze bow; beneath is a drawn head-piece and border of folded *crêpe lisse*, interspersed with blue and rose-colour gauze ribbon corresponding to the bow at the top: lappet strings of the same material as the cap. Broad gold bracelets and plain gold earrings. Silk *barège* shawl; yellow gloves and shoes.

Vol. VI. No. XXXII.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of pink *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made low, and slashed perpendicularly, to admit of white *gros de Naples* puffings. Long sleeve, moderately large, except the top, which is of white *gros de Naples*, exceedingly full, and confined by five bands of pink *gros de Naples*, and finished with a row of pearl drops or *campanettes*; the remainder of the sleeve has five rows of white *gros de Naples* let in downwards, and four bracelet bands equidistant; that at the wrist confining the glove, the sleeve not extending over the hand. The front of the dress is ornamented by oval puffs of white *gros de Naples*, gradually increasing in size as they descend; a *campanette* or small pearl bell is attached to the outside of each; and on each side of this trimming is a satin cord supporting pink oval puffs, with pearl bells pendant by the cord, and pearl beads fastening the other end: this trimming flows off circularly from the front, and is continued round the dress, above a wreath similarly formed, but with puffs on each side the cord, with alternate leaves of white

R

gros de Naples; wadded hem beneath white *crêpe lisse* tucker, confined in folds by several gold sliders. The hair, as usual, arranged in large curls, but tastefully disposed among bows of blue satin. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl, turquoise, and gold. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Promenade dress is now more general in muslin than silk; and gowns of the pelisse form are greatly in favour, particularly for the early part of the day: one of these, which appears to us of a novel and becoming form, is composed of cambric muslin; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and waves in open-work; the *corsage* has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist in front, and the back is full from the shoulder to the waist; it falls sufficiently low upon the shoulder to give expansion to the chest. The pelerine is of the cottage form, and consists of two falls, one a good deal deeper than the other; they are scalloped, and finished with an edging in open-work, as is also a double collar rounded in front. The sleeve is of the *demi-gigot* shape, and finished by an open-work ruffle.

Silk high gowns, though not so much in favour, are, however, still fashionable, and, like those of muslin, are mostly worn with a transparent scarf or light *barège* shawl, and, in some instances, with a pelerine of the same material only. We have seen some of these pelerines of a new form, rounded behind, and of a moderate size, but long in front, and with pointed ends. In general they are scalloped all round, and fi-

nished by a satin cord at the edge of the scollops; but we have seen one where the bottom of the dress was trimmed with a *ruche* disposed in waves, and the pelerine was also bordered with a light *ruche*, which had a very pretty effect.

Muslin *capotes* begin to decline in favour, but silk ones are very much worn; they have rather decreased in size. Fine straw hats are also in request for the promenade: the crowns are moderately high; the brims wide and deep in front, but extremely shallow behind. They are trimmed in a variety of ways, some with flowers only, others with a mixture of gauze ribbon and flowers, and some with knots of satin, of two striking colours, arranged in the form of a half-wreath, with a white rose placed between each: the lappets always fasten on the inside.

One of the most striking novelties in carriage dress is a high gown composed of shaded *barège*: it is made high to the throat, and fastens behind; it is ornamented up the front with crescent puffs irregularly placed, and edged with cords of satin, to correspond in colour with the shades of the *barège*. The puffs form a pyramid to the waist, and the ends wind through them in a sort of network, which produces a striking effect. The *corsage* is decorated with bias folds of *barège*, in the shape of a fan, from the waist to the shoulder, each fold being marked by a cord. Full sleeve, the fulness confined towards the wrist by three pointed bands, edged with satin cords, which button in the middle of the arm, where they are very broad. This dress has no collar; a *collarette*, composed of a mixture of blond and satin ribbon to correspond with the

shades of the *barège*, is worn instead.

Carriage head-dresses are various, and in general becoming. We select two novelties as particularly worthy of the attention of our fair subscribers. One of these is composed of blond net and white satin: the crown is much higher on the right side than the left; three *crêves* of blond net are inserted in the top of it, each finished by a narrow quilling of blond: the brim is formed of blond net, divided into compartments by very small white satin rouleaus, and finished at the edge by a fall of very beautiful blond lace: a garland of the scarcest exotics is placed so as partly to fall over the left side of the crown: the lappets are blond. The other bonnet is composed of the palest rose-coloured satin; the crown ornamented in a most tasteful style with draperies of blond lace, which nearly cover it; they are brought in a point

towards the left ear, where they are terminated by a very full bouquet of damask roses. The brim of this bonnet is more close and shallow than they have been lately worn; it is cut in scollops, and the scollops filled with blond net.

A new full-dress trimming, which is much admired, is composed of silver gauze and white satin; the latter forms a deep rouleau at the bottom, from which small rouleaus of gauze issue in a bias direction, each terminating in a rosette of the same material, with a brilliant silver heart. We have seen also some dresses ornamented with wreaths of white satin shells, three deep. This is a novel and simple style of trimming, and has a very tasteful effect.

Fashionable colours are, lilac of a reddish hue, grass-green, pale blue, canary-colour, and various shades of lavender, rose-colour, and gray.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

WHITE and coloured muslins are at present the rage in promenade dress. Silk is but little seen. Coloured dresses are of cambric; the ground is plain blue, lilac, or yellow; they are trimmed with flounces, printed in a deeper colour in a wreath of flowers, and above each flounce is a wreath printed in the dress to correspond. These gowns are always made *en blouse*, but the sleeve, instead of ending as formerly at the wrist, falls over the hand.

There is a good deal of variety in the manner in which white gowns are made; some round dresses are finished by deep tucks, others have

rouleaus arranged in a scroll pattern, and a good many are trimmed with flounces. The bodies are either *en blouse* or *en garbe*, and sleeves still excessively wide. Pelerines are so universally adopted, that one sees hardly any other sort of out-door covering; sometimes indeed a lace or *barège* scarf is tied round the throat, but rarely. Some pelerines are of the same material as the dress: the newest are square, and have four folds all round; these folds are formed into compartments by rows of buttons placed perpendicularly at regular distances: the collar falls over, and is finished by two folds marked with buttons to correspond with the pelerine. Clear muslin pelerines,

richly embroidered, and consisting in general of two falls and a collar, are also much in favour: lace ones are less worn than they have lately been.

Cambric *rédingotes*, the bodies of which are disposed in small perpendicular plaits, are very fashionable: the sleeve, extremely wide to the elbow, is confined from thence to the wrist by bands of open-work; and the end, finished by a broader band of work, falls a little over the hand: the dress wraps over to the left side, and is finished round the bottom of the skirt and up the right side with three tucks and a row of open-work. The trimming of the pelerine corresponds with that of the skirt.

Crape, silk, and rice-straw are the materials most in favour for promenade bonnets. Leghorn is also fashionable, but only when it is of an extravagant price. The *demi-pelerine* form still continues in favour. Some of these hats are trimmed with an intermixture of ostrich and marabout feathers, but flowers are much more in favour. Jessamine, violets of Parma, honeysuckle, roses of a hundred leaves, clove-pinks, lilac, and wild roses, are the flowers most in favour. We see also the blossoms of various fruits; and some *merveilleuses* mingle with the bouquets of flowers which adorn their hats branches of ripe raspberries or currants.

Silk and crape bonnets are now made something smaller than last month; a good many are still finished at the edge of the brim with blond, but it is not quite so much in request. Several silk bonnets are ornamented with a satin rouleau round the top of the crown, from which a fall of blond depends; the brim is also edged with a satin rou-

leau, and finished with a curtain-vail of blond: a full tuft of marabouts is placed on one side of the crown, some of which fall negligently over the brim. Bolivar hats of white and coloured satin are very numerous: these have the brim large before and behind, and narrow at the sides; they are adorned with a profusion of curled feathers, either white or the colour of the hat.

Flowers and ribbons are a good deal used in the trimming of full-dress gowns. Several are striped with broad ribbon. These gowns are trimmed at bottom with *bouillonné*, to which one end of the ribbon is attached by a bouquet of flowers: these stripes, which at the bottom are very much apart, nearly meet at the waist. Another and a very elegant style of trimming is composed of a double row of *bouillonné* formed by satin points, which are edged with a very narrow blond: a broad ribbon goes up the front of the dress, and another slopes down on each side, at some distance from it, each terminating in a bouquet of damask roses, immediately above the points.

The favourite style of head-dress for those ladies who partially cover their hair is a *coëffure en chiffon*, which has a gay but rather whimsical appearance: it is a piece of shaded gauze, arranged among the hair so as to resemble in some degree a turban; bows of hair appear partially escaping from it on the right side near the crown, and a full plume of feathers falls over from the left. Some ladies add to this a bandeau of jewels, brought low upon the forehead. There were many head-dresses of this kind, and trimmings such as I have just described, at the Duke of Northumberland's grand

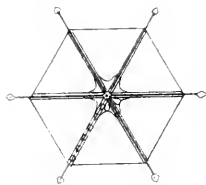
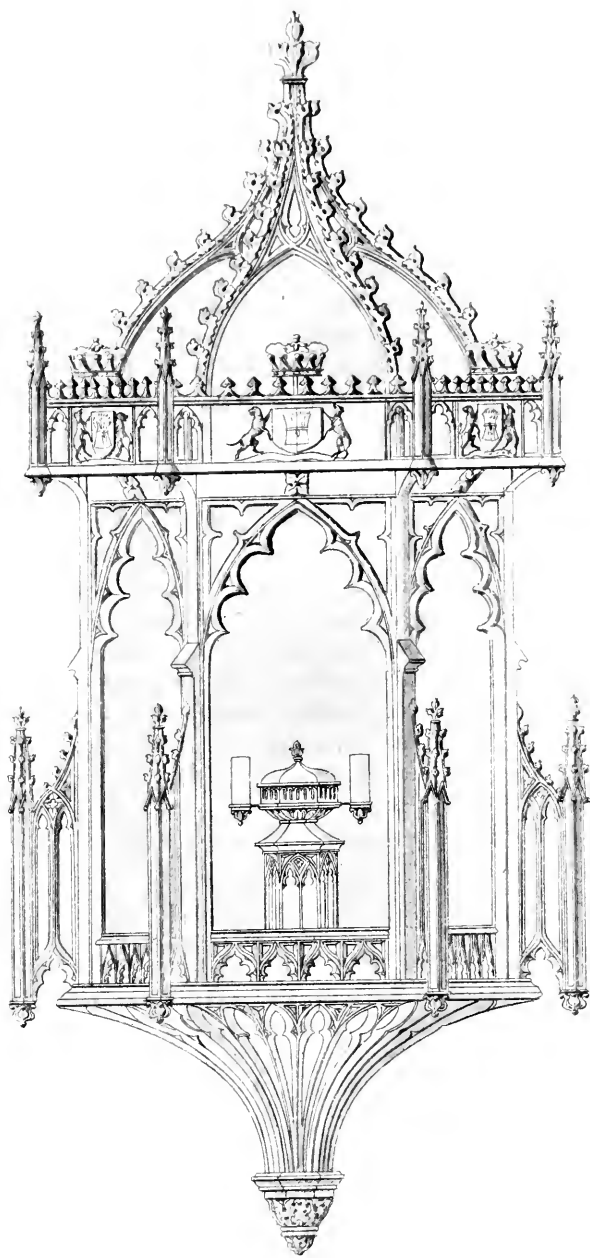


FIGURE 1. LAMP FOR A HALL.

ball, the most superb one, as the Parisians acknowledge, that has ever been given here.

Fashionable colours are, azure,

rose-colour of various shades, lilac, yellow, and different shades of green. Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A GOTHIC LANTERN.

EVERY article that is used as the furniture of a nobleman's mansion is now expected to have the benefit of chaste design, and not, as formerly, to be manufactured according to the crude notions of the mere workman: in fact, there is no trade that will admit of the employment of the artist but he is called upon to exert his talent; and thus the commonest materials are made valuable by the art that is displayed by them; and which will be still more usefully encouraged when the fashion has passed away, so common at present, of making every thing in the old French style of works executed in the reign

of Louis XIV.; a style so little amenable to good sense and real taste, that it would rarely meet with patrons if it were not thrust before the public by manufacturers, in consequence of its easy execution and defiance of correct drawing, and by which the clumsiest workman will pass current for an accomplished one. The annexed design is for a Gothic lantern, intended for the hall of a nobleman, in the same character of architecture; it is intended to contain six Argand lamps. The whole is in lackered brass, and plate glass, each square being twenty inches wide, and fifty inches high.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the press, and speedily will be published, *Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata*; to which are added a Description of the Mines in that country, and an Appendix concerning the occupation of Monte-Video by the troops of Brasil and Portugal.

Sketches of Corsica, or a Journal of a Visit to that Island, an outline of its history, and specimens of the language and poetry of the people, by Robert Benson, are in the press.

The Gipsy, a romance, from the German of Laun, is preparing for publication by John Browning, Esq.

The Rev. Alexander Law is preparing a *History of Scotland*, from the earliest period to the middle of the 9th century.

The German Novelists; a series of Tales, Romances, and Novels, selected

from the works of Göthe, Schiller, Wieland, Tieck, Richter, Lafontaine, Musæus, Hoffmann, La Motte Fouqué, &c.; with introductory essays, critical and biographical, by the translator of "Wilhelm Meister," will shortly appear in 3 vols. post 8vo.

A series of sixty engravings of *Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery*, from drawings by Captain Battay, is preparing for publication. The publication of these views will be conducted on the same plan as those of the Rhine, &c. Wood-cut vignettes will ornament the head of each description; and for this purpose many of those views will be appropriated, which, though not considered of sufficient importance for a copper-plate engraving, will be valuable as extending the illustrations of the scenery of those countries.

NEW PUMP-ROOM FOR DR. STRUVE'S ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS AT BRIGHTON.

We took occasion to announce in a late Number of this Miscellany, the establishment at Brighton of an institution for dispensing the benefits of the artificial mineral waters invented by Dr. Struve. On the authority of a correspondent, to whose report implicit credit may be given, we are enabled to state generally, that this establishment is very elegant, and the company not yet nu-

merous, but of the first respectability. Some extraordinary cures have been already performed; and the plan is rapidly gaining ground in the good opinion of the physicians of Brighton, some of whom have carefully investigated its merits, and had an opportunity of witnessing its beneficial effects on their patients. It is not unlikely that we may be favoured with a more detailed account of this interesting establishment for our ensuing Number.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS:

An Egotistical Poem.

PART IV.

And did I learn from learning ought?
Oh, yes! I learned to think I thought;
Of learning's tree I cropt the bud,
Mused with my Muse, and chewed the cud
Of sweet and bitter fantasy;
And got at length some fame thereby,
Which filled my soul with glee, for well
I knew the tear of joy would swell
Warm from the heart, and dim that eye
Which anxious watched my infancy;
That period ere the human mind
Wakes to its semblance with mankind;
But broods in darkness silently,
As God's own spirit o'er the sea
Moved ere the world of waters knew
Its Lord, or ere a sunbeam flew.
When Chaos reigned, and all was night,
HE spake the word, "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
The sun uprolled with living ray,
Shedding o'er all a glorious day.
Then heard the earth, the air, the sea,
His firm, immutable decree;
Chaos no more retained its sway;
Each planet rolled its distant way,
And yet moves on, and ever will
Till he who made them says—"Be still!"

There's but one place in all creation
In which disorder keeps its station,
Where light is given, but darkness reigns,
And Chaos yet its sway maintains.
The human mind alone, of all
Above, around this mighty ball,
Heeds not the law its God hath given,
And clings to earth, yet hopes for heaven.

Our reason dawns, and we are proud.
To be distinguished from the croud.

I was, and Flattery lent her aid,
E'en in the academic shade;
'Tis poisonous everywhere—but when
We first begin to feel we're men;
When the quick pulse and eager eye,
The scornful glance, the quick reply,
Proclaim ambition and conceit
In the young heart together meet,
Oh! chase the latter thence, or ne'er
Anticipate a bright career.
Like Lethe, o'er the dull 'twill sweep,
And lull e'en genius self to sleep.
Or, should it actively preside
In the young heart that feels with pride
The mighty, growing mental grasp,
Which seems the universe to clasp
Within its ken---lo! all astray
The victim runs his erring way,
Dreaming in all things to excel,
Does all by starts, but nothing well.

Though he may need no whip or goad,
A racer seldom draws a load
Like a huge cart-horse, strong, though dull,
Who tugs with that long, steady pull,
Which business and a cart require,
And hopes of gain or whips inspire:
So genius spurns the fagging part,
And to the goal would swiftly dart;
But life's a road, and not a race,
And genius yields industry place.
Yet, when the racer will submit
Docile to harness, rein, and bit,
Nor fret, nor fume, nor start aside,
Smooth o'er the road we swiftly glide:
So industry and talent might
Do wonders, would they but unite.
But they refuse---So much the worse!
And, ah! a man, unlike a horse,
Cannot be made to go the way
He ought, throughout his life's brief day.



MUSLIN PATTERN

Published August 12, 25, in Kalamazoo, N. Y.

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER 1, 1825. NO. XXXIII.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF HACKWOOD-PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD BOLTON . . .	125
2. ——— BROADLANDS, THE SEAT OF LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON . . .	126
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS AND CHILD'S DRESS	178
4. LADIES' EVENING DRESS	179
5. AN ORNAMENTAL AIR-STOVE	182
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.	

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

	PAGE
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Hackwood-Park, near Basingstoke, the Seat of Lord BOLTON	125
Broadlands, near Romsey, the Seat of Lord Viscount PALMERSTON	126
A Soldier's Revenge	127
The Confessions of my Uncle. No. IV. (continued)	133
The Flower of Chivalry (concluded)	135
The Loiterer. No. XVI.	142
The Assize-Ball	144
POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS. No. III. —The Two Brothers, an Hungarian Tale, by JOHN COUNT MAILATH (concluded)	150
The Queen of the Fairies	154
Memoir of the late Mrs. ELIZABETH CORBOLD of Ipswich	156
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XIX.	159
THE LITERARY COTERIE. No. VII.	162
ANECDOTES, HISTORICAL, LITERARY and PERSONAL.—King George IV.—Gallantry Rebuked — Remarkable Recluse — JAMES V. of Scotland and DOUGLAS of Kilspondie — Tea-making —The Harp of ORPHEUS	171
MUSICAL REVIEW.	
KALKBRENNER's Grand March	174
———— Musical Sketch	ib.
ADAMS' Grand Organ Piece	175
NIGHTINGALE's Familiar Voluntary on the Organ	ib.

VOCAL.

	PAGE
MEYERBEER's Romanza, " <i>Giovinetto Cavalier</i> "	175
———— "Ev'ning breath'd each soft delight"	ib.
BALL's "Down in the quiet vale"	ib.
———— "The Maiden's Dream"	ib.
ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.	
CRAMER's Melange of favourite Airs, from Meyerbeer's " <i>Il Crociato in Egitto</i> "	176
———— Impromptu on Meyerbeer's " <i>Giovinetto Cavalier</i> "	ib.
PLEYEL's Melange on favourite Airs from Meyerbeer's " <i>Il Crociato in Egitto</i> "	ib.
MEYERBEER's " <i>Giovinetto Cavalier</i> ," and " <i>Tutto Armato</i> "	ib.
NIXON's Arrangement of " <i>Old Towler</i> " as a Rondo	ib.
RAWLINGS' Erin's Legacy	ib.
VALENTINE's "My love, she's but a lassie yet"	ib.
HARRIS's Arrangement of Spontini's Overture to " <i>La Vestale</i> "	ib.
BOCHSA's Airs in Weber's " <i>Preciosa</i> "	ib.
CIANCHETTINI's Divertimento on Airs in Weber's " <i>Preciosa</i> "	177
RIMBAULT's Adaptation of Weber's Overture to Abou Hassan	ib.
A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles	ib.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Morning Dress	178
--	-----

[See over.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

CONTENTS—continued.

Child's Dress	PAGE 179
Ladies' Evening Dress	ib.
General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
French Female Fashions	181
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—An Ornamental Air-Stove	182

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC . 183

POETRY.	
Obstipus: An Egotistical Poem. Part V.	PAGE 184
To a Lady. By E. * C.	185
Beauty in Tears. By J. M. LACEY	ib.
To Rosa. By Q.	ib.
Human Joys and Human Woes. By Q.	ib.
Lines written after hearing a well-meaning but most incongruous Lecture directed to a very young Child	186
Vigils of the Heart. By W.	ib.
Sorrow. By E. T. D.	ib.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following articles, and shall introduce into our next Number as many of them as our limits will permit:—Remarks on some of the Scenes in Sterne's Sentimental Journey—Curious Particulars of the Manners of the Ancient Russians—Singular Criminal Case—Letter to Mr. Lacey on his Defence of Widows—A Monarch's Justice and a Husband's Revenge—The Fastidious Lover—The Veteran's Reward—The Priest and the Philosopher—The Grecian Bride, and a packet of minor communications from our liberal Correspondent at Nairn—The Wished-for Return, by the late Sarah Candler, and other poetical contributions, from the same quarter.

Our friends in the trade, who send us Lists of new Publications, must not feel disappointed at their omission, as we have no department for such matters but our advertising sheet.

We have been for some time in expectation of hearing from the author of Adventures in Ireland, a continuation of whose interesting papers is solicited.

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

This Work may also be had of Messrs. AREON and KRAV, Rotterdam.



WACKWOOD PARK
1877

THE
Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER 1; 1825. N^o. XXXIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

HACKWOOD-PARK, NEAR BASINGSTOKE, THE SEAT OF LORD BOLTON.

HACKWOOD is a contraction of *Hawking Wood*, the original name of this place. It was the sporting retreat and occasional residence of the Pawlet family and their numerous relatives, when Basing-House was demolished in 1645, after a long and remarkable resistance. A lodge was then built for the residence of John the fifth Marquis of Winchester. Charles's son, first Duke of Bolton, erected a splendid mansion in 1688; considerable alterations and improvements have been since added. The present carriage front on the north side is adorned in the centre with a noble Ionic portico, ascended by a flight of steps, and bearing in the tympanum of the pediment the arms and supporters of the family. An equestrian statue of George I. mounted on a lofty pedestal, and presented by that monarch to the family, stands at a small distance in front. It is this

view of the mansion which we present to our readers. The south front was executed by the present nobleman from designs by Lewis Wyatt, Esq. The rooms are spacious and magnificent, and peculiarly adapted for comfort as well as display. In the saloon is a superb piece of carving by Gibbons. The family portraits are numerous: one of the first Marquis of Winchester, on panel, *ob.* 1572; a full-length one of John fifth Marquis, *ob.* 1674; Honora, daughter of Richard Earl of St. Albans, who aided in the defence of Basing-House, and who also wrote an account of the siege; Charles third Duke of Bolton, *ob.* 1754: also portraits of William III. and George I. presented by the respective monarchs to this noble family. There are likewise two fine views of the Colosseum and of ruins at Rome, by Pannini.

Vol. VI. No. XXXIII.

S

The pleasure-grounds are extensive and beautiful, particularly on the south. Within these few years great improvements have been and are still in progress, under the direction of the present Lady Bolton, whose taste in landscape-gardening is generally admired, and strikingly manifested in these grounds. The

wood is wild and luxuriant in appearance. In its centre is a space of about four acres, called the Amphitheatre, bounded by elms closely planted, extending their branches inwardly over the sides and ends of the area, at the upper end of which are the ruins of a rotunda. The park is well stocked with deer.

BROADLANDS, NEAR ROMSEY,

THE SEAT OF LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

THIS mansion, which combines in a very eminent degree simplicity with grandeur, was built by Henry Temple, second Viscount Palmerston, from designs by the celebrated Lancelot Brown. It rises two stories in height; in the centre is a superb portico of the Ionic order, remarkable for the regularity of its proportions, ascended by a noble flight of steps. The windows in front are eighteen in number, nine to each story: those of the under or principal story are embellished with architraves and pediments. The edifice itself is surmounted with a bold cornice with medallions; it is constructed of white brick and adornments of stone.

The situation of this mansion is peculiarly interesting. An abundance of wood and water contributes to its beauty. It rises in the midst of an extensive and beautiful park, and stands on the east bank of the river Test, which flows gracefully at its foot. The stone bridge at Romsey over the river, seen from the park, presents a pleasing object in the distance.

The interior of Broadlands-House evinces a high and cultivated taste throughout all its arrangements. The statues and pictures collected

(as we have been informed) by the late viscount, reflect great credit upon that nobleman; they are fine specimens of the perfection of art. Among the paintings, the most remarkable are, *The Descent from the Cross*, by Dominichino; *the Last Communion of St. Francis*, Rubens; *Briséis forced from Achilles*, G. Hamilton; *the Prodigal Son*, Guercino; *the Children in the Wood*, Sir J. Reynolds; *the Iron-Foundry*, Wright of Derby; several fine heads by Vandyke, Caracci, Rembrandt, Gerard Douw; with landscapes by Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, N. Poussin, Wouvermans, and Ruysdael. There is also an admirable sea piece by Louthierbourg, and another with ruins by Claude. Among the statues, the principal are, those of *Cupid*, *Ceres*, *Hygeia*, and *Melpomene*. There are also finely executed heads of *Juno*, *Africa*, *Diana*, of a *Female Faun*, and of a *Muse*.

The present proprietor of Broadlands is Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston, representative for the University of Cambridge, a privy counsellor, and secretary at war.

The Broadlands estate was for nearly two hundred years the seat



and residence of the St. Barbe family. There are several curious monuments in the abbey church at Romsey in commemoration of them. Sir John St. Barbe, Bart. died at Broadlands 7th September, 1723.

A SOLDIER'S REVENGE.

THE decree of the French Convention, that one-third of the officers of the army should be named by the government was very ill received by the troops, who saw in it a new infringement on that liberty which they had bought at the expense of so many crimes; and what rendered the measure still more disgusting to them was, that the officers thus named, who were generally the minions of some great man, were in most cases very unfit for the situation which favour, not merit, had procured them. It was indeed no unusual thing to see a beardless boy, one of the half-monkey and half-tiger class, so common in those days, put over the head of one whose numerous scars ought to have entitled him to the rank thus unjustly wrested from him.

Those intruders were, however, mostly made to pay dearly for their elevation; every means, fair and foul, being used by the other officers to disgust them with their situation, and compel them to abandon it. If, as was generally the case, they were men of courage, they were soon provoked into a duel, and this usually settled the matter one way or other; for if they had the good luck to kill their antagonist, they were suffered to remain in peace afterwards.

It was during this epoch that Charles la Croix, a young man of good family, was named to the captaincy of a regiment stationed in Provence. His appointment was peculiarly disagreeable to the officers of that regiment, because they were

all extremely attached to their first lieutenant: they had joined unanimously in recommending him to the Convention for the vacant company, which, to say the truth, he well merited by the services he had rendered his country; services of which his scars presented abundant testimonials. The officers espoused his cause with more than common eagerness; and it was determined *unanim.* to make unusually short work with the new intruder.

La Croix presented himself at the colonel's house, wholly unsuspecting of the persecution which awaited him. That officer had need of all his prejudices against the new-comer to enable him to persist in the resolution he had formed of receiving him very coldly. He was a noble-looking youth of about twenty-two, whose handsome manly countenance was rendered extremely prepossessing by a blended expression of frankness, bravery, and benevolence. He presented himself to his colonel with a mixture of modesty and self-respect in his air which shook for a moment that gentleman's resolution; but the entrance of the other officers, who had heard of the arrival of the new-comer, and who all on some pretence or other flocked in to behold him, recalled it to his mind.

"I hope, sir," cried he in an austere tone, "you will pay proper attention to the duties of your command; and that you will not attempt to introduce into my regiment the vices of Paris."—"Colonel," replied

the young man with an ingenuous blush, "I trust that you will have reason to be satisfied with me. I shall endeavour to follow the example of my comrades, and I hope that my efforts to gain their regard will obtain for me the benefit of their advice, which I am certain I must, from my inexperience, have great need of."—"Sir," replied the colonel roughly, "you would have acted more wisely if you had acquired the experience you must be so much in want of before you took upon yourself the command of a company. It is more than indiscreet in a boy who has hardly quitted school, to put himself over the heads of brave and experienced men. Look at your first lieutenant, and judge how painful it must be to him to see himself commanded by one of your age, by a mere novice in a profession of which he is thorough master."

"I feel all the truth of your observations," replied La Croix in a modest but firm tone; "but do me the justice, sir, to believe that I am not here by my own choice. I would gladly have contented myself with an inferior rank, but my patron thought it beneath him to solicit any thing under a captaincy. If, however, colonel, you find my inexperience renders me unfit for the duties of my post, I shall certainly resign it."

The colonel turned his back upon him without reply. La Croix then addressed himself to Valmont, the first lieutenant, and begged him to present him to his brother officers. "You are old enough to introduce yourself, sir," was the answer delivered in the most disobliging tone. It brought a blush of anger into the young man's face; but recollecting

himself, and perceiving no friendly expression in any countenance round him, he bowed and retired.

Next day, according to the usual custom, he called upon each of the officers. They had expected this visit, and they took their measures accordingly. He had the mortification to hear them tell their servants one after another, in a tone evidently meant for his ear, that they were not at home. They met him at the parade with averted or insolent looks; no one returned his civilities, or even answered his questions. If at the coffee-house he proposed to one of them a game at billiards, he was refused, and directly afterwards another was accepted without the slightest apology being made to him. In short, they sent him completely to Coventry; or rather they did still more, they evinced the most determined resolution to quarrel with him if possible.

For some time La Croix endured this treatment in silence, but to judge from the expression of his eloquent countenance, not without feeling very severe mortification; particularly when one day a stranger, who was playing at billiards with Valmont at the coffee-house, asked his opinion on a doubtful point of the game, and just as he was about to give it, Valmont interrupted him by exclaiming, "I protest against that gentleman's opinion in any thing that concerns me."—"And for what reason?" cried a young ensign, who thought that he now saw the moment to force La Croix to fight.—"Because," replied the lieutenant scornfully, "I like him not." At these words La Croix fixed his eyes upon Valmont with an expression of fierceness, which was almost immediately succeeded

by a look of sorrow. He was evidently on the point of breaking out; but constraining himself by a strong effort, he quitted the coffee-house without speaking, and from that day he entered it no more.

"O the poltroon!" said Valmont, looking after him, "there's no provoking him to draw his sword."—"It is singular enough," cried the young ensign, who had tried to draw him into a quarrel by the insidious question he put to Valmont, "for he is certainly no coward."

"How, no coward! a fellow who puts up with every insult is not a coward? You joke."—"No, faith, I do not; and if you had seen his look when you told him so plumply that you did not like him, you would agree with me that he must be brave at bottom." Valmont replied only by a look of incredulity, and the conversation dropped.

Although the amiable manners of La Croix had failed to conciliate the minds of his comrades, they gained him the good-will of all the gentry of the town, to whom his situation and the respectability of his birth and connections introduced him. Among those who shewed him particular marks of attention was General Bellegarde, a veteran officer, who had known his father, and who invited him to consider his house as his own. This acquaintance was extremely agreeable to the young man: the general had an amiable wife and two charming daughters, with whom he soon found himself domesticated; and they on their part were so pleased with him, that the veteran said to him one day with the frankness of a soldier, "We look upon you almost as one of ourselves."

These words delighted La Croix,

on whom the charms of Eugenie, the second daughter, had made a very strong impression. He opened his heart to the general, and had the satisfaction to hear, that if he could make himself agreeable to the lady, he had nothing to fear from her parents, the consent of his own being understood.

The notice taken of La Croix by the gentry of the town, and, above all, the consideration which he enjoyed in the Bellegarde family, were a fresh cause of irritation to his enemies: he was, however, so punctual in the discharge of his duties, and so much upon his guard, that some weeks elapsed without their being able to draw him into a quarrel: at last an opportunity presented itself.

A squadron of hussars, with whom the regiment had some time before been in garrison at the frontiers, came to share their quarters in Provence. The officers of La Croix's regiment invited the others to a dinner at the mess. La Croix was one of the company; and the cavalry officers, who were not blinded by prejudice, were delighted with his frank and social manners. The applause given to his lively sallies, and the laughter which his bon-mots excited, provoked some of the most inveterate among his enemies to turn him into ridicule. But he replied with so much good-humoured drollery, and turned the laugh against them in a manner at once so clever and so free from asperity, that they could find no fair pretence to insult him. The officers of hussars shook him heartily by the hand, and shewed so much admiration of his conduct, that Valmont's anger was inflamed to the highest pitch. "What, St. Maur!" cried he abruptly, addressing one

who seemed the most delighted with La Croix, "you who have gained your epaulettes at the point of your sword, you who have so many honourable wounds as testimonials of your services, can you suffer yourself to be dazzled by the frothy nothings of a man who owes his promotion to favour alone?"

"How!" cried St. Maur, briskly drawing back his chair, which was close to that of La Croix, "is it really possible that you belong to a class which all brave men detest?"

"Yes, captain; it is unfortunately true, that my commission is neither the meed of my services, nor the fruit of the suffrages of my compatriots. God knows how often I have regretted that it should be so, and how impatiently I wait for an opportunity of proving to my comrades, that I am not unworthy to march with them under the banners of my country."

"That is all very well for the future," said St. Maur coldly; "but it is nothing to the purpose at present. Valmont has insulted you, and there is but one way in which you can answer him. What!" added he more warmly, seeing that La Croix remained silent, "would you prove yourself insensible to the honour of a Frenchman?"—"He is a coward," cried the lieutenant.

Without noticing this speech, La Croix said to St. Maur, "I should indeed prove myself insensible to honour were I to commit a base action; but I defy the world to prove me guilty of one."

"What, you do not think it base to suffer yourself to be called a coward?"

"No; for if abuse dishonoured a man, whose name would be unstain-

ed? The most illustrious patriots, the greatest heroes, might then be dishonoured by the folly of a drunkard, or the infamous language of a blackguard."

"Ah! pshaw! all this sort of abstract reasoning does very well in the discussions of philosophers, or the writings of moralists; but we learn a different lesson in the school of honour. In a word, our creed is, that an insult leaves a stain which can only be effaced by the blood of the insulter. Such has always been the custom of the army, and he who enters it must conform to its usages."

"I beg your pardon, this custom is not so ancient as you suppose: the Greeks and Romans——"

"What the devil have we to do with them? The customs of France are the only customs that Frenchmen ought to follow. But what need of all this prosing about such a trifle? It is clear enough that you must fight your antagonist, or he must apologize to you, or——"

"I apologize," cried Valmont, interrupting him, "never!"

"Very well, then, M. La Croix, you must either fight or quit the regiment."

"I hope to settle the affair without doing either one or the other, by bringing back my comrade to sentiments more just to me, and more honourable to himself."

He turned to the door; but Valmont called to him in an imperious tone, "Before you go, sir, I expect that you will name the hour and place where you will meet me to-morrow to decide our difference."

"M. Valmont, I know you to be a brave, and I would willingly think you an honourable man: take then, I request you, three days to reflect

on this subject; to ask yourself coolly and dispassionately, how far this thirst for the blood of a man who never injured you is consistent with true honour. I hope at the end of that time to find you in a more just way of thinking, and that you will assist me to convince these gentlemen, that it is not necessary to shed blood because a word has been dropped inconsiderately." At these words cries of indignation resounded from all present, and La Croix left the room, while they were swearing that he should fight or quit the regiment.

The slights with which they had before treated him were nothing to the insolent contempt they shewed for him during the three following days, and the patience with which he supported it appeared in their eyes a meanness that nothing could justify. The general had been immediately informed of what had passed, and full of the prejudices of the military profession, he remonstrated with him in the strongest terms upon his conduct, and ended by forbidding him his house till he had wiped out the stain upon his honour. Eugenie was forbidden to see or write to him; but for the first and only time the gentle girl disobeyed the will of her parent, by conveying a line to La Croix expressive of her approbation of his conduct, and of her hope that heaven would give him strength of mind to persevere in it. His heart swelled with a mingled sensation of pleasure and pain as he read this letter. "Yes, dearest Eugenie," cried he, "you and you alone understand me, and in your approbation of my conduct I could find a balm for the unjust scorn with which I am treated; but, alas! how long shall I be able to

preserve that approbation so precious to my heart? how long shall I be able to defend myself against the commission of a crime at which I shudder?"

When the three days were expired, he entered the coffee-house at the moment that all the officers were assembled. "M. Valmont," said he, addressing his antagonist, "I hope that I now find you in a disposition to appreciate more justly the motives of my conduct. I am satisfied that in your heart you acquit me of cowardice; but I frankly avow, that a duel inspires me with horror, and never will I willingly raise my arm but against the enemies of my country. I do not ask you for any apology. I am willing to bury the past in oblivion; accept my hand, and let us be friends."

"I shall never be friends with a man who acts like a poltroon."

"Then I must fight?"

"To be sure you must," cried all the officers at once.

"Very well then, let our difference be decided to-morrow morning at six o'clock, in presence of three officers of our corps and three of the hussars. As the party challenged, I ought to have the choice of weapons; but I waive it."

"If I am to name them, I say swords."

Valmont smiled with a peculiar expression in his countenance, and retired without making any observation.

"So then," cried St. Maur, "we have at last provoked this pretty gentleman to run the chance of being let blood."—"I think," cried another of the officers, "it is doubtful after all."—"No," cried Valmont, "whatever strange notions the fellow has got in his head, I do firmly be-

lieve he is no coward. The tone of his voice, the firmness of his look, assure me of his courage; and I should be almost sorry to have used him as I have done, if I did not consider that after all he will have an equal chance with myself for his life."—"Provided," cried one of the officers drily, "he is as good a swordsman." Valmont reddened, but made no reply.

The following morning the lieutenant and the other officers were on the ground exactly at the appointed time; where in less than two minutes they were joined by La Croix, who took a letter from his pocket, and presented it to St. Maur, requesting that, if he fell, it might be given to General Bellegarde. The combat then began; Valmont was an excellent swordsman, but he soon found that he had to do with his master. At first he fought with great temper; but soon abandoning himself to the fury of his resentment, he made the most desperate passes, and left himself so open to his adversary, that La Croix might repeatedly have taken his life; but it was evident, that he acted merely on the defensive, and avoided even wounding him.

"Let us have done with this child's play," said the enraged Valmont at last: "you knew what you were about when you agreed to fight with swords; but if you are not dead to every sentiment of true honour, give me a fair chance, and let us take pistols."

La Croix looked at him with horror. "O my God!" cried he, "how much more barbarous is man, under the influence of blind rage, than the most savage of animals! You still thirst for my blood. Well then, unjust man, satisfy yourself if you can."

Pistols were produced; they tossed up for the first fire; the chance fell to Valmont; he fired, and missed. La Croix turned round, and taking direct aim at a tree thirty paces distant, lodged the bullet in it breast high.

A cry of mingled astonishment and admiration burst from all the officers: "'Sdeath," cried Valmont, "this is not to be borne! I will not receive my life at your hands; I insist upon your firing."

"Be satisfied, M. Valmont; you have gained one point; you have succeeded in bringing me into the field, heaven knows sorely against my will; but I entered it with a firm determination not to raise my hand against your life: insult me as you please, you shall not provoke me to break my resolution."

Overcome by these words, Valmont stammered out, "I am to blame."—"But I am more so," cried La Croix, interrupting him; "I ought not to have suffered any provocation to draw me into an action so contrary to my principles. Thus you have lowered me in my own eyes, and I am determined to have my revenge; for I swear to you, that, from this moment, I shall not cease to seek your friendship till I compel you to grant it me."

"It is yours already," said the subdued Valmont; "yes, La Croix, the promise of your friendship is the only thing that could reconcile me to myself; that could give me courage to avow the injustice, the barbarity of my conduct to you—conduct which I now publicly declare to have been unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier, and for which I sincerely ask your pardon."

It was granted with a hearty shake

of the hand. The other officers flocked round La Croix, eager to solicit his friendship, and to prevail on him to be present at an entertainment which they determined to give in his honour. He would have declined this public acknowledgment of the superiority of his conduct, but they were too pressing to be refused; he agreed to accept it, and they all returned amicably to the parade together.

The subsequent conduct of Valmont proved, that he was not unworthy of the generous forgiveness he had received. He published every where the particulars of the rencontre, and gave to his antagonist all the merit which was so justly his

due. The old general was delighted; he declared that the nuptials of his daughter and La Croix should be celebrated the moment the consent of his father was obtained.—“Ah!” cried Eugenie, extending her hand to La Croix, “heaven be praised that thou art safe! I will not reproach thee, but yet——” —“But yet I should have done better not to have met him: is not that what my Eugenie meant to say?” —“Yes.” —“Foolish girl!” said the general, frowning. —“No,” cried La Croix, “she is right. I have but half acquitted myself to my conscience: it is only in refusing a challenge altogether that a man can prove himself possessed of true courage.”

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

No. IV.

(Continued from p. 30.)

It was from the death of her dear papa that my aunt Mickelthwaite dated all her misfortunes, and “as my poor papa used to say” became a common preface or finale to all her proverbial utterances. *Poor* papa indeed she might say in the strictest sense of the word. Her relations were the kind of people of all others least congenial to her taste: poor things! they were never at Ranelagh or Mary-bone Gardens in all their lives; nay, they expressed a thorough contempt for all who occasionally went to these places. It is very extraordinary that persons may not indulge their separate tastes without being condemned by, or condemning those who differ from them: yet such was the case. The good woman of the house would never be

persuaded that a modest female could appear at either; and aunt Mickey, which she was called for shortness, believed that those who protested against these amusements were a degree below humanity. Thus mutual squabbles took place between them, which were equally and as wisely sustained on both sides. Otherwise her relations seemed perfectly happy in the situation in which they were placed; they neither knew nor cared aught about any other. Here, alas! she was obliged to attend to and make her own habiliments, and to endeavour—but the endeavour was feeble—to make herself useful. Her Sundays too were allotted to religion, or rather an attempt at the observance of it, and the evening to sitting and hearing a sermon, instead

T

of being allowed to talk idly or play "Nancy Dawson." She complained bitterly to Betty, the servant of all work, of the different way of life which she now led from the late *fashionable* one in Thames-street; and at length hinted her determination to change her residence the first opportunity. Her relations had as yet forborne to acquaint her, that her "poor papa" had left her nearly destitute, a circumstance which she had not at all calculated upon; and while flattering herself on her emancipation from the Drowzier family, she was seized with a fever, which at length terminated in the small-pox. Genius of Jenner! at that time of day we were constantly meeting human beings with faces like crumpets, and eyes turned from their sockets; before thy discovery was known, how many fell never to rise again! But the precautions of which we are now able to avail ourselves the mother of aunt Micklethwaite would never have resorted to; it was in vain for her that Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote. She never could imagine, she said, that Nature did any thing for man to mend; and declared that inoculation was flying in the face of the Almighty, and endeavouring to thwart his purpose. She preferred her daughter taking it in the natural way, and she took it so very naturally, that her face became as one complete cribbage-board, and the disorder threatened one eye with dissolution. Poor aunt Mickey! her mortifications seemed never to have an end; but sickness teaches us humility, and on her recovery she became comparatively happy for a time. She naturally observed, that the disease had not altered her shape, and therefore she did not see but

what she might be quite as happy as the wife of a gentleman of small fortune as the wife of a nobleman. It may be seriously imagined by some, that all these troubles would have humbled my aunt in the dust, that they would have proved a grave to all ambitious or even genteel ideas: but this was not the case; for although she now was certain, that she was quite dependent upon the honest people who consented to harbour her, she yet imagined herself to be some superior person, and as such, claimed all the attentions which she received as a matter of right instead of favour. Mrs. Drowzier was a good-natured woman, aye a very good-natured woman; she had declared, that she would work her fingers to the bone *afore* any of her poor brother's children should want. She acknowledged that *miss*, a term she always used in addressing her niece, "had been brought up very elegantly; but she did not see why, in return for all her attentions, she was to be treated as quite the scum of the earth, as one unworthy even to wipe her niece's shoes. The child's father, it is true, had doted on the very ground she trod on; he had never suffered her to fetch water to wash her own hands; and she verily believed, that if she had wanted gold to eat, she might have had it: but yet a little gratitude, a little consideration from *miss*, she thought would not spoil her complexion. Dab wash, or month's wash, it was all the same, her bell continually rung, and Betty must leave the work, and wipe her hands covered with suds, to help to dress Miss Molly." There are some people who, the worse they are treated, the better they behave: this was the case with Mrs. Drowzier,

who seemed literally to revel in complaints of ingratitude. Woe be to her worthy helpmate if he ventured to pity her situation, and to offer that deprecation which his wife's complaints seemed to demand! She immediately changed sides; asked him what he could expect from one brought up like a lady; and would even accuse him of wanting "bowels for his own relations;" for so she said hers were, and had an equal right to his purse. Purchase after purchase, and present after present, did she shower on the *gentleman's* daughter, without the smallest thanks: yet did she continue to present, and be affronted, *snubbed*, and abused, when half these peace-offerings which she bestowed on her ill-conditioned niece would have insured her the constant gratitude of twenty more obliging and as near relations. Was it that she thought money thrown away on those who were content, or that she really pitied the unhappy disposition of her relation? But we become dainty in our appreciations as well as in our appetites, which are both liable to be diseased; and we often pretend to feel greater pleasure in giving to those who do not want our favours, than to such from whom no rays of greatness are reflected.

It was upon this her everlasting principle of conciliation that Mrs. Drowzier prevailed on her good man to invite an evening party for the gratification of Miss Micklethwaite,

of which I have often heard my father detail the circumstances. The party were all assembled by five o'clock in the little back parlour, that the master might be *handy* for waiting on a customer should he be wanted: but no Miss Molly arrived; six o'clock came, but no Miss Molly. The question had often been asked, "How do you take your tea, madam?"—and "I'll thank you for a little more of the *grocer*," retorted—"As much sugar as you like," returned the witty hostess, "but no more of the *grocer*;" the muffins were declared excellent, although they had indeed been kept too long at the fire, when at length a gentle tap silenced the boisterous laugh of people who had met with a determination to be happy, and, cold as an icicle, entered my aunt, with her arms folded before her, and with all the dignity of offended consequence. She did indeed venture on an apology for keeping the company waiting by a pretended head-ache, and for a time the whole of the guests assembled seemed to pity and enter into her feelings. It would answer no end to detail the commonplace observations which were indulged in while waiting for the great lady opening her mouth; but on finding that they had nothing to expect in return, they proceeded to treat her with that indifference which she richly merited, and entered into a conversation among themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

(Concluded from p. 95.)

"ALL the information I procured," continued Lord Seabourne, "set a keener edge upon my curiosity.

I awoke before three next morning, hastily equipped myself in a hunting garb, and let myself out. A fowl-

ing-piece and pointer furnished some excuse for scouring the thickets; a long walk brought me to the verge of a white paling, and I looked in all directions to reconnoitre the place. Several acres had been cleared from wood, and were covered with rich verdure. By a gradual ascent the ground rose to the site of the house; a small garden was laid out in tasteful compartments before the principal entrance, and the fine variety of flowers led me to suspect that there were some inhabitants who attended more to pleasure than profit. Behind I saw roots, pulse, and such produce as suited culinary preparations; and the house and garden were screened from the squally north by a range of mountains, clothed with a diversity of trees and watered by sparkling streams. One of these rivulets made a serpentine course through the garden, meandered along the lawn, and tried to hide itself in the forest; but I could observe its limpid progress betrayed by reflecting the sunbeams, which were now bright in the east, and pierced the foliage of elms and oaks, waving in the morning breeze. I wished to advance farther, and could have vaulted over the rails, but was restrained by respect for the fair vision I had descried from the cliff of the islet. A gate fronting the house was locked: however, I was too eager to be discouraged, and going towards what seemed to be the paliade of a park, I found the gate ajar. I took the liberty of going in, and shut the gate, for which I had thanks from a decent-looking old woman, who blamed herself for leaving it without the padlock. She made all the haste she could to the house; I stopped, expecting she would re-

appear, and willing to shew I was not disposed to intrude. An old man, with some visible alarm, asked who or what I wanted. I replied, "I understand an Englishman and his wife live here. I too am of England, and wish to leave with my country-folks some game I shot this morning."

"'You have the air and address of a gentleman,' said the old man, 'and being a stranger, may be excused for intrusion, if you tell your name.'

"'My name is William Essex. Now, friend, having satisfied you on that point, I crave to know your designation.'

"'I, sir, have never been ashamed to tell my name, though I got it by an ancestor who was beheaded.'

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'some of my ancestors may have also laid their heads on the block at Tower-Hill.'

"'But, sir, my ancestor was basely put to death, without a legal warrant, by a tyrannical commander. His head was severed from his body in a desert island off Port St. Julian.'

"'Then I am to understand your name is Thomas Doughty, a descendant of the gentleman so unjustly executed by Sir Francis Drake.'

"'Sir, you are certainly a gentleman of reading and correct memory. Will you be pleased to walk in, and take a jug of ale brewed by English hands?'

"'To be frank with you, Mr. Doughty, I left all the inmates of Lord Seabourne's house fast asleep at four o'clock this morning, and breakfast will be over with the countess before I join her ladyship.'

"'Sir, we shall be proud to lay breakfast for you, and please to walk straight forward to the parlour.'

"Doughty bustled about to get breakfast; and seeing he brought but

one cup, I asked if I was not to be favoured with his company.

“‘Sir,’ said he, drawing up his aged figure to the utmost height, ‘all that I retain of my ancestors is their honour; and I support that honour by acting as a faithful servant. Be pleased to sit to table, sir; I shall be happy to wait upon you.’

“I came near the table, and gratified the honest man by continuing to talk of the act by which Sir Francis Drake tarnished his reputation. I did not expect to be so much beholden to the first circumnavigator, nor to his victim Thomas Doughty, and congratulated myself upon recollecting particulars I had not read since boyhood, when adventure by sea or land was my passion. In the midst of our strictures upon the capital error of Drake, in pursuing for plunder some hulks belonging to the Hanse towns, when he should have exhibited lights for the fleet of Lord Effingham Howard, sent out to attack the Spanish armada, a circumstance which Doughty happened not to know, and seemed to regard with exultation, a terrifying scream from a female voice in an opposite chamber hurried the old man from me. In a little time I was summoned by Doughty calling aloud, ‘Wife! wife! Mr. Essex! gentleman!’ I followed the sound involuntarily, and in a moment was beside an old lady bleeding copiously, and a beautiful girl, mingling the purple stains with showers from her bright eyes, was tying up a wounded hand; but the tremor of her slender fingers hardly permitted the service. I begged leave to offer my aid, and had succeeded in stanching the effusion of blood before the old woman I first saw appeared with Doughty, who had run to seek her.

She said she was milking the cows, and asked the old lady how she cut her hand.

“‘Lavinia was combing her hair,’ replied the old lady, ‘and I foolishly attempted to reach a glass of water. I believe it was the hearth-rug which tripped me; down I came, broke the glass, cut my thumb, and but for that gentleman should have bled to death. Lavinia was near fainting: yet, to do her justice, she commanded her terrors, and assisted me like a heroine. This gentleman, I confess, was more expert, and acted with a self-possession more cool than my poor Lavinia’s. He laid me in bed, and I shall always acknowledge my obligation to his promptitude and skill. Sir, allow me to ask, are you a surgeon? You are well entitled to pecuniary remuneration.’

“‘I dare not presume to claim any knowledge of the healing art, madam,’ I replied, rising to be gone. The lovely Lavinia courtesied to me, saying, ‘Sir, we are unspeakably obliged to you.’ I left her, well convinced she had not bestowed a thought upon the disorder of her dress. The old lady had mentioned, that Lavinia was combing her hair when alarmed by the accident. The beautiful hair still hung in rich silken masses over a neck more snowy than her morning robe of the purest white calico; and her hands, exquisite in shape and colour, came in contact with mine in helping the old lady to bed, leaving an impression never to be effaced from my heart. As her eyes, still moistened with tears, like dewy violets, were fixed upon her parent, I could, without offence, contemplate the fine contour of her face: the returning bloom of her cheeks as her fears abated, and when she

smiled at any playful remark of her venerable friend, the vermeil lips, the pearly teeth, were enchanting: yet I think her irresistible captivation was the expression of intelligence, sweetness, and chastened vivacity pervading every feature.

"I was attended to the wood by Mr. Doughty; but I asked no question about the family, and the wrongs of his ancestor and the character of Sir Francis Drake supplied conversation. Your ladyship will remember, that I came home an hour after noon, and you consoled with me for wanting a morning repast so long. My secret was not ripe for disclosure, and I forced myself to partake of a luncheon, though I never had less inclination to eat. In the evening I rode to the edge of the forest, tied my horse to a tree, and walked to the mansion to ask for the lady. Doughty wished me to come in and take some rest, but I declined the privilege. I went daily, always refusing to intrude upon the ladies, till I met the venerable matron in the garden. She said she was watching my arrival, and had come forward to insist that I should not go without entering a house where my services had been so seasonable. My heart throbbed with joy. I was conducted to a large apartment, fitted up as a library and music-room. Two handsome work-tables were furnished with specimens of feminine ingenuity, and on another table stood materials for drawing, and a landscape nearly finished. My acquaintance with the fine arts was put in requisition by the old lady, who perhaps designed to bring my education to some proof. She appeared satisfied, and encouraged Lavinia to take part in our dialogue. I soon perceived that no

deficiency in colloquial powers had occasioned her former silence. I was invited to dinner. I excused myself, by saying that Lady Seabourne expected me; and as the family circle at Seabourne Lodge was very small, even I should be missed. I was asked to return, and promised to call often, though my stay must be short, on account of my engagements to Lady Seabourne.

" 'She is mother to the earl, if I mistake not,' said the old lady: 'may I ask, sir, if you are related to the family?'

" 'I have the honour to be nearly related to the countess,' I replied. This query and my answer took place only a few days ago, when the old lady subjoined, 'You may think, sir, I have little right to information about your connections, as I have merely told you my name is Merton, the grandmother of Lavinia Merton. My husband and her father were of England; my mother was a lineal descendant of William Lord of Liddesdale, called also the Flower of Chivalry.'

" 'I have had some account of that illustrious hero,' I said, 'and of the prophetic blessing with which he endowed the land when conferred upon his favourite daughter.'

" 'You have been rightly informed, sir,' answered the lady. 'That sacred spot is mine, and I would not part with it for the finest estate in Britain: not that I have any faith in the prosperity which common superstition has annexed to it. Alas! we have had severe evidence to discredit the chimerical notion; but I prize the last relic of ancient greatness. Perhaps this also is a foible; and sometimes when I laugh inwardly at honest Thomas Doughty's pride

of ancestry, I think within myself, that others may equally deride my enthusiasm for lands supposed to have been transmitted in unbroken succession from the Lord of Liddesdale. We have all our weaknesses; the chief difference is, that educated people are not so apt to expose them as those in Doughty's sphere of life.'

"I said, that we had reason to regard with indulgence, with deference, the family pride which operated as an incentive to meritorious conduct; and perhaps Doughty would not be such a valuable domestic, if the self-respect, inspired by veneration of his ancestry, predominated less over sordid temptations.'

"I admit the full force of your argument, Mr. Essex,' said the lady; 'but can you afford an apology for my pretensions to derive importance from the great achievements of the Flower of Chivalry, who flourished in the reign of David II. of Scotland, a monarch of the 14th century?'

"I can always excuse family consequence by fellow feeling,' I replied, unable to resist the opportunity of insinuating that I was no upstart.

"Well, sir,' said the lady, 'since I am assured of your candour, I cannot hesitate to confess, that since Lavinia's fortune was lost by the imprudence of her brother, we have found consolation in the family distinction, of which no calamity can bereave us. My son-in-law, Mr. Merton, was a distant relation of my husband's, and the last heir of entail in whom his large estates were vested. He had a son by a former marriage, though he was a young man when he married my daughter. Lavinia was the only survivor of her progeny. Mr. Merton was an affec-

tionate husband and father; and in committing Lavinia to the sole guardianship of his son, may be forgiven, as his flighty schemes had not appeared, and he seemed a youth of fine promise. He was not addicted to vice, but was the dupe of artful foreigners, who persuaded him that his delicate constitution required a southern climate. The entail expired in the person of his father; he sold his fine estates in Essex, and purchased a tract of land in France. I had a large jointure, and fortunately took care to have a sum secured in the English funds, yielding interest adequate to the payment. Mr. Merton married a French lady, by whom it was said he acquired much wealth. My daughter and he maintained a friendly correspondence: her health was much impaired; her step-son invited her to Provence. The air proved salutary, and, under Providence, I believe its influence added four years to her life. She died three years ago, and I was making arrangements for coming to England with Lavinia, my only care and comfort, when Mr. Merton suddenly expired: the manner of his death is unknown to me. On examining the state of his affairs, he was found to be insolvent; and he had also squandered the fortune of his sister and ward. The shock to me was overwhelming; but Lavinia bore it in a manner worthy the blood of the Flower of Chivalry. Some time elapsed before I could act or think for myself; and a girl, not fifteen years of age, had to conduct the measures indispensable for herself and me. She had heard of the forest mansion, and asked permission to send Doughty to have it and the grounds put in some order for us. The sug-

gestion roused me. Our costly furniture was sold to advantage. We came to England; sent Doughty to put this place in repair; and as it was our determination to live retired, we conveyed our packages by degrees to Leith, to avoid exciting curiosity. We came down by sea in humble guise, and unnoticed got to the end of our voyage and journey. To complete our incognito, we took a cart instead of a chaise to transport us hither from Leith. My sole object on earth is to save so much of my income as will constitute independence for my beloved child. We have lived here two years in tranquil enjoyment of each other's communion. Lavinia is all in all to me, and improves her own acquirements by employing them to amuse an old woman.'

"When Mrs. Merton spoke thus, the sensitive Lavinia gave her a look so eloquent, it seemed to say she was happy in promoting the happiness of the friend she loved. Is not such a disposition, my dear mother, the quintessence of domestic qualities?"

"It is, my dear son," replied Lady Seabourne. "A young girl who could be satisfied to bury her charms and accomplishments with an aged companion, and to exert her powers to entertain, where she cannot expect to be admired and flattered, will in all probability be an endearing consort to a young and deserving spouse. Have you imparted to the fair Lavinia your passion, and revealed to her your rank?"

"I wait your ladyship's approval," said Lord Seabourne.

"I give it fully, joyfully," returned her ladyship; "and if your lordship

thinks proper, I empower you to offer a call from me to Mrs. Merton."

Lord Seabourne rode to the forest early next morning. His unhopcd-for visit was received by Miss Merton with an emotion which all her self-command could not hide from her enraptured lover. She was copying a sketch he had taken of the wooded ridge of hills. The old lady was asleep. Miss Merton endeavoured to converse upon common topics; but Lord Seabourne's heart overflowed with impassioned tenderness, which could be no longer restrained; and in the fond effusions, he absolutely forgot that he had any title except Essex, the propitious name under which he discovered a gem more precious than any extrinsic distinction. Miss Merton referred him to her grandmother. The old lady, when informed he was in the house, sent Doughty to beg he would stay breakfast, and amuse himself with the library and Miss Merton's portfolio, while she received her grand-daughter's help in some family matters. How ecstatic were Lord Seabourne's feelings to see in the portfolio such evidences of genius and application! In spite of all his efforts, he was absent and confused at the breakfast-table; and Miss Merton seemed to have lost her usual animation. The aged lady suspected the cause, and was prepared to hear an interesting avowal from Mr. Essex. Miss Merton went to look after her poultry; Mr. Essex seized the moment of her absence to communicate his object in waiting upon Mrs. Merton. She answered, "Your education and manners prove you to be a gentleman, Mr. Essex; and after seeing you daily for several

months, I cannot doubt your worth: yet in a case of such importance, you will not be offended though I ask for references?"

"I should be surprised if you did not require them, madam," replied Lord Seabourne. "My immediate reference is to Lady Seabourne. Her ladyship reared me from infancy. In short, madam, the Countess of Seabourne is my mother."

"Do I see before me the Earl of Seabourne, the exemplary young nobleman of whom I heard so much abroad?"

"My elder brother died abroad, madam, and I, the last of my race, succeeded him."

"It was of the young earl who attended his brother with unwearied assiduity in whose commendation I was told so much," said Mrs. Merton; "and since you, my lord, believe my Lavinia can make you happy, and Lady Seabourne condescends to accept a portionless girl for her daughter-in-law, I consider that my child has been destined to inherit the blessing foretold by her prophetic and chivalrous primogenitor."

Lord Seabourne returned to the countess, every feature beaming with glad exultation. Her ladyship took her carriage to the verge of the forest, and leaning on the arm of her son, threaded the labyrinthine paths that led to the embosomed mansion. The two families, soon to be blended by the closest alliance, passed much of their time together; Lady Seabourne's cheerful affability produced unreserve on the part of Lavinia; and Mrs. Merton, accustomed to refined society, was perfectly at ease with the noble personages and the more enlarged circle of visitors who

now waited upon them. Lord Seabourne expedited as much as possible the tedious forms preliminary to his marriage with Lavinia, who, in displaying the elegancies of deportment called forth by the varied intercourse now presented to her, still retained the inartificial goodness, the unassuming simplicity of heart, which first won the esteem and riveted the affection of her lord. The marriage ceremony was performed at the mansion of the forest by a clergyman of the church of England, and with a suitable retinue; the Countess of Seabourne and Mrs. Merton in one carriage, the earl and his bride in another, proceeded to London. Lady Cecilia Gore had gone to the Continent, and some of her acquaintances plainly insinuated, that she went abroad with a companion whom she often had declared to be the most disagreeable creature existing; but being the first *chaperon* that occurred, she availed herself of such protection, that she might not encounter her quondam slave in silken bands to a more gentle arbitress of his fate. Unprejudiced observers allowed that, in assemblages of fair competitors, Lady Cecilia's claims to brilliant beauty must predominate over the unobtrusive loveliness of Lady Seabourne. Her ladyship might be little noticed in a crowd, though circumstances, which brought into exercise her fine dispositions, made a sudden and lasting impression upon the kindred mind of the young earl. Those constituted for both a continual spring of happiness; and their descendants inherit the forest mansion, and the blessing predicted by the Lord of Liddesdale, the Flower of Chivalry.

B. G.

THE LOITERER.

No. XVI.

Mr. LOITERER,

I HAVE just seen the letter of Simon Singleton, in which he expresses a wish, that the worthy member for Galway would interfere in his behalf: it has suggested to me the idea of endeavouring through you to get that humane gentleman to assist me, upon the ground of my being an ill-treated animal, quite as worthy, and as much in want, of his interference for my protection as any of the four-footed classes whose cause he advocates so eloquently. I have so much reliance upon his justice and humanity, that I would address myself directly to him, were it not for the fear that there exists in his mind some little national prejudice against my unfortunate species; for I am told that we are very scarce in Ireland, and are there looked upon with greater horror even than here. It is for this reason, Mr. Loiterer, that I put my case into your hands, begging of you to do your possible to remove the unjust prejudice that prevails against my species in general, and to make me in particular appear a fit subject of compassion. I shall give you a brief sketch of my unfortunate situation; and I flatter myself, that if you will take the trouble of telling my story in a pathetic manner, all the world will allow, that no miserable animal was ever so cruelly worried.

Well, sir, to come at once to the point, I have the misfortune to be an old bachelor. Now don't shake your head, and try to fob me off with a declaration, that I am not a fit subject for the "Cruelty to animals' bill;" or a hint that I am *non*

compos; or a friendly bit of advice to let things take their course, and be quiet. I tell you, sir, it will be in vain; I shall prove to you that I am a fit subject, that I am in my senses, and that I never will be quiet till I have obtained justice against my tormentors.

In order to establish the first point, I must inform you that, during the last ten years, I have been unanimously pronounced by all the young and gay part of my acquaintance to be a tiresome animal, a stupid animal, a disagreeable animal, and, in fine, an unbearable animal: in short, I can bring plenty of good witnesses to prove, that although I do go on two legs, I am to all intents and purposes regarded as belonging to the brute creation; and exceedingly thankful I shall be to be reckoned so, provided I can obtain that protection as a brute, which I have sought in vain as a man.

Now, sir, for my cause of complaint, or rather for my causes; for, heaven help me! I have enough of them. I am not rich, as you may suppose, but I have, notwithstanding, enough to live independently, and keep up a respectable appearance. Till I arrived at middle age, I was the most contented of mortals. I was very well received by a respectable set of acquaintance, was always sure of a partner at a ball, and plenty of invitations to tea and cards; and, in short, never passed an evening at home but by my own choice.

At last, in an unlucky hour, I was introduced to the widow Trapman, who had hawked about her four marriageable daughters for years toge-

ther, without being able to find husbands for one of them. Unfortunately she took it into her head to fix upon me for the eldest; I had no particular inclination to be married, but I never could find in my heart to give pain to any body, so I let the thing go on till the lady thought it high time to inquire into my property. It happened, heaven knows how, that I had credit with my friends for possessing as many thousands as I actually had hundreds a year; and when Mrs. Trapman learnt the truth, there was an end at once to the daughter's smiles and the mother's attentions: "Not at home" was the constant reply to my inquiries at her house ever afterwards.

If her resentment had stopped there, I should not have broken my heart about it; but, unfortunately, she took it into her head to make a party against me. She began by giving her daughter the credit of refusing me, and wondering at my presumption in daring to address her: it was, she declared, an unaccountable piece of assurance in a creature like me, who had neither wit, money, nor *bouton*; who was, in short, a mere animal of an old bachelor. This unlucky phrase settled the business. I was discovered at once not only to be an old bachelor, but to be one of the very worst of the whole species. For some time indeed prudent mothers, who had no design upon me for their daughters, took my part; but their kindness availed me little, for the younger members of their family had discovered, that it was excellent fun to roast me; and they applied themselves to it accordingly with a perseverance which has since known no intermission.

No sooner do I present myself

than some malicious trick is played off against me. Has a young lady occasion to hand me a cup of tea, she is sure to discharge the greatest part of it, scalding hot, upon my inexpressibles; and while I am writhing under the torture that I know she has designedly caused me, I am forced to put on a face of unconcern, and to reply with perfect good-humour to her hypocritical excuses. The slyly pushing away my chair, at the moment I was going to seat myself, has more than once nearly caused me a broken back; and it is not a month since I was almost frightened out of the world by being seriously told by a youth who is studying for a physician, that a dish of mushrooms, of which I had just partaken, was certainly of a poisonous quality.

Christmas, that season of mirth for others, is for me a time of torment. I may truly say, that I suffer then in mind, body, and estate: in mind, because I am incessantly harassed with fear of the tricks I expect to meet with; in body, from the effect of some of these tricks: last Christmas, for instance, in playing at hot-cockles, I had my hand transfixed with a corking-pin, and I suffered so much from the puncture as to be near losing the use of a finger; and in pocket, from the expense of the carriage of various hampers regularly delivered to me from different parts of the country, which, instead of poultry or game, that they are supposed to contain, are really filled with sand and stones. And then Valentine's-day, Mr. Loiterer! not an hour passes without a pile of two-penny posters containing caricatures and lampoons. What aggravates this last mortification is, that a great number of these affectionate remembrances

came, to my certain knowledge, from old maids, a set of animals who, according to all the laws of humanity and politeness, have no higher claims to good treatment than myself. I thought indeed to get rid of this plague, and accordingly last Valentine's-day I gave orders that no letter should be taken in: the consequence was, that I did not receive one from my uncle Blackletter, desiring me to attend the next day at a sale of books, where he could not be present, and to buy for him a very scarce copy of De Foe's pamphlets. He was so enraged at the disappointment, that he directly struck me out of his will; and as he died in a month afterwards, I lost a considerable addition to my property. These, Mr. Loiterer, are a part of my grievances, and but a part; for were I to detail the whole of them,

you would never have patience to read them. Do then, dear charitable sir, exert yourself to get them redressed, and you shall be most gratefully remembered in the orisons of your devoted servant,

SAMUEL SAPSKULL.

Mr. Sapskull has made out so good a case, that I really do not think I can do him greater service than by publishing it just as he states it. I am afraid, however, he has not much to hope from the interference of Mr. Martin; for if that gentleman were to attend to the complaints of all the two-legged animals that might take it into their heads to apply to him, he would soon have no time to bestow on his four-footed clients.

N. NEVERMOVE.

THE ASSIZE-BALL.

It was remarked by one of the reviewers of the *Life of Goethe*, that he was more fortunate than the majority of literary men; for, strange to say, he could *dance*! Now this faculty—I had almost said this mystery—the possession of which, in all its various genera, is a matter of course with all young men of the present day, was ever a mystery to scholars, and even still continues so to those whose minds are deeply imbued with study, or copiously surcharged with

“Passion, imagination, fancy, love,
Pleasures and pains, hopes, fears, that will
not die.”

And this is easily accounted for. The mind that directs its energies to the comprehension of things hidden from the ken of ordinary conception, that

“longs ardently to know

Whatever man may learn below;
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heavens hath birth;
To roam through learning's wond'rous maze,
And comprehend all nature's ways—”

a mind thus constituted and directed will not like to have its sublime creations deranged and intruded upon by an amusement, which is, in such instances, so frivolous and irksome. The man of deep reflection is usually most lamentably deficient in those exterior graces, which are far more fascinating and agreeable to the *many* than the richest mental endowments; while, acutely conscious of his own awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, and nervously alive to the ridicule which he knows he must draw upon himself, he mingles with the polished and the gay with all the

dread and trepidation of a sensitive but insufficient spirit. With a soul replete with all the finer feelings of human nature, and a mind endowed with the learning of ages, he remains fixed a cypher, or moves a laughing-stock, merely from the want of a small portion of that comfortable assurance, which is not, most certainly, to be acquired in the secluded retirement of a scholar.

It is now five or six years since the pressing invitations of some near relations tempted me to spend a few weeks with them in the north of England. I should mention, that my previous life had been altogether the life of a recluse. Deprived of both my parents at an age when I could scarcely appreciate their value, I was confided to the superintendence of guardians, whose chief care, as is usual in such cases, was the due preservation of the fortune which was bequeathed to me; troubling themselves but little about the cultivation of my mind, which was left to vegetate and expand as it best might, under the tuition of an old but excellent clergyman. My gain by this was a most vehement passion for study; and inheriting a portion of the literary predilections of my father, who was an author of no mean reputation in his day, I soon became a decided bookworm. I became an author too; and, strange to say, my first effort was a poem, which was not only most favourably received, but actually doted upon by — the ladies! My paternal inheritance was more than competent to all my wishes; and as the possessor of two thousand pounds per annum, my accomplishments ought to have been far more multifarious. I was indeed completely unpolished; and as the scanty society

in which I occasionally mingled was confined to two or three very quiet families and a few young men, as studiously inclined as myself, I had hitherto experienced no inconvenience from my total ignorance of the more fashionable customs of the world. The hour had now arrived, however, when I was destined to feel most bitterly the want of those ordinary accomplishments which every country bumpkin can display to advantage.

Having arrived at my journey's end at the appointed time, I was received by my relations in a manner every way due to the unmarried inheritor of two thousand a year; but there really was a hospitality in their manner which was too fervent to be merely assumed, and which soon established me among them. My kinsman's family consisted of his lady and two daughters, who were rather fine girls, very showy in their dress and very shallow as to intellectual requisites. They were dashing *belles*, however, with tolerable fortunes, and, in consequence, were both loving and beloved. Now I had never been properly in love; nor, to the best of my knowledge, had any fair or unfair damsel ever been in love with me. Not that I wanted either the capacity or the inclination for the business: heaven knows there were few beings more susceptible than myself! But I had hitherto had no opportunity; my way of life was so retired, and perhaps I may say so unsocial, that although I did actually possess two thousand a year, my acquaintance was not sought after, for the best of all possible reasons, because my existence was not known. Female loveliness then was quite an *ideality* with me; and although the

finest passages in the poem aforesaid were all on the subject of love, I, the author, had never yet felt its influence. I should not perhaps say, that my notions of female beauty were quite *ideal*; for if in any of my rambles I chanced to meet a beautiful girl, or gazed upon some heavenly face when I went to the theatre, the remembrance of that lovely countenance would, like the remembrance of some fine melody, dwell in my mind for many a day afterwards. Thus situated, then, it was not surprising that, at first meeting with my two cousins, I should think them very divine creatures. 'Tis true I did so; and this opinion remained unaltered till about two hours after my arrival, when I discovered that one of them detested Milton, because he was so dull and stupid; and the other thought that the "Phantom Bridegroom," or "The Horse without a Head," was the most moving novel she had ever read; it was so very full of horrible adventures and interesting love-tales! I shrugged my shoulders, and congratulated myself upon my fortunate discovery.

I soon found out that some unusual gaiety was anticipated in the town; for all the young ladies, and not a few also of the old ones, were busily engaged in preparing dresses, which might fearlessly vie with the splendid paraphernalia of our metropolitan damsels, when some unusually splendid Easter-ball excites civic emulation. I ventured to inquire what all these preparations meant, and, to my consternation, learned, that the assizes would commence next week, and that the assize-balls were expected to be the gayest that had occurred for many years, because the sheriff was a ha-

ronet, of large fortune and great influence in the county. Now dancing had not only been my aversion but my terror, and consequently my feet had never kept time even in a simple and social country-dance. Let those then, if there be any such, imagine my consternation when I heard these appalling tidings! I wished myself in the deserts of Arabia, or among the pyramids of Egypt, or, in fact, any where rather than where I was: but I had no alternative; I could not retract, and my vanity forbade me to confess my inability.

My confusion was not much alleviated by sundry sage interrogations which my lovely cousins thought fit to propound to me, as to what set of quadrilles was most danced at Almack's; whether Paine's, Harte's, the Lancers', or the Caledonians'? Whether waltzing was now much practised in the first circles? And if it was not likely that the Spanish bolero would soon become general? Now all this was a vast deal more unintelligible to me than the language of the Esquimaux has since been to Captain Parry, and how I got through with my answers, I could never rightly discover. I ascertained, however, that my cousins expected to find in me a quadriller of the first foot: whereas, I candidly declare, that at that time I knew not the difference between *jetté* and *chassez*, *balloté* and *glissade*; much less did I comprehend the cabalistical directions of a whole figure: mysteries, however, with which I am now perfectly acquainted, thanks to the assiduous attention of Monsieur Dos-à-dos.

The approaching balls weighed heavily upon my mind, and by the morning of the awful day I was

really unhappy. To dissipate my nervous feelings I rode out—for I *could* ride—to call upon a friend, who lived about six miles distant on the London road. It was a lovely morning, and, absorbed in reflections arising from the beautiful scenery through which I passed, I thought no more of the approaching ball. I had not ridden far before I espied a cavalcade upon the road before me. It consisted of three or four vehicles of different kinds; the first being a handsome barouche, with four fine grays, and containing the sheriff and his family; his friends following in the other carriages. We soon met; and it so happened that there was a declivity in the road, down which the horses in the barouche and four came in a brisk trot. It happened also that a poor unfortunate old man, who had been cutting the hedge, took it into his head to cross the road just as the carriage was coming. I saw his danger, and dismounting with great haste, was just in time to snatch him from under the barouche wheels, and consequently to save his life. The first thing that arrested my attention was a very loud and shrill scream, and looking up in the direction whence it issued, I perceived a lady standing up in the second carriage, which was a landau, and bending a look of anxious alarm towards the old man whom I was supporting. The lady was young and beautiful, and the unexpected and interesting manner in which she appeared to me was more likely to impress her charms upon my memory than if I had met her under more formal circumstances. "I hope, sir, the poor old man is not hurt?" she said to me in a tone suited to her loveliness. I replied in the negative;

when she said to the lady who sat by her, "Really I am so terrified, that I know not what to say or do; but I see Sir Thomas is endeavouring to repair the headlong carelessness of his coachman." And while she spoke, Sir Thomas was giving directions to his valet to inquire the residence of the old man, who, by the *douceur* of a sovereign, was amply compensated for his terror. We paid our mutual compliments, and the cavalcade moving on soon vanished from my sight.

This incident, trifling as it was, afforded my busy mind ample scope for cogitation; and, for the first time in my life, I began to wish that I could dance, that I might have the pleasure of doing so with the beautiful girl from whom I had just parted; while the perfect consciousness of my incapacity filled me with vexation: I determined, however, to make one decisive effort, and succeed or fail as it might happen.

The eventful evening at last arrived; and after drinking more wine than usual, and swallowing a few drops of laudanum, a practice I always resorted to in cases of extreme importance, and *only* in such cases, I entered the ball-room with my fair cousins hanging on my arms. I had wound up my resolution to the highest pitch; and whether it was the wine, or whether it was the opium, or both, or neither, I knew not; but I felt quite competent to the achievement of any formidable exploit, and even burned to mingle in the mazes of a quadrille! But the company had not yet half arrived; and I waited with much anxiety for the appearance of that celestial creature, whose image altogether occupied my thoughts. An unusual stir and bus-

tle at the lower end of the room soon attracted my attention; and, having seated my cousins, I moved down towards the door, to ascertain the cause, when I found it was occasioned by the arrival of the sheriff and his party, who speedily made their appearance. I looked for my charmer, and beheld her leaning on the arm of a stylish young man, with whom she seemed very intimate. Her eyes met mine as she entered the room, and a slight but most becoming blush overspread her features as she courtesied to me, with all the grace and elegance of fashion. I bowed and walked up to my cousins.

I had fortunately engaged my eldest cousin's hand for the first set; I say *fortunately*, because I did not then know that such was the etiquette; and a great consolation it was to me, at all times, to find myself right instead of wrong through ignorance. I was engaged in very earnest conversation with my cousins and two or three other young ladies, from whom I ascertained that the object of my inmost thoughts was a niece of the sheriff's; that her name was Louisa Belfour; that she was an orphan, and possessed of thirty thousand pounds. In the midst of this interesting chat my blood was chilled by the horrid scraping of the fiddles, their "dreadful note of preparation" being instantly followed by the formation of two or three sets. I was, of course, included in one of them, and rallying my scared and scattered faculties, I stood in my place more like one of the assize-culprits before Baron Graham or Mr. Justice Best, than a young gentleman about to participate in a quadrille. The musicians received the

signal to "strike up," and the dancing commenced. It was to me an awful moment; but fortunately I stood at the side, and had an opportunity of observing the figure; and it afforded me no trifling satisfaction to see the careless manner in which the gentlemen moved along. At length my turn arrived, and I accomplished the first part with a dexterity that absolutely astonished myself. Too confident of my abilities, however, I was not so watchful in my observance of the second division; and imagine, gentle reader, my utter confusion, when I found myself twirling round alone, and in the middle of my party, staring as if just dropped from the clouds. There was, of course, a great bustle among our own set, and a most provoking titter among the young ladies who witnessed my awkwardness. Now a person of tolerable address and assurance would have easily retrieved his error; while my inexperience in such matters rendered it very evident to all, that I was a complete ignoramus in dancing, which was too truly the case; and I am quite certain, that I felt as much horrified at my blunders, as I should have done had I been detected in picking the high sheriff's pocket. I gazed around me in terror, and one of the first objects that met my view was Louisa Belfour, who was one of the next set, gazing at me with an expression replete with ill-suppressed merriment. She said something to her partner, who looked towards me and smiled, and I very cordially wished myself at the bottom of the Red Sea, or any where but where I was. I contrived, however, to stumble through the remainder of the set with tolerable accuracy, and I led my

fair partner to a seat with a great deal more readiness than I led her to the dance.

I was standing and talking to a friend between the sets, when the following *very interesting* conversation reached me, in which the melodious voice of one of the speakers was too well known to me to mistake the person who spoke. "But really, Charles, I think it a thousand pities that he should be so awkward, so *very* awkward. A young man with his fortune should be able at least to walk a quadrille."—"So he should, my sweet coz; but where did you ever meet with a poet, who could either dance, or sing, or act in any way like a reasonable being? I will venture to say that he was 'rapt in some sublime vision;' for his eye was certainly 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' which induced him to forget what he ought to have been about."—"Well," rejoined Louisa, and I fancied a soft sigh escaped her, "it is a thousand pities, for he is really a good-looking young fellow. But are you sure that he *is* the author of —?"—"Positive: I had it from Lady Farmingham, to whom he sent a copy."—"Well then, I would rather be *such* a poet, than the best dancer at the Opera-House. Are you acquainted with him?"—"I have met him occasionally at old Templeton's."—"Then you shall introduce me forthwith. I want a partner for the country-dances, and he will be just the thing." I heard no more, but urging my companion forwards, was speedily at the top of the room; where, before I had time to determine upon any thing, Louisa Belfour was before me, and I was introduced to my inamorata in due form. I of-

Vol. VI. No. XXXIII.

ferred her my arm, and we walked round the ball-room.

I had every reason to expect a good deal of *badinage* from the young lady; but, strange to say, I was disappointed. She spoke on indifferent topics, with a grace and fluency which evinced her superior education and accomplishments. My alarm and constraint wore off, and I opened my lips with a volubility certainly not natural to me. At length our conversation became more interesting, because it became more immediately allusive to ourselves. 'The adventure of the morning was introduced, and duly commented upon: nay, by an infatuation almost miraculous, I found courage to talk of my own deficiency in the graces; and what was still more marvelous, I condescended to enter into a minute detail of all the causes of such a delinquency. Louisa heard me with patience, nay even with interest; and with a liveliness which became her most bewitchingly, she playfully remonstrated with me on my neglect of such necessary accomplishments, and laid down a code of rules, which she begged me of all things implicitly to observe. I, of course, promised to do so, and have kept my word.

I danced with Louisa Belfour twice that night, and twice the night following; and a more divine creature surely never existed. There was a charm in her conversation which was absolutely irresistible, and I found in her just such a spirit as I imagined would pleasingly and profitably amalgamate with mine. That she thought well of me I have every reason to believe; nay, she went so far as to hint as much; but circumstances, which it is needless to

X

relate, blasted in its very birth an acquaintance which might have ripened into the warmest and dearest of all earthly attachments. I saw her no more after the balls, for she set off for London the following day, and the next news I heard of her was—that she was married! I often think of that memorable night, memorable to me for many reasons; and although several years have since passed by, I have not forgotten a single incident relating to it.

Long years have pass'd; but yet, in silent mood,

When pleasure to the heart is but a dream,
And life with cheerless gloom is canopied,
Amidst my musings when I stray alone
Through moorland wastes, or woodland solitudes,

Or when, at twilight, by the hearth I sit
In loneliness and silence, bursting through
The shadow of my reverie, appears,
In undecay'd perfection, the same smile,
The same seraphic and bewitching form;
It cannot pass away, it haunts me still:
From slumber waking on my midnight couch,
Methinks I see it floating, beautiful,
Before me, still before me like a star
O'er the dark outline of a mountain-steep;

And when the glory of the crimson sun,
Tinging the honeysuckle flowers, breaks in,
There still it passes o'er the pulseless mind,
Revolving silently the by-past times,
Quiet and lovely, like a rainbow gleam,
O'er tempests that have shower'd and pass'd
away.

And thus it is that life, however dull and monotonous may be its course, presents to us some "lightning gleams that flash upon the heart," some bright green spots, and some few fragrant and blooming flowers; and these, from their rarity, dwell in the memory long after their brightness and odour have disappeared. There are few of us who cannot remember some happy era in our existence, which, like a vision that has passed, or a "tale that is told," serves to feed the mind in after years; some

treasure of the mind;
A picture in the chambers of the brain,
Hung up and framed; a flower from youthful years
Breath'd on by heavenly zephyrs, and preserved
Safe from decay in everlasting bloom!

POPULAR TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

No. III.

THE TWO BROTHERS: AN HUNGARIAN TALE.

By JOHN COUNT MAILATH.

(Concluded from p. 90.)

THE student at length arrived at the residence of the wise bird Greif, who, however, was not at home, but only his housekeeper: she was not a little astonished at the sight of the student, for during the space of eighty years not a single human creature had been there. "What is your business with us?" asked she.—"I want a feather out of the tail of the wise bird Greif," was his reply.—"Alas! my son," said the old woman,

"this errand will cost you your life!"—"My dear good lady," replied the student, "if you will have the goodness to intercede for me, perhaps the bird Greif may spare me: see here, I have brought a present for you." With these words he gave her the three silver pears, which the first king had permitted him to take along with him.—"How did you come by these pears?" asked the old woman; and the student related to her his

whole history. She kept silence for some time, and then said, "You have unknowingly rendered a service to the wise bird Greif: it is possible that he may comply with your wish." Scarcely had she finished these words, when they heard a noise like the roaring of a tempest. "What is that?" asked the student; and the old woman answered, "The bird Greif is coming; with each stroke of his wings he flies seven leagues: make haste and hide yourself, for if he sees you, he will tear you in pieces." The student crept under the bed, and the old woman let down the curtains, that he might not be perceived. No sooner was this done than the wise bird Greif descended. He looked extremely grave, and walked pensively to and fro. The old woman went up to him. "What is it that engages your thoughts so deeply?" said she.—"You know," replied the bird Greif, "that my enemy the toad has been lurking these seven years under the silver pear-tree, and has there made herself a suit of silver armour: if she can work for nine years at this armour it will be impenetrable, and great calamity will come upon me and mine. I know well how she might be killed, but I dare neither tell any one, nor even inquire after her. The time will soon expire, and it is this that makes me so grave and thoughtful. But I smell human flesh!" cried he.—"You must be hungry after your journey; here is some fruit for you." At the sight of the pears, the wise bird Greif was highly delighted, and said, "These pears attest that my enemy the toad is slain: whoever has done this deed shall always be welcome here, and may ask three favours of me." When

the student heard these words he was overjoyed, crept from under the bed, made a low obeisance to the bird Greif, and thus addressed him: "O most wise bird Greif, it was I who destroyed the toad. As you have had the goodness to promise to grant me three favours, I would request you, in the first place, to inform me, how long the old woman is doomed to ply on the Dead Sea in her nut-shell."—"As long as she lives," replied the bird Greif; "for her there is no redemption."—"In the second place, be pleased to tell me, how long the two hills must yet fight together."—"Till they can get a man between them, and crush him to death," answered the bird Greif.—"In the third place, permit me to pull a feather out of your tail, and to carry it away with me."—"Were not the service you have rendered me so important," said the bird Greif, "I would tear you in pieces for the mere thought: but I have given my word, and I will keep it. Lay hold of one of the feathers of my tail, and when my old housekeeper says, 'Three!' pull it out." The wise bird Greif stuck his talons into two hills, and thrust his head into a river; the old woman counted one, two, three, and the student pulled out the feather. The bird Greif roared like a hundred peals of thunder; he had crushed the two hills to dust, and drunk the river dry, so violent was his pain. But presently the housekeeper brought his supper. The bird Greif gave much good advice to the student, and then they all retired to rest. Next morning he flew abroad, to see what was going on in the whole wide world; but the student set out on his return. On reaching the Dead Sea, the old wo-

man inquired if he had brought an answer from the bird Greif. "Yes," replied the student, "but first ferry me over." When the old woman had ferried him over in the nut-shell, he ran as fast as he could up a high hill, from the top of which he called out to her, "You will not be released as long as you live." The old woman was so enraged at this intimation, that she leapt into the sea, and drowned herself. The waves immediately rose so high as to reach the student, so that he was obliged to travel several miles up to his neck in water. By and by he came to the fighting hills, which cried, "Have you brought an answer from the bird Greif?"—"Yes," replied the student, "but let me pass first." The hills controuled themselves as well as they could, and let the student pass. He then called out to them, "You are doomed to fight till you get a man between you and crush him to death."—"Alas!" cried the hills, "how long it may be till then!" and fell to fighting with increased fury.

The student continued his journey, and arrived without accident at the residence of the sorrowful king, made obeisance before his throne, presented to him the feather from the tail of the bird Greif, and said, "Whatever you wish to know, this feather will write of itself; therefore you are certainly the wisest of men. The king replied, "We will immediately put it to the test." He shut himself up in his cabinet with the student, and said to the feather, "Relate to me what I wish to know." The feather instantly began to write away, and then laid itself down to rest, while the king and the student drew near to the table and read what follows:

THE HISTORY OF THE SNOW-MAIDEN.

There was once a king who had a queen, but no children, for which reason the queen was extremely sorrowful. One day as she was sitting at a window sewing, she pricked her finger, and a drop of blood fell upon the snow, for it happened to be the winter season. "Ah!" sighed the queen, "had I but a child of as beautiful a white and red as this snow and my blood!" Soon afterwards she had a little daughter, who was white and red, like snow and blood, and was therefore called the Snow-Maiden: but the queen was so ill that she died.

After seven years had elapsed, the king married another queen, who often went to the looking-glass, for she was exceedingly vain, and said, "Mirror, mirror, am I not the most beautiful female in the world*?"—"Your majesty," replied the mirror, "is very beautiful; but the Snow-Maiden is seven thousand times as beautiful." The queen was highly incensed, and ordered a huntsman to take the child with him into the wood, and put it to death. The man took the Snow-Maiden with him, but could not find in his heart to kill her, for she was passing fair. "Go, my dear," said he, "far, far away

* The reader will not fail to be struck by the resemblance between this part of the story and that of *Richilda* given in the late Numbers of the *Repository*. Were these analogies in the popular tales of different countries to be traced with attention, we have no doubt that many of those traditions current among nations as widely differing in language and manners as they are distant from each other, would nevertheless be found to be derived from one and the same source.—EDITOR.

from this place, or a great misfortune will befall thee." The girl walked on till evening, when she came to a cottage, wherein dwelt seven dwarfs, who received her kindly, and waited upon her as if she had been their own child. The huntsman meanwhile resolved to deceive the queen; so he shot a fawn, and cut out the tongue and carried it to the queen, saying, "This is the damsel's tongue," at which the queen heartily rejoiced. The next time she went up to her glass, she said, "Mirror, mirror, am I not now the most beautiful female in the world?"—"Your majesty is very beautiful," replied the mirror, "but the Snow-Maiden who lives with the seven dwarfs is seven thousand times as beautiful." At this the queen was excessively exasperated, and disguising herself as a peasant, she took a basket of poisoned apples, and went into the wood to the habitation of the seven dwarfs, who happened at the time to be all out. The queen knocked at the door, which was opened by the Snow-Maiden, who did not know her majesty again, but took her for a country-woman going about to sell her fruit. "Will you buy some apples?" said the queen.—"I would," replied the Snow-Maiden, "but I have no money."—"You are so pretty, my dear," rejoined the queen, "that I will give you some." She then took the fairest looking, but most poisonous, of the apples out of her basket, cut it in pieces, and gave it to the Snow-Maiden; but no sooner had she put a bit into her mouth, than she dropped down as if lifeless. The queen joyfully returned home; but the seven dwarfs were exceedingly grieved when they could not bring the Snow-Maiden to life again: they

laid her in a glass coffin and placed her in the wood, and one of the dwarfs constantly kept watch beside the coffin. Here you, O king, found the damsel. That you obtained her in exchange for a great secret which you communicated to the dwarfs is well known to yourself; and therefore there is an end of the history of the Snow-Maiden.

Both the king and the student were not a little astonished at this history. "Permit me, O king," said the student, "to ask the feather one question." But the king said, "No."—"I know already what you would ask," replied the feather; and it immediately raised itself, and wrote, "The Snow-Maiden has not swallowed the apple, otherwise she would be dead; she has it still in her mouth, and is merely stupefied: but the student has an herb by which she may be recovered."

It did not till then occur to the student, that he had still the grass about him by which he had restored himself and the king's son to sight: he instantly drew it forth, and rubbed the Snow-Maiden's eyes and mouth with it. She forthwith opened her eyes, spat out the apple, and was well.

The king now proclaimed a grand wedding, to which he invited a great number of kings and queens, and among the rest the queen who had poisoned the Snow-Maiden. The queen dressed herself in all her finery, went to her glass and said, "Mirror, mirror, am I not the most beautiful female in the world?"—"Your majesty begins to grow old," replied the mirror; "there are many who surpass your majesty in beauty, but the most beautiful female in

the world is the Snow-Maiden, to whose wedding your majesty is invited: she is seven thousand times as beautiful as all the beautiful damsels put together." Then the queen flew into a vehement passion; she broke her mirror in her rage, and mounting a cloud, for she was a great enchantress, flew away with it, and was never heard of more.

The nuptials of the student and the Snow-Maiden were attended not only by kings and queens, but also by many poor people who hoped for relief from the illustrious personages. As the student was quitting the church and distributing alms, he recognised his brother in one of the mendicants. He sent for him to the palace, and said, "Do you remember putting out my eyes when you were the officer of a great nobleman and I only a student? Now I am a king while you are a beggar."—"Put out my eyes then," rejoined the other gruffly.—"No," replied his gentler brother; "I will forgive you, and supply you with money, that you may not perish for want." The elder brother then said, "First tell me how you became a king." The younger related to him his whole history. As

soon as he had finished, the elder arose, and went to the same gibbet, and waited to see if the ravens would come to it, thinking within himself, "If my brother has become a king by means of the ravens, why may not I become an emperor? I am better than he, and will put out his eyes again:" for he was of so wicked a disposition, that his brother's kindness and generosity only incensed instead of softening him.

He waited long, very long: at last the three ravens came. "Do you know," said one, "that a student has lately overheard us, and has cheered the distressed kings?"—"Yes," rejoined another, "we must in future be more cautious to avoid listeners."—"Look, there is one below!" said the third, "and with a bad heart too."—"He must die!" cried all three of them, and fell upon him; and in spite of all the defence he could make, they presently tore him into a thousand pieces.

But the Student and the Snow-Maiden were beloved by all the world, and happy in each other; and if they be not since dead, they are living at this day.

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

THE late Duchess of A——, taking a solitary ride in her carriage, observed a neat cottage, with a smiling garden behind its turf walls, and wished to form some acquaintance with people whose habits bespoke them of a superior order. Her grace pulled the check-string, and alighted from her chariot, desiring the servants to take it round by the highway, and wait her coming at a certain place. Crossing a small moor,

her grace was soon at the cottage: she happened to wear a green silk hat and pelisse, both superbly ornamented with spangled gold lace and tassels. The door of a Highland domicile is continually open; and this custom occasioned a little girl, about twelve years old, to see the resplendent figure examining her father's garden. The unexpected apparition of such beauty, such brilliant finery, and in the colour peculiar to the se-

cret powers of the Tomhans, filled the young maiden with awe and astonishment. She was the only human being in the house, and spinning at the big wheel, had lightened her task by chanting an invocation to the fairies. This circumstance, joined to profound stillness in a lonely dell, excited her imagination, and prepared her to feel all the terrors of superstitious credulity. She had hardly power to make an escape into the pantry, whence she beheld the fairy queen advance into the place she had evacuated, and after peering into every corner, adroitly set the big wheel in motion with unprecedented velocity. Through an aperture in the pantry-door the girl witnessed her carded wool twisted up with wondrous expedition; which operation being completed, a green purse was produced, filled with gold and silver. The supposed chieftainess of the Tomhans taking from thence a crown-piece, tied it in a handkerchief she had laid on the table, and fixed it to a spoke of the wheel. Having looked at a watch, that sparkled like the stars in a frosty horizon, the dread yet lovely vision disappeared.

The poor child remained in the pantry in a state bordering on distraction. Her father and sister found her bereaved of sense or motion; and when she could speak and recollect the cause of her terrors, the exaggeration consequent upon disordered fancy, described all she saw in a manner that spread alarm in her own family and through all the neighbourhood, till the Duchess of A—— appeared at church in the very dress ascribed to the fairy queen. Some of the gentry told her grace

how the poor cottage maiden had almost become deranged by affright. Her grace sent for the sufferer to her, and her parents and sister, rehearsed every movement she had made, and assured them they need no longer fear to touch the crown-piece; which it seemed they had deposited in a running stream, with a stone upon it, taken from a reputed fairy mountlet. "The crown-piece," said her grace, "is the king's coin, and will prove not only harmless but useful, if innocently and wisely expended." Her grace's words being translated into Gaelic for the benefit of her hearers, the girl acknowledged, that when told how the wool was twisted, her horrors were indescribable, as she had no doubt the queen of the fairies intended it as a token of high displeasure, and was convinced that the seeming large piece of money appended to the wheel was a spell fraught with evil. "And I," answered the duchess, "left the few shillings to compensate for the wool spoiled by my awkward industry." Her grace gave presents to the girl, and to the parents and sister, telling them her little gifts were destined to remind them, that no opportunity should be omitted for convincing others, that the alarm caused by her intrusion at their cottage had no concern with fairies, or with any supernatural appearance. It is believed the honest cottagers were faithful to their promise; but the story had spread too far to be effectually contradicted; and to this day it is adduced in support of the notion, that fairies sometimes make their presence visible.

B. G.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH COBBOLD OF IPSWICH.

NOTHING has conferred a brighter lustre on the English name, than the high intellectual attainments possessed by many of the female sex in this country; and among such as have been eminent for talent, true genius, and varied endowments, few of the present age have been more distinguished than the subject of the following biographical notice.

Mrs. Cobbold was born in Watling-street, London, in 1767, and was the daughter of Mr. Robert Knipe of Liverpool. At a very early period of life she discovered considerable talent, which she cultivated with unremitting industry, and soon attracted the notice of many celebrated literary characters. Her taste for poetry was intuitive; and in 1787 she ventured to appear before the world as an authoress, by the publication of "Six Narrative Poems," dedicated by permission to Sir Joshua Reynolds, which work was very favourably received. In 1790, she was united to William Clarke, Esq. a portman of the borough and comptroller of the customs of Ipswich, and became a widow within six months of her marriage. In the following year she published a romance, in two volumes, entitled "The Sword, or Father Bertrand's History of his own Times, from the original manuscript." It was not to be expected that a woman possessed of such amiable qualities of the heart, and gifted with so many attractions of the mind, should long remain a widow, or should affect any undue delicacy on her hand being soon again solicited by a person fully competent to appreciate her merits, and of sufficient wealth and

liberality to indulge her taste for literature: consequently she a second time entered the conjugal state, and became the wife of John Cobbold, Esq. of the Cliff Brewery, in Ipswich, who was a widower with fourteen children. Placed in the bosom of this numerous family, and indulged in the means of gratifying her benevolent spirit, the Cliff became the home of her dearest affections, the residence of taste, and the scene of hospitality. Here it was, in a situation so congenial to her feelings, that her talents and her domestic virtues had ample scope for expansion; and here that her native genius more fully developed its varied and delightful powers. In the course of a few years she herself became the mother of six sons, the third and fourth of whom she lost in their youth, and of an only daughter, who died in her infancy. It may readily be supposed, that in so large a family, with such various and contending interests, the management of the whole was no easy task: yet she took a pleasure and no little pride in the direction and guidance of every department of it. The varied nature of her employments at this period, Mrs. Cobbold, in one of her poetical epistles to a friend, thus most characteristically describes:

"A botanist one day, or grave antiquarian;
Next morning a sempstress or abecedarian;
Now making a frock, and now marring a picture;
Next conning a deep philosophical lecture;
At night at the play, or assisting to kill
The time of the idlers at whist or quadrille:
In cares or amusements still taking a part,
Though science and friendship are nearest
my heart."

To young persons her manner was

most kind and encouraging; she even allowed for the prejudices and deficiencies of education, and nothing afforded her higher gratification than imparting advice or instruction. In some instances, indeed, she may be almost regarded as a public benefactress: her patronage and introduction of Miss Goward* (a native of Ipswich,

* This deserving young lady made a most successful *debut* before that dreaded tribunal, a London audience, at the English Opera-House, on the 2d of July last, and played with great *éclat* the operatic character of *Rosina*, and afterwards *Little Pickle* in "The Spoiled Child," with a hornpipe; thus exhibiting the talents of a serious and comic songstress, a grave and lively actress, and a dancer. Her voice is full, smooth, and highly musical; her taste good; and her scientific acquirements very considerable: but the rich and mellow tones of her voice, its compass and clearness, the masterly and easy style of her execution, and the general pleasantry of her manners, constituted those peculiarities that, in spite of her youthfulness and excessive timidity, secured for her a most flattering reception in both characters.

On her appearance a short time since on the boards of the Ipswich theatre, her kind patroness, Mrs. Cobbold, furnished her with the following beautiful and appropriate address, which she delivered at the close of the opera, with much energy and feeling:

Should I attempt, in language, to reveal
The force, the tenderness of all I feel,
The mix'd emotions utterance would subdue,
And tears be all that *I* could give to *you*!
Yet something I would say;—would fain express

Such thoughts as grateful hearts alone can guess:

To speak *their* powers I feel *my own* unable;
Allow me then to temper them with fable.

The new-fledged Nightingale, when first she leaves

The thorn on which a parent's bosom leaves,

Vol. VI. No. XXXIII.

who is now so justly admired as an actress and public singer,) is a proof of this. Struck with the precocity of this young lady's talents, and more particularly with her taste for music, she undertook the culture of her abilities, and ultimately prepared her for that walk in life which she is now pursuing with such honourable distinction. In 1800, Mrs. Cobbold published a burlesque poem, called "The Mince-Pie," a playful, good-humoured, and facetious trifle, ridiculing the splendid and truly magnificent publication of "The Sovereign," by Mr. Pybus.

In 1803, with her usual liberality of spirit and benevolence of heart, she exerted her pen and interest in behalf of a worthy but humble individual, who had been introduced

Her fluttering wing essay'd, returns to rest,
Trembling and panting, on the well-known nest:

There cherish'd, with renew'd and strengthen'd wing

Again she takes her flight, and tries to sing;
Then seeks the skies;—on ether dares to float;

Visits each clime; improves each tender note:

But still returns, with gratitude and love,
To wake the echoes of her native grove.

Though not like Philomel's my song be heard,

Can you not fancy me that trembling bird,
Who, having tried my early song and flight,
Seek on the sheltering nest again to light;
To meet those fostering smiles, for ever dear,
And grow in strength from growing kindness
here?

If through that kindness, it be mine to claim,
On persevering wing, the heights of fame;
Should I again to these loved scenes belong,
Matured in mind and perfected in song,
Oh! with what transport would that song be given,

In notes of grateful praise to you and heaven!

Hope waves me on, presenting to my view
Such blissful hour—till then—adieu! adieu!

Y

to her notice as the writer of a collection of miscellaneous poems, and which were submitted to her inspection. These she corrected, arranged, and prefaced with an introductory narrative, and published for the author's benefit, under the following title: "Poetical Attempts, by Ann Candler, a Suffolk Cottager; with a short Narrative of her Life." Of this little work more than five hundred copies were sold, the profits of which, to a person in the writer's lowly circumstances, afforded a considerable relief. At an amateur performance at the Ipswich theatre in 1805, for the benefit of the Lying-in Charity of that town, ever ready to aid a charitable purpose, Mrs. Cobbold wrote an appropriate and witty epilogue; and subsequently, on a similar occasion, she furnished an excellent introductory address. From her love of the drama, she was a very constant attendant on the theatre, and a warm patroness of that delightful recreation. She herself also possessed much taste and skill in dramatic composition, and wrote several pieces of great merit. At the commencement of Mr. Raw's "Ladies' Fashionable Repository" in 1809, she became a valuable contributor, and continued annually to the close of her life to grace with her poetical effusions the pages of that highly favoured publication. When any subject of interest engaged her feelings and attention, it was frequently celebrated and adorned both by her pen and pencil; and the application of her ready talent for writing poetry on any particular event that occurred, as it was always done in perfect good-humour, was a source of gratification and pleasure to her friends. For a period of nearly

twenty years the hospitable mansions of the Cliff and Holy Wells (her late residence) were enlivened by an annual party on the evening of St. Valentine's-day, for which festive occasion Mrs. Cobbold designed, composed, and executed, with great taste and elegance, a collection of Valentines, generally to the number of eighty, which were all cut curiously out on a half-sheet of letter-paper, and each inscribed with verses applicable to the subject. They were then folded precisely alike in blue paper, and placed, the ladies' Valentines in one basket, and the gentlemen's in another; and when cards or music had contributed for an hour or two to the amusement of the evening, these baskets were handed round to the unmarried visitors, and the Valentines drawn by them as a lottery, each lady or gentleman selecting one at their pleasure from the respective packets. The prize was intended to prognosticate to the person who drew it marriage, or a matrimonial engagement, in the ensuing year; while the others, from their fancied coincidences with the supposed sentiments of the parties, afforded a unique and interesting amusement.

The following *scena*, which formed one of the Valentines for the year 1814, is introduced, as in some measure depictive of this entertainment:

SCENA.

OBERON AND ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Oberon.

Come, blythest Elf of Fancy's band,
Obey the Fairy King's command.

Robin Goodfellow.

'Tis now the time, as swains relate,
When every bird selects its mate.
Now elves to eastern climes resort,
Their sprightly fairy dames to court,

And hold their revels, blythe and boon,
Beneath the mild and dewy moon.
What, in this consecrated hour,
Exempt from aught of mischief's power,
Has Oberon, 'mid lovers true,
For Robin Goodfellow to do?

Oberon.

To Britain's eastern coast repair,
Where gently glides the Orwell fair;
There shalt thou find a cheerful dame,
More grac'd by happiness than fame,
Who gives to-night a festive scene
In honour of our Fairy Queen.
And Britain's loveliest daughters there
The mental revel freely share,
And draw the merry Valentine,
Inscrib'd with many a sportive line.
Go thou, and so the packets guide,
That each, appropriately supplied,
May find an emblem to impart
The secret wishes of her heart.
So Beauty's animated smile
Shall well reward thy wanton wile;
And Mirth and unaffected Glee
Shall join the gentle revelry.

I will not, Puck, where all are fair,
Presume to bid thee choose the fairest;

But to thy love a billet bear,
And when thy choice thou thus declarest,
Tell her, that in her sparkling eye
Such gay good-humour thou didst spy,
Such mirth, thou couldst not but opine
That she would share these tricks of thine,
And bid that eye's bright lustre shine
Approving on her Valentine.

The recurrence of this festival was ever anticipated with the greatest pleasure by those who were accustomed to share in the invitation to this annual recreation, particularly by the younger part of her visitors, whose hopes and feelings must often have been woven as it were into this

interesting and happy party, while each individual enjoyed the general gaiety of the evening.

In consequence of the anxiety expressed by many of Mrs. Cobbold's friends to possess copies of her Valentines, she in 1813 and 1814 printed them for private circulation; and on the presentation of a copy to a noble earl in the vicinity of Ipswich, his lordship inserted in the blank page the following complimentary verses:

A Valentine of adverse fate,
Still anxious for a willing mate,
Into this book once took a peep,
In hope some benefit to reap;
At least to search with eager eyes
The likeliest way to gain a prize.
Encourag'd by the courteous strain,
He read, admir'd, and read again:
The Graces lead him through the page,
The Muses too his mind engage,
Announcing in Attraction's name
A welcome to the festive game;
And from her train of thronging fair,
Not one is banish'd but Despair:
Wealth, Wit, and Beauty here combine
To celebrate Saint Valentine,
By which this coveted retreat
Displays Elysium complete.
Enraptur'd with the painted bliss,
He cries, "Explain the cause of this!
What goddess here so chaste resides,
And with such attic taste presides?
Under what star auspicious teems
The soil with such Pierian streams?
At Cliff, declare on whose account
Parnassus rears another mount!"
Quoth Truth, "'Tis Cobbold here is queen;
Her genius forms the classic scene."
(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XIX.

I ONCE more sit down to give a few reminiscences of my visits to Washington; though perhaps they will afford less amusement to my readers in the perusal, than to myself in the recollection. I several times visited the capital during the

session of Congress, to hear the debates. I found very little order or regularity in that assembly. The hall in which the representatives met was a splendid room, handsomely fitted up. The speaker placed in a chair of state, with a

gorgeous velvet canopy over his head; the members seated in their elbow-chairs with stuffed seats, whilst the floor was covered with rich carpeting; and the elegant drapery which decorated the apartment, were very unlike the stern simplicity of republicanism. The members had a very undignified appearance, and their manners were as undignified as their looks. They lounged in their easy chairs, read their newspapers, wrote letters, slept, or left their places, and huddled round a particular speaker, without any regard to order, and still less of attention to the matter in debate. I heard only one speaker who could really be called an eloquent orator, and very few who were even passable; and yet the Americans, with true Yankee vanity, arrogate to themselves a supremacy in this point, as well as in every other, over the old world. The eloquent speaker to whom I allude was the celebrated John Randolph, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Matthew Lyon, a member from either Tennessee or Kentucky, I now forget which, with whom I had become acquainted at Mr. Mortimer's. No two men could present a greater contrast than Mr. Lyon and Mr. Randolph. The former was tall and stout; the latter small and slim: Mr. Randolph, though extremely juvenile in his appearance, had a gentlemanly aspect; Mr. Lyon resembled a boor from some of the inland counties in England, who had never seen any thing of civilized society. Both were of irritable tempers; but Randolph, if assailed in the house, in a tone which roused all his passions, and almost put them beyond the controul of prudence, would retort in a strain of keen sarcasm or severe rebuke upon his an-

tagonist; whilst Matthew would knock him down, spit in his face, or (as I understand was once the case) bite off his ear. Indeed personal altercations, not always conducted according to the most approved rules of good breeding, were by no means rare in the American legislature; and I have heard very uncourteous terms applied by one member to another, without exciting even a call to "order" from the speaker.

I have mentioned Mr. Lyon, and he was an instance of wonderful good fortune, if his history, as related to me, was correct. He was a native of the Emerald Isle, and emigrated when quite a lad, as a redemptioner; that is to say, the captain of the vessel gave him his passage, and sold him, on his arrival in America, for a term of seven years to the best bidder. He had a good heart and a stout frame, and never hesitated at working hard, however ill he fared. This is the sort of people who get on in America; and accordingly Mr. Lyon from a white slave became a man of substance and a representative in Congress. He was an eccentric but a worthy man; his greatest fault was an inveterate antipathy to England and its government.

Mr. Randolph, as in person and acquirements, so in birth and fortune, was the very reverse of Mr. Lyon. He may be said to belong to the real aristocracy of America, for he is descended from one of the most ancient families in the state of Virginia, and allied to the famous Pocahontas, whose romantic story every one must be acquainted with. The following particulars relative to him are, I believe, perfectly authentic. They are taken from a memorandum collected from sources which

fell in my way whilst in America, and from private information. I give the slight sketch (with some verbal corrections only) as I wrote it some years back for a different purpose.

He was born about the year 1777, and received the first rudiments of his education at Richmond Academy, from whence he was sent, with his two elder brothers, to the college at New-York. Whilst there he seldom mingled in the sports of his youthful cotemporaries, but devoted the hours of permitted and necessary amusement, either to a literary lounge in a bookseller's shop (book-stores, as they term them in America--the Americans do not like to talk of the *shop*), or to the perusal of some favourite author in his own apartment. He hence obtained the name of "the book-worm" and "the young pedant;" but heedless of the ridicule of his thoughtless classmates and giddy brothers, he pursued his course, and laid up a store of useful learning, instead of wasting his time in dissipation.

He finished his studies with credit, and obtained his degree without difficulty. On his return to his native state, at the earnest request of his father, he devoted himself to the study of the law, under the care of a maternal uncle. In a short period, he made a very considerable progress in that important science; and when introduced to practice, his fame spread like electricity, and he appeared to be fast rising to the highest eminence in his profession. The death of his father and elder brother having, however, placed him in possession of a fortune more than competent to his wants, as his habits were very abstemious and regular, he relinquished the law as a profession, but commenced, as a course of study,

his researches into that branch of it which related to nature and nations. About this period his fellow-citizens, looking upon him as a prodigy, elected him their representative to Congress, at the early age of twenty-two years; and he has since continued a very active member of that body.

When he presented himself before the speaker, Mr. Sledgewick, to take the customary oaths, struck with his boyish appearance, that gentleman demanded, with a sternness peculiar to him, whether he was of age. "Ask my constituents who sent me here," retorted Mr. Randolph; which silenced the speaker, and astonished the whole house. He commenced his political career as a warm supporter of the line of politics which distinguished Mr. Jefferson's administration. But disgusted with the partial conduct which marked the intercourse of the cabinet with France and England, he was, during the period of my sojourn in America, generally found in the list of opposition. His enemies, instead of attributing this change to his independent spirit, which scorns to support measures opposed to the welfare of his country, ascribed it to interested motives, springing out of a disappointment in not being appointed to a foreign embassy which he solicited. From the highest authority, I have reason to know that this report was erroneous: he never solicited any such appointment, for which the weakness of his constitution unfitted him; and the petulance of his temper certainly afforded no recommendation for a diplomatic situation.

In private life, Mr. Randolph is humane and benevolent; but in the social circle too apt to assume a dic-

tatorial manner. He is naturally very irritable, and if once offended, is seldom or ever reconciled. The following anecdote is authentic, and does not display a favourable trait in his character:

From his first introduction into public life, a very friendly intimacy subsisted between him and Mr. Madison. The house of the latter was Mr. Randolph's home, and he was considered as a son of the family. Although he frequently violated the rules of decorum, in attempting to dictate to that gentleman when secretary of state in respect to his official duties, yet it was overlooked. Not content, however, with this, Mr. Randolph attempted to play off some of his sarcastic humour upon the females of the family. This rudeness was properly resented from that quarter; and from that day Mr. Randolph became a stranger to, and has since been the enemy of, one of his warmest friends. This acerbity and irascibility in his disposition are the more to be lamented, united as they are with the most cordial benevolence and goodness of heart, which are evinced in his conduct to those whom he has the power to relieve.

As an orator, Mr. Randolph was certainly the first on the floor of Congress. A panegyrist in an American paper says of him, that "he unites the solidity of a Fox with the fire of a Burke; the majesty of a Pitt with the playful humour and biting satire of a Sheridan." Without giving credit to this eulogium in its utmost extent, it is certain, that he is equalled by no member of the American legislature, and is not surpassed by many in the British senate. His action is chaste, and his diction classical. His voice is weak and effeminate, yet his utterance is distinct and melodious; and where the judgment cannot assent to his reasoning, it is often bewildered by the force of his eloquence.

I look back with pleasure to my short intercourse with this eminent man; I found his conversation not merely entertaining, but highly instructive; and his views more truly liberal (I use the word in its legitimate sense, and not in accordance with the cant of the day), than those of any native American with whom it was my fate to become acquainted.

A RAMBLER.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

NO. VII.

Our party met on the 10th of August, all in "merry mood;" for so delightful was the evening, that it was sufficient to inspire with mirth every heart not totally insensible to the charms of nature. I have already said that the vicar's study opened to a lawn, and that a "beautiful flower-parterre ornamented the front of the house." The first was blooming in all the refreshing co-

lours of the spring; for a few genial showers, which had fallen during the past week, had changed the arid appearance that a few days back it exhibited; and the latter was in full bloom; and the rich and beautiful tints of the flowers charmed the eye, whilst their perfume was grateful to the smell. The windows were thrown open; Mrs. Primrose, with the young ladies, Mrs. Mathews, and Mrs. Mon-

tague, occupied the seats nearest them, and were at intervals plying their needles, and listening to the remarks elicited from their companions, and occasionally enlivening them by their own *naïve* and appropriate sallies. The vicar occupied his easy chair, which was placed so as to give him a command of the prospect from without; and Counsellor Eitherside, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Montague, and myself, took chairs on each side of him, a little in the rear of the ladies. We were a happy group; and I verily believe there was not one amongst us who was not at peace with himself and with the world. We had a long desultory chat, but not of sufficient moment to record; and I shall take up our conversation from the following remark of Dr. Primrose:

I think we have had few new publications of much value lately, except works of imagination in prose and verse. The higher walks of literature appear to be neglected; and I fear the present age will produce few standard works in the more elevated sciences. In history, for instance, we are likely to be sadly deficient.

Counsellor Eitherside. We are not altogether without works of that class either; but if they are not so numerous as those of imagination, don't you think the taste of the age must be blamed—if blame there be—for this paramount direction of the intellectual pursuits of our highly gifted writers?

Dr. Primrose. I do not mention it altogether as matter of blame, but more as matter of fact; since, for my own part, I do not blame those votaries of the Muse who follow her devious windings, whether they lead to

the higher or the more humble retreats of literature, and whether their imaginings are put forth under the name of poems or of romances; for I hold all works of imagination to partake of the nature of poetry, whilst they aim to instruct and innocently amuse. I do not agree with those of my reverend brethren who denounce fictions and imaginative writings in the gross; on the contrary, I have read many in which I could not discover the least harm, whilst they would serve to kindle in the heart a love of virtue and a detestation of vice, and to animate all our better feelings, all our more noble passions into active exertion or patient endurance, as the occasion might call for the different direction of those faculties with which the Supreme Being has blessed us, equally for our own benefit and for that of others.

Mr. Mathews. It is Lord Bacon, I think, who says, that fiction “raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires, and not, like history and reason, subjecting the mind to things.”

Dr. Primrose. It is. But I differ, with all due respect, from that mighty genius, when he says, that fiction, “upon a narrow inspection, strongly shews, that a greater variety of things, a more perfect order, a more beautiful variety, than can any where be found in nature, is pleasing to the mind.” I do not mean, that our minds are never so warped from their true bias as not to admire and be pleased with things which have no prototype in nature; but I deny that a “greater” or “more beautiful variety,” or a “more perfect order,” can exist, than the God of Nature has presented to us in his works,

which every where meet our wondering eyes; and, certainly, for me, works of fiction possess the greatest charm, when they more closely approach to, than when they widely depart from, the natural order of things.

Mr. Montague. And undoubtedly those which take nature for their guide have been not only more popular in their own day, if I may so call it, the period when they were written; but have also descended to posterity with the approving fiat of each succeeding generation upon them; whilst those that invert the natural order of things have, however they may have surprised and astonished for a time, soon descended into the stream of oblivion.

Reginald. Many of the productions of this age, both in prose and verse, will, I think, stand a fair chance of reaching our grandchildren at least, before they will be forgotten. England can now boast of a splendid galaxy of literary talents, which, in my opinion, more justly entitles this to the epithet of the Augustan age of our literature than any former period.

The Counsellor. I think so too; in poetry, in particular, there was never a period when we possessed more highly gifted writers.

Mr. Mathews. Except in the department of the drama.

Reginald. There I grant you the writers of the Elizabethan age are our superiors. Shakspeare, Marlow, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher are indeed names of high renown, before which our Shielis, our Proctors, and our Knowles sink into utter insignificance. But when these great men wrote, their genius had its full sway; it was neither cramped by

conventional rules, nor cowed by the overbearing haughtiness of any performer, who, with true meanness of intellect and littleness of mind, not being able to "bear any rival" in popular favour, insists that every character in a drama, except his own, shall be cut down into a mere nonentity. I have, however, read some modern dramas, which were never represented, but which possess more of real dramatic genius, than the whole of the new tragedies produced at the metropolitan theatres for years past. Bird's "*Cosmo Duke of Tuscany*," is one of these; "*The Duke of Mantua*," which, from a silly device in the title-page, was attributed to Lord Byron, but which I have reason to believe is written by a friend of mine, one of the most popular poets of the day, is another: "*The Italian Wife*," and "*Babington*," by the same author, though perhaps not exactly fitted for representation, evince great dramatic genius. But what man of talent will write for the stage, when he is compelled to bow to the caprice and ignorance of the actors who fret their hour upon it, and then are heard no more?

Dr. Primrose. There is a good deal of truth in your remarks; and I perfectly assent to the assertion, that the present age is one of the brightest in English literature: if, in the department of history, or the higher walks of philosophy, we have few adventurers, these few will be distinguished to the end of time. Works illustrative of history, memoirs and papers, however, abound; voyages and travels are more numerous still; in biography, we cut a very respectable figure; and in poetry, novels, and tales, we are unrivalled.

Mrs. Primrose. I liked a novel

which I read the other day, called "O'Hara," uncommonly.

Reginald. It is said to be the production of a clergyman, a chaplain of the Marquis of Sligo, and is certainly a clever work. Of late Ireland has attracted a good deal of the attention of our novel-writers. Mr. Banim, author of "The Celts' Paradise," has begun well in his "Tales of the O'Hara Family;" and if he proceeds in the same strain, he will do as much for that ill-fated isle as Sir Walter Scott, or whoever is the Great Unknown, has done for Scotland. Mr. Crowe's "To-Day in Ireland" is also an amusing work, though he has introduced individual characters in a way which is highly indefensible. My eccentric, but warm-hearted friend, Sir Harcourt Lees, figures under the cognomen of Sir Starcourt Gibbs; and in Dick M'Loughlin we cannot fail to recognise Mr. Martin, whose efforts in the cause of humanity, though somewhat characterized by that propensity of blundering so natural to his countrymen, ought to preserve him from ridicule. Both these works must be read with several grains of allowance for the prejudices and partialities of the authors. Mr. Banim, in my opinion, belongs to that party who have taken a wrong view of the causes which have led to the anomalous state of Ireland. Mr. Crowe draws a more faithful picture, and one much more accordant with truth, when he represents the Roman Catholic ascendancy over the peasantry of Ireland as the main cause of the evils which afflict them; whilst he does not affect to disguise those which spring from the oppression of the landlords, or the too fre-

quent perversion of justice by the magistrate: the latter evil, however, and a grievous one it was, is one of which I hope to hear little in future, under the new regulations that have recently been introduced.

Miss Primrose. A very interesting scene in "O'Hara," is that of the duel between the youth of that name and Felton. Shall I read it?

Mr. Mathews. If you please. I have not seen the tale.

Miss Primrose. The occurrence took place during an election.

The place where affairs of honour were usually decided was within a short mile of the town. It was a level meadow surrounded by rising grounds, and afforded ample accommodation for the hundreds who had flocked to witness the decision of the quarrel, with the same composure with which they would have crowded to a cock-fight. Three or four of O'Hara's friends were waiting for him, and they accompanied him through the spectators, who were all decorated with the insignia of their respective parties, until they reached the scene of action: it was the centre of the field, and marked by a gentle undulation of the surface. Here several lives had been forfeited at the shrine of mistaken honour, and a few stones pointed out the exact spot where one had lately fallen. At this little monument Henry awaited the approach of Felton and his friends: they were not long absent, and the seconds retired a few paces to arrange preliminaries.

If there be a moment when the duellist feels agitated, it is in this trying time. Amidst the dead silence of the spectators, the stepping of the allotted distance, and all the usual preparations for the affair, were quickly transacted. Henry felt neither trepidation nor dismay, and his antagonist looked on with equal indifference: their feelings, however, were very dissimilar; with one a chivalrous de-

votion had sent the son to battle for the parent, and substitute his own person to protect that of his gallant father. The other's was the cold-blooded hardihood of a practised homicide; he stood as he had frequently done before, and, without a pang of remorse, prepared to hurry his youthful opponent from existence.

The seconds had assigned the respective situations to each principal, when a buzz amongst the distant crowd turned the attention of the parties to the road, and a horseman was seen rapidly advancing. Some persons having called out "The sheriff is coming!" the seconds instantly placed the pistols in their friends' hands, retired, and gave the signal. Henry fired without hesitation, but Felton deliberated for a few moments. "Shame! murder!" began to be muttered when he discharged his pistol: the ball passed through Henry's hat, and Felton, with a savage oath, muttered something to mad Andy, accounting for the failure of his fire. The weapons were again prepared, when Thornton came up, and implored O'Hara to aim steadily, and not let the ruffian take his life. Felton's conduct, however, had already awakened him to a sense of his danger, and he observed him cautiously while awaiting the expected signal.

The horseman had now approached sufficiently near to be distinguished, and one glance told him it was his father. With a strong exertion he mastered the agitation his presence caused, and coolly prepared for the moment of action.

Major O'Hara was on the hustings when a rumour reached him, that his son had gone out with Felton. With a groan of horror he rushed into the street, and called loudly for his horse. A young gentleman instantly tendered his, and the distracted parent galloped to the scene of combat. The crowds on the road made way for him; and as he reached the high ground that overlooked the field, a discharge of pistols told him that all might

now be over! A man standing on a high wall called out, that "both were on their legs." He rode madly on, if possible, to prevent the fire from being repeated. His appearance, however, precipitated what he was so anxious to prevent: again a murmur of the mob told, that the parties were ready, and again there was an awful silence. His further progress was impeded by a gate, and he sprang from his horse to open it: at that instant the pistols were discharged. O'Hara's limbs almost failed him; his eye grew dim, while a kind of murmuring groan burst from the crowd. "He's down, by G—d!" cried one of the spectators. He staggered for support against the gate-pier. "Felton's done for!" roared another voice exultingly; and such had been indeed the result. Henry escaped unhurt, and his savage opponent was stretched upon the field.

Mr. Montague. How anxiously my heart beat for the fate of the young O'Hara! How I felt for the agonizing grief of his father!

Rosina. What a savage custom is duelling! I could not love the man, let him be in every thing else great and good, who would raise his hand against his fellow-creature's life in murderous combat.

Reginald. Yet there are occasions when the voice of honour, the dread of censure, the fear of being branded as a coward, or a keen sense of those injuries and insults which are of a nature never to be forgotten, impels a good and honourable man to expose his life "upon the hazard of a die," and to place himself in the peril of committing——no, I cannot call it murder!

Dr. Primrose. But the laws of God will call it so, my dear young friend; and with every good man, they should be paramount to the laws of honour. Let me conjure *you* ne-

ver, by any dread of the world's contumely, to risk a breach of that emphatic command of the divinity—"Thou shalt do no murder;" for be assured the sin will be heinous, and one which deep and sincere repentance only can obliterate: if, indeed, any repentance can obtain pardon for cutting off a human being in the very commission of an act at variance with all laws, human and divine, and sending him to stand before his judge, "unanointed, unanointed, with all his imperfections on his head." But the subject is too sombre; let us change it.

Reginald. Willingly. We were, I think, before Miss Primrose read that touching extract, adverting to the tales of Irish life recently published: those are not the only ones which have attracted my notice. To you, young ladies, I should recommend "Husband-Hunting" as a very excellent novel; "My Grandmother and her Guests," "Reine Canziani," and "London in the Olden Time," will also afford some amusement; I cannot say much for "Massenburg and Lochandu."

Mr. Mathews. Has the author of "The Lollards" produced nothing lately?

Reginald. His last novel was "The Witch-Finder;" and a very excellent one it is. It displays an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of our ancestors; and the account of the state of the drama during the time of Cromwell's usurpation is extremely curious.

Rosina. Have you not any poetry for us, Reginald? I know you generally read most of the productions of our poets as soon as they appear.

Reginald. Within the last month I have read Miss Landon's "Trou-

badour," Mr. Sotheby's "Poems," and Dr. Southey's "Tale of Paraguay."

Mrs. Montague. Well, and what do you think of them?

Reginald. I think Miss Landon is in great danger of being spoiled by her injudicious friends. The praise bestowed on her former volume, "The Improvisatrice," was far beyond its merits, though they were certainly great; and no doubt urged by the very natural feeling which we all must experience, of elation and pride, at the very high encomiums awarded her, she has again ventured before the public with a production, which, I candidly confess, I do not think equal to the former. Still there are some beautiful verses in it. And I hope Miss Landon will not be displeased at my preferring truth to gallantry. I will read you two passages I marked as possessing high merit.

LOVE.

Where is the heart that has not bow'd

A slave, eternal Love, to thee?

Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,

And is there one amongst them free?

The cold, the proud, oh! Love has turn'd

The marble till with fire it burn'd;

The gay, the young, alas! that they

Should ever bend beneath thy sway!

Look on the cheek the rose might own,

The smile around like sunshine thrown;

The rose, the smile, alike are thine,

To fade and darken at thy shrine.

And what must Love be in a heart,

All passion's fiery depths concealing,

Which has in its minutest part

More than another's whole of feeling?

Miss Primrose. Why, Reginald, that is downright heresy!

The gay, the young, alas! that they

Should ever bend beneath thy sway!

Why, *you* surely do not mean to say, that it is a pity Love should ever aim his arrows at other hearts than those which are enshrined in cold, sombre, and aged bosoms?

Reginald. Oh! no, I do not: but

Miss Landon always depicts love, though her verse is redolent of it, in gloomy colours. Thus in her former volume she says,

Love's bright fount is never pure;
And all his pilgrims must endure
All passion's mighty suffering,
Ere they may reach the blessed spring.

Again:

Where is the sorrow but appears
In Love's long catalogue of tears?

And again, still more strongly:

Spirit of Love! soon thy rose-plumes wear
The weight and the sully of canker and care!
Falsehood is round thee; Hope leads thee on,
Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.
But one bright moment is all thine own,
The one ere thy visible presence is known;
When, like the wind of the south, thy power,
Summing the heavens, sweetening the flower,
Is felt, but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm
As the sleep of a child, as the dew-fall of balm.

Fear has not darken'd thee; Hope has not made

Thy blossom expand—it but opens to fade.
Nothing is known of those wearing fears
Which will shadow the light of thy after years.

Then art thou bliss: but once thrown by
The veil which shrouds thy divinity,
Stand confessed, and thy quiet is fled!
Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,
But pain will be with them. What may restore

The gentle happiness known before?

Such is Miss Landon's description of love. I hope she has not, from experience, felt the truth of her own picturings! But for me, I hold, that the heart which "has never loved," that heart which has never thrilled responsive to "woman's sigh," is cold and cheerless as yon marble statue, and as incapable of being animated to good or generous deeds. But in "The Troubadour" Miss Landon speaks of poetry in terms as despairing as she does of love; and here, certainly, she cannot be drawing from her own experience: for her course has been brilliant; her success has

been sufficient to urge others to emulation, in the hope of attaining the laurel crown, which she so becomingly wears. But you shall hear.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

I know not whether Love can fling
A deeper witchery from his wing
Than falls, sweet Power of Song, from thine.
Yet, ah! the wreath that binds thy shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker-worm and blight!
Planet of wayward destinies,
Thy victims are thy votaries!
Alas! for him whose youthful fire
Is vowed and wasted on the lyre!
Alas! for him who shall essay
The laurel's long and dreary way!
Mocking will greet, neglect will chill
His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill;
And, worst of all, that heartless praise
Echoed from what another says.
He dreams a dream of life and light,

And grasps the rainbow that appears
Afar all beautiful and bright,

And finds it only formed of tears.

Ay, let him reach the goal, let fame
Pour glory's sunlight on his name,
Let his songs be on every tongue,
And wealth and honours round him flung,
Then let him shew his secret thought—
Will it not own them dearly bought?
See him in weariness fling down
The golden harp, the violet crown;
And sigh for all the toil, the care,
The wrong that he has had to bear;
Then wish the treasures of his lute
Had been, like his own feelings, mute;
And curse the hour when that he gave
To sight that wealth, his lord and slave.

Mr. Montague. She seems a "wild and wayward girl," this young lady: but, nevertheless, she has great genius, and I have read her productions with infinite pleasure. But what do you think of Sotheby's poems?

Reginald. I was much pleased with them in the perusal: but I have not the book, and can only recollect one short piece. It is

TO AN ORANGE-TREE.

Sweet is the vernal rose
That scents the morning gale;
And sweet at daylight's close
The silver lily blows,

Filling with fragrant breath the dewy vale.
 They flourish and decay ;
 They bloom, and blooming, fail ;

Leaf after leaf fades, falls, and dies away.

Thy morrow, like thy day,
 Beholds thee gifted with perpetual growth,
 Thee, child and mother both ;

And every season sweet,
 Spring, summer, autumn, not in slow advance,

Nor singly, thee, with separate offerings,
 greet ;

But, like the Graces, that in linked dance
 Join hand in hand, and wreath their mingled
 feet,

With all their treasures, all at once, endow'r
 The golden fruit, green leaf, and silver flow'r.

Mrs. Montague. And what do you
 think of your favourite Dr. Southey's
 poem, "The Tale of Paraguay?"

Reginald. That the beautiful dedicatory stanzas to his daughter form the best part of the volume. The subject of the tale is bad, as the small-pox can never be made poetical. Yet the poem (which is in the Spenserian stanza) contains some beautiful lines. The joy of a father on the birth of the first-born is described by the poet in exquisite language:

But seldom may such thoughts of mingled
 joy

A father's agitated breast dilate,
 As when he first beheld that infant boy.
 Who hath not prov'd it, ill can estimate
 The feeling of that stirring hour, the weight
 Of that new sense, the thoughtful pensive
 bliss.

In all the changes of our changeful state,
 Even from the cradle to the grave, I wis
 The heart not undergoes a change so great
 as this.

And the feelings of the parents,
 when they detect the first dawn of
 intelligence in the young cherub, are
 not less touchingly depicted.

Oh ! bliss for them, when in that infant face
 They now the unfolding faculties descry,
 And fondly gazing trace, or think they trace,
 The first faint speculation in that eye
 Which hitherto has roll'd in vacancy !
 Oh ! bliss in that soft countenance to seek
 Some mark of recognition, and espy

The quiet smile, which, on the innocent cheek
 Of kindness and its kind, its consciousness
 doth speak !

The Counsellor. So much for poetry. I have been occupied in reading, during our "recess," Perceval's "History of Italy," and have been more pleased with it than I have been with any book for a long time. It possesses the interest of romance with the truth of history; and its pages contain the origin of many of our romantic stories of

————— that land,
 Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
 Are most divine.

Some passages I noted in my tablets; and I will read you an account of a tragedy, originating in the feuds between the Guelfs and Ghibelines, that took place at Bologna in 1276; and which forms the ground-work of a very interesting tale I have met with somewhere, but where I do not now recollect.

The noble families of Giermei and Lambertazzi of Bologna, chief of the Guelf and Ghibelin factions in their city, had long been opposed in deadly animosity, when Bonifazio Giermei and Imilda, the daughter of Orlando de Lambertazzi, forgot the enmity of their houses in the indulgence of a mutual and ardent passion. In one of their secret interviews in the palace of Lambertazzi, the lovers were betrayed to the brothers of Imilda: she fled at their approach, but they rushed upon Bonifazio, immediately dispatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl, returning to the chamber, discovered his cruel fate by the stains of blood, and traced the corpse to the spot where it had been thrown. It was yet warm, and with mingled agony and hope she endeavoured to suck the venom from its wounds. But she only imbibed the poison into her own veins; and the ill-fat'd pair were found stretched

lifeless together. This sad catastrophe inflamed the hatred of the two houses to desperation; their respective factions in the city espoused their quarrel; they flew to arms; and for forty days the streets and palaces of Bologna were the scenes of a general and furious contest, which terminated in favour of the Guelfs. The Lambertazzi and all their Ghibelin associates were driven from the city; their houses were razed, and twelve thousand citizens were involved in a common sentence of banishment.

Rosina. Dreadful, that men should suffer their passions so far to get the better of their reason, and to overcome every feeling of humanity in their breasts!

The Counsellor. I will read you another extract, not less romantic.

During the ninth and the first sixty years of the tenth centuries, from the government of Angelo Participazio to the coming into Italy of Otho the Great, the Venetian affairs, with brief intervals of repose, were wholly occupied with civil commotion and naval wars. The doges of the republic were often murdered; its fleets were sometimes defeated; but, under every adverse circumstance, the commercial activity, the wealth, and the power of the state were still rapidly increasing. In the ninth century, the Venetians, in concert with the Greeks, encountered, though with indifferent success, the navies of the Saracens; but the Narentines, and other pirates of Dalmatia, were their constant enemies, and were frequently chastised by the arms of the republic. The Venetian wealth invited attacks from all the freebooters of the seas; and an enterprise, undertaken by some of them who had established themselves on the coast of Istria, deserves, from its singularity, and the vengeance of the republic, to be recorded in this place. According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always

celebrated on the same day of the year, and in the same church. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the state annually increased the general joy of the occasion, by endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning, gondolas, elegantly ornamented, assembled from all quarters of the city at the episcopal church of St. Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sound of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over-night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their barks, until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their defenceless lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But a deadly revenge overtook them. The doge, Pietro Candiano III. had been present at the ceremony; he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths; they flew to arms, and throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagunes of Caorlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived, for many centuries, the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the doge was not satisfied with the

punishment which he had inflicted upon the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the ducal crown, the duty of consummating his design.

Reginald. Thank you, counsellor; you have afforded us the most interesting treat of the evening. I have seen Perceval's volumes, but not read them. I shall, however, do so with-

out delay, and perchance some wondrous tale of melancholy love may hereafter appear, founded on some of his narrations, from the pen of Reginald Hildebrand.

The conversation now turned on subjects not immediately connected with literature, and here I close this long paper.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
Aug. 14, 1825.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

KING GEORGE IV.

DURING the king's visit to the Continent, a deputation of the miners of the Hartz, in his Hanoverian dominions, waited upon his Majesty at Rothenkirchen. They begged permission to present him with a goblet, out of which, they said, George II. and George the III. had condescended to drink. The king immediately recollected, that when the miners visited England, his late father had drunk out of the goblet; and three old miners being presented to him as the remains of those who had been at court on that occasion, the king good-humouredly said, "Do you still sing the song you sung at Windsor?--*Gestern Abend war Vetter Michael da?*" As this song is national in the Hartz, it may easily be imagined how delighted the honest miners were with his Majesty's excellent memory and pleasantry.

GALLANTRY REBUKED.

Count Fuentes, a Spanish nobleman, was notorious for his gallantries, and so successful in his addresses, that when he was appointed ambas-

sador to the court of France, the queen, as it is reported, cautioned him against carrying on his intrigues there; and when he arrived, even personally repeated her injunctions to him. In spite of these injunctions, however, he took the liberty to pay his addresses to a very handsome young widow. She complaisantly received his declaration, but on condition, that she should have a confidant, to which the count agreed; being delighted to find that she was so far from being offended with his overtures. He called every day to see the lady; and one afternoon was rather surprised to find his wife, Countess Fuentes, at her house. "Now that we three are alone," said the widow, "I have an affair to communicate, which concerns both my honour and my happiness." This introduction interested her visitors, who expressed their acknowledgments for so high a mark of confidence. "The fact is this," continued the widow to the countess: "your husband protests that he is in love with me, and I received his declaration, on condition of having a confi-

dant in our courtship. I believe, madam, that I can never find a more prudent one than you, and I entreat you to take me under your protection, that I may regulate my conduct agreeably to your advice." The husband's confusion may easily be conceived: the countess pardoned him, and, it is said, that he was reformed for ever.

REMARKABLE RECLUSE.

About fifty years ago an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Halyburton of Newmains, or that of Mr. Erskine of Sheffield, who resided in the neighbourhood; and from their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be induced to accept. At twelve each night she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friends that, during her absence, her habitation was occupied by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth appellation of Fatlips; describing him as a little man wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar with terror as a *weird woman*. Her strange mode of life was supposed to have been occasioned by a vow never to behold the sun until a man, to whom she was attached, had returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she would never more behold the light of day.

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND AND DOUGLAS
OF KILSPENDIE.

James V. had sworn that no Douglas ever should serve him; and he preserved his rash oath inviolate, with a vigour that in one instance at least cannot be applauded. Douglas of Kilspendie was his great favourite in the days of his youth, and so highly did James esteem his courage and nobleness of mind, that he called him his *Greysteil*, a name taken from some champion of a romance no longer extant. He was, however, banished with his chief, and served many years in France. At length, weary of exile and anxious to lay his bones in his own country, the aged warrior threw himself upon the clemency of his native sovereign. As James returned from hunting near Stirling, he recognised his ancient favourite, and exclaimed, "Yonder comes our Greysteil, Archibald of Kilspendie!" Douglas approached, and on his knees implored permission to end his days in obscurity within the bounds of his own country; but implacable to the name of Douglas, James took no notice of the supplicant, and rode briskly up the hill toward Stirling Castle. Kilspendie, though loaded with a hauberk, or shirt of mail, under his garments, still kept pace on foot, endeavouring to catch one pitying glance of his once partial master: alas! all exertions were unavailing! Spent by over fatigue, and sunk in grief, the exile was compelled to sit down at the castle-gate, where he asked for a glass of water. Even this simple boon was refused by the attendants, who caught the royal spirit of merciless severity. James blamed the discourtesy of his menials: yet he allowed Kilspendie no indulgence.

The unfortunate gentleman returned to France, where he soon died of a broken heart; and Solway Moss avenged his cause upon the King of Scotland. It is well known that James died of sorrow for his defeat at Solway Moss.

TEA-MAKING.

The Calmuc Tartars use much tea. They boil it with salt and butter. In Thibet, tea is prepared rather as a gruel, with flour, salt, and butter. More tea is said to be consumed in Morocco than in England. They receive it from Great Britain by way of Gibraltar; and through the same channel are supplied with sugar. They drink the infusion of tea very strong, and put sugar in the teapot. In the last century the Moors used tansey and mint to heighten the flavour of their tea. In the neighbourhood of Fez there grows a plant called *Kiff*, said to exhilarate the spirits, and fill the whole frame of man with delightful sensations, while the most agreeable ideas occupy the mind. The leaves are sometimes smoked as tobacco; but the usual preparation is to boil the plant twelve hours with a quantity of butter; then it is strained, and reserved to be either swallowed in pills, mixed with sweetmeats, or employed as seasoning for food.

THE HARP OF ORPHEUS.

A gentleman of small fortune, but rich in literary attainments, was disappointed in the purchase of some scarce books at a sale, by a vain unlettered man bidding for them an extravagant price; and not satisfied with displaying the successful pre-

ponderance of his gold against taste and erudition, he spoke of his purchase, and the disappointment of his adversary, when they chanced to meet at a public dinner some time after. "The harp of Orpheus will not yield harmony to all that have power to sweep the strings," said the scholar.—"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" questioned the man of wealth. "Explain your words, or give me other satisfaction."—"I must tell a long story to explain my words," objected the scholar: but some of the company, who understood the allusion, and had no small pleasure in mortifying the favourite of Fortune, while others wished to hear a story, begged the gentleman might proceed. "Well, gentlemen, I shall make my tale as short as I can; and as you have all no doubt heard of the wonderful musician Orpheus, who was torn to pieces by the Thracian Bacchanals, I need not repeat that part of the narration. The poets say, that the harp of Orpheus was thrown into the river Hebrus, with his head upon it, which head, severed from the body, sung a doleful but melodious elegy on the fate of its late master; and the harp, made vocal by winds, accompanied the accents with a solemn strain. The Ægean sea wafted the mournful concert to Lesbos, where the lyre was hung up in the temple of Apollo, and the head inhumed with honours due. Neanthus, the son of Pittacus, heard of this marvellous harp, which, in the time of Orpheus, had moved rocks and trees, tamed wild beasts, and charmed the infernal powers. Since the time of Orpheus no mortal had touched the instrument, because all were conscious they

A A

could not use it; but Neanthus, relying upon his royalty and riches, imagined the possession to be very desirable. He therefore bribed the priest to resign it to him, and to hang up one like it in the temple; as we sometimes see a library filled with wooden representatives of volumes, and they are as serviceable, perhaps, to the proprietors as printed pages: but this is a digression. Let us return to Neanthus. I suppose the Lesbians, like the Turks of our day, turned their dogs into the streets at night, and they crowded around Neanthus, when, ignorant of music, he took a golden key to tune the lyre, and delighted with his own performance, scraped upon the strings with

manful force, never doubting that the harmony he produced attracted the animals; and he cursed the darkness which hindered a distinct view of the rocks and trees waltzing to his music, as they were wont to dance when Orpheus struck his lyre. He was soon fatally taught to repent his presumption; the dogs approached nearer and more near: however, they came not in the spirit of admiration. The discordant din seemed to them the grunting of wild hogs, or the howling of wolves; and as there was no light to shew the human figure of Pittacus, they seized him at all points, and he perished like Orpheus, harp in hand.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Grand March for the Piano-forte and Harp, or two Piano-fortes, composed for, and dedicated to, the Right Hon. the Ladies Paullet, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)

IN this march Mr. K. has blended precision and energy of diction with a striking degree of originality, both as to melody and harmonic treatment. This is more particularly the case in the two first parts of the march (G major). The trio, in C major, is of a more softened complexion; and on that account, as well as from the contrast it bears to the more forcible prior portion, sure to gain universal approbation. The harp-part, although more employed in accompaniments than in active melody, and far from being difficult, is powerfully effective. This march might advantageously be exhibited

in the form of a duet for *one* piano-forte, and we would recommend such an arrangement to the publisher.

No. I. Musical Sketch, in which is introduced an admired Scotch Air, "Wandering Willy," dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Cecil Talbot, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 74. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

In the introduction, allegro maestoso $\frac{3}{4}$ F major, skilful hints at the subject of the air are interwoven on several occasions, and some touches of deep extraneous modulation, as well as of good contrapuntal contrivance, are judiciously and ably brought into play. The Scotch tune is next propounded in a distinct and principal movement under the signature "*Molto Adagio*." But it does not clearly appear whether this slow time is the prevailing one throughout; a circumstance we should much

doubt, the only directions given, besides the above "Molto Adagio," being, "Tempo 1^{mo}," p. 7 (*before any change of time had been marked*); "accelerando," p. 9; and, again, "Tempo 1^{mo}," p. 10. There is probably some little omission in this respect. Be this as it may, the subject is treated with all the skill and taste to be expected from Mr. K.'s pen, and with an unfettered and genial freedom fully consonant to the modest title of "Sketch." The digressions, including a considerable portion of variation, succeed each other with new interest; and the piece abounds in diversified passages of active, yet not intricate, execution, which are eminently qualified to impart digital precision and brilliancy.

Grand Organ Piece, composed, and respectfully dedicated to his Friend, the Rev. John Vane, A. M. Minister of St. George Camberwell, by Thos. Adams, Organist of the Church. Pr. 5s.—(Hodgson, High-Holborn.)

A larghetto C minor $\frac{3}{4}$ 2 pp. and an allegretto C major $\frac{4}{4}$ 10 pp. Although the price is rather high, and a diminution of it would probably have increased the sale, yet if we are guided by the intrinsic worth of the composition, and the obvious care and great talent to which it is indebted, there can be no doubt but the true lovers of music of this description—if but their number were more extensive!—will not regret the terms upon which they can procure a work of such decided merit. It is a masterly specimen of contrapuntal writing, consisting generally of three, and even four, distinct parts, entwined into each other with consummate skill, and with a profound knowledge of the great capabilities and effect

of the organ. To the zealous student on that instrument, therefore, the labour of Mr. Adams may be recommended as a most valuable guide towards attaining a true style of execution, and a high degree of classic taste and perfection in his pursuit.

A familiar Voluntary on the Organ, composed by J. C. Nightingale, Organist to the Foundling Hospital. No. V. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

Less complicated and highly wrought than the foregoing piece of Mr. Adams', Mr. N.'s Voluntary, while it is accessible to a larger circle of performers, nevertheless presents numerous tokens of the author's good taste and matured experience in his calling. There are two slow movements and an allegro, all in the key of E b, all distinguished by good melodic diction and able harmonic treatment, and occasionally indeed by passages of very clever contrapuntal texture.

VOCAL.

1. *Romanza, "Giovinetto Cavalier" nell' Opera "Il Crociato in Egitto,"* del Meyerbeer. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co. Princes'-street, Hanover-square.)
2. *Ev'ning breath'd each soft delight," translated from the Aria, "Giovinetto Cavalier," &c.; the Words by William Ball.* Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. *"Down in the quiet vale," a Canonet, written and adapted to the favourite Italian Air, "Fra tante angoscie," arranged by W. Ball.* Pr. 1s.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. *"The Maiden's Dream," written and adapted to a German Melody by Wm. Ball.* Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

No. 1. is the romance sung by

Mademoiselle Garcia in Meyerbeer's grand opera, "*Il Crociato nell'Egitto*," now performing at the King's Theatre. This song has justly acquired universal favour; it is invariably encored, and were it not for some highly decorative and delicate embellishments, beyond the reach of untutored organs, it would be as sure to resound through the streets as some of the popular airs of the "*Freyschütz*." We recommend this little jewel to the notice of our vocalists; with a reasonable degree of care and attention, they will soon master the melody. The piano-forte accompaniment is extremely well arranged.

No. 2. is the same as the above, with an English text, very suitable to the tune, and a very satisfactory accompaniment likewise; only that the introductory and concluding symphonies have been doomed to the excision of some five or six bars, too few to render curtailment worth the while, yet too many not to render the liberty a matter of regret.

Nos. 3. and 4. To Caraffa's very popular air, "*Fra tante angoscie*," Mr. Ball has adapted an English text, which fits the melody very fairly, and proceeds with cantable smoothness. The harmony is not always faithful to the authentic score: in the fourth bar, for instance, Caraffa's succession of fifths, which has proved a hard dose to several other adapters, has here too been avoided. The German melody, No. 4. which is also well known, simply sweet, has received an English text of considerable poetic merit, tolerably anacreontic to be sure, but in some instances really elegant as to thought and diction. We are very much pleased with it, and consider the words quite deserving of being expressly set to music.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *Melange on favourite Airs from Meyerbeer's Opera, "Il Crociato in Egitto," arranged for the Piano-forte by J. B. Cramer.* Pr. 3s. 6d.—(J. B. Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent-street.)
2. *Impromptu on Meyerbeer's favourite Air, "Giovinetto Cavalier," for the Piano-forte, arranged by the same.* Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)
3. *Melange on favourite Airs from Meyerbeer's Opera "Il Crociato in Egitto," composed, for the Piano-forte, by C. Pleyel.* Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)
4. "*Giovinetto Cavalier*," and the *Terzetto "Tutto Armato," from "Il Crociato in Egitto," for the Piano-forte, by Meyerbeer.* Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)
5. *The celebrated Hunting Song, "Old Towler," arranged, as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, by H. G. Nixon, Organist to the Bavarian Embassy.* Pr. 3s.—(Birchall and Co. 140, New Bond-street.)
6. "*Erin's Legacy*," a *Divertimento for the Piano-forte (founded on favourite Irish Airs), composed by T. A. Rawlings.* No. I. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)
7. "*My love, she's but a lassie yet*," a *favourite Scotch Air, arranged for the Piano-forte by Thomas Valentine.* Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
8. *Spontini's celebrated Overture to "La Vestale," arranged, for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by J. J. Harris.* Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)
9. *The favourite Airs in Weber's Opera, "Der (?) Preciosa," arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute*

and *Violoncello (ad libitum)*, by N. C. Bochs. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

10. *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, on the favourite Airs in Weber's Opera of "Preciosa," composed by Pio Cianchettini.* Op. 11. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)

11. *Weber's favourite Overture to "Abou Hassan," performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault.* Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(W. Hod-soll, High-Holborn.)

12. *A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures, in French and English, as danced at Almack's, the Argyll-Rooms, and Nobility's Balls, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin.*—Set 9. Pr. 2s.—(Hod-soll.)

1. 2. Mr. J. B. Cramer's two books, founded on Meyerbeer's "Crocato in Egitto," will form valuable additions to the amateur's stock of operatic music for the piano-forte. In the "Melange," the melodies of "Ite superbi," "Non v'e per noi," "Rassicurata da suoi timori," and the grand march and chorus, are successively introduced under the most captivating harmonic treatment, and with the addition of a variety of elegant digressive figures. The same critical character is due to Mr. C.'s impromptu on the sweet romance "Giovinetto Cavalier" in that opera, including the beautiful terzett, "Tutto Armato," into which the romance ultimately merges. There is not much new or digressive matter interwoven, but the ideas of Meyerbeer are turned and handled in a delightful manner,

in the authentic key (E b), in C, and in A b, so as to combine into a truly perfect whole of no great difficulty.

3. 4. Mr. C. Pleyel's "Melange," and the "Giovinetto Cavalier," published by Messrs. Cocks and Co. are so similar in contents to the above, and so intrinsically satisfactory, that the choice between the two pair may possibly depend upon individual liking. Mr. P.'s "Melange," at all events, is put together with much taste, and with evident attention to executive facility; and as to the "Giovinetto," those that are for "the truth and nothing but the truth" will find their veraciousness completely gratified by the publication of Messrs. C. and Co. which exhibits the whole of the romance and terzett, not only in their authentic form, as far as extract can go, but under a very pure and effective harmonic arrangement.

5. Though the tune of "Old Towler" is of some standing, it is one of the veteran Shield's happy vocal efforts, and we do not recollect having seen it employed in a mere instrumental shape for the piano-forte. The rondo which Mr. Nixon has founded upon it, is written with much taste, and shews that his abilities as a writer are not inferior to his skill as a performer and his success as a teacher. There is life and soul in the piece, purity and selectness in the harmonic structure, and considerable elegance in the passage-work. Without any decided intricacy, the composition nevertheless demands a clean and active performer.

6. "Erin's Legacy," No. I. contains an introductory slow movement, followed by the "Exile of Erin," and an "Original Irish Air," with variations. Of the latter, the march, var. 2. and the finale, appeared to us

particularly deserving of attention. But the whole of the pieces are of a nature to prove attractive.

7. Mr. Valentine's Scotch air may be recommended to players of moderate attainments. Although easy, it will exhibit their progress very advantageously, and by its attractions ensure to them the applause of their auditors.

8. The arrangement of Spontini's beautiful overture to "La Vestale," as a duet for the piano-forte, was well worth the labour which Mr. Harris appears to have devoted to it. He has done full justice to the original, and produced a piece which deserves a prominent place in the repository of the amateur. Owing to the rapidity of the principal movement, performers of some expertness will be desirable for both parts.

9. 10. Mr. Bochsa's book of the *Preciosa* includes nearly all the music of that dramatic piece, under a most able and effective arrangement for the four instruments mentioned in the title, among which the essential parts of the score are so well distributed, that scarcely any of them can be considered *ad libitum*, unless their solos are brought in by either the harp or piano-forte, for which cases provision has been made by the adapter. The divertimento of Mr.

Cianchettini dwells on some portions of the overture to the same opera, from which that gentleman has produced a very interesting piano-forte lesson, tasteful, brilliant, and yet accessible to a large class of players.

11. The overture to "Abou Hassan" fully partakes of the wild and genial originality conspicuous in all the works of Carl Maria von Weber; and Mr. Rimbault's arrangement of it, like all his numerous adaptations of this description, is not only well executed, but particularly exempt from executive intricacies.

12. The ninth book of Hodsoll's Quadrilles is entirely made up of tunes from the *Preciosa*, some of which, as Nos. 2. and 3. suit the ball-room admirably: the case is otherwise with No. 5. The mania of ransacking every opera for quadrilles, waltzes, &c. is now so universal, that publishers of music are in a manner compelled to follow the perverted taste of the public. Nothing can be more injurious to the art, than thus to profane and vulgarize the compositions of the greatest masters. These crippled and spurious plagiarisms, whether they reach our ears before or after the authentic originals, are sure to neutralize and diminish the interest of the latter.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of fine jaconot muslin, ornamented with rose-colour satin ribbon and clear book muslin; the *corsage* full and rather high, with three small rows of puffed book muslin

round the top, rose-colour satin being drawn through the centre row, and tied behind: on each side of the bust, and nearly meeting at the waist, is a very full piece of book muslin, drawn at four equal distances with

2. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1.





rose-colour satin, of which a loop or bell is formed on the outside of each drawing. Long sleeve, of an easy fullness, with three drawings towards the wrist; at the shoulder four deep vandykes of book muslin made very full, and drawn with rose-colour satin on the outside, each point fastened to the sleeve by a rose-colour bow. The border of the skirt, about a quarter of a yard in depth, is prettily composed of very full book muslin, with perpendicular drawings of rose-colour satin, terminating with a bow at the top; every other drawing being but half the height of the intervening one, has a very pleasing effect. Cape or pelerine of the same material as the dress, rounded off from the front, where it is fastened with an oval amethyst brooch, and trimmed round with two rouleaus of puffed book muslin, rose-colour satin being drawn through one. Chip hat, trimmed with flowers; and rose-colour *crêpe lisse* gauze veil. Lemon-colour gloves, and morocco shoes.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Dark green Highland plaid dress; rose-colour tartan stockings; Highland cap and feathers.

EVENING DRESS.

Azure *crêpe lisse* dress, over a white satin slip; the *corsage* rather long and full, and arranged in small regular perpendicular plaits, of a moderate height, and finished at the top with a pale azure satin band. The sleeve short and full, with three satin bands extending downwards from the shoulder; at each end is a satin marguerite, and in the centre an ornament composed of six satin leaves, three on each side of the band which

conceals their base. The skirt has two rows of a similar trimming, only larger, and the marguerite is placed on the band filling the space which the curve lines of the leaves form; beneath is a broad rouleau. Azure satin sash. Hat a *demi-pelerine* of white *crêpe lisse*, crossed with silk cord, and a button at each point; the brim edged with white satin and fine narrow blond lace: the crown is *en marmotte*, each recess edged with satin, and a full-blown Provence rose within; a bouquet of rose-buds on each side of the crown. The hair in large curls. Ear-rings of turquoise; broad necklace and bracelets of small pearl, and gold beads with ornaments of rubies. Gold watch and chain, with various fancy trinkets. Long white kid gloves. White satin shoes. Rainbow shaded gauze fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

It is from Brighton, Cheltenham, &c. that we must now draw our report of the state of fashionable dress; and, as is generally the case at this season, our fair leaders of the *ton* seem disposed to allow a little respite to the inventions of their *marchandes des modes*: nevertheless, there are still some novelties to be found, and these, we hasten to lay before our fair readers. Silk pelisses have somewhat increased in favour, but are not yet so much in estimation as pelisse gowns of *gros de Naples*, and cambric or jaconot muslin *rédingote* gowns. There is a good deal of variety both in the trimmings and the forms of these latter: some of them are cut round the bottom and up the front in large *dents de loup*; these *dents* are very richly embroidered; and those of the front, which

wrap a good deal over, fasten on the left side with small buttons. The *corsage* is *en blouse*, but is scarcely seen, because the pelerine ornamented with a triple fall of embroidered *dents* reaches nearly to the waist. Long full sleeve, the fulness confined by three bands in the shape of *dents*; there are two to form each band, the points of which meet in the middle of the arm: a single fall of work finishes the sleeve at the wrist. Some of these dresses are also made with three broad tucks up one side of the front and round the skirt: large silk pelerine tucked to correspond; and full sleeve, simply confined by a band at the wrist. Others have no trimming round the skirt, but are ornamented up the front with *bouillonné* of clear muslin, in the form of a broken cone: the pelerine is richly embroidered; and the sleeve finished by lettings-in of work, either horizontally or in a spiral direction. A lace or gossamer shawl or scarf, or else one of silk *barèges*, is, as our French neighbours would say, the *rigueur* with a dress of this sort.

Capotes begin to decline in favour; the few now worn are of *gros de Naples* shaded in stripes: the most fashionable are of various shades of green: they still remain the same size. Transparent bonnets are still seen, but they are not so general as those of *gros de Naples*. British Leghorn is also in estimation, though not so much so as it deserves; for it fully equals, and in many instances surpasses, the foreign article. Very fine white straw is also a good deal in request for walking dress; the hats or bonnets composed of it are mostly trimmed with shaded ribbon only.

Canexons and pelerines, in the

French style, are very general in carriage dress; but our fashionables have them in lace instead of clear muslin, and they vary in form from the French ones. We have just seen a *canexon* composed of white net; the back full; the bust ornamented with three folds on each side of the bosom; a shaded ribbon is passed through each of these folds, which forms three bows, one at the throat, one in the centre of the bosom, and one at the waist. There are no sleeves to the *canexon*, but a full fall of broad lace round the upper part of the arm-hole forms an epaulette, and a double row of lace goes round the throat. The *fichu pelerines* are larger than those worn in France, and are generally of a very rich description; the ends are mostly rounded, but we have seen some pointed in the handkerchief style: they are worn with *gros de Naples* or shaded *barèges* gowns.

The *corsages* of dinner gowns are now frequently ornamented with a drapery *en fichu*; it is of lace or tulle let in on the shoulder, and crossing on the bosom: this ornament is particularly becoming to *belles* of a slender form. If the *corsage* is plain, puffings of tulle or tuckers *à l'enfant* are adopted. Short sleeves are the most in request; but long ones, much ornamented with *bouillonné* or *crèpes* either of satin or of a transparent material, are also in favour. Gowns continue to be very much trimmed in the drapery style up one side: sometimes the trimming reaches only half way; at others it goes to the waist. Some gowns are also ornamented in the sultana style with a trimming, which goes round the bottom and up each side of the front, being very much rounded at each corner. The materials for trimmings continue the

same; but flowers are not so much in use.

The hair is now dressed in smaller curls on the forehead: they are arranged high and full. Flowers, mingled with knots of *crêpe lisse* or ribbon, continue in fashion; but they are not so much worn as flowers only, which are disposed with great taste amidst the bows of the hind hair: the front is either left without ornament, or else has a ban-

deau of pearls placed low on the forehead, and partially seen through the curls, which has a very pretty effect upon dark hair. Toques and turbans are not much in favour with youthful belles; but the head-dresses which we mentioned some time since, arranged in the form of a *toque*, but so as partially to display the hair, are still in request.

Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

A RETURN of temperate weather at length permits us to walk; our promenades are once more full; and the dresses of our *élégantes* present considerable variety both in trimmings and materials. *Gros de Naples*, a new material called *mousseline orientale*, *barèges*, and coloured muslins of new patterns, are all in request: jaconot and clear muslin are also fashionable; but *percale* is upon the decline. The bodies of gowns are now generally made plain, or *en gerbe*: the *blouse* form is getting out of favour, except for the sleeve, which is still large. The newest style of trimming for white gowns is three deep tucks, placed at a little distance from each other; or bands of clear muslin arranged in puffs, of which there are also three rows. Coloured gowns are mostly trimmed with flounces cut in points; and as there are three or four rows placed at some distance from each other, and standing out from the dress, the effect is very whimsical. *Ruches*, *bouillonné*, and *rouleaus* are still in favour for coloured dresses;

Vol. VI. No. XXXIII.

but not so much so as these pointed flounces. *Rédingotes* of every description are exploded.

Very young ladies, or those who wish to pass for such, have no other out-door covering than a scarf, formed by a broad shaded ribbon, arranged behind in a *fichu*, and falling in front almost to the knee: the ends are finished either by an acorn of hard silk, or a fringe formed of the ribbon; and it is ornamented on the shoulders with broad points of ribbon to correspond. The *ceinture* and the ribbon of the bonnet must be similar, though of a narrower width.

Young and middle-aged ladies appear in *fichu pelerines* of clear muslin with long ends, such as I described last month, except that the collar is now supported round the throat by a shaded ribbon tied in a bow in front, or else *canezons* of the same material. Shawls are not seen upon any *belle* under forty. Lace scarfs and *pelerines* are still partially worn, but not so much as *canezons* and *fichu pelerines*.

Hats of rice-straw and bonnets of white *gros de Naples* are trimmed

B 2

with a mixture of shaded ribbons and flowers; they have no trimming at the edge of the brim, but a band of ribbon passes both above and beneath it on the right side. Crape and gauze bonnets are mostly trimmed with the same material, intermingled with flowers. Bonnets are of a very moderate size; but the brims, though not deep, are always wide across the forehead. The *demi-pelerine* hats have disappeared; those now worn are shallower in front and deeper behind. White *chapeaux* are more fashionable than coloured ones. We see a few, and but a few, in rose and in blue; jonquil and citron are more in request; and these last colours are particularly in favour for trimming gauze or crape bonnets.

Clear muslin over white sarsnet is a good deal worn in dinner dress: these gowns are either trimmed with lace flounces, or else have a rich and very deep embroidery at the bottom. *Gros de Naples*, shaded in stripes, and plain *barèges*, particularly white, are in favour: the trimmings of these gowns are extremely elegant; they

consist of oblong puffs of the same material, arranged between a wreath of oak or laurel leaves in satin of various shades of green. The epaulette corresponds: the *corsage* is finished round the bust by puffs confined by green satin cords.

Ball-dresses (for no sooner did we cease to be scorched than we began to dance) are now of a very simple description: a clear muslin or white crape dress over white satin, simply finished by four tucks, two of satin, and two of the material of the dress; the *corsage* ornamented on the bust in the fan style with satin; a fold of the same round the bosom; a very long waist and very short sleeves, made extremely full. Such is the present style of ball-dress, with the addition of a *ceinture* clasped by a pearl buckle, and a sprig of myrtle, rose-laurel, or a few knots of white ribbon in the hair.

Fashionable colours are, lilac, citron, bright ruby, and jonquil. Adieu, my dear Sophia! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

AN ORNAMENTAL AIR-STOVE.

THE economy of fuel and the means of ventilating and warming apartments have employed the attention of the scientific for some years; and when, as in the annexed design, these objects, so important to health and comfort, are ingeniously effected without damage to the building wherein the means are employed, and at no greater expense than is the common cost of fitting up fire-places with stoves and marble chimney-pieces, it may be expected that

the benefit it offers will be duly appreciated by the public.

The stove, which in fact is both stove and chimney-piece, and requires no other, is entirely of metal, having suitable retorts at the back, through which the air passes from the apartment, and becomes heated by the fire in the grate; and indeed the stove is altogether an air-chamber, capable of benefiting in a very great degree from every portion of the fire with which it comes in contact.

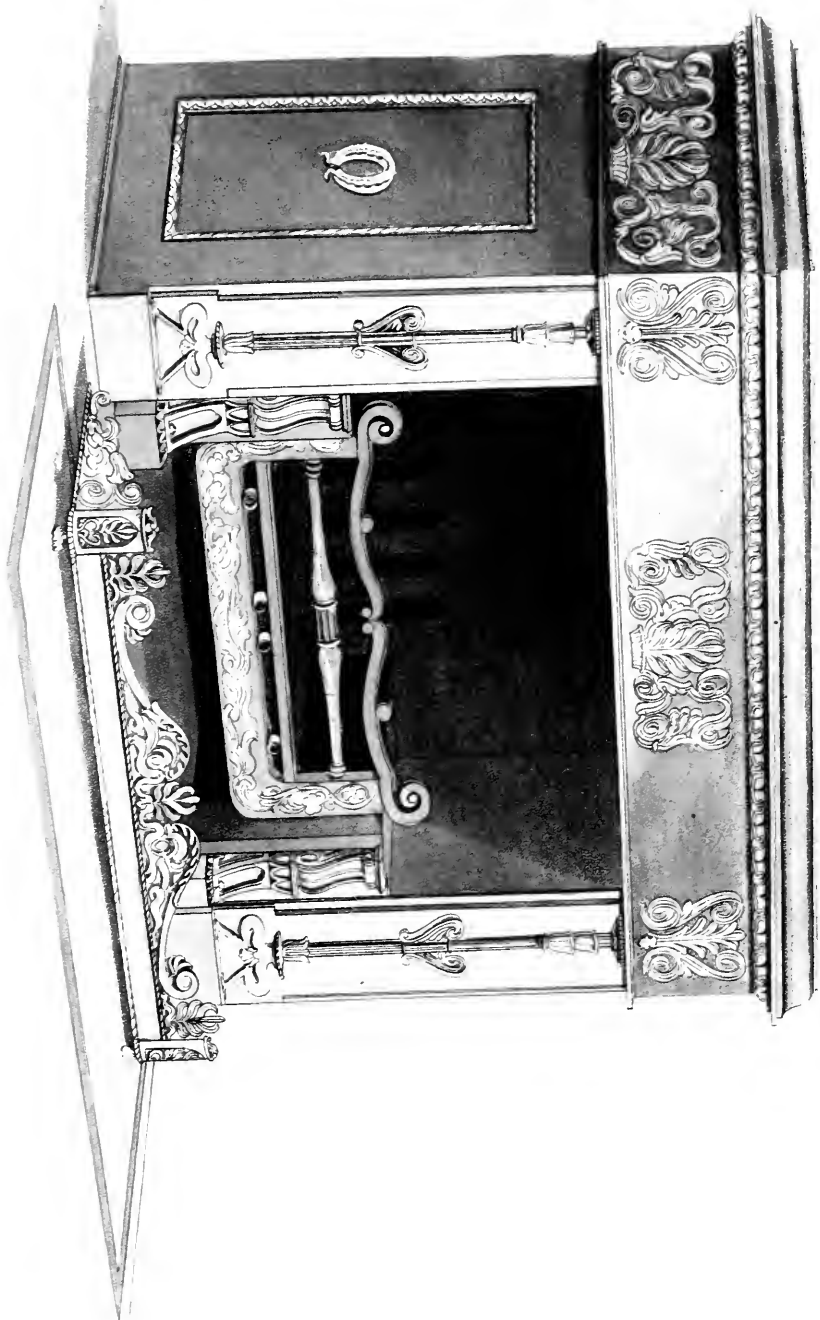


Fig. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

The present design is quite new, and, in point of elegance, a novelty also in the manufacture of independent stoves. In execution, the brilliancy of the metals of which it is made gives an effect to this piece of furniture that cannot be adequately represented on paper. The drawing was, however, taken from the stove at the manufactory of Messrs. May and Morrit in Oxford-street, to whom we

are indebted for permission to insert it in the *Repository of Arts*.

The ground-work, as it is called, is of steel; the ornaments are brass or or-molu: the latter is made to remove easily for the purpose of cleaning, an operation that is exceedingly simple; and the ornamental part is capable of being reapplied by any one in a few minutes.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, in a series of 6 volumes, crown 8vo. with plates, *The German Novelists*, from the earliest period down to the present time; comprising selections from the most popular national traditions, from the tales and from the more modern novels of the most distinguished living writers; accompanied with biographical and critical notices, and an historical view of the traditional and romantic literature of Germany, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. To be printed uniform with the "Italian Novelists."

On the 1st of September will be published, illustrated with fifteen beautiful figures, from the botanic garden, *The Poetic Garland*, in imitation of the celebrated "Garland of Julia," by the Duke de Montausier.

Nearly ready, a fifth edition, revised and corrected, of the Rev. T. H. Horne's *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, in 4 large vols. 8vo. illustrated with numerous maps and fac-similes of biblical MSS.

A new and enlarged edition of *The Bar*, with sketches of eminent judges, barristers, &c. a poem, with notes, is in the press.

Select Specimens of English Prose and Poetry, from the age of Elizabeth to

the present time; including, in a moderate size, considerable portions of those authors who have had a decided influence over our language and literature; to which will be added, introductory essays, by the Rev. George Walker, head-master of the Leeds grammar-school, in 2 vols. duodecimo, are nearly ready for publication.

In the press, *A Picturesque and Topographical Account of Cheltenham and the Vicinity*, by the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, with an Account of the Waters by John Fosbroke, surgeon.

Speedily will appear, the first number of *The Gardener's Quarterly Register and Magazine of Rural and Domestic Improvement*, to be continued quarterly. This work is intended to form a focus for gardening discussion and gossip, acceptable to both practical men and amateurs.

Mr. G. P. Scrope has in the press, *A Treatise on Volcanoes, and their Connection with the History of the Globe*.

Dr. Gibney, resident physician at Brighton, has nearly ready for publication, *A Treatise on the Medical Application of the Vapour-Bath*, comprising its chemical qualities, and a commentary on its general nature and properties.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS :

An Egotistical Poem.

PART V.

IF eccentricity's a mark
 Of genius, I had—not a spark,
 But a huge flame; for naught did I,
 Like other people, willingly.
 Strange whims had I, and uncouth ways,
 And hid me from the vulgar gaze
 In favourite corners, where I took
 Some musty, old, black-letter book.
 The subject 'twas no matter what,
 So other people read it not:
 It seemed to me like something won
 From the dark flood of ages gone;
 And, with a strange vivacity,
 I chuckled in my privacy,
 Like one who, in Golconda's mine,
 Beholds the precious diamond shine,
 When, on his eye, its "watery" light
 First throws a ray serenely bright.

The ship, while building in the dock,
 Stands quiet as the marble rock.
 Unknown her future destiny,
 The busy artists round her ply;
 The howling tempest passes o'er;
 Tranquil she lies upon the shore.
 Near her the roaring waves increase;
 The unconscious timber rests in peace.
 Alike to her the calm or storm
 While time rolls on. At length her form
 Complete, behold the vessel stand
 A frowning castle on the strand!
 And o'er her wooden ramparts high,
 Britannia's ensigns proudly fly;
 While thousands in suspense around
 Mute listen for the axe's sound.
 "All's clear!" they shout. She seems to
 hesitate
 A moment at the crisis of her fate.
 The next, moves onward sullenly and slow,
 Alone in majesty; and then, as though
 She were some sea-god just aroused from
 sleep,
 Headlong she flies, and plunges in the deep.
 The waves embrace her with a welcome roar,
 As a lost friend recovered from the shore:
 A thing of life she floats, as though a soul
 Sprang forth within her, and she spurned
 controul.

Thenceforth the care and dwelling of the
 brave,
 She rides triumphant o'er the subject wave.
 So, in our early youth, do we
 Rest in ill-prized security;

But launched, and for the voyage of life ill
 stored,

To us no veteran pilot comes on board:
 We rush mid waves that threaten to over-
 whelm

"Youth at the prow, and folly at the helm."
 Pleased with ourselves and all around,
 Then cheerily we forward bound
 To join the gay and careless throng,
 Ourselves scarce men and men among.
 Like the wild deer, with eager sight,
 Gazing from some bold rocky height
 O'er wood and lake and meadow green,
 A glorious and enchanting scene,
 We snuff the gale, and cry with glee,
 "'Tis Eden all! and all for me!"

By gales of joyous hope impell'd,
 My outspread sail expanding swell'd,
 Bounded my bark, and onward we
 Glided along right merrily;
 Nor fear had I of calm or storm,
 My heart was light, my passions warm.
 "Holla! holla!" the gray beards cried;
 "Beware, beware the changing tide!
 Feigned friendship's vortex, whirling round
 (Smooth at the brink) a gulf profound!
 The rocks of pleasure, green and gay,
 With flowers fresh blooming every day,
 Yet fatal to the mariner,
 Lie in the track you onward steer;
 And more, Calypso's siren isle
 Mid perfumed clouds will seem to smile,
 And lure thee ——" "Hold! no more!" I
 cried;

"I fear nor rocks nor ebbing tide!
 Crazed barks may keep the shore; for me
 My vessel's trim, and fit for sea.
 Then seaward! seaward! hoist the sail!
 And away we fly with a prosperous gale.
 In beauty the green billows heave on high
 Around my well-trimmed bark; and I
 In triumph behold how they foam and flash,
 As merrily onward we boldly dash.
 'Tis morning now, so we'll sail away,
 And keep near shore at close of day."

Ah! who hath lived that can look back
 Upon his youth's erratic track,
 Nor heave a sigh, remembering
 Some counsellor, like Israel's king,
 Who kindly warned, who mildly cheered,
 And "wisdom's house" a beacon reared?
 Oh! lives there one who boldly dare
 Look back, and with himself compare
 His former self, when he began
 To claim the doubtful title—man;

When the blithe heart was gay and free,
And fluttered first at liberty;
Unknown the crooked paths which lead
To hateful thought, to hateful deed;
Recal his feelings in those days of bliss,
And "look upon *that* picture, and on *this*?"
No. Israel's elders mixt among
The thoughtless and tumultuous throng,
Mid trumpets' clang and cymbals' sound,
Shouting and singing all around,
Of *former days* remembrance kept,
"The second temple saw, and wept*."

TO A LADY.

Never while such sweet fascination lies
In those pure orbs, those soul-illumin'd eyes,
Or the fair founts of lofty feeling throw
O'er that bright countenance the beaming
glow
Of hallow'd sensibility, can fade
The deep and priz'd impression thou hast
made
On one who dwells entranc'd upon the tide
Of reminiscences to thee allied.
Oh, no! 'twill long be Mem'ry's joy to
trace
In vigils lone thy worth, thy finish'd grace,
Thy winning loveliness, and taste refin'd;
Thy brilliant converse, and thy cultur'd
mind:
Then turn, by wizard fancy woo'd, to hear
Thy thrilling voice, as soft, as musically
clear
As the rich murmurings of that mystic lyre
Whose tones the breezes 'waken and inspire.
How dear the task in flowing verse to
wreath
For *thee* a votive lay, and o'er it breathe
The magic spells of soothing poesy!
Yet dearer far, in fix'd esteem, to be
Thy chosen honour'd friend. Oh! envied
they
Who claim thy kindred while they own thy
sway!
Who hear thee, meet thee, watch thee with
the eye
Of calm reflecting love, and, pleas'd, deserv
Each day some new, some captivating charm
Of generous sentiment or impulse warm!
What happiness to contemplate that brow
So nobly form'd, and feel the spirit bow
Before thee in mute homage! thus to meet
Thy looks of dazzling eloquence, and greet
The 'witching smile—unutterably sweet—
That plays upon thy lip, as sun-light beams
Upon the damask rose! Oh! language seems,

* Ezra iii.

In all its pow'r of imagery, too faint
My thoughts of thy pure excellence to paint!
But in this breast vibrates a chord, a spell
Of deep intensity, that best can tell
My gratitude. Lov'd mistress, believe
I wish thee all thy heart can wish, and grieve
To speak—*Farewell!* Still shall affection turn,
In future years, to those bright hues that
burn
On Mem'ry's page, and, 'mid their lustre,
find
Thy form, as some fair jewel, lastingly en-
shrin'd.

E. * C.

Aug. 15, 1825.

BEAUTY IN TEARS.

By J. M. LACEY.

Oh! cease thy weeping, beauteous maid!
Nor thus give way to sorrow;
Refuse not friendship's soothing aid;
Joy may be thine to-morrow.
Peace o'er thy mind, with gentle sway,
May spread the balm of pleasure;
The blooming buds of hope's bright day
Shall then be thy fair treasure.
Like the mild spring-flow'r of the vale,
When round it storms are flying,
Bent to the earth, with petals pale,
It sinks, and seems just dying.

But let the Sun put forth his beam,
And, lo! the humble flower
Rears its wet head to hail the gleam,
And smiles amid the shower!

TO ROSA.

Fair Rosa, when on me you smil'd,
And caught me in your artful trap,
All thought me then most bless'd, and styl'd
Your love a feather in my cap.
And now that all those smiles so bright
Have fled before Woe's stormy weather,
Alas! I find my friends were right,
Your love indeed was but a feather!

Q.

HUMAN JOYS AND HUMAN WOES.

As pebbles on the beach appear
Beneath the waters bright and clear;
But taken thence, and dried, they lose
Their polish'd and transparent hues:
So *human joys* in youth receive
Those charms which youth alone can give;
But when that ardent time is o'er,
Their brightest tints are seen no more.

As summer clouds, that lightly pass
 In shadows o'er the sunny grass,
 And quickly vanish, having made
 Nought but a momentary shade:
 So *human woes*, when hearts are gay,
 Glide imperceptibly away,
 And having done their worst, we find
 They scarcely leave a trace behind.

Q.

LINES,

*Written after hearing a well-meaning but
 most incongruous Lecture directed to a very
 young Child.*

Ah! sadden not the golden time,
 The short, the rainbow hour,
 Between the birth of man and crime!
 Ah! breathe not on the flower!
 Let not the blighting tempest lower
 To scathe its sweetness of the spring;
 A little while no human power
 Can save from stain and withering.

Does it not grieve the feeling mind,
 To hear within the cage
 The songster of the woods confined,
 Descant in woe or rage?
 E'en such it is to cramp the age
 Which should be buoyant, frank, and free,
 And quell, preposterously sage,
 The only hearts can bound with glee.

When heaven above is smiling bright,
 And earth is laughing gay,
 What—into darkness turn the light,
 And call it good?—Away!
 Teach the pure lip betimes to pray;
 But blanch it not with word of fear;
 Nor the blest child who sees but day
 Be told, that night is scowling near.

A few brief years the brand of woe
 Will scar that iv'ry brow,
 And faded too the sunny glow
 That soft cheek weareth now;
 And as the leaves desert the bough,
 So year by year will quickly perish

The simple thought, the simple vow—
 The mind, alas! man cannot cherish!

This world of beauty soon will seem
 A place of rest no more,
 And shadows of a distant dream
 The fond beliefs of yore;
 Soon will the hope which flies before
 Drop from its height all motionless,
 Nor like the dove, its mission o'er,
 Return the wanderer's sight to bless.

THE VIGILS OF THE HEART.

When on the eve of some blest morrow
 The young soul joys in waking dreams,
 When not a cloud of care or sorrow
 Obstructs or darkens Fancy's beams:

When o'er the couch of sickness bending,
 We watch each change with anxious eye;
 When ev'ry sigh that lov'd one's sending
 Our bosoms echo tenderly:

When restless on our ruffled pillow,
 We think of some lost friend most dear;
 When mem'ry, like a heaving billow,
 But marks the deepness of despair:

Oh! these are hours the soul is waking,
 Unmindful of its grosser part,
 And heedless, though the body's breaking;
 These are—the *vigils of the heart*.

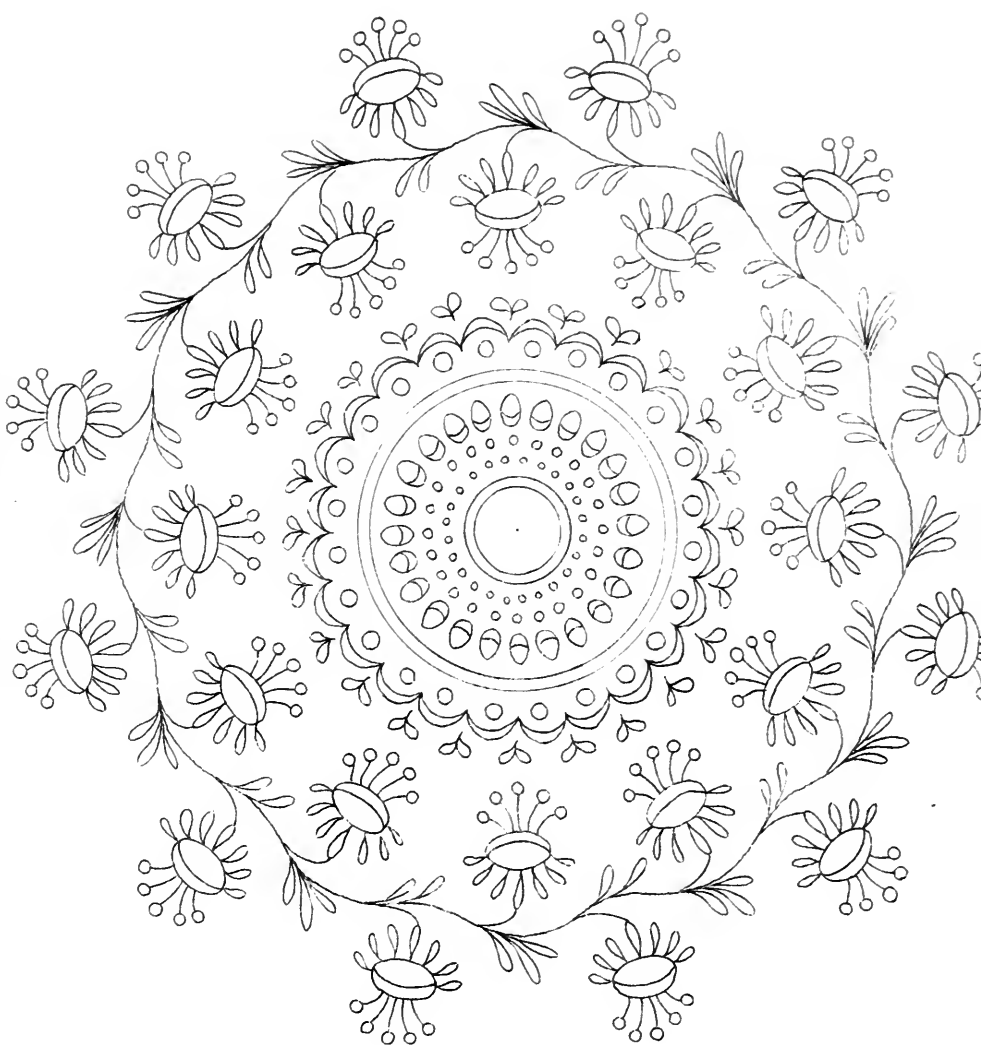
W.

SORROW.

Can the morning shed a cheerful light
 If its beams in a mist are shrouded?
 Or the eye of beauty e'er look bright
 When the brow with sorrow is clouded?

Can the rose unfold its lovely bloom
 While the blast of winter blows o'er it?
 Or the cheek look fresh, if the with'ring gloom
 Of adversity gathers before it?

E. T. D.



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER 1, 1825.

N^o. XXXIV.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. VIEW OF STRATTON-PARK, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS BARING, BART. 187
2. ——— THE VINE, THE SEAT OF WILLIAM JOHN CHUTE, ESQ. . . 188
3. LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES 243
4. LADIES' EVENING DRESS *ib.*
5. A BOOKCASE 247
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

PAGE

- VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS. — Stratton-Park, near Winchester, the Seat of Sir THOMAS BARING, BART. . . . 187
- The Vine, near Basingstoke, the Seat of WM. JOHN CHUTE, ESQ. 188
- Calais and Montrenil: Observations on some of the Scenes of STERNE'S Sentimental Journey. By a German Traveller *ib.*
- Village Sketches near Paris. No. VIII. 194
- Mannenien, Daughter of Mathrafael: A Welch Legend 197
- Remarkable Apparition 202
- Letter addressed to Mr. LACEY on his Defence of Widows 203
- Singular Criminal Case 206
- Particulars of the Manners of the Russians in the Tenth Century. By an Arabian Writer 208
- ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS. No. II.—JOHN HOGAN, a Self-taught Sculptor, of Cork, in Ireland . . . 212
- THE LITERARY COTERIE. No. VIII. . . 216
- The Maiden's Funeral 224
- Letter from SIDY MAHMOUD, the Tunisian Envoy at Paris, to his Friend HASSAN at Tunis 232

- British and Irish Minstrels 235
- Memoir of the late Mrs. ELIZABETH CORBOLD of Ipswich (*concluded*) 237

MUSICAL REVIEW.

- MOSCHELES' *Introduction et Rondeau Ecossais* 241
- BARNETT'S Fair Geraldine *ib.*
- "As the tree seems more bright" *ib.*
- RAWLINGS' "To welcome Jamie home again" 242
- *Aria alla Scozzese* *ib.*
- SOLIS'S New Sonata for the Piano-forte . *ib.*

FASHIONS.

- LONDON FASHIONS. — Ladies' Head-Dresses 243
- Ladies' Evening Dress *ib.*
- General Observations on Fashion and Dress 244
- French Female Fashions 245
- FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—A Bookcase . 247

INTELLIGENCE,
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC . *ib.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

We regret that the length of the interesting Account of Mr. John Hogan has obliged us to reserve a portion of it for our next Number.

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet from our esteemed Correspondent at Nairn, and likewise the following: Memoir of Eustace Arundel—Julia—The Prior of Cumner—On the Writings of Henry Mackenzie.

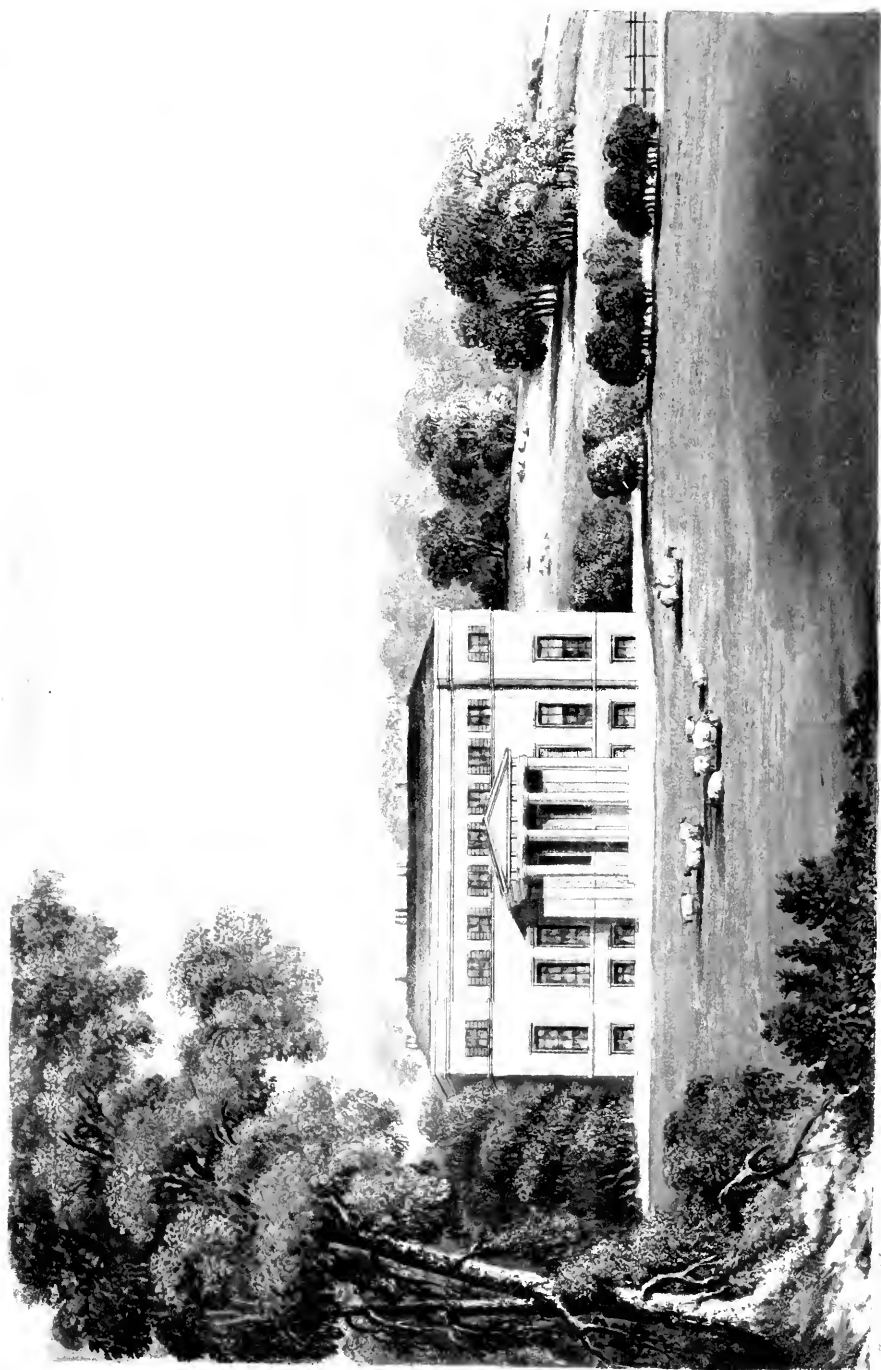
In order to admit the conclusion of the Memoir of Mrs. Cobbold, which reached us at a late period of the month, we have found ourselves compelled to defer the favours of our poetical correspondents.

We cannot answer Sidney till the whole of his manuscript is in our possession.

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

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





STRATON PARK
THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS BARRING BART.

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. OCTOBER 1, 1825. N^o. XXXIV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

STRATTON-PARK, NEAR WINCHESTER, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS
BARING, BART.

THIS mansion was erected by the late Sir Francis Baring. It stands near the road from London to Southampton, on the side of an extensive demesne, well wooded and stocked with deer. The grounds are laid out with much taste, and the present proprietor is planting and daily adding to the improvements of the place. His love and encouragement of the fine arts are universally acknowledged. The splendid collection of pictures which he possesses is a proof of his refined taste. It is pleasing to see a man of his political exertions, devoted to the welfare of his country, not unmindful of that more domestic virtue, the encouragement of superior genius, which always meets support from his liberality.

The building, from designs by Darrer, contains a great number of apartments, with a large hall and magnificent

staircase, and is convenient in all its arrangements. The front is decorated with a portico of the Doric order, under which the carriage-way passes. In front of the house, inclosed in thick clumps of trees, stands the church of East Stratton, its towers and pinnacles rising above the foliage. A little to the left lies, embosomed in trees, a cottage in the old English style of architecture; and the view in every direction is picturesque and pleasing.

The collection of pictures contains splendid specimens of art, chiefly of the Spanish and Italian schools, and also some from the best English masters: *The Holy Family with St. Catherine*, by Spagnoletto; *A Repose*, by Titian; *The Assumption*, by Murillo; *The Vision of Ezekiel*, and a *Portrait of one of the Medici Family*, by Raffaello; *A Warrior*, by

Velasquez; *Flora*, by Leonardo; *The Virgin Child and St. John*, by the same; the same subject by Julio Romano; *A Holy Family*, by Sebastian del Piombo; the same subject by Parmegiano; some fine landscapes by Claude, G. Poussin, A. Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Dominichino; *St. Mark and St. Luke*, by Vasari; *Ecce Homo*, by Guido; *The Nativity*, by L. Caracci; *Bathsheba*, by the same; *Herodias*, by Giorgione;

Christ bearing the Cross and Magdalen, by C. Dolci; *Angels' Heads*, by Corregio; portraits by Vandyke, and many others of distinguished merit. The pictures by English masters are by Wilson, Opie, West, Louthembourg, Northcote, Gainsborough, Wilkie, &c. &c. There are also some good French pictures by Lairese, P. de Champagne, and Vernet.

THE VINE, NEAR BASINGSTOKE,

THE SEAT OF WILLIAM JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

THE annexed View represents the Lawn-Front. On the left is seen the chapel erected by the first Lord Sandys. John Chute, who succeeded to this property, was the intimate friend and companion of Walpole and of Grey. He also possessed much taste, and was distinguished by his love of the arts. This mansion, which had been considerably altered and improved by Chaloner Chute, the Speaker, from designs by Webb, son-in-law to Inigo Jones, was greatly improved by John Chute, Esq.

He remodelled the whole of the interior, and erected a handsome staircase, after designs of his own. John Chute, Esq. died 1776, and was succeeded by Thomas Lobb Chute, of Fakenham, in Norfolk, who died in 1790, aged seventy-eight, and was succeeded by his son, the late William John Chute, M. P. for Hampshire, in 1790, whose widow now resides here. Her taste for the arts is very considerable, and her own productions are not inferior to many by professors.

CALAIS AND MONTREUIL:

Observations on some of the Scenes of STERNE'S "Sentimental Journey."

BY A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

IT is not likely that any one will read the names of these two places without thinking of the author of the "Sentimental Journey," who may be said to have immortalized them. The English have extraordinary hobbies of various kinds, but they are not so proud as they ought to be of the celebrity of certain names which are in the mouth of every one. How few Londoners know, for in-

stance, where Shakspeare's Globe was situated; where Chaucer lived; what tavern was frequented by the geniuses of the age of Elizabeth; where the neat house stands in which Addison wrote the "Spectator;" where Dryden died, &c. When one calls to mind the amiable Sterne, and reads his delightful "Sentimental Journey," one cannot conceive how year after year so many thousands



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
1840

of English can hurry to Paris, and publish their travels, printed on the finest paper, without devoting a single page to their witty and philosophic precursor, the admirable Sterne. While the authoress of "*Canterbury Tales*," as soon as she only approached the Kentish coast, could not drive Calais from her thoughts, nor help conjuring up the shades of Yorick and the poor Franciscan monk; while a fair foreigner (Johanna Schopenhauer) directed her attention at Calais almost exclusively to the inn where Yorick put up, hundreds of his countrymen stand on the same spot where Yorick once stood, and follow the footsteps of the highly gifted traveller, without thinking, in their impatience to reach the capital, that they are treading classic ground. It was Sterne who gave me my first notions of Frenchmen and France; it was he who first excited in me a desire to make myself acquainted with the scenes and characters, over which his descriptions, the truth and fidelity of which none but an idiot can call in question, have thrown so completely the charm of fiction.

At length I was fortunate enough to find myself at Calais. And was I really standing before the door of Monsieur Dessin's house? Monsieur Dessin then had really existed, and was not a mere invention of Yorick's? Was it here that Yorick saw his monk in conversation with the lady? Was this the scene of his adventure with her? Did the little *debonnaire* captain dance down this very street? Similar questions were occurring to me throughout the whole journey. At Montreuil I was haunted by Lafleur; at Nanpont I expected to see a dead ass lying as an indispensable object in the road; at Amiens I felt

rather uncomfortable, because Madame de L*** has not fetched me in her brother's post-chaise; at Paris —But there my reveries were soon dispelled by the bustle of the world; and Sterne and his monk and Lafleur and Madame de L*** were totally forgotten amid the busy scenes into which Paris ushered me.

After I had been some time in that metropolis, I received one evening an invitation to the Rue de St. Pierre. —*Rue de St. Pierre?*—Why that is the very same street in which Sterne's Madame R*** resided! The hand of genius can transform the most miserable spot into fairy-land. We survey with feelings of more profound respect the mud hut which the pencil of a Claude portrays upon canvas, or the pen of a Scott describes, than the marble palace of an undistinguished Cæsar. Sterne was always one of my favourite authors, not for his sentiment, for with him this is of somewhat equivocal character; but for his wit, his pathos, his philosophy, his extraordinary talent of observation, and his masterly delineation of character. No wonder then that the Rue de St. Pierre, which is the worst, the meanest, the nastiest street in Paris, became to me all at once the most attractive corner in that attractive city. It appears as if for a century past no alteration or improvement has been made in this street; and though it is out of fashion—a fate to which streets are liable as well as ribbons, caps, and bonnets—still it contains two or three good houses, inhabited by people of some consequence. One of them was occupied shortly before the Revolution by Mademoiselle D--, then the most celebrated beauty in France, and might formerly have

been the house of Sterne's Madame de R***.—Why not? From the exquisite account of every circumstance, however trivial, I have no doubt that Madame de R*** was a real person, though at this distance of time we can have no hope to discover who she was; and I am equally convinced, that every initial in the "Sentimental Journey" refers to a real character whom the author met with; and that every circumstance which he states was founded on fact. Madame de R.'s *porte-cochère* stood so palpably before me, that I should not have been more thoroughly satisfied of the accuracy of my conjecture, if I had seen the chamber-maid come from the Quai de Conti, with the "*Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit*" under her arm, and knock at the door.

After all, this was but a conjecture. But his residence? the scene of his interesting *Dimanche*? &c. On that point there can be no doubt. He describes his residence as the *Hôtel de Modène*, but without furnishing any farther clue. Now there are in Paris as many hotels bearing the same name as there are King's Arms Taverns and Queen's Heads in London. Besides, what alterations have taken place during the past sixty years in Paris, which may have rendered all research fruitless! I had already made one mistake in regard to the *Opéra comique*, where, to my great satisfaction, I fancied that I had found a resemblance to the "long dark passage" which was the scene of the "Riddle," till I discovered that my *Opéra comique* was not the same as his, which had been many years ago destroyed. This disappointment rendered me cautious; I began even to raise doubts respect-

ing Monsieur Dessin. But—to return to Calais, where the reader, if he pleases, may accompany me in my short pilgrimage.

Calais is upon the whole considerably altered since Sterne's first visit to that town in 1762. The inhabitants and travellers cannot be otherwise than pleased at this; but the spirit of innovation is a destroying angel for the antiquary and the literary pilgrim. What care I if the harbour of Calais has been rendered more convenient than it was, when I find that this to me so uninteresting alteration was attended with the destruction of Hogarth's gates? To be sure, there are still two gates; but one of them has been so bunglingly repaired, and the other so disgustingly beautified, that it is impossible to discover a vestige of their original appearance. So much by the way.

After I had dined, I begged to speak with mine host. "Monsieur Dessin," said I to him, "I have come all the way from Paris hither, for the sole purpose of making some inquiries relative to Sterne. You have probably heard of him."—"Heard of him!" he exclaimed with vehemence, grabbing at his fur cap; adding with a slight obeisance and a look of infinite self-complacency, "Sir, I have the honour to be the grandson of the great man whom the famous Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick made so *célèbre* by his admirable '*Voyage Sentimental*.'"—"Then I presume, Monsieur Dessin, you will not refuse me the information I desire."—"You could not have applied, sir, to any one better qualified to furnish it."—I asked if the hotel had been in the possession of his family ever since the time of Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick.—"I am obliged,

alas! to answer no! The great Dessin left it to his son, who after some time disposed of it to a M. Quillaecq. *Mais ça n'était plus la même chose—ça n'était plus un Dessin!* I perceived that the honour of the family was most intimately connected with this house, and resolved to unite it again with the name, as soon as a favourable opportunity should offer, and—*me voilà!*"

Dessin's hotel has but few vestiges of antiquity to boast; the mischievous spirit of improvement has been at work here, and it is now one of the most stylish inns in France, or rather in Europe. But where is the celebrated *Remise*? It has been long demolished. Where once stood the *Remise*—Sterne's *Remise* is not what at present bears that name, the latter being a recent purchase of the landlord—there are now baths. Dessin, according to his grandson's account, was a man of good natural understanding, but not much attention had been paid to his education. He was *habile* in his business, enterprising and persevering: no wonder then that his house, which was at first small and inconvenient, gradually grew to be four times as large under his active management. I trembled as I listened to this report of his rising prosperity; for at every step that it advanced some relic of my favourite was threatened with destruction. Monsieur Dessin divined my apprehensions. "*Ne craignez rien, monsieur,*" said he; "no material alterations have taken place since Monsieur Sterne's visit. I will shew you the room which he occupied."—"The same room?"—This was indeed worth the trouble of such a journey, and a compensation for all other disappointments. The same

room in which he sat meditating on the milk of human kindness—where the poor monk found him, and solicited a trifle for his convent—which trifle he refused him—the same room? As, however, it was then occupied by a French officer, and he was just at that moment at his toilet, I employed the time, till he should have finished, in looking for the spot where the Franciscan held his conversation with the lady: but this must have taken place in a corner next to the garden on the left. As to the Capuchin convent, that shared the fate of other religious houses, and was destroyed during the Revolution: the only part of it still left is the chapel, in which Dessin keeps his carriages. I went in alone: there was something peculiarly striking in the appearance of the incongruity of this place to the purpose to which it is applied. The spot where the high altar stood may yet be recognised.

But now to the room! Monsieur Dessin politely conducted me into the garden. "The room, sir," said he, "is No. 31: as Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick was a studious man, my grandfather selected this room expressly for him, that he might be quite retired and undisturbed: you there hear nothing but the birds." On the outside of the door is painted in large letters LA CHAMBRE DE STERNE. As the officer had just quitted the room and his toilet, its appearance was not exactly calculated to increase the warmth of romantic admiration: but a portrait of Sterne—a fine impression of the large engraving after Sir Joshua Reynolds—placed in a good light, called forth images which speedily removed the unpoetic impression which the state of the place had produced. I saw

Yorick dining on a fricasseed fowl, and a bottle of Burgundy; I saw him kicking his portmanteau from him; I saw Father Lorenzo entering the same door; I saw——Heaven knows how much more I should have seen had not an unlucky scruple come across my mind. I can't somehow help hesitating, doubting, and diving to the bottom of things. "Pray, Monsieur Dessin," said I, "is this room in the same state as when Sterne occupied it?"—"Precisely the same, sir."—"But don't take it amiss, Monsieur Dessin: what proofs have you that this was Yorick's room?"—"Common report; the waiter who attended Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick died only two or three years ago."—"He must have been very old," I remarked dubiously.—"*C'est égal, monsieur!*" As, however, Monsieur Dessin observed that it was not quite *égal*, he said that he could adduce a proof of the accuracy of his statement, which must dissipate all my doubts. He added, that the date of the year in which the building was erected was engraved just under the window. As the whole edifice was overgrown by a very large vine, he was obliged to call a man with a ladder to clear the spot where the important date was buried. "*Ah! ah! nous voilà!*" cried Monsieur Dessin triumphantly. I looked, and sure enough there stood in large figures—1770.

This was an unlucky discovery. My host, who expected no other than the unconditional surrender of all my doubts, and the humble acknowledgment of his veracity, soon perceived that he was out in his reckoning. "*Eh bien, monsieur!*"—"Eh bien, Monsieur Dessin! this part of your hotel dates its brick and

mortar existence from the year 1770; and Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick, as you are pleased to call him, was lying quietly in his grave in 1768."—"Sacristi! *c'est bien mal-à-propos!* But, sir, do not suppose that I meant to deceive you! I am not capable of such an action. I merely repeated what I had heard of others—the scoundrel of a waiter, on whose veracity I relied!" I assured Monsieur Dessin that I was far from laying any blame on him "*Monsieur, ne me croyez pas charlatan! Je ne le suis pas, je vous le jure.* You have decided that Sterne could not have inhabited this room; to convince you that I have no interest in keeping up the long-existing error, you may examine my house, and any room you choose shall in future be Sterne's room." I deferred this business till a more favourable opportunity, and the selection has not yet been made.

Calais is often described as a mean unpleasant town: neither is it any better if we merely regard the mass of houses. To the coxcombs dying with impatience to get to Paris, or to those who, after satiating themselves with the pleasures of that capital, cast looks of equal impatience towards the chalky cliffs of the land of roast beef—Calais will never appear any other. The town, nevertheless, recalls to mind names and events which render it highly remarkable to every one who is not totally ignorant; and to the English it ought to be peculiarly interesting. But—this is beside my present purpose: the clock too strikes, and the diligence to Montreuil is just starting. My business here is with Sterne only; and therefore it will not be out of place to remark, that the most careless observer, who is led by ac-

cident into French society, cannot but be astonished at the wonderful fidelity of Sterne's sketches of the French character. Living subjects are every where to be found to his portraits. How true this is I felt at the moment of my departure. Opposite to me in the diligence was seated a tall, portly Frenchman, a colonel, as I afterwards learned, of one of the regiments of the king's guards. We had scarcely reached the end of the street down which Sterne's little inquisitive captain danced along, before I had been asked the following questions, all which I answered in the negative: "Monsieur is no doubt just come from England?—You are not a Frenchman?—Of course then a native of the Netherlands?—Shall we have the pleasure of your company to Paris?—What could have induced you to make any stay at such a place as Calais? Ah! I have it! monsieur belongs to the embassy?—Military perhaps?—A merchant?—*C'est singulier!*"

We stopped before the Hôtel de l'Europe at Montreuil. Full of the object of my journey, I immediately commenced my inquiries. I need scarcely remind the reader, that here Sterne engaged Lafleur in his service. I soon heard that I was not only in the same house, but also in the very same room which Sterne had occupied. I had seen "the very same room" at Calais, and had learned to mistrust the phrase. The portrait indeed hung there—the rest was a tale. "This is evidently a modern room," said I.—"*Demande pardon, monsieur!*"—the Frenchman's usual preliminary to a contradiction.—"*Demande pardon!*" answered my guide. "There cannot be the least doubt of the genuine-

ness of this room; for the house has been built nearly thirty years, and has been an inn more than half that time." I wished the man a very good evening, took my portmanteau under my arm, and away I trudged.

I will not conduct the reader into all the pot-houses of Montreuil, but proceed with him directly to the Hôtel de la Cour de France, which I declare to be that where Yorick and Lafleur were accommodated. Every thing speaks in its favour; its appearance is a letter of recommendation. It stands at the extremity of the town, near a meadow, where the inhabitants have from time immemorial assembled on holidays, and where the merry Lafleur was perhaps dancing with the fair dancsels of the place when Yorick arrived. An ancient image of the Blessed Virgin is seen in a niche over one of the windows. The exterior of the house is not inviting to travellers spoiled by indulgence: to me, however, it appeared more respectable than the most magnificent hotel in France; and the result of my inquiries proved that the first impression had not deceived me.

Here too I was shewn "the very same room," and the eternal portrait is not wanting, and the waiter has his phrases ready like the others—but all this has no weight with me. On the other hand, it is the oldest inn in the town; it was the only one in Yorick's time, and it has ever since belonged to the family of Varennes. Perhaps one or other of my readers may, in passing through the place, think it worth while to visit the undoubted theatre of the *Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Jeanneton!* (the daughter of old Varennes, the landlord), and the first appearance of

Lafleur; that they may not miss it here is the card:

VARENNES,
Hôtel de la Cour de France,
à côté de la Poste aux Chevaux,
MONTREUIL.
Sterne's Favourite House.

At this door the scene with the beggars occurred. This interesting class is quite as numerous and as importunate as in 1762; but the ancient *politesse* is gone. A traveller therefore, who should, in these days of refinement and universal civilization, undertake a *Sentimental Journey* in France, may be certain that he shall have as many of these people to encounter; but the compound of beggary and politeness which filled Yorick with such astonishment has disappeared. The French mendicants are now as impudent as those of any other country.

The journey from Nampont to Amiens seems to have been written but yesterday, so fresh, so true, and so accurate is it in every respect. Lafleur's boots—the wretched harness, which required repairing at every step—the perverseness of the postillion—the shouting and bawling—the shaking of the pavement—

the “rattling like a thousand devils”—all this applies to the present day. The French carriages are good, but horses, harness, and drivers just the same as before the Revolution.

The place where “the dead ass” was found, though near Nampont, is not precisely specified. The postillion insisted that the descent about half a league from Nampont was the very spot; and for aught I know the fellow may be right.

At Amiens Lafleur went to the inn of Madame de L***; and here too the celebrated letter was written. This is all that can be said of that place. As I have already observed, every adventure in the “*Sentimental Journey*” is founded on fact; all the initials refer to real persons; and I have every where found Sterne's descriptions accurate to the minutest particular. But here? Amiens was always a considerable town; it contained many large inns. As then we know not in which of them our traveller took up his quarters, neither can we discover who Madame de L*** actually was, it would be in vain to prolong our stay. We therefore bid adieu both to Amiens and the reader.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. VIII.

THANK heaven, we can now breathe again! Oh! what a luxury it is to feel the air blow fresh and sweet upon us after having languished for two months under a burning sun, without a breath of air or a drop of rain to mitigate its scorching rays! The drought has done incalculable damage; our fine crops of wheat and barley are absolutely burnt up. Ve-

getables, which form a principal article of food with all classes, are scarce, dear, and tasteless. Melons and peaches the only fruits worth eating; and they are also dear enough, at least we think, at an extravagant price to give thirty sous a piece for the one, and three halfpence each for the other. Our vineyards, the pride of the village, have also suffer-

ed from the common enemy, drought; but at least we comfort ourselves that our grapes, though few, will be fine. All the common business of life has been at a stand-still: to labour under the meridian sun was impossible; even the mornings and evenings were so oppressively sultry, that the stoutest of our peasantry nearly sunk under their toil. Pleasure like business was suspended; walking, dancing, the theatre, were no more thought of. In short, the only exertion we seemed capable of making was that of talking; and it must be owned, that the drought had no effect upon our tongues, for they went as nimbly as ever. This is but ten days since, and already the evenings are so cool, that some of us have indulged in the luxury of a fire; and others would have done the same, had we not lost the only sweep our village afforded, and his place is not yet supplied. Our little Savoyard has been taken from us in a manner which has surprised all the gossips in the village: till now, nothing has happened, in my time at least, for which some ingenious soul or other could not assign a motive; but this baffles all conjecture: even the committee of laundresses, who regularly meet at the *fontaine* to perform the double duty of tearing the linen of their customers (by that most destructive of all processes, French washing), and destroying their reputations, are, for the first time, at a loss, to the astonishment of all who know their sagacity in matters of this description. Woe to the he or the she who omits to propitiate these *dames de la lessive*! They are almost as dangerous to offend as the malignant fairies were of old; for, like them, they have

Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

till now appeared to possess a supernatural power of knowing all that is said or done or thought even in our village. Nothing appeared to be secret to them; even the private conversation of lovers, which they would not have revealed for the world, and the curtain lectures that discreet wives are quite sure have been heard only by their spouses, do some how or other find their way to the *fontaine*: yet now a circumstance has happened, and close to their territories too, for which they cannot possibly account. The fact is, that the countess, whom in my first number I slightly mentioned to my readers, has just taken the little Savoyard, who during some months past has plied the trade of a chimney-sweeper in our village, from his sooty profession, to place him in one which some folks would think blacker still—that of the *law*. She has sent also for his widowed mother from Savoy, in order to settle her in a snug cottage near the notary with whom she has fixed the boy. It is the most natural thing in the world for the countess to do good; in fact, she seems to exist for no other purpose: but there was nothing to interest her in the fate of this child; she had never noticed him, never even spoken to him, till the day on which she took him under her protection. Can you wonder then, dear reader, that the gossips of our village, high and low, are very angry with her for such an unaccountable piece of charity? I, and I only, am the depositary of the secret; and like a true woman I am dying to communicate it, but as it must not even be whispered here, I shall content myself with telling it to you.

D D

The little Savoyard was employed on the morning of his good fortune to sweep the chimney of the countess's dressing-room, which communicates with her bed-chamber by a glass door, through the thin muslin curtain of which she observed the boy enter with a servant, who, having seen him mount the chimney, and placed a cloth against it to prevent the soot from falling into the apartment, went away, without observing the countess's purse, which she had through forgetfulness left on her dressing-table. Before the servant returned, the boy came down: he looked round with an air of curiosity; suddenly his eye fell upon the purse: he made a quick movement towards it, but drew back instantly, shuddering and with an air of affright. But the story will be best told in the countess's own words.

"He paused some moments, always looking round in evident terror, and stealing cautiously and upon tip-toe towards the table. Never in my life did I reproach myself more bitterly than for the carelessness with which I had thrown temptation in the way of this poor creature; and yet, by a sentiment which I cannot define, I remained motionless and silent. He was now close to the table; his little hand was extended towards the purse; suddenly he stopped without touching it, and turning quickly round, ran out of the room. Oh! what a weight did this flight take from my heart! The Savoyards are so remarkable for honesty on the one hand, and the struggle in the boy's mind had been so evident on the other, that I felt convinced some peculiar circumstances must have incited him to the commission of the crime; and I determined to lose no

time in learning them, and in placing him as far as I could out of the reach of similar temptations in future. I went then directly to the cottage of the old Savoyard with whom the child lives, and which you know is opposite to the *fontaine*; there I found my little sweep breakfasting upon dry bread. 'This is hard fare,' said I to the old man; 'cannot you afford the child something better?'—'Better!' repeated he; 'ah! madam, he would be but too happy if he was always sure to have as good; but I am afraid that is not very likely, if he continues to be so unlucky as he has been this bout.'—'In what respect?'—'Why, madam, he is but a poor sickly thing, and has been able to do so little, that instead of having something to take home, as all our boys do, to assist their parents, he has hardly been able to keep himself; and what he is to do till next year, heaven knows, for I am sure his poor widowed mother and he must both starve.' Here the boy's tears began to flow, and my heart yearned towards him at the sight of them. The mystery was now explained, and in learning the force of the temptation that had assailed him, I could not but admire the virtue which extricated him from it. I put some questions to him, and they were answered in a manner that increased the interest I took in him. I found that his mother had, when a child, been taken by a French lady, in whose service she remained till the death of her patroness, when she returned to her native mountains, to cherish and support the old age of her parents with the earnings of her industry. Losing them soon afterwards, she married; but hardly had she become a mother, when a sud-

den death deprived her of her husband. During some years she struggled to procure a maintenance for her child; sickness and poverty at length compelled her to send him this year for the first time from her: he had the prospect of returning as penniless as he came, and, as the old Savoyard assured me, nearly broken-hearted at the thought of what his mother would suffer.

"I asked what he had expected to carry home to her. 'Oh! a great deal,' replied he, with simplicity, 'twelve or fifteen francs.'--'Well then you shall take her twenty.'

"I wish you could have seen his face. Twenty francs! the thing seemed at first incredible; but when they were actually counted down upon the table, the expression of the little sooty rogue's gratitude became so affecting, that I could not resolve to part with him. I found that he could read and write, and he appeared to be so intelligent, that I thought it a pity to leave him in the abject station to which he was born. In short, why should I conceal it? I fancied that Providence had destined me to be the architect of his fortune. I took him to my house till I could devise what was best to be done for him; and finding, from his artless prattle, that his mother had brought

him up in a manner which shewed that she, as well as himself, merited a better fate, I have sent for her, to enjoy the remainder of her days in witnessing the prosperity of her son; for I have no doubt that the boy will do very well with his new master."

"And the child, does he know that you witnessed——"

"No, nor shall he ever know it. I would not have him humiliated in his own eyes by the consciousness that the temptation, which God gave him grace to resist, was known to any human being. I am certain that, young as he is, his momentary lapse from virtue has been already the cause of much anguish to him. I could see self-accusation in his looks when I praised him for his filial piety; and when, with unconscious energy, he promised me that he would always be a good boy, I am certain that he vowed internally never to deviate from the strictest probity."

What say my readers? Would they have lectured the boy for his intended crime? or would they, like his benefactress, have contented themselves with telling him to put his trust in God, and fear nothing so long as he did his duty? I am inclined to think, that, to use the words of the "Spectator," much might be said on both sides. E.

MANNENIEN, DAUGHTER OF MATHRAFAEL:

A WELCH LEGEND.

THE prophecies of Merlin were celebrated, not only by his countrymen, but they were held in veneration throughout all Europe; their fame being diffused by a translation into the Tuscan dialect. Vincenzo Gallileo, the natural son and ap-

pointed heir of the great Gallileo, was the translator. Vincenzo, who was in a considerable measure the inheritor of his father's genius, attracted much attention by a variety of mechanical and musical inventions. He fabricated a lute with such masterly

skill, that, by his exquisite delicacy of touch, he could, in deep and continuous sounds, prolong the chords like the pipes of an organ. In the essays upon natural experiments in the Academy of Cimento, his father ascribed to him the first application of the pendulum to clocks, A. D. 1640. Vincenzo was a person of remarkable literary attainments, and an agreeable versifier. His translation of the prophecies of Merlin was highly popular upon the Continent. In Wales, the faith in his predictions has still a firm hold upon the untutored mind.

"In turmoil and dangers," saith Merlin, the wisest of men, "in alarms by day and horrors by night, the bard-slayer is fated to live, and unwept, unsung, shall he moulder to unhonoured dust. Be it so, power of justice! since the flowery green herbage and the wintry snows have been reddened by the blood of those that with inspiring harmony added new fire to the glowing souls of the brave; and spreading a deathless renown to generations unborn, must excite their descendants to emulate those mighty deeds. Overpowered by ambushed hosts, and the victims of treachery, ye lay mangled on your lovely vales; but the blood of oppressed valour hath cried in a voice of power to the throne of justice, and the terrible avenger shall bare his omnipotent arm. Woe, woe to the bard-slayers and their fading race! The Lord Strange of Knocking died childless, so likewise shall Lord de Grey have no heir to his usurped domains; and though the teachers of wisdom, the cheerers of festive hours, the kindly soothers of grief, the inspirers of warlike souls, breathe no more, and their last groans

were heaved amidst tempestuous strife of elements, and the dark perfidy of foes, a sun of glory shall arise, and for ever blazon their name. The line of Owain Cyveiloc, the posterity of Llewellyn, shall be remembered from generation to generation, and the precursors of kings shall grace their banners with the ensigns of Cambria, taking from Wales a high style for the inheritors of crowns. Spirit of Thaliessan, rejoice! though thy descendants have fallen beneath the steel of countless assailants, the memory of their verse shall endure in a renown extended over all the earth."

Thus warbled Mannenien, the beautiful daughter of Mathrafael. The prophetic song poured from her lips as she awoke from a sleep of seven times seven winters, bright in all the charms of youth as when the queen of Elfland rescued her from the destroyer, and laid her in slumbers bearing the hue of death.

She awakes, the blue lustre of the heavens sparkles in her opening eyes, her cheeks resume the tints of dew-nurtured roses, her lips glow with ruby polish; she speaks, and the pearls of the East are less fair than her teeth; she stretches her snowy arms, raises her head, and shaking back her clustering tresses, she stands erect in matchless beauty. A voice unearthly calls her forth: the bloom fades from her visage; but she obeys the mandate, and the rifted cavern opens for her a passage, slowly receding on either side, to reveal once more the existing world to the daughter of Mathrafael. Her couch of hazel-leaves disappears; a sumptuous banquet fills the space; the moonbeams that feebly pierced the creviced vault are eclipsed by

ten thousand fairy lights; the queen of Elfland approaches. No pigmy fay of the northern mountlets, but tall, stately, and graceful, she moves in commanding power.

"Nourish thy mortal frame with viands of the lower world, daughter of Mathrafael," said the queen of Elfland. "Offspring of men have lived and died since fruits of the earth renewed thy strength, and a great work must be thine. Travail and effort await thee. I go to prepare a spell infallible. Take sustenance, and rouse thy spirit to avenge the wrongs of Powisland and Mathrafael. Ere yon wandering star passes the fairy-ruled aspen, I return to thee."

Mannenien finished her repast, and came abroad, impatient to view the midnight scene. Nature lay in silent repose, unless where the woody declivities of Plynlimon were rendered audible by streamlets tinkling, gurgling, or murmuring through masses of sylvan verdure; and the Ryddal and Ystwith reflected the moon full-orbed, attended by stars unnumbered.

Pensive and solitary, Mannenien anticipated the toils decreed for her by the queen of Elfland, till her reveries are broken by meteors of fairy beams upon glassy pools, where crowding fays piloted their light skiffs, or restless groups, with merry gambols, cheated the hours of waiting for their queen. Mannenien escaped from the uncongenial noise, and strayed along a narrow path, until the roaring of a cataract warned her to shun the sprites that lurk unseen to ensnare the nightly wanderer. Returning, she met the elfin queen sailing upon rapid gusts from the hills. Quick as a lightning-flash she de-

scended, and stood awful in wrath before the trembling Mannenien.

"Daughter of Mathrafael, and affianced spouse of Powisland, how has thy impatience counteracted my spells! In evil hour were thy steps directed to the cataract of the water demons. Yet be not dismayed. Thy labours, though more difficult, shall succeed. Thy unwary trespass must be repaired by earnest and speedy exertion. Let us fly from the stinging roar of the wizard cataract."

The elfin queen, swifter than eagle flight, led Mannenien within her own boundary, and seating herself upon a green hillock, waved her hand to the maiden to seat herself on the mossy sward at her feet.

"Mannenien," she said, "art thou indeed of the blood of Llewyllyn?"

"Questionless I am so reputed, and believe myself so to have been born," replied the maid.

"Is the fire of Thaliessan, thy maternal ancestor, bright in thy bosom?" rejoined the queen.

"May I die a thousand deaths, ere the sacred spark shall be extinct!" answered Mannenien.

"Thou hast well said," responded the elfin queen. "Tell me, therefore, doth memory restore to thee the hour of dangers in which supernatural aid delivered thee from horrors unutterable? Shew me thy recollections."

"Before me they arise manifold and dire," said Mannenien. "I seem again to hear the clang of arms; to witness the bloody strife of men; to behold my father, my betrothed lord, all my kindred, friends, and countrymen, overpowered by thousands from the south. Again I almost feel the dazzling flames that scorched my robes as I escaped from the conflagration."

gration of my father's castle; and distraction rises with every thought when my soul recoils from the grasping hands of De Grey. I struggle, but his giant force prevails. I am dragged to the altar; and now I see the gray hairs of the lord of Mathrafael begrimed with dust and gore, his revered person bound in chains, and the lord of Powisland, the beloved of my youth, the betrothed of my vows, a captive. On my bended knees I implored the victor to spare my father, to give life and liberty to the prince and lord of Powisland. He promised; but on what conditions? I must tear my heart from its lawful master, and give my hand to the accursed ravager of Cambria. Yet, could I refuse to save from torturing and ignominious death all I held most dear? Should they perish, as it were, by the decree of Mannenien? I again and again fell at the feet of De Grey, beseeching him to let me die for my father and husband. In fury he ordered their instant execution, with all lingering pangs of cruelty. I saw the instruments of torment in dreadful array, the victims brought forth, and my ears were filled with the exulting shouts of Edward's soldiery, eager to wreak their hate upon the chiefs of Cambria. Reason forsook me. I tore my hair from the bleeding roots; I beat my throbbing bosom; and, hardly conscious of my words, I exclaimed, that De Grey, to preserve Mathrafael and Powisland, should receive from Mannenien a sacrifice more excruciating than the last wrench from life. He bore me shuddering to the altar. I prayed that my native hills might fall upon me, and crush to atoms the form so desired by De Grey. But my brave countrymen

from their lofty fastnesses had rallied, and they came in time to save me from worse than death. De Grey hastened to oppose them. I darted from the chapel; and, Power of Justice, shall such crimes be exempted from castigation? Shall rapine and murder rejoice and prosper, while worth and generous deeds lie trampled beneath their feet? Flow on, my tears! the only tribute I can pay to my father and my betrothed—denied!"

"Too gentle are thy sorrows," interrupted the queen of Elfand. "Speak, and excite thy spirit to vengeance befitting thy wrongs. How fell the wise, the mighty, and the beautiful in youth, yet bravest of the brave?"

"Alas! I know not how they fell. Relieved from the presence of De Grey and his warriors, left alone by the priest, who was commanded to assemble all the lay brethren of his convent to assist the soldiery, I rushed from the chapel, where so long my fathers bent before the Holy Cross, and rushing from chamber to chamber of the castle, I found not those I loved and sought in wild anxiety. The rage of battle drew nearer and more near; but no danger could appal me, and I darted across the wide court to explore the dungeon-keep. Before the gate lay my father and my affianced lord, stiff in their gore, and disfigured by merciless wounds. My bursting heart recognised them; my fond arms embraced and my lips were glued to the inanimate clay, when I should have sought safety in concealment; but of myself I had no thought nor care, until my sight was blasted by De Grey, come back victorious over my people. I fled; De Grey pur-

sued, and almost overtook my tottering steps, when the gracious queen of Elfland snatched me from his gripe, and laid on mine eyelids a seal of peace."

"And thy father and thy spouse have bled unrevenged; but the hour of retribution approaches. Vengeance on the bard-slayers, though delayed, is never remitted, and on them a terrible blow shall descend from the arm of Mannenien, the daughter of Mathrafael, the betrothed of Powisland, if the spirit of her race stirs the boiling current in her veins."

"Queen of Elfland, thou hast awakened recollections that stifle the womanly feelings of my nature. At this moment I see the white hairs of my father dyed with his blood, and his honoured body exposed naked to mockery from the meanest Anglian serfs. The beloved form of Powisland rises before me, unrivalled in manly graces as in heroic prowess; and now that form of beauty lies gashed by frightful wounds, and dishonoured by filthy footsteps; for in dastardly jealous wrath De Grey trampled upon the corse, that alive he would have quailed to encounter on vantage ground and with the odds of weapons in his favour. Yes, Mannenien is ready for all works of vengeance: let me perform them, and die!"

"All hail to Mannenien! Now she looks, she speaks a heroine of Cambria. Daughter of Mathrafael, betrothed of Powisland, know that De Grey, bereft of thee, was joined in wedlock to a kinswoman of Edward, the tyrant of England. She bore to him many sons: of those some died in childhood; some found a death in fields of battle; some pe-

rished by sea. All, all were gone: their mother died in grief; and in old age De Grey took a youthful bride. She hath given him an heir; but he must not live to be a scourge of Cambria. If the daughter of Mathrafael loves her country, she will snatch the babe from future crime. Disguised as a sacerdotal envoy from Rome, she will take him in her arms, and touch him with this spell infallible: Mathrafael and Powisland shall not then have fallen unrevenged."

A master fay, in the figure of an enormous bird of distant climes, receives Mannenien on his shoulders. Fired with indignation in recollecting the barbarous murder and the ignominy heaped upon the dead bodies of her father and her beloved, Mannenien forgot all the perils she must encounter in chastising the foe, until the vampire soared high above the visible horizon, and shaped his course over seas. Amidst the darkest shades of night he descends to the castle of Guienne, where, in viceroyal grandeur, De Grey commanded for the victorious Edward of England. A splendid escort of fays, accoutred as soldiers of England, awaited to honour the embassy. Mannenien adjusts the sacerdotal robe, and the master fay, attired as a herald, demands at the castle-gate admission of the congratulatory messenger of Edward. With all reverence the messenger of Edward is conducted by De Grey where, exalted upon a high seat beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, his lady received the compliments of vassals on her recovery from confinement and the birth of an heir. She presented the babe for a benediction from the sacerdotal envoy. Mannenien grasped her hand

with the spell, and pressed its fearful influence upon the lips of the babe. Convulsed, and writhing in the last agonies, the babe expires. His mother affrighted falls from her elevated chair; one gasp, one groan, and she breathes no more. In the confusion Mannenien attempted to escape. She gained the inner court; but there a hideous figure intercepted her, crying aloud, "Seize, seize the daughter of Mathrafael!" Too sure Mannenien perceived that the water-demon denounced her. De Grey claims her as his wife, since she had been with him at the altar in years long past. She wished to

die: alas! death is denied to her! She gives an heir to the mortal foe of her house and the house of Pow-land: but in her confinement the queen of Elfland claimed her and the boy. Mannenien dared not disobey; for the potent spell had been closed by her fingers. Too late she finds that communion with the powers of the air must end in slavery to their will. She was forced to descend with the elfin queen to secret bowers, and join the wife and child of De Grey, whom she had hurled to destruction and endless subservience to the fairy powers.

B. G.

REMARKABLE APPARITION.

MADAME DE GENLIS assures us, in her recently published Memoirs, that she had heard the following extraordinary narrative repeated five or six times with all possible protestations of its truth by the Chevalier, afterwards Marquis de Joucourt, who was one of the contributors to the *Encyclopedie*:

The Chevalier, a native of Burgundy, was educated at the College of Autun. He was twelve years old when his father, designing to send him to the army under the care of an uncle, had him brought home to his *château*. After supper, he was shewn to his chamber, a very spacious old-fashioned apartment. The servant placed a lamp on a tripod in the middle of the room, and wished him good night. He undressed and went to bed, leaving the lamp burning. Feeling no disposition to sleep, he looked about the apartment, of which, on first entering, he had taken scarcely any notice. His eyes were fixed on the ancient ta-

pestry, in which were worked representations of buildings, woods, and men. He was particularly struck by that part of it which covered the wall opposite to him, and which exhibited a temple with closed doors. On the uppermost step stood a figure resembling a priest in a long white garment, holding a bundle of rods in one hand, and a key in the other. The Chevalier was filled with dismay, when the figure all at once seemed to move. He rubbed his eyes, conceiving that the apparent motion was owing to the flickering of the lamp; he looked again, and to his still greater astonishment he saw the priest slowly descend the steps, come forth from the tapestry, and advance across the room to his bed, and heard him utter the following words: "With these rods many shall be scourged. As soon as they begin to move, take this key; it shall open thee the door to flight abroad." The consternation of the boy may be better conceived than described. Dis-

solved almost in cold perspiration, he lay upwards of a quarter of an hour speechless and motionless. At length he again recovered strength and presence of mind sufficient to call out. A servant hastened to him. He was ashamed to tell what he had seen, merely said something had startled him, and desired the man to sit up with him. Next morning his father inquired what had been the matter. To him he confessed the truth, not without apprehension that he would laugh at him, and call the whole a dream. His father, however, listened very gravely to his story, and replied, "Take it as a

warning, my son. My father too when very young saw a similar apparition."—Here he broke off, and so far from entering into further details at the request of the Chevalier, he even forbade him to say another word on the subject. The same day he caused the tapestry to be taken down and burnt in the courtyard. The Revolution followed—as the persecution of the Hugonots had done in the time of the grandfather—the Chevalier saw the rods brandished, seized the key that opened him a way abroad, and quitted France.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR. LACEY ON HIS DEFENCE OF WIDOWS.

SIR,

It is only at this moment that your admirable defence of widows, which appeared in the *Repository* for the month of August last year, has met my eye. I am a widow, and I beg leave to thank you, in the name of all our sisterhood, for the eloquent manner in which you have advocated our cause. Ah, sir! if the male sex in general had but half your candour and philanthropy, our numbers would soon be much diminished, and instead of being thankful to get any sort of husbands at all, as is now too often the case, we might choose from a crowd of admirers, who would be eager to dry our tears.

You have placed in such a striking light the various motives which may not only excuse, but even justify us for marrying again, that it seems almost presumptuous to attempt to add any thing to so full and clear a statement of them. Nevertheless,

Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

you will I am sure agree with me, that there is one which has escaped you, and that the most meritorious perhaps of all—the desire of rendering another happy. Yes, sir, it is this laudable intention which makes me now, for the fourth time, a candidate for matrimony, and exposes me to the scoffs and sneers of a misjudging world: but your defence has proved to me, that there is one generous and candid soul capable of appreciating my motives rightly, and judging my conduct liberally. It is to you then, sir, that I shall address a brief sketch of my past matrimonial life, as the most effectual means of proving the purity of my motives for wishing again to put on the chains of Hymen.

I was educated in the belief, that marriage was devoutly to be coveted, if only on account of saving one from the various mortifications incidental to the single state. My mother, who

E E

was herself a pattern-wife, brought me up in the belief, that a husband was an absolute monarch, whose decrees were to be obeyed with the most uncomplaining submission: but she also gave me to understand, that it must be the fault of the wife if those decrees were ever made in opposition to her inclination. In short, she taught me the art of managing a husband, and I flatter myself that my after-life proved I had profited by her instructions.

My first husband was a widower, who had the reputation of breaking the heart of his former wife by his stinginess, and all my female acquaintance prophesied a similar fate to myself if I married him. Nevertheless I accompanied him to the altar, nothing dismayed by those terrible predictions; for I had discovered that he had another vice, and although I did not hope, according to the ingenious theory of one of our members of Parliament, to make the one operate upon the other, so as to cure him of both, I yet flattered myself, that I should make his ostentation act as a check upon his avarice; and, in fine, I succeeded.

Instead of insisting, as his former rib had done, upon having expensive dress, furniture, and entertainments, I was always the first to rail at the extravagance of such things, and to exclaim against those among our neighbours who, though inferior to us in rank and fortune, adopted a gay and expensive style of living. I thanked heaven, that though as his wife I had a right to be looked upon as the first lady in the neighbourhood, I could content myself without lace and diamonds; was well satisfied to go to church in the old family coach, notwithstanding the

scornful glances which Mrs. Prune, the wife of a retired grocer, gave me from her elegant chariot; and had no inclination for new furniture, though I knew that Mrs. Wormwood amused herself every where at the expense of our antique chairs and tables, which looked, she declared, as if they came out of Noah's ark.

The bait took, my deary joined me in abusing these impertinents; and then, after chewing the cud, and yielding for some time to the peevishness which the thought of drawing his purse-strings regularly brought on, he declared that, after all, we must not suffer these paltry people to triumph over us, and that I might buy the articles in question, provided I took care to get them very cheap.

Thus we jogged on very comfortably together between four and five years, and were quoted as a pattern of conjugal felicity all over the country, when he died; and I entered the holy state a second time with Sir Thomas Tremor, a *malade imaginaire*, who, I believe, was induced to propose for me because I was the only person whom he could ever find to listen patiently to all the details of the different disorders which he fancied himself subject to. Heaven bless his memory! it gave me very little trouble to manage him. All I had to do was to listen with a face of concern to his endless complaints, and to give my opinion upon the various remedies that he proposed employing for them. I believe, however, that my complaisance in this last respect carried me too far; for I was always unable to prevail upon myself to disapprove of any thing that he thought would do him good; and as he never heard of any of those universal medicines which are

daily advertised under the seducing titles of balsams, elixirs, &c. &c. without wishing to make trial of them, I am afraid that these continual experiments had some effect in sending him out of the world in the second year of our happy espousals.

After his death I was addressed by a neighbour, who passed for a remarkably clever man, and was a great politician. He had many amiable qualities, but was of such a thoughtless and prodigal turn, that I saw clearly we should soon be ruined if our expenses were not better regulated. It was, however, very dangerous for me to interfere, for he had high notions of conjugal authority, and for some time I was sadly at a loss how to manage him. At last, however, I hit upon a plan that proved successful. I listened so attentively to his political arguments, that by degrees I learned to speak in his own way with some degree of plausibility; and I persuaded him that it was a pity to keep the benefit of his eminent talents from the public, since there could be no doubt, that if he were to embody in the shape of pamphlets those arguments which I had found so convincing, his fame as a writer would be at once established, the country benefited, and ministers forced to give employment to his talents.

From that hour I had no more cause to complain; he left the management of his affairs to me, and undertook those of the nation: but, poor soul! he paid dearly in the end for the zeal with which he devoted himself to the public good; he died of a fever caused by sitting in wet clothes to write remarks on a public meeting which he had just quitted.

Since his death, now a period of five years, I have had no opportunity of again enlisting under the banners of Hymen. Though as yet I am neither old nor ugly, not a soul has offered to become my partner for life; and I know that the misses of my acquaintance and their mammas do all in their power to ridicule my willingness to become, for the fourth time, a votary of the saffron-robed deity. But, sir, the fact is, that I have been during so many years accustomed to accommodate myself to the whims and caprices of a husband, to place my enjoyment in *managing* to make him happy, that I have really lost all idea of pleasure springing from any other source. In short, as a wife I was active, useful, and happy; as a widow I am idle, useless, and discontented. I ask you then, sir, in the name of philanthropy, can a candidate for matrimony have fairer claims? and is it not shameful that a woman so well calculated for the holy state should be suffered to remain in single blessedness?

In conclusion, sir, I beg to repeat to you my thanks in the name of our respectable body for your spirited and eloquent defence of it; and as it is the business of prudent people to be prepared for whatever may happen, if you should hereafter be a widower, and I am disengaged, I tell you with all the frankness which distinguishes our sisterhood, that it would give me sincere pleasure to reward with my hand and affections your zeal in our cause; a zeal of which we must all be gratefully sensible, and no one of us can be more so, than, sir, your very humble servant,

MARIAN MORELOVE.

SINGULAR CRIMINAL CASE.

At the commencement of the 18th century, when the torture was still in vogue in the north of Germany, the arm of justice had reached a robber, who had long been committing depredations in the vicinity of a provincial town. Sentence of death was pronounced upon him, and on the 15th of August, 1704, he was conducted to the place of execution, where the gibbet awaited him. The procession moved from the prison through the streets, which, as well as the doors and windows of the houses, were filled with spectators. The culprit, nothing daunted, made his salutations on all sides; and in passing through a narrow street, he perceived a journeyman locksmith, whom he had formerly known by name and reputation, looking out of a lower window. Moved by the sight, this man had drawn his attention by ejaculating, "I should like to know how such a hardened sinner must feel under the gallows!" No sooner had the criminal heard these words, than, absorbed in thought, he seemed to take no farther notice of the crowd which accompanied him, and with downcast looks pursued his way out of the town-gate. The clergyman who attended, and against whose exhortations he had hitherto obstinately closed his heart, conceived that a better spirit had at length awoke in him, that he repented his misdeeds, and that it was now time to prepare him for eternity. The worthy divine, however, perceived but too soon that not another word was to be gained from him. All the pains he took proved in vain, so that, on his arrival at the gallows, he was com-

pelled to deliver him up to the executioner, with these words: "I have done my duty: forgive him, O my Saviour, and be merciful to him! Amen!" The executioner was about to put the fatal cord round his neck; when he suddenly roused himself and cried, "Stop! what I have hitherto thought myself bound to conceal respecting my accomplices, I will now disclose to the judges, since I clearly see that there is no hope of pardon for me. Death dissolves all ties in this world, and before I leave it for ever, I will rid it of one dangerous wretch." The judge, who was present, and to whom this circumstance was immediately reported, approached the scaffold; and after he had heard the denunciation from the lips of the delinquent, the execution of the sentence was deferred, and the criminal conducted back to prison. Here he was anew examined the same day, and declared that R. the locksmith above-mentioned, had been one of his most trusty accomplices, and been concerned with him in the perpetration of many robberies and murders.

The man was forthwith apprehended, and as he persisted in the protestation of his innocence, he was confronted with the culprit. The precision with which the latter stated to the accused, times, places, and many other particulars, and the firmness with which he looked him in the face, completely disconcerted the poor fellow, and excited more and more the suspicion of the judges, which was farther strengthened by the consideration, that there was no imaginable motive which could have

induced the criminal to prefer a false charge. The extreme dismay of the accused was probably a principal circumstance in confirming the judges in the belief that the locksmith was really an accomplice of the convict. The judges, who were almost morally certain of the guilt of the accused, had the less hesitation to recur to the torture, for the purpose of wringing from him a confession. He was delivered over the same night to the executioner; but, unable to endure the torments of the infernal contrivances, he declared, before the expiration of the first quarter of an hour, that he was guilty. After this confession, his judges lost no time in pronouncing sentence, which purported, that he should suffer the same fate as his accomplice; but as he had performed only a subordinate part in the crimes which they had committed together, he should be executed first.

Amid the tolling of the bells and crowds of spectators, the train once more proceeded to the place of execution, and having reached it, the executioner's assistants were about to throw the cord over the head of the supposed accomplice, when his accuser, who stood by, again cried, as on the former occasion, "Stop!" adding, "I wish to speak once more to the judge; let me be conducted to him." The members of the tribunal being this time again assembled at the foot of the scaffold, the presiding judge ascended to hear what the delinquent had to say. In a loud voice, that could be heard by the whole throng, he thus addressed him: "This locksmith, sir, whom I accused, is perfectly innocent, and my charge against him was a false and malicious invention. You will, no

doubt, be surprised, and at a loss to conceive what could have induced me, in the last moments of my life, to play such a trick. Learn then, that several of my accomplices promised to rescue me from prison. As no attempt had been made, when I stood here the first time, I could not help thinking that some unforeseen obstacle must have prevented them from keeping their promise, and that if I could but gain time, they might still carry it into effect; for we keep our word to each other, even though the way to its fulfilment led through hell itself. In this conviction, I be-thought me, on the morning that I was brought hither, of means to defer my execution. Among the crowd drawn together on the occasion, I espied this man at a window. In passing I heard him say, 'I should like to know how such a man must feel under the gallows!' The idea darted like lightning through my brain to accuse him of being my accomplice, in order in this manner to delay my execution, and to prolong my life a little. Now, however, I see that I must not reckon any longer on my associates, being firmly convinced that they must already have suffered some where or other the fate which here awaits me. I have therefore resolved to follow them, after doing this inquisitive fellow, pointing to the smith, the favour to gratify his wish before my end: for now he knows from experience *how a man feels when he stands beneath the gallows.*" He then mounted the ladder, and submitted quietly to his fate. The innocent locksmith paid dearly for the too loud utterance of his harmless wish. Fear and agony of mind put an end to his life on the fourth day after his liberation.

PARTICULARS OF THE MANNERS OF THE RUSSIANS IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

By an ARABIAN WRITER.

IN the beginning of the 10th century, Ibn Fozslan was sent as ambassador from the Caliph Muktedir to the King of the Bulgares, and travelled from Bagdad through Bochara and Choresm (the modern state of Chiwa) and the country of the Bashkirs. Either in going or returning he met at the Wolga with Russians, who had come thither by water for the sake of commerce. Of these Russians, who had not yet embraced Christianity, this attentive observer gives the following particulars:

I saw the Russians, he relates, who had come with their commodities, and encamped on the river Itil, or Wolga. Never did I see men of such robust make: they are tall as palm-trees, flesh-coloured and ruddy. The men wear a coarse garment thrown over one side, so as to leave the hand at liberty. Each of them carries an axe, a knife (dagger), and a sword; and they are never seen without these weapons. Their swords are broad, with waving stripes, and of European workmanship. On one side of them, from the point to the hilt, are representations of trees and other figures of that kind. The women have a little box of iron, copper, silver, or gold, according to the circumstances of their husbands, hanging at the breast. To a ring attached to this box is fastened a knife. Round their necks they wear chains of gold and silver. The custom is, that when a man possesses ten thousand *dirhem* (pieces of silver) he has a chain made for his wife; when he is worth twenty thou-

sand, he gives her two chains; and thus the woman has an additional chain for every ten thousand *dirhem* that he amasses. Hence the number of chains that are sometimes to be seen on the neck of a Russian woman. The ornaments on which they set the greatest value are green glass beads, which they prize so highly as to give a *dirhem* for each, to make necklaces for their wives.

They are the filthiest creatures that God has created. They come from their own country, moor their ships in the Itil, which is a great river, and build themselves large wooden houses on the shore. In such a house from ten to twenty of them live together. As soon as they have brought their ships to these anchorages, each of them goes on shore, carrying with him bread, meat, onions, milk, and intoxicating liquors, and repairs to a tall piece of wood that is set up, and has a face resembling a man's, and is surrounded by small statues, behind which other high posts are erected. He goes up to the large wooden figure, prostrates himself before it on the ground, and says, "O my lord, I am come from a far country, and have brought with me so many damsels and so many sable-skins!" and when he has enumerated all the articles of traffic which he has brought with him, he proceeds: "Be pleased to send me customers who have plenty of gold and silver to buy all I have to dispose of, and who will not object to my prices!" This said, he retires. When his traffic is not prosperous, and his stay is protracted too long,

he comes again, and brings a second, and in like manner a third offering. If he still meets with difficulties which oppose the fulfilment of his wishes, he carries a present to one of the smaller figures, imploring its mediation, and saying, "This is for our lord's wives and daughters." And thus he proceeds to apply to one of these idols after the other, praying to them, and humbly imploring their favour and intercession. Often too he transacts his business without any difficulty, and soon sells all the commodities that he has brought with him. In this case he says, "My lord has fulfilled my desire; it is now my duty to repay him." He then slaughters a number of bullocks and sheep, gives part of the flesh to the poor, carries the rest before the great statue and the smaller ones which stand round it, and hangs the heads of the animals to the pole set up in the earth behind the small idols. In the night the dogs come and devour every thing. He who makes the offering then exclaims with joy, "My lord is well pleased with me; he has accepted my gift!"

When any of them falls ill, they set up a tent for him, at a distance from the rest: there they leave him, together with some bread and water. After this they never go near him, neither do they speak with him; nay, what is still more, they do not visit him once during the whole time he is ill, especially if he be a poor man or a slave. When he recovers, and is able to rise from his sick-bed, he repairs again to his own people: if he dies, they burn him, unless he be a slave, in which case they leave him just as he is, till at length he is devoured by the dogs or birds of prey.

If they catch a thief or robber,

they drag him to a thick, lofty tree, put a strong cord round his neck, tie him up to it, and there leave him, till he drops to pieces from the effect of the wind and rain.

I was told that when a chief dies, they perform many other ceremonies besides burning. I wished to know something more respecting these ceremonies, when I was informed of the death of one of their great men. They laid him in his grave, over which they erected a roof for ten days, till they had finished cutting out and making clothes for him. If it is a poor person, they build a small boat, put him into it, and burn it; but, on the death of a rich man, they collect his property together, and divide it into three parts. One third is for his family; with the second they provide clothes for him; and with the third they purchase intoxicating liquors, which they drink on the day when the damsel voluntarily submits to death and is burned with her master. With wine they indulge themselves in a senseless manner, and drink it day and night. It is often the case that one of them dies with the bowl in his hand.

When a chief dies, his family asks his maidens and boys, "Which of you will die with him?" One of them replies, "I will." When these words are once pronounced, the party is bound, and is never allowed to recede if she would. It is mostly females who submit to this fate. Thus when the man above-mentioned was dead, they asked his damsels, "Who will die with him?" and one of them answered, "I will." She was immediately given in charge to two females, whose business it was to guard her, to attend her wherever she went, and sometimes even to wash her feet.

The people then began to turn their attention to the deceased, to make garments for him, and to prepare whatever else was requisite. The damsel meanwhile ate and drank and sang, and was merry.

When the day had arrived on which the deceased and the maiden were to be burned, I went to the river in which his vessel lay. But it was already hauled on shore: four corner-blocks of *chalendsch* and other wood were placed for it, and all around large wooden figures, resembling the human shape. The ship was then drawn up, and placed on the said blocks. The people meanwhile began to go to and fro, and spoke in a language which I did not understand. The corpse still lay at a distance in the grave, from which they had not yet taken it. They then brought a bench, set it in the ship, and covered it with wadded and quilted cloths, with pillows of Greek cloth of gold. Next came an old woman, whom they call the "Angel of Death," and spread the above-mentioned things on the bench. It is this woman who directs the making of the garments and all the arrangements, and who likewise kills the damsel. I saw her—a very devil, with dark ferocious looks. When they came to the grave, they cleared away the earth from the wooden roof, removed the latter, and took out the deceased in the winding-sheet on which he had died. I observed that he was turned quite black with the cold. They had put into the grave along with him intoxicating liquor, fruits, and a lute, all which they now took out again. The deceased was altered in no respect excepting colour. They then dressed him in drawers, trowsers, boots,

a kurtock and kaftan of gold stuff with gold buttons, and put on his head a cap of gold stuff lined with sable-skin. They then carried him into the tent that was in the ship, laid him on the wadded cloth spread on the bench, placing pillows under his head, brought strong liquors, fruits, and the herb basil, and set all these beside him, together with bread, meat, and onions. They then brought a dog, and cut him in two parts, which they threw into the ship; laid all the arms of the deceased by his side, and brought two horses, which they drove about till they dripped with sweat, when they cut them in pieces with their swords, and threw the flesh into the vessel. Two oxen were then led to the spot, and served in the same manner. Lastly, they brought a cock and a hen, which also they slaughtered, and threw on board like the rest.

The maiden who had devoted herself to death meanwhile walked up and down, and went into one of the tents which they had there. And when Friday afternoon was come, they led her to a thing which they had made, and which resembled a door-frame. She set her feet on the open hands of the men, who raised her to the top of this frame, from which she looked down, saying something in their language, on which the men lifted her down. They then raised her again, and she did as before. They again lifted her down, and raised her a third time, when she did exactly as on the two former occasions. They then handed to her a hen, the head of which she cut off and threw away; but the body she threw into the ship. I inquired of the interpreter the meaning of all this. He informed me, that

the first time she said, "Look! here I saw my father and my mother!"—the second time, "Look! now I see all my deceased relations sitting together!"—and the third time, "Look! there is my master; he is in Paradise. Paradise is so beautiful and so green! His men and boys are with him. He calls me; carry me then to him!"—Hereupon they carried the girl to the ship. She took off both her bracelets, and gave them to the woman who is called the Angel of Death, and who was to dispatch her. She also took off the two rings from her legs, and gave them to the two girls who attended her, and who are called the daughters of the Angel of Death. She was then lifted into the ship, but not admitted into the tent. Men with shields and staves now came up, and handed to her a bowl of intoxicating liquor. The damsel took it, sang something, and emptied the bowl. The interpreter told me that she was then taking leave of her friends. Another bowl was thereupon presented to her; she took it, and began a song of considerable length. The old woman bade her make haste to empty the bowl, and to go into the tent in which her master lay. But the girl had become intimidated and irresolute: she was about to enter the tent, but when she had put in her head only she stopped. The old woman immediately seized her by the head, and pulled her in. The men forthwith began to strike their shields with their staves, lest her cries should be heard, and deter other girls from offering at some future period to die with their masters. Six men then went into the tent, and extended her by the side of the de-

Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

ceased. Two of them laid hold of her legs, and two of her hands. The old woman put a cord about her neck, and gave the ends of it to the other two men, who were to pull them, and then went herself and stabbed her between the ribs with a knife having a broad blade, upon which she drew it out again. The two men at the same time strangled her with the cord till she was dead. The nearest relative of the deceased then advanced naked, took a piece of wood, which he lighted, walked backwards to the ship, holding the firebrand in his hand, with which he kindled the wood that was laid under the ship. Thereupon the others came with firebrands and other wood, each carrying a piece that was already burning at the top, and throwing it on the heap. The fire soon communicated to this wood, presently to the ship, and then to the tent, the man and the girl, and to every thing in the vessel. A violent tempest at the same time arose, and rendered the flames still more furious.

At my side was one of the Russians, whom I heard talking to the interpreter who stood by him. I asked the interpreter what the Russian had been saying, and received this answer: "You Arabs," said he, "are stupid people; you take one for whom you feel the highest love and veneration and throw him into the earth, to be devoured by worms and creeping things. We, on the contrary, burn him in a twinkling, so that he goes straightway to Paradise." He then burst into an immoderate laughter, and added, "His lord's love to him causes the wind to blow already so fiercely, that it will presently carry him completely away."

F F

And sure enough before an hour was past, ship, wood, and girl were, with the deceased, consumed to ashes.

Hereupon they raised something like a round hill over the spot on the shore upon which the ship had been drawn, and set up in the middle of it a large beech-post, upon which they wrote the name of the deceased and that of the king of the Russians. They then went their way.

It is customary with the kings of the Russians, that four hundred of the bravest of their retinue, who are ever ready to die with the king, or

to sacrifice their lives for him, reside with him in his castle. These four hundred sit below the king's throne, which is large and lofty, and adorned with costly stones. Forty females, destined for his bed, sit near him on his throne, from which he never descends. When therefore he wishes to ride abroad, his horse is led close to the throne, from which he gets upon it; and at his return he draws up so near to it that he can alight on it. He has a vicegerent, who leads his armies, fights his enemies, and acts in his stead among his subjects.

ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS.

No. II.

JOHN HOGAN, A SELF-TAUGHT SCULPTOR, OF CORK, IN IRELAND.

JOHN HOGAN was born in the year 1799, at Tallow, in the county of Waterford, about twenty miles from Cork, during a visit of his mother at that village. His parents were then residents in Cork, where his father, who is a working carpenter, still continues to reside; and his mother died there in autumn 1823. Under the tuition of Mr. Barret, a schoolmaster, then living in Brown-street, he acquired a knowledge of the English language, of arithmetic, book-keeping, and geometry. About the year 1812, he was placed as a clerk to Mr. Michael Foot, an attorney, in Patrick-street; an occupation more likely to chill and repress the powers of his fancy than to encourage its flights. His dislike to this employment visibly increasing, he was taken from it, at his own request, at the end of two years, and apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Deane, an eminent architect, who has erected the church at Cove, a number of public and private buildings in Cork, and

who has recently built the new prison at Sunday's-Well, near that city. Hogan's employment for two years was that of a common carpenter, according to the articles of his indentures. But during his after-hours he indulged his natural inclination in drawing from whatever engravings he could borrow or obtain possession of. On an occasion, when it became necessary to have a number of architectural plans speedily copied, Mr. Deane's brother asked him if he had ever copied any drawings. The reply to this was followed by a request to see some of his performances, and the inspection induced the inquirer immediately to employ him in assisting to copy the plans. His correct eye now became gradually known. Among a variety of drawings which he executed, there were two plans of bridges from a scale laid down by Richard Griffith, Esq. civil engineer of the government at Dublin Castle. One of these bridges was intended to be built across the Lee at Lapp's

Island, in Cork, and the other over the same river at Sunday's-Well, in the vicinity. He also drew three plans for fortified guard-houses to be erected in the disturbed districts of the county of Cork, and each designed to contain accommodations for fifty soldiers. These drawings were sent to Dublin Castle, and laid before his Excellency the Marquis Wellesley; but having been made for and under the direction of his master, his name as an apprentice was, according to the established usage, not brought forward, and they were not known to be his performances. In the course of these studies he acquired a knowledge of the architectural orders, but having made some drawings of figures, and attempted a small model in clay, Mr. Deane, who was a man of taste and discrimination, was so struck by their merits that he sent to London for a set of tools, and very liberally afforded him an opportunity of attempting to carve in wood. Hogan's first essays were so successful, although he had not the advantage of instruction, that Mr. Deane, from that time, gave him constant employment in carving balusters, friezes, capitals, and ornamental figures for his extensive establishment. He continued in this department, at thirteen shillings per week, out-door wages, until the close of his apprenticeship. The talents, opulence, and respectable connections of Mr. Deane deservedly obtained that eminent architect so many important commissions for public and private buildings, that his apprentices were pretty constantly employed. But Hogan, instead of spending his after-hours unprofitably in thoughtless amusements, which have such general attraction for youth,

employed them in drawing, modelling, and carving figures for his improvement. In 1818, his Majesty, then Prince Regent, in the most gracious manner made a magnificent gift of casts, taken from the finest antique statues at Rome, under the direction of Canova, to the Royal Cork Society of Arts. This memorable token of the king's paternal wish to diffuse a taste for the fine arts in Ireland was conferred upon Cork when Hogan had two years of his apprenticeship to serve. The contemplation of these treasures of beauty, to a mind so full of the poetry of his art as Hogan's, opened a new era in his life. But the purest forms are a dead letter to a student without an *anatomical key* to unlock their internal structure, and display the immutable principles upon which their beauties rest. Hogan was so sensible of this, that he began to apply himself to the study of anatomy. Towards the end of December 1819, he commenced carving in his after-hours the skeleton of a female adult, from nature. He cut this extraordinary performance in pine-wood, about the height of the Venus of Medici, and finished it with astonishing accuracy, even in the most minute details. The delicate bony surface is finely expressed. The cavity of the skull and the cavities of the vertebræ, through which the spinal marrow is conveyed, are exactly hollowed. The mere mechanical difficulties of this operation are not easily imagined; but the light and persevering hand of Hogan overcame every difficulty. Each bone formed a separate study, and even the smallest variations of the digitals are imitated to deception. The skeleton is skilfully put together with

wires and screws by the young self-taught artist himself; the joints have all their motions, and the symmetry of the whole is admirable. The application of the term *beauty* to this performance may possibly appear somewhat strange; but considered as a piece of imitation, perhaps no self-taught artist of his age ever executed a more perfect and beautiful specimen in osteology. Yet this fine proof of well-directed study and mechanical ingenuity, as well as of genius, was the performance of an apprentice in the long winter-nights after his daily work for his master. If the choice of such a subject, which comprehends the only sure foundation of excellence in the highest department of the arts, be not an indication of a lofty aim in his profession, it is at least a proof that he had discrimination enough to advance in the right road to the attainment of well-merited distinction.

This skeleton was finished in February 1820. He also copied in stone, about the same time, in his over-hours, the following pieces: A Cow, from a small plaster cast, after the antique in the Cork Academy—this copy is in the possession of Major Chudleigh; a colossal head of Minerva, which remained in the possession of Mr. Deane; and a Silenus supported by Satyrs, after a small cast in bas-relief from the antique. The last is not an elaborately finished performance; it is little more than blocked in, with a bold disposition of the general action, and a fine understanding of the forms: the style is excellent, and, as far as it goes, is replete with the spirit of the original.

His apprenticeship, which had proved so much to the mutual advan-

tage of himself and his master, expired in March 1820, when he was in the twentieth year of his age. His first work after this was a figure of Minerva, as large as life, carved in pine-timber, for an assurance-office in the South Mall. The boldness and taste of this attracted much attention. He was next employed in the arduous task of executing models in clay from the noble figure of Antinous, the Emperor Adrian's favourite, and from Canova's prettily imagined Venus. Many eminent sculptors have copied the Antinous, but no one has ever reached the perfection of the original. The majestic simplicity of this admirable figure is of a distinct class and principle from the fanciful elegance which forms the grace of Canova's conception. The one is an eternal truth; the other the alluring offspring of a classical imagination, following the imitative fashion of the time, and impressed with its light and voluptuous beauty. In these difficult tasks Hogan displayed the germs of an elevated genius. His copies are not free from some blemishes to gratify the eye of heartless criticism; but they possess sufficient excellence to excite the wonder and hope of those who view them with the eyes of true taste and liberal science. His pay was only twenty shillings per week while at work on these copies. The casts from his models were set up in the niches on the great staircase in the house of James Morgan, Esq. on the South Terrace, and the moulds were destroyed.

In 1820 and 1821, Dr. Woodroffe, an eminent surgeon, with commendable public spirit, devoted a considerable portion of his time and talents to advance the interests of the fine arts

in his native country, by giving public lectures on anatomy at the great room of the Royal Cork Academy, in which the students draw from the magnificent set of plaster casts after the antique, so graciously presented by his Majesty to that institution. The money collected by admission-tickets, during the two seasons, amounted to about 200*l.* which sum was applied to paying a part of the rent for the building appropriated to the Cork Academy. Dr. Woodroffe gave Hogan an invitation to attend his lectures at the Academy, &c.; also a free admission to his anatomical lectures and dissections at his own house, for the advancement of surgical students. The young sculptor eagerly applied himself to these inestimable studies. In the course of nearly three years, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the structure of the human frame, of the form and use of the bones and muscles, and of their relations, dependencies, and external appearance, in all the varieties of action and repose. At this period, he executed in wood several anatomical studies of feet, arms, legs, and hands, as large as life, stripped of the upper integuments, and displaying the muscles and tendons: for these he found no purchaser; but having copied in stone the cast of a well-known anatomical figure, by Michael Angelo, his copy was purchased by Mr. John Lecky, an intelligent and liberal member of the Society of Friends. With the light of science to guide his practice, Hogan's views of art were enlarged, and he takes a pride in speaking of his obligations to Dr. Woodroffe. Without a thorough understanding of the human figure, which can only be acquired by the

study of anatomy under an able professor of surgery, a painter or sculptor is no more than a purblind struggler in his profession; he is a stammering orator incapable of an articulate pronunciation, whose meaning may be vaguely guessed, but is rarely, if ever, sufficiently defined. Anatomical science may be truly considered the eyes, life-blood, body, and soul of an artist. If the value of a public good can only be justly estimated by the loss and disadvantage sustained by those who stand in need of it for their advancement, I may truly aver, that the lectures of Surgeon Woodroffe afforded an incalculable benefit to Hogan and the other students in the Royal Cork Society of Arts.

It is recorded in that very tasteful and interesting work, "The Peak Scenery," by its eloquent author, that Chantrey, now *the first sculptor of the age*, did *not*, amidst all the splendid patronage of England, *receive, in upwards of six years of his outset, as many pounds by his professional exertions*. As this extraordinary public neglect is a proof *how very few are ready to take notice of an artist in his outset*, and as Proctor, esteemed the *British Phidias* by West and the Royal Academicians, *perished of starvation in the British capital, through the neglect of the periodical press and the want of employment*, it may be fairly supposed, from the early infancy of the fine arts in Cork, that Hogan had to encounter the severest discouragements in his *outset*. Excepting his models of the Antinous and Canova's Venus in 1820, on which he was employed through the liberality of Mr. Morgan, merely to keep his hand in practice, and for which he was paid at

the rate of only twenty shillings per week, we have no record of any other commission or work by him in that year; and there is every reason to believe the statement, that he was, like Proctor and Chantrey in England, for months without employment. There were many at that time who blamed him for not having stuck to the trade of a carpenter. It was even probable that he would have been necessitated to abandon sculpture altogether, but that, late in the year 1821, he was employed by the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, to embellish the altar of the North Chapel in that city, which had been repaired after having suffered considerably by an accidental fire. This was a joyful redemption for Hogan, although neither the limited circumstances of the bishop, after his expenses in rebuilding the ruined parts of the chapel, nor the very inadequate value set upon the labours of an artist in that city, admitted a hope of any remuneration beyond the wages of an ordinary mechanic.

In the complete dearth of employment, Hogan attached the highest importance to a commission which enabled him to appear in a public edifice as a candidate for professional

favour. His own expressive words in one of his letters are, "I feel particularly indebted to the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy for his *kind and effectual encouragement*." The introduction of the fine arts was so recent, and there was so little, or rather there being no employment for a sculptor in Cork, if it had not been for these works in the North Chapel, even the unbending spirit of this young enthusiast must have sunk into despondence.

In 1822, after having finished his embellishments for the altar of the North Chapel, and also a Triumph of Silenus, consisting of fifteen figures, as an ornament for a sideboard, Hogan was again without a commission or any employment. He had set the price of fifteen pounds upon the "Triumph of Silenus," and having refused to accept of seven pounds as payment, it remained on his hands, with no other chance of raising a few pounds upon it, excepting by a raffle. In this deplorable state of discouragement an accident produced a sudden revolution in his favour, and rendered him an object of patronage, and an honour to himself and to his country.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. VIII.

WHEN we were assembled as usual in the study of the vicar, Miss Primrose, as soon as I entered the room, attacked me as follows:

I think, Reginald, you did not, when we last had the pleasure of seeing you, do Miss Landon justice. I have read "The Troubadour," and really deem it a beautiful poem: the

story is well told, the incidents are interesting, and the language, for the most part, is highly poetical. Yet I think you awarded it but "faint praise."

Reginald. I said it was not equal to "The Improvisatrice;" and I still think so. That it is, however, a poem of great merit, containing many

splendid passages, I readily allow. One has just occurred to me, which is really beautiful: it is the setting out of the hero, and a train of gallant knights, upon a warlike expedition, from the castle of his lady love, who was watching their departure from the battlements:

"Dark was the shade of that old tower
In the gray light of morning's hour;
And cold and pale the maiden leant
Over the heavy battlement,
And look'd upon the armed show,
That hurrying throng'd the court below;
With her white robe and long bright hair,
A golden veil flung on the air,
Like Peace prepared from earth to fly,
Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high,
In pity for the rage and crime
That forced her to some fairer clime.
When suddenly her pale cheek burn'd,
For Raymond's eye to hers was turn'd;
But like a meteor past its flame,
She was too sad for maiden shame.
She heard the heavy drawbridge fall,
And Raymond rode the first of all;
But when he came to the green height
Which hid the castle from his sight,
With useless spur and slackened rein,
He was the laggard of the train.
They paused upon the steep ascent,
And spear and shield and breast-plate sent
A light, as if the rising day
Upon a mirror flash'd its ray.
They pass on; Eva only sees
A chance plume waving in the breeze,
And then can see no more—but borne
Upon the echo came the horn:
At last nor sight nor sound declare
Aught of what passed that morning there.
Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze,
And play'd the sun-light o'er the trees,
And roll'd the river's depths of blue
Quiet as they were wont to do;
And Eva felt as if of all
Her heart were sole memorial."

This is a redeeming passage; even if there were more tame and inanimate ones in the volume, it would confer upon it a high character. There are, however, really but few of the former description; and if Miss Landon's fame be not increased, it will not be obscured by "The Troubadour." By the bye, Miss Rosina,

what is your opinion of Miss Landon as a poetess? I know you have read her productions, and I know too your good taste and just discrimination well qualify you to pronounce an opinion.

Miss R. Primrose. Really, Reginald, you have learned to flatter; and let me tell you, that is a practice which ill becomes you, and will not please me. Nay, I see you are going "to protest" you do no such thing; but I hate protestations. So I will tell you candidly, that I know few female writers whom I prefer to Miss Landon; that I think her shorter poems are, generally speaking, better than her long ones; and that some of the happiest effusions of her Muse are in the last volume of that beautiful work, "The Forget-Me-Not," which you forwarded to me, in a pretty green morocco case, neat and elegant as the volume it contained, when you were last year in town.

Dr. Primrose. Delivered like an oracle, my dear Rosina.

Basil Firedrake. Our chaplain never spoke more to the purpose; not even when he had stimulated his eloquence by an extra glass of grog, of which, to do his reverence justice, he very sparingly partook.

Reginald. Come, gentlemen, here's Miss Landon's health! and the ladies shall pledge us.

Having drunk this toast with all its honours, Counsellor Eitherside drew from the capacious pockets of his riding-coat, which a servant had brought into the room at his order, three very neat-looking volumes, and laying them upon the table, he observed, that he had derived more amusement from their perusal, than he had from any work which had fallen in his way for some months.

Mr. Mathews. What are the volumes about, friend Eitherside?

Counsellor. They are entitled, "Forty Years in the World, or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life;" and though the style is somewhat inflated in parts, they are fraught with interest, and well calculated to beguile the passing hour, when old father Time is inclined to go limping on his way.

Mr. Apathy. I have read them; and with, as you say, some little fault in the diction, which is not very happy in general when the author aims at being sentimental, I fully accord in the praise you have awarded. The description of the manners and customs of India are particularly happy.

Captain Primrose. Dear India, how oft have I ranged thy sunny groves, inhaled thy delicious perfumes, and caught the warm sighs of thy dark-eyed maids, as they gazed upon the stranger with looks of innocence and love! The Hindoo girls are amongst the most fascinating objects of the creation:

"Oh! they have looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

"As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!"

Basil Firedrake. And give me the West-Indian ladies, those dear creatures, whose soul is love, and who seem so entirely to rely on you for countenance and protection, that man is exalted in his own opinion by the confidence they repose in him.

Reginald. And give me the beauties of my own native land; give me English women, encircled with all the nameless charms with which their

retiring modesty, that brightest gem in the female character, invests them, and I will willingly leave you the beauties of other climes to revel with at pleasure; convinced that, as a companion to man, as the sharer of his joys, the soother of his sorrows, the partner of his cares, my own dear country-women exceed those of all the world beside. There's my gauntlet (throwing a glove of Miss Primrose's on the carpet), let who will gainsay me take it up if he dare.

The ladies applauded this little sally of their champion; the gentlemen protested they did not intend to disparage the ladies of England when they praised those of "another clime;" and the conversation again turned on Captain Wallace's book, from which our friend Apathy read the following sketch of the arrival of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings at Calcutta:

The mornings and evenings are delightful in Calcutta after the monsoon. This crisis of nature cools the fever of the atmosphere; and as the healthful blood plays through the veins of a convalescent, so does the renovated air flow cheerfully towards the source of light.

On one of these fine mornings (14th of October, 1813), the pale tinge of day, peeping from the east, revealed a congregated human mass, anxious to witness the landing of the Marquis of Hastings at Champal Ghaut. A fine military line was formed from the river to the front entrance of the Government-House; and the native battalions, intermixed with the Europeans, formed an interesting sight. There were crowds of Hindoos and Mahometans; the river was covered with decorated ships, barges, and boats; and as far as the roving eye could reach, the roads were thronged with carriages.

At length the guns of Fort William

announced the approach of our new governor-general; and the state barges, glittering beneath the rays of the rising sun, in gold and purple, glided towards the ghaut, where the members of council, commander-in-chief, and all the local authorities, were ready to receive the celebrated Moira, and to conduct him and his lovely countess, with military pomp, to the Government-House. His lordship was met on the magnificent flight of steps leading to it by Lord Minto, and received with ceremony and respect.

Tall and majestic, the Marquis of Hastings makes a lasting impression on every beholding eye. In his firm step we have fortitude; in his friendly smile we see benevolence; and his dark bright eye conveys to feeling the flash of valour. His flowing black hair fell carelessly on his manly features, and gave a fine shade to his face, as though, at some remote period, a deep wound had been inflicted on his cheek. He was dressed in the full uniform of a general; and nothing was ever seen in India more splendid in its appearance than his fine suite.

Elegant in symmetry of form and aspect, the Countess of Loudon shone forth the mother of loveliness; and the Hindoos, having heard her ladyship's universal fame for benevolence and charity, gazed on her with that rapturous delight with which their forefathers are fabled to have received the goddess Gunga, when she rose all beautiful from the sacred river to relieve their distresses.

There is in the resignation of power something that excites pity; we behold him who was the centre of attraction, almost forsaken, when divested of that patronage round which crowds had fluttered. Lord Minto, after remaining some time at Calcutta, departed, carrying with him no regret, all hopes having been turned to his lordship's great successor.

On the arrival of the Marquis of Has-

tings and Countess of Loudon—[by the bye, why not the Earl and Countess of Moira?]—pleasure and luxury were drained for their welcome. Splendid entertainments followed each other in quick succession; and night after night, Calcutta was radiant with illumination. The Free-Masons greeted their grand-master with a ball and supper in Moore's Rooms, which were, on the occasion, converted into a scene resembling fairy-land. Their noble guests reached the point of attraction through an avenue of artificial fire. The universal blaze reflected the admiring countenances of groups of Hindoos, whose costume and bearded faces imparted romantic life to the whole. Supper was laid out in a vast square, made to represent an Indian grove. Lofty palms waved overhead their long stems, circled with wreaths of roses. A fine artificial sky finished the scenic deception, in which the full moon and stars were seen resplendent. Beneath all this earthly grandeur the noble guests were seated, surrounded by the beauty and fashion of the presidency, and they circulated joy and happiness with the glass, while song and music gladdened the heart.

This display of that exultation which all classes felt, upon the occasion of an arrival so auspicious, was returned at the Government-House by magnificent *fêtes*, and the fastidiousness which had long characterized the society of the Indian metropolis, melted away beneath the charming affability of the Countess of Loudon. Previously to her benign appearance, harmony had been destroyed by the rivalry of two great ladies; one belonging, as she thought, to a superior rank in life, and the other fully entitled, in her own opinion, to the highest honours that wealth, beauty, and elegance could challenge. The former was the wife of an old civilian, then at the summit of his hope; she was a prodigious personage, both in size and importance,

without any just pretensions to that exclusive homage which she claimed. Her rival was a great merchant's lady, elegant in figure and accomplished, but with pride and ambition enough to set the world in arms. These queens had for a long time waged a war of extravagance, which they fondly hoped would be to each other extermination. The four quarters of the globe were visited for whatever could stimulate appetite, gratify delicacy, or attract admiration. The baleful influence of such division was, however, arrested by the attention paid at the Government-House to all classes of the inhabitants, whose talent and respectability contributed to the essential interest of Britain's weal.

Captain Primrose. The Marquis of Hastings is a noble fellow: I served under him in Flanders, and no commander, not even our gallant Wellington, succeeded better in inspiring his men with the enthusiasm which must lead them on to victory. He has all the virtues, and but few of the faults of an Irishman; and when animating his troops to the charge, or leading them on in the moment of triumph, he looks like the God of War, descended from Olympus, to induce us poor mortals to vie with him in deeds of heroism and glory.

Some further extracts were read from Captain Wallace's work, which we all agreed was fraught with interest. When he touched upon the very ticklish subject of Irish politics, a little demur was made to his sentiments on these points, which were stoutly defended by Mr. Apathy: but as politics are not a very agreeable subject for the ladies, I shall not dwell upon that part of the evening's conversation.

This discussion ended, we were again led to advert, by an observa-

tion of Miss Primrose, to the merits of those highly gifted females, who, to the honour of the sex, have exalted and dignified the Muse of poetry by their splendid talents. Miss Landon had already been the theme of our praise; and Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Baillie, and Miss Costello were now passed in review before us. The delightful volume recently issued from the pen of the latter, entitled "*Songs of a Stranger*," particularly elicited our praise; and Miss Primrose read the following pieces—in tones that fell as sweet upon the ear as the poet's numbers:

The palace of the Cappelletti,
Where Juliet at the mask
Saw her lov'd Montague, and now sleeps by
him. ROGERS' *Italy*.

The palace is a ruin; round the walls
The ivy hangs its venerable wreaths,
And birds of night flit through the lonely
arches
That echoed once with music.

Of those halls
Where the gay maskers fled like shadows by,
In many a strange fantastic shape, and all
Was mirth and splendour, a few stones remain!

The marble pillars twin'd with perfum'd
flowers,
From whose propitious shade the unbidden
guest

Gazed on the daughter of his enemy;
She, thoughtless who that palmer's robe conceal'd,

Too early saw unknown, and knew too late—
Where are they now? The morning mist may trace

To fancy's eye their visionary forms;
But day arises, they are there no more.

Unhallow'd steps have trod the garden's
bounds;

The meanest peasant of Verona strays,
Regardless where the youthful lovers met,
When the cold, silent moon look'd sadly
down

On all the fatal vows they breath'd that
night.

The pomp of Montagues and Capulets
Is faded in oblivion, and their names

Had passed away with time long since no
more,
But they are made immortal by their vic-
tims.

There is a broken tomb, that legends say,
Once held their ashes; years will come and
vanish,
And not a vestige will be left of them:
Yet they have endless life and endless fame
Through him who told their sorrows.

SONG.

Thy form was fair, thine eye was bright,
Thy voice was melody;
Around thee beam'd the purest light
Of love's own sky.
Each word that trembled on thy tongue
Was sweet, was dear to me—
A spell in those soft numbers hung
That drew my soul to thee.

Thy form, thy voice, thine eyes are now
As beautiful and as fair;
But though still blooming is thy brow,
Love is not there.
And though as sweet thy voice be yet,
I treasure not the tone;
It cannot bid my heart forget—
Its tenderness is gone!

Reginald. This is the age of female talent; many ladies' names adorn our literature, and receive the homage due to their high deserts: yet there are many still who are doomed "to bloom unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air." I will read you two or three little "effusions of the Muse" from correspondents of my own, in whom the poetic flame burns brightly, though they have never yet ventured to appear before the public in any other shape than as the occasional correspondents of a provincial newspaper. One of these ladies is indeed engaged on a work, which I believe she intends submitting to the ordeal of public opinion. Love is its subject, that passion which is indeed universal; for where is there a manly or a female heart which has not, at one period or other, been responsive to the "voice of love?"

Miss Primrose. Why you have never been in love, have you, Reginald?

Reginald. You must put on a cowl before I constitute you my father confessor. But I will read the verses I am alluding to.

ON THE SEASONS.

I welcom'd not Spring, for with Spring there
arose
A storm which beat hard on my agoniz'd
breast,
And wither'd each hope—save the hope of
repose
In that land where rude suffering is still'd
into rest.

The trees readorn'd in their gay garb of
green,
The hawthorn-bush mantled with pink-
studded white,
Vainly courted my eyes; they shrunk from
a scene
Which others could view with enraptur'd
delight.

I welcom'd not Summer; its fruits and its
flow'rs,
That were sweetly delicious and fragrant
to some,
To me were mementos of happier hours,
When thought never dreamt of the evils
to come.

Nor yet, yellow Autumn, thy gifts could I
prize,
Though thy lap overflowing with plenty
appear'd;
All was barren and desolate still to mine
eyes—
The present was wretched, the future was
fear'd.

And now, hoary Winter, begun is thy reign;
The husbandman rests, but no rest is for
me:
For still is my bosom the mansion of pain,
No prospect of happier days can I see.

And yet, chilly season, I love thee the best;
Thy storms and thy billows a sympathy
have
With the troubles which daily my bosom
molest,
And leave me no hope—save of rest in the
grave.

The writer of these lines, Reginald continued, has drunk deeply of

"affliction's cup," and a mournful sadness pervades most of her verses: the following is in rather a merrier strain:

LINES.

Around I look, and always find
That Hymen's not like Cupid, blind:
Faults the latter will pass over,
Which the former quick discover.
Virtues to Hymen's sight are few,
And evanescent as the dew;
Virtues to Cupid's hoodwinked eye
Are num'rous as the stars on high:
He sees them not, 'tis true—what then?
He acts in this respect like men,
Who deem their mistresses enchanting,
And find, too late, how much is wanting.

I will now read you a copy of verses written by a young lady, on whom Fortune appears to smile, and whose temperament seems lively and gay: yet she too woos a melancholy Muse, as you will find from

MY BIRTHDAY.

My birthday! what a mournful theme!

Since I have seen thy last returning,
Chang'd is life's early pleasant dream

Of hours of bliss to days of mourning.
I grieve for visions of hope o'ercast,
For joys too exquisite to last.

Days of my childhood, ye are gone!

My hours of reckless glee are over,
When prospects bright around me shone;

Nor could I one dark cloud discover.

The present bright, the future gay,
So past the lightsome hours away.

"The tear forgot as soon as shed;"

My infant cheek unstain'd by weeping;

Hope weav'd a chaplet for my head;

Joy sooth'd awake, and Peace when sleeping.

But now—these scenes are overcast—

Scenes far too beautiful to last.

Ye last twelve months, ah! who shall tell

The ills which on my head you've shed?

The loss of friends I've lov'd too well,

Now mingled with the silent dead.

Your hours have laden been with sorrow;

Grief came with every coming morrow:

For I have wept o'er beauty's tomb;

O'er friendship's joys, too early blighted;

While "hearts, which sympathy made one,"

By Death's rude hand were disunited.

Ah! who would wish to know before

The ills that Fortune has in store?

My blighted hopes! talents misspent,

Which were for better use imparted!

Whilst those bright smiles which Fancy lent

Have fled, and left me broken-hearted!

Yet there's a bright, a cheering ray,

That beams upon my lonely way.

If such a year as this now spent

Should lure from error's way,

He who the punishment has sent

Can cause the "plague to stay:"

For "He who cannot lie hath said,

The waves shall not go o'er thy head."

Then let the storms of sorrow rage;

For they in merey are imparted:

Yes, they are "blessings in disguise,"

To lead to Christ the broken-hearted.

Then give me grace to kiss the rod,

And own the Father in the God.

Dr. Primrose. A pious and praiseworthy sentiment, which ought to rescue much worse lines from oblivion.

Mr. Mathews. As Reginald I find takes the trouble of noting down our conversations, and recording our opinions, for one of the fashionable periodicals of the day, his friend's verses are secure of not being committed to Lethe's stream.

This sally of Mr. Mathews introduced a conversation upon the merits of the principal periodicals of the day, which perhaps, Mr. Editor, you would not like to insert if I were to take the trouble of transcribing. In one thing we were unanimous, in condemning a most heartless exposure of some circumstances connected with that amiable girl, Miss M. Tree, or rather Mrs. Bradshaw, which lately appeared in an otherwise clever weekly journal. It is such articles which disgrace the public press; it is such conduct in its conductors that detracts from its usefulness, and makes it an engine of destruction, instead of one for upholding and preserving the courtesies of society. Inroads into private life are always blameable; but where the object of the attack is

one so amiable, so utterly unobtrusive, so every way praiseworthy, as Miss Tree, the perpetrators of the fiend-like act will receive, as they merit, the indignation of the world.

The evening was concluded by reading nearly the whole of a volume of very elegant poetry by Mr. Richardson, with which the circle was generally charmed. A few extracts will shew, whether with or without reason. The sonnets we considered as displaying much taste and judgment and genius in that very difficult species of writing. The following, written in India, is not the best, but it possesses great merit:

The storm hath ceas'd, but yet the dark clouds lower,

And shroud the rising sun! The distant hill
Lies hid in mist; the far-descending rill
Rolls darkly through the valley; this lone tower

Frowns drearily above the withered bower,
Where sits the drooping Minah, voiceless still.

Yon blasted tree the gazer's heart doth fill
With awful sense of majesty and power!
The mighty spirit of the midnight storm
Passed where for ages rose the green-wood's pride;

And what availed its glory? Its proud form,
Cast on the groaning earth, but serves to hide
The serpent's dwelling; and Decay's dull worm

Soon in its mouldering bosom shall abide.

AN INDIAN DAY.

MORN.

Lo! morning wakes upon the gray hill's brow,
Raising the veil of mist meek Twilight wore;
And, hark! resounding from the tamarind bough

The Minah's matins ring. On Ganges shore
The fervent Hindoos welcome and adore
The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
Behold the tall Palmyra proudly soar,
And wave his verdant wreath! A lustre pale
Gleams on the broad-fringed leaves, that rustle in the gale.

NOON.

How still the noontide hour! No sounds arise
To cheer the sultry calm; deep silence reigns
Among the drooping groves; the fervid skies
Glare on the slumbering wave; on those far plains

The zephyr dies: no hope of rest detains
The pilgrim there! Yon orb's meridian might
No fragrant bower, no humid cloud restrains.
The solar rays, insufferably bright,
Play on the fevered brow, and mock the dazzled sight.

NIGHT.

Oh! how the spirit joys when the fresh breeze,
The milder radiance, and the longer shade,
Steal o'er the sultry scene! Through waving trees
The pale moon smiles; the minstrels of the glade
Hail Night's fair queen; and as the day-beams fade
Along the crimson west, through twilight gloom
The fire-fly darts; and where, all lowly laid,
The dead repose, the mourner's hands illumine
The consecrated lamp o'er beauty's hallow'd tomb.

With the following verses we were all pleased; the ladies in particular:

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Oh! if there is a magic charm in this low valley drear
To cheat the pilgrim's weary way, the dark-en'd soul to cheer,
It is the soothing voice of Love, that echoes o'er the mind,
Like music on a twilight lake, or bells upon the wind!

Oh! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the wanderer's heart,
Should that celestial harmony from life's dark sphere depart!

Oh! how for that far-distant land would sigh the lonely breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

One more extract, and I conclude:

STANZAS.

S***! I will not ask thee now
A pardon for my simple lays;
It will not cloud thine open brow
To hear my voice of love and praise.
Though all on earth to thee I owe,
And higher meed thy virtues claim,
Thou'lt deem the numbers sweetly flow,
That breathe and bless thy name.

And think not he, whose faithful heart
Dictates the rude but honest strain,
Could ever feel one moment's smart
From the world's coldness or disdain.

Enough if thou approve the lay,
 And own that grateful love is mine;
 Though haply it may ill repay
 A tenderness like thine!
 Dear object of each hope and care,
 For thee my fervent heart shall glow;
 Still prompt and proud thy fate to share
 Through every change of weal or woe.

Oh! heed not then the false world's smile!
 Thine is one fond and steadfast friend,
 Who, from its insult and its guile,
 Will guide thee and defend.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL.

THE MAIDEN'S FUNERAL.

There was a maid who dwelt among the hills
 Of Arvon, and to one of higher birth
 Had pledg'd her troth, not rashly, nor beguill'd.
 They had been playmates in their infancy,
 And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
 And all his joys. The moon and all the stars
 Witness'd their mutual vows.

SOUTHEY'S *Madoe*.

WHENEVER I arrive at any town or village, my first visit is usually to the church-yard; and as it has been my lot to lead a very unsettled and wandering sort of life, there are few cemeteries in the kingdom that are not known to me. This may appear a strange fancy; but I am a strange man, and consequently this sepulchral predilection is perfectly in unison with my customary habits and feelings. A poignant disappointment in early life has tinctured my mind with melancholy, and it may be with moroseness; and I love to wander among the green graves of the retired village burial-place, pondering upon the instability and vanity of all earthly desires, as I read in the rudely sculptured tombstones "the short and simple annals of the poor."

If there be any particular district in the kingdom which I delight most to visit, it is North Wales; for in many of the secluded parts of that beautiful country the peasants are extremely sedulous in decorating the graves of their departed friends and kindred with turf and wild flowers. This has been called an inconsistent and unnatural custom. I cannot think it so, and I should be sorry to see it abolished.

I had arrived late one evening in July 18—, at the little town of B—, in Denbighshire, on my accustomed idle pilgrimage; and early the next morning I strolled into the church-yard, which is here situated at the foot of a small hillock, northward of the hamlet. There is something peculiarly interesting to me in this delightful spot, placed as it is amidst so many wild and frowning mountains. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of its sweet and calm seclusion; but the poet shall describe some of its lonely beauty:

"A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,

The loveliest nook in all that lonely glen,
 Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
 The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
 With walks between, where friends and kindred trod,

Who dress'd with duteous hand each ballow'd sod,

No sculptur'd monument was wrought to breathe

His praises, whom the worm destroy'd beneath.

The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
 Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there.
 Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot
 By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot:

To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,

From some kind eye the meanest claimed a tear;

And oft the living, by affection led,
 Were wont to walk in spirit with the dead.

Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,
The grave look'd beautiful in sun and show-
ers.

'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care—
It breath'd of hope, and mov'd the heart to
pray'r!"

It was a most lovely morning. The summer-sun was shining with all its glory, and the dew-drops still glittered in lucid brilliancy on the leaves of the grave-flowers. I had more than once before visited this enchanting spot, for, as I have already intimated, it is a favourite of mine; but I never saw it as I saw it then, glowing so brightly in the beams of a brilliant morning. I was leaning against the plain unsculptured tomb of one who, although a wealthy man, had chosen to repose under the green sod of the church-yard, rather than beneath the stony floor of the temple, when two old men, entering the burying-ground, approached the spot where I stood, and proceeded to remove the planks from a half-excavated grave, which I now perceived was close to a mound of earth, prettily adorned with turf and flowers:

"Around the grave a beauteous fence
Of wild flowers shed their breath,
Smiling like infant-innocence
Within the gloom of death."

One of these worthies I soon perceived was the ancient grave-digger of the village, and the other apparently his deputy; for they both set about their work with that calm and steady indifference which long habit and frequent occasion for the practice of such a mournful avocation had long since generated. They made their clumsy obeisance to me as they passed, and were speedily engaged in the trivial and garrulous gossiping of old age.

The grave was speedily finished;

the boards were removed to a distance, and the old men, with another clownish *congé*, left me to my meditations. I do not know how long I should have remained thus buried in thought, "deep, soothing, and delightful," if the dull and melancholy tolling of the church-bell had not roused me from my reverie, and turned my thoughts into another channel. The sun shone forth in all its unapproachable and splendid majesty, and numberless birds caroled in gladness their song of praise and gratitude; but the bell sent forth its sullen knell at intervals, and cast a gloom over my mind, which all the inspiriting influence of that beautiful morning could not counteract. But I felt no inclination to leave the spot. An irresistible curiosity impelled me to remain, that I might witness the last sad solemn ceremony due to the remains of poor mortality; and I had not long to tarry. A soft and murmuring melody, "borne up the valley by the morning breeze," reached me at intervals, like the fitful and melancholy cadence of the Æolian harp; and bending my steps in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I descried a funeral procession moving mournfully along the hill-side; and the newly made grave at my feet indicating that this was the final resting-place of the approaching corpse. In North Wales it is always customary to escort the body to the grave with hymns adapted to the occasion: these are generally exceedingly plaintive and harmonious, and always sung by females. Nothing can be more impressive than the influence of this simple and appropriate minstrelsy; for its solemnity strikes at once to the heart, and is infinitely more affecting than the more

elaborate pomp and splendour of a metropolitan funeral. On the present occasion the affecting interest of the scene was considerably heightened by the appearance of the procession itself, which presented a mournful contrast to the brilliancy of the morning and to the green hills along which it passed.

I advanced a short way to meet it, and having joined it, turned back, and proceeded by the side of the mournful train towards the church-yard. It was composed of nearly thirty persons. First walked the minister, from whom I received a kind look of recognition, for well he knew the wanderer, and on whose benignant features was expressed the deepest sorrow. Then came the twelve young singers; and after them followed the coffin on a bier, supported by four young men, and covered with a white pall, borne by four females, and intimating that the relics it contained were those of a pure and spotless maiden. The first of the mourners was an old and venerable woman—the grandmother, as I afterwards learnt, of the departed virgin—tottering under the weight of age and sorrow, yet walking fearlessly onward, unsupported even in her sad infirmity, and leading by the hand a little girl, who had scarcely o'erstepp'd the bounds of infancy, and who now, of all her kindred, alone remained to solace her declining years. After this aged woman came her weeping friends; and

“Wailing with funeral hymns,
The long procession moved.”

When we arrived at the Gothic porch of the church-yard, the bier was placed upon the ground, and the clergyman pronounced over it, in the emphatic language of his country,

the Lord's Prayer. The procession then again moved onwards, and the customary service was performed previous to the affecting ceremony of interment*. As we moved along towards the church, two or three idle urchins, who were playing among the tombstones, ran forward to meet us, the foremost shouting in Welch as he ran, “Come along, Shonen Roberts, and see at the burying of pretty Mary Williams, here's the minister, and old Megan, and the strange gentleman!” and on they bounded in child-

* In former times, the funeral ceremonies of the Welch were more numerous than they are now. Previous to a funeral, it was customary, when the corpse was brought out of the house, for the nearest *female* relative of the deceased to give *over the coffin* a quantity of white loaves, and sometimes a cheese, with a piece of money stuck in it, to divers poor persons. After that, they presented in the same manner a cup, and required the persons to drink a little of its contents immediately: when this was done, they knelt down, and the minister repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they proceeded with the body; and at every cross-road between the house and the church, they laid down the bier, knelt, and again said the Lord's Prayer, repeating also the ceremony when they first entered the church-yard. It was customary in some of the upland districts for the friends to say the Lord's Prayer over the grave for several Sundays after the interment: this is now done on the *first* Sunday afterwards. It was reckoned fortunate for the deceased if it should rain while they were carrying him to church, that his coffin might be wet with the dew of heaven. A similar notion seems to have been prevalent in several parts of England, as we may judge from the old distich:
“Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
And blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on.”

ish glee to gaze at us, bowing, however, with due reverence to the good pastor as he passed them. I recollect this well. There was to me something so terrific in the callous indifference of these youngsters, that it struck me at the time as a forcible illustration of that powerful principle of self-interest, which teaches us to disregard the misfortunes of those to whom we are not bound by ties of sympathy or friendship, and to care nought about the manifold miseries which are happening daily around us. "When I reflect," observes an eloquent writer, "what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring up as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, aye, and marry too as fast as they were used to do. Alas! the memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day!"

The interment of the dead is truly a sublime and awful ceremony. I have seen the strongest frame shake like a reed, and the sturdiest heart quail like a coward's, at this most sorrowful and affecting ceremony; and, as we all stood round the grave of this village-maiden, I felt the full force of the sublime service appropriated by our Liturgy to the burial of the dead. It is melancholy enough to mourn over the remains of the infirm and the aged, whose life has lasted beyond the natural term of "threescore years and ten;" but there is a feeling of despondency as well as of

Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

sorrow in the death of the young and the lovely. We look for the fall of the "sere and yellow leaf" in autumn, as a common and natural occurrence; but we do not expect to see the sweet flowers of the spring wither and decay till they have delighted us with their beauty and fragrance, and fulfilled the brief space allotted to them here. The parent who has sorrowed for a beloved child snatched away in the holiness and purity of youth, the lover who has lamented a tender mistress, and the sister who has mourned over an infant brother, can tell how agonizing it is to be parted from such dear objects of solicitude and affection. But there is a strengthening and upholding consolation for us all in the cheering consciousness, that the memory will never die; and that, in our idle hours of meditation, the forms of those whom we have thus loved and lost will vividly recur to us, bringing with them all those soothing recollections, which constitute what has been emphatically denominated the "joy of grief."

"Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of
 worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when, stealing from
 the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance
 sooths,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching
 breast,
And turns his tears to rapture!"

Deeply was every one affected as the ceremony proceeded, and many a tear was shed over the unconscious remains of one whom all had loved. The venerable chief-mourner, how-

Н и

ever, at first maintained the most placid composure, at least as far as all outward sign was concerned. She shed no tear, she uttered no sigh, and repeated the responses with a distinct and unfaltering voice. But when the minister pronounced the bitter words, "Earth to earth! ashes to ashes! dust to dust!" and when the sexton scattered the mould upon the coffin-lid, she was composed no longer. Hitherto there had been a calm resignation in the aged mourner, which betokened deep and silent sorrow, and which seemed to be the result of much internal conflict. I could see from the beginning that hers was no common grief, although she had, by a strong and extraordinary effort, subdued all boisterous indication of her anguish. But at this affecting climax of the ceremony, her emotions could no longer be controuled. The acuteness of her feelings, old and bowed down as she was, had gained additional intensity from their suppression, and in a tone of agony, which still vibrates on my ear, she exclaimed, "O Mary! Mary! why did not ye wait for your poor old grandmother?" and then she "lifted up her voice and wept," as, with her hands clasped, and her head bent over the grave, she gazed for the last time upon the coffin of her beloved grandchild. We all felt for the poor woman's affliction, more especially the good pastor, who wiped a tear from his cheek as he paused till she had somewhat recovered. The ceremony was then conducted without any further incident, and the company wended their way homewards, deeply impressed with the sad solemnity of the scene they had witnessed. Two or three of the elderly matrons accom-

panied poor Margaret Williams, or as she was usually called, "Old Megan," to her cottage, comforting her with such soothing means as their sagacity and experience suggested, while I remained behind to shake hands with my old friend the rector.

He greeted me with his accustomed urbanity; but his voice was tremulous, and the tear still glistened in his eye. He invited me, however, to spend the day with him at the rectory, and, readily accepting his invitation, we walked arm in arm towards his residence. We soon arrived there; and after a glass of his excellent gooseberry wine, our conversation naturally adverted to the funeral. The grief of my kind old friend induced me to suspect that the deceased was something more to him than a parishioner, although, from my knowledge of his family, I could not imagine who she might be. He soon, however, afforded me the necessary explanation. No relationship had subsisted between him and the departed maiden; but in point of affection she was as a daughter to him. "Sad changes, my friend," he said to me, "have taken place in this house since you were in it last. My poor wife is dead, and so is your old playfellow, Edward; but, thanks be to God, I have had strength enough to bear my affliction with, I trust, Christian resignation. But if you are inclined to listen, I will relate a few particulars of poor Mary's life, as it will necessarily involve the narration of my own domestic misfortunes.

"Mary was born and nurtured in affliction, for her mother was deluded by a villain, who deserted her in her uttermost need, and left her to rear her infant in shame and sorrow. It

too frequently happens that, when a female falls from her virtuous station in society, some encouraging failing on her own part has led to her ruin. In this instance, however, no such extenuation can be urged in palliation of a crime so destructive in its consequences. Poor Margaret Williams was a steady good girl, fond indeed of finery—and what girl is not? but without any levity or giddiness about her. Her behaviour was always characterized by a modest civility, which rendered her a welcome visitor at every house in the neighbourhood. But this availed her nothing; she fell into the hands of an unfeeling, pitiless scoundrel, and was ruined. But Margaret had a mother, who, notwithstanding her humble rank in life, cherished sentiments that would have adorned a princess. This mother, the same aged woman who followed the corpse to day, and wept so bitterly at the grave, did not spurn from her the child of her bosom, but opened wide her doors, and extended to her miserable child that solace and comfort which her inhuman seducer denied. But poor Margaret could not long survive her dishonour; she pined away in sorrow, and two years after the birth of her child, she sunk into the grave, while she was yet in the bloom of youth. The care of the little Mary now devolved upon her grandmother, who had been an old and valued servant in my father's family; and my poor wife was consequently exceedingly attentive to them, for she had a tender heart, and always loved to please me. Thus the little Mary and her old nurse were often with us at the rectory. Our little favourite soon gave tokens of uncommon intelligence, and when her mind was capa-

ble of receiving impressions, I employed my leisure time in instructing her. She grew up as virtuous in mind as she was prepossessing in person, and notwithstanding her ill-fated birth, she was beloved and caressed by every one who knew her. It is not with us, Mr. Arundel, as it is with our more polished neighbours; we do not, in this secluded vale, attach any disgrace to the offspring of shame, nor do we envy the lot of those whom Providence has ordained to be more fortunate than ourselves. We are strangers to many of the evils, as well as to many of the advantages, of a more highly cultivated and refined condition. Well, my good sir," continued my worthy friend, "things were in this situation, when our only son returned after an absence of eight years in the East Indies. He had prevailed upon us, while yet a boy, to permit him to try his fortune there; and at seventeen he left us as a cadet. We heard from him from time to time, and the newspapers conveyed to us the gratifying intelligence, that he had frequently distinguished himself, and had been promoted to the rank of a captain in the Company's service. Poor Edward was a generous, open-hearted fellow, full of life and spirits and filial affection; and the day of his arrival amongst us was indeed a day of happiness and rejoicing!"

My friend's voice grew tremulous with grief as this event recurred to his memory, and hiding his face in his handkerchief, he gave vent to his feelings in a flow of salutary tears. Having somewhat recovered his composure, he resumed his narrative.

"When Edward left us, Mary was a mere child; and it was as a

mere child only that he thought of her in his absence. Every letter contained a remembrance to his 'pretty little Mary;' and when a beautiful and blushing girl of eighteen was presented to him as his former little playmate, he started with astonishment and admiration at the change. The result is easily guessed; they soon loved, passionately but purely loved each other: yet, strange to say, I was for a long time blind to their attachment; that is, I attributed all his little attentions to Mary to their long intimacy, and to his wish to please his parents; in short, I considered his affection was nothing more than that of a brother for a sister. The mother, however—and what mother is not?—was keener-sighted than the father, and she communicated her suspicions to me. 'I am sure our dear boy is in love with Mary,' she said. 'Every action denotes it. Is she walking to the town? Edward must go with her. Is she going with any thing to the poor cottagers? he must go with her there also. In short, they sing together, ride together, dance together, read together, and walk together, and I am quite sure they love each other dearly!' Now that I had been thus apprised of this, it appeared as evident to me as it did to Mrs. Owen; and it made me thoughtful. I am not a proud man, Mr. Arundel, God forbid that I ever should be; nor was my poor wife a vain or a haughty woman: but this discovery startled me, and parental solicitude for our only and most dear child made us hesitate. However, after a little consideration, we came to the determination of suffering their attachment to take its own course. 'She will make a good wife,' said I,

'and if they continue to love each other, we must not oppose their affections.'

"But all our plans and all our resolutions were useless. Our dear boy had brought with him a constitution shattered by the enervating influence of a tropical climate, as well as by the overpowering toil of a soldier's life, and in three months after his return he was laid upon the bed of sickness and of death. It was now that Mary proved herself worthy of all our care. She ministered to the poor patient with unceasing assiduity, and consoled us with hopes which she herself could never have cherished. You do not know perhaps what it is to attend day after day near the sick-bed of a most near relation, to watch with agony and suspense the variable symptoms of a languishing disease, and to hear the fond and wishful anticipations of the object of all this care and solicitude. You do not know perhaps what it is to hang beside a child's couch in tenderness and anxiety, to sooth his pain and sorrow, even while your own heart is bursting with affliction, and to feel that all your hopes of happiness on earth are fixed on him; to catch his last faint sigh, and watch in bitter affection life's fluttering, dying spark. I have felt all this; and during this period of suspense and agony, Mary was indeed a ministering angel to us; and though harassed both in mind and body, no exclamation of pain or impatience escaped her lips. She endured what I supposed no mortal could have endured under similar circumstances; and although I discovered that she wept much in secret, she suffered no indication of sorrow or despair to appear before

us or her lover. Week after week passed in this miserable manner; and, after languishing nearly four months, our dear child breathed his last, without sob or sigh, in the arms of his distressed mother. This was a sad affliction for us; but a sadder was in reserve for me. My poor wife, whose health had always been delicate, could not sustain the shock she had received by the death of her only and beloved child; and she followed him to the grave in little less than half a year, leaving me to drag on my existence in solitude and sorrow. But even yet the measure of my grief was not full. I have said, that Mary was unremitting in her attentions to Edward during his illness. This, independently of any attachment between them, was sufficient to induce very severe illness; but her heart received a severe shock, and one which it never recovered. Yet she did not complain, although it was evident that some secret grief was undermining her health with insidious but certain fatality.

“ ‘And never word, or murmur of regret,
Linger'd upon her gentle lip. The spirit
Was weaned from this world, and look'd on
high

In humble faith. The grave no terrors had
For one to whom existence had no charms.’

“ I had been reading to her one evening, and had paused to make some observation, when she faintly said to me, ‘ My dear father’—she had always called me so—‘ I have been thinking that I shall soon follow poor Edward: but I have a favour to beg of you before I die, which I am sure you will grant me. When I am gone my poor grandmother will have nobody to wait upon her, and to attend to her little wants and wishes. Will you see that she does not stand in need of any thing? Your

exceeding kindness has emboldened me to make this request, and I shall be more happy now that I have spoken to you about her. And will you,’ she continued, taking from her bosom, as she spoke, a locket set in diamonds, the gift of her lover, a lock of whose glossy hair it contained, wreathed with one of her own sunny ringlets, ‘ will you, my more than father, keep this carefully for the sake of those whom you have loved so affectionately?’ I took the locket, and promised, as well as I could, to observe all that she required of me; when, after remaining silent for a few minutes, she requested me to deliver to several of her young friends such tokens as she named, in memory of her friendship for them. She then gave me a few directions respecting her own funeral, expressing a particular desire to be buried very near poor Edward, and earnestly requesting me to perform the service over her. After this, she again thanked me most warmly for all my kindness, and then, seemingly exhausted with her exertion, endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. I quitted the apartment, therefore, and retired to my study, leaving her to the charge of the nurse and the poor grandmother, who, although too aged and infirm to be of service, seldom left the patient's chamber.

“ In about two hours I was hastily summoned into Mary's room, and found that the icy hand of death was already upon her. There was, however, a placid smile upon her countenance, and she seemed perfectly conscious of, and by no means alarmed at, her approaching dissolution. She extended her hand to me as I approached the bed—for the power

of speech was already taken from her—and grasping mine affectionately, looked up towards heaven, and moved her lips in silent prayer. I had knelt down instinctively, and knew not, till the hand which grasped mine grew chill and clammy, that the spirit had departed from the lovely form before. It was an awful moment, my friend, and I then experienced such a feeling of sadness and desolation, that, in my affliction, I repined at the lot which Providence in its wisdom had assigned me. But now that I am grown more calm, and the intensity of my sorrow has somewhat subsided, I look upon all this as a chastening to be patiently endured; and I bow me to the will of the Father, if not with cheerfulness, at least with resignation, conscious that He would not afflict me thus without some especial reason. He has given me strength to perform the last sad rites to my poor Mary's

remains; and now that I am left alone in the world, I must endeavour to render my life useful to others, as well as acceptable to Him who gave it."

Such were the pious sentiments which these sad events inspired in the bosom of my revered friend; and he acted up to them to his death, which happened only two or three years ago. I remained at the rectory more than a week, and when I left it, I had the pleasure of perceiving, that the strong and naturally placid mind of my friend had successfully combated the evils which hovered around him. But I did not quit the village without visiting poor Margaret. I found her in a neat and comfortable cottage, bowed down indeed with age and sorrow, and looking forward to the silent grave for that peace "which the world can neither give nor take away."

LETTER

From SIDY MAHMOUD, the Tunisian Envoy at Paris, to his Friend HASSAN at Tunis.

WHAT dost thou require of me, dear Hassan?—an account of these infidels? It would be impossible to give it to thee. Can one paint beings who are never for twenty-four hours in the same mind? Fantastic as apes, changeable as cameleons, there is only one thing in which you are sure to find them always the same, and that is vanity.

They call themselves the most polished people under heaven; but what wilt thou think of their politeness when I tell thee, that their first care is to convince a stranger that they look upon him as a barbarian? for they shew by their actions, if not by their words, that in their eyes all na-

tions but their own are barbarians. Yes, in displaying to the stranger their magnificent palaces, the treasures of painting and sculpture which their capital possesses, in inviting him to partake of their luxuries, they convince him by their tone and their manner, that they are not only the first people in the world, but the only people who, to use their own expression, know how to live.

Thou wilt readily believe, dear Hassan, that I supported the Mussulman dignity; the more they endeavoured to delight and dazzle me, the colder and more unmoved my manner became. Thou canst not have an idea how much my grave

indifference disconcerted them, nor by what a variety of little artful tricks they tried to conquer it. Even thou, my grave Hassan, wouldst be almost tempted to smile could I paint to thee the mortification visible in their looks, when, thinking to take me by surprise, they saw that I exhibited no symptoms of pleasure or admiration.

And their women! I am no longer surprised that their prophet allowed them only one wife. Mahomet shield me from having even one of them in my harem! Wouldst thou believe it? they have reversed the order of nature, and made slaves of the men! And what is still more strange, these last exult in the degradation, and talk of it as an honour. It is true that, according to the laws, it is the men who transact all the public business; but they are merely the instruments of their wives, or rather, I should say, of their women; for either by an unaccountable singularity in the taste of these infidels, or by an effect of their natural fickleness, no sooner do they obtain possession of the only wife their law allows them, than she becomes an object of indifference, and they attach themselves to other women, in whom they sometimes place all their confidence, and lavish besides as much money upon them as would enable a true believer to stock his harem with the most beautiful slaves. Those who are rich change these women, whom they call their mistresses, very frequently. Thou seest then how great is their injustice for reproaching us with what they themselves practise, but in a manner as contrary to morality as it is to the precepts of their religion; for the women of whom they thus obtain a temporary pos-

session are very frequently the wives of others.

Thou knowest that the sex have here the liberty of shewing themselves in public; but thou canst not conceive to what an excess they abuse this privilege. Not only are the streets, the public gardens, and all the places of amusement thronged with them, but they are to be seen in the courts of law, and in the very senate itself. Nay, wouldst thou credit it? hardly had the customary forms of my reception by the Effendi been gone through, when they admitted into the hall of audience a great number of women magnificently dressed; their heads, covered with flowers, formed as they walked a moving garden: but the head seemed to be the only part completely at liberty, for their bodies were inclosed in machines made for the express purpose of compressing them to the greatest possible degree without absolute danger to life. This unnatural confinement is very injurious to the grace and freedom of their motions; they are besides too meagre in general to please an eye accustomed to the luxuriance of Oriental loveliness. Nevertheless, I observed among them some few who were beautiful: they regarded me with an eager curiosity, and seemed ambitious of attracting my notice. If my eyes rested for a moment upon one of them, she displayed in her looks the most lively joy, and glanced at her companions with an air of triumph. Thou wilt suppose I was flattered at this: thou art mistaken, dear Hassan; their confident and scrutinizing looks embarrassed and displeased me; and these haughty beauties, who, in the insolence of their imaginary equality with our sex,

can look a Mussulman in the face not only without terror, but even with boldness, are infinitely less valuable in my eyes, than those trembling slaves, that each invasion of the Greek towns brings in such abundance into our markets.

These Christians tire me to death with the innumerable forms which they oblige me to go through, and the long and tiresome harangues that all the officers of the state, from the vizir down to the *cadi*, make to me. A singular adventure occurred to me the other day with one of their *cadis*, to whom, in compliance with their customs, I was obliged to present myself. He received me in public, and with as much ceremony as the grand vizir himself could have affected; and addressed me with great gravity in a language which, as my ear is now accustomed to that of this country, I perceived immediately was not French. But what it was I could not guess. Never were my ears saluted with sounds so barbarous; it appeared rather the dialect of savages than the language of a civilized people. Casting my eyes upon my interpreter, from whom I expected the translation of it, what was my surprise, what my vexation, when he regarded me with an air of confusion, and made me comprehend by an expressive gesture, that he understood no more of it than I did! Judge of my embarrassment and chagrin: knowing the vanity of these Christians, it was inexpressibly painful to me to declare to this one, that I did not understand a single word of a discourse to which it was evident he attached the highest importance, and which he appeared so proud of delivering.

The sagacity of Abdul, my inter-

preter, drew me out of the scrape. He listened attentively to the comments of the spectators, and heard one of them exclaim, "He speaks Arabic! he speaks Arabic!" These words, which my trusty Abdul whispered to me, were a ray of light. I instantly recovered my composure, and listened very attentively, and with an air of the greatest interest, to his harangue. When it was ended, instead of turning as usual to Abdul, I addressed the *cadi* myself in the dialect of those tribes of Atlas among whom thou hast heard me say I passed a part of my infancy. Let me do him justice; his presence of mind equalled my own. He listened to me not only without being disconcerted, but with an air of the most profound gravity; and no sooner had I concluded, than he hastened to explain to the spectators what he had said, and what I had replied. A cry of admiration burst from the assembly; every body crowded round him, eager to congratulate him upon the vast extent of his learning. He received their compliments with the air of a man whom praise oppresses; but in the midst of this affected modesty, I saw his eyes sparkle with pleasure. To what mean artifices does vanity prompt these Christians!

But I should tire thee and myself were I to descant longer on their absurdities. Thanks be to our holy prophet, I shall soon find myself released from them for ever, and restored to thee, my dear Hassan, and to the fifteen hundred beauties whom the wise laws of Mahomet have permitted to soften the cares of thy friend,

SIDY MAHMOUD.

BRITISH AND IRISH MINSTRELS.

IN early times the Irish bards were invested with wealth, honours, and influence. They wore a robe of the same colour with that used by kings, were exempted from taxes and plunder, and were billeted on the country from All-Hallow-tide to May; while every chief bard had thirty of inferior note under his orders, and every second-rate bard fifteen.

John of Salisbury, in the 12th century, says, that the great aristocrats of his day imitated Nero in their outrageous love of fiddling; that "they prostituted their favour by bestowing it on minstrels and buffoons; and that, by a certain foolish and shameful munificence, they expended immense sums of money on their frivolous exhibitions."—"The courts of princes," says another contemporary writer, "are filled with crowds of minstrels, who extort from them gold, silver, horses, and vestments, by their flattering songs. I have known some princes who have bestowed on these minstrels of the devil, at the very first word, the most curious garments, beautifully embroidered with flowers and pictures, which had cost them twenty or thirty marks of silver, and which they had not worn above seven days."

According to Stowe, the minstrel had still a ready admission into the presence of kings in the 14th century. Speaking of the celebration of the feast of Pentecost at Westminster, he says, "In the great hall, when sitting royally at the table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode

Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

about the table shewing pastime, and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one, and departed: when the letter was read, it was found to contain animadversions on the king. The doorkeepers being threatened for admitting her, replied, that it was not the custom of the king's palace to deny admission to minstrels, especially on such high solemnities and feast-days."

In Froissart too we may plainly see what necessary appendages to greatness the minstrels were esteemed, and upon what familiar terms they lived with their masters. When the four Irish kings who had submitted themselves to Richard II. sat at table, "on the first dish being served, they made their minstrels and principal servants sit beside them, and eat from their plates, and drink from their cups." The knight appointed by Richard to attend them having objected to this custom, on another day "ordered the tables to be laid out and covered, so that the kings sat at an upper table, the minstrels at a middle one, and the servants lower still. The royal guests looked at each other, and refused to eat, saying, that he deprived them of their good old custom in which they had been brought up."

However, as early as the reign of Edward II. a public edict, issued in 1315, stated, "That many indolent persons, under the colour of minstrels, introduced themselves into the residences of the wealthy, where they had both meat and drink, but were not contented without the ad-

dition of large gifts from the household:" whereupon it was ordered, "that no person should resort to the houses of prelates, earls, or barons, to eat or drink, who was not a professed minstrel, nor more than three or four minstrels of honour at most in one day, except they came by invitation from the lord of the house. That no professed minstrel should go to the house of any person below the dignity of a baron, unless he was invited by the master, and in that case should be contented with meat and drink, and such reward as the housekeeper willingly offered, without presuming to ask for any thing."

It seems too that about this period the minstrels had sunk into a kind of upper servants, or flatterers of the great. The nobility, as well as monarchs, retained bands of minstrels in their service; these resided in the families of their employers, attended them in their journeys, and, besides receiving board, clothing, and wages, were permitted to perform in rich monasteries, and in the castles of other barons, from which they derived additional emolument. They wore their lord's livery, and sometimes shaved the crowns of their heads like monks.

When war and hunting formed almost the exclusive occupations of the great, when their surplus revenues could only be expended in supporting idle retainers, and no better means could be devised for passing the long winter evenings than drunkenness and gambling, it may readily be conceived how welcome these itinerant musicians must have been in baronial halls, and how it must have flattered the pride of our noble ancestors to listen to the eulogy of their own achievements, and the length of their own pedigrees.

Sir William Temple says, "The great men of the Irish septs, among the many officers of their family, which continued always in the same races, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and a tale-teller. The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales when they were melancholy and could not sleep; and a very gallant gentleman of the north of Ireland has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that, when he lay down, would begin a story of a king or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and such rambling stuff, and continue it all night long in such an even tone; that you heard it going on whenever you awaked; and he believed nothing any physicians give could have so good and so innocent effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, civilization had so far advanced, that the music which had led away the great lords of antiquity, no longer availed to delude the human understanding, or to prevent it from animadverting on the pernicious effects produced by those who cultivated the tuneful art. Spenser, in his "View of the State of Ireland," says, "There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bardes, which are to them instead of poets; whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rithmes; the which are had

in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them, for fear to run reproach through their mouths, and to be made infamous to all men; for their verses are sung at all feasts and meetings by persons who receive great rewards for the same."

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH COBBOLD OF IPSWICH.

(Concluded from p. 159.)

IN 1812, Mrs. Cobbold, consulting with several benevolent ladies on the best mode of relieving a species of distress at that time very prevalent in the cottages of the indigent, namely, a want of necessary apparel for their new-born offspring, suggested the establishment of a *Society for Clothing the Infant Poor*. Under her direction a sketch of the plan was drawn up, subscriptions were solicited, the public became interested, and the society was instituted, which, aided by her active exertions and powerful eloquence, has been the means of affording, during the last twelve years, neat and warm clothing to more than two thousand poor infants. It is a very just remark, that when females begin to act in a public capacity, the greatest care and circumspection are necessary; for, however good their intention, the world is too apt to be sarcastic and censorious, and to cast aspersions on the most laudable undertakings. On such occasions, of what value is an able and willing guide to direct the efforts of the timid, and by judicious advice to preserve them from even the appearance of error! Such a guide was the subject of this memoir. Her presence during the transactions of this society gave confidence to all who assembled round her. She not only conciliated them by her suavity of manners and encouraging remarks, but by stimulating their exertions, and gaining their co-operation, she rendered her own talents and abilities more effective and more conducive to the interests and welfare of their mutual object. At the annual meetings of the subscribers to the *Infant Charity*, the Moot-Hall of Ipswich displayed a most interesting spectacle. There the ladies of the town and neighbourhood assembled, while their excellent and able president on these occasions never failed to encourage and incite their benevolence by an energetic and appropriate address. Mrs. Cobbold, in conjunction with a committee of ladies, also superintended and largely contributed to that emporium of female taste and beneficence, the *Charitable Bazaar for the Works of Industry and Fancy*; the yearly produce of which has hitherto been applied to such benevolent purposes as appeared to her and to the committee most deserving of support.

In 1815, Mrs. Cobbold published an "Ode on the Victory of Waterloo," which she dedicated to his present Majesty, then Prince Regent; a poem of very considerable merit, the profits arising from which were given in aid of the Waterloo subscription. In addition to the publications already named, Mrs. Cobbold was a correspondent in, and frequent con-

tributor to, a variety of periodical and scientific works, more particularly those which related to her favourite study, natural history. To that ingenious artist and eminent naturalist, Mr. Sowerby, she communicated much valuable information for his elaborate publication on mineral conchology, and forwarded many interesting specimens of fossil shells, which are there severally recorded, and one of which, a small gibbose variety of the *nucula*, as a compliment to her knowledge and research, bears her name. In tab. clxxx. fig. 2. it is depicted, and in p. 177 thus described: "*Nucula Cobboldiæ. Spec. Char.* Transversely obovate, convex; surface marked with zig-zag furrows, diverging over the sides; edge entire." And in the succeeding page Mr. Sowerby further remarks: "Being desirous of commemorating Mrs. Cobbold, whose copious collection, obtained with great industry, in company with several of the junior branches of her family, whom she delighted to inspire with a love for the works of nature, from the crag-pits of her own estate, evinces a degree of taste and zeal seldom met with, I have named this rare and withal elegant shell after her." With Sir James Smith, the learned President of the Linnean Society, she frequently corresponded; and for his scientific work, the "*Flora Anglica*," she favoured him with the habitats of many plants, the natives of this county.

In the month of July 1824, Mrs. Cobbold was attacked by an alarming illness, from the effects of which she appeared to have recovered: a return, however, of the same complaint in the October following, on a constitution already so seriously im-

paired, to the great grief of her family, and the deep regret of all her friends, proved fatal. After lingering one week in a state of insensibility, this excellent woman, on the 17th of that month, breathed her last.

If the character of a woman is to be estimated by her conduct in the faithful discharge of the great and essential duties of social and domestic life, few will rank higher, or deserve more honourable mention, than Mrs. Cobbold. The female heart, when devoted to conjugal affection, is sometimes observed to be comparatively cold to other claims; but that of Mrs. Cobbold formed an exception to this remark, for she possessed a warmth and kindliness of manner particularly calculated for inspiring and requiting friendship. Conscious of her own extraordinary abilities, and aware of her great powers of attraction, she sought and obtained applause; but although she loved admiration much, she valued friendship more. A solid judgment enabled her to conceive and act with a promptness and decision that formed a striking trait in her character. Ever ready to meet and repel any improper attack on those measures, which, after due consideration, either her friends or herself had adopted, she was a formidable antagonist, and of course a valuable partisan. From her natural frankness and ingenuousness of disposition, she frequently laid herself open to the censure of those who prided themselves upon that disqualifying sort of hypocrisy which commonly passes for modesty; and to the casual observer she might therefore sometimes have appeared vain and egotistic. But "vanity, egotism, and a sense of their own

sufficiency," says an elegant modern writer*, "must alter with the occasion; for to mediocrity the simplicity of truth may appear vanity, and the consciousness of superiority seem envy." There is perhaps no method of improving the mind more efficacious, and certainly none more agreeable, than a mutual interchange of sentiments with the well read, the judicious, and the intelligent: by many therefore the conversation of Mrs. Cobbold was much sought after, as her colloquial powers rivaled even her literary talents. She had, as has been beautifully remarked, "a constant flow of thought, joining with the current of other minds, thence gathering fresh strength, not headlong in its course, but easily turning with every bend in its progress." She possessed likewise a facility of comprehension and a felicity of expression, by which she fascinated and delighted minds of the most opposite textures.

Mrs. Cobbold shone pre-eminent in the circle in which she daily moved for the versatility and universality of her genius. Her knowledge was multifarious, and her powers of fancy and sentiment striking. There are few departments in science which she had not attempted, and in many certainly she eminently excelled. There is no mode of the lyre through which she had not run—song, epigram, ode, sonnet, elegy, ballad, opera, tragedy, nay even the lofty epic itself. Yet the Muses alone were far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable woman. Botany, entomology, geology, mineralogy, conchology, and the fine arts, alternately divided and engaged

* D'Israeli on Literary Character. Chap. xi.

her attention. She excelled in painting, both in oil and water colours. In portraits she was very successful, and that her readiness to exert this pleasing art was equal to her skill, many of her friends will gratefully acknowledge. She was also passionately fond of music, and pursued with characteristic ardour and industry the study of that enchanting accomplishment. Her insatiable thirst for knowledge induced, and her persevering application enabled, her to make herself mistress of the French, Italian, and German languages, and to acquire some proficiency in the Latin and Greek tongues. Her love of flowers was very great, and was rendered more pleasing by her intimate acquaintance with their several properties and uses.

The countenance of Mrs. Cobbold was extremely commanding; her eyes were remarkable for their quick and intelligent expression, and her address and manner peculiarly graceful. But no delineation can give a more adequate idea of some of the leading features of this distinguished woman, than the following poetical picture, written by her three years after her second marriage:

A CHARACTER

(Of the Author, by Herself.)

Alicia frankly owns, the crowd
Has reason oft to call her proud;
For, scorning every little art,
She loves her friends with all her heart,
While, careless of the world beside,
She makes indifference pass for pride;
And when acquaintance call to chatter,
Of dinners, dress, or some such matter,
Forgets to thank them for the honour
Their visit has conferred upon her:
Nay, e'en in circles termed polite,
Sits downright stupid half the night;
To whist or scandal scarce attends,
And thinks of books and absent friends;
Cares not for luck if good or evil,
But seldom means to be uncivil:

Yet with a stern and haughty air
Repels impertinence's stare,
Restrains not, as she ought, the sneer
When affectation prattles near,
And frets to hear a coxcomb prate,
Though vice alone provoke her hate.
Upon her birth Fate smil'd serene,
And gave her life's delightful mean;
Taught her to look, while blest with health,
From envy free, on pride or wealth;
That virtue far surpasses birth,
And modesty enhances worth.
She boasts not, and the world may know it,
A taste for dress, or shape to shew it;
In neatness no excelling pattern,
Nor yet affectedly a slattern:
Too proud to cringe, too plain to shine,
She quits all claim at twenty-nine
To dissipation or to fame—
A fat, unfashionable dame.

Her foibles all are strictly scann'd
By Folly's idle censuring band;
While Scandal's votaries, glad to maul her,
A petticoated pedant call her.

Yet think not that her simple Muse
That name with affectation woos:
She shuns the proud conceited thought,
The verse by tedious study bought,
While unassuming Nature's praise
Breathes in her song, inspires her lays;
And virtuous love, with air serene,
Illumes the soft domestic scene,
And varies still its placid round.
Yet, shall the truth be fairly own'd?
Dear Vanity, with harmless pow'r,
Steps in to claim an idle hour,
And makes it doubtful to decree
If Friendship prompt the verse or she:
Yet should her heart expound its laws,
Success were sure in Friendship's cause.

1795.

And now some seventeen years gone by,
Alicia's retrospective eye
Reviews this portrait light and free,
A rapid sketch, and smiles to see
How little Time has done, but fix
The lines more strong at forty-six.

Yet past not all these seasons o'er
Without some prudent, useful lore:
For she has learnt with less disdain
To listen to the weak or vain;
Her neighbour's faults less harshly shewn,
And more severely mark'd her own;
And she has daily, hourly, found
Esteem and kindness growing round;
Has felt affection's tender tear
E'en the rough stroke of pain endear,

Till half she fears her heart may find
A pang severe to leave behind
The earthly bliss about it twin'd.

On every occasion Mrs. Cobbold was ready to give advice to those who asked it; and very many there are who have profited by its excellence. Even her admonitions were generally blended with consolation, though sometimes necessarily mingled with reproof. So decided was her manner with the vicious, that the boldest offender stood abashed in her presence, and by the force of her reprobation, she often reclaimed the idle and careless to proper feeling and better conduct. In the management of her family, and the arrangement of her domestic concerns, extravagance and dissipation were strictly avoided: yet the natural generosity of her disposition evinced itself on every laudable occasion, and very few persons with the same means were so extensively useful. Her actions throughout life shewed that she knew the right use of riches—to encourage merit, relieve the distressed, support the weak, and raise the desponding. Many individuals, to whose complaints she has listened, and whose sorrows she has soothed, will bear grateful witness of those virtues which rendered her a model of excellence, whether considered as a wife, a mother, or a friend. I cannot more appropriately conclude this tribute to the memory of this lamented and highly gifted woman, than in the pathetic language of an elegant female writer of the present day: "She is now removed to that sphere where the incense of human applause can no longer gratify; where the joys and cares of human life can no longer delight or assail her; to that sphere, where alone those faculties,

which she always devoted to the worthiest purposes, can attain their complete expansion; and those virtues, which proved the blessing of

all connected with her, will at length receive their full reward.

L. J.

IPSWICH, Sept. 15.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Introduction et Rondeau Ecossais concertant pour Piano-forte et Violon, ou Cor ou Violoncelle, dédié à son Ami, Puzzi, par J. Moscheles. Œuvre 63. Pr. 5s. —(Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

THE introduction to this rondo consists of an adagio of short extent, but highly original as to conception, and conspicuous for the elegance of some chromatic modulations brought forward in its progress. Whether the subject of the rondo in F major be an authentic Scotch melody, or the invention of Mr. M. is a question we will not trust to our memory to decide. The character certainly is Caledonian; and the cadences of its periods in the relative minor key have a singular and not unpleasing effect. We are not disposed to follow Mr. M. through a matter of twelve pages of superstructure, consisting of digressions more or less founded on the theme, reproductions of the latter under varied forms, active characteristic passages, and select modulations. All these, it may be sufficient to say, are devised and linked together with great delicacy, and in a style which proclaims the masterly hand of their author. The accompaniment of the violin, horn, or violoncello (for any of these three instruments may be employed at pleasure), is indispensable, and, we will add, of the best effect; the same being written in a perfectly independent manner, and with uncommon neatness of expression, although by

no means difficult; nor is the piano-forte part in anywise intricate.

Fair Geraldine, Song (in the Spanish Style), written by H. S. Van Dyk, Esq.; composed, and dedicated to his Friend, David Barber, by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(Cramer and Co.)

"As the tree seems more bright," a Song, written by H. S. Van Dyk, Esq.; composed, and dedicated to James Northcote, Esq. R. A. by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d. —(Cramer and Co.)

The above two songs appear to us of so superior an order of composition, that we feel called upon to recommend them strenuously to the notice of our readers. "Fair Geraldine," as the author states, is truly and completely written in the Spanish style. Mr. Barnett we can perceive has availed himself occasionally of authentic models from that country: but he has rather imitated than copied them; and he has intermixed these imitations with ideas of his own, sufficiently analogous and characteristic to combine into a satisfactory and indeed elegant whole. The harmonic treatment, likewise the transitions and the modulations, are throughout pure, and in the best style. In some instances the vocalist will be required to use great care and nicety to adapt the melody to the text, which does not always adapt itself kindly to the former.

The second song, "As the tree seems more bright," without bearing

any decided marks of foreign nationality, deviates, nevertheless, greatly from the routine style of our English vocal compositions; and beautiful as we consider it to be, appears to us to derive its principal charm from that deviation. A fascinating vein of spirited freshness pervades its whole structure; there is no moping, no whining drawl in its melody; all proceeds lively and tastefully; the mind is elated, and the ear delighted. In this case, as in the former, the words to be disposed of are numerous, but they range themselves much more aptly under their musical representatives.

"To welcome Jamie hame again," a Ballad, written by H. S. Van Dyk, Esq. as sung by Miss Stephens with unbounded applause at the Nobility's Concerts; composed by J. A. Rawlings. Pr. 2s. —(Cramer and Co.)

In the present case we feel no hesitation in stating, that the poet, Mr. Van Dyk, has had less success in the co-operation of his composer than in the two above instances. The composition of Mr. Rawlings, without affording room for decided objection, calls as little for specific commendation. It is so completely framed upon the model employed in the construction of hundreds of previous ballads, that we should feel at a loss to point out any one phrase materially differing from one or another with which the musical public has been long familiarized. That, barring the question of originality, Mr. R.'s composition presents merits in point of periodic connection and correct harmonic treatment, justice calls upon us unequivocally to declare; indeed the experience, good taste, and scientific attainments of the composer, would

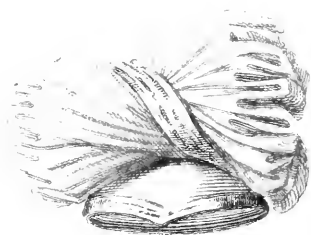
of themselves warrant such expectation.

Aria alla Scozzese, with Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Miss Dakeyne of Manchester, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s. —(Cramer and Co.)

The subject of these variations, seven in number, is an air in the Scotch style, both pleasing and, from its regularity, well suited to variation. — Without entering on the specific merits and characteristics of all the variations before us, we wish to call the reader's particular attention to var. 3. as exhibiting very striking proofs of a style of composition truly classic. In this variation, Mr. R. has strung together in a legato manner a progression of melody and harmony at once soothing and impressive, and bound together with a fascinating mellowness of keeping; the variation is excellent throughout, and particularly beautiful towards its termination. We will not dilate on the fluent triplets delicately arranged in var. 1. or on the neat combination of semi-quaver passages in var. 2.; every thing throughout is as it should be from such a pen; and the polacca (var. 7.); which is fancifully devised, leads the composition to an appropriately brilliant termination.

A new Sonata for the Piano-forte; composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss J. P. Lewis of Stockwell, by E. Solis. Op. 1. Pr. 3s. —(Clementi and Co. Cheapside.)

This sonata is of simple but altogether very proper construction: the three movements, an allegro, andante, and rondo, are all in the key of E♭ major, to which Mr. S. has adhered with very little deviation, little or no modulation being resorted to in the





L. ELLIOTT PRESS.

progress of the successive pieces. The sonata, upon the whole, is rather in a style which was prevalent about thirty years ago; but as it possesses a sufficiency of melodic attraction,

regularity of keeping, and propriety of harmonic treatment, and as it presents no intricacies of execution, we can recommend it for the practice of pupils of moderate attainments.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. FINE British Leghorn hat; the brim large, flat, and of equal breadth; the crown moderately high; round it is a lilac satin ribbon, with a bow on the left side, from which rises a fanciful trimming in lilac *gros de Naples*, edged with straw-colour satin, terminating at the top of the crown a little beyond the front. Another trimming is introduced midway, and rising circularly, finishes with a small bouquet of fancy flowers on the left side: a bouquet is also placed on the right side, but higher. Strings of lilac satin, and a bow on the right, inside the brim.

2. Turban of scarlet or pomegranate-colour *crêpe lisse*, with large close longitudinal folds, confined in front by a broad gold band placed obliquely: the head-piece of *gros de Naples*, pointed in front, and edged with gold lace.

3. Cap of white *crêpe lisse*; the crown circular, and formed by two rows of large puffs, edged with pink satin, having a wreath of China roses beneath the upper row, and round the head-piece, within each puff, a sprig of arbutus and geranium: the border is very full and deep, and ties under the chin with pink satin ribbon.

4. Pale blue gauze dress hat,
Vol. VI. No. XXXIV.

fluted, and the brim edged with narrow blond; the crown surrounded by a wreath of blue satin leaves, tied in pairs by a satin knot, each leaf deeply notched. White ostrich feathers are tastefully arranged round the crown, the highest being in the front.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of pink *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* of a moderate height, with a slight fulness in front, and crossed with a thin drapery of folded gauze of the same colour, beginning at the shoulder, with a pink satin star composed of four leaves, each leaf having one deep notch, and a knot or button in the centre of the star uniting the points of the leaves. The sleeve is full and very short, and has five divisions, each formed by two satin notched leaves, united by a button, and placed perpendicularly round the sleeve. The skirt has a rich border of *crêpe lisse bouffant*, with pairs of notched leaves, arranged to correspond with the sleeves: a broad pink satin rouleau heads the trimming, and at the bottom is a wadded hem; above is a row of *crêpe lisse* puffs, placed obliquely, and fastened at the top with a small satin button, and finished at the opposite end with three pink satin notched leaves, united by a button. Broad satin sash, with a

K K

gold buckle on the left side, and two small bows; the ends long and fringed. White *crêpe lisse* tucker, and long full sleeves, confined by broad gold bracelets. The hair dressed in large curls. Gold ear-rings and gold chain and eye-glass. White satin shoes, and short white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

Silk pelisses begin now to be more prevalent in promenade dress; and a few levantine mantles have already appeared: but these last are seen only in the early morning walk. Pelisses are made in general in a plain style, and of colours very appropriate to the season, as deep lavender, Pomona-green, or purple. The pelisse usually closes before, and the greater part of them have pelerines. The mantles have as yet nothing novel in their form.

Muslin is still in request for promenade gowns; but they are now always worn with a shawl or a silk spencer. Some of the latter are trimmed in a novel style: they have a double chain of very narrow rouleaus, which descend in a sloping direction on each side of the bust from the shoulder; each of the links which form this chain is ornamented with a richly wrought silk lozenge button. The sleeve, *en gigot*, is confined at the lower part of the arm by five bands, each fastened by a smaller ornament to correspond; they are placed in a slanting direction.

Leghorn bonnets are more seen than last month; but coloured silk ones are still very prevalent, particularly pink, which are worn with dresses of all colours. Transparent bonnets have disappeared. Flowers still continue the favourite ornaments of

hats and bonnets; they are mostly those of the season.

Transparent mantles and lace pelerines are now declining in favour in carriage dress. Silk *barèges* shawls and scarfs are still in estimation; and spencers are much worn. We have noticed one remarkable for its taste and novelty; it is composed of cream-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed up the bust on each side by *pattes*, edged with a narrow but rich blond lace. Pelerine collar, falling over, and trimmed to correspond; as is the bottom of the sleeve. The spencer fastens behind, and is finished by a satin *ceinture*, also edged with blond lace, and fastened in a bow and ends.

Transparent bonnets are now seldom seen in carriage dress. A few Spanish hats have appeared in British Leghorn of a very superior quality: they are ornamented with feathers. *Gros de Naples* and satin bonnets seem in equal estimation. The crowns of some are ornamented with draperies of either blond or satin on the top, and bows, *crêves*, or other ornaments, composed of the same materials, mingled with the flowers and feathers which decorate the front of the crown. We have seen several white silk bonnets, trimmed with red roses and *crêpe lisse* of the same colour: an intermixture of this material with marabouts is also in favour.

Morning dress is invariably of muslin. We have noticed some trimmed so as to resemble an open gown and petticoat, but in a style of considerable novelty. A deep double fold goes round the bottom of the skirt behind, about half a quarter higher than the petticoat, and in a slanting direction up the sides to the shoulder,

where it fastens, forming a robing on each side of the bust. Full sleeve, with an epaulette composed of a fold of embroidery crossed on the shoulder; the bottom of the sleeve is simply finished by an embroidered wristband. The *corsage* is *en blouse*.

Some dinner gowns of *gros de Naples* or levantine are trimmed with satin folds in the following manner: One is placed horizontally at the bottom of the skirt; above it is another, but much narrower, disposed to form a line of trimming in the shape of the letter V: the bust has a stomacher in the form of that letter; and the fulness of the half-sleeve is confined by a similar ornament.

Muslin is still much worn in dinner dress, and continues to be as profusely ornamented with work or lace as it was in the beginning of the season; but the only novelty we have observed in trimmings is a very broad *bouillonnée* of clear muslin, formed by satin straps, covered with net and edged with narrow lace. These straps are shaped like leaves, and form a wreath, which has a pretty and strik-

ing effect. The *corsage*, cut very low, and disposed in drapery, is finished by a similar ornament, which confines the fulness in the centre of the bust. The sleeve corresponds with the trimming of the skirt.

Among the head-dresses most in favour in grand costume is one of white *crêpe lisse*, arranged something in the form of a *toque*, but so as to suffer bows of the hair to protrude; pink rouleaus of the same material are fancifully twisted round the crown, and a full bouquet of damask roses, with their foliage, is placed at the left side. Dress hats composed of blond net, embroidered in a shower of small silver stars, are in favour. The crown is higher than we have lately seen; and the brim, extremely narrow behind, is very deep, but turned up in front: a superb plume of ostrich feathers and a bunch of silver corn are the ornaments of these hats.

Fashionable colours are, Pomona-green, lavender, purple, azure, jonquil, and various shades of rose and slate colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

LITTLE change has taken place in promenade dress since my last, except the appearance of a new material of the *barèges* kind, called *andrinople*: this stuff is of different patterns; some are striped perpendicularly or zig-zag, others plaided: the first are ruby and black; the plaids are cherry-red, bright green, and orange, or else the two first colours with violet or white. The *corsages* of these gowns are made either *en blouse* or *en gerbe*. The

trimming consists of three broad flounces cut in deep points, and placed so as just to touch each other.

The *blouse* form is now again in favour for white dresses. The most fashionable style of trimming is three broad tucks, with *entre-deux* of work between. Sometimes the trimming consists of tucks only; there are never more than three, and they are always very deep.

Silk gowns are at this moment little seen in the public walks, and afford no variety. Clear muslin *caneçons* continue to be as much worn

as ever, but with some alteration in the form. Some are trimmed with a *ruche* of tulle up the bust, round the throat, and on the wristband. If there are no sleeves, which is often the case, a full *ruche* of tulle round the upper part of the arm forms an epaulette. Others have the bust arranged in drapery folds; and some are small-plaited across the bust, and full behind. A small scarf of *barèges*, tied loosely round the throat, is now generally worn with these *canezons*.

Cachemere shawls, with borders *en rosaces*, begin already to make their appearance, but as yet very partially. Black lace pelerine *fichus*, of the same form as those made in muslin, are coming much into favour, but they are always worn over the ribbon scarfs which I described in my last, and which are now called *fichu à l'Inca*.

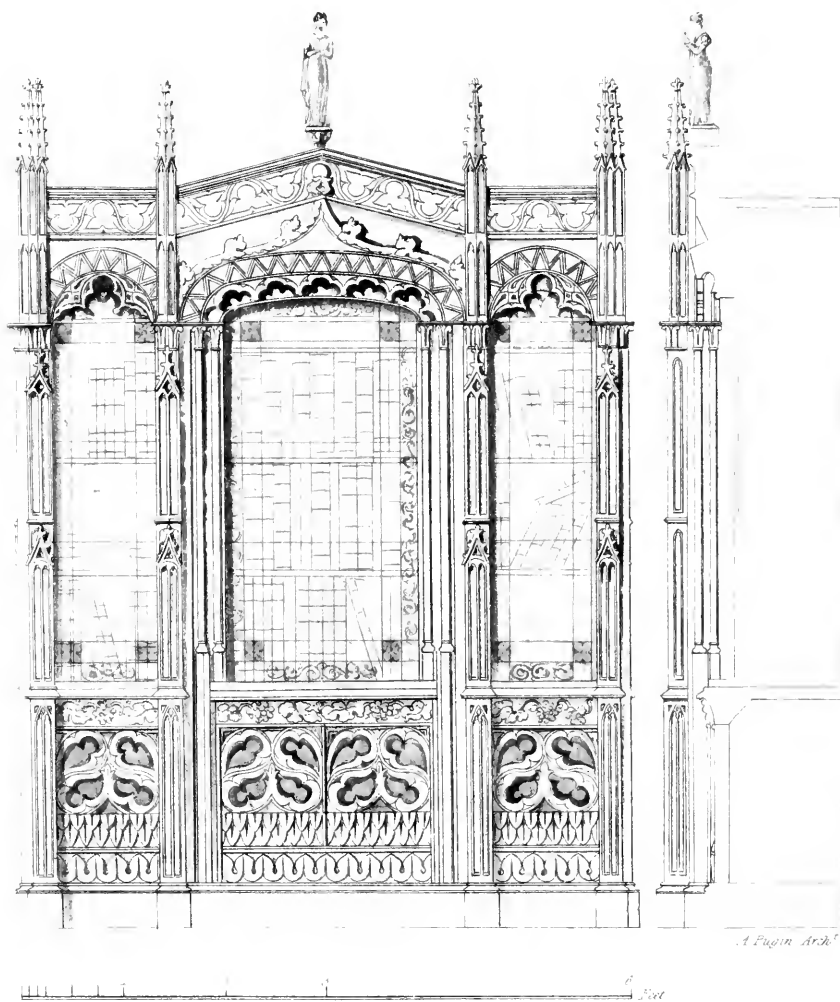
Bonnets have increased in size; and *capôtes* are become very fashionable, but only in white *gros de Naples*: they are ornamented at the edge of the brim with a *ruche* of green and white *gros de Naples*. A similar *ruche* is arranged in the form of a crescent round the top and sides of the crown; and a full knot of shaded green ribbon is placed on one side: the strings correspond.

Crape and gauze bonnets are still worn, but those of white and rose-coloured *gros de Naples* are more general. Satin begins to be partially in favour. A good many *gros de Naples* bonnets are ornamented at the edge of the brim with a fall of blond lace laid on in *dents de loup*, which are formed by rose-buds; the front of the crown is decorated with *bouffants* of blond, interspersed with full-blown roses: the lappets are blond.

White satin bonnets have no trimming at the edge of the brim if the feathers or flowers which ornament them are white; but if that is not the case, they have a fold of shaded gauze: knots of very broad gauze ribbon are intermixed with the feathers or flowers which ornament them; and the lappets correspond. Rice-straw hats, which are still in favour, are now frequently trimmed with a profusion of white marabouts and broad shaded green ribbon: these ribbons are extremely beautiful; they have four different shades of green, styled the green of Charles X. If this trimming is not adopted, the hat is lined with rose-colour, and adorned either with rose-coloured marabouts, or a bouquet of roses. Several white silk bonnets are lined with straw-coloured or blue satin, and ornamented with roses of the colour of the lining.

Gold and silver muslins are very prevalent in full dress. I have seen two gowns of that material, ordered by the Duchess of Berry for her present excursion. The *corsage* of one, made *en gerbe*, was ornamented with gold *chefs*; and the skirt was trimmed with an embroidery of natural flowers in silk, mingled with ears of corn in gold. The other dress had a *corsage à la vierge*, richly embroidered in silver; an embroidery of silver lilies entwined with laurel ornamented the front of the dress in the form of a broken cone, and a wreath of mingled lilies and laurel went round the bottom.

Clear muslin *blouses*, ornamented with tucks and embroidery, either white or in colours, are in favour for social parties, particularly for young people. White *gros de Naples* is much worn by married *belles*. Some of



BOOKCASE.

these dresses are trimmed with *bouffants* of white *crêpe lisse*, intermixed with lozenges formed by satin rouleaus; there are two satin rouleaus placed at some distance from each other, to form the shape of the diamond, and the space in the centre is filled by a flower. The *corsage* is always ornamented in front of the bust with a demi-lozenge and a small bouquet.

Head-dresses of hair are now al-

most universally adopted in full dress, *toques*, turbans, &c. being scarcely seen; a mixture of flowers and gems in the hair is most fashionable, except for very young persons, who wear flowers only.

Green, citron-colour, azure, violet, and various shades of red, are the prevailing colours.

Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A BOOKCASE.

TOWARDS the latter end of the 14th century and the commencement of the 15th, that style of architecture commonly called Gothic became excessively rich. Every space was fitted up with tracery and ornaments; and though it wanted repose, yet it had such an elegant and picturesque appearance, that it was considered worthy of imitation in the book-case represented in the engraving. Being on a small scale, no kind of turrets are here introduced, but simply four buttresses and pinnacles, with a sort of parapet at the top. The arches are made very flat, which form is

considered more appropriate for domestic architecture than the pointed, which seems better calculated for ecclesiastical purposes. A figure, the symbol of Meditation, has been placed at the top, and is supported by a rich bracket. Though coloured glass should be used only where light can be admitted behind, in order to relieve it, still it has a pleasing effect, and gives to the whole a fanciful appearance. This piece of furniture may be made use of for holding other things than books, such as antiquities, &c.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE forthcoming volume of the *FORGET-ME-NOT* will be ready for delivery about the end of November. The literary department embraces, among many others, contributions in verse and prose from the pens of JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq., Rev. G. CROLY, Rev. R. POLWHELE, J. H. WIFFEN, Esq., HENRY NEELE, Esq., Rev. J. BLANCO WHITE, J. BOWRING, Esq., T. HARRAL, Esq., Rev. G. WOODLEY, Rev. W. B. CLARKE, W. C. STAFFORD, Esq., H. BRANDRETH,

Esq., Mr. J. BIRD, Miss LANDON, Mrs. HEMANS, Miss MITFORD, Mrs. HOFLAND, Mrs. BOWDICH, Miss PICKERSGILL, Mrs. C. B. WILSON, the late Mrs. COBBOLD, Miss HATFIELD, &c. &c. &c. The highly finished engravings, fourteen in number, are executed after the designs of WESTALL, SINGLETON, H. CORBOULD, PROUT, HILLS, PUGIN, &c. by HEATH, FINDEN, G. CORBOULD, LEKEUX, WINGKLE, and other eminent artists.

At the same time with the "Forget-

Me-Not" will be published, *Autobiographical Memoirs of Ferdinand Franck*, the early part of which originally appeared in that annual Miscellany.

Mr. E. H. Barker, who long enjoyed the intimacy of the late Dr. Parr, is employed on a biography of that eminent scholar.

A Hebrew tale, entitled *Sephora*, descriptive of Palestine, and of the manners and customs of the ancient Israelites, will shortly appear in two post 8vo. vols.

Dr. Kitchiner is preparing for publication, *A Treatise on Telescopes*, and the second part of his *Economy of the Eyes*, being the result of thirty years' experiments.

A third series of *Sayings and Doings* is said to be in preparation.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Paul Jones, from original documents in the possession of Mr. J. H. Sherburne, registrar of the United States navy, are in the press.

Mr. Hartshorne, of St. John's College, Cambridge, is engaged in a collection of unpublished *Metrical Romances*, and other pieces of our early poetry; with introductions, notes, glossary, &c.

The four volumes of *Sermons* by the late Dr. Doddridge, the publication of which was directed in his will, and which have hitherto remained in the custody of his family, will shortly appear.

Mr. Vincent Novello has obtained permission from the University of Cambridge, to examine the old and valuable Musical Manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and to select for publication such compositions as he may consider most curious and beautiful. All the great names in the old school of music are to be found in this collection.

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription two prints, 18 inches by 14: one of *Othello relating the History of his Life to Brabantio and Desdemona*, from a picture by Fradelle, lately exhibited at the British Gallery, to be engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. William

Say; and the second, intended as a companion, a scene in *Twelfth Night*, from a picture by the same artist, exhibited at the Royal Academy, to be engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. T. Lupton.

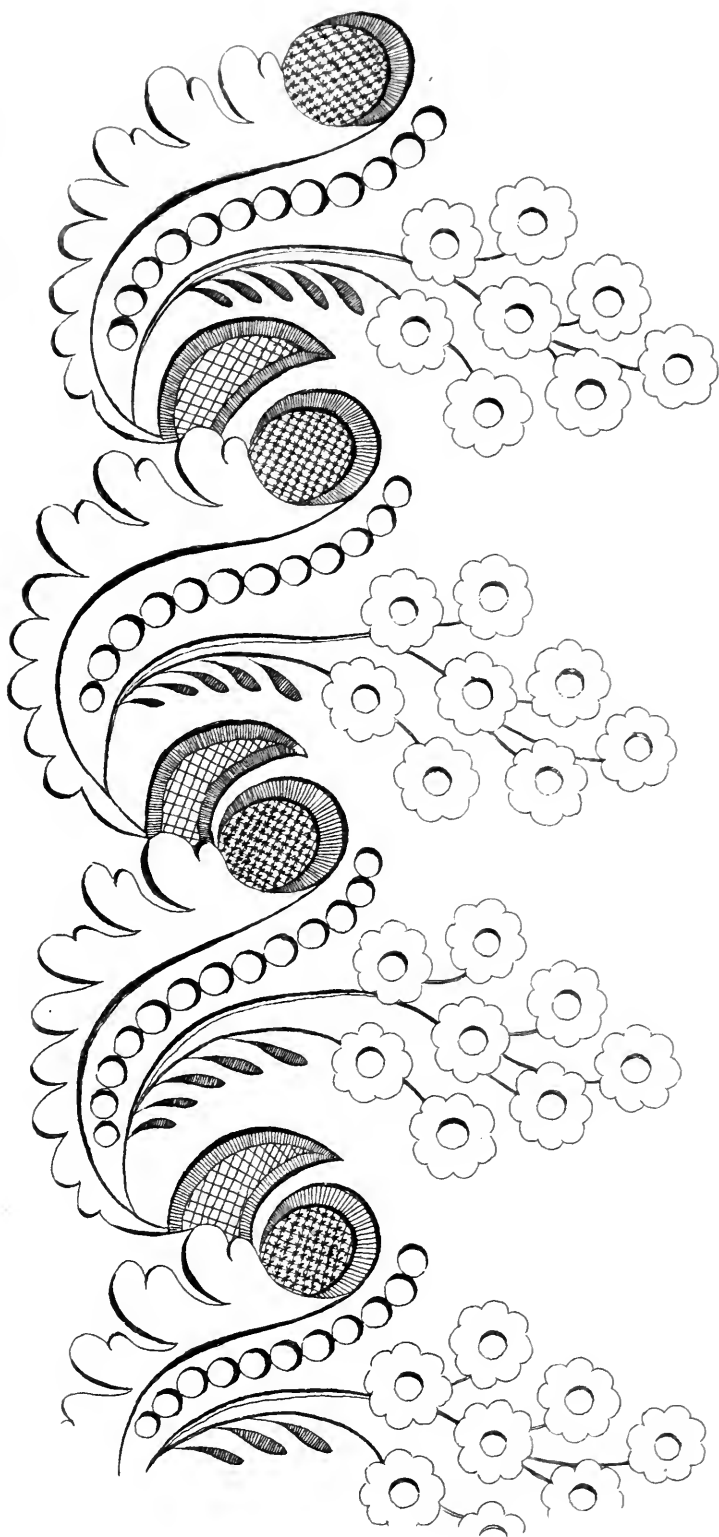
In a few days will be published, in royal 18mo. *The Elegant Letter-Writer*, or Selection of Letters on the most familiar, interesting, and instructive subjects which English literature affords, to serve as models upon which the rising generation may form ideas of style and manner.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear; and the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, early in October.

The Burmese Imperial State Carriage, which was captured at an early period of the present sanguinary Indian war, has just reached this country, and is now preparing for a public exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It is without exception one of the most splendid works of art that has ever been produced, presenting an entire blaze of gold, silver, and precious stones. Of the latter, the number must amount to many thousands, comprehending diamonds, rubies, sapphires white and blue, emeralds, amethysts, garnets, topazes, cats'-eyes, crystals, &c. &c. The carving is of a very superior description; the form and construction of the vehicle extraordinary; and the general taste displayed throughout the whole design is at once so grand and imposing, yet at the same time so chaste and refined, as to defy all rivalry even from European workmanship. The warlike power and resources of this surprising people are at present exciting universal astonishment and attention: this new object attests the fact, that, for taste in design and skill in the execution of works of art, their talents have been no less hidden and unknown to us. The carriage stands between twenty and thirty feet in height, and is drawn by elephants.

M. H. R. Thompson's Design.

MUSLIN PATTERN.



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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. NOVEMBER 1, 1825. N^o. XXXV.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. VIEW OF STONEHAM-PARK, THE SEAT OF JOHN FLEMING, ESQ. M.P. 249
2. ——— THE GRANGE, THE SEAT OF ALEXANDER BARING, ESQ. M.P. 250
3. LADIES' GARDEN COSTUME 305
4. LADIES' EVENING DRESS *ib.*
5. EPISCOPAL CHAIR—DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR—TABLE FOR A BOUDOIR . 307
6. MUSLIN PATTERNS.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

PAGE

- VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Stoneham-Park, the Seat of JOHN FLEMING, ESQ. M.P. 249
- The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, the Seat of ALEXANDER BARING, ESQ. M.P. 250
- Julia Mandeville 251
- ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS.
- No. II.—JOHN HOGAN, a Self-taught Sculptor, of Cork, in Ireland (*concluded*) 257
- The Fastidious Lover 263
- CAMBRIAN SKETCHES. No. I.—The Spectre of Pont Vathew 268
- Irish Chivalry 274
- The Heroic Mother 275
- On the Writings of HENRY MACKENZIE . 276
- The Loiterer. No. XVII. 281
- The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XX. 283
- THE LITERARY COTERIE. No. IX.—York Musical Festival—MILLS's History of Chivalry 287
- The Confessions of my Uncle. No. IV. 294

MUSICAL REVIEW.

- CRAMER's Diversions 298
- MOSCHELES' Improromptu 299
- SCHLESINGER's *Allegro di Bravura* . . . 300
- Introduction and Rondo . *ib.*
- BRUGUIER's Preparatory Exercises . . 301
- JOUSSE's Musical Grammar *ib.*
- ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.
- LATOUR's Airs in Meyerbeer's Opera of "*Il Crociato in Egitto*" 302
- BRUGUIER's "*Fleurs d'Italie*" *ib.*

PAGE

- MEYER's Divertimento from the March and Airs in Rossini's Opera of "*Sc-miramide*" 302
- POOLE's "My lodging is on the cold ground" *ib.*
- BANISTER's Selection of Melodies from Weber's "*Der Freyschütz*" *ib.*
- VOCAL MUSIC.
- MONRO's "I left the bowl for Ellen's eye" 303
- BALL's "Where thy native streams meander" *ib.*
- "Now while eve's soft shadows blending" *ib.*
- WHITAKER's "Come to the dale" *ib.*
- MORRIS's Anthem, "The God of glory sends his summons forth" *ib.*
- CUTLER's "Charity" *ib.*

FASHIONS.

- LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Garden Costume 305
- Ladies' Evening Dress *ib.*
- General Observations on Fashion and Dress *ib.*
- FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—Episcopal Chair—Drawing-Room Chair—Table for a Boudoir 307

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC . 308

POETRY.

- Obstipus: An Egotistical Poem. Part VI. 309
- Beauty 310
- Epitaph, from the English Burying-Ground at Bordeaux *ib.*
- Lines written on a blank Leaf of the "Forget Me Not" *ib.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be 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.

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

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER 1, 1825.

N^o. XXXV.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

STONEHAM-PARK, HANTS, THE SEAT OF JOHN FLEMING, ESQ. M.P.

STONEHAM-PARK, about nine miles south from the city of Winchester, and five miles distant from Southampton, is situated in a beautiful and finely varied part of Hampshire, watered by the meanderings of the Itchen, the rising hills and open plains of which are delightfully interspersed with rich woodland scenery. The park is not less than five miles in circumference, commanding, from various situations, a change of prospect of the most pleasing kind. It is well wooded, containing, besides a number of judicious plantations, some very old forest-trees, and abounds with deer. The Belvidere Lodge at the upper part of the park, erected after designs by Mr. Hopper, is probably the most splendid in the kingdom, as well from the incomparable beauty of its situation, as from the remarkable taste displayed in its architecture. The pleasure-

Vol. VI. No. XXXV.

grounds were originally laid out by that master of landscape-gardening, Lancelot Brown, but have been since his time very considerably improved.

The mansion has been lately erected by the present proprietor, and is constructed of fine white brick, with all its architectural adornments of Portland stone. It stands on a site well chosen for its picturesque beauty, commanding a distant view of the Southampton water, bounded by the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. The principal front is towards the west, upon which is a noble portico of four columns, with an appropriate pediment. The peculiarly graceful proportions of the Ionic order were never more happily displayed than in this entrance; it is alike creditable to the taste and ability of Mr. Hopper, the architect, and demands unqualified admiration.

A bold entablature is continued

L L

round the mansion; and upon the south is a corridor, designed in corresponding taste, with columns resembling those of the portico, the whole height of the building. Upon this front the edifice rises from a beautifully wooded glen, through which is conducted a very handsome and extensive sheet of water. On the north are the offices, screened by trees in the front. Within the park is the parish church of North Stoneham, a pleasing object, containing several monuments of the Flemings, from the age of Elizabeth to the present time. One of them commemorates Sir Thomas Fleming, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

land, who was held in "especial grace and favour both by Queen Elizabeth and James I." and died in the year 1613, at the age of sixty-eight. The monument bears his effigies and that of his lady in the rich costume of that period. Here is also a monument to the memory of Admiral Lord Hawke, bearing the arms of his family, together with a representation of the battle with Confians in Quiberon bay in 1759. His lordship died October 17, 1781, aged seventy-two. John Fleming, Esq. the present proprietor of Stoneham-Park, is a representative in Parliament for the county.

THE GRANGE, NEAR ALRESFORD, HAMPSHIRE,

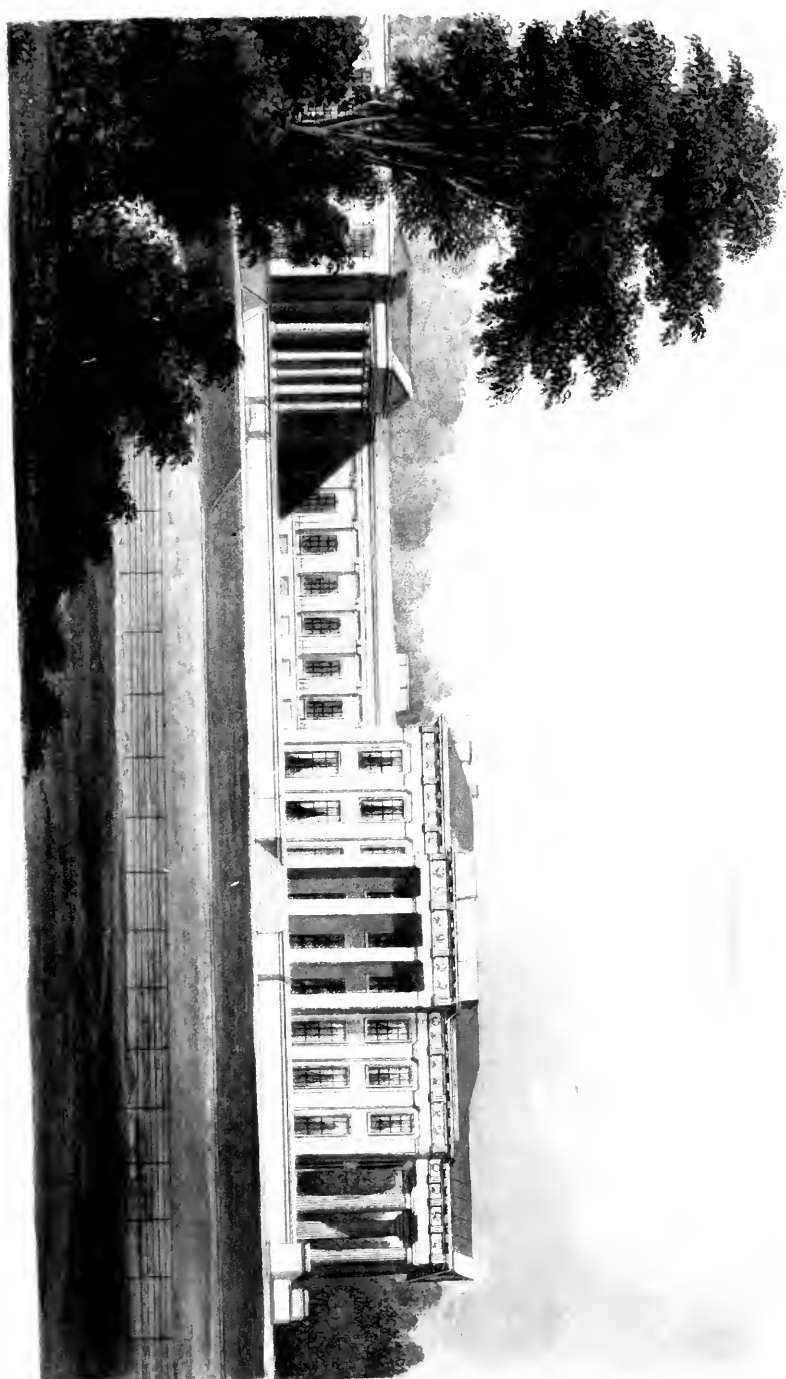
THE SEAT OF ALEXANDER BARING, ESQ. M.P.

THIS magnificent structure was commenced, and the centre or principal part built, by Inigo Jones; but the classical alterations and additions, by Mr. Wilkins, on the model of the Parthenon, leave scarcely any trace of the original design. It is highly creditable to the taste and judgment of Mr. Wilkins, that he could thus introduce these improvements without razing the original building, which must always attract some degree of curiosity as the work of Inigo Jones.

On the south side stands a superb portico, the elegant proportions of which are those of the same Grecian model. It consists of eight fluted columns, without bases, resting upon a grand flight of steps, and supporting an entablature, which is continued round the entire building. Upon the metopes, between the triglyphs, are sculptured wreaths of laurel. These are the only enrichments of the frieze, which is surmounted by a bold cornice.

The mansion, on the south and western sides, is fronted by a broad and handsome terrace, ascended in the centre of each front by a flight of steps of considerable width. At the angles of the terrace are piers, the projection of which breaks the uniformity of surface on this noble basement. The north wing, designed and built by S. P. Cockerell, in a corresponding style of architecture, is upon an extensive scale, containing a grand suite of apartments, connected with a beautiful conservatory, richly supplied with a great variety of exotics. The offices are not yet finished. The present possessor is daily adding to the improvements of the house and demesne.

The view from the portico is beautiful beyond description, including an interestingly continued variety of wood, water, open grounds, and improvements, heightened by the spire of the village church rising amidst the foliage; all



" Not chaos-like, together crushed and
bruised,
But, like the world, harmoniously confused."

The grounds of the demesne on all sides are disposed in accordance with the superb taste manifested in the building. Retired walks and open lawns are judiciously arranged as either is suited to the scene. The formation of a large sheet of water, with a rural bridge and castellated building, greatly add to the picturesque effect of this delightful scenery.

Grange-Park is six miles from Winchester. It was anciently the seat of the Henley family. After the decease of the last Earl of Northington in 1786, the whole estate was sold by his sisters and coheiresses to H. Drummond, Esq. Shortly afterwards it became the property of Alexander Baring, Esq. representative in Parliament for the borough of Taunton, and brother to Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.

JULIA MANDEVILLE.

JULIA MANDEVILLE was one of Nature's purest beings; she was as innocent as the dove, and lovely as the fabled Houris of the Eastern paradise; and her mind was as amiable as her person was beautiful. She had been brought up in the retirement of one of the most sequestered villages in North Wales, to which spot severe misfortunes had driven her father, Colonel Mandeville, when Julia was a mere infant, too young to know any thing of that fascinating world in which her parents had, up to that period, shone the brightest ornaments. Mrs. Mandeville did not live long in the seclusion to which she was doomed: a cold, followed by a fever, and accompanied by great anxiety from the recollection of circumstances she found it impossible to forget, terminated her existence about a twelvemonth after their arrival at —; and Julia was then the only link which bound Mandeville to life. To superintend her education, to teach her those accomplishments which he so abundantly possessed, and to watch the progress of her guileless mind as she approached maturity, formed the solace

which took from care much of its corroding bitterness. He was repaid for all his trouble, all his attention, for never was parent blessed with a more worthy child than Julia.

My tale commences when this interesting girl had attained her eighteenth year. At that period she was rather above the middle height, and her finely moulded form might have served a sculptor as a model for the Venus de Medicis. The rich bloom of health mantled on her cheeks, and her full blue eye beamed with sensibility. Her features were not strictly regular, and perhaps examined separately, much might be found which a connoisseur in beauty would condemn; but the combination was irresistible, and when her countenance was irradiated by the smile of good-humour and benevolence, which so frequently passed over it, all hearts owned her power, all were proud to acknowledge her sovereign sway. At this period an uncle of the late Mrs. Mandeville's returned from India with a fortune honourably acquired, and with no claimant on his bounty except his niece. He sought out this loved relative, and

with some difficulty discovered the cottage to which Mandeville had retired. His grief was great when he found that Mrs. Mandeville no longer lived to share the fortune he had amassed; but he saw all the mother in her child, and declaring his intention of making Julia his heir, he insisted upon Mandeville taking her to town, where he had a splendid mansion sitting up for their reception.

We shall now behold this lovely girl an inmate of our gay metropolis. She arrived at a time when the season was most brilliant, and when the west end of the town was in all its splendour. Her uncle, General Mordaunt, had engaged the widow of an officer whom he had known in the East to *chaperon* his *protégée* in the brilliant circles to which she was introduced; and under the protection of Mrs. Harvey, the fair Julia was initiated into those scenes of which she had frequently read, and which her father had described to her as the abodes of vice and dissipation, deceit and misery. This was a picture drawn by one whose ingenuous heart had been deeply stung by the villany of a pretended friend; and though Julia was not absolutely enchanted with the *beau monde*, she yet thought her dear father had given too dark a colouring to the follies or the frailties of the persons who composed it. He seldom joined their parties, for since he had lost the loved one who formerly shared his pleasure, and heightened every joy by her participation, he sought solitude rather than society, and loved the retirement of his own chamber better than the glare of drawing-rooms, the bustle of dinner-parties and routs, or the fascination of the dance. Her uncle, however, was al-

most her constant attendant; and he uniformly returned home enraptured with the admiration won by "his darling," who indeed had only to appear to excite the most intense interest.

About a month after her arrival in London, she was introduced at the house of Lady Villars to a young gentleman of the name of Plainville, a West Indian, who had recently arrived in England with his father, and who, by his easy and gentlemanly behaviour, and many good qualities, had become a universal favourite in that circle to which his birth and fortune gave him a ready admission. Plainville and Julia were mutually struck with each other. They danced together for the greater part of the evening; and when Miss Mandeville returned home, she could think of nothing but the grace and accomplishments of the handsome stranger. The name of Plainville, however, struck like a dagger on the heart of Mandeville; and he told the astonished girl, that if she valued his love, if she regarded his happiness, she must see this young man no more! "*If I value your love! if I regard your happiness!*" she exclaimed; "O my father, have I ever given you reason to think that I disregard either? Why then distress me with the supposition? You know you have only to express your wishes, and it is my pleasure, my pride, to obey: but will you not inform me *why* I must avoid Mr. Plainville?"—"One day, Julia, but not now. The story is accompanied with too many agonizing recollections: you shall, however, ere long know all."—"At your own pleasure, my father; and in the mean time I will, if possible, avoid seeing Mr. Plainville; at all

events I will not encourage his acquaintance."—"Thanks, my dear child; but it is no more than I expected from you: leave me now, I shall be much better alone." Julia pressed her beauteous lips to her parent's cheek, and retired to muse upon his words, and to conjecture the cause which had prompted him to prohibit an acquaintance with the only man for whom she felt the slightest interest.

Julia found that the promise she had given to her father was much easier made than kept, for Plainville haunted her like her shadow. He was a great favourite with Mrs. Harvey, and was frequently of that lady's parties, and through her was introduced to all those families which she and her *protégée* were in the habit of visiting. He was also high in the good graces of General Mordaunt, who, not knowing the promise which his niece had given her father, and not being aware of the slightest cause of quarrel between the latter and Plainville, who, he supposed, must have been entirely unacquainted, as the young man had evidently not numbered more years than had elapsed since Mandeville's retirement from the world, often chid Julia for the coldness and constraint with which she received the attentions of one for whom half the *belles* in the metropolis were pulling caps, and who evidently admired her far above all the females whom he was in the habit of meeting, young and beautiful as many of them were. Julia's own heart too rebelled against the dictates of her sire; for she found an interest created there in favour of this forbidden one, which daily grew stronger, in spite of all her efforts to subdue it. But notwith-

standing the pain it gave her, she honourably kept her word, and discouraged, as much as politeness would allow, the attentions of Mr. Plainville. Meanwhile she anxiously longed for the promised communication from her father; who, however, never renewed the conversation, but, seemingly having the fullest reliance on the promise of his child, studiously avoided the subject.

Time flew on airy pinions, and the "winter in London" was nearly drawing to its close. Julia was glad that the period was approaching when she should once more see her dear little cottage in Wales, whither her father had invited General Mordaunt, Mrs. Harvey, and a select party of friends, to accompany them, to explore the beauties of the neighbourhood, which abounded in picturesque and romantic views. Mr. Mandeville too again sighed for his tranquil retreat; and even General Mordaunt and Mrs. Harvey expressed a wish to get away from the dissipation of London. Circumstances connected with General Mordaunt's military business detained them in town longer than they intended, and their departure was not fixed to take place till the first week in July. In the previous week an excursion to Woolwich was planned; and on a beautiful day in June, the general, Mrs. Harvey, Julia, and a few friends who yet remained in London, embarked on board a pleasure-yacht to proceed to that place. Mr. Mandeville was to have been of the party, but when the morning arrived he begged to be excused.

The descriptive is not my *forte*; I shall therefore say nothing of Woolwich, except that a most happy day was spent in examining the *lions* in the town and its vicinity. It was ra-

ther late when the party set out on their return; but the moon shed her silver rays over the waters, and gave a brilliant path of light, through which the "merry bark" careered gaily to her destined port. Mirth and harmony reigned amongst the little crew, and Julia was sweetly warbling Bishop's delightful ballad of "Home!" when, having approached a crowded part of the river, a heavy-laden vessel suddenly swung from her stays, struck the yacht, which swamped, and in an instant all on board were immersed in the water. Several sailors, with characteristic promptitude and humanity, immediately jumped overboard to save the sinking individuals, and a boat was almost instantly lowered from the ship. A gentleman also leaped from a yacht which had followed at a short distance the one in which General Mordaunt and his party were embarked, and he was observed to make for the spot where Julia was seen to sink. He dived, and brought the lovely girl from the bottom, and both were taken on board the boat, and conveyed to the vessel which had caused the unlucky accident. Fortunately there was a surgeon on board, and all were soon recovered to a sense of their deliverance. Mutual inquiries followed; and when it was found that every individual of the party was safe in the cabin of the Albion, congratulations and thanks to their brave deliverers were heard on all sides. It was Plainville who had rescued Julia; and an elderly gentleman who came on board the vessel from the yacht in which the former had been sailing, earnestly begged General Mordaunt to allow him to return with them, and introduce Plainville to Mandeville as the

saviour of his daughter. The general readily consented; and dry clothes having been procured from the captain of the vessel and his wife (who happened to be on board), in which the party equipped themselves, looking more like masqueraders than any thing else, they were landed in the ship's boat, and immediately took coaches for Portman-square. Mr. Mandeville had been long anxiously looking for them, and was pacing the parlour in evident agitation when they entered. The strange gentleman led in Julia in one hand and Plainville in the other. "Mandeville!" he exclaimed, "I dared not approach you till I should be able to offer something to plead for pardon and forgiveness: my son has this day saved the life of your daughter! Let us then drown the remembrance of all past unkindness, and in the loves of our children witness the renewal of our ancient friendship." He knelt as he spoke. Mandeville regarded him with a scrutinizing look, then extending his hand, he said, "Rise, Henry! Come to my arms, my child, and tell me what means all this?" looking at her dress and the strange habiliments of the rest of the party. The tale was soon told: Mandeville shuddered when he heard from what a fate his Julia had been rescued; and taking Plainville's hand, said, "Forgive the prejudice which I have hitherto entertained against you, and for your sake I will once more call your father friend.—Henry," he said, approaching and taking the hand of the stranger, "I cannot bear a longer interview to-night; return to-morrow, and may the sainted spirit of her whom we both loved smile on our reconciliation!" The stranger wrung the hand

which pressed his, and taking Plainville by the arm, quitted the room; the general and Mrs. Harvey soon followed, leaving Mandeville and Julia together. The long-promised and almost forgotten story was then told, which we shall prefer giving the reader in our own words.

Charles Mandeville and Henry Plainville had been friends and school-fellows; and when they left school to launch into the busy world, their early attachment seemed, if possible, to increase. Mandeville chose the army for his profession. Plainville was the son of a gentleman of large possessions in the West Indies, and was therefore destined to lead a life of idleness, being liberally supplied with money by an indulgent parent, whose pride it was to see him the foremost of the gay and giddy throng by which he was surrounded. Mandeville's parents had died young; but his guardian, a man of honour and probity, had sedulously fulfilled his duty to the orphan; and when he left England for India, to which his regiment was ordered, the good old man's blessing was given with all the warmth and affection of a parent.

Mandeville was absent ten years, during which time his regiment had been engaged in many perilous encounters, and he had risen to the rank of colonel. He returned a married man, being united to Miss Mordaunt, the daughter of a gallant officer of that name, who had fallen gloriously in the hour of victory, bequeathing, with his last breath, his Julia to the care of his comrade in arms. A mutual attachment existed between this amiable pair; and as soon after the death of her father as respect for his memory would per-

mit, Julia became, with the approbation of Major Mordaunt, her nearest surviving relative, the wife of Mandeville. Shortly after, ill health compelled the colonel to return to his native land, and Julia gladly left that country which had been the grave of her father, and which she feared would prove fatal to her husband also.

Arrived in England, and finding that beloved husband restored to convalescence by the genial air of his natal soil, Mrs. Mandeville gave aloose to her naturally gay and volatile spirits; and in society she became the life and soul of the party, fascinating all by the brilliancy and playfulness of her wit; whilst the correctness of her manners, and the affection she was known to bear to her husband, checked and awed the approaches of those who might have been inclined to build any presumptuous hopes on her lively *badinage* and extreme good-humour. One of their most esteemed intimates was Plainville, who, by the death of his father, had become possessed of an immense property. He had been married, and was a widower, with an interesting boy, scarcely a twelvemonth old, on whom Mrs. Mandeville lavished a mother's fondness; and he was always a welcome visitor, both at the colonel's house in town, and at Mandeville villa in Surrey, a delightful spot, to which the happy family at times retired, from the bustle and dissipation attendant on a London fashionable life. Unfortunately Mr. Plainville soon became attached to Mrs. Mandeville to a degree of infatuation which rendered it almost impossible for him to conceal his passion. In an unguarded moment he ventured to declare to

this amiable lady, how much he loved her; and her indignant rebuke, her energetic remonstrance on the injury and dishonour which he contemplated perpetrating to his friend, that friend who loved and trusted him, instead of diverting him from his infamous pursuit, roused all the bad passions of his heart; and he vowed, cost what it might, to be re-vengeful.

He shortly after took leave of Mandeville, under pretence of making a journey to the north. Mrs. M. rejoiced at his departure, as she anticipated a renewal of his professions, which would have compelled her to apply to her husband for protection; and in the retirement of Mandeville villa she devoted herself to preparations for the period which was now rapidly approaching, when Mandeville trusted he should be made a happy father, as he already was a husband. He little dreamt how soon all his happiness was to be wrecked!

One morning he left his wife to proceed to town on some business connected with a security into which he had entered for a brother officer, who had disappeared, carrying with him large sums of money, which it was feared Mandeville would have to pay. Julia was left at the villa; and as she was musing in anxious solicitude upon the probable effect this unlucky affair would have on the fortunes of the little innocent of which she was soon likely to become the mother, a servant entered and told her, that a poor and maimed creature had just been taken in at widow Luckett's, an old woman who lived in a small cottage at the extremity of Colonel Mandeville's grounds, who had sent for some embrocation and liniment (of which Mrs. Man-

deville kept a supply for the use of the villagers), to apply to the hurts of the invalid. Always active in the cause of humanity, Mrs. Mandeville proceeded with the person who pretended to have been sent by Mrs. Luckett to the cottage. The way was through an unfrequented lane, and she had hardly reached the middle of it, when a large shawl was thrown over her head by some person from behind, and she felt herself instantly lifted from the ground by two men, and conveyed away at a very swift pace. The shawl stifled her voice, and she was sensible of being placed in a carriage, which drove off at a rapid rate, without being capable of making an effort for her deliverance.

Mandeville returned at night, and his first inquiry was for his wife: the servants had seen her go out to Mrs. Luckett's, but had not heard of or seen her since. Mandeville immediately hastened to the cottage, and on his arrival, he found that the story by which his Julia had been decoyed from her home was a fabrication, no person having been taken in there wounded, and of course no message to that purport having ever been sent by the old woman to the villa. Distracted by his fears and apprehensions, yet not knowing what to think, or on whom to fix his suspicions, the agitated husband set about making inquiries in the village, all of which ended in disappointment; and, without taking rest or refreshment, he threw himself into a chaise, and set out for London, to obtain the assistance of the police in his search. Some of its most active officers returned with him; but so well had the nefarious invaders of his domestic happiness laid

their plans, that no trace could be gained, no clue found. The only information which the officers obtained was, that a chaise, with the blinds up, had been seen driving, on the day in question, towards the metropolis; but this was a circumstance of too frequent recurrence to excite observation or cause inquiry.

Mandeville was now like one bereft of his senses. To meet the demands which the treachery of his friend had caused to be made upon his purse, his property, even his commission, was obliged to be disposed of. The necessary steps were taken with his sanction, but entirely

without his active interference. He seemed incapable of attending to the details of business; he signed any papers which were brought to him, assented to every thing that was said, but was quite incompetent to give directions, or to superintend any arrangements. Fortunately his solicitor was a man of honour and probity. He took care that every thing should be done for the interest of his client which the unfortunate state of his affairs would admit; but when all was settled, only a small annuity remained of his once handsome property.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ANECDOTES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS.

No. II.

JOHN HOGAN, A SELF-TAUGHT SCULPTOR, OF CORK, IN IRELAND.

(Concluded from p. 216.)

IN August 1823, Mr. William Carey, author of the *Critical Descriptions of "Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims,"* and "*West's Death on the Pale Horse,*" and of various other critical publications, paid a visit of some weeks to Cork, in which city he was a personal stranger. When viewing the admirable casts presented by his Majesty to the Royal Cork Society of Arts, he chanced to see, where it had fallen down under one of the benches, a figure of a small Torso, in wood, about a foot and a half or two feet high. On taking it up, he was struck by the correct proportion, fleshiness, and taste of the execution. His surprise was excited by observing, that this figure had the appearance of a new performance; and not expecting to meet with an artist of merit in a place where the arts were

only just introduced, he earnestly inquired the name of the sculptor, saying, "But for the newness of this Torso, I should have imagined it the production of some Italian artist in the time of Cellini or Baccio Bandinelli."—His question led to the information that it was a performance by Hogan, a young *self-taught sculptor*, who was then at work above stairs, in a small apartment in the Academy. In a moment more Mr. Carey was in Hogan's study, where he saw, with astonishment, his Female Skeleton; a grand Head of an Apostle, of a small size; a copy of Michael Angelo's Mask; some groups in bas-relief from designs by Barry, and various studies of hands and feet, all cut in pine-wood; a copy in stone of the *Silenus* and *Satyrs* from the antique; and a number of his

M M

drawings in black and white chalk. Above all, he was surprised at the spirited conception of a figure of a Roman Soldier, about two feet high, and at the rich composition of a *Triumph of Silenus*, consisting of fifteen figures, designed in an antique style and cut in bas-relief by this young artist. The interest created by his works was not lessened by his tall and slender figure, by the sensibility of his intelligent features, and the modest good sense with which he told the story of his apprenticeship to the trade of a carpenter, his struggles as a self-taught sculptor, his total want of employment, and his precarious prospects.

Mr. Carey was convinced that, without an immediate exertion, the genius of Hogan, *like that of Proctor*, must become a misfortune to its possessor, and be lost to his country. With the hope of rescuing the young artist from that prospect, he wrote, immediately after his return from his first discovery of Hogan in his little workshop, a letter for insertion in the "Cork Advertiser," addressed to the noblemen, gentlemen, and opulent merchants of Cork and its vicinity. In this communication, after having instanced several self-taught painters and sculptors who had risen to the first eminence, and having warmly expressed his sense of the powers visible in Hogan's works, which he particularized, he concluded in these words: "I shall in my next communication venture to offer some further remarks on his extraordinary genius, and on *the honourable duty of sending him to London or Rome by a public subscription. I confidently hope that the people of Cork, who assist in this patriotic object, will thereby speedily and*

largely contribute to the fame of their country, and that before a few years have passed, they will each be proud to boast, 'I was one of the early patrons of Hogan.'" This zeal would have been ineffectual without the aid of the press; but the editor of the "Cork Advertiser" not only inserted Mr. Carey's letter in his journal of August 7 (1823), but, with a promptitude and public spirit which do him honour, he proffered the use of his columns to Mr. Carey's further exertions in behalf of Hogan. This laudable discharge of his public duty formed a strong contrast to the apathy of those editors in London who knew of Proctor's merits and distress, and left him to perish without publishing a line in his favour. Mr. Hogan's advocate followed up his first publication by six letters, continued to the 11th of September, in the same journal, earnestly soliciting for a *public subscription to send Hogan to Rome*. But still the matter was doubtful, for the recommendation of a private individual, who was a stranger in that part of the country, could have little weight; but, luckily, there happened to be a gentleman in Cork, who knew that Mr. Carey, from a view of two busts, modelled in clay, by Chantrey, before he had ever worked in marble, had published a prophetic announcement of that artist's future fame in "The Iris, or Sheffield Advertiser," of November and December 1805. The same gentleman had heard that Mr. Carey had, in a similar prophetic manner, announced, in the "Liverpool Courier," in 1810, the future celebrity of Gibson, the sculptor, from a view of his first exhibition-model, a figure of *Psyche*. These two proofs of correct judg-

ment, being thus made public in Cork, gave a weight to Mr. Carey's recommendation of Hogan. Fortunately another circumstance contributed to draw the public attention to that young artist's merits, and accelerated a public movement in his favour.

Hogan, on reading the first letter in the "Cork Advertiser," addressed a private letter to Mr. Carey, expressing his grateful sense of that amateur's exertions, and sent with it the *Male Torso* and *grand old Head of an Apostle*, requesting his advocate to accept them, in token of his warm acknowledgments. Mr. Carey in his answer stated his opinion, that if he could not add to the young artist's income, he ought not to decrease his means; and conceiving that these two extraordinary performances might be turned to a better account, he kindly declined to accept the present, although he highly admired the two pieces of sculpture. But he requested Hogan to write to Sir John Fleming Leicester, at Tabley-House in Cheshire; to use his (Mr. Carey's) name for that liberty; and to entreat Sir John's acceptance of the *Male Torso* and the *grand old Head*, as the respectful offering of a young unfriended artist's chisel. Hogan followed this request without delay; and Mr. Carey, who undertook to transmit the present, wrote, by the same post, to Sir John Fleming Leicester, stating his high estimate of Hogan's *genius*; the obstacles to the intended subscription for sending him to Rome; the local backwardness to make a beginning; and his fears that it might not succeed, without Sir John's generous example. The advocate of Hogan had seen so many

instances of Sir John Leicester's noble-minded zeal for the advancement of the British School of Art, and of his munificent patronage of native genius, that he entertained a firm reliance on the happy issue of his application. The result proved that he was not mistaken in his high opinion of that great patron's liberality and public spirit. Hogan had the honour to receive the following letter, and its liberal *inclosure*, by *return of post*.

TABLEY-HOUSE, 20th Sept. 1823.

SIR,

I have not yet received the specimens of your art in sculpture, which you have been so polite as to announce having sent to me; but I am so well aware of Mr. Carey's judgment in matters of this nature, that I do not a moment hesitate, after the account he has favoured me with of your promising abilities, to promote the further advancement of your studies, either at home or abroad, by becoming a subscriber to the fund which I understand has been set on foot for this purpose; and if your friends eventually recommend your going to the Continent, I will, with great pleasure, use any interest I have in procuring you letters of introduction from the first artists in this kingdom. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. LEICESTER.

P. S. I beg to inclose my subscription, £25.

To Mr. J. HOGAN, CORK.

This letter, which cannot be made too public as an excitement to others, is only one of those numberless instances of princely patriotism, which have ranked Sir John Leicester, next to his Majesty, as the first British patron of art. That munificent amateur, on hearing from Mr. Carey, a few months before, of the efforts then making by the Royal Irish In-

M M 2

stitution to obtain a fund for the erection of a national gallery in Dublin, immediately presented two splendid pictures, worth four hundred guineas, to that public-spirited body, as the commencement of a national collection in the intended edifice. He had at that very time the pencils of five or six of the most eminent British artists at work on commissions for his superb Gallery of British Paintings in Hill-street, London; and it is a signal fact, to his eternal honour, that no other British amateur of rank and fortune ever expended so large a sum on the encouragement of native genius as Sir John Fleming Leicester. His communication and gift to Mr. Hogan operated like a stroke of electricity on some unbelievers in Cork, and gave fresh weight to Mr. Carey's letters in the "Advertiser," in favour of the young self-taught sculptor. The fame of Sir John Leicester's refined taste and munificence, which had spread so widely on the Continent, had necessarily reached the capital of Munster. The sight of the letter and the English bank-bill for twenty-five pounds in Hogan's hands admitted of no doubt. To find that an English gentleman, who had not an inch of land in Ireland, and had never set his foot in that country, should thus manifest so lively an interest for the encouragement of Irish genius, awakened a generous spirit of emulation in many, who had until then overlooked the merits of their young countryman. But the Irish gentry, in that season of national distress, could not get in their rents, and the general impoverishment rendered the wishes of the great majority unavailing. Owing to these obstacles, although Mr. Carey's first letter was

published in the "Cork Advertiser" of August 7, 1823, Sir John's *noble contribution of twenty-five pounds in his letter of September 20th, was the first money received for the public subscription.*

In the mean time, Mr. Carey, to move the Irish capital in favour of Hogan, had, on the 11th September, 1823, commenced a series of letters, published in "The Patriot," a Dublin newspaper, which was generally read in all the fashionable circles. These letters, which were addressed to the Royal Irish Institution, and were continued in that journal until the 19th of February, 1824, included notices of the principal Irish artists. But, in the interval, Mr. Carey had returned to Dublin, and, prior to his transmission of Hogan's present to Tabley-House, he submitted the *grand old Head of an Apostle* and the *Male Torso*, to a meeting of the Royal Irish Institution on the 27th of September, 1823, *with a motion to grant the sum of one hundred pounds from the funds of that public-spirited body, in aid of the intended subscription.* The members present included some of the most distinguished amateurs in the sister kingdom. Among other talented gentlemen who spoke on this occasion, John Gage Davis, Esq. one of the directors, descanted on the excellence of the specimens, with a taste and critical acumen, which fully evinced his long and successful attention to the principles of beauty in works of art; and the following motions were carried unanimously:

"Resolved,—That the *grand old Head* and *Male Torso*, executed by Mr. John Hogan, and submitted to this committee by Mr. William Carey, are works of great merit, and afford a fair prospect of

this artist's rising to a high rank in his profession, with due encouragement and persevering industry.

"*Resolved*,—That the sum of one hundred pounds be appropriated to the purpose of sending Mr. John Hogan to study in Italy, in co-operation with the fund now raising in Cork for that purpose."

See "The Patriot," Sept. 30, 1823, for the above and other resolutions in favour of Hogan.

Sir John Leicester's splendid example was here nobly followed by a public-spirited body, which had, some time before, expended the sum of three hundred pounds to obtain the incorporation of the Irish artists in the Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in Dublin. The power of the periodical press in drawing the public attention to unfriended genius was, in this instance, fully evinced; and Mr. Carey's exertions were thus far successful, but he did not stop there. Mr. Hogan, whose letters were replete with sincere acknowledgments, had sent up to Dublin five of his anatomical studies, chiefly hands, arms, legs, and feet, cut in pine-wood, with an anxious hope that his advocate would accept them as a token of his gratitude. Mr. Carey again expressed his admiration of these extraordinary performances, but thankfully declined accepting any present from the young artist, conceiving that these early performances might be turned to account in contributing to send the young sculptor to Italy. With this view he submitted them, with a letter earnestly soliciting their aid to the subscription for Hogan, to the liberality of the Royal Dublin Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, and Manufactures of Ire-

land. On the 20th of November, 1823, the committee of the Fine Arts made their report by John Gage Davis, Esq. their able and public-spirited chairman; and the two following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and published in their printed proceedings:

"Your Committee having taken into consideration the letter of Mr. Carey, and the *very beautiful specimens of sculpture* executed by Mr. Hogan of Cork, a very young artist, accompanying it, feel great pleasure in declaring their conviction, that the decided talent displayed in those works requires only a more expanded cultivation, and a continued perseverance in the path of energetic industry, which has hitherto marked his course, to place him perhaps, at no very distant period, on a distinguished eminence in his profession. Your Committee therefore recommend the purchase of the specimens for 25*l.*; and regret that a consideration of the probable demands on the Society during the ensuing year should limit their report to so inadequate a remuneration.

"Your Committee feel it their duty to add their expression of the deep sense they entertain of the zealous and liberal exertions of Mr. Carey to draw forth from obscurity, and place before the public, the merits of so promising an artist."

Sir John Leicester, on receiving the *Male Torso* and *grand old Head of an Apostle* at Tabley-House, was so struck by the taste and good feeling displayed in those attempts, that, with that generous promptitude which has ever distinguished his patronage of genius, he immediately wrote to Mr. Carey, and authorized him to give Mr. Hogan a commission to execute, at Rome, a female figure in marble for Tabley-House, as soon as he should conceive himself qualified by his studies there for so arduous

an undertaking. At a general meeting of the Royal Cork Society of Arts, the members, to express their high sense of Sir John Leicester's singular liberality, elected him an honorary member of their patriotic institution, and accompanied their vote with an eloquent address to that distinguished patron of the arts. The Royal Irish Institution had elected Sir John an honorary member of their body, with a public expression of their esteem and respect, some months before.

Among those who, on the appearance of Mr. Carey's letters in the "Cork Advertiser," and "Dublin Patriot," were anxious in forwarding the subscription, Wm. Crawford and Thomas Morgan, Esqrs.; — Beecher, Member of Parliament for Malloy; Colonel Roach of Trabolgan, Viscount Ennismore, and the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, the Roman Catholic bishop, were foremost. Among the active promoters of the good work in Dublin were, Robert Hamilton, Esq. of Verville, one of the most zealous friends of the fine arts in Ireland; John Cash, Esq. of Rutland-square, in his early time an amateur painter of no ordinary proficiency; Wilcocks Huband, Esq. an amateur engraver, whose masterly etchings and Essay on Taste are mutual illustrations, which entitle his name and works to honourable record; John Gage Davis, Esq. an amateur, familiar with the best works of the old schools; H. C. Sirr, J. C. Graves, J. Rogers, Henry Manning, Esqrs. distinguished for the taste of their select cabinets; W. J. Moore, Esq. Rutland-square; the Rev. J. P. Griffith; the Rev. J. C. Seymour; and the Hon. and Rev. John Pomeroy, whose splendid collection of paint-

ings is well worth a traveller's notice. All the important facts and dates in this statement are given from the authority of the Cork and Dublin newspapers; but the preceding list of names is from the private communication of a gentleman who wrote them down from recollection: the list may therefore be unintentionally imperfect, where so many were active; but the writer pledged himself that there was not a name wilfully omitted. It is pleasant to confer praise where it is justly due; and, where the public payment of the debt has a tendency to excite a noble emulation in the minds of others, *omission* becomes an injustice to the individual and a detriment to society.

On the 14th of Nov. 1823, the subscription having then amounted to 250*l*. Hogan left Cork for Dublin, where he took leave of his advocate, Mr. Carey, with warm protestations of unchangeable gratitude, and embarked for Liverpool on his way to Rome. In London he found, at Sir John Fleming Leicester's house in Hill-street, letters of recommendation to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy, and to Chantrey, the unrivalled sculptor of the domestic style. From the former he obtained a letter of introduction to the Duchess of Devonshire, then at Rome. If there be any public testimony more flattering than another, it is that which is paid to a young man of genius by his country, in the form of a public subscription, with the hope of enabling him to enter the lists of fame, and to contest for the palm of glory with the illustrious of every age and nation. Hogan had the good fortune, by a rapid change of circumstances, through the powerful influence of the press,

to receive this honourable testimony from his own country. He entered Rome with the written and printed approbation of the Royal Cork Society, of the Royal Irish Institution, of the Royal Dublin Society, of the first amateur in Europe, Sir John Fleming Leicester, and with the recommendation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy of London. But unfortunately her Grace of Devonshire died only a few days before Hogan arrived in that city. He had a letter from Mr. Carey to General Cockburn (of Dublin), who had left Rome for Paris just before the self-taught sculptor went to wait upon him. Mr. Hogan was thus *a stranger*, unacquainted with the Italian language, and without a patron, in a foreign state. He has since enthusiastically applied himself to his studies as far as his limited means have enabled him to avail himself of his residence in the capital of the fine arts; but, if possible to extend the confined funds of the public subscription to three years, his means of present support are so narrowed as to prevent him from renting a *studio* for composing and modelling after the life. An ex-

tract from one of his letters, dated 26th March, 1825, will best explain his situation: "My circumstances not permitting me to take a study, or even to purchase the necessities requisite for modelling, I am confined solely to sketching and drawing in the different galleries and academies in Rome. This perhaps is not so essential to a sculptor as to a painter, neither is it the course taken by the sculptors at Rome; *a study being the first object of their research, in which they can compose and model from the life*, a model being to be had here on very reasonable terms, compared with what is paid for models in London and other places. The rent is the main point, as the Romans never let a *studio* to an artist without his first paying a year's rent in hand, and holding the same for a certain time." It is earnestly to be hoped, that this publication will reach the eyes of the Royal Cork Society, and Royal Irish Institution, and induce them to perfect their patronage of Hogan, by a second subscription for that noble purpose.

E. S. C.

LONDON, Aug. 14, 1825.

THE FASTIDIOUS LOVER.

BEFORE George Herbert had attained the age of twenty-five he was set down by most of his acquaintance as an old bachelor in embryo. He was allowed to be handsome, accomplished, and extremely well informed: but his attentions to the ladies never went beyond the bounds of common politeness; and he was known to harbour some odd notions respecting women, which made it more than probable that he would

never marry. He had, on the one hand, a horror of your remarkably clever and accomplished fair-ones, who make a parade of their knowledge and talents; and, on the other, he could not bear those pretty triflers who, trusting to their personal charms, and to a few showy accomplishments, never trouble themselves about the cultivation of their minds. It seemed to this fastidious mortal, that women, generally speaking, were

divided into these two classes; and accordingly he behaved to them with a cold politeness, which drew upon him at last the nickname of *the Insensible*.

Nevertheless, in spite of his fastidiousness, Herbert was any thing but an insensible; in fact, he had too much sensibility; and, in a spirit of romance, which, if pardonable, is at least very imprudent, he had drawn in his mind a picture of female excellence, which he hoped one day to meet with in real life, and to which he was very willing, when he did meet with it, to surrender his liberty.

This *rara avis* of Herbert's imagination was to possess an agreeable person, a sweet temper, and a cultivated intellect; wit, at least in a certain degree; and accomplishments, not mechanically acquired, but springing from real taste and talent. Above all the rest, she was to be gifted with that to him indispensable charm, a soft feminine reserve, which would veil her tastes and acquirements from the eyes of all, save the happy possessor of so much perfection.

As this last quality is not, it must be confessed, very common in our days, it is rather more wonderful that George should have at last met with precisely the sort of charmer his fancy had pictured, than that he did not do it sooner. He was nearly twenty-nine when he became acquainted with Mrs. Clermont, a widow of twenty-four, of good family, but very slender fortune. He first saw her in company with his only sister, of whom she had been the boarding-school friend, and who lavished upon her the warmest encomiums.

Mrs. Vincent, George's sister, was a lively good-natured rattle; her brother was extremely fond of her, but

until then he had never been inclined to place much confidence in her judgment. Then, however, he listened to her with great attention, and was convinced that it was perfectly correct. How he acquired this conviction in his first interview with Mrs. Clermont it is not easy to say, for she did not speak a dozen words; but certain it is, that from that moment he was convinced that he had found his paragon. He paid court to her with the utmost assiduity, and, in short, in a few weeks it was evident to all his acquaintance, that the Insensible was become as true an innamorato as ever "penned a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow."

His sister observed the progress of his attachment with pleasure; passionately fond of her brother, it had long been her first wish to see him happily married. She rallied him on his increasing *penchant* for the widow; shook her head incredulously when he talked first of admiration and then of friendship; and, finally, with that true *esprit de corps* so delightful in the lovely sex, gravely promised to plead his cause with her friend, at the very moment that she had reason to believe the fair widow was as much smitten as himself.

The gentle advocate's task was an easy one. Mrs. Clermont's consent was modestly but frankly given; the nuptial day was fixed, and Herbert had repeated to himself a thousand times, that one month more and he should be the happiest of earthly beings, when in a moment he saw this bright future vanish like a delightful dream, and he awoke to the terrible certainty of irremediable misery.

One day on paying a visit to his

mistress, he entered by chance without being announced; she was writing. At sight of him she blushed deeply, started up in confusion, and snatching the paper from her desk, crumpled it in her hand, and put it into her pocket. Herbert had a strong spice of jealousy in his temper, but hitherto no circumstance had called it forth; the agitation of his mistress, the singularity of her action, and, above all, the confusion which she vainly tried to conceal, awakened his suspicions. All at once his manner became cold and constrained; an undefined sentiment of jealousy took possession of his mind; ashamed of the doubts which forced themselves upon him, he rallied himself to dispel them in vain. He scrutinized the looks and the manner of his mistress; the latter was more than usually gay; he thought that this air of gaiety was forced, and that it was put on to conceal unhappiness.

Twenty times he was upon the point of asking her if there was not something that weighed upon her mind; as often he stopped, for fear of offending her by betraying his suspicions. Already he had staid an unconscionable time, and yet he could not prevail upon himself to move, when a servant came to tell Mrs. Clermont that the poor woman whom she had appointed to call was below; and she left the room with a slight apology, and a promise of returning directly. Hardly was she gone when Herbert saw lying at the foot of her chair the paper which had caused him so much unhappiness. Impelled by jealousy, and without giving himself time to reflect upon the baseness of the action, he seized it, and read as follows:

Vol. VI. No. XXXV.

"I cannot paint to you, my dear friend, what I suffer lest Herbert should discover the affair of Gustavus; if he does, he is lost to me for ever, and the merest chance may reveal it to him. I know that I can depend upon M—'s prudence, but unfortunately it is known to others. I tremble yet in thinking of the narrow escape we had the other day; it was not five minutes after you had taken Gustavus away that Herbert came. Had he arrived only a few minutes sooner——"

Reader, have you ever been in love? If you have, you will easily conceive what an effect this unfinished epistle produced upon poor George; if you have not, I should strive in vain to paint it. His first impulse was to upbraid his perfidious mistress; his next to flee her for ever, without deigning to come to an explanation. His sister, the only being on earth to whom he could open his mind, was out of town; he hastened home, and in three hours, without any preparation, without even a passport, he was upon the road to Dover.

In this state of mind he landed at Calais, where he was compelled to stop from inability to proceed. Here, during a month that he was confined to his room, he had leisure to reflect upon the past and the future: the result of his reflections was a solemn resolution never to marry, and a determination to endeavour to wear away in travelling the bitter sense of his misfortune.

He employed nine months in making the tour of France; then, tired with wandering, took up a temporary abode at Tours. This city was once famous for its hospitality, and it still retains enough of that virtue to render it a particularly agreeable sojourn

N N

for strangers: but Herbert's mind was still out of tune; he repulsed with coldness the offered civilities of the inhabitants, shunned the English residents, and secluded himself so completely from all society, that he soon began to be looked on as a determined misanthrope.

From the time he quitted England till he stopped at Tours he had never written even to his sister; he often reproached himself with the pain which he knew his silence would cause her, but he was utterly at a loss in what manner to break it. He felt the greatest unwillingness to expose his faithless mistress even to her: yet how else could he account for their separation?

At last he determined to write to her, and, without entering into any justification of himself or his motives, to make it a condition of their correspondence, that the name of Maria should never be mentioned between them. He did so, and as he received no answer, he began to fancy that his sister resented so highly what she must consider his supposed ill treatment of her friend, that she would not write to him. He was grieved and mortified at this; his heart longed for communion with one who was so dear to him; but he still shrunk from the idea of exposing her whom, in spite of himself, he still too tenderly loved.

One day while he was ruminating on this very subject, he saw a travelling-carriage drive to his door, out of which stepped Mrs. Vincent and her husband. We may easily imagine the scene of fraternal affection which ensued; the kind reproaches for silence, long absence, &c. on one side, and the awkward apologies on the other. Vincent soon took an opportunity of leaving the brother and

sister to themselves, when Harriet gravely said, "I have a commission to you, brother."

"A commission!" replied he in an agitated tone.

"Yes, from Maria."

"Dear Harriet, have I not told you that name was interdicted?"

"It would never have been mentioned to you had not my friend's character rendered it necessary for you to hear it once more."

"Oh! no, no! Could she think so meanly of me as to suppose that her character would suffer through my means? No; injured as I have been, tell her, that with me it is and always will be sacred."

"Very well, that is no more than I expected from your generosity: but, however, it is right you should know that Gustavus——"

"Sister, if you would not drive me mad, talk not to me of that detested Gustavus, that minion of the most faithless of women!"

"It is certainly too true that she was at one time actually fascinated with that Gustavus; but I can assure you she is thoroughly cured of her passion; and although she neither expects nor wishes to see you more, I am perfectly convinced you have no longer a rival."

"A heart which can thus be given and taken at will is unworthy of an attachment such as mine."

"My dear brother, do not deceive yourself, Maria has neither the desire nor intention to regain your heart; you have treated her too ill——"

"I! the most outraged, the most injured of mortals! Have I not the acknowledgment of her perfidy under her own hand? Has she not avowed her passion even to you?"

"It is, however, a passion not

without excuse, as you must, I am sure, acknowledge if you will only permit me to present Gustavus to you."

At these words Herbert, incensed beyond the power of language, started up, and was hastening away. "Stop!" cried the mischievous Harriet, grasping his arm, while she held up two small volumes, "if you are positively determined not to become acquainted with this rival of yours, at least take a glance at him *en passant*. Yes, this is really that formidable Gustavus of whom Maria acknowledges she was once much enamoured, and who has caused you so many jealous pangs."

What poor creatures, under some circumstances, are the boasted lords of the creation! Herbert forgot all his horror of female authors, and thought no more of his unalterable resolution, never to marry a woman who could be guilty of such an outrage upon the diffidence of her sex as to prefix her name to a book. There it was sure enough, "Gustavus, a tale, by Mrs. Clermont;" and Herbert pressed it again and again to his lips with transport.

"And is this all?" cried he at last. "Fool, madman, that I have been! Dear, dear Maria, how can I ever make thee amends for the torment I have caused thee!"

"There is only one way," cried Harriet, laughing, "by giving her the power of tormenting you in return; and truly you deserve that, as your wife, she should make a liberal use of it. But come, since you have got over your horror of 'Gustavus,' let me tell you his history."

"Maria had always a turn for composition; but she made it the

amusement of her leisure hours, and would never, I believe, have thought of stepping forth as an avowed authoress, but from the wish to benefit a family distantly related to her late husband. She has done for them all that her limited income allowed her to do, and more than prudence would warrant; but it was still insufficient for their wants. It was then that she thought of her pen. The plan of 'Gustavus' had been sketched before, and the work was soon completed. Her relation was charged to dispose of it; he found a liberal bookseller, and a bargain was soon made for a sum sufficient to extricate his family from the temporary embarrassment in which they were involved. Can we wonder that he found 'Gustavus' a charming work? or that Maria, wholly unsuspecting of your antipathy to female authors, readily yielded to his entreaties that her name should grace the title-page, and even pleased herself with the thought of giving you an agreeable surprise? Just as the work was printed, I went into the country; she had taken care that two copies should be given, before the rest of the edition, to be bound: one of these was presented to me; the other was destined for you. When, death to all the literary glories of the fair writer! she learned by mere chance, that so far from their increasing her hold on your heart, they were likely to rob her of it for ever. She instantly forswore pen, ink, and paper; persuaded the bookseller to cancel the title-page; wrote to beg that I would destroy mine; and, in short, thought of nothing but repairing her involuntary fault, and concealing it from you."

"Dear, angelic creature! how can I ever make her amends? Forgive me, Harriet, but I must fly to her!"

And fly he did, as fast as steam-boats and post-horses would permit him, to deplore his rashness at her

feet, and to receive her pardon. They were soon afterwards united; and be it recorded, to the honour of matrimony, that it has entirely cured the gentleman of jealousy and the lady of scribbling.

CAMBRIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.

THE SPECTRE OF PONT VATHIEW.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrank in haste away,

And vanished from my sight.—HAMLET.

From the very earliest ages a belief in the existence of disembodied spirits has prevailed more or less forcibly among mankind; and there is, perhaps, no nation or tribe in the world, that do not implicitly believe in the appalling influence of some species or other of ghost or goblin. A modern writer, the predecessor of Dr. Hibbert, has endeavoured, by the aid of physiology, to ascertain whether these extraordinary and terrific impressions cannot be explained, from the acknowledged laws and powers of the animal economy, independent altogether of supernatural causes; and he has certainly managed his subject with much ingenuity. It is well known, he says, that in certain diseases of the brain, such as delirium and insanity, spectral delusions take place, even for the duration of many days. But it has not been generally observed, that a partial affection of the brain may exist, which renders the patient liable to such imaginary impressions, either of sight or sound, without disordering his judgment or memory. From the peculiar disposition of the sensorium,

he conceives that the best supported stories of apparitions may be completely accounted for. Arguing upon this assumption, he proceeds to adduce examples in support of his theory, all of which tend to prove, that the foundation of all supernatural appearances is entirely dependent upon certain impulses and dispositions of the human mind. In this way he establishes a generic disease, which he terms *hallucinatio*; and which comprises all delusive impressions, "from the scarcely perceptible moat which floats in the sunbeam, to the tremendous spectre which appears at midnight."

That the universal opinion already adverted to should spring merely from a delusion of the senses dependent upon a disordered imagination, is a circumstance which I could never bring myself to acknowledge, and numberless are the scoffings to which my scepticism on this point has exposed me. That the spirits of individuals have appeared after their decease I have never doubted; and it has often occurred to me, that their appearance was arranged and regu-

lated by Providence for the accomplishment of some purpose of more than usual importance. Why should we not infer, from the unceasing goodness of the Creator, that he would present to us so decisive a proof of the immortality of the soul? Rather let us adopt the beautiful opinion of the poet, who has thus sweetly advocated the benevolent solicitude of Providence:

And is there care in heaven? and is there
Love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the
case

Of men than beasts. But, oh! th' exceeding
grace

Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercies doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his cruel
foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant,

And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to men have
such regard?

That very many instances of gross deception and palpable delusion have occurred, I do not mean to deny. These every one has witnessed or has heard of; and, consequently, the generality of mankind ridicule any serious opinion upon the subject. But the following remarkable circumstance, of which a most intimate friend of my own was an eyewitness, will prove that all speculations upon this point are not to be treated with levity. The friend alluded to is a gentleman, now residing in Wales, whose veracity cannot be questioned.

I had formed an acquaintance with him during my wanderings, which has since ripened into warm and sincere friendship; and I give the relation in his own words.

"I had been spending a few days in the neighbourhood of the little town of Towyn, in Merionethshire, and had set off on my return to Dolgelley, about seven o'clock in the evening. It was in the autumn, and the day had been beautifully fine, and even sultry, but the sun had finally set amidst a canopy of glowing clouds, which an experienced shepherd would have said foreboded a tempest. But a kind mother expected me at Dolgelley that evening, and these portents had no influence to retard my departure. I rode on, therefore, slowly and silently among the quiet hills, and thought only of reaching my journey's end before night-fall. Of all the districts in the wild but beautiful county of Merioneth, undoubtedly that which I was then traversing is the wildest. It may be justly called the Highlands of Merionethshire; and the peasants have bestowed on this desolate tract the name of *Fordd ddu*, or the black road. Being entirely out of the usual route of English travellers, its inhabitants have retained their language and their customs almost in their pristine purity; and the rugged hills which inclose them have hitherto presented an impenetrable barrier to the innovating effects of civilization. My road lay through a tract as desolate as it was rugged and romantic. A deep wood bounded the path on the left, while a long and dreary ridge of heather-covered hills shut out the prospect in an opposite direction; before me were the wooded mountains of Penniarth and Ce-

lynin, and behind me were Towyn and the sea.

"I had not ridden more than two miles before the wind arose, at first sighing plaintively amongst the foliage of the trees, and afterwards rocking them to their very roots with violent and fitful gusts. The sky, too, was overcast with black clouds, and I had the very comfortable prospect of being overtaken by one of those sudden and tremendous storms which sometimes agitate our mountainous districts.

" 'Loneliness

Hung o'er the hills and valleys like a shroud,
And all was still; sombre the forest lay,
A mass of pitchy darkness in the scowl
Of that dark sky—a solitude of death!"

"I had already arrived opposite to Craig Aderyn, or the Birds' Rock, so called from being nightly frequented by an innumerable flight of birds, when a few drops of rain fell; and my horse, startled at the discordant screams of the birds on the rock, began to plunge in a way not very agreeable to the rider. I had indeed no small difficulty in guiding the terrified animal through this desolate defile; for the birds on Craig Aderyn were so clamorous, as if in deprecation of the coming tempest, that my spirited horse became almost unmanageable. I succeeded, however, in gaining the extremity of the pass, and, wrapping my riding-cloak around me, rode on as briskly as the rocky road would permit. But I could not escape the tempest. The thunder soon began to rumble at a distance, each clap becoming louder and louder, and being preceded by a more vivid flash of lightning. The rain too fell in such torrents, that I determined, if possible, to reach the rude village of Pont Vathew, which was about a mile distant, rather than

pursue my way to Dolgelley. My sagacious companion seemed to have discovered my design, for I had scarcely conceived it, before he set off at a round trot, and in a few minutes brought me safely to the door of the humble pot-house of the hamlet. Pont Vathew, or Mathew's Bridge, is merely an assemblage of some half a dozen huts, near a rapid mountain-river, about four miles from Towyn, and can boast of no place of public entertainment, except the miserable house before which my horse instinctively stopped. But this house, humble as it was, was quite sufficient to shelter me from the storm; and giving my horse in charge to the host, I entered it.

"The principal apartment of a Welch pot-house is, like that of most others, the kitchen; and into the kitchen of the Blue Lion at Pont Vathew I proceeded, and found there several persons, some, like myself, seeking shelter from the storm, others prevented from quitting their carousals by the fury of the raging tempest. I was known to most of them; three or four indeed were tenants of my mother's; so that upon my entrance I was respectfully greeted, and the seat of honour was immediately ceded to me: thus I soon found myself in the large settle by the fire, with a jug of capital ale on a small round table before me. There is always a sort of freemasonry amongst the guests in an inn-kitchen, which is admirably conducive to conviviality and good-humour; and this is more particularly the case on a stormy night, when the churlish tempest levels all distinctions, and respects the poorest peasant quite as much as the proudest patrician. The conversation, therefore, goes on un-

interrupted by the arrival of a new-comer, and every one who has been benighted on a tempestuous evening is well acquainted with the usual conversation in an inn-kitchen on a stormy night, more especially in those pastoral districts where superstition so powerfully sways the minds and manners of the people. All the horrible incidents of the district are revived, and duly commented upon; all imminent perils by flood and field, from time immemorial, are related; and the time is beguiled by strange stories of ghosts and goblins, of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery, all are solemnly attested, and all implicitly believed.

“‘Meanwhile the landlord rouses up the fire, While well attested and as well believed, Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round, Till superstitious horror creeps o’er all.’

“Precisely thus was it with us at Pont Vathew, and divers strange and marvellous narrations were feelingly related by my untutored and honest companions. The principal subject, however, was a murder, which had been perpetrated many years ago close to the spot where we were assembled, and under circumstances of peculiar mystery and atrocity. A young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, had for some time paid his addresses to the daughter of a widow, whose husband had acted as a sort of bailiff to the Owens of Ynysymaengwyn. She was as pretty, modest, and good a girl as could be found on the hill-side from Towyn to Dolgelley; and had, unfortunately for our young farmer, already fixed her affections upon another individual. Nothing daunted at this, however, Evan Davies still preferred his suit with unremitting ardour and perseverance. But in

vain: the maiden loved him not, and so his addresses were rejected. Indeed he was one whom very few maidens could love. His disposition was as brutal and passionate as his manners were boisterous and dissolute; and it is said that he was connected with a gang of smugglers, who frequented the neighbouring coast. In the secluded districts of North Wales—and this is one of the most secluded as well as one of the most romantic—all the inhabitants of such districts are well and intimately known to each other; and so are all their virtues and vices. Ellen Owen therefore was no stranger to the profligacy of Evan Davies, and she began to be alarmed for the result of his persevering attentions.

“She had gone one day to Towyn market to dispose of some eggs and butter from her mother’s little farm, where it was Ellen’s delight to carry its humble produce; for Morgan Williams, her own true love, was generally at the market, and a meeting with him always increased the innocent pleasures of this virtuous girl. On the present occasion, however, Morgan was not there, for he had gone to another part of the country upon business for his father. Ellen sold her little stock, and then went to see a kind old aunt who lived in the town. Now, kind old aunts are proverbially given to gossiping, and the time passed away so pleasantly, that evening had already arrived before Ellen quitted the cottage; and, oh! how she wished that her dear Morgan was with her, as she thought of the long lonely way which she had to traverse! But thinking how delighted her good mother would feel when she wrapped round her the warm woollen shawl which she had

purchased with a portion of her own little savings, and it may be not wholly unmindful of the affectionate kindnesses of her lover, she tripped merrily on her way, and hoped to reach her home before the night should overtake her. She was seen to cross the brook which runs across the road just at the entrance to Towyn, by one of the persons who was present with me at Pont Vathew; and he spoke to her as she passed, cautioning her to speed quickly on her way, as there would be a storm that evening, and it might come suddenly. Ellen thanked him for his advice, and passed on. But she had not left Towyn long before a tempest—such as is rarely seen in that district of storms—arose, agitating earth and heaven with its violence. The peasant who spoke to Ellen as she entered the town hoped that she might reach her home in safety, but shuddered when he thought of the long, dreary, rugged path which led thither.

“Dreadful indeed was the devastation wrought by that sudden tempest. Houses, cattle, and trees were carried away by the mountain torrents, and the woods and meadows by the river’s side were overflowed with water for many a day afterwards. But what became of the poor solitary maiden in that dreadful commotion? Alas! she never reached her happy home again!

“On that terrible evening there were assembled at the Blue Lion at Pont Vathew several individuals, who took shelter from the tempest as they were returning from Towyn market. Once they thought, when the storm was at its height, that they heard a shriek near the house; but looking out, they could see nothing in the

thick darkness, and hear nought but the plashing of the troubled waters and the sighing of the furious wind. The next morning, however, a peasant from a neighbouring cottage was going over the bridge, when his attention was attracted by something in the river, which appeared to him like the carcase of a drowned sheep. It had passed under the bridge, and just beyond it was stopped by the depending branches of an osier. As he approached it he was undeceived in his expectation, and found, to his utmost horror and astonishment, that it was the dead body of a female, and lifting it out of the water, he discovered the well-known features of poor Ellen Owen. Running to the hamlet, he made known his discovery, and the corpse of the ill-fated girl was conveyed to the Blue Lion, till her unhappy mother could be apprised of the event. On looking at the body, a bystander perceived an unusual appearance about the neck. It seemed as if it had been violently grasped, for it was nearly encircled by livid streaks, plainly indicating the indigitations of a large and powerful hand. In a country like North Wales murder is a crime so rarely perpetrated, that the very idea of it is held in fearful horror; and on this occasion the simple peasants could scarcely persuade themselves that any one could exist sufficiently brutal and wicked to destroy the life of so meek and blameless a being as Ellen Owen. The proof, however, was before them, and they soon found an individual upon whom they could fix the commission of that most foul and horrible deed. First one recollected, then another, that he had seen Evan Davies loitering on the road to To-

wyn on that terrible evening; and the suspicion that he was the murderer was powerfully corroborated by his total disappearance from that day to the one on which I heard the story at Pont Vathew. No one saw or even heard of him afterwards, although Morgan Williams used every effort for his discovery and apprehension. So the corpse of the maiden was consigned to the silent dust amidst the tears and lamentations of those who knew and loved her.

“ Time passed on, and twenty years had elapsed since the perpetration of a crime which was yet fresh in the memory of all, and the relation of which never failed to beguile the winter's evening in many a peasant's cottage. But Pont Vathew was haunted ever after by the beautiful apparition of Ellen Owen; a storm never occurred without bringing with it the troubled spirit of the murdered maiden; and there are few of the peasants of that rude district who have not seen it struggling amidst the foam of the flooded river, or heard its shrieks rising high above the roar of the rushing waters. I was particularly interested by this narrative, and this interest was augmented, when I found that it was exactly two and twenty years ago that very day that the murder was committed. The coincidence was remarkable; but the sequel was yet more so.

“ The evening had become far advanced, and the storm was still raging with violence. The lightning, however, was less vivid and frequent, and the thunder-claps were not so loud nor so prolonged. We were sitting very comfortably round the

fire, and commenting upon the horrible narration which I have just related, when in one of those intervals of tranquillity, where the tempest seemed, as it were, to pause for breath, we heard a long, loud, and almost unearthly scream, and then a plashing of waters, as if some one was struggling in the river. ‘ There, sir!’ exclaimed several voices simultaneously, ‘ hear the ghost! The Lord have mercy upon us!’ and we were all instantly and completely silent. Now the Welch are a highly superstitious people; but they are also generous and heroic; and upon my representing that it might have been the shout of some drowning person which we had heard, with one accord we all rushed out towards the river. It was as dark as pitch, excepting that part of the river immediately above the bridge, and this was illumined by a broad red light, which threw a lurid reflection upon the opposite bank, and encircled the body of a man, who seemed striving with some unseen and terrible power in the troubled waters. In an instant the light was quenched, and the struggling ceased; but in hastening to the river-side, we saw the body of a man floating down with the current. A boat-hook being at hand, we succeeded in arresting its progress, and, eventually, in bringing it to land. We carried it into the house, and used every means to restore animation. But all in vain: life had been utterly extinguished, and the swollen and distorted features of the corpse indicated the severe struggle of the final contest. The deceased appeared to be a stranger. He was a middle-aged man, rather genteelly dressed; and as no one

knew him, his pockets were searched, to lead to the requisite discovery. Several papers were produced, most of them relating to nautical affairs, and nearly all of them indorsed 'John Oliver.' In a pocket-book were also found bank-notes to the amount of nearly forty pounds; and, upon a more careful scrutiny, a letter was discovered, which cleared up all the mystery incident to the stranger's name and destination. It was very illegibly written, and evidently the production of a sailor, who was then a prisoner in the county-gaol at Doolin for smuggling. It seemed

that for twenty pounds he could effect his release, and he had written to the deceased, urging him to come forward with the money, and arrange matters for his liberation; at the same time threatening, in the event of his refusal, to disclose the particulars of a certain murder which John Oliver had committed some twenty years ago at Pont Vathew. The horrible truth now flashed upon us: the drowned stranger was Evan Davies; but not one of us dared to ask what was the lurid light which we had seen on the river."

IRISH CHIVALRY.

CHIVALRY flourished in Ireland from the remotest antiquity: there were five orders of it; four for the provinces, and one confined to the blood royal; and so highly was this profession respected, that a prince could not become a candidate for the monarchy who had not the *Gradh Gaoisge*, or order of knighthood, conferred upon him. At a very tender age the intended cavalier had a golden chain hung round his neck, and a sword and spear put into his hands. At seven years old he was taken from the care of women, and deeply instructed in philosophy, history, poetry, and genealogy. The using his weapons with judgment, elegance, and address, was also carefully attended to; principles of morality were sedulously inculcated; and a reverence and tender respect for the fair completed the education of the young hero. By his vows he was obliged to protect and redress the injured and the oppressed. He was not to reveal his name or his country to any uncourteous knight

who seemed to demand it as a right. He was not to go out of his road for any menace. He could not decline the combat with any knight, how intrepid soever. And still further to shew to what a pitch of elevation they carried their ideas of military glory, even in death they were to face this destroyer of mankind, armed and ready to oppose force to force. This is so true, that on Cuchullin's being mortally wounded at the battle of Muirthieven, he had his back placed against a rock, with his sword and spear in his hands, &c.; and Eagain-more, after the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed, as history has recorded. See also how these accounts illustrate later periods. De Saint Palaye, in his "Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry," tells us, that always on the decease of a knight he was laid out in complete armour; and Hume mentions an English knight, who, dying, ordered himself to be armed, with his lance and sword by him, as if ready to encounter death. The Chevalier

Bayard, one of the bravest and most accomplished knights of France during the reign of Francis I. finding himself mortally wounded in battle, ordered his attendants to place his back against a tree, with his sword in his hand, and died thus facing his conquering though commiserating enemies. The celebrated Rob Roy, who was certainly unacquainted with historical or biographical lore, following the customs of Celtic antiquity, ordered himself to be raised from the bed of death, clad in his

“ belted plaid, hose, and shoon, and badger-skin pouch; with his accoutrements of war, the dirk, pistols, broad sword, and target, as for the field of strife. Thus equipped, he directed his sons to place him in a chair, since he could no longer stand: at his behest the piper was called in; Rob Roy called for the ‘ Macgregors’ Gathering,’ or war-pibroch; and with the martial sounds vibrating on his ear, he expired in the year 1736.” Such and so universal were the usages of knighthood or chivalry.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

DURING the usurpation of the Scottish throne by Edward Baliol, the castle of Berwick was besieged by English forces by sea and land. Being reduced to extremity, the Scots held a temporary truce, agreeing that if the garrison should receive no supplies before a certain day, the governor would surrender. The eldest son of Sir Alexander Seton, the governor, had been taken prisoner by the English. The youngest was given as a hostage during the truce. The King of England had sure intelligence that Earl Douglas was at hand to relieve Berwick, and though the term of truce had not expired, he sent a herald to tell Seton, that if he did not give up the place, both his sons should be hanged. In vain did the distracted father remind Edward that the term of truce was not elapsed; a gibbet was erected in full view of the garrison, and the gallant youths led out to execution. What a dreadful conflict between natural affection and patriotic fidelity agonized the heart of Seton! His tender feelings were almost predominant, when his wife, the mother of the victims, reminded him that they

had other children to perpetuate their name; and that the beloved objects before them must die either by old age or premature fate: they never could resign life more honourably than in the performance of duty to their country; and if by giving up his trust previous to the termination of the truce, the governor could prolong their days, what enjoyment could they have in life after the family honour had suffered an indelible stain? She therefore besought her husband not to purchase a momentary respite from sorrow by everlasting disgrace. As she spoke thus she drew him away from the soul-rending scene, and King Edward ordered both the young men for execution. If Queen Philippa had been near, or if any courtiers had spoken truth like the noble-minded Sir Walter Manney in behalf of the citizens of Calais, Edward III. of England would not have tarnished his warlike renown by a deed which, even if the Scots had been rebellious subjects, as he was pleased to regard them, was vengeance against a brave and faithful commander unworthy of a royal leader of hosts.

ON THE WRITINGS OF HENRY MACKENZIE.

OF all modern writers, there are none whose productions exhibit such a tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and such a refined and elegant sensibility, as those of the venerable author whose name is prefixed to this paper. Imbued with a deep sense of the duties, as well as the blessings, of pure religion, and duly impressed with the advantages of moral and intellectual rectitude, Henry Mackenzie devoted his talents to the inculcation of every virtue which should beautify the heart of man, and to the exposure of those vices which tarnish his noble nature, and debase him even to a lower degree of degradation than that of the "beasts which perish." And he adopted the most effectual means of perfecting his purpose, by appealing at once to the feelings rather than to the understanding of his readers; for he has clothed virtue in the glittering raiment of beauty and holiness, and cast around vice the hideous garb of brutal cruelty, despair, and death. His sentiment is the sentiment of sincerity and of truth. It springs from a desire to do good, from a laudable wish to improve his fellows; and is not the morbid fruit of a mind teeming with sensibility. He wrote as he felt, not merely at the moment, but ever after, and as he wished others to feel; and there is not a single page of his writings (we mean, of course, his sentimental writings,) that does not breathe the pure spirit of universal benevolence, of delicate feeling, and of sincere and fervent piety.

There is such a word as *cant*, and one of its uses is to designate the efforts (praiseworthy or not) of those who mingle religion with their writ-

ings on indifferent topics. Mackenzie did this, but he is no *canter*. Religion, exhortation, never came more impressively or more aptly from the lips of the pious pastor, than it does from the pen of this accomplished writer. The sceptic and the scoffer may think otherwise; *they* may ridicule and laugh to scorn the impressive adjurations of the author of "The Story of La Roche;" but there is many a heart which has beat in unison with the writer's sentiment, and acknowledged his power, his virtue, and his benevolence.—Mackenzie's writings exhibit neither intolerant bigotry, nor gloomy fanaticism. He regards the Creator as the liberal dispenser of mercy and loving-kindness, and not as the terrible and stern avenger of sins that have provoked his wrath. He had none of that pitiless asperity towards those who doubted; on the contrary, he even admits, and we use his own words, that "opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of a dissipated and licentious character." His opinion of religion is equally calm and unprejudiced: "It is," he says, "an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense and enjoyments of the world: yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel them heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, and so lifts me above the world: man I know is but a worm,

yet methinks I am then allied to God!"

To a mind thus disposed, the beauties of external nature must prove a source of no ordinary enjoyment; and this, too, not merely as administering delight to the mere senses, but as indications of that unfailing and bountiful power which created "the sun, the moon, and all the host of heaven." A mind thus influenced must gaze upon the hills and vales, and the starry heavens, with a sensation very, very different from that of the hardened sceptic. In the one, admiration and wonder and gratitude would prevail; while the other would be tormenting himself by referring all to the laws of nature and necessity, without one thought of a creative power, too stupendous and magnificent for his limited comprehension. The heart of the believer, as his eye gazes on the beauties before him, is tortured by no misgivings, shaken by no doubts. He views all through the medium of a grateful spirit, and feels that there is indeed one mighty Being above, who watches over our wants with the careful eye of an indulgent parent:

"And thus, whene'er

Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world, in cheerful loneliness,
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his
soul,

Stirs with its own delight. The verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling. Each fair cloud to him ap-
pears

A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward nature fair,
Full of the living God!"

The character of Mackenzie's writings may be summed up in a few

words. Sentiment forms the basis; and it is sentiment peculiarly his own, elegant, chaste, and natural. It has none of the glaring extravagance of Sterne; because, for the most part, it is devoted to the delineation of the more common and every-day occurrences of life—

"The common thought of mother Earth,
Her simplest mirth and tears;"

and, besides, it springs from a purer fount, and from a source less contaminated by the conceptions of a prurient and fickle mind. Sterne was somewhat of a sensualist; Mackenzie is more of a moralist. There is a considerable portion of pathos in his productions, of pure, unlaboured, natural pathos; and his must be a stoical heart indeed that does not feel some touches of emotion at the perusal of the moving scenes which Mackenzie has so tenderly portrayed. Yet, although his works are calculated, and we know of none that are more so, to steal from his readers the tear of pity for woes, which are almost too well depicted to be fictitious, there is nothing like gloom or querulous sullenness about them; on the contrary, there is abundance of sprightliness and good-humour, mingled with a considerable portion of playful and well-directed satire. The chapter in "The Man of Feeling" descriptive of Harley's visit to Bedlam will afford copious examples of the latter. The characteristics we have mentioned, with a vivid perception of the manners of the "world," constitute the most obvious qualities of Mackenzie's style, and the use which he has made of them is what might be naturally expected from one so highly gifted as their possessor. We shall now proceed to make such extracts

from his works as will best elucidate our observations; and if the passages we extract be familiar to our readers, as doubtless they are to many, we shall make no apology for bringing to their recollection such a pleasing source of former gratification.

We shall begin with "The Man of Feeling," the earliest of our author's productions; and a very excellent example it is of his less elaborate but polished style: the hero, Harley, is just such a creation as a sensitive and well-cultivated mind, feelingly alive to the neglect of an unsympathizing world, would delight to muse upon and produce. We can see, from the very first moment of our introduction to Harley, that he is no common man; that his mind is too finely attuned to the perception of good and evil, to endure the cold, common-place, and unfeeling pursuits of the matter of fact and mercenary beings among whom he dwelt. He lived, we are told, among merchants who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and among the sons of stewards who had got rich by their lawful calling at home; persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands (whose degrees of precedence are plainly demonstrable from the first page of "The Complete Accomptant, or Young Man's best Pocket Companion,") that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility, so lightly was Harley esteemed by his illiterate and purse-proud neighbours, to whom he was superior in every respect, save in that resistless

recommendation, wealth. Harley's parents died while he was yet a boy, and left him to the care of a variety of guardians, who, as is usual in such cases, cared nothing about their ward. Arrived at man's estate, he began to consider of some means of increasing the scanty inheritance left him by his parents. There were two ways of doing this. One of these was the prospect of his succeeding an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of considerable property. But to obtain this it was necessary to pay all the court and obedience of a slave to the possessor, and this Harley could never do. Nay, his conduct rather tended to alienate than gain the goodwill of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth; he often refused to eat when she pressed him to do so, or was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; and, oh! most monstrous sin of all, he once fell asleep while she was describing the composition and virtue of her favourite cholic-water! The result is easily suspected: she died and left him nothing.

The other method recommended to him was, an endeavour to get a lease of some crown-lands which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate, and which, if he was successful, he might relet with considerable profit to himself. But in order to procure this it was necessary that he should repair to London; and to London he accordingly went. It is now that the most interesting portion of the tale commences. A complete child in the ways of the world, unacquainted with any

of its tricks and impositions, and gifted moreover with an acute and dangerous sensibility, he set out on his journey, with the reluctance of one who was leaving all that was dear to him, for a strange and unknown region. Harley had kind friends to part with. He had his good aunt Margery, and his father's friends, and honest old Peter, and one who was dearer to him than all, Miss Walton, the daughter of a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood. Miss Walton is just such a being as was likely to inspire Harley with every sentiment of pure and ecstatic love. Beautiful in mind as well as in person, she soon captivated poor Harley, who dared not aspire to the hand of so excellent and wealthy a maiden; and so he went his way with sad and aching heart. His parting with old Peter, the servant, is exquisitely told. "Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly: Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, 'I will not weep.' He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him. Peter folded up the step. 'My dear master,' said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, 'I have been told as how London is a sad place.' He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard: but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy."

After sundry adventures, which are pleasingly related, particularly the episode of the Old Beggar, Harley

reaches London, and after many fruitless applications to the "great man" who had the disposal of the crown-lands, and after several sickening examples of the knavery and cruelty of the "world," he returns to his native vale, with a broken spirit, and with a perfect disgust of the "world and the world's ways." The most interesting adventure which occurred to him in the metropolis is the meeting with Miss Atkins. We shall relate it in the author's own words:

He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity, suitable to the scene around and the feeling he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-House, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession had deprived of shame. He turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and shewed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left; her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness in the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation, which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for

motives where bad ones are to be found. They entered, and a waiter shewed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass, which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back senseless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last, however, he thought of, and rang with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him, and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn-drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls, with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew; when turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you, that, till now, I have not tasted a morsel these two days past." He fixed his eyes on hers; every circumstance but the last was forgotten, and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—"Two days!" said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!" He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, sir," said she, "that you

will give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live: but at present I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." He offered to call a chair, saying, that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum." She burst into tears: "Your generosity, sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead—misery of my own procuring."—"No more of that," answered Harley: "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue." He rang, and ordered a chair. "Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue: gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I have an opportunity——"—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct: but I do not mean to reproach you, if I say, it will be the noblest reward. I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again." Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door. The lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten the next morning.

He kept his appointment; and when he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins (for that was the lady's name), he was shewn up three pair of stairs into a small room, lighted by one narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different-coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glistening of new-washed tears on it. "I am ashamed, sir," said she, "that you should have

taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it; but to the humane I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake: if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate though it cannot excuse my faults."

Her story is related; and it is the story of hundreds of those unhappy beings who, either by the perfidy of man or their own levity, or it may be by both, are outcasts from society, and compelled to drag on a miserable existence, really subsisting on the wages of sin and pollution, exposed to all the loathsome wretchedness of brutal licentiousness; without friends, often without home, without food, and even without decent raiment, when many of them were once hap-

py, innocent, and joyous. Justly indeed has our author made the unhappy Emily Atkins exclaim, "Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which our faces are obliged to assume, our bodies tortured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose—did they know, did they think of this! their censures are just; but their pity perhaps might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn."

This adventure ends in restoring the unhappy Emily to her widowed father.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LOITERER.

No. XVII.

SIR,

I AM the unfortunate husband of a wife who will ruin me by her economy. You will think perhaps that I am joking, but I assure you it is a sorrowful truth. We have now been ten years married, and during the last five my income has diminished one third, through the saving projects of my deary. During the first five years we lived happily and comfortably, always taking care to make every year's income answer its expenses, and to have a small sum in reserve at the end of each. By that time we had three children, and my wife reminded me, that it was high time to begin to save money for the younger ones. In order to do so I proposed some retrenchments, to which she objected, on the double ground that they would

be insufficient for the purpose, and would lower us in the eyes of our friends in London. Her plan was to retire to the country.

I consented very readily, and we accordingly set out for —, where I have a small property. Here we might have been very happy, at least I should, for we really saved money, and had pleasant society; but my wife soon discovered that we should be much better off in both respects in France, where provisions, houses, every thing in short, were to be had for almost nothing. Well, sir, to France we went; and as my rib, to do her justice, was really bent upon economy, she took over with her a cargo of necessaries for herself and the children; because, as she said, muslin, calico, flannel, &c. &c. were so dear, that it would be the

Vol. VI. No. XXXV.

P p

greatest folly in the world to have any thing to buy during her stay. I warned her of the customhouse-officers, but she assured me there was not the least danger; she knew the national character, and she was sure they would not meddle with a single article when she should declare, upon her honour, that they were all for her own use and that of her family. Though I thought the experiment a hazardous one, yet for peace sake I suffered her to make it; and the consequence was, that the *douaniers* stripped her of every thing; but they did it with such infinite politeness, and made so many and such handsome excuses, that she flattered herself she should easily obtain restitution. Accordingly she wrote folios of letters to people in power, backed by very weighty arguments to their subalterns; and it was not till she had actually expended about double the value of the things in question, that she learned there was no chance of getting them back, the materials they were composed of being absolutely prohibited.

This was an inauspicious beginning; but my dear moiety soon rallied her spirits, and declared that we should not be long in making up our loss when once we got settled. Till then we had remained at an hotel, which we were assured by the master of it was the cheapest in all France. Cheap as it was, however, we found our money went at a great rate. The grand point therefore was, my wife said, to get into a house of our own as soon as possible; and a very pretty one being just then advertised to be sold cheap, we went to see it. Though we were assured that it was *en bon état*, yet it was evident to me at the first glance that

it would take a good round sum to render it snug and convenient according to English ideas. My wife was of a different opinion; she was sure that with a little expense on the one hand, and a few make-shifts on the other, we should sit down very comfortably.

Without giving you the details, Mr. Loiterer, it will suffice to say, that after great expense, a great many make-shifts, and a great deal of uncomfortableness, we were obliged to leave it, because it was so damp in winter as to be absolutely uninhabitable; and as we had, for the sake of economy, taken it upon a long lease, we have it upon our hands to this moment.

My wife, always sanguine, thought very little of our being obliged to leave our house, because she had no doubt that we should soon let it to advantage; but she discovered that with regard to ourselves we were pursuing a wrong course: it was now necessary to have masters for the children, and they could be had no where so good or so cheap as in Paris, where, after all, people might live very economically if they only knew how to manage. To Paris accordingly we came, and what with the expense of the journey, continual moving since we have been here in search of cheap lodgings, changing servants because they were too extravagant, and the heavy expenses of two very serious illnesses, which my wife's saving propensities brought upon us all—one of them was occasioned by the bad quality of our ordinary wine, the other by a short allowance of fuel during a very severe winter)—I find myself getting more and more embarrassed every day. Till now I have confined my-

self to remonstrances; but since these have had no effect, I am determined to take the management of my affairs into my own hands, and no longer suffer myself to be ruined by her confounded stinginess. But as it would be very disagreeable for me

to break the matter to her, I shall beg of you, Mr. Loiterer, to do it for me, by inserting this letter in your next paper, a favour which will most truly oblige your constant reader and very humble servant,

C. L.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XX.

IN my last I gave a short biographical sketch of John Randolph, one of the most eminent men the United States of America has produced. I mentioned his descent from the celebrated Pocahontas, whose memory is yet cherished by some few in Virginia; and the following account of that interesting female will not, I should hope, be unacceptable to the ladies who patronise the *Repository*. It is, I have little doubt, authentic, being drawn up from a narrative furnished to an American publication by one of her descendants.

Powhattan was the chief of a tribe of Indians who inhabited the country adjacent to the Potowmac. Here Captain Smith, and a band of those hardy adventurers who dared all the perils of an unknown clime, and encountered all the hardships of sea and land, for the purpose of promoting the ends of science, or of prosecuting the designs of colonization their ardent minds had entertained, arrived, and founded the colony of James-Town, so named in honour of the monarch who then swayed the sceptre of England. An intercourse with the aborigines took place, the particulars of which it is foreign to my purpose to relate; but, after alternations of good and adverse fortune, a dark cloud seemed to hover over the settlers, and to

threaten their colony with destruction; which was averted, under Providence, by a female, who encountered every thing—the dread of her father's anger and her countrymen's displeasure—to succour and save the unfortunate.

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

Smith had been betrayed into the power of the Indians; he was arrayed before the sachems assembled in the wigwam of Powhattan, and condemned to death. Once sentenced, the tortures of suspense were not added to his sufferings; he was led out to a plain at a short distance, where the warriors were assembled, and the stern executioner, with bared arm, and the implement of death, a huge knotted club, in his hand, awaited his victim. The gallant Englishman had too often braved death to shrink from his near approach, though he came in an appalling form; he advanced to the spot on which he was to meet his fate, and laid his head upon the rock, his cheek unblanched, his nerves firm and elastic, his whole frame elate with confidence and hope—a hope of “another and a better world.” At this moment, when the

executioner was in the very act of raising the massy club destined to fall upon his victim, the assembly was electrified by the appearance of a female, who darted past the warriors, rushed to the spot where Smith awaited his fate, and laying her head upon his, offered two victims instead of one to the stern minister of vengeance. This female was Pocahontas. Young and beautiful, with a warm heart and ardent passions, this interesting girl had seen Smith when he was first brought before her father after his capture: his manly form, and fine countenance replete with dignity and grace, made an instant impression on the susceptible heart of the Indian maid. She loved: but, if opportunity had not afforded her the means of befriending the object of her affections, "she would never have told her love."

The arm of the warrior, raised to determine the fate of Smith, was suspended; even the stern Powhatan was softened; he caught the feelings of his daughter, and in sympathy with Pocahontas, procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success, she hung wildly on the neck of her reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith was not immediately enlarged, though his life was spared; and during his residence with the Indians, Pocahontas was his daily companion. This intercourse nourished the passion she had imbibed; but Smith, though he felt the most ardent gratitude to his preserver, had not a heart for love: unlike the knights of old, he was a warrior, without owning fond woman's sway; he left what he deemed the imbecility of the softer passions to those of

less enterprising and gentler natures: yet he was aware of the advantages to be gained from the friendship of Pocahontas, and he did not discourage that passion in her which he had no intention of returning. This cold, calculating, prudential conduct was unworthy of the man whom Pocahontas had saved from death: but where is the being without speck or stain? We must look at the peculiarity of Smith's situation, and not too harshly condemn what we cannot approve.

After seven weeks' captivity, Smith returned to James-Town. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the innocent maid regarded as proofs of love; for the constructions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature, and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty with her *cornucopia*. Even Smith indulged for a while his softer feelings, and in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed and she wept, and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Pow-

hattan had made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprised him of his danger; thus affording, not only a proof of the omnipotent power of love, but of the firmness, decision, and constancy of the female character, which always shines the brightest in circumstances of difficulty and distress:

"Judge not of woman's heart in hours
That strew her path with summer-flowers,
When joy's full cup is mantling high,
When flattery's blandishments are nigh;
Judge her not then! within her breast
Are energies unseen that rest;
They wait their call, and grief alone
May make the soul's deep secrets known.
Yes! let her smile, 'midst Pleasure's train,
Leading the reckless and the vain!
Firm on the scaffold she has stood,
Besprinkled with the martyr's blood;
Her voice the patriot's heart hath steel'd,
Her spirit glow'd on battle-field;
Her courage freed from danger's gloom
The captive brooding o'er his doom;
Her faith the falling monarch saved,
Her love the tyrant's fury brav'd;
No scene of danger or despair,
But she has won her triumph there."

All the services of Pocahontas, however, could not subdue the heart of Smith; and circumstances requiring his presence in England, he resolved to quit Virginia, and the preserver of his life and of the colony, perhaps for ever. Yet, convinced of the ardour of the passion she entertained, and conscious he had given her hopes of a return, he could not bear to inflict on her gentle bosom those pangs his desertion would occasion; and after some deliberation, he determined to arrange a scheme which would impress her with a belief of his death, as the

less painful evil of the two. This was carried into effect; and the next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement; and all the violence of passion, with all its sincerity, rages in the breast, and finds expression in sighs and sobs of anguish, and the emotions of uncontrolled grief.

All the English were not, however, so insensible to the force of love as Captain Smith. John Rolfe, a young officer, by nature formed to please the fair, and with a heart that was worthy even of Pocahontas, had long indulged for her all the ardour of romantic passion. One evening he surprised her at the supposed grave of Smith, her favourite haunt; and after the first emotions of agitation were soothed, he dared to talk of love. He was eloquent, he was young, he was impassioned; the warmth of his affection glowed on his cheek and sparkled in his full dark eye, and he at length succeeded in causing Pocahontas to think, that perchance all her happiness was not buried in the grave of him for whom she had breathed the first sigh of love. They talked down the moon, and the song of the mocking-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Sometime subsequent to this event, an ungenerous scheme was formed to seize Pocahontas, and confine her to the English settlement, as a pledge for the fidelity of her father, who evinced none of his daughter's par-

tiality for the English. Rolfe could not apprise her of the scheme; but when it was accomplished, when she, whom he had visited through woods and wilds at the hazard of his life, with whom he could only obtain interviews, secret and stolen, "few and far between," became an inhabitant of the same place with himself; when he could see her daily, enjoy her smiles with safety, and was hailed by her as a friend, a lover, and a protector, it would have been treason to love to say, that he regretted an event so propitious to his hopes, so gratifying to his affections. He continued, however, always as respectful as affectionate; and while he soothed her into tranquillity, gave but new proofs of his fidelity. His heart was as pure as hers was fond.

At length Netauquas arrived at the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas, and to him the lover applied, in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhattan's consent to a union with his daughter. The father yielded to the entreaties of his children, and the happy Rolfe received with pride and joy the hand of the Indian princess*.

Rolfe and his consort continued to reside for years in Virginia, tasting the sweets of unalloyed felicity; felicity enhanced by the conversion of Pocahontas to Christianity, the pure and simple doctrines of which blessed religion were explained to her by her beloved husband. One son blessed their union: from him the Randolphs and the Bowlings, the nobility of Virginia, are descended.

In 1616 Rolfe visited England, whither Pocahontas accompanied him,

* The union took place A. D. 1603.

and where she was introduced to the court of James. Here too she again saw Captain Smith; and her wounded feelings experienced an emotion something like contempt when she was informed of the deceit that had been practised upon her. Too noble, however, to entertain resentment in her breast, she was satisfied with the explanation given of his conduct, and ever after regarded him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England, and travelling with Pocahontas through the country he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But, alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds for ever! She was taken ill at Gravesend, and, after a short confinement, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faltering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

Such was Pocahontas. Is there one that can peruse this simple record of her virtues without emotion? Is there one who can reflect on her memory without feeling how exalted were the motives from which she acted; how noble was the heart which animated her breast, though it beat in the bosom of an untaught child of nature, who followed the dictates and the impulses of feeling, unchecked by those restraints which custom has imposed on woman in civilized society?

Few of the apathetic Virginians think any thing of this estimable woman; ninety-nine out of a hundred of them do not know that such a being ever existed: yet amongst them I have found individuals who acknowledged her worth, and who could sympathize in the feelings of

A RAMBLER...

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. IX.

THE first meeting of our Coterie after the splendid and unequalled Musical Festival held in York Minster, naturally led to a conversation upon the events of that meeting, a meeting at which most of us were present, and which was calculated to leave impressions of sublimity and grandeur on the mind that far exceeded all previous conception, and cause those who partook of the gratification it afforded, frequently to recur to it with emotions of pleasure and satisfaction, half mingled with fears that such a high mental treat is not likely to be again afforded them; though it is said, and apparently from authority, that a third festival will be held in 1828, three years from the present time*. On the second Wednesday of the month, when I entered the study of Dr. Primrose, I found all our party assembled, and Rosina playing Haydn's National Hymn on the piano; whilst Captain Primrose, Captain Firedrake, Mr. Montague, and Mr. Mathews, were singing the words adapted to it by Mr. Crosse for the Yorkshire Festival; and we all, with the exception of our friend Apathy, joined most heartily in the chorus:

"Lord of life and light and glory,
Guide the church, and guard the king!"

Reginald. A cockney scribbler in

* In the "Yorkshire Gazette" of October 1, we find the following announcement: "It is with great pleasure we state, from what we believe perfectly good authority, that the dean has declared his intention of having another festival in 1828, on the same scale of magnificence."

the last "London Magazine," I observe, has thought proper to condemn, in no very decorous language, the words which Mr. Crosse has adapted to this simple but impressive air. I suspect the critic's spleen is excited more by the sentiment, than by the mediocrity of the words themselves.

Mr. Apathy. The writer in the "London Magazine," I dare say, is not wanting in all proper respect either to church or king; but probably does not conceive it necessary, nor do I, to flatter every reigning prejudice, to uphold every ancient abuse; and I would rather err on the side of that generous feeling which prompts to efforts to remove the chains that fetter the mind, and to promote the march of knowledge, than be a coadjutor with the men who, under the pretence of upholding ancient institutions, would keep the people in ignorance, and restore the reign of passive obedience and non-resistance.

Dr. Primrose. Hold, hold, friend Apathy! You are asserting what you would find it difficult to prove. We, who do uphold the ancient institutions of our country, neither seek to prevent the people from attaining every useful knowledge, nor to revive the exploded doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. We wish to see every class of men in their proper place, and to secure to those in authority, whether in church or state, that respect which their stations, if not their persons, imperatively demand. We would preserve the due gradation of ranks, and enforce the principles of subordina-

tion; at the same time, giving the lower orders every opportunity of obtaining *really* useful knowledge, though we certainly do not wish to see them treading upon the heels of their superiors. It is all very well to teach the children of the poor to read and write, and to instruct them in the rudiments of arithmetic; but to talk of giving them a scientific education is ridiculous!

Mr. Apathy. Is it ridiculous to teach the operative mechanic those arts by which he is to gain his livelihood and to provide for the subsistence of his family?

Dr. Primrose. I may ask, in my turn, is it possible to teach them through the medium of the superficial lectures which are delivered at our Mechanics' Institutes? I will not, however, content myself with this interrogatory, but reply, no: it is so far from being ridiculous, that it is an object, which every man should have near his heart, to learn that art and mystery by which he is to support himself and his family. But how is this to be done but by the means already in existence? The system of apprenticeship is one admirably adapted for this purpose; and I question whether the Brougham and Birkbeck Institutions will ever produce a Watt or an Arkwright, or in the slightest degree promote the real interests of science, the real welfare of the people, whilst they are under their present management.

Mr. Mathews. Come, come, we have wandered sadly from our point; we began with harmony, let us return to that, and banish this discordant discussion.

Dr. Primrose. With all my heart (*holding out his hand*). Come, Mr. Apathy, give me your hand; we'll

drop this conversation: you believe that you are right, and I'll not quarrel with you; but I have lived too long in the world, and trod too steadfastly in what I call "the good old paths," to be turned from them now by your modern notions, your new lights and new doctrines.

Mr. Apathy. And I will not attempt the hopeless task. So to revert to our old subject. Reginald, were you at the Minster the first day?

Reginald. Yes.

Mr. Apathy. And what did you think of the opening *Gloria Patri* from that sublime composition of Handel's, *the Jubilate*?

Reginald. The effect was electric. The sudden burst of instruments and voices on the ear can never be forgotten. As the moment for commencing approached, all was still, every breath was hushed; there was a pause of awful expectation. Then suddenly

"Was heard the inspiring sound
Of sacred music on th' enchanted ground;
A host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire,
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices."—"Whilst the swelling
lyre
Soften'd the timbrel's noise, the trumpet's
sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter
found
When mix'd); the lute the viol's notes re-
fin'd,
And every strength with every grace was
join'd."

Scarcely any other chorus, though all were grand, affected me so much as this.

Rosina. Which of the singers did you prefer?

Reginald. In the Minster, Miss Goodall, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, of the ladies; Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips, of the gentlemen. In the Concert-

Room, the Italian singers, owing to the quantity of Rossini's music performed, bore off the bell; though Miss Stephens, in an Italian duet with De Begnis, acquitted herself most admirably. Miss Wilkinson too, who certainly failed in the Minster, appeared to better advantage in the Concert-Room.

Counsellor Eitherside. I was so much pleased at both places, that I had no time to advert to defects at either. I was enchanted with every thing; the bustle of preparation without, and the excitement thus created, added to the gratification the music afforded, made the week one of the most delightful I ever spent.

Basil Firedrake. For my part, the fancy ball had more attractions for me than the musical part of the thing. I hoisted an admiral's jacket, and bore away for the Assembly-Rooms, where I found a strange medley of odd characters of all kinds and descriptions. There were tars who did not know the stem from the stern of a ship; lawyers who had more wig than brains; doctors without patients; Hamlets who, instead of indulging in "melancholy madness," were laughing and romping, and toying and dancing, and as merry as a sailor just come on shore after a twelvemonth's cruise. Some of the characters, however, were well supported: a beggar annoyed the company most pertinaciously, and quite in the true canting style; a guard of a stage-coach was alive to every kind of fun; a French footman, following his mistress through the gay throng, personated the *petit-maitre* to the life. Hundreds of others were equally clever. And then the ladies! they were nuns and columbines, shep-

Vol. VI. No. XXXV.

herdresses and queens, but enchanting in all; and my heart never received so severe a shock as it did from the charms of some of the fair damsels on this occasion. Oh! how I wished I had been a dashing young fellow, such as I was some thirty years ago, ere "time had thinned my flowing hair"—aye, cousin! (*turning to Mrs. Primrose.*)

Mrs. Primrose. Why, Basil, you were always a wild lad, and I find have not forgotten the tricks of your youth in your old age.

Basil Firedrake. Forgotten! no, to be sure not. I shall never forget that it is the duty of a sailor, next to fighting for his king and his country, to fall in love with every woman he meets with, and to fight for them too if there be occasion.

Dr. Primrose. Is the report relative to the sums given to the principal singers correct?

Reginald. I believe very nearly so, if not quite; and Madame Pasta I am told had the impudence to demand 1000 guineas, which, if leave could have been obtained from the court of France for her attendance, I suppose would have been given her.

Mrs. Primrose. What were the sums paid to the principal vocalists?

Reginald. Mademoiselle Garcia 320 guineas; Madame Caradori and Mr. Braham 250 guineas each; Miss Stephens, Miss Wilkinson, and Signor de Begnis, 200 guineas each; Mr. Sapio 145 guineas; Mr. Vaughan 100 guineas; Miss Travis 75 guineas; Miss Goodall 70 guineas; and what the rest were to receive I have not heard mentioned.

Apathy. Perhaps none of these sums were so outrageously extra-

Q q

gant as that paid to Miss Wilkinson; and I am sorry that the daughter of my old friend should have been so ill advised as to demand a remuneration so disproportioned to her merits. I am afraid it will injure her very materially with the public.

Reginald. It certainly was a most injudicious step; but I am not exactly certain that Miss Wilkinson was to blame in the affair; I rather think not, but that the negociation was managed by others. At all events, she evinced a sense of what was due to public opinion by presenting the charities with 20 guineas; none of the other performers giving a farthing. Miss Travis and Miss Goodall, I understand, are to receive something more than the stipulated sum; and so they ought. Modest merit should not go unrewarded, and be beaten out of the field by arrogant, and frequently unfounded, pretension.

Mr. Montague. We hear frequent complaints of the exorbitant demands made by singers: yet the only mode that can repress their insolence is not adopted; that is, by steadily refusing to comply with their exactions. The English public, from the highest to the lowest class, should set their faces against the extravagant impositions, and the haughty overbearing conduct of a few individuals, who have secured to themselves almost a monopoly of patronage, and contrive to keep all who are likely to compete with them in the public favour in the back ground. For Miss Stephens I feel a very high respect: yet why should she receive 200 guineas, when Miss Goodall and Miss Travis were content with such comparatively small sums? The "Charming Kitty" is certainly the

superior vocalist of the three, but not in the ratio by which she was paid. The same may be said of Mademoiselle Garcia and Madame Caradori; though their demands were moderate compared to what are made by some of their countrymen and countrywomen on the purse of honest but gullible John Bull.

Mr. Mathews. The musical profession is now respected and esteemed; but if these exactions are continued, it must in time fall into disrepute. They will, I believe, cure themselves eventually. In the highest quarter they are opposed with that delicacy which marks every action of our truly British king. It is always the custom, when any of the eminent singers are engaged at his Majesty's concerts, to give them double the sum for which they attend those of less exalted personages. On a recent occasion, however, only half as much again was given them, as it was found that the sum they demanded would render the former plan injudicious even for royal munificence to practise. The Duke of Devonshire also has expressed his opinion on this subject in no unintelligible way.

Reginald. I believe the Italian singers are the most to blame; they set the example of making exorbitant claims; and I do not blame our own countrymen and countrywomen, their equals in talent, their superiors in every thing else, for imitating them, when they see the facility with which their demands are granted.

Mrs. Primrose. After all, I think the professors of music are not made more of now than they were in the olden time.

"In days of yore how fortunately fared
The minstrel! wandering on from hall to
hall,

Baronial court or royal, cheered with gifts

Munificent, and love and ladies' praise :
 Now meeting on his road an armed knight ;
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook : beneath an abbey's roof
 One evening sumptuously lodged ; the next
 Humbly in a religious hospital,
 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood,
 Or haply shrowded in a hermit's cell.
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared ;
 He walked, protected from the sword of war
 By virtue of that sacred instrument,
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side ;
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,
 Opening from land to land an easy way
 By melody and by the charm of verse."

Reginald. A fine passage from Wordsworth's "Excursion," and quoted by Charles Mills in his "History of Chivalry;" a book, by the bye, for which the ladies in Great Britain ought to vote him some splendid memorial of their gratitude.

Miss Rosina. Why so ?

Reginald. Why so ! Has he not exalted your sex far beyond what any sober writer of history ever did before ? Has he not been lavish of encomium and praise ? Has he not, in short, made it one of the chief duties of a knight to fight for his lady-love ? And does he not seem to have become enamoured even of chivalry itself, for the beneficial influence it had on the fate of woman, lovely woman ?

Chivalry, says he, saved her from being altogether oppressed into slavery and degradation under the tyranny of feudalism. That odious system endeavoured to bring under its sway even the very affections of the heart ; for not only no woman of rank and estate could marry without the consent of her sovereign, but in some countries she was obliged to accept a husband at his nomination, unless for a large pecuniary payment he restored to her the privileges of her sex. By preserving woman in her noble state of moral dignity, chivalry prevented the harsh exercise of feudal rights. A sovereign who prided himself on his knighthood

could never offend the inclinations of one of that sex, which by his principles he was bound to protect and cherish. Chivalry hung out the heart-stirring hope, that beauty was the reward of bravery. A valiant but landless knight was often hailed by the whole martial fraternity of his country as worthy the hand of a noble heiress, and the king could not in every case bestow her on some minion of his court. Woman was sustained in her proud elevation by the virtues which chivalry required of her ; and man paid homage to her mind as well as to her beauty. She was not the mere subject of pleasure, taken up or thrown aside as passion or caprice suggested, but being the fountain of honour, her image was always blended with the fairest visions of his fancy ; and the respectful consideration which she therefore met with, shewed she was not an unworthy awarder of fame. Fixed by the gallant warriors of chivalry in a nobler station than that which had been assigned to her by the polite nations of antiquity, all the graceful qualities of her nature blossomed into beauty, and the chastening influence of feminine gentleness and tenderness was, for the first time in his history, experienced by man.

Miss Primrose. A beautiful passage certainly ; and pray do you dare to differ from Mr. Mills ?

Reginald. I ! Oh, no ! *tout au contraire, mademoiselle.* Mr. Mills is not more deeply imbued than myself with the love of chivalry and the love of woman. I deem the first to have been the grace and ornament of the times in which it prevailed ; and women to be the dear dispensers of joy and happiness below. I often wish that I had been born ere "the days of chivalry were no more ;" there is something so noble, so animating, so enchanting, in the picture which has always been presented to my mind's eye when I have thought

of the times of other years, that I have longed to realize the pleasing vision, to banish from the world all our base and sordid passions, and to revive chivalry as it was in its best days, when "Christianity was deeply infused into all its institutions and principles; and it not only spread abroad order and grace, but strung the tone of morals to actions of virtue."

Mr. Montague. Mr. Mills has done much to remove many prejudices that existed, and to correct many erroneous opinions that were entertained relative to chivalry and its times; but I think he treats the subject with too much enthusiasm.

Reginald. Not a whit! not a whit! He has certainly tinged the dignity of history with the splendour of romance; but he has not violated the truth; he has maintained his veracity, though he has painted in bright and glowing colours the knights and dames of old. What a winning creature must one of these fair damsels have been! Let us see what our author says of her education and pursuits.

If we fancy the knight of chivalry as valiant, noble-minded, and gentle, our imagination pictures to our minds the lady of his love in colours equally fair and pleasing. But we must not lose her individuality in general expressions of admiration, for she had a distinct and peculiar character, which from the circumstances of her life can be accurately traced. The maiden of gentle birth was, like her brother, educated in the castle of some knight or baron, her father's friend, and many of her duties were those of personal attendance. As the young candidate for chivalric honours carved at table, handed the wines, and made the beds of his lord, so his sister's care was to dress her lady, to contribute

by music and conversation to her amusement, and to form part of her state retinue; and while there was no loss of dignity in this description of service, the practice being universal and of immemorial antiquity, feelings of humility insensibly entered the mind, and a kind consideration for those of harder fortunes softened the severity of feudal pride. Thus a condescending deportment to inferiors was a duty which their moral instructors enforced. It was represented to them by the pleasing image of the sparrow-hawk, which, when called in gentle accents, would come and settle on her hand; but if, instead of being courteous, she were rude and cruel, he would remain on the rock's pinnacle heedless of her calls. Courtesy from persons of superior consideration was the fair right of people of gentle birth though of small estate, for gentility was always to be respected; and to the poor man or woman it ought to be shewn, because it gives pleasure to them, and reflects honour on those who bestow it. A lady once in company of knights and ladies took off her hood, and humbled herself courteously unto a mechanic. One of her friends exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, noble dame, you have taken off your hood to a tailor!"—"Yes," she replied; "and I would rather have doffed it to him than to a gentleman;" and her courteous friends reputed that she had done right well.

Then the ladies of the chivalric times sung and accompanied themselves upon the harp; nor were the graver sciences neglected. They were also instructed in medicine, that they might be enabled to nurse those who periled their lives in their defence. And though there is something repellent to the ideas of modern refinement in a lady's attending the couch of a wounded knight, and dressing his wounds, yet it is pleasing to contemplate that affec-

tionate attention they displayed by the bedside of the sick, that tender care with which they administered to those who were disabled by the accidents of chance or war, or by the visitations of disease, from pursuing their active avocations. A woman by a sick-bed is like a ministering angel, sent by kind heaven in pity to sooth our pain, and blunt the thorn of keen and bitter anguish.

Mr. Montague. But the dames of chivalry were sometimes inclined to be viragoes, as well as the humble, gentle, kind, and considerate creatures Mr. Mills describes them.

Reginald. Out upon your graceless tongue! Viragoes? No! they were brave spirits, adorning private life by their virtues; and when necessity called, putting on the stern warrior, and leading gallant knights to battle in the full confidence of victory. Mr. Mills's book contains some beautiful anecdotes of the chivalry of the ladies. I will read you one.

In the beginning of the year 1338, William de Montague, Earl of Salisbury, by command of the Earl of Arundel, the leader of the army of Edward III. laid siege to the castle of Dunbar, the chief post which the Scots possessed on the eastern coast of their country. The castle stood upon a reef of rocks, which were almost girdled by the sea, and such parts of it as could be attacked were fortified with great skill. The Earl of March, its lord, was absent when Salisbury commenced the siege, but the defence lacked not his presence. His wife was there, and while to the vulgar spirits of the time she was known, from the unwonted darkness of her hair and eyes, as Black Agnes, the chivalric sons of Scotland joyfully beheld a leader in the high-spirited daughter of the illustrious Thomas Ranulph, Earl of Moray. The Countess of March performed all the

duties of a skilful and vigilant commander. She animated her little band by her exhortations and munificence; she roused the brave into heroism, and shamed the timid into courage by the firmness of her bearing. When the warlike engines of the besiegers hurled stones against the battlements, she, as in scorn, ordered one of the female attendants to wipe off the dust with a handkerchief; and when the Earl of Salisbury commanded the enormous machine called the *sow* to be advanced to the foot of the walls, she scoffingly cried out, "Beware, Montague! thy sow is about to farrow;" and instantly by her command a huge fragment of rock was discharged from the battlements, and it dashed the engine to pieces. Many of the men who were about it were killed, and those who crawled from the ruin on their hands and knees were deridingly called by the Scots, Montague's pigs. Foiled in his attempts, he endeavoured to gain the castle by treachery: he bribed the person who had the care of the gates to leave them open; but the man, faithful to his duty, as well as to his pecuniary interest, disclosed the whole transaction to the countess. Salisbury himself headed the party who were to enter; finding the gates open, he was advancing, when John Copeland, one of his attendants, hastily passing before him, the portcullis was let down, and Copeland, mistaken for his lord, remained a prisoner. The countess, who from a high tower was observing the event, cried out to Salisbury with her wonted humour, "Farewell, Montague! I intended that you should have supped with us, and assisted in defending this fortress against the English."

The English turned the siege into a blockade, but still without success. The gallantry of the countess was supported by some favourable circumstances, and finally the Earl of Salisbury consented to a cessation of hostilities, and he abandoned the place.

Mrs. Primrose. You must leave

those volumes with me, Reginald. I am something of an enthusiast in the cause of chivalry, and anticipate much pleasure in the perusal.

By this time our hour of parting had arrived; good-nights were interchanged, and each wended his way to his own domicile, hoping to meet again.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD HALL.

I had closed my letter, when a little volume was placed in my hands, which, as the production of a young man in humble life, with few opportunities of improvement, I think merits notice. It is a poem on the subject of the late Yorkshire Musical Festival, written by John Nicholson, of Craven in Yorkshire, "the Rumblesmoor Poet," as he is termed by his neighbours. I can send only a short specimen of this production; but I assure you, it is well worthy attention, as the production of an original, self-taught mind.

The following is an elegant compliment John pays to the ladies:

Like gardens in full bloom, the ladies' heads,
When Flora lightly on the roses treads.
All flowers that deck the vale, or crown the hill,
Were imitated there with finest skill;
But lovelier far the beauteous ladies' eyes,
Than flowers and feathers of the richest dyes.

His description of the effects of love possesses great merit:

For such a sly aspiring boy is Love,
He haunts the ball-room, palace, and the grove.

Where peasants dance upon the festive day,
He wounds the breast unseen, and soars away.

In wildest haunts he melts the savage mind,
Wounds in the parties of the most refined;
Spares not the innocent nor beauteous fair,
But often sends his strongest arrows there.
Those he has wounded in the fragrant bowers
Now rest in peace, their graves bedew'd with flow'rs;

While those they died for feel no sorrow deep—

The only tears are those which daisies weep.
But may there none who figured at the ball,
Conceal the wound, fade, and untimely fall!
But on this night should any hearts be joined,
May such through life know happiness refin'd;

And when they with fantastic dresses part,
Beneath may each one find a virtuous heart,
In which, when worldly care the passions try,
May love increase till death dissolve the tie!

The following is his opinion of the choral powers of his countrymen. He is perfectly correct as to the superiority of the Yorkshire choristers over those of any other county.

When Yorkshire's choral sons their pow'rs unite,

Their tones astonish, and their powers delight;

Healthful and strong, their voices may defy
In strength all singers else beneath the sky.
Yes, when they sung the song which Israel sung,

When on the ocean's shore their harps they strung,

Lost were the viol's trills, the organ's strain;
The chorus bursts, "The Lord shall ever reign!"

"For ever and for ever he shall reign!"

Re-echoes through each vaulted arch again;
And as the strains increase, still more and more

We seem transported to the distant shore,
Where Moses, Israel's bard, composed the song,

And ocean's wave the chorus rolled along.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY UNCLE.

No. IV.

(Concluded from p. 135.)

Poor aunt Micky very soon found, The pangs, however, which she endured in acknowledging this are hardly to be expressed; for although she

felt little in leaving persons for whom she had the most sovereign contempt, she did feel much annoyed in having to begin the world again, and, as a dependent, subject to many caprices, to be obliged to give up the whole of her time to please another. Still she indulged in many prospective pleasures which could never be realized; and she little dreamed, when she formed the resolution of becoming dependent on the world, that those blandishments which are showered on us as strangers would be exchanged for much rougher treatment as acquaintance ripened. Among the many customers of Mr. Drowzier's was a Mrs. Blandish, a lady who covered the most deceitful manners with the most plausible tongue. She was the widow of a tradesman, yecept merchant, who dying and leaving her a large fortune, she commenced such a mode of living as gained her the style of *your ladyship* from all those with whom she dealt. With a rather masculine frame and boisterous manners, she was hypochondriac and an imaginary invalid, never happy unless surrounded by medical men and "poor soulers." She had affected to take a great fancy to my aunt, invited her once or twice to make tea for her parties; and finding her a useful assenter to all hints of robberies and ingratitude of servants, she was at length induced, on hearing that she was a poor gentlewoman, to offer my aunt a few pounds a year to become her toad-eater, which, under the idea of being emancipated from a vulgar family, my aunt readily accepted. The family of the Drowziers, except indeed the good woman of the house, hailed her departure with unfeigned joy; they were about to be rid of a spy upon

their actions, an affected reformer of their manners, and a constant bug-bear to all their enjoyments: but Mrs. Drowzier shed torrents of briny tears at her departure, lamenting how hard it was that her own flesh and blood should be compelled to appeal to strangers for support, for which she met with nothing but reviling from her hopeful progeny. Indeed she led her husband such a life, that nothing but the hope of a speedy riddance of the cause of all this turmoil reconciled him to existence.

At length the time arrived when Miss Micklethwaite decamped from her worthy relatives, leaving her aunt in all the agonies of affected sorrow. Suspense and disappointment are the lot of woman as well as of man. On her arrival at the house of Mrs. Blandish, she beheld the door exhibit those signs which it commonly wears on an increase of family; a sign which, however delightful to medical men, was the contrary to my poor aunt. To add to the certainty that all was not right, a quantity of straw was strewed in the front of the mansion. Alarmed lest some unhappy accident should again oblige her to return to her relations, her heart palpitated with agitation as she ventured to lift up the knocker, and when it fell dull and heavy, she fidgeted with the fingers of her glove, scarcely able to endure the suspense which she suffered until the door opened. At length a domestic, doubled with age, in no very gracious manner, answered her inquiries by saying that her mistress was at home; and to her astonishment she desired her to walk up, while she cast the most scrutinizing as well as the most compassionate look on my aunt. She

went before her, exhibiting, however, more the appearance of a quadruped than a biped, and shewing her into an ante-room, retired. The chamber into which my aunt proceeded was darkened by half-shut windows, and at the end of this room, though scarcely visible, reclined Mrs. Blandish, one arm supporting her head, which leaned on a table nearly covered with nostrums. She beckoned her new friend forward, and signing her to sit down, seemed about to pour a recital of all her troubles into the ear of her new attendant, when my aunt incautiously speaking in her usual tone, the lady clapped her hands to her ears, and begged her, as a dear creature, to speak in a whisper, since her poor head was in such a state that the smallest noise was death to her. She then carried on a conversation in something of that kind of tone which nurses and doctors use when their patients are no more; and their colloquy bore a resemblance to a conversation between two persons, not dead indeed, but who had sought the next world for an interchange of sentiments. Mrs. Blandish, however, being interrupted by the entrance of the aforesaid attendant, with a message which displeased her mistress, she burst into so violent a rage, and was so loud in her indignation, that my aunt was fain to change sides, and stop her ears against so violent a hurly-burly. This was followed by somewhat like an attempt at hysteric seizure, acted very badly, but which restored the lady to her former repose, and again another whispering conference was resorted to; not but that the recollection of the message which the servant had so lately delivered caused some break in this level speaking,

which had at length resolved itself into the usual tone of confabulation, when a ring at the door-bell sent Mrs. Blandish prostrate on the sofa. The white handkerchief was reached, a shawl thrown over her head, and all the *theatrical properties* of sickness given to her, when she composed herself into something like a Dido, or Iphigenia of the French school, and in this manner awaited another introduction. A *friend* now entered, whom she also treated with a dreadful account of the state of her nerves, called up an affected feeble cough, declared she was not long for this world, and finished by sitting up to enter into a dissertation on a new cap, quite losing sight of her illness, till her guest was ready to depart, and then indeed her malady returned in its full force. She, however, got better after her friend had retired; but again a ring at the bell plunged her into a more distressing lassitude; but as this ring was occasioned only by the boy who brought the newspaper, she soon recovered, nor had she again to perform for that day, except now and then, to keep her hand in against the morrow.

Mrs. Blandish was a consummate actress; she was also a most ingenious tormentor: she would talk of the blessings of a faithful companion; lament how irritable her temper had become from illness; declare that her circumstances were too straitened to reward services as she ought whilst she lived, but that those who conducted themselves properly until her death would find themselves amply recompensed in her will. At the same time she would ring all the changes of irritation and tormenting, and instead of assisting her companions to add to her comforts, seem

only anxious to make misery for herself and all about her. My aunt flattered herself with the hope that she might survive her plague: Hope told her flattering tales from day to day, till at length she determined to leave her situation to some more indefatigable person. She retired to the house of an acquaintance till something should present itself, when in a little week Mrs. Blandish died, leaving the whole of her property to a Methodist teacher. To make some amends for this disappointment, a distant relation of my aunt's died, and left her an annuity of thirty pounds.

Tired of toad-eating, and situation after situation, after being present at the reading of will after will without hearing her name mentioned, she eventually took a boarding-house, where, for a certain remuneration, bachelors and spinsters were allowed to grumble day after day at her arrangements. The consolation, however, of being called in by her betters to make up a rubber seemed to repay her for all this, save and except indeed when she pushed herself forward and met with a rebuff: this, however, she soon recovered, and again became one of the party. She sought, it is true, to mend her state by entering into the holy one of matrimony; but here, like an unskilful trader, she either drove too hard a bargain, or shewed such an over anxiety to attain her end, that swain after swain retired, and left her at the age of fifty-five entirely hopeless of the success of this scheme. With her boarders she assumed an ease and familiarity not quite agreeable to many who were themselves climbing for notice and preferment; and she poured into the bosoms of her friends her

sorrows for many cool and cutting returns for her courteous but interested attentions. Fond of fashion, style, and dress, no misfortune could teach, no experience reform her. Thirty, fifty, and sixty years found her alike frivolous and vain. Though she saw hundreds of friends falling at her feet, she never deemed that she was growing old. False locks, false teeth, and rouge had long been resorted to; and even at seventy, Time saw her old without respectability, and proud without the means of supporting independence. The last new fashion and the last gossip alone occupied her thoughts. At the theatre she was only anxious to see the company, and at church, for the same reason, "she never slumbered in her pew." At length, at the age of seventy-two, a dangerous illness seized her, in consequence of a cold caught in coming from a card-party, when a lady, who expected that she would send for her to receive her last words, at length heard from her in a note couched in the following terms:

My dear Mrs. P.

I have been very ill, and am not much better; but if you go by Leicester-square, be so good as to buy me a cheap Leghorn hat, at about thirty shillings, of the last fashion. Miss Fitup said she saw one at twenty-five quite as fine as hers; but they are rather small at Mrs. Chapeau's, and I know you will get me one as cheap as you can; and for the trimming, which is the cheapest, broad ribbon or silk? This I must leave to you. But possibly you will take tea with me on Friday, and I dare say by that time I shall be well enough to make a pool at quadrille. Miss Wiseman has invited me for Friday, by which time I hope to get my green gown dyed brown. I wish I

R R

could see you, for I am quite perplexed about my yellow gown: there are only five breadths in the whole, besides pieces, and I am afraid this will not be enough, so that I want your advice very much.

Yours, &c. &c.

Alas! the yellow gown was found

to be enough; it was made up, and the rose-coloured ribbon for her cap, "But instead of roses gay—she in the grave was laid."

And poor aunt Micklethwaite breathed her last, while viewing this new gown, as it hung for that purpose on a chair by her bed-side.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

J. B. CRAMER'S *Twenty-five new characteristic Diversions, composed for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to his Pupils.* Op. 71. Pr. 14s. —(Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street.)

THE name of the author, the object of the publication, and the admirable manner in which he has endeavoured to fulfil that object, render this a work of primary interest to the zealous student of the piano-forte. The twenty-five "Diversions" comprised in the book consist of so many exercises for practice; and the epithet "characteristic" is applicable to many of them, inasmuch as their difference partly consists in the variety of styles of playing which these studies are more or less calculated to exemplify; while the greater number of them are more immediately devoted to manual practice, of various kinds, but in all cases defined as to its particular aim, and mentioned in the title of each piece. We have not room for inserting the whole of these titles, but as they will best explain the author's views, it may be proper to subjoin a few of them:

- No. 2. *Les Deux Amis*; practice for equalizing the power of the fingers.
- 3. *La Préférée*; practice for strengthening the fingers of the right hand.
- 11. *The Restless Couple*; practice for acquiring a facility in syncope.

No. 14. *Le Sombre*; practice for uniting the fingers in a legato style.

— 21. *Contentment*; practice for acquiring the means of playing readily in four parts.

— 23. *The gilded Toy*; practice for the modern style of adagio performance, and slide of double notes.

— 24. *I pensieri dolenti*; practice for expression and feeling.

— 25. *The Author's Dream*; practice for using the fingers nearly all together.

We have already stated our opinion of the high value of these exercises, and this opinion is not founded on the apt and excellent digital practice alone which they afford, but also on their intrinsic compositorial merits. Many of the pieces present melodic ideas and harmonic combinations of exquisite beauty, so that, independently of their immediate object, they cannot fail to gratify the ear and improve the taste of the performer.

While thus doing justice to the full accomplishment of the author's intentions, the present occasion prompts us to add a hint or two on the subject of an undertaking of a still higher aim, which has long appeared to us to be a desideratum in musical literature. We allude to a work entirely devoted to the exemplification of style and expression. Such a work we would wish to consist of a limited number of classic pieces of moderate extent, either selected from

writers of established celebrity, or even composed for the purpose; each piece to be introduced with a prefatory illustration of its general character, indicating the tempo, the style of playing required in its performance, presenting a brief analysis of the successive periods as to import and expression; notices of the changes in the melody and harmony, so far at least as such changes may affect the expression; general directions regarding the musical *declamation* (if we may be allowed the term) of particular portions, illustrative of special traits of emphasis and feeling, &c.

Enough has already been said to convey our meaning, and we are sufficiently aware of the difficulty of such a task, not to wish its execution to be consigned to any but the most able hands, particularly when we consider the discrimination, the correct taste and feeling, and the power of expressing that feeling in adequate language, which the undertaking would necessarily require. We are equally aware of the difficulty of expressing in words the sensations which are excited by some of the combinations of melody and harmony; we know that some of these sensations are not always strictly within the power of definition or description, and that their more delicate hues of impression are different with different individuals. Still we are convinced, that even in such cases, where the mark may not precisely be struck, an approach to it, sufficient for the object in view, would always be practicable. Nor would we expect a catalogue *raisonné* of every bar in the piece, sensible as we are that the compositions of the best masters occasionally present pas-

sages of slight effect, not without their use, as they relieve the mind, which cannot be at all times in a state of musical tension, and as they tend to set off, by contrast, other ideas of more forcible import. A vocal composition would perhaps present less difficulties to begin with, as being of greater simplicity, and, if judiciously suited to the text, offering greater facilities for illustrating the feeling and expression infused into the melody. But we have already dwelt long enough on a subject which some will perhaps view with a smile, others with decided doubts as to practicability. Were it not from a mistrust of our own competency, we should ourselves have made the attempt long ago; but rather than forego altogether the accomplishment of such an undertaking, we would take the consequence of abandoning our personal scruple for the sake of setting an example, however imperfect in its execution.

Impromptu pour le Piano-forte; dédié à Mademoiselle Marie Baronne d'Eskeles, par J. Moscheles. Op. 62.—(J. B. Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

Published *impromptus*, although not unfrequent of late, still puzzle our matter-of-fact faculties quite as much as the *extempore* voluntaries of one of our great organists, announced in the oratorio-bills a week or so before the performance. These *impromptus*, we must suppose, are meant to imply off-hand compositions, without any fixed design, olla podridas of all sorts of good things, just what comes uppermost; interesting confusion of odds and ends; not absolutely a Dutch medley, but something very much like it, only superior in texture and effect, espe-

cially when proceeding from the luminaries in the art. This notion of the thing at least seems to be warranted by most of the pieces bearing the superscription of "Impromptu," Mr. Moscheles' Op. 62. among the rest. It is an allegro in B minor, of a serious cast (rather learned), replete with elaborate modulations more or less stern, and not particularly remarkable for an abundance of melodious thoughts.

Allegro di Bravura for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Ferd. Ries, by his Friend and Pupil, D. Schlesinger. Op. 1. Pr. 3s. —(J. B. Cramer and Co.)

Introduction and Rondo brilliant for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Boode, by D. Schlesinger. Op. 2. Pr. 4s. 6d. —(Cramer and Co.)

These, then, are first offerings— attempts we must not call them—of an *élève* and countryman of Mr. Ries, who, in leaving us, seems to have left his mantle to be worn by a favoured pupil amongst us. The coat fits; nay, Mr. Schlesinger throws it on, as if it were made for him, with peculiar grace, with a fashion which at once proclaims the artist formed by nature for his calling. These works breathe the genuine musical taste and feeling, which—as far at least as regards instrumental compositions—seem so entirely to have their home in Germany, that the musical writers of other countries excel only in proportion to their approach to the models of that country, from which it seems to be as hazardous for them to deviate, as it is presumptuous in the architect to swerve from the forms and proportions of Grecian art. It would afford matter of curious speculation to inquire into

the probable causes of this pre-eminence of the Germans in instrumental music; but our ideas on the subject, which has before now engaged our attention, would lead far beyond the slender space at present assigned to us. It is these contracted limits too which compel us to speak in general terms only of Mr. Schlesinger's labour. Both his publications before us will, we are sure, be ranked among the higher order of piano-forte compositions in any country, not Germany excepted; indeed as first *operas* they have excited our astonishment. They not only announce a pure cultivated musical taste, but their select and often profound combinations evince the solidity, depth, and great extent of the author's science. There are things in the *Allegro di Bravura* which will astonish Mr. S. himself thirty years hence—(we hope)—and which, then, he will not be able to make better.

But it has been our particular aim, in perusing these books, to look after something more than display of science and studied harmonic combinations. Much of these may be acquired with toiling perseverance, united to good taste and a ready musical tact; and much of these accordingly may be met with in the works of many writers of fair but not the highest qualifications. But what occurs more rarely, and seldom indeed nowadays, is good *melody*; and melody our eager eye looked for in Mr. S.'s score, and the search was neither laborious nor vain. We found much more than we expected, and that good indeed; such as in Op. 1. the fine cantilena in D \flat , p. 2; the sweet passage in F, p. 3; another p. 5; a treasure of the like kind all over p. 6, &c. In pp. 4 and 10

there is a slight smack of Rossinism, very pretty indeed, and no doubt an unconscious imitation; but such things had better be avoided by a writer like Mr. S.

Although we prefer the Allegro di Bravura to Op. 2. the latter alone would have been equally calculated to impress us with the highest opinion of Mr. S.'s talent; it is masterly in many points. Both publications indeed are elaborate in a high degree, and proportionably difficult. In this respect we may perhaps be permitted to suggest the advantage—not of avoiding all intricacy in future works (masters like Mr. S. are not expected to write primers and spelling lessons)—but to study ease and simplicity as much as possible. On the extensive display of science in the cases before us, we deem it unnecessary to offer any suggestion. It is so natural, and indeed quite proper, to put on one's best at a first interview: upon more familiar acquaintance, we of ourselves become less particular and spruce, and, on the other hand, more familiar, communicative, affable, and engaging.

Book II. of 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 Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Steibelt, Woelfl, &c.; composed and fingered by D. Bruguier. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The nature and merits of Mr. B.'s "Preparatory Exercises" have been fully and very favourably commented upon in our review of the first book (No. 30. R. A.), to which we beg to refer the reader; adding only, that in the sequel, now before us, the ma-

nual and digital drill is continued through about thirty further exercises of multifarious kinds, progressive in themselves, and devised with judgment, and evidently with great experience as to the wants of the pupil whose object is to attain a full mastery of the instrument.

A compendious Musical Grammar, in which the Theory of Music is completely developed (?) in a Series of familiar Dialogues, written by Bonifacio Asioli, Director of the Royal Conservatorio of Music at Milan; translated, with considerable Additions and Improvements, by J. Jousse. Pr. 4s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)

This elementary compendium, as far as it goes, is truly excellent. But the title is too comprehensive in announcing the *complete development of the Theory of Music*; while, in fact, the little volume is limited—and properly so—to those rudiments which are indispensable in the study of the *practical* part of music, and which are generally made the subject of elementary treatises, or guides for the piano-forte or other instruments. But what constitutes the value of Signor Asioli's labour is, the systematic order of his arrangement, the correctness and precision of his definitions, and the great simplicity and perspicuity of his instructions, and of the style in general. In these essential requisites the book is quite remarkable; the pupil must be dull indeed not to understand every paragraph without the comment of a master. In treating of the minor scale, we are glad to find at least a slight attempt at questioning the ridiculous doctrine of the sixth in ascent being indispensably and at all times major. This egregious error

has been parroted long enough from book to book; it is quite time to give it the *coup de grace* in good earnest.

ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.

1. *The favourite Airs in Meyerbeer's Opera of "Il Crociato in Egitto;" arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute*, by T. Latour. Books I. II. and III. Pr. 5s. each.—(Chappell and Co.)
2. *"Fleurs d'Italie," consisting of a Selection of favourite Italian Airs, selected and arranged as Divertimentos for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment*, by D. Bruguier. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, from the March and favourite Airs in Rossini's Opera of "Semiramide," composed and arranged* by Augustus Meves. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. *The favourite Irish Melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(T. C. Bates, St. John's-square.)
5. *A Selection of Melodies from Weber's celebrated Opera "Der Freyschütz;" arranged for the Violoncello and Piano-forte* by H. J. Banister. Book II. Pr. 4s.—(Banister, Goswell-street.)

1. Mr. Latour's three books of pieces from Meyerbeer's "Crociato in Egitto" have afforded us many an hour of real enjoyment, and still continue great favourites with us. There is a peculiar feeling of pleasing reminiscence in rehearsing in one's own room the concentrated abstract of an opera, the performance of which on the boards had shortly before been the source of the highest gra-

tification. The pieces and passages which then delighted us, but which are more or less in a course of obliteration, reappear with all their charms; we even supply missing features of harmony and melody; we impart the authentic traits of emphasis and expression; we delight in *seeing* the notation of sounds which before fluttered in mysterious vagueness about our ears; we congratulate ourselves on knowing the rights of the musical mechanism. Our readers then must find it quite natural if we recommend to them what yielded to us so much pleasure. Mr. Latour's arrangement is extremely valuable, because it is uncommonly effective, without being difficult, and the selection consists of the most interesting pieces of the opera. One, however, we missed with regret, and one which admits of a very effective transfer to the piano-forte. It is the pantomimic overture, a work so eminently genial, so full of the picturesque, that we are at loss to account for its omission.

2. The first number of Mr. Bruguier's "Fleurs d'Italie" has the well-known Italian air, "La Donna che è amante," not of modern date, but of good melodic import. In the arrangement we have met with some cases susceptible of better treatment, such as p. 2, b. 2; p. 3, li. 4, &c.; but it is satisfactory upon the whole, and the piece in this form will serve as an attractive lesson.

3. The divertimento of Mr. Meves consists of the favourite march in C, in Rossini's "Semiramide," and two other pieces in the opera. All these are given faithfully, and with scarcely any thing in the way of digression or amplification. The movements stand in their simple authentic form, with the recommendation of a satis-

factory and easy arrangement. In p. 9, b. 3, the first chord in the bass should have been A b, D, F, instead of A b, E, G; a typographical error of course.

4. Mr. S. Poole's variations on the Irish air are meritorious. They proceed in the usual routine form, but with great propriety and much good taste. The latter encomium is particularly applicable to the variation in F minor.

5. As we have already noticed the first book of Mr. Banister's "Frey-schütz" for the violoncello and piano-forte, we need only mention, that the second *livraison* now given contains six further airs, in which the violoncello is obligato. The arrangement, we are bound to say, is not only unexceptionable, but of a very superior description. With the instrument itself, the want of which we were compelled to supply vocally, the effect must be excellent.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "*I left the bowl for Ellen's eye,*" the celebrated Bacchanalian Song sung by Mr. Atkins, written by J. R. Planché, Esq.; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)
2. "*Where thy native streams meander;*" the Music from Carl Maria von Weber's Cavatina in "*Preciosa*," as sung by Miss Stephens; the Words by W. Ball. Pr. 1s.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. "*Now while eve's soft shadows blending,*" a Canzonet, written, and adapted to the Air of Rousseau's Dream, by W. Ball. Pr. 1s.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. "*Come to the dale,*" a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at

the London Concerts, Vauxhall, &c. composed by J. Whitaker. New edition. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Longman and Bates, Ludgate-Hill.)

5. Anthem for four Voices, "*The God of glory sends his summons forth;*" the Words from Dr. Watts's Version of the fiftieth Psalm (on the last Judgment); composed, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, by J. Morris, Organist, Harlow, Essex. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Monro and May.)
6. "*Charity,*" a Song sung at the Oratorios and grand Musical Festivals by Mr. Braham, written by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; the Music by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Willis and Co. 55, St. James's-street.)

1. The Bacchanalian song by Mr. Monro, although presenting no new ideas, proceeds with propriety and good effect. The melody is suitable to the text, and the accompaniment gives it a pertinent and well devised support.

2. 3. Mr. Ball has a happy talent in devising new words for good foreign melodies. "*Where thy native streams meander,*" affords an interesting text for a most beautiful air in Weber's *Preciosa*, which is given with a very proper accompaniment, and thus makes as pretty an English song as one could wish for. The word "*precinct*," however—misspelt "*precint*,"—is unmusical; a substitute might easily have been found.—"*Rousseau's Dream*," with its new text, an old friend with a new face, also makes a very interesting ballad, and is equally entitled to our approbation. Adaptations, when thus executed, are infinitely preferable to the numberless monotonous ballads

daily composed, or rather compounded, in this melodious country.

4. We are not sure whether Mr. Whitaker's "O come to the dale," has not some time or other occupied our critical pen; the ideas are quite familiar to us: but what a memory must we have to recollect the substance of between two and three thousand publications submitted to our readers for these sixteen years past! In one instance, the only one we are aware of, we have been guilty of a double review; but the regret we felt was fully compensated by the discovery, that the twofold opinion was quite the same on both occasions. In the present case, the circumstance of Mr. W.'s song being a new edition, at all events justifies the notice we now take of it; and this fact sufficiently attests the popularity of the composition, which indeed is conspicuous for its good taste. The ideas are very pleasing, of varied import, and pertinently linked to each other.

5. The anthem of Mr. Morris demands favourable notice. It is a composition of some extent, properly varied as to character and style, of clear intelligible melody, duly poised in point of keeping and good rhythmic proportion, well cast as to the structure of the parts, and satisfactory as regards harmonic arrangement. As a whole, the effect is such as to do the author great credit. Although there is some modulation here and there, and that of an interesting kind, we could have wished for greater harmonic variety, for more modulatory light and shade. Tonic and dominant chords are somewhat too prevalent. This circum-

stance, we are at the same time aware, may have its advantage, in the event of the performance being assigned to young vocalists of limited abilities, which is frequently the fate, and sometimes even the intent, of compositions of this nature.

6. Mr. Cutler's "Charity" is a *cantatina* of three movements: a recitativo, an andante, and allegro moderato. The first of these presents several impressive thoughts, which we should have been inclined to support by stronger, at least more elaborate, colouring in the accompaniment. The andante deserves the superscription "cantabile;" it proceeds with melodious flow: but the motivo is not altogether original; at all events it reminded us instantly of a period in the duet in three sharps of the "Freyschütz." The air of the allegro is appropriate, without presenting any trait particularly remarkable; but surely there is too much verbal repetition. The recurrence of two lines of text, of which alone the allegro is made up, is almost endless; and the passage in bars 19, 20, 21, of p. 6, is really very ordinary. In this allegro, too, more development in the instrumental score would have enhanced the interest; the voice has a number of long notes supported by chords of *equal* duration. This may be occasionally in its place, but when much resorted to it produces languor and monotony: whereas, by a contrary proceeding, *i. e.* by dissolving the chords into more active instrumentation, we not only obtain the advantage of variety, but throw more marked distinctness into the rhythm.





GARDEN COSTUME



EVENING DRESS

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

GARDEN COSTUME.

PELISSE of Pomona-green *gros de Naples*, open in front, and lined with pale pink sarsnet: plain collar, sloped off from the front, stiffened, and half turned, so as to display the pink lining and the neat embroidered frill round the throat: the *corsage* full, and of such a length as to shew an elegant shape to advantage: the sleeve large, and confined above the wrist by a band and small oval buckle, and, secondly, by a broad gold bracelet: straight cuff, slit as far as the wrist: corded band round the waist, fastened by a gold buckle on the right side.

Plain jaconot muslin high dress: the *corsage* made to fit, and elegantly worked: the skirt scoloped at the edge, and ornamented with three deep tucks, and insertion-work between. Hair in graceful ringlets à la *Vandyke*, partly covered by a beautifully embroidered lace veil. Necklace of red cornelian, worn outside the pelisse; ear-rings to correspond. Lemon-colour gloves; purple morocco shoes; rose-colour parasol, lined with white, and an antique wreath round the edge.

EVENING DRESS.

Silk *barèges* dress of citron-colour: the *corsage* arranged in small perpendicular plaits, rather high across the front of the bust, where it is straight, and set in a broad band, ornamented with a row of *rosa salvatira*: the shoulder-strap is broad and plain: the sleeve short, and com-

Vol. VI. No. XXXV.

posed of two rows of vandykes, the points meeting in the centre of the sleeve, and forming squares or diamonds between, which are of white satin, ornamented with a full-blown China rose in each; the sleeve is terminated with narrow vandyke blond lace, the same as the tucker. The skirt has a deep border, headed with a band of citron-colour *gros de Naples*, with pendant straps, supporting a drapery of the same material formed into vandykes, edged with satin, and uniting with a row beneath by a satin button, and displaying the white satin diamonds with roses in their centre, corresponding with the sleeve; wadded hem beneath, attached by straps to the vandykes above; fancy buckle of different-coloured gems, fastening a broad ribbon with three ends of various lengths under the left arm. Turban of citron-colour *crêpe lisse*, divided into *bouffants* by bands of the same colour in satin as is the head-piece, which has two rows of French beads round the edge. Necklace, three delicate chains of gold, fastened in front by a beautiful ornament of pearl and turquoise: ear-rings to suit: bracelets of broad gold, studded with rubies, outside the gloves, which are long, and of white kid. White satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The light garb of summer has now completely given place to the warmer clothing of autumn. Shawls be-

S s

gin to be much worn, but are not so general as silk pelisses and mantles: we noticed little novelty in the form of either. Pelisses are universally wadded and closed before. Some have no other trimming than a row of fancy buttons, which fasten them in front; others have a rouleau arranged in waves; and we have noticed one or two finished up the fronts and round the bottom with a foliage trimming. Pelerines are very general, and always trimmed to correspond with the dress: they are rather of a large size. Sleeves during the last month seem to have increased in width; mantles are wider than last year; and capes are more generally adopted than hoods. Furs have not yet appeared, but are expected to be in requisition by the end of the month; and from the orders that we know have been given, there appears little doubt that they will be as fashionable this year as they have been during many preceding ones.

Black satin and *gros de Naples* bonnets begin to appear; but with coloured trimmings they are not, however, so generally worn as bonnets to correspond with the mantle or pelisse: but these also are trimmed in general in colours; some with knots of satin, or *gros de Naples* only; others with feathers.

A few velvet spencers have appeared in carriage dress, and a good many in *gros de Naples* trimmed with velvet; these last have a very rich appearance; they are made with pelerines and low collars, of the pelerine form, which turn over, and are much stiffened: the collar and pelerine are both of velvet, scalloped, and finished by a satin cord at the edge. The sleeve is *en gigot*; it is

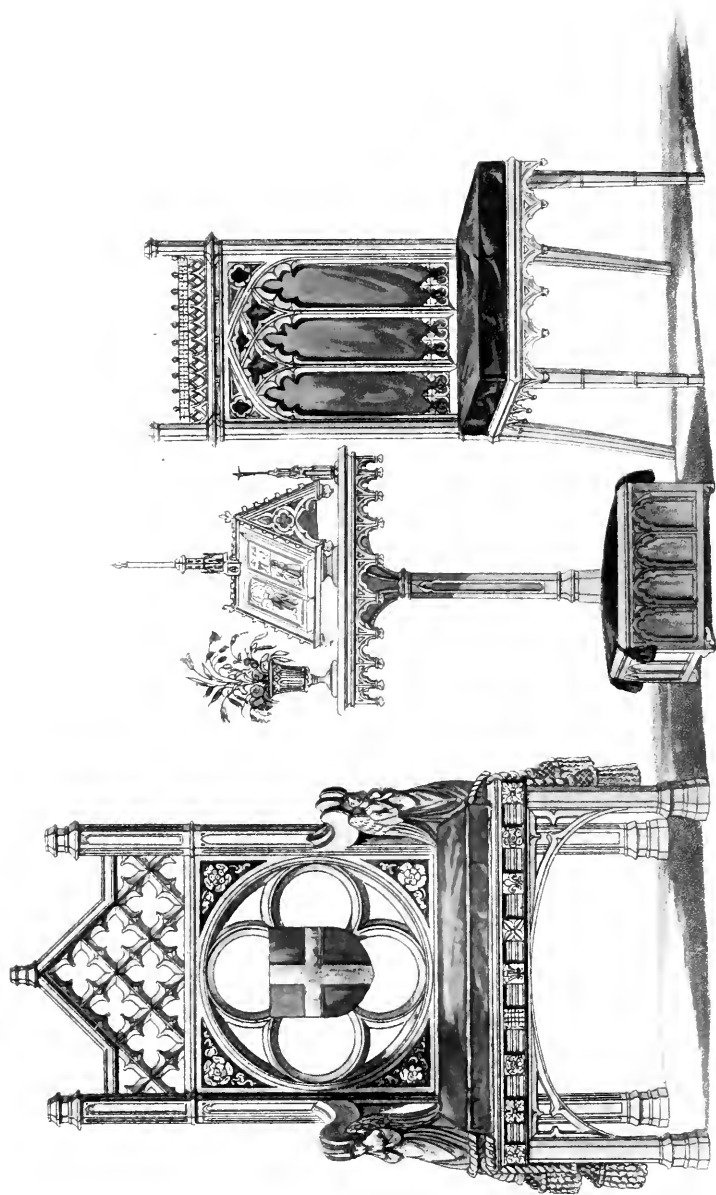
finished by five velvet bands, each edged with satin.

There are few novelties in carriage bonnets: we have, however, noticed one in *velours simulé*, which we consider worthy our readers' attention. The crown is ornamented with a drapery of the same material, arranged in full folds across the top, and terminating on each side by a rosette formed of down feathers. An ornament, something in the shape of a star, composed of the same material as the bonnet, edged with satin, is placed in front of the crown. A rosette, similar to those at the sides, fills the centre of this ornament. The brim is large; it is finished at the edge by a satin rouleau, round which a row of narrow blond lace is entwined. This bonnet is the most novel and striking that we have seen for some time.

Morning dress has lately been a good deal made in cachimere: the most remarkable among these dresses is ornamented on each side of the bust and down the front breadth with two folds; they expand over the chest, become narrower at the waist, and from thence again expand down the sides of the gown: between these folds is inserted a *bouillonné* of the same material, which is interspersed with knots of ribbon. The *corsage* is plain; the sleeve full, ornamented with a fold on each side in front of the arm, and a *bouillonné* in the centre, interspersed with knots of ribbon to correspond with the trimming of the front.

A new style of *corsage* has appeared in dinner dress: it is cut low round the bust; the back plain, and tight to the shape; the front is disposed in folds, which are confined





GOTHIC FURNITURE.

down the centre of the bust by a band, which is sometimes straight and sometimes broad at bottom, and ending in a point between the breasts.

Muslin is now very little seen in dinner dress; silks, poplins, and silk *barèges* are the materials most in favour. China crape also has lately been in much estimation; we have seen a dress of it in pale blue, the trimming of which was an intermixture of *crêpe lisse* and satin to correspond: the *crêpe lisse* was arranged in *bouffants*, between which were placed knots of satin in the form of *ailes de moulin*.

Tulle and *crêpe lisse* are as much in favour as ever over satin for evening dress: they begin now to be more worn in colours than in white; in the former case the trimming is of the

same material, with a mixture of satin: but artificial flowers, with a mixture also of the material of the gown, are more used for white dresses. We have noticed, however, a *jonquil* and a *ponceau* dress, each of which was decorated with flowers in the trimming: that of the first was ornamented round the border with large *crêres* of satin, over which fell a drapery flounce of crape looped with bunches of lilac; the other was finished by a double satin rouleau, arranged in the form of a chain, and holding in each link a white rose, surrounded by buds and leaves.

Fashionable colours are, beet-root-red, bottle-green, *terre d'Egypte*, purple, citron, rose-colour, blue, and slate-colour.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

EPISCOPAL CHAIR.

IN the time of Henry VII. and in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. architecture was peculiar for its lightness and richness of parts, which are well suited for furniture. The style of the annexed chair is of that date, and its parts are chiefly taken from King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The two arms supported by angels are from Henry VIIth's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. In order to preserve unity of character, the wood is of light oak with gilt mouldings, relieved by rich crimson velvet cushions and tassels. This chair may be introduced with propriety into a church, prelate's mansion, or an extensive library. In order to prevent heaviness, the ornaments at top, as well as the quatrefoils, are kept open.

DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR.

This specimen may be considered

of the florid style. On account of the fulness and richness of its ornaments, and also on account of the flatness of the arch which is introduced in the back, this chair would require a great nicety of execution, the parts being very delicate. The wood is light oak, and the mouldings gilt; the tracery should be filled up with velvet of the same colour as the room: perhaps it would be more appropriate if it were of rose-wood or cedar.

TABLE FOR A BOUDOIR.

This table, of a circular form, may be either of oak or of rose-wood. Upon it a reading-desk is introduced in the style of those formerly used in churches: this has been partly taken from one kept in the library on the side of King's College Chapel. An ornament is introduced in the top to

receive the light, as also on the side of it an inkstand in the form of a Gothic tower. A missal is here represented, to express that the room is kept chiefly for religious medita-

tions: the word *boudoir* being very indefinite in the French language, gives room to admit of its being adapted particularly to this purpose.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, Spanish translations of *Ivanhoe* and *The Crusaders*, by the author of *Waverley*.

Early in November will be published, the first part of a new work, uniform in size with the *Percy Anecdotes*, under the title of *Laconics*, or the best Words of the best Authors, with the authorities given.

A Critical Essay on the Writings of St. Luke, translated from the German of Dr. Frederic Schleiermacher; with an Introduction by the translator, containing an account of the Controversy respecting the Origin of the three First Gospels since Bishop Marsh's Dissertations, is nearly ready for publication, in one 8vo. volume.

An annual work is announced, under the title of *Janus*. It will consist of tales, original and translated; occasional essays, popular illustrations of history and antiquities, serious and comic sketches of life and manners, &c. &c.

Next month will be published a translation of La Motte Fouqué's romance, *The Magic Ring*.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication, *Paul Jones*, a romance, in 3 vols.

Shortly will be published, an historical novel, in 3 vols. 12mo. entitled *William Douglas*, or the Scottish Exiles.

Nearly ready, in 1 vol. 12mo. *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

In the press, *The Contest of the Twelve Nations*, or a Comparison of the different Bases of Human Character and Talent, in 1 vol. 8vo. The object of this work

is, to shew that the peculiarities of character observable in every individual may be traced to some one or another of twelve departments, and that he may have his place assigned him in *a classified view* of the diversities of human nature.

Miscellaneous Pieces, for the instruction and amusement of young persons, from the pen of the late Mrs. Barbauld, will be published about the close of the present year.

Mr. G. Simpson, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has issued the prospectus of a work on *Anatomy*, as applicable to the fine arts, which, being aided by graphic illustrations, seems likely to be useful to the sculptor, the painter, and the engraver. It will be published, by subscription, in two parts.

A Memoir of the late Dr. Parr is preparing by his friend, Dr. John Johnstone, of Birmingham, founded on materials left by Dr. Parr himself for that purpose, and illustrated by letters and papers in the possession of his executors, and by communications from his most intimate friends. This memoir is intended to be prefixed to a collection of Dr. Parr's works published by himself, and a selection of the sermons, criticisms, inscriptions, and miscellaneous matter, which he has left to a considerable extent.

Captain Brooke has nearly ready for publication the two following works, which will complete his travels in the north: *Travels through Lapland and Sweden in the Winter Season*—and *Winter Sketches in Lapland*.

Mr. J. H. Bradfield has in the press,

a poem entitled *Waterloo*, or the British Minstrel.

Mr. Constable has announced his intention of publishing in weekly numbers, under his own name, *A Miscellany of Original and Selected Works*.

A volume, entitled *The Duties of a Lady's Maid*, by a lady, will speedily appear.

Mr. Chandos Leigh has in the press, *The Queen of Golconda's Fate*, and other poems, in 1 vol.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins, from the original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul, will very shortly appear.

A translation of a French volume, by a young dramatic writer of great promise, with the title of *The Plays of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comedian*, is preparing.

The Camisard, or the Protestants in Languedoc, a tale in 3 vols. is announced.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS:

An Egotistical Poem.

PART VI.

MILD Contemplation, all serene,
Loves the placid evening scene.
Among our thoughts there is no place
For her i'th' morning of our race:
Ambition, dauntless Hope, and Pride
Then wander with us side by side.
But, when 'tis o'er, like vestals holy,
Come Truth and pensive Melancholy.
"Sisters! with you I mournful turn
To view the past—like marble urn
Bearing engraved the name of me,
To rouse mine own dull memory.
Truth! hold thy torch, that I may trace
What worthy deeds the tablet grace!"
"He lived!" no more the record bears
Of unimproved and fleeting years.
And yet I vowed, when life began,
And first I wrote myself a man,
That, long ere now, my name should be
Embalmed for my posterity
By something done. Alas! alas!
As figures in the burnished glass,
As sparks that fly from stricken steel,
As dust around the rapid wheel,
As smoke that drives above our head,
Or moonbeams on the waters shed,
Thick-coming fancies oft would glide,
Sparkle—and then, like dust, subside.
To-morrow and to-morrow came,
(Those footsteps to the hill of fame,)
And pass'd unheeded, leaving nought
Of word, or deed, or e'en of thought,
To form the brilliant pageantry,
Which was to lift my name on high.
Yet cheering Hope would ever smile,
And loved my fancy to beguile,

Pointing far off to visions dim,
Which, like a dream, appeared to swim
In the thin air, and with delight
I gazed upon the beauteous sight;
And Vanity cried in mine ear,
"These you may realize, when'er
You choose t'advance and make your claim."
But then Procrastination came;
She is a potent, close ally
Of our arch-foe, dame Vanity;
And yet her counsel's very good,
If properly 'twere understood.
"To-morrow's a new day," cries she.
True, so it is, we all agree:
Yet seldom put off schemes of pleasure,
Though for our duties we've no leisure.

Yet wordy wise e'en then was I,
Could prate of duties fluently;
Nay more, I knew that I was wrong,
Could moralize and blame the throng;
Then madly join their maddest scheme,
And rush along down Pleasure's stream.

Next came strange dreams of chivalry,
Longing for one responsive sigh,
Through coral lips, on breath of balm,
To feel that thrilling, wondrous charm,
With which sweet woman knows to bind
The weakest, mightiest of mankind.
Young lovers, tilting for a prize,
See rainbow hues in beauteous eyes,
Twinkling round and sparkling bright,
Glorious in many-coloured light,
Warming the soul. The proud steeds prance,
The gay knights poise the ready lance.
(Britain's fair daughters, hear and know,
The lists are "wheresoe'er ye go.")
As nod the plumed crests of the brave
O'er beauty's head, responsive wave
The feathery tints each zone can yield,
An Iris forming round the field,

Playfully mingling in the light;
 A sort of music to the sight,
 Shedding a visual harmony
 On the beholder's raptured eye.
 Oh! they were glorious birds that flew,
 Decked in those tints of every hue!
 But what are they who wear them now,
 With heavenly smile and placid brow?
 What are they? Ask the lovesick youth:
 He'll tell you—angels; though in truth
 He means not so, and knows the shrine
 He worships earthly, though divine.
 A living light to man they're given;
 They are of earth, yet breathe of heaven,
 Flinging around celestial gleams,
 Such as fond lovers see in dreams;
 But unlike rays of solar light,
 Which, congregated, search the sight.
 No, placidly our eye surveys
 The galaxy of beauty's blaze;
 But, when the *one* we look upon,
 Entranced we feel—the rest are gone!
 The world is vacant—all is space,
 Except that magic lovely face,
 Which, like the moon along the sky,
 Moves peerless in the mental eye;
 And we gaze on it till we feel
 Our reason drunk, our senses reel.

BEAUTY.

O Beauty! heaven-born queen! thy snowy
 hands
 Hold the round earth in viewless magic
 bands:
 From burning climes where riper graces
 flame,
 To shores where cliffs of ice resound thy
 name;
 From savage times ere social life began,
 To fairer days of polished, softened man;
 To thee from age to age, from pole to pole,
 All pay the unclaimed homage of the soul.

W. W.

EPITAPH,

*From the English Burying-Ground at
 BORDEAUX.*

There was a sweet and nameless grace
 That wandered o'er her lovely face,
 And from her pensive eye of blue
 Was magic in the glance which flew.

Her hair, of soft and gloomy shade,
 In rich luxuriance curling stray'd;
 But when she spoke, or when she sung,
 Enchantment on her accents hung.

Where is she now? Where all must be—
 Sunk in the grave's obscurity!
 Yet never, never slumber'd there
 A mind more pure—a form more fair.

LINES

*Written on a blank Leaf of the "FORGET ME
 NOT"*

Some trifling gift, some little pledge
 Of other days from me you ask:
 Had it an empire been, I'd sought
 To have fulfill'd the mighty task.
 It is not every fair-one whose
 Proud soul is satisfied so soon;
 Who lost the world for woman's smile,
 Deem'd not all valueless the boon.
 Then, maiden, take this letter'd gem,
 Meet parting present—many a spot
 Boasts rarer gifts, but few so fair
 As that which says, "Forget me not!"
 "Forget me not!" enchanting sound!
 Affection's motto, Hope's last ray:
 This seals the parting lovers' vows,
 That lights him as he speeds away.
 The soldier in the tented field,
 The sailor on the briny wave,
 Forgets his danger, as his eye
 Rests on the pledge affection gave.
 India her golden ore, Brasil
 Her much-prized brilliants—many a spot
 Boasts rarer gifts, but few so fair
 As that which says, "Forget me not!"
La pensée, Memory's own fair flower,
 As meaner flowers, must fade and die;
 But, like the dying Christian, finds
 In death an immortality.
 'Mong all that grace the mead or grove,
 Give me of that to weave my wreath;
 For though it fades, to fancy's eye
 It blooms again, love's sigh beneath.
 Sweet is cool Zephyr's summer sigh,
 Flush'd Flora's lover—many a spot
 Boasts rarer gifts, but few so fair
 As that which says, "Forget me not!"
 Then, maiden, if thy youthful heart
 Has ever known what 'tis to grieve
 For one lov'd form far, far away,
 This little, little gift receive!
 That dimpled cheek, that laughing eye,
 A soul by love unsway'd would prove,
 Did not at times th' unconscious sigh
 Of artless nature tell of love.
 'Tis friendship's off'ring; haply some
 May offer richer—many a spot
 Boasts rarer gifts, but few so fair
 As that which says, "Forget me not!"

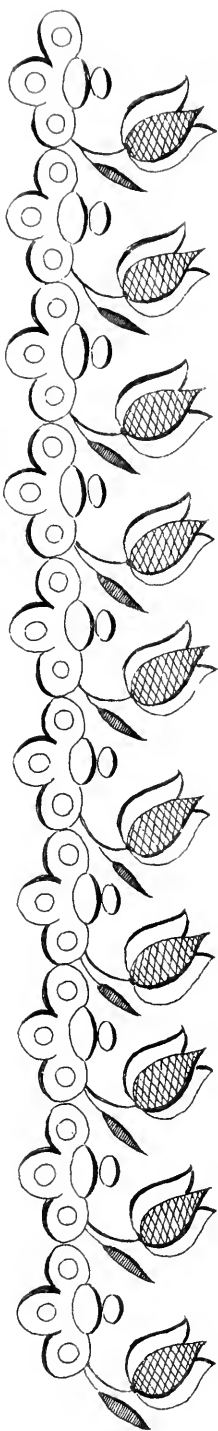
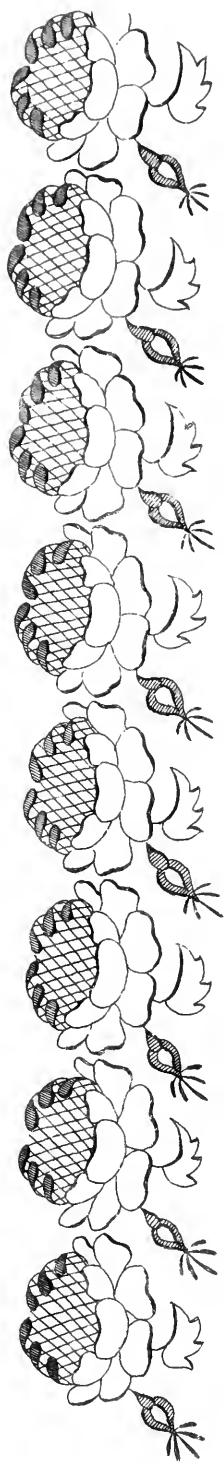


Fig. 21 R. Hermann's No. 1711.

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER 1, 1825.

N^O. XXXVI.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF AVINGTON, NEAR WINCHESTER, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	311
2. ——— WORTHY-HOUSE, NEAR WINCHESTER, THE SEAT OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES OGLE	312
3. LADIES' MORNING DRESS	360
4. ——— EVENING DRESS	361
5. SOFA FOR A DRAWING-ROOM IN THE GOTHIC STYLE	365
6. MUSLIN PATTERN.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MISCELLANIES.		LEE's Adaptation of " <i>Le petit Tambour</i> "	355
VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.—Avington, near Winchester, the Seat of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM	311	POOLE's the Vesper Hymn	ib.
Worthy-House, near Winchester, the Seat of Admiral Sir CHARLES OGLE, Bart.	312	VOCAL.	
On the Writings of HENRY MACKENZIE (<i>concluded from p. 281</i>)	313	BISHOP's Melodies of various Nations, vol. iii.	356
Julia Mandeville (<i>concluded from p. 257</i>)	318	RAWLINGS' "My own dear maid"	357
Village Sketches near Paris. No. IX.	322	M'CARTHY's "Fair little creature of to-day"	ib.
Illustrations of the Superstition of the Highlanders	326	CROUCH's "Your heart and lute are all the store"	ib.
Domestic Recipes.—Indian Cure for the Ear-ache—to remove Warts—Salubrious Properties of the Strawberry	329	HARP-MUSIC.	
The Veteran's Reward	ib.	BOCHSA's March of the Emperor Alexander	358
CAMBRIAN SKETCHES. No. II.—The Welch Wedding	334	——— First Set of Bagatelles	ib.
The Confessions of a Rambler. No. XXI.	340	BURROWES' Selection of Chorusses	ib.
THE LITERARY COTERIE. No. X.	343	THEORETICAL WORKS.	
Subscription for Mr. JOHN HOGAN	350	HOWELL's Original Instructions for the Violin	359
MUSICAL REVIEW.		——— Musical Arithmetic.	360
CRAMER's " <i>Amicitia</i> ," a Sonata	354	FASHIONS.	
SCHLESINGER's Six Waltzes	ib.	LONDON FASHIONS.—Ladies' Morning Dress	ib.
NIGHTINGALE's March for the Piano-forte	355	Ladies' Evening Dress	361
ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.		General Observations on Fashion and Dress	ib.
CRAMER's Arrangement of Fischer's Rondo	ib.	French Female Fashions	363
BURROWES' Select Airs from Mayerbeer's " <i>Il Crociato in Egitto</i> "	ib.	FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—Sofa for a Drawing-Room in the Gothic Style	365
LODER's Select Pieces from Rossini's and other Operas. No. I.	ib.	INTELLIGENCE,	
VALENTINE's French Air " <i>Le Portrait</i> "	ib.	LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	ib.
		POETRY.	
		The Wish. By J. M. LACEY	367
		INDEX	368

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND PUBLISHED BY, R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND;
To whom Communications (post-paid) are requested to be addressed.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

A disappointment which we have suffered on the part of our engraver compels us to apologize to our Subscribers for the absence of the Vignette Title-page, which should have accompanied the present Number of the Repository, being the last of the Sixth Volume. It shall, however, be delivered with our next Number; till the publication of which we request them to delay the binding-up of this volume.

The communication of Anglo-Germanicus reached us too late for insertion this month.

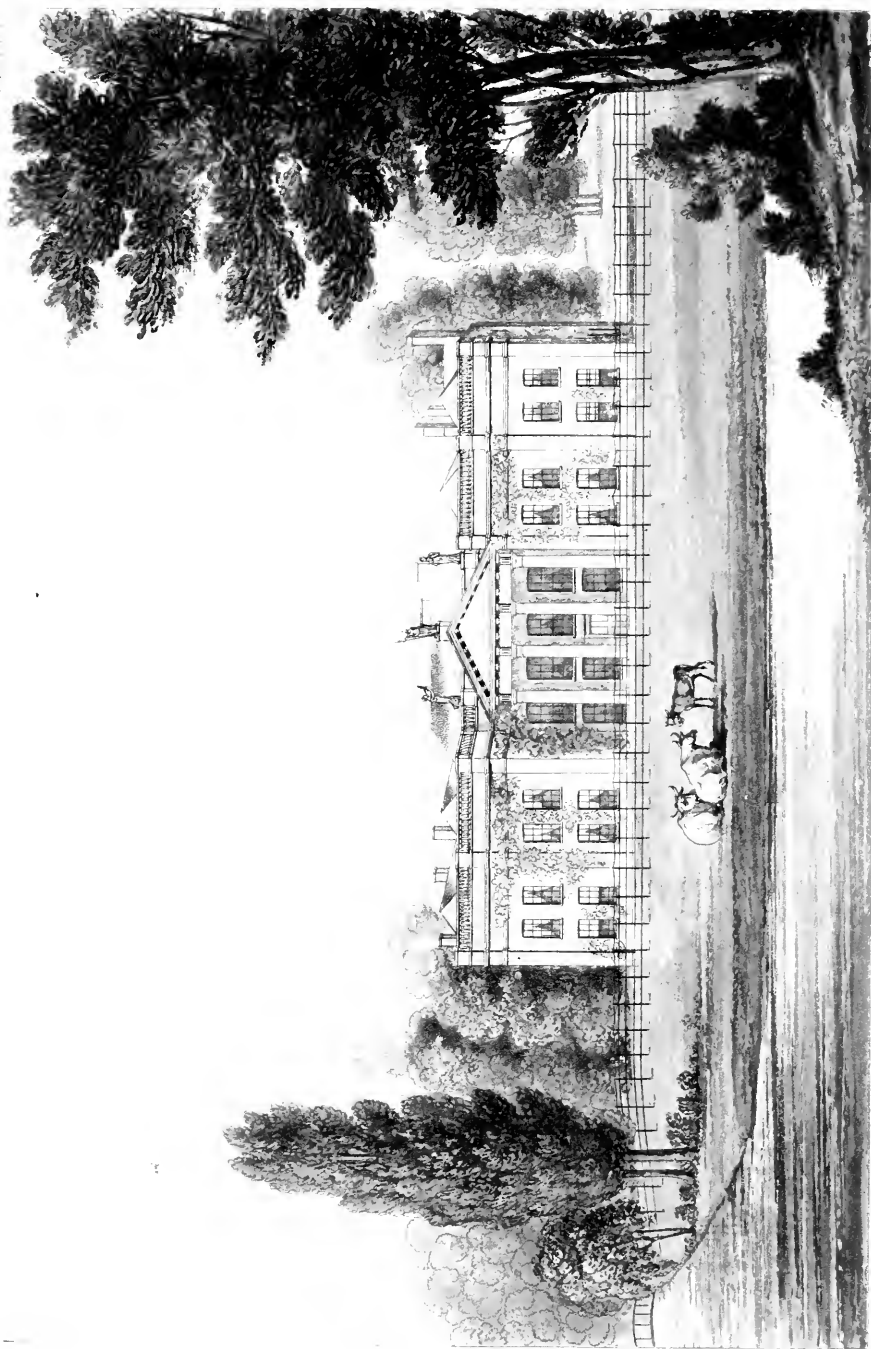
S. P. C. also arrived after our arrangements for the present Number were completed. The writer shall hear from us as soon as we are favoured with an address.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the SIXTH VOLUME, THIRD SERIES.

No.	PAGE	No.	PAGE
XXXI. 1. Frontispiece.		XXXIV. 20. View of Stratton-Park . . .	1
2. View of Saltram	1	21. ——— the Vine	188
3. ——— St. Pierre	2	22. Ladies' Head-Dresses . . .	243
4. Ladies' Promenade Dress . .	61	23. ——— Evening Dress . . .	<i>ib.</i>
5. ——— Evening Dress . . .	<i>ib.</i>	24. A Bookcase	247
6. A Camp Bedstead	62	25. Muslin Pattern.	
7. Muslin Patterns.		XXXV. 26. View of Stoneham-Park .	249
XXXII. 8. View of Southill-House . .	63	27. ——— the Grange	250
9. ——— Watermouth	64	28. Ladies' Garden Costume . .	305
10. Ladies' Morning Dress . . .	119	29. ——— Evening Dress . . .	<i>ib.</i>
11. ——— Dinner Dress . . .	<i>ib.</i>	30. Episcopal Chair—Drawing- Room Chair — Table for a Boudoir	307
12. A Gothic Lantern	123	31. Muslin Pattern.	
13. Muslin Pattern.		XXXVI. 32. View of Avington . . .	311
XXXIII. 14. View of Hackwood-Park .	125	33. ——— Worthy-House . . .	312
15. ——— Broadlands	126	34. Ladies' Morning Dress . . .	360
16. Ladies' Morning Dress and Child's Dress	178	35. ——— Evening Dress . . .	361
17. Ladies' Evening Dress . . .	179	36. Sofa for a Drawing-Room in the Gothic Style	365
18. An Ornamental Air-Stove . .	182	37. Muslin Pattern.	
19. Muslin Pattern.			

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 Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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



AVINGTON
THE STATE OF NEW YORK THE DOME OF ROCKY HILL AND CHAMBERS K.B.

Engraved by J. M. Smith

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

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VI. DECEMBER 1, 1825. N^o. XXXVI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

AYINGTON, NEAR WINCHESTER, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THIS elegant and favourite residence of the Duke of Buckingham's occupies a retired situation about four miles north-east from the city of Winchester. It stands at some distance from the great road to Southampton, in a beautiful and secluded valley, watered by a branch of the Itchin, a small transparent stream, which the taste and ingenuity of its former possessor, the last Duke of Chandos, converted into a fine piece of water directly in front of the mansion. The park, four miles in circumference, diversified in its surface, and planted with much judgment, contains many fine old timber-trees. It has the peculiar advantage of its cultivated and beautiful scenery being most pleasingly contrasted with the bold and open downs, the heights of which nearly environ the inclosures of the park.

Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.

The mansion is constructed chiefly with brick and stone dressings. The front is divided into three compartments; the centre is adorned by a handsome Doric portico of four columns, having statues on the apex and angles of the pediment. While in the possession of the late Duke of Chandos, his grace, being much attached to this seat, contemplated the addition of corresponding wings to the house, intending it to be his principal country residence; but his sudden and unexpected death in 1789 prevented the execution of his splendid designs.

Earl Temple, on succeeding to the property and estate, made very considerable improvements to the house; but no material addition has yet been carried into effect. All the principal apartments are fitted up with a degree of elegance suited to the high

T T

rank of the possessor, and are adorned with a superb collection of paintings of the old masters, formed entirely under the superintendence of the present duke. Many of these gems were purchased from the Besborough and Orleans galleries. Amongst the most conspicuous for value and excellence are the following: *The Centurion Cornelius*, by Rembrandt; *Shipping and Buildings*, Claude; his own *Portrait*, Raphael; a *Family Head*, Rubens; *Portraits of Sir John Brydges*, the first Lord Chandos of that family, and *Erasmus*, Holbein; *Venus teaching Cupid*, Correggio; *the Virgin and Christ*, Guido; *the Holy Family*, Albert Durer; *the Angel departing from Tobit and his Family*, Rembrandt; besides many other equally valuable productions of the art.

This manor in early deeds is called Abyngton, and was a part of the

royal demesne granted by King Edgar in the year 961 to the priory of St. Swithin at Winchester, the metropolis of the West Saxons. It continued in the possession of that monastery until the dissolution, when it became the property of the family of Clerk. In the reign of Elizabeth it was in the possession of Thomas, the son of Sir Giles Brydges, Knt. brother of the first Lord Chandos: from him the estate lineally descended to George Rodney Brydges, Esq. who died in 1751, and left his large estates, of which Avington formed a part, to James third Duke of Chandos, who married the sister of Sir Richard Gamon, Bart. M. P. for Winchester, and had an only child, Anna Eliza, to whom the present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, then Earl Temple, was married in 1796.

WORTHY-HOUSE, NEAR WINCHESTER,

THE SEAT OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES OGLE, BART.

THIS beautiful rural residence has been lately constructed for the present proprietor, under the superintendence of Robert Smirke, Esq. whose design for the mansion possesses every necessary convenience, combined with a display of taste and judgment, which reflect great credit upon the architect.

The building is of modern architecture, consisting of a centre or principal part, with two wings, surmounted by balustrades, which give considerable effect to the centre building. A suite of apartments, of great convenience of arrangement and of noble proportion, are connected with a spacious hall, which

immediately leads to the grand staircase.

The view from the house includes an extensive range of undulated country, St. Catherine's and Magdalen Hill, places of considerable note as connected with the most interesting period of our early history. Winchester is seen in the distance, with a distinct view of the cathedral and college, the towers of which rise conspicuously above the surrounding buildings.

The palace of Charles, built by Sir Christopher Wren, is also in view; it is now used as a barrack, and was the place of confinement for French prisoners during the late war.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK



The river Itchen winds in front of the mansion towards Winchester, and divides the demesne from the rising scenery and open downs, which present the variety of view already alluded to. The offices are extensive, well adapted to their respective uses,

and screened from the view by foliage as you approach the house.

The entrance-lodge is in the same style of architecture, and communicates with the house from the London road, a little above the village of Worthy.

ON THE WRITINGS OF HENRY MACKENZIE.

(Concluded from p. 281.)

HARLEY, having been disappointed in his application for the lease of the crown lands, leaves London for his native village, having received several unexpected proofs of the selfishness, hypocrisy, and wickedness of the world. During his journey, he meets with an old acquaintance in the person of a wandering soldier, whom misfortune and the privations of a military life had so altered, that at first he did not recognise him. Their meeting is thus depicted, and the picture is such a one as might be worthy of the pencil of Allan:

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he (Harley) entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seemed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of these had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing. An old man, who, from his dress, seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left. Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of

those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic brush-wood; and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads, which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck, with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another: he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road. When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack;

he halted in his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them: yet not without those streaks of complacency which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

Harley now offers to relieve the veteran of the load of his knapsack, and a conversation ensues, when Harley discovers in the worn-out soldier the remains of one who had shed upon his childhood much of rustic happiness and glee. They walked on together, and "old Edwards" relates his history, which is full of unfortunate vicissitudes. To save his son, who fell into the savage clutches of a press-gang, the pain of separating from his family, the father became his substitute, and so sought on the burning wastes of Hindostan the wounds and privations which left him thus maimed and desolate. His son and his son's wife had died during his absence, bequeathing to the care of the parish two children. These, with their worthy old grandfather, are provided for by Harley, who places Edwards in a small farm, where he finds a comfortable harbour for his old age.

The tale is now drawing fast to a conclusion. Harley having once more sheltered himself under his own roof, finds that his heart is again influenced by the charms and virtues of Miss Walton; and he finds this influence increase by unconsciously detecting the object of his secret adoration clothing the grandchildren of old Edwards. But his day-dreams of delight are clouded by a report, that Miss Walton is to be married to a

Sir Henry Benson; and the effect which this intelligence has upon our hero is most admirably told by our author. After enduring with much philosophy the tiresome remarks of his aunt Margery, he walked out into the garden. He sat down on a little seat, which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick. "Miss Walton married!" said he: "but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent. I had romantic dreams--they are fled; it is perfectly indifferent." Just at that moment he saw a servant, with a knot of ribbons in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight. He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered; then starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently, that when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance. "Did your honour want any thing?"—"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr. Walton's?"—"From Mr. Walton's, sir! there is none of his servants here that I know of."—"Nor of Sir Henry Benson's?"—"He did not wait for an answer; but having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornaments hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, "If he had any commands for him?" The man looked silly, and said, "That he had nothing to trouble his honour with."—"Are not you a servant of Sir

Harry Benson's?"—"No, sir."—"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favours in your hat."—"Sir! I'm his Majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting."—"Recruiting!" his eyes glistened at the word; he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought: "You shall drink the king's health," said Harley, "in a bumper."—"The king and your honour!"—"Nay, you shall drink the king's health by itself; you may drink mine in another." Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now to your mistress," said Harley: "every soldier has a mistress." The man excused himself. "To your mistress! you cannot refuse it." 'Twas Mistress Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents. "Fill it, Peter," said his master, "fill it to the brim!" Peter filled it; and the soldier having named Sukey Simpson, dispatched it in a twinkling. "Thou art an honest fellow," said Harley, "and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

Still, however, he has cause to imagine that Miss Walton loves him not; for why should she? And this preys upon his spirits. It has already been seen that Harley was acutely sensitive, and a mind constituted as his must have been was but too likely to sink under the influence of a passion, which, of all others, renders the heart more susceptible of that intense sorrow which may undermine the health and strength of the most hardy. We remember some time ago to have

seen in the "Quarterly Review" a sneering assertion from one of the writers, who declared, that *he*, brave man! had never been in love; and we, of course, set him down for an ill-natured cynic; and, what is worse, for one in whose heart the kindlier sympathies of human nature have never found an abiding place. Doubtless he must consider himself a magnanimous and most philosophic hero; but few, we believe, who enjoy their right senses, would speak with indifference of the power of woman over their youthful hearts; and we have no hesitation in saying, that he, who could regard with apathy the virtuous endearments of a lovely woman, is not worthy of being numbered with those who are endowed with the celestial attributes of man. We will not now produce any instances of the power of love over the human heart; but many such there are, where blighted hopes and withered happiness have brought to a premature grave many a budding blossom, before they have expanded into the more permanent maturity, in which they might have withstood the effect of such an insidious but delicious fatality. Harley, it is true, was not so young as to be led away unheededly by his love for Miss Walton; but then he had so delicate a spirit, a mind so finely attuned, and but few ties to bind him to mortality, that he yielded more readily to the influence of his sorrows, till the energies of his mind and body both were fast decaying, without a hope of any earthly regeneration.

"When I entered his apartment," says the narrator, "I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an

open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more, a gentle triumph in it.

“He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, ‘I am foolish enough,’ said he, ‘to rely but little in this instance upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it. There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay: a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought that I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.’ He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet with a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too: we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, ‘There are some remembrances,’ said Harley, ‘which rise involuntarily in my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure

I have passed among them: but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which are perhaps too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist: they are called—perhaps they are so—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.’ He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton.”

This angelic girl, who seems not to have been ignorant of Harley’s estimable qualities, hearing of his illness, had come to inquire herself after his health, and they are left alone. The native delicacy of Harley’s disposition could not even now at first summon resolution sufficient to declare his love, although a more worldly lover would have hailed the visit of Miss Walton as a particular invitation for such a disclosure. Not so Harley. With the utmost gratitude for the favour of her condescension—for Miss Walton, it must be remembered, was heiress to 4000*l.* per annum—he expressed his thanks with the sincere fervour which his heart prompted; and when she spoke to him of the good report of his physician, he only reiterated his own opinion as to the certainty of his approaching dissolution. We must quote the remainder of this touching scene in our author’s own words.

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground.

"There are," said he in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton." His glance met hers; they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments. "I am in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that also excuse it. It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections." He paused again. "Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without controul. "Let me entreat you," said she, "to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you: if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I know your worth, I have known it long, I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved." He seized her hand; a languid colour reddened his cheek; a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim—it fixed—it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them: with Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone for ever!"

Is there any one of our readers who has lost a friend, a sympathizing, sincere, and affectionate friend, one whose heart and mind were both fraught with sentiments and feelings worthy of the highest state of human existence? If such there be, let him read what follows, and the last sad

scene of poor mortality, the deadly silence, and the thrilling coldness of the last touch, will be brought back to his memory with all the vividness of reality.

I entered the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear; I looked, and the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form, which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connection we cannot easily forget: I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily; I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly at his face: his eyes were closed; his lip was pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility: I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! The confusion of my mind began to subside into thought. * * * * *

He hinted, that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structure, were it but on the paring of a nail. He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look: perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child at those things. I sometimes visit his grave: I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is

worth a thousand homilies: every noble feeling rises within me; every beat of my heart awakens a virtue—but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing: but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

Such is “The Man of Feeling!” the best most certainly of Mackenzie’s productions, and one well calculated to afford a good idea of the author’s style and manner. The next in the order of interest and excellence is “The Man of the World,” which is a sort of second part to the former. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy and refined sensibility. In the one, however, he imagines a hero constantly obedient to every emotion of his moral sense. In the other, he exhibits, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong into misery and ruin, and spreading sorrow all around him by pursuing a happiness which he expected to obtain in defiance of the moral sense; and in treating such a subject, our author has produced many very powerful and striking scenes; and the moral of the whole narrative is most exemplary and beneficial. It has occurred to us, as somewhat remarkable, that Mackenzie delights to dwell upon the evil consequences of seduction, and of the fiendish machinations which lead to it. In “The Man of Feeling,” “The Man of the World,” and most of his “Miscellaneous Pieces,” there are copious examples of this predilection; and being, as it is, so prevalent in his works,

it is not going too far to conclude, that some circumstance connected with this subject, and occurring in early life, for he commenced his authorship at an early age, must have dwelt upon his mind, and tintured his writings with so much *mannerism*. We do not say this by way of censure—far from it; because the subject, treated in the moral manner of Mackenzie, can never do harm, and is more likely to do good. If a man has any feeling, he cannot fail to be deeply moved by the woes of Emily Atkins, or deeply incensed by the infernal devices which led to the destruction of Harriet Annesley. But we must bring our remarks to a conclusion; yet not before we remind our readers, that the venerable author, upon whose works we have presumed thus to descant, is still alive, enjoying, we trust, the gratifying consciousness of his worth and merit; that he was rewarded, as he well deserved, with an office of considerable responsibility and emolument; and last, though by no means least, that he has been doubly immortalized, first, by his own works*, and, secondly, by the dedication of “Waverley.”

* Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr. Mackenzie wrote two dramatic pieces, “The Spanish Father,” a tragedy, and “The White Hypocrite,” a comedy; also a political tract of a temporary nature. All his works are contained in a collected edition, in eight volumes octavo.

JULIA MANDEVILLE.

(Concluded from p. 257.)

A MONTH had elapsed since the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Mandeville; the affairs of her husband had been finally settled, and he was removed to the house of his solicitor, Mr. Mason, in town, where

every effort was used to rouse him from his melancholy, and to induce him to make some exertion, and come to some determination for the future. The well-meant endeavours of his friends, however, all failed. A fixed gloom overspread his countenance, a total inanity appeared to have pervaded all his frame. His medical advisers were decidedly of opinion, that only some strong stimulus could rouse him from his insensibility; but what that stimulus should be, they were not prepared to say.

Things were in this distressing state, when one morning Mr. Mason read in the newspaper, which always formed the appendage to his breakfast-table, an account of a lady, who, seemingly in the last stage of distress, and in a state of great indisposition, had reached a public-house near Chelmsford, and begged for shelter: before, however, she could give any account of herself, she was seized with the pangs of labour, and delivered of a fine girl, and now remained dangerously ill; so ill as to be quite incompetent to answer any inquiries; but her linen, the paragraph added, was marked J. M. Mr. Mason felt persuaded that this must be Mrs. Mandeville; and determined on acting promptly, he immediately ordered his horses to be put to the carriage, and telling Mandeville that he was going to take him out for a short excursion, they proceeded to Chelmsford together. Their journey was marked by no particular incident, and when they arrived at the inn, and requested to be shewn to the apartment of the strange invalid, Mr. Mason had great difficulty in recognising in her pallid features, the

once blooming and lovely wife of his friend. She was sleeping, and the sight had no effect on her afflicted husband; but when Mason took the infant from her side, and placed it in his arms, and said, "Here's your child, Mandeville!" the sound seemed to operate like an electric shock. His eyes sparkled, his countenance became animated, and he burst into tears. His friend hailed this burst of sensibility, and leading him from the room, with the infant still in his arms, he, by degrees, informed him that his beloved wife was now lying under that roof.

The communication was received with greater calmness than Mr. Mason had anticipated; he only requested instantly to be led to her apartment. Before doing this, the landlady, who appeared to be a feeling, considerate woman, was sent for; and, having ascertained that Mrs. Mandeville was awake, she preceded them into the room, and told her, that two gentlemen were inquiring for her. "Oh! for God's sake, let them not come here! It is Plainville, and he comes to tear me from my child! Ha!" she exclaimed, not having before missed the infant, "where is my babe? Who has borne away this dear pledge of a lost husband's love? Tell me," she wildly continued, "what wretch has taken my child?"—"Your husband, my Julia!" replied the now perfectly conscious Mandeville; for the stimulus had been administered, and he was himself again. "Your husband, my Julia; who is here to avenge your wrongs, my injured angel." I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. Julia hung round his neck in speechless rapture; and at

last again sunk to repose, inclining on his bosom.

The recovery of Mrs. Mandeville was now extremely rapid. Restored to her husband, and blest with a lovely child, she seemed to have lost all remembrance of her past misfortunes. The knowledge of the complete wreck of Mandeville's property was kept from her, till her strength was perfectly re-established; and it was not till she was removed to the house of the friendly Mr. Mason, that Mandeville communicated to her the treachery of his friend, and his ruin. "Never mind loss of fortune, my dear Charles," said she; "once more restored to your society, I think I can brave any hardship, if not deprived of that."—"Yes, my Julia, we are blest in each other once more; and Heaven grant we may not again be separated! But you must now tell me what befel you during that miserable period when you were estranged from your fond husband's arms. In the first moment that I beheld you, you let fall enough to inform me, that Plainville was the author of your misery, and I lost no time in seeking him out; but the wretch had fled from the punishment due to his well-merited crimes, and left England for the Indies. We may meet, however, and if we do——"—"Oh! think not of him, my Charles! leave him to his conscience and his God. But you shall hear my tale, which is as brief as it is miserable."

Having then acquainted him with those particulars which the reader already knows, she proceeded: "I was placed in a carriage, and we continued travelling all that day and night. We stopped occasionally to change horses, when the bandage

which had been removed was replaced, to prevent me from giving any alarm. My companion was a stranger, and preserved a sullen taciturnity. Early the following morning, our journey ended at a large good-looking house, and I was lifted from the carriage and carried up stairs by two men, who left me in an apartment handsomely furnished. A woman shortly after entered with refreshments: she was, or pretended to be, dumb; for all the time I was there, she never opened her mouth. A sleeping-room communicated with this apartment, and she gave me to understand, by signs, that this formed the boundary of my accommodations. She soon after brought me a change of linen, and then left me: I saw no more of her till night.

"Conjecture was busy in tracing this outrage to its source. Suspicion rested upon Plainville, but I dismissed the idea as injurious to him. Too soon, however, I was convinced, that I had not wronged him by my suspicions. That day I remained unmolested, and was suffered to brood, in silent agony, over my separation from all I held dear on earth. The dumb woman (as I shall call her) brought me refreshments again towards evening; and as soon as she was gone, I searched for a fastening to my door within, she having turned the key without, and barricaded it in such a way, that no one could enter during the night. I sat till fatigue overpowered me and I was obliged to lie down, having first implored the protection of that Being who never forsakes those who trust in him. The agitation of my mind did not prevent me from sleeping, and it was broad daylight when I awoke, refreshed and more com-

posed in mind. Soon after I heard my door unlocked, and having removed the inner fastenings, the woman brought in my breakfast. I again questioned her as to the cause of my detention, but could obtain no answer, and I gave up in despair the idea of obtaining any information from her. She remained in the room till I had breakfasted, when she removed the things; she brought me my dinner, tea, and supper, every day during my confinement, but never spoke, or even exchanged with me a gesture from which I could derive consolation.

"Shortly after breakfast, my door was again unlocked, and Mr. Plainville entered the room. He made no apology for the violence he had offered, except that he had been impelled to it by his passion; and I was forced to hear his odious protestations. I need not say that I repelled them with indignation; and he left me, saying my confinement should be for life, for I should never return to the arms of his hated rival. As soon as he was gone, I set about searching the apartments to find means of escape, but in vain: the door was locked, the windows were a considerable height from the ground, and guarded by iron bars; and all means of egress were denied. Here then I remained upwards of a month; visited every day by Plainville, who, however, offered me no violence, but whose sight became daily more odious; and never breathing the fresh air of heaven, except for about half an hour each day, with the dumb woman for my attendant, at which times I could also perceive, that a man was watching me at a short distance. Towards the latter part of my stay, Plainville treated me with

more respect; he assumed the appearance of contrition for my uneasiness, but was deaf to all entreaties to restore me to my husband. I appealed to him on the ground of my situation, but in vain; he said I should be properly provided for, but should never see you more.

"I was beginning to sink into a deep and settled melancholy, when Providence aided in my deliverance. On the night in which I made my escape, a dreadful tempest raged without, and the violence of the wind carried away part of the roof of my bed-chamber, and shook the building to such a degree, as to loosen some of the bars which secured the window, tearing the casement from its frame. The rain poured in torrents; and I rushed to the aperture, and found that I could remove one or two of the bars. With frantic eagerness I tore them from the walls; I then took the sheets, and ripping them in slips, tied them together, and drawing my bedstead close to the window, fastened one end of the line strongly to it, and let the other fall on the outside. I could not see whether it reached the ground, but I was resolved to trust to Providence for deliverance; and getting on the seat of the window, I clung to the line, and crept down by my hands. Fortunately I reached the ground before I got to the end of my line, and no sooner did I feel myself at liberty, than I darted forward; and how I was supported, where I wandered to, or how I reached that hospitable inn where you found me, I know not. I was upheld by that Being who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and who enabled me to brave fatigue, that, under other circumstances, would

have bowed me to the earth, and endure all the rigour of a storm which, at any other time, I should have shrunk from encountering. But once more restored to you, my husband, I think not of the past; the future now must, for this dear infant's sake," and she pressed the sleeping Julia to her bosom, "be our care."

Their resolutions for the future were soon taken. Reduced as their income was, they could not live in town. A friend of Mr. Mason's happened at this period to have a little cottage in Wales to dispose of, and hither they determined to retire; the colonel, in his own mind, forming a resolution again to go into active service the first opportunity that offered, for the sake of his child. He communicated his wish to his kind friend, Mr. Mason, who promised to aid his intentions to the utmost of his power. The premature death of his beloved wife, however, prevented him from putting this resolution into practice; for when looking on his Julia, he felt that he could not abandon her to the care of strangers; and he never left her from that period till the arrival of General Mordaunt from India.

This was the outline of her father's melancholy story. We have, however, omitted to state, that, before Colonel and Mrs. Mandeville left London for Wales, they received

a letter from Mr. Plainville, acknowledging, in terms of the greatest contrition, the enormity of his offence, and imploring their forgiveness, though, he said, he should never obtain his own. Mrs. Mandeville's conduct, he continued, had filled him with admiration as well as love; he had long wished to restore her to her husband, but could not bear the idea of exposing himself to the ignominy which he knew must fall upon him. Her escape, however, filled him with joy; and he immediately resolved to quit a country, where he could never more look for happiness.

The Plainvilles did not return to England till after Mandeville, with the living image of his lost Julia, had again visited the metropolis; and it cannot be wondered at, that the colonel felt an aversion to any intercourse with one who had trifled so severely with his peace. The occurrences of the evening, however, induced him again to see and forgive his "early friend;" and the next morning he met him as they had been used to meet in other days: all conversation on the past was, by mutual consent, prohibited; and the union of Julia and young Plainville, which took place shortly after, cemented their restored affection.

W. C. S—D.

YORK.

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. IX.

SOME months ago, a pretty house at a little distance from our village, which had been a considerable time untenanted, was let; a circumstance we knew nothing about till it was taken possession of by the new own-

ers. The day after their arrival, I received a visit from Madame Mont-Orgueil, who came, she said, to tell me that we had got English neighbours. "Indeed! what is their name?"—"Travers."—"But that

proves nothing, for you know it is a very common name here."—"Oh! I don't judge by the name. No, no, I have proof positive: they ordered beef-steaks yesterday; and after that, can any one doubt that they must be English?"

Without attempting to argue the point, I began to speak of something else; but this did not suit the intention of my visitor, whose errand I soon found was to make use of me for the purpose of ascertaining whether the new-comers were *visitable*. In France it is the stranger who pays the first visit; but she knew that this is not the English custom; and as she concluded I should follow the usages of my own country, she was desirous of learning, as soon as she could, from me, whether these good people were really *comme il faut*. Now you must know, my dear reader, that these words have a very different signification in France from the translation which we precise English would give of them. If you are rich, correct in appearance, and if, above all the rest, your political principles do not clash with theirs, you are quite *comme il faut* with a Frenchman or Frenchwoman. An Englishwoman requires something more; but as I scorned to acknowledge that circumspection could ever be necessary between English people, I said nothing of my intention of taking time to consider whether I should visit them or not; and having some business in Paris, went thither on the following day, leaving her to find out all about them as she could.

My absence was prolonged for nearly three weeks. On my return I found that curiosity had conquered etiquette; for several of the neighbours, finding that the new-comers

did not pay visits to any body, had called upon them, but to no effect. These John Bulls had not even the complaisance to tell a civil lie. Instead of saying "Not at home," the answer was, they received no visits. Still there was a resource; some intelligence might be gained from their old man servant, or their *bonne*. But no, both of these were as provokingly mysterious as their employers, and our whole sum of intelligence amounted only to this, that Mr. Travers was English, and Mrs. Travers French by extraction, and that they were the best people in the world. Our patricians, finding that there was no more to be learned, determined to pass a charitable judgment, and it was voted *nem. con.* that these good people felt their own inferiority, and therefore modestly declined the honour of mixing with their superiors, who applauded their humility, and left them to pursue their avocations as they pleased.

Recent circumstances have, however, very much changed this favourable disposition of our village gentry. A chance meeting has brought about an intimacy between Mr. Travers and the *curé*, and through the medium of that worthy man we are also become acquainted. This has excited, in the highest degree, the ire of our two *grandes dames*, who see in them no longer modest and humble people, but insolent upstarts, who unite in themselves what each considers as most worthy of reprobation. Mademoiselle Mont-Orgueil is certain that they are people of no birth, and Madame D'Agneau is equally sure they must have little or no fortune. The first declares, that they can be little better than savages, since they have no notion of eti-

quette; and indeed her *cicisbeo*, of whom I have formerly made honourable mention, denounces them as worse, because they will not suffer themselves to be instructed; and the latter protests, that they are people of no breeding, which is evinced by their utter ignorance of the art of good eating, the very first principles of which she declares they appear utterly unacquainted with. All these animadversions do not disturb the tranquillity of the good couple, who appear quite happy in the enjoyment of their rural retreat, the society of the *curé* and myself, and the pleasure of liberally assisting their poor neighbours.

But who, after all, are they? methinks I hear the reader exclaim. Why, truly, their history is a little romance, and I am going to relate it without any further preamble. The husband is a young Englishman, who came about three years since into possession of a moderate fortune: the first use he made of it was to come and see the French metropolis. Chancing to accompany some English ladies to a shop where fancy articles are sold in the Palais Royal, he was struck with the beauty and graceful carriage of a young person who acted as bookkeeper. Surprised at hearing her speak English fluently and with the purest accent, he inquired if she was a native of the country; and learned that she was French by extraction, but born in London, where she had lived till she was twelve years old. On pretence of her being more than half his countrywoman, Travers did what he could to form an acquaintance with her, but without success. She repelled all his advances with a modest propriety, which soon made him sensible that a criminal

suit would be hopeless; and, as his pride revolted from a union with a person in her station, he endeavoured to put her out of his head, and by degrees dropped his visits, which at first were very frequent, to the shop in which she was.

However, though the fair Stephanie had womanly pride enough to conceal it, he had made a deep impression on her heart. Circumstances had thrown her into a situation for which neither birth nor education had fitted her. She could not help feeling her own superiority to those who surrounded her; and it is not wonderful that a man formed to captivate should have won her affections. Young, ardent, and romantic, she cherished her passion, though conscious of its hopelessness, with all the enthusiasm of her sex and country.

Some time had elapsed without her seeing him, when one day she observed him pass, and at the same instant a gentleman, who was in the shop, said to another, "Ah! there goes the young Englishman who was so finely pigeoned the other night." A conversation followed, from which Stephanie learned, that he frequented a gaming-house at no great distance, and from his *penchant* for play was in the high road to ruin.

What intelligence for the tender Stephanie! Hardly could she conceal the shock it gave her; she had heard so much of the terrible effects of gaming, that her imagination represented him to her incessantly reduced to the most abject distress, perhaps even expiring by his own hand. She felt that to bear this cruel suspense was impossible, and fortunately she found a method of putting an end to it.

She had an old and faithful friend, the attached servant of her grandfather and of her father. He had lived with the latter in all his changes of fortune, and when his death reduced his orphan girl to a situation far below her birth, her sorrows were sharpened by being forced to part with the venerable Antoine. It was to him that she applied to trace the steps of Travers. He respected her too much to inquire into her motives, but he carefully complied with her wishes, and in a very short time brought her intelligence that he was an inmate of St. Pelagie, at the suit of some troublesome tradespeople, whose accounts he had left unsettled, that he might pay his debts of honour.

With this news, and the agreeable addition, that there was no doubt of his being completely ruined, Antoine presented himself one morning to Stephanie. "And his debts," cried she trembling, "to what do they amount?"—"Oh! to very near four thousand francs!"—"Heaven be praised!"—"Heaven be praised!" said Antoine to himself; "now what can make mademoiselle, kind and good as she is, so glad of this poor soul's misfortune?"

The old man little thought that her joy proceeded from knowing that she had it in her power to liberate him. She possessed five thousand francs; it was a sacred hoard kept for the last extremity. And what extremity could ever touch her so nearly as this? The sum would give him liberty and a temporary support. Without a moment's hesitation she inclosed it in a blank cover, which she charged the faithful Antoine to deliver into his own hand, with a strict injunction to leave him instantly.

Antoine fulfilled his mission so well, that he had vanished before Travers could open the different foldings in which the notes were wrapped, to give the old man time to make his escape. I can neither paint the astonishment of the Englishman, nor the enthusiastic gratitude he felt for the service rendered him. He had materially injured his fortune, but not entirely ruined himself. A little property still remained, which, luckily for him, he could not alienate. He had sent to England to try to raise upon it the sum necessary to pay his debts, when Stephanie's letter gave him at once the means of releasing himself from duance.

His first step was to pay his debts; his next care to take all possible means to discover his benefactor. He framed an advertisement expressive of his gratitude, and of his desire to return the sum advanced, which he inserted repeatedly in the *Petites Affiches* and in Galignani's English paper in vain. He looked with the greatest attention at every old man that he saw; but all to no purpose. Some months passed, and he was about to give up the matter and to leave Paris, when, in passing the Pont Royal, his eye fell upon Antoine, who, the moment he saw him, quickened his pace, with an evident design to avoid him.

Travers instantly recollected him, and the care which the other took to avoid him convinced him that he was not mistaken. Determined then to penetrate the mystery, he followed, but cautiously and at a distance, till he saw him go into the shop where Stephanie lived. He entered it at the moment that Antoine was in earnest conversation with her. He perceived Stephanie cast her eyes

upon him, blush, and give a significant look to the old man. The blush, the look, revealed her secret. "I shall seek no farther," said he in English, approaching her, "I see my benefactress."

Poor Stephanie, almost sinking between delight and confusion, strove very awkwardly to affect ignorance of his meaning; but Travers' eyes were now open.

"There is one way to convince me," said he: "let my old friend here conduct me to the person who gave him the packet, which I will swear he brought me."—"Indeed, sir," stammered Antoine, "you deceive yourself."—"That's enough, you shall hear from me to-morrow," said Travers to Stephanie; and he hastened away to consider how he should settle his accounts with the young shopkeeper.

He was not long in making up his mind. The service she had rendered him revived his early flame, and gratitude got the better of pride. Instead of writing her a long elaborate letter full of thanks and gratitude, and *mille autres choses* in the French style, he settled the matter like a true John Bull. "My heart is yours," wrote he; "you have gained it by

the noble and delicate manner in which you have rendered me the greatest service; but I can owe that service only to a wife. You must then marry me, or take back your money."

I need not tell my readers which alternative was most agreeable to Stephanie. Travers found that in taking his bride from a shop he had not disgraced his family, since her birth is much superior to his; and though the late act of indemnity will not restore to her the possessions of her ancestors, yet it will put her in possession of a sufficient sum to repair the losses which Travers has sustained by play.

They were married, and would have set off for England immediately; but it was about that time that the act of indemnity was brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies. They awaited its result in Paris, and as they have still some time to remain in France for the fulfilment of the necessary formalities, they resolved to pass it in the environs of the metropolis. Chance led them to their present pretty habitation, where I hope to enjoy their society as long as they shall remain in our village.

E.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SUPERSTITION OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE first dark-visaged individual who came from the East Indies to the Highlands of Scotland occasioned horrors and affright in numberless instances: for the Moors who accompanied the knights of the Holy Wars, returning to the father-land, were commonly supposed to be in complexion like the modern race of gypsies and tinkers, their reputed de-

scendants, who, by intermixture with European blood, have lost many shades of the original sable; and the Gael never entertained an idea that any thing in human form was quite black, except the arch-enemy of mankind. It is scarcely more than fifty years since the sons of the mountains were convinced that whole tribes of men and women were of that hue

which their imaginations attributed to Satan.

One young Gentoo boy, sold to a Highland gentleman by his mother in the dreadful famine during Lord Clive's Indian career, was the unconscious cause of dispersing a dozen Highlanders, who, in the strife of men, would have kept their ground to the last gasp; but, as they said themselves, "It was not for the arm of flesh to fight the devil!" The gentleman, who was attended by the Oriental stripling, soon after he came back to his native country, was desirous of seeing the great cattle-market at Dunbarton. He took up his lodgings at the nearest inn on the night preceding the market. All the parks in the vicinity were filled with droves, while their drivers held watch over them. About midnight a figure, which the Highlanders fancied to be of gigantic stature, came slowly towards the gate of the inclosure, and vaulted over, as a stag, when pursued, bounds across a ditch. The Gael, supposing the stranger to be a cattle-stealer, came forward, keeping under the shade of a hedge, that they might take the thief and his accomplices by surprise, and knock their pistols out of their hands, before they could discharge them. Each, armed with a stout bludgeon, came onward, manfully resolved to defend the property intrusted to them, when, terrible to behold! they saw a human figure all over black, making strange gestures, bowing its head to the earth, creeping on its hands and knees, rolling on the grass, throwing up its arms, as if it would pull down the skies, and at length prostrating itself before a white cow. Every man shifted for himself, leaving the harm-

less worshipper to make his orisons unmolested. The men took shelter in the first alehouse they found open in the town of Dunbarton, and at that time the alehouses keep vigils till morning. The adventure made some noise, and on inquiry, it appeared that the Gentoo lad, having observed a beautiful white cow in one of the droves, waited till his master was asleep, glided out of the inn to the spot where she lay, and yielding to the ineffaceable impressions received in childhood, rendered her religious homage. The youth was not quite six feet in height, though fear magnified his person. His master bought the white cow, to gratify his piety, and his faithful services deserved indulgence.

A widow, whose courage and fortitude had sustained trials of more than common severity, was overpowered by the sight of an African Negro. When her husband died she was left with a numerous family of young children, and after all debts were paid, she had but a few pounds of a reversion to feed and clothe a helpless group during the winter; when all that were able to herd a few cattle or sheep in the summer and autumn, must return to the fatherless home, as their services would not be wanted. The widow was advised to take her eldest daughter, a girl twelve years old, and to cross a high Grampian hill to Athol, for the purpose of bringing back as much flax as both could carry; and several farmers' wives, charitable and industrious, promised to purchase her merchandise. It was now the end of November: the widow, fearing that her own girl could not bear up against

hardship like herself, made a deep speculation with funds so slender; she ventured to engage a neighbour to go with her to the south, trusting to the kind efforts of her friends to secure customers for the flax they could not take themselves.

In passing over the Grampian, a storm of snow fell so thick, that the travellers were in danger of losing their way, or falling over precipices, since they could not see half a yard around them. They sat down close to several sheep. The snow increased; the sheep pressed nearer and nearer, and this perhaps saved their lives, or at least prevented their limbs from being frost-bitten. Before many hours elapsed, the companions in misfortune were covered with a high snow-wreath, and remained ten days in that condition. They had a little meal and a few onions, which, as they had small inclination for food, sufficed until eight and forty hours before they were extricated from their confinement. They were greatly fatigued by striving against the storm before they sat down, and now their limbs were benumbed for want of motion, and their strength was so exhausted that they attempted in vain to burst their ice-bound prison. When the weather had settled to frost, some shepherds, searching for strayed flocks, came near. The women heard their tread on the crackling ice, and made a desperate exertion to cry out. They were carried to the nearest house, and soon recovered.

The profit made by the sale of her flax, which the shepherds humanely carried for her two days' journey, enabled the widow to buy a few merchant-goods, and all the neighbours were her customers. The

richer classes sent her meal and potatoes as a donation; and, in short, with various helps, added to her own earnings, and the wages of her elder children in the following summer, she was able to pay for a horse, so much in ready cash, and so much by credit from the owner. She obtained constant employment in taking wood to Inverness from an extensive and valuable forest belonging to the great chief of the clan Grant. The ever-benevolent Sir James Grant gave orders, that the most necessitous of his people should have preference as wood-carriers. The widow accordingly had frequent employment, and when not called upon for that occupation, she went occasionally for goods for the village-merchants. Her brother-in-law had a pair of horses, and was accustomed to travel with her. In hot weather they made their journeys by night.

One summer morning they sat down to rest near the house of an acquaintance. He was just up, and came to ask their news. The wayworn widow fell asleep. While she slept, a black servant belonging to a gentleman who lived near joined in the conversation. The woman opened her eyes; but on seeing the black face and hands of the person next to her she fainted away. The Negro and his acquaintance were gone before her brother-in-law called her to resume their travel. She recovered a little, and with much difficulty reached a house nearer to her own. There she became so ill, that she could no longer conceal it, nor the cause of her disorder. She said, that having been two nights without rest, sleep had the mastery when she relaxed in exertion; but a dreadful clap of thunder awoke her, and

Satan, blacker than the hearse that carried the laird's little son to the tomb, was sitting beside her. She certainly saw his cloven feet, and had an indistinct recollection of his horns. While she gave this account, the honest Negro darkened a narrow passage leading to the room to which her hostess took her to rest. Seeing all the family shake hands with him, her alarm subsided, and the widow was convinced he was no evil spirit. He pulled off his stockings to

let her examine his feet, and bade her try if his head had any excrescence more than her own. She remembered the noise which she imagined to be thunder. It was sheep dashing from a cot hard by to regale on the dewy grass. If the Negro had not come in so opportunely, the widow would have firmly believed she had seen the devil, and heard him announced by thunder.

B. G.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

INDIAN CURE FOR THE EAR-ACHE.

TAKE about the size of a walnut of raw fresh lean mutton; burn it on a red-hot iron plate till reduced nearly to a cinder; put this cinder into a clean rag, then squeeze out the moisture upon a silver teaspoon, heated in boiling water, and well dried, before you drop into it the expressed juice of the mutton, which is to be put into the ear of the patient as hot as it can be endured. This remedy has been known to prove efficacious after laudanum has failed to afford relief.

TO REMOVE WARTS.

Cut an apple, ripe, but of acid quality; rub it over the wart for a few minutes, and in a few days the wart

generally drops off. If the first application does not succeed, repeat it in a week, from time to time, till it removes the excrescence; but this is very seldom requisite.

SALUBRIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE STRAWBERRY.

Every friend to the fair will be glad to diffuse the knowledge of a pleasant dentifrice, and infallible sweetener of the breath. The common strawberry, in a ripe state, when rubbed upon the teeth and gums, has these most agreeable influences, and becomes more efficacious if eaten freely. The celebrated Linneus cured himself of gout by persevering in a regimen of strawberries.

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those of people, whom the unhappy

state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies; and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon even among the military, who, by their profession and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troop halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain near a spring, and forming a circle, placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had but lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speak to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advance towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trousers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer; and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you, when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lamballe? My wife and children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added, in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "In the name of heaven, do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from their ignorance of my fate; for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait, they will be certain that I would have parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, which he found of doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you! —" — "Say no more," cried the other abruptly; "the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke, he put it into his pocket; and added, "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy? it will refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis; "a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat, and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to save him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he: "I will give you a chance, which, if well managed, may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*. I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy and escape."

"Ah, my God! if it were possible? But you forget I must have

money to give them, and I have not a single sou!"—"And unfortunately I have very little, only four *assignats* of five francs each: you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper; "be sure you are not seen to take them out: go, and God speed you!"

Duplessis turned away without speaking; but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few moments afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner, to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial! You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray then, what would you have me do with him? for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troop, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is! Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow; and certainly, captain, you will not say that you cannot spare three men?"

"Well," replied the other with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way: but remember, I tell

you you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell Corporal Gaillard and La Porte and Desmoulins to remain with him: we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the Convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared, that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by a window, but the men being upon the alert, had all three fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they had buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth: it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he had done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot: that, however, as they had done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over; but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment; saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded, before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out with his detachment without beat of drum, and they thus escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to — : while on the road, he recollected the commission which he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother.

When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house; but she has arranged with the innkeeper over the way to receive you in her stead."

"It is not a lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of terror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment, she led Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl of four or five years old at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she: "go, Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine how to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with great emotion; and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"—"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah! not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved! Yes," cried the mother in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband!"

Both embraced him with tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy and her little girl, that they also might caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were those caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure, such heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he at last; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him."—"My dear friend, they were so intoxicated, that they would not have been able to kill a fly. God be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. Ah! how I wish that you could see him! but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lamballe?"—"No, I can only stop for to-night."—"Well, at least for to-night you will stop with us;" and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain be-

hind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait: my husband has desired, that if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, I should tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable and grateful family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister upon the produce of a little farm which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplessis returned, after so long an absence, to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and was come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience."—"And without promotion?"—"I have not sought it."—"No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns."—"I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk

with his friend upon his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on the subject, "does the owner demand for it?"—"Twenty-three thousand francs (nearly one thousand pounds)."—"That is lucky; for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands."—"I! you joke."—"No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find if you draw upon him to that amount."—"But can you think that I shall rob you?"—"Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs."—"Impossible!"

"I will convince you it is very possible and very true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place in the public funds. We lived retired; she had consequently much leisure, and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompence for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king, that

your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valour; and he shews his sense of your services by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-bataillon*."

The worthy veteran threw himself

into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—need it be said, that he makes a worthy use of it?

CAMBRIAN SKETCHES.

No. II.

THE WELCH WEDDING.

Da ydyw'r gwaith, rhaid d'we'yd y gwir,
Ar fryniau Sir Meirionydd.
Golwg oer o'r gwaela gawn,
Mae hi etto yn llawn llawenydd:
Pwy ddysgwyliai canair gôg
Mewn mawnog yn y mynydd?

PENILL.

On Meirion's hills (the truth to speak)
Good fun is often found;
For though the scene be bare and bleak,
Yet mirth and joy abound:
Who would expect the cuckoo's song
To hear the mountain wilds among?

Translation.

It was a beautiful day in the beginning of June 18—, that my young friend, James Paterson, and myself went on a fishing excursion up the river Mowddach in Merionethshire. We left Dolgelley soon after sunrise, and following the wooded banks of this beautiful river as it winds through the romantic vale of Vanner, we came at length to a shady glen, near which the river swells out into a deep, dark, and quiet pool, a favourite abiding-place for trout and salmon. Here we arranged our tackle, "put in," and commenced our sport.

We had a capital collection of flies. Some were of our own manufacture, and some we had procured of old Rowland Williams of Wrexham, the best fly-maker, and *then* the best fly-fisher, in the whole principality. But our choicest article, our *bijou*, was a small hook of a peculiarly "killing" kind, which my old friend, Robin Edwards (whilome guide general to all the natural curiosities in the county, but now, alas!

no more!) had bequeathed to me as a token of his great regard for so apt and diligent a pupil, and as a memorial, at the same time, of his own unrivalled skill in the sublime art of fly-busking*.

We had provided ourselves with every requisite appurtenance, not forgetting a capacious basket of "virtual," which my lad Hucyn, or little Hugh, carried for us, ever and anon groaning under the weight of the good things which it contained. Our garments were such as are best suited to the fisherman, more especially to him who cares not to wade up to his chin through a foaming mountain river, and to climb and clamber over rocks and brushwood, not merely to the imminent peril of his actual well-being, but to the manifest discomposure of his outward habiliments.

* The fly in question is a dun fly, with red legs and a black head. It goes by the name of Robin's fly; but I fear it is now quite extinct, for the secret of its composition died with its revered inventor.

A fustian jacket, with pockets that a botanist would envy, light jean trowsers, "with a waistcoat of the same," and a capacious straw hat well garnished with flies, completed our outward apparel; with the addition, we should have said, of a basket hung across the shoulder, after the manner of the worthy "Piscator," so primly delineated in the earlier editions of Izaak Walton.

Thus accoutred, and with our whole hearts "on *murderous* thoughts intent," we enjoyed one of the best days' sport I ever had. The day was warm and genial, and the breeze, which occasionally ruffled the surface of the river, rendered our flies dreadfully destructive, so that, long before evening, we had filled our baskets with some of the best and finest fish which the Mowddach contains. But the most blissful enjoyment must have a termination of some sort; and delighted, but by no means satiated, with our pastime, we put up our tackle, packed every thing but our rods snug in the basket which had carried our provision, and intrusting the precious charge to Hucyn, sent him on to town, while we followed more at our leisure, it being our intention to go by a shorter way over the hills, that we might call upon a friend *en passant*; this friend being noted, not only for having a very, very pretty daughter, but also for keeping the best *ale* within twenty miles of Dolgelley. These were temptations not easily to be resisted by a brace of Welch bachelors; and so away we went.

It has been said by the best and wisest of philosophers, that men who trust too implicitly to the guidance of their inclinations are very likely to

Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.

be led astray. This was precisely our case on this memorable occasion. We had struck into a deep wood, and had followed a path, which led, as we supposed, to a mountain-track, with every part of which we were both familiar, and which we knew would conduct us safely to the bourne we so much longed for. But whether it was chance, or whether it was the design of some mischievous fairy, or what is most probable, whether it was the buzzing effects of the bottled ale which we had drunk, heaven knows; but when we got out of the wood, we found ourselves on the brow of a hill, the first of a chain leading altogether in an opposite direction to the hills which we were seeking. We stared at each other very wisely, and after a short deliberation, determined to go boldly on to the valley below, and to follow its course till we reached its farthest extremity.

It was a most lovely evening, and as we descended through a young plantation to the valley, our path was cheered with the plaintive cooing of the ring-dove, and with the melodious warbling of innumerable birds, all merrily pouring forth their hymns of gratitude and joy to the departing day. Having descended the mountain, we followed a path which wound round its base, and pursued its course along the bank of a small mountain-river—a tributary, by the way, to the Mowddach, whose source was in a lake at no great distance from the head of the valley. We were both in the most happy humour, and deeply did we enjoy the sweet scene which spread before us in the summer twilight. The green pastures and smiling cottages, which in the morning

Y Y

we had seen glowing in the beams of the rising sun, were now reposing in the gentle shadows of evening, and the smoke from their chimneys ascended in their gray volumes to the deep-blue sky. There was a degree of wild luxuriance in the boundaries of the valley, which was finely contrasted with the rich and well-cultivated corn-fields in the plain below; and the banks of the little river, by the side of which we wended our way, were plentifully clothed with hazel and elder bushes. Here indeed

"Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant and flower, the mountain's child:
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingle there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Formed in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gay hirsch and aspen wept beneath;
While the tall ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock."

Such was the lovely scene through which we wandered; and ere we left the valley, the moon rose, shedding her mild beams on the rocks and woods around us:

She shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;

She shone upon the rocks and hills, and cast

Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade.

And beneath this lovely light we rambled leisurely along, without any great inclination speedily to reach our destination, and not perfectly aware of the exact longitude and latitude of our situation.

We had gained the extremity of the vale, and were considering which way to go, when a house, much larger than the generality of Welch

farm-houses, attracted our attention, in a shady and well-sheltered glen, just below the hill, on the brow of which we were standing. A flood of light streamed from all the lower windows, and sounds of glee and merriment reached even to the spot where we were standing. Shouting there was, and abundance of laughing, with ever and anon the melodious tone of a harp, twanged by no weak and nerveless finger, and rising through the din of the merrimaking, like the hooting of the owl on a stormy night. This decided our course at once; and in a few minutes we were at the door, which we entered without hesitation, for we perceived that this mighty uproar was the celebration of a wedding; and we well knew that the mountaineer's hospitality, especially on an occasion like the present, was free to all who chose to partake of it. Besides, it would have been somewhat strange if the proprietor of this uproarious mansion had not been known to one of us; for Howel Rees was a man of some substance, one of the greatest upland farmers, and a freeholder to boot. This was not the first time we had trespassed upon his hospitality, which was always unassuming and open-hearted. Entering the house, we found ourselves in a large flagged hall, which extended the whole length of the mansion, and which was filled with a most merry company. The young men were dancing with a vigour and earnestness, that proved, at all events, their partiality for the pastime; while the elders, save and except some two or three frisky old fellows, were coolly looking on, and ever and anon applying their lips to a tankard of strong *cwrw*, or to a reeking cup of fragrant

punch, with an emphasis which equally evinced their satisfaction also of the mode in which they were occupied.

We were received with a shout of cordiality and good-will; the master of the mansion coming forward, and shaking us kindly by the hand, by way of welcome. He was a tall hearty old man, and a smile of conscious pride and happiness beamed on his ruddy countenance, as he led us towards the bride, who, blushing with joy and bashfulness, welcomed us to the merrymaking. Old Howel brought us each a cup of *cwrw*, and pledging us in a bumper, bade us join the happy throng, and amuse ourselves as we best were able. We obeyed his injunction, and selecting the prettiest mountain-lasses we could find disengaged, were soon dancing amidst the merriest of the throng.

Those who have the misfortune to live in this degenerate age, when every thing is dependent upon an artificial and sophisticated state of society, can form but a very imperfect idea of the hearty and happy pastimes which warmed the hearts of the Welch peasantry in former days; but the rude mountains, which defended the Cambro-British of old from the assaults of the Saxons and Normans, have proved ineffectual barriers to the innovating influence of modern refinement; and the hills, which were wont in the olden time to re-echo to the lusty shouts of mirth and revelry, are now comparatively still and silent. Many old traditional customs are, doubtless, still retained in Wales; but they are shorn of nearly all their pristine freshness; and I have always considered, with the-worthy and amiable

Geoffrey Crayon, that one of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is, the havoc which it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has, as he observes, completely taken off all the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of those embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a far less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris-sack of old Falstaff, become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of lustihood and spirit, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; and though they were, indeed, wild and picturesque, yet they have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has now become more worldly; there is more of description and less of enjoyment going on. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels, where it once flowed so sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more elegant and enlightened tone, but it has lost too many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, and its honest fire-side delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have all passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported, indeed, well with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlour, but are quite unfitted to

the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa. Thus, many of the merry Welch pastimes, in which I can well remember to have mingled in my youth, are now no more indulged in; and even a Welch wedding is now celebrated without the enlivening influence of the *Bidder*, or the hazardous obstruction of the *Gwyntyn**. Still, however, there is no lack of hearty joviality.

On the present occasion, there was abundance of good cheer. Every one was happy, and none more so than the newly married couple. Indeed, the event was of no trifling interest and importance in the district where it occurred; for Gweno Rees had been long an object of attraction to all the young fellows on the hill-side, as much perhaps on account of her own personal comeliness, as the prospect of a rich inheritance, which every body said she would one day enjoy; for her father's farm was large and profitable, and she was an only child. After having been talked of and toasted by all the young fellows in the neighbourhood, she smiled upon one David Richards, a young farmer much respected, and possess-

* The *Bidder* was a person well gifted with eloquence and address, sufficiently skilled in pedigrees and anecdotes of families; active, sprightly, and handsome, and of a respectable character withal, whose office it was to *bid* or invite the guests to the marriage entertainment. The *Gwyntyn* (*Anglice* Quintain,) is alluded to by Strutt in his "Queen Hoo Hall." It was a barrier placed in the path of the bride's friends, which each of them had to pass. A particular description of it is given in the thirteenth volume of the "Edinburgh Magazine," in an article entitled *Nugæ Cambrica*.

ing every reasonable requisite as to a comfortable homestead, personal appearance, and so forth. Under these circumstances, it was not very surprising that our party should be somewhat numerous. Old Howel Rees was so well known, and was, above all things, so notoriously hospitable, that his house was really well crammed with visitors; all of whom, my friend and myself included, enjoyed ourselves in the heartiest manner imaginable. For our own parts, indeed, we did not once regret that we had missed our way; and as we had the good fortune to ingratiate ourselves with more than a few of the pretty mountain-nymphs among whom we found ourselves, our time passed on gaily enough; and I was really vexed, when, after dancing stoutly, and stout dancing it was in good truth, for two hours, we received a summons to the substantial and abundant supper which had been prepared for us.

By some chance or other, I found myself placed at supper near the head of the table, at which, according to the simple custom of those secluded hills, the bride herself presided. My companion, James, I found was flirting with much assiduity with two rosy-checked lasses, whose "mother-wit," to use a vulgar, but very expressive word, kept him in active employment. I was not sufficiently fortunate to obtain such happiness, and all I could do was, to pay that becoming attention to the bride which her pre-eminence at the festival demanded. I had now a better opportunity of observing her charms, than amidst the bustle and hilarity of the dancing; and I speedily discovered, that she certainly merited all the fame she had acquir-

ed among her admirers. A profusion of light brown hair shaded her forehead, and fell down her back in graceful and unconfined ringlets; while a pair of laughing blue eyes animated a countenance, the chief expression of which was great good-humour, with a bewitching archness quite indescribable. Her manners, and indeed her whole appearance, were far above her situation; but I afterwards ascertained that she had been educated at Chester, under the care and guidance of an affectionate aunt. She performed the honours of the table with a pleasing attention, of which every one was sensible; and the modest and good-natured blush, which occasionally overspread her features at the rustic jokes of her companions, only rendered her in my eyes more fascinating. At length the moment arrived for the retirement of the bride; in due time the happy bridegroom followed, and we were left under the direction of our ancient host, to keep up our revelry as long and as lustily as we pleased.

We had already consumed a tolerable quantity of ale and whisky; but as is usual in such cases, this only induced a desire for more; and I could see that the mountaineers were determined to conclude their festivity by copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus. The old harper, who had supplied us with music for the dancing, was once more called into service, and we commenced singing *Penillion**, which promised to hold

* The custom of singing *Penillion*, which are a species of epigrammatic stanzas, is altogether peculiar to Wales; and one which, I regret to say, is falling fast into desuetude, chiefly from the offi-

us fast engaged till sunrise, for we had every necessary encouragement to proceed with our revelry. There was abundance of *cwrw*, whisky, and brandy, a most merry company, and capital subject for song; and to it we went with increased vigour. Most of our *Penillion* related, of course, to the wedding. There was one young fellow who, I soon found out, had been a desperate admirer of Gweno Rees; and who, in a tone half joke and half earnest, poured forth his lamentations in *song*. At one moment did he deplore his fate, and with a voice quivering with emotion, warble to some doleful air such strains as the following:

Heavy is lead, and so is stone,
So is his heart who lives alone;
But heavier far it is, they tell,
To say to her one loves, farewell!

To bed to-night I'll not repair,
For she I love reclines not there;
But lay me on the stone apart—
If break thou wilt, then break, my heart!

Then changing his tone, and adapting his words to a merrier strain, would he sport with his feelings in verses like the following:

cious and bigoted interference of the insidious sectarians. In this national and melodious pastime, the singer is obliged to follow the harper, who may change the tune when he pleases; and also perform variations on the air, while the vocalist must keep time, and end precisely with the strain. Those are considered the best singers, therefore, who can adapt stanzas of various metres to one melody; and it is to be observed, that the singer does not commence with the strain, but takes it up at the second or third bar, as best suits the metre of the *Penill* he intends to introduce. And this is constantly done by persons totally unacquainted with music!

Thou dearest little Gwen, kindest maiden of
all,
With cheeks fair and ruddy, and teeth white
and small,
With thy blue sparkling eyes, and thy eye-
brows so light,
Ah! how would I kiss thee, if kiss thee I
might!

From this world all in time must move,
'Tis known e'en to the simplest swain;
And 'twere as well to die of love,
As any other trifling pain*.

* These *Penillion* were, of course, sung in the original Welch, a language, I fear, not very intelligible to many of my readers. To those, however, who are anxious to obtain copies of the original, I shall have great pleasure in supplying them, on an intimation of their wishes through the publisher.

Thus did we spend the evening; and it was long after midnight when we parted from the company, whom we left singing at full stretch, and carousing with undiminished enthusiasm. I would willingly have borne them out in their revelry, even to the cock-crowing, had I not been anxious to reach home that night, to relieve the affectionate apprehensions of a kind mother. We sought the hill-side therefore, and by the light of a fine moon, speedily reached our destination, highly delighted with our evening's amusement.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XXI.

It is time to return to my own personal adventures, the narrative of which has lately been much interrupted, probably to the reader's great gratification. I stated several numbers back, that all was arranged for me to accompany Mr. Ridley and his family to England, by way of Charleston; but before I bade adieu to Washington, I spent a few days at Alexandria with the Mortimers; and I confess, the parting with the Misses Fitzherbert was not attended with the most pleasurable sensations. They were fine good-tempered girls; we had lived much together, and that in situations calculated to establish the most familiar intercourse and the most intimate confidence; and on attempting to say "Farewell!" perhaps for ever, the word stuck in my throat, and I could only press their hands, which trembled in mine, and hurry from them. Over Washington, too, I lingered with a feeling nearly allied to regret.

I disliked the American government; I detested the spirit of unkindness which many Americans entertained against the English nation: yet I had made friends there, and formed connections which would be broken asunder, and woods and wilds, mountains and seas, were about to rise between me and those from whom I had received marks of kindness and esteem. Few hearts can be insensible to the attentions of friendship; and mine is peculiarly susceptible to any impressions of favour and affection towards those who seek to win my regard. I am not "a good hater," as I have heard some one described to be; but in love and friendship I will yield the palm to no man, for the sincerity and durability of my attachments. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if I felt a little "melancholious," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, at bidding adieu to those whom I never expected to see again.

I do not envy the man who has

not some sympathy with these feelings; I would not exchange dispositions with him whose breast never beat responsive to the throb of friendship or of love; who can roam through the world without contracting any ties of regard or affection, and can live in the midst of society, and not entertain one kindly feeling towards those individuals with whom he comes in contact, and on whom he must in part depend for the many comforts he enjoys. There are such beings, but to the honour of human nature they are not numerous; and they are excrescences on the face of nature, deviations from that general plan of comprehensive benevolence which runs through the whole scheme of God's providence: for,

"Look round our world, behold the chain
of love

Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other lend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impelled its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die;)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of
beast;

All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands
alone;

The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown."

How despicable then that disposition which makes every thing centre in self, and to the gratification of selfish propensities gives up what "was meant for mankind," to be diffused through the world, and to open

rate in producing harmony and peace, and good-will and kindness, and brotherly love and charity, amongst all God's creatures! Some call this philosophy; and wrapped up in lofty indifference, look down with calm content upon the storms and whirlwinds which often agitate the moral as well as the natural world. "Out on such philosophy!" which shuts the breast to the throbbings of sensibility and humanity, to the tender feelings of love, the manly warmth of friendship, the noble glow of patriotism, and makes man, social man, an isolated being amongst millions of his species.

But enough of digression. Our first intention was to have pursued our journey entirely by land; but Mr. Ridley having business at Norfolk, that determination was altered, and, in order to give variety to our progress, we resolved to proceed thither on board the good ship *Regalia*, commanded by Captain Horace Wellbeloved, a friend of Mr. Ridley's, who was taking in a cargo at Alexandria for Liverpool. At that place we bade adieu to our friends. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and the Misses Fitzherberts accompanied us to the wharf, where we embarked; and whilst the men were busily employed in getting the vessel under weigh, they kept their stations; and as she scudded down the noble Potowmac with a favouring breeze, we could see them still waving their hands in token of farewell, till the distance shut them from our sight, and we

"Who'd heard their voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more."

Soon after losing sight of Alexandria, Mount Vernon, the residence of the late General Washington, appeared in sight. It is common with

travellers to visit this place, and to sentimentalize over the residence of the man who successfully conducted the affairs of America during her struggles for independence. *We* did not follow the example; none of us felt any sympathy in the fortunes of one whom we looked upon as nothing more than a successful rebel; who raised his hand against the king, whose bread he had eaten, and to whom he had sworn allegiance; and who would have been made amenable to the offended laws of his country, if the fortune of war had thrown him into the hands of our troops. Yet, though Englishmen should feel no admiration for the character or conduct of Washington, Americans, for whom he did so much, ought to hold his memory in reverence. But this is by no means generally the case; and by many his principles and person are held almost in abhorrence. It was a disgraceful circumstance to the renegade who was guilty of it: yet it was a striking mark of retributive justice to him who had been the chief agent of achieving the independence of our revolted colonies, that his death should be welcomed as the deliverance of the country, and hailed with the *Io Pæans* of faction. This was literally the case. In the "*Philadelphia Aurora*," a paper edited by an Irishman of the name of Duane, an article appeared, congratulating the country on the death of Washington; to which the scoundrel writer impiously prefixed the exclamation of pious Simon when he saw the Saviour presented in the temple: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Every thing that I saw in Ameri-

ca convinced me, that the country had gone back fifty years at least by the war of the rebellion; and that opinion is not weakened by the rapid stride the States have since made in population and in wealth. To England their independence was a positive saving, to them it was a loss; for every expense which England bore previous to that period now fell upon themselves; and though our demagogues here prate about the cheap government of America, they who live under it find it dear enough, and its expenses are still increasing. The great charm of it is, that by the machinery of republicanism giving apparently so much weight to the popular voice, the people are persuaded they govern themselves: whereas, in fact, they have not half so much influence as the inhabitants of our happy land, either in the choice of governors, or in the dictating of measures to their rulers. Liberty in America, to use rather a coarse but expressive word, is all *humbug*, as many an unhappy wight has found to his cost; and he has cursed the folly which induced him to expatriate himself, and dwelt with bitter agony upon the recollection of that land, where,

"Exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled
earth,
And like it free, a fabric stands complete,
The palace of the laws. To the four hea-
vens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing
crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant
mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different
ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty
flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the
whole!

Here may the floods descend, the fierce
winds blow !
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark corruption can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust."

Mount Vernon is only a mean-looking white house, situated on a rising ground, which commands a fine view of the Potowmac and the opposite shores of Maryland. A gun was fired from the grounds as we passed, which was answered by one from the ship, and we pursued our way, singing " God save the King," which was chorussed by the crew; to whom the captain, at Mr. Ridley's and my request, served out an extra allowance of grog, that they might drink long life and prosperity

to George III. (who then filled the throne of England), and confusion to his enemies.

In our passage down the Potowmac nothing occurred worth relating, and we reached Norfolk without any accident. We found that town neither so clean nor so comfortable as either Alexandria or Washington. It rained nearly the whole time we were there, and as only few of the streets were paved, there was no getting about without being up to the knees nearly in mud. We found no difficulty, however, in getting comfortable lodging, and spent the few days we remained there very agreeably.

A RAMBLER.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. X.

" THANKS, Reginald, for your elegant present," said Miss Primrose, as I entered the study where my friends were enjoying ' the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' on our usual night of meeting—"thanks for *The Forget-Me-Not*, which is one of the most beautiful little volumes I ever saw; and the interest of the poems and tales is equal to its beauty."

Reginald. My friend Mr. Ackermann has certainly improved upon his preceding volumes; no easy task either, I should think. But the letter-press and the engravings are unique, whilst the literary contents need not fear a comparison with those of any similar publication. The opening poem, *A Child's Dream*, by Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, is a production of great merit.

Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.

Miss Primrose. The illustrative engraving to that piece, by Heath, from a design by Westall, is quite a gem. The calm contemplative aspect of the mother, who is watching the couch of her sleeping infant, is highly characteristic; the lamp in the fore-ground, and the moon gleaming through the oriel window in the back, impart a "dim religious light," suited to the subject; and the countenances of both the mother and child are beautifully expressed.

Reginald. The *Bridge of Sighs* at Venice is a very fine print; the perspective is excellent. *Woman's Love* is a good engraving; but I think the expression of *Amelia Mildmay's* countenance has little which appertains to

"The poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express."

Z z

It is rather characteristic of calm resignation than of insanity. Contemplation and the Cottage-Door are admirable. I also admire the illustration to my friend Harral's spirited tale of Days of Old. Evening Prayers is a gem of purest water; and so is Sir Everhard. In this latter engraving, the devotional attitude of the fair Isabella, and the cautious stealth with which the ruffians are emerging from their concealment, are equally well conceived and expressed. The Cottage-Door is a sweetly simple picture of rural life; and the exterior and interior Views of the Pavilion at Brighton are not only exquisite specimens of art, but will be highly valuable. They are reduced from the large pictures which have been engraved for a publication by Mr. Nash, the king's private architect, the impressions from which are limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and the plates are to be destroyed after they are taken off. Thus, the purchasers of this volume are placed in the possession of views, which can only be obtained by a very limited number of persons in another shape, and that at a much greater expense.

Mrs. Primrose. Come, Reginald, read us something from the volume you are so highly praising, and I will listen with mute attention.

Reginald. Willingly. And as I know that you are a warm admirer of Miss Landon, I will begin with a short poem by that lady:

THE CHOICE.

Now take thy choice, thou maiden fair,
Of the gifts thy lovers bring;
The one has brought thee jewels rare,
The other flowers of spring.

The maiden watch'd the rubies glow,
And wreath'd them in her hair;

But heavy they prest upon her brow,
Like the weight of secret care.

The gems that bound her forehead high
Might have lighted a diadem;
Yet pale grew her cheek, and dim her eye—
Her heart was not with them:

And ever an inward pulse would stir,
When she saw a spring-flower wave;
But never again did they bloom for her,
Till they bloomed upon her grave!

She was borne to her grave with purple pall,
And scutcheon, and waving plume;
One followed—the saddest one of all—
And threw flowers over her tomb.

The following is an exquisite little poem:

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

By the Rev. G. CROLY.

O thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The cankerworm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glowed in morning beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream;

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the nightbird's love—
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that wave!

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment thunders peal'd;

The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
Its doom was sealed.

Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.

I will conclude with reading two
more pieces, which also possess considerable merit :

THE VILLAGE MATRON'S EVENING SONG.

By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Morn—noon—are past ; the lights of even
Shoot streaming up from bower and hill ;
The stars have ta'en their watch in heav'n,
And all the wearied earth is still.
Why com'st thou not, O lingering rover !
Why com'st thou not to love and me ?
The day's perplexing cares are over,
And e'en the toiling slave is free.

Our board is spread, the lamp is shining,
And summer's coolest fruits are there ;
But this lone weary heart repining,
Until thou com'st the scene to share.
Hasten thy steps, O lingering rover !
And bring thy smiles to love and me :
The day's dull heartless toils are over,
And e'en the labouring hind is free.

Leave Fortune's mart, where toil and sorrow
Oft shade thy brow and cloud thy brain ;
Soon will return the cheerless morrow,
And call thy heart to care again.
These hours, at least, O lingering rover !
Demand thy smiles for home and me.
Come !—the day's wearying toils are over,
And night—night sets the labourer free.

ELLA.

Not fairer to the breath of morn
Wakes the pure rose or lowly thorn,
Nor lovelier to the gales of heaven
Is violet's balmy fragrance given,
Than opened Ella's youthful prime,
Exotic in too cold a clime ;
Her spirit was so finely wrought,
With such intensity of thought,
That this dull world seem'd to her eye
A thing of cold inanity.

A light breeze rippled o'er the sea,
The boat was dancing joyously,
And on the air a pendant flew
In wreathing folds of azure blue ;
Upon the shore, with tear-fill'd eye,
Pale Ella saw the vessel nigh,
And, while she closer press'd my arm,
(As held by some o'erpowering charm,)

Her parched lip no utterance gave,
Her tongue was silent as the grave,
Until we parted.—“ Be thy lot
Whate'er it may, forget me not ! ”—
Was all she sigh'd. Oft on the main
Her last words flash'd across my brain.

And I have cross'd the boundless ocean,
Where storms arise in wild commotion,
And where the mountain billows driven
Wage war against the stars of heaven :
Yet still escaped the lightning's flash,
And brav'd in vain the sea-storm's crash,
To see the fairest form of earth
Inanimate in second birth,
The loveliest thing of mortal clay,
E'en beautiful in long decay.
Yes—I have seen each raven tress
Hang o'er her lifeless loveliness,
And mark'd the pale and faded cheek,
The lips that all but language speak,
That even now, to sooth my lot,
Seem to repeat—“ Forget me not ! ”

No, never, whilst the busy brain
Can memory or thought retain,
May I forget thee ; but my prayer
For thee shall Seraph upward bear,
And the last sigh to close my lot,
Shall be, that—“ I forget thee not ! ”

Liverpool.

MONTAGU SEYMOUR.

* * * * *

After a pause of a few minutes, Mr. Apathy, addressing Dr. Primrose, said, Have you read the article in the last Quarterly Review, on the works and character of Pope?

Dr. Primrose. Yes; and some parts of it with a great deal of pleasure. I am surprised that Mr. Bowles could take such an erroneous view of Pope's character as he appears to have done in his otherwise excellent edition of the poet's works; and admire the generous warmth of the reviewer, who has been prompted to rescue the “mighty dead” from the attacks of calumny and detraction.

Mr. Apathy. Pope was a great man, sir; and great men are always envied by the little fry who bask in the sunshine of their genius.

Dr. Primrose. But you cannot place Mr. Bowles, whose productions,

Z z 2

though not belonging to the first class, are imbued with the pure spirit of poetry, with the "little fry" you speak of: nor do I think he is envious. He has evidently entertained a mistaken view of the poet's character; and, with the natural pertinacity to persist in error once imbibed, which is characteristic of the best men, he is now loath to retract the opinion openly expressed, and therefore endeavours to defend it, however untenable.

Mr. Apathy. His prejudices against Pope's poetry probably led him to entertain a prejudice against the man; and, as is often the case with theorists, he did not afterwards seek for the *truth*, but for facts and circumstances, which could, either by fair inference, or by a species of distortion from their legitimate bearing, which these persons so well know how to employ, be made to afford a specious support to his theory.

Mr. Mathews. It is now something too late in the day to deny Pope's claims to be classed with those mighty geniuses who have extended the literary fame of our "dear native land" to every country and every clime. But I do not exactly understand Bowles in this light: he thinks the species of poetry which Pope cultivated not the most exalted; though of the talents and execution of the poet he speaks highly. As to the man, I am sorry to see what I consider the best edition of Pope's works disfigured by an appearance of even more malevolence than is to be found in the pages of Warton; though, in the controversy which has ensued, I do not think Mr. Bowles has been fairly dealt with, either by Mr. Roscoe or the Quarterly reviewer. The latter has identified

himself with the late Mr. Gilchrist, one of the most contemptible of controversialists; and, by a series of disjointed quotations, he gives a very different idea of the bearing of Mr. Bowles's sentiments and remarks, from what they really convey.

Mr. Apathy. There is scarcely a review in England that can be depended upon for an honest, dispassionate account of the various publications it pretends to criticize. In the last London Magazine, the whole tribe of critics is analyzed and dissected, and their motives of action pointed out, and correctly enough, I'll be sworn.

Reginald. First premising, that I have reason to think the writer you allude to is some cockney scribbler who has been somewhat roughly handled by the critics, I am ready to admit that there is much truth in his remarks. There are too many persons connected with the booksellers, and admitted members of the republic of letters, who act solely upon the plan of "If you tickle me, I'll tickle you:" reciprocal praise is sure to be awarded to their respective productions; whilst perhaps they can scarcely find a word to throw away upon a work, however meritorious, if the author is not one of their *coterie*. It is also notorious that several of the most eminent critical journals are completely under the controul of booksellers; and, of course, praise those works of which they are the proprietors. But I cannot consider this a dishonourable proceeding on the part of the booksellers. No man would pay for the copyright of a work if he did not think it worthy of public patronage; and the display of its peculiar excellences in his own review is only a

species of advertising, to which there can be no moral impropriety in resorting. But it is a great impropriety, a despicable meanness, in any writer who, because he occasionally receives favours from a bookseller, or expects to get him to publish his own trashy productions, degrades himself into a mere passive machine, on a level with the pen he writes with, and praises or censures as *interest*, not *truth*, dictates. There are, however, many honest critics; and the periodical journals are not without their use. In their pages some of our most popular writers have essayed their maiden pens.—Miss Landon first appeared before the public in the *Literary Gazette*; and I was last week reading two volumes, entitled *Phantasmogoria, or Sketches of Life and Literature*, by a young lady, a native of, and a resident in, Manchester, who, under the signature of M. J. J. has published some pieces of great power in the *New Monthly* and other journals. They are dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth, and the lines in which the votive tribute is offered to the poet are remarkable for their beautiful simplicity. Listen!

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

A simple solitary flower,
The nursling of its sportive hour,
A child may give its sire,
And in that little act will he—
Because he is a father—see
The passion and the purity
Of feeling's hidden power.

Oh! long unrecked of, and unseen,
Hast thou my spirit's father been,
In pleasure and in sadness;
For by the lamp, and on the shore,
Hours have I mused thy musings o'er,
That ever on my heart could pour
Their own deep quiet gladness.

Then, take thou from my bosom's bow'r
This simple solitary flower,

Exalted as thou art;
And by its trembling blossoms see,
That I would gladly offer thee
Now—and in days that are to be—
The homage of the heart!

Miss Primrose. You must bring me the volumes, Reginald.

Reginald. You shall have them; and I will, at the same time, send you Mr. Wiffen's elegant translation of *Tasso*, which is now completed, and will soon be in every body's hands. It is a truly splendid work, beautifully printed, and illustrated with engravings of a very superior class. The Duke of Bedford, I understand, sent the author one hundred guineas in return for his presentation copy.

Mr. Mathews. A noble act, worthy his grace's rank. You know, of course, that his Majesty sent a similar donation to Mr. Boaden, for his "Life of Kemble?"

Reginald. Yes; and it was accompanied with a note characterized with that urbanity and good feeling which so peculiarly mark the conduct of the best king in the world, and the most complete gentleman: *that note I should value more than the money.* The Duke of Bedford, I believe too, sent a very kind note to Wiffen (who is his private secretary), congratulating him on the successful termination of his labours; a termination of which the poet himself thus speaks:

L'ENVOI.

Fare thee well, soul of sweet romance! fare-
well,

Harp of the south! the stirring of whose
strings

Has given, by power of their melodious spell,
Such pleasant speed to Time's else weary
wings,

That rapt in spirit to the Delphic cell,
Midst its green laurels and prophetic
springs,

The tuneful labours of past years now seem
A brief indulgence, an enchanted dream.

My pride at noon, my vision of the night,
My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve!
Now that thy tones of magical delight

Are o'er, do I not well to droop and
grieve?

To what new region shall the Muse take
flight,

What pictures fashion, what fresh num-
bers weave,

When all that else had charmed must now
appear

Tame to the eye and tuneless to the ear?

Much shall I miss thee when in calm repose
The Summer moon upon my casement
shines;

Much when the melancholy Autumn strews
With leaves my walk beneath the o'er-
arching pines;

Nor less when Spring, 'twixt shower and sun-
shine, throws

Abroad the sweet breath of her eglantines,
And Winter deepens with his stormy din
The quiet charm of the bright hearth within.

If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,
I sought to give thy foreign chords a
tongue,

Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,
When on thy cypress bough again thou'rt
hung;

But sometimes whisper of me to the few
I love, the fond, the faithful, and the
young,

And those who reverence the wronged soul
that plann'd

Thy world of sound with archangelic hand.

Hear how the strings, dear Ida, sound abroad
The grief and glory of that matchless
mind!

What ardour glows in each seraphic chord!
How deep a passion echo leaves behind!

Yet was he wretched whom all tongues ap-
plaud;

For peace he panted, for affection pined:
Be thou, whilst thy mild eyes with pity swim,
More kind to me than Aura was to him:

Else shall I little prize the indulgent praise
Which some may lavish on a task so long;
Else shall I mourn that e'er my early days
Were given to feeling, solitude, and song!
But thee no light capricious fancy sways;

To doubt thy truth would be the heavens
to wrong:

Peace to thy spirit with the closing spell!
And thou, Hesperian Harp, farewell, fare-
well!

Mr. Montague. Talking of splen-

did works, have you seen Hardy's
Tour of the High Pyrenees?

Dr. Primrose. There it lies on the
table. Rosina is busy copying some
of the beautiful coloured prints with
which it abounds, and among which
are some of the most exquisite things
in their way I have ever seen.

Mr. Montague. They are certain-
ly very clever, and I was much pleased
with the book altogether. There is no
pretension about it; the author writes
simply and unostentatiously; and he
seems besides to be a traveller with
English feelings, and not like many
of those tourists who go abroad only
to find points of comparison unfav-
ourable to their own country. There
is much truth in what he says rela-
tively to the scenery of France and
of England.

At Lourdes there prevails the same
indifference to common cleanliness a-
mong the lower orders, both in person
and dwellings, as throughout the south
of France, unless it should fortunately
happen that a rivulet flows through the
town: but usually stagnant pools of
slush and filth are found from one end of
the village to the other. These, with the
thermometer at 102°, cannot but gene-
rate an unwholesome atmosphere, and
are highly disgusting to a traveller. The
many little beauties also which constitute
an English village scene are rarely met
with in France: no moss-covered roof,
no smiling garden in front, no rustic
church enveloped in "sprawling ivy," to
admire. French scenery, therefore, must
be viewed at a distance; then indeed it
may be called "beautiful France." I
have sometimes been struck with the
beauty of a landscape, and have attempt-
ed its outline; but when I came to ana-
lyze the whole, I have found that my ad-
miration has been produced by the ef-
fects of the brilliancy of the atmo-
sphere, and that was infinitely beyond
my limited powers of delineation.

Mrs. Primrose. He describes a race of people, for whose wretched state the utmost commiseration I think must be felt. The Cagots, I think they are called; yes, here's the passage:

In bidding adieu to these less frequented and wilder parts of the Pyrenees, I cannot resist a slight notice of a class of people called Cagots. In my two months' sojourn amidst these mountains, I sometimes came in contact with this singular race of human beings, who are, I believe, peculiar to this part of France. No language can describe the utter wretchedness of their appearance; shunned by every one, they crawl upon the face of the earth in the most abject state of want and misery, such as can only be known in being witnessed. Their complexions are cadaverous in the extreme; many of them are afflicted with the *goître*, of dwarfish stature, and for clothing, a sort of sackcloth is all that distinguishes them from "the beasts that perish."

The origin of these poor creatures is lost in the distance of time. Monsieur Palassou, who has written a memoir on the subject, is of opinion, that they take their rise from the last of the Saracens, who were defeated by Charles Martel in the neighbourhood of Tours, subsequently driven into these mountains, and afterwards became objects of hatred and contempt.

The habitations of these outcasts are apart from all the towns and villages, amid dreary valleys and unwholesome swamps. Among other persecutions, they were formerly obliged to bear a badge, indicative of their degraded class. These cruel distinctions pursued them even to the churches, which they entered by a separate door; and the holy waters appropriated to their use would have been thought by their more favoured fellow-beings rather those of contamination than of blessedness.

I was confined one whole day by in-

cessant rain to a village in the neighbourhood of some of these people, and never can I forget the two or three objects which presented themselves, more particularly one, a female: the face was horribly disfigured by the small-pox; the *goître* had extended itself so completely round the throat, that no protrusion of the lower jaw could be perceived: a filthy blanket was thrown over her shoulders, extending to the feet, and held round her person with folded arms: her *tout-ensemble* was loathsome in the extreme; and although young, the expression of the eye indicated that disease and misery were struggling within. A trifle bestowed upon her seemed for a moment to dispel the habitual gloom of her wretched countenance, which conscious degradation had so completely engraved upon it. In nearly one attitude she remained opposite to the *auberge* full three hours, attracted thither no doubt by the hope of charity and the gratification of vacant curiosity, which the arrival of any stranger would most probably afford. In speaking of her to the mistress of the house, her answer convinced me, that she hardly thought the poor creature worthy of notice as a human being. The government of France ought to seek the improvement of these miserable people; but I am aware that they have difficulties almost insurmountable in the prejudices and long-cherished abhorrence of association which the mountaineers entertain towards them.

A long and desultory conversation ensued on the comparative state of the people of France and of England; and we were all patriotic enough to join in according to the latter country that supremacy over every other nation which is undoubtedly her own.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD HALL,
Nov. 12, 1825.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR MR. JOHN HOGAN.

THE attention of the lovers and patrons of the fine arts was called in the last two Numbers of this Miscellany to the merits and situation of Mr. John Hogan, who is now pursuing his professional studies at Rome. The fund for that purpose collected in Ireland in 1823, through the zeal and interference of Mr. Wm. Carey (but for whose high appreciation of the talents of this young artist they might have remained unknown to his very townsmen), being found inadequate to the object, we have the satisfaction to find that his earliest friends have again come forward in his behalf. Mr. Carey has opened a subscription for him with a donation of 10*l.* and Sir John Leicester at the same moment has contributed 25*l.* for the purpose. The correct judgment evinced in several other cases by Mr. Carey certainly justifies strong anticipations, that his predictions of future excellence will be verified in this; and when the talents of his *protégé* shall be reflecting lustre on his country, those who are now supplying the means of cultivating and improving them, will have reason to pride themselves on the share they have contributed towards their development.

The desire expressed in the subjoined letter from our esteemed correspondent to the publisher of the *Repository*, has of course been complied with.

37, MARYLEBONE-STREET,
Nov. 8, 1825.

SIR,—I inclose you the sum of 10*l.* being my contribution towards the commencement of a subscription to enable

Mr. John Hogan, the young self-taught sculptor, mentioned in your two last publications of the *Repository*, to accomplish the great object for which the Royal Irish Institution, the Royal Dublin Society, and the Royal Cork Society of Arts, raised a limited subscription in 1823, and sent him to Rome to pursue his studies.

I will esteem it a favour of you to pay the 10*l.* which I have inclosed, into Messrs. Hammersleys' bank. The plan is safe, simple, and not liable to cavil or objection: the money is to be remitted or paid by each subscriber himself, without any intermediate agency or interference whatever, into the bank: no subscriber, nor any other person, is to have a power to draw any part of the fund; but the Messrs. Hammersleys are to be empowered to remit the amount in separate sums of fifty pounds, as occasion may require, to Mr. Hogan at Rome, according to his due address in that city. I am, sir, your very respectful servant,

WM. CAREY.

R. ACKERMANN, *Esq.*
101, Strand.

Extract of a letter from Sir JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, Bart. to WM. CAREY, Esq. 37, Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, London, dated Tabley-House, Nov. 7, and received Nov. 9, 1825.

"I have read with considerable interest the Memoir of Hogan, and I regret to find, by the extract of his letter to you, that he is prevented from following his studies in the way most likely to contribute to his advancement. I beg, therefore, to inclose a second subscription of 25*l.* for his use; and leave it *entirely to your judgment, either to forward it to him, with my best wishes, or to endeavour to make it the groundwork for a farther subscription.*"

Postscript by Mr. CAREY.

In the hope of calling the attention of the public to this subscription, and giving more force to the present effort in behalf of a young artist of high and commanding promise, I may be allowed to refer to my past judgment of other young artists. I confine myself to two, Chantrey and Gibson. As my early prophetic anticipation of these two artists has been fully verified, I conceive, that while the readers keep those instances in view, my humble but earnest recommendation of Hogan will have greater weight. Chantrey, who had been apprenticed to Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder in Sheffield, was, in 1805, endeavouring to force his way in that town as a self-taught portrait-painter and modeller; and *before he had ever used the chisel, or worked in marble*, on a view of the first three busts that he had ever modelled and exhibited in clay or plaster, I ventured publicly, through the powerful instrumentality of the press, to term him a *sculptor*, and to call upon the people of Sheffield to afford him an opportunity of developing his genius, by putting the chisel into his hand, and employing him to execute an intended public monument of Nelson. I was impelled to this bold measure by having before my eyes, the *miserable death* of the *young sculptor*, Proctor, esteemed by the Royal Academicians the British Phidias. That inspired artist, although under the discriminating eye and liberal patronage of London, perished, through *the neglect of the periodical press*, and the apathy of his own time. It appeared to me therefore that the prospects of Chantrey in Sheffield were de-

Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.

plorable indeed. The grounds on which my apprehensions rested may be correctly judged of, by those who know that Mr. Rhodes, a resident of Sheffield, in his very tasteful and entertaining work, "*The Peak Scenery*," has recorded the astonishing and melancholy fact (mentioned in your last), that he has repeatedly heard Chantrey declare, he did not receive by his professional efforts, *in six years of his outset, as many pounds*. I considered the press the greatest moral force in society; and immediately employed that most effective engine to rouse a public interest in his favour. A short extract from one of my appeals in behalf of Chantrey will be here sufficient:

"Fortunately they have in Chantrey a *SCULPTOR every way capable of fulfilling their intentions, and of reflecting credit on their choice*. This young artist, whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents, *was born so immediately in the vicinity of Sheffield*, that *its townsmen will probably at no distant period be proud to claim him as a native of their town*."—(See a letter by William Carey in "*The Iris, or Sheffield Advertiser*," Nov. 21, 1805, in the "*European Magazine*" of Jan. 1, 1806, and in other contemporary publications).

It is evident that no man, but one impressed with a powerful certainty, would have ventured to make this confident appeal in behalf of a young, unfriended, provincial portrait-painter, to whom he was an utter stranger only a few days before, and who was struggling in the midst of the formidable obstacles and local prejudices which oppose every self-taught beginner in the art in a country town,

3 A

at a distance from the patronage of the capital. It may be deemed a desperate hazard on my side. But seventeen years after, my prophetic words were almost literally fulfilled by Montgomery*, in the following

* In a speech delivered by Mr. Montgomery on occasion of the dinner given to him at Sheffield on his birthday, the 4th of November last, he bears honourable testimony to the zeal of Mr. Carey's efforts to draw forth his poetic talents from obscurity. Speaking of the first volume of poems which he published, he says, "While this was leisurely proceeding through my own press, a gentleman of high talent and skill, both in poetry and painting, Mr. William Carey, made several visits to Sheffield; and with him I soon became so well acquainted, that I communicated to him my poems and my projects. With zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance most exemplary, he took up my cause; and not only recommended the unknown poet in distant parts of the kingdom which he visited professionally, but made me better known as such even at home." He then passes to Mr. Carey's exertions in behalf of Chantrey:

"I ought to remark here, that Mr. Carey, about the same time, found a far worthier object of his fearless panegyrics than myself in a sister art. Mr. Chantrey had not then fully come out of the marble in which Nature had inclosed him, like one of his own rival creations of her master-pieces. The stranger saw, acknowledged, and proclaimed his genius, which had been comparatively little recognised, except by Dr. Younge and a few other gentlemen of liberal taste. Mr. Carey's letters in the *Iris* concerning the youthful sculptor are trophies of his acuteness in discerning, his courage in extolling, and his prescience in foretelling the merits and fortunes of him who was born in our neighbourhood, and is claimed as our townsman. Of this glory Mr. Carey cannot

passage of a public speech in Sheffield, on the 12th of Dec. 1822:—

"And now I may mention a *greater name than any of these*: Francis Chantrey *was not indeed a native of this town, but having been born at Norton, in Derbyshire (four miles hence), within the limits of this corporation, HE BELONGS TO US AND IS ONE OF US.*" In 1822, Chantrey had filled the world with his fame, and his name was brought forward as the proudest boast of Sheffield; but in 1805, before he had handled the chisel, or cut a stroke in marble, I saw in the infant *Hercules* the full-grown *Hercules* in his manhood, triumphant in all his undertakings. I now may most truly say (what my former printed words testify), that I was as fully impressed with the powers of Chantrey in 1805, before he was a practical sculptor, from a view of his three first exhibited models in clay or plaster, as I am now, after having seen with honest exultation the whole commanding series of his works down to the statue of *Cyril Jackson* and that of *Mr. Watt*, which, in pure and noble truth of nature, do not merely equal but surpass any single statue from life by Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor since the revival of the arts in Italy. Surely I may now, with perfect propriety on public grounds, in discharge of a sweet and pleasant duty, appeal

be deprived. He has only to appeal to a file of newspapers, to secure for himself with respect to Chantrey the gratitude of the public. His spirited exertions in my behalf, being less palpably recorded in Sheffield, this ingenuous recognition of them I rejoice to offer at a time so favourable, and in a place from which they will probably be declared throughout the whole kingdom."—*Note of the Editor.*

to my correct estimate of Chantrey's genius, in order to rouse our public bodies in behalf of Hogan, a young sculptor of whom I have formed the highest and proudest hopes.

In 1810, from a view of the first model ever exhibited by Gibson, who was then an apprentice in Liverpool, I had a similar deep impression of his powers; and still remembering that Proctor, with all his splendid genius, was starved to death in London, in the midst of its boasted patronage, I anxiously ventured to incur the anger of those who had overlooked this young artist. I made a public appeal to his country in his behalf in the "Liverpool Courier," in Oct. 1810, of which the following brief extract will be sufficient:

"It may be supposed that this artist can have had very few opportunities of studying the antique; but this *memorable figure*, the *glory of the first Liverpool exhibition*, is a proof that he has *already drunk deep of its inspiration*.

"While others at a maturer age have been contented with the reputation of merit in a single part of the figure, Gibson, a *youth*, an *apprentice*, has had the courage to undertake and execute the *whole figure*, with a success, considering his years, *perhaps unparalleled in the history of British art*. In that high department, which sculptors and painters have pronounced the most inaccessible, he has made this noble essay. The grace and beauty of the female form have ever been considered the test of an artist's power. How few have possessed that power! What a multitude, excelling in other parts of the art, have failed in this pursuit! Yet the prevailing character of

Gibson's model of *Psyche* is *grace and ideal beauty*."

To the above extract from my letter in the "Liverpool Courier," I shall add the following from my "Cursory Thoughts on the present State of the Fine Arts, occasioned by the Founding of the Liverpool Academy," published July 18, 1810:

"Gibson, a very young man, now a pupil of Mr. Francey, has displayed talents well worthy of encouragement. *If the country performs its duty to him*, and he perseveres in the vigorous pace with which he commenced, *there is no elevation of art to which this extraordinary young man may not hope to attain*." P. 43.

I could adduce a number of similar instances, during more than thirty years, of my correct judgment against the opinion of the multitude, and of my earnest, prompt, and decided efforts in behalf of other young artists on *their forlorn hope*, that is, in their *outset*, when they most needed aid; but I hope the reader will be satisfied with these two. The model of *Psyche* was the first work which Gibson ever exhibited. He was in 1810 an apprentice in Liverpool, an entire stranger to me, and I to him. I did not, even by any chance, see him until many months after, when he called on me at my house in London. The country did make an honourable exertion for him, and he proceeded shortly after to Italy, where he was speedily distinguished by the approbation of Canova and other eminent artists. He is now ranked among the first sculptors at Rome in the *ideal style*, and enjoys the highest patronage.

I have at this moment as confident

a presage of Hogan's success, *if his country will but do him justice*, as I had of Chantrey's in 1805, and of Gibson's in 1810. The powers of Chantrey consisted in a discriminative eye, that appeared to me capable of reflecting the noble and affecting character of nature with unrivalled truth: the powers of Gibson were *Michael Angelesque*, grand and imaginative: the powers of Hogan are, a refined taste, a correct eye, a ready hand, anatomical science, *Ra-*

phaelic feeling, and a fine imagination.

I have paid Sir John Fleming Leicester's princely and spontaneous contribution into Messrs. Hammersleys' bank, where the friends of native genius, and particularly the Irish nobility and gentry resident in England, are earnestly and most respectfully solicited to send their subscription-money, for the laudable purpose of promoting the glory of their country.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*AMICITIA*," *Sonata for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniment for Flute or Violin, ad lib. composed, and dedicated to J. Moscheles by his Friend, J. B. Cramer.* Op. 69. Pr. 6s.—(Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street.)

OUR readers are sufficiently aware how often we have deplored the almost total disappearance of compositions under the above title, in which mastery in the art is best capable of displaying itself, and in which all the great names in its more recent history, including our excellent author, have immortalized themselves.

Here, then, we find our wishes gratified to their utmost extent, by a work of such rare excellence and beauty, that the comments of the critic can only consist in expressions of the warmest admiration. The sonata is worthy of the two great names it bears on its title; it will be sought for with eagerness on the Continent, it will be cherished by future generations. Without entering into a detail, which might only diminish the impression we wish to excite, we shall content ourselves with stating, that the work consists

of an *andantino*, an extensive and elaborate *allegro*, an *adagio*, and a *rondo allegretto*. The whole in four sharps, except the *adagio*, which has five. The two quick movements are sure to please all classes by the sprightliness and good-humour which characterize the leading motivos, as well as the general style of treatment. Upon the whole, the execution is not liable to very deterring difficulties, especially for players that are used to some few sharps in the scale.

Six Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Lowe, by D. Schlesinger. Pr. 4s.—(Cramer and Co.)

In the composition of dances, if they are to be good for any thing, more is required than may perhaps be supposed—first of all melodic invention, and next to it clearness of musical thought, and, what is akin to the latter, a mind imbued with a predominant feeling of rhythmical regularity and symmetry. We have assayed Mr. S.'s waltzes by these tests, and the ore has proved to be standard; much *above* standard we should be compelled to say, were

the musical standard to be measured by the circulating medium of the present musical currency. As "chamber" compositions—we would hardly take them to Almack's—the six waltzes are deserving the attention of the most cultivated amateur; there is much good melody spread through them, and many of the ideas are conspicuous for their novelty. A moderate player will find the whole within the compass of his attainments, and we cannot point out more interesting and beneficial lessons for the lighter hours of musical study.

March for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to the Misses Bennetts, by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 2s.—(Longman and Bates, Ludgate-Hill.)

Not only a march, but also an allegro $\frac{6}{8}$, both in E \flat . The march is well devised, regular, decisive, and clear in its successive ideas. The allegro, too, is pretty, very melodic, and tasteful; so that the whole may be strongly recommended to pupils of moderate advancement. In the 7th bar of the trio (in two flats) of the allegro, the proper harmony is C 4 6, C 7: the B \flat 's therefore in the first half of the bar are objectionable.

ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.

1. *Fischer's celebrated Rondo in E \flat ; newly arranged, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte*, by J. B. Cramer. Price 2s. 6d.—(J. B. Cramer and Co.)
2. *Select Airs from Mayerbeer's celebrated Opera "Il Crociato in Egitto;" arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute*, by J. F. Burrows. Books I. and II. Pr. 4s. each.—(Goulding and Co.)

3. *Select Pieces from Rossini's and other Operas; adapted for the Flute and Piano-forte*, by G. Loder. No. I. Price 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

4. *The favourite French Air, "Le Portrait;" with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by J. Valentine*. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

5. *"Le petit Tambour;" an admired French Air, partly taken from Mayseder's Violin Solo; adapted and arranged as a Rondo for the Flute, with a Piano-forte Accompaniment*, by Bernard Lee. Pr. 3s.—(Longman and Bates.)

6. *The Vesper Hymn, with Variations and Introduction, composed by Samuel Poole*. Pr. 2s.—(Longman and Bates.)

1. Mr. Cramer's arrangement of Fischer's rondo is quite what it ought to be, easy, unaffected, without being uninteresting or trifling. We have the rondo *tale quale*, with the very best harmonic treatment, and with various additions in the way of digression and passages, by way of good seasoning. Performers of limited acquirements will feel greatly indebted to Mr. C. for having put it in their power to treat their friends and themselves with so engaging a piece bearing his name.

2. We have only seen these two books of Mr. Burrows's edition of the *Crociato*, which is to be completed in four books. The adaptations of this opera cannot be too much multiplied and circulated, and Mr. B. is the man to do justice to things of this kind; in the essentials, as well as the ornamentals, of melody and harmony, he is sure to hit the mark, as readily as a lawyer would read a brief or a lease. This re-

mark applies forcibly to the present arrangement, which is excellent, and has, moreover, the essential advantage of *metronomic timing*. The pieces comprised in the two books are as follows:

Book I. "Giovinetto Cavalier"—"I doni d'Elmireno"—"Soave immagine"—"Ah di Rodi s'onorino i prodi."

Book II. "Udite or alto arcano"—"Vaghi varcasti indegno"—"Non sai qual'incanto"—"Il brando invitto"—"Cari oggetti."

Highly commendable as is this selection, as far as it goes, we cannot conceive why Mr. B. like most of his colleagues who have arranged the "Crociato," has omitted the *pantomimic overture*; a composition not only of great beauty and originality, but particularly well calculated for transfer to the piano-forte.

3. The first book of Mr. Loder's operatic arrangements for piano-forte and flute, contains a scene from Rossini's *Otello*, "Ah, si, per voi già sento," in three successive movements. The score has been extracted with great judgment and taste, the harmony faithfully and powerfully condensed, and the assistance of the flute rendered conspicuously effective. It is, in fact, an obbligato part. All is so well done, that it would be difficult to suggest any improvements with regard to future numbers.

4. Mr. Valentine's variations on "Portrait Charmant" are written in a neat unassuming style, and we like them all the better for their limited number; four in all. The semiquaver amplifications of var. 2. and the good running bass accompaniment in var. 3. call for distinct notice. The transformation of the theme into $\frac{3}{4}$ time (var. 4.) has likewise the merit of tasteful ingenuity. The har-

mony of bar 4, var. 1. would have been susceptible of improvement.

5. Mr. Lee's rondo, founded upon the air of "Le petit Tambour," is principally for the flute, the piano-forte part being almost entirely matter of accompaniment. Much of the ideas and passages which have rendered Mayseder's treatment of this theme so popular and celebrated, and in which our Mori has often delighted the English public, are brought into play here; and what with additional matter well suited to the flute, and calculated for effective and brilliant display on that instrument, Mr. L. has produced a sort of concerto-movement of very interesting materials, which deserves the notice of advanced flute-players, although it presents no demands upon first-rate skill on that instrument.

6. The "Vesper Hymn," which forms the subject of Mr. Poole's labour, is a very simple Russian melody, eminently fit for amplified development. The introduction is so so; and the early portion of the variations does not present any particular feature of attraction; but Mr. P.'s labour gains in interest as it proceeds. The two variations, both of which bear the No. 4. are in very good style, particularly the last of them, which is in the manner of a polacca, and although not exclusively made up of materials absolutely original, is altogether very attractive. Of the 5th variation, an allegretto $\frac{3}{4}$, we are also warranted in speaking with approbation. Upon the whole, the publication is well suited for practice, and by no means intricate.

VOCAL.

1. *Melodies of various Nations, with Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by Henry R. Bishop; the Words

by Thomas H. Bayly, Esq. Vol. iii. Pr. 15s.—(Goulding and Co.)

2. "*My own dear maid,*" a *Ballad* (written by H. S. Van Dyk, Esq.), as sung by Mr. Supio at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane and Nobility's Concerts, composed by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)
3. "*Fair little creature of to-day,*" Words addressed to the *Day-Fly*; the Music by D. M. McCarthy. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. "*Your heart and lute are all the store,*" an Answer to Moore's celebrated Song of "*My heart and lute*;" written by a Lady; the Music by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co.)

1. The third volume of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s collection of national melodies, with symphonies and accompaniments from Mr. Bishop's able pen, yields in no way to its predecessors, which have already been submitted to the notice of our readers. The typographical appearance of the book is fully as inviting, and the contents, poetical and melodic, as well as the arrangement devised by Mr. B. demand our approbation. The songs now brought forward are as follow:

1. "She never blamed him."—*Hindoo-stance.*
2. "When the eye of beauty closes."—*Venetian.*
3. "In halls of pride."—*Greek.*
4. "Go! may'st thou be happy."—*Bavarian.*
5. "You think I am unfeeling."—*Indian.*
6. "I have sent back ev'ry token."—*Italian.*
7. "There's music and mirth on the ocean."—*Spanish.*
8. "Weep not around me."—*German.*
9. "I'll sing to thee the fondest lays."—*Scotch.*
10. "Hark! hark! I hear a distant drum."—*Troubadour Air.*

11. "Oh! no! we never mention her."—*French.*

12. "There came from the wars on a jet-black steed."—*Welsh.*

Of these, Nos. 5. 6. 8. 11. are harmonized as glees or duets.

Among a collection of such varied materials, it is natural, not only that some of the pieces will carry the palm over others, but that opinions will vary according to diversity of taste. We shall therefore leave the question of preference to the individual liking of amateurs, as there is wherewith to give ample satisfaction to all parties; and we do not feel called upon to institute a critical inquiry into melodies, professedly collected from more or less remote authentic sources. Our more immediate province concerns Mr. Bishop's labour in devising the accompaniments and symphonies; and in this respect we have met in the latter with specimens of inventive freedom and originality, which, although now and then bordering upon the ultra *recherché*, gave us, upon the whole, very great pleasure. In the accompaniments too, skilful combinations of harmony, and great variety, as well as richness, of instrumental support, and a thorough feeling of the character and spirit of the airs, are distinguishing features of recommendation.

2. Mr. Rawlings' ballad, "*My own dear maid,*" is no doubt a creditable vocal composition, regular and agreeable enough in melody, and very satisfactory in point of harmonic support: but we see no particular passage which can make any pretensions to novelty; and, so far as our experience has reached, we certainly think that Mr. R. excels more in instrumental works than in his vocal efforts. In the last line of p. 2,

the melody does not run parallel with the sense and proper declamation of the text, owing to the strong pause after "to think" in the line "Whose radiant glances seem to speak, to think, to breathe of bliss." In order to connect these three verbs into one musical phrase, we should, instead of repeating "to breathe," have been disposed to repeat "to speak." The musical phrase, in such case, would have been,

"Whose radiant glances seem to speak,
To speak, to think, to breathe of bliss."

3. The melody, in $\frac{3}{8}$ time, which Mr. M'Carthy has set for the "Address to the Day-Fly," is quite to our mind. There is none of the hackneyed ballad-drawl and prosing; the air proceeds blithly and fresh, in unison with the mignonet fairy-like text; there is all the requisite rhythmical symmetry of periods, and due connection between the successive phrases. In the line, "And in a blue-bell take repose," it would have been more in the spirit of the air to *begin* the bar with "And," instead of making it a leading note. The *refrain*, "So fair thy form," is pretty. Some young folks have been delighted with this song, and very often their liking is not a bad standard to judge by.

4. The text made in answer to Mr. Moore's "My heart and lute," is not only very creditable to the fair author, but has the rare merit of easy cantability; and the music of Mr. Crouch has given us great satisfaction. We could not possibly wish the words set better than they are. The melody is particularly flowing and natural, without being commonplace; there is taste and good style in every musical sentence: the rhythm is perfect; the harmony free from

any attempt at extraneous flights, yet select and chaste; and the accompaniment raised thereon, although somewhat too uniform in structure, is very efficient.

HARP-MUSIC.

1. *The celebrated March of the Emperor Alexander, with an Introduction and Variations for the Harp and Piano-forte, composed by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 6s.—(Chappell and Co.)
2. *First Set of Bagatelles for the Harp; composed by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. *Selection of Chorusses, arranged as Duets for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments (ad libitum) for Flute and Violoncello, by J. F. Burrowes.* No. X. pr. 2s. 6d.; No. XI. pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

1. Mr. Bochsa's variations on the theme which goes by the names of "The Emperor Alexander's March" and "The Fall of Paris" are written in the *grand genre*; showy, striking, full of spirit and bustling activity; and consequently as brilliant and effective as so able and experienced a pen can possibly render compositions of this description. There is a slow movement for introduction, then follows the theme with five variations, a *lento* of great merit comes next, and this is succeeded by a dashing *allegro*, both these movements breathing the spirit of the subject. The two instruments are *concertante* throughout, and neither can complain of want of occupation; but the piano-forte part is more strongly cast, and demands a good player; while the harp-part, upon the whole, may safely be consigned to a less advanced performer.

2. The first set of Mr. Bochsa's

"Bagatelles" is sure to find a hearty welcome with harp-amateurs of some little advancement in practice; for beginners they are not calculated. They may be said to fill a medium station between plain elementary lessons and compositions of the higher order; and such an intermediate provision for harp-students, and indeed for the piano-forte, as well as almost every other instrument, is precisely a desideratum. The contents of this book, besides some brief introductions, are, 1. a march with variations; 2. a sweet andante; 3. a Hungarian rondo; 4. another andante, of very attractive workmanship. There is much good melody and style in all these pieces.

3. The 10th number of Mr. Burrowes' Chorusses, arranged for the harp and piano-forte, contains the chorus, "Venus laughing," from Händel's "Theodora;" and No. 11. consists of Haydn's magnificent chorus, "The Heavens are telling." It is almost superfluous to make any comments upon adaptations proceeding from Mr. B.'s pen. Much as that pen yields, it is sure to give entire satisfaction in labours of this description; and the duets before us afford further and ample evidence of the correctness of this assertion.

THEORETICAL WORKS.

Original Instructions for the Violin, illustrated by Precepts and Examples, composed expressly for this Work, and, by permission, dedicated to Nicholas Mori, Esq. by T. Howell. Pr. 10s. 6d.--(Howell, Bristol.)

It is about nine years since we submitted to our readers an account of a book of instructions for the *piano-forte* by the same author. The *Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.*

opinion which we gave on that valuable treatise might, almost word for word, be applied to the present code of instructions for the *violin*, which is so truly excellent in every respect, that we should feel no hesitation in recommending its adoption in preference to any guide of the same bulk and price we are acquainted with. In speaking of Mr. Howell's Guide for the Piano-forte, we said, among other remarks, a "fixed plan pervades the whole of the author's labour. When he gives a rule or definition, he also gives an example to elucidate his text; and even the numerous lessons which form a considerable portion of the work are nothing but progressive examples, purposely devised to illustrate his system. We are fully sensible of the labour required in producing such a work, every bar of which is the author's own composition; and we as cordially agree with his opinion, that these lessons are infinitely more useful and proper than an olio of favourite tunes, frequently strung together without sufficient attention to their progressive difficulties. Here every lesson has its defined object, which object, moreover, is satisfactorily indicated and explained, and the learner is systematically led from one peculiarity of executive practice to one of a higher degree in the scale of proficiency," &c. All this is so entirely applicable to Mr. H.'s book on the violin, that we could only resort to a change of expressions in conveying our opinion.

As regards the advice and instructions peculiar to the violin, Mr. H.'s work shews, not only that he is master of his subject, but that his pen is guided by a clear and methodical in-

telleet. More might have been said on *bowing*, the very soul of the art; but what has been stated is so true and excellent, as to substance, that it cannot be read too often by the pupil.

With regard to the new tail-piece invented by Mr. Howell, we are not insensible to some of the advantages pointed out; but we must put it to practical test before we can take upon ourselves to adopt it for our own use, or recommend it to others. Contrivances somewhat similar have been applied to Monsieur Chano't's instruments, and to the new violins invented by Monsieur Savart, of which a full account was given in the *Repository of Arts* a few years ago.

In concluding, we shall only express a hope, that the pains taken and the zeal displayed by Mr. H. will meet with the reward they deserve; and

that his labour will contribute its mite in rescuing the queen of musical instruments from the neglect which he so feelingly and so truly deplures.

Howell's Musical Arithmetic, being an Auxiliary to the usual Methods of teaching the Time-Table. Pr. 1s.—(Howell, Bristol.)

To render the learner familiar with the value of notes, Mr. H. sets examples of addition and subtraction, consisting of crotchets, quavers, semiquavers, &c. placed without any staff under each other, and the pupil is required to find out the sum total, and express such total in *one* longer note, under the example. A similar proceeding is adopted in subtraction; and even rests are "made examples of." The idea is ingenious and useful, and its exemplification well worth the moderate price of one shilling.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of lavender-colour *gros de Naples*: the *corsage* made rather high, and shaped at the back; the fulness regulated at the top by three narrow bands, or silk braid of the same colour: the sleeve full and long, confined at the wrist with three ornaments of different lengths, narrowing towards the cuff. The skirt is tastefully trimmed with four notched rows of the same material as the dress, two of the rows pointing upwards, the others falling downwards, and a fluted band, encircled with a rouleau, adorns the centre; beneath is a wadded hem. Epaulette braces,

of pink and white *gros de Naples*, meet in a point behind, extend in a slanting direction to the shoulders, cross in front, with long ends loose from the *ceinture*, which is the same as the dress: the epaulette is trimmed with a double row of pink and white quilled ribbon.

The cap is made to correspond, being formed of pink and white and lilac *gros de Naples*, and a border of Grecian lace; two rouleaus extend across the crown, composed of the three different colours; the hindmost has a bow of pink ribbon attached, the same as the strings. Lilac kid shoes.







EVENING DRESS.

Dress of pomegranate colour or scarlet *gros de Naples*: the *corsage* made to fit the shape, square across the bust, and rather high; the fullness longitudinal, and regulated by seven perpendicular bands, equidistant, slightly approximating at the waist; the back is full, with five bands to correspond, and fastened with hooks and eyes: the sleeve is short and full, with three divisions, one in the centre, front, and back, formed by a triple bow, or three e-marginate leaves, united by a *baecca*, or berry; the sleeve is finished by a corded band. The skirt is ornamented with four rows of rouleaus, arranged in an antique pattern, each uniting with the one beneath, and forming a neat and novel border.

Head-dress composed of a broad band of scarlet and yellow *crêpe lisse* and French beads, with a large uniform bow on the right side, with two rows of beads across the centre. The hair divided in front, two large curls on the temples, and ringlets on each side; the hair very tastefully arranged at the top and back. Chain of gold round the neck, and a row of pearl. Long pearl ear-rings set in gold; broad bracelets of coloured beads outside the gloves, which are of white kid. White satin shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The most striking alteration in promenade dress since last month consists in the increase of furs, now become very general: both muffs and tippets are universally worn; fur trimmings are also in favour both for pelisses and high gowns. Ermine, sable, chinchilla, and squirrel are the favourite furs. Pelisses are still com-

posed of silk, of rich and full colours, no cloth ones having yet appeared. Mantles are in great request; and they also are composed of silk, with a few exceptions in ladies' cloth, of a peculiarly fine texture. The collars and pelerines of the most fashionable mantles are of velvet.

Black Leghorn and satin bonnets are both in estimation; but the greater part of the latter have coloured trimmings of rich winter hues. Leghorn bonnets are mostly trimmed with feathers, interspersed sometimes with knots of silk *pluche*: some, however, are ornamented with winter flowers, and in that case there is a mixture of ribbon to correspond.

Velvet spencers are very general in carriage dress; they are ornamented in a very novel style with satin, a piece of which is let in between the shoulders, and disposed in full folds on each side of the breast in a sloping direction, so as to meet under the *ceinture*. The collar is of velvet; it falls over, and is ornamented with a trimming, *en coquilles*, of satin. The sleeve is of a very moderate width, and instead of terminating at the wrist, it falls a little over the hand, and is finished with a trimming to correspond with the collar. The epaulette is formed by velvet straps edged with satin; they are interlaced, and puffed out very much on the shoulder; each terminates with a button, which attaches it to the under-sleeve. These spencers are extremely novel and elegant.

Mantles are also very prevalent in carriage dress, but as yet afford little novelty: we must, however, except one composed of violet *gros de Naples*, and lined with crimson: it is bordered with a rich wreath of oak-

leaves, of the colour of the mantle, in velvet; they are edged with *gros de Naples*, and the stalk is formed of the same material. The collar and pelerine are trimmed to correspond: the latter consists of three pieces, each shaped like a scollop; the three pieces form a double pelerine; two of them cross each other, and one is placed beneath the other two: this has a novel effect.

The brims of carriage bonnets are this month wider and larger than they have lately been worn; the crowns too are higher: upon the whole their appearance is more that of a hat than a bonnet. We have seen some in different-coloured velvets: they had on the inside of the brim, close to each temple, a full rosette of shaded gauze; the lap-pets were of the same material, as was also an ornament, *en bouillonné*, placed in the centre of the crown in front, round which five down feathers wave in different directions.

Black velvet bonnets, lined with deep ruby-coloured satin, and finished at the edge of the brim by a cluster of folds of the same material, are also in request. The velvet is laid in folds on the top of the crown; a plume of black feathers is placed upright in the centre; a cluster of velvet points, edged with *gros de Naples*, projects on each side of it. The strings, and a full bow at the back, are of ribbon, the ground of which is black, with an embroidered leaf of ruby-colour. White satin and *gros de Naples* bonnets, trimmed with feathers and ribbons of rich winter colours, are worn by several *élégantes*; and rose-coloured bonnets of different shades, with feathers to correspond, or, in some instances, with black or white feathers, are in estimation likewise.

Muslin has now entirely disappeared in home costume; it is replaced in morning dress by English cachemire, *gros de Naples*, and poplin. The two latter materials are fashionable also in dinner dress; but the new figured silks, of various descriptions, which begin to appear, seem likely to supersede the plain materials: it is not possible, however, to say decidedly which will be most in favour till the end of December.

Among the dinner gowns submitted to our inspection, is one composed of figured *gros de Naples*, of a bright puce-colour, trimmed with a mixture of satin and *crêpe lisse*. The *corsage*, cut low and square, is ornamented round the bust with a row of *crêpe lisse bouffants* let in; between each is a small satin ornament, not unlike a butterfly in shape. The sleeves are very short, and are also disposed in *bouffants*, but irregularly; each space is marked with an ornament to correspond with the bust. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad satin rouleau, above which rises a trimming of *crêpe lisse bouffants*, pyramidally arranged, and decorated at regular distances with butterfly ornaments placed between the puffs: this trimming is very deep.

Transparent long sleeves continue to be worn in evening dress, but they decrease in width, and in a good many instances have no bands, being made nearly tight to the arm at bottom, and confined by the bracelet. Many ladies adopt the whimsical fashion of having two bracelets on one arm, and one on the other. When this is the case, the third bracelet always differs from the others, and is generally richer. Steel is coming much into favour in half-dress ornaments. We have seen several neck-chains which were composed of six

or seven dead gold chains of an almost fairy texture; they formed links of about two inches long, and between each was a brilliant steel star. The bracelets worn with these neck-

laces are composed entirely of gold chains, with broad steel clasps.

Fashionable colours are, various shades of brown, marone, lavender, citron, rose, and slate colours.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

REDINGOTES and mantles have, since my last, come much into favour, particularly the former; they are as yet made in *gros de Naples* only. The bodies, tight to the shape round the upper part of the bust, have a little fulness towards the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are still *en gigot*; and pelerines are as much in favour as ever. The *rédingote* always wraps considerably to the right side, and is trimmed either with a broad band of fur, or three rouleaus of satin disposed in light waves; the latter are most in favour, furs not being as yet very general.

Promenade gowns are either of *gros de Naples*, Merino of a new description, or shaded chintz: the first is the most worn. The *corsage* of most promenade gowns is of the *demi-blouse* form, and they, as well as the *rédingotes*, are constantly worn with pelerines. Flounces still continue the favourite trimming.

Bonnets as yet continue mostly of the *demi-saison* kind; the favourite colours for them are, Pomona green, slate-colour, pale brown, and mignonne. There is no variety in the shape; all are of a large size. They continue to be trimmed pretty much as last month, with the exception of two novelties, which I shall try to describe to you.

One is composed of jonquille *gros de Naples*, ornamented on each side of the crown with a drapery of the same material, beneath which is seen

a very full knot of shaded ribbon of mingled jonquille and claret colour; a broad band of twisted ribbon passes round the bottom of the crown, and a plume of jonquille marabouts, placed on the left side, falls over the top of the crown. The brim is lined with jonquille; but nearly half of it is covered with a very broad shaded ribbon, laid on in full flutings: the strings correspond.

The other bonnet is composed of black velvet and shaded satin; the velvet is laid on the crown in full folds, between which the satin appears. The brim is of velvet only, but the inside is decorated with bands of shaded satin, placed in a bias direction on each side of the brim, and one laid straight in the middle; these terminate just inside of the brim, with small cockades of satin. The ornaments of the crown are also cockades; one is placed near the top on the right, and the other near the bottom on the left side.

A new material for half-dress is called *tissu de Merinos*; it is a sort of woollen gauze as thin as *barèges*, but differs considerably from it in appearance. Bombasine is also another favourite material for half dress. The French say, that they have now brought it to great perfection: it is, however, very inferior to that manufactured in England.

The trimming of half-dress gowns consists either of rows of *coquilles*, or else of demi-lozenges laid upon one another, so as to form a row of folds, ending in points; there are ge-

nerally three rows of each of these trimmings. The bodies, cut high over the bosom, and low in the back of the neck, are either made without trimming, or have two or three narrow rouleaus of satin placed near each other round the top of the bust. We see only long sleeves in half dress; they are still *en gigot*, and have I think increased in width. In some instances they are transparent: when that is the case they are always white, and are generally surmounted by a *mancheron* in the shape of a wing.

The envelopes used by our fair fashionables, either for paying morning visits, or going to the morning exhibitions, are still of a very light nature: a shaded crape scarf, or one of black or white lace tied round the throat, or else a *fichu* pelerine with very long ends, of the same material as the dress, and bordered either with a *ruche* or a row of blond lace.

Caps and turbans are both fashionable in half dress, the former particularly so: the caul is made almost flat to the head, and the border, which is very narrow at the ears, becomes gradually wider, so as to be extremely broad over the forehead; it stands up round the upper part of the face, and forms the exact shape of a tiara: a garland of roses, placed on the forehead beneath the border, passes under it outside the caul round the back of the head.

Figured silks and satins are coming much into favour in full dress. Shaded *barèges*, gauze, and crape are also worn. Some gowns are trimmed with blond flounces, others have wreaths of satin leaves disposed in various ways, and many are adorned with embroidery. Some of the most fashionable trimmings of this last de-

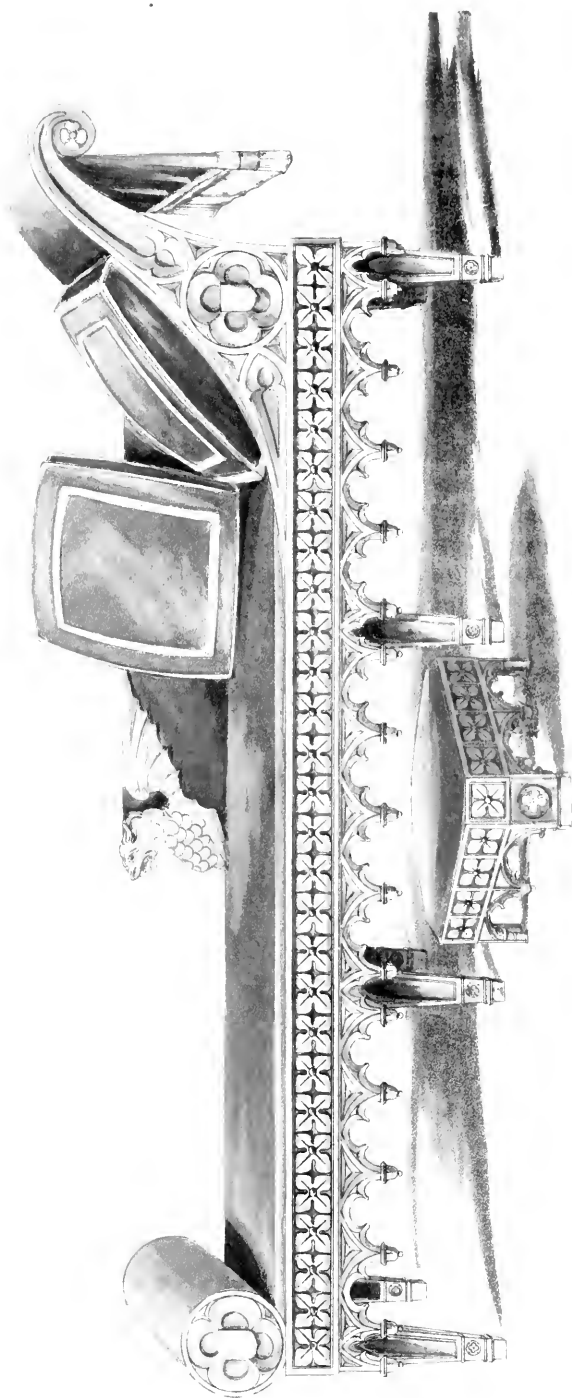
scription are those worked by ladies themselves; they consist of gold bands of various breadths, on which wreaths of leaves, flowers, shells, and other fancy patterns, are embroidered in Roman pearls. The bracelets are frequently made to correspond with the gown.

Some ball dresses, composed of white crape, are trimmed with artificial flowers in a new style: the gown is made an extraordinary length, and is looped up all round, about half a quarter of a yard higher than the slip, by a wreath of flowers, which, partially appearing among the *bouillonné* formed by the crape, have a very pretty effect.

Dress hats are now made with very large brims: one of the prettiest that I have seen was a mixture of satin and blond net; the brim was entirely composed of the latter material, spotted with small gold stars; the crown was formed of blond puffs, spotted to correspond with the brim, let in between plain bands of satin: it was ornamented with a superb *esprit*, at the base of which was an *agraffe* of diamonds.

Blond caps are much in favour in full dress; they are always of a small size, and have lappets, which are never tied. Some have a border of blond lace, formed into puffs round the face by rose-buds; others, instead of a border, have a wreath of flowers. A good many of these caps are adorned with feathers; there are generally two ostrich feathers, one white and the other coloured, which fall towards the back of the head, and a single marabout droops in the contrary direction into the neck. I see, that in speaking of mantles in promenade dress, I have forgot to say, that they differ in nothing from





A GOTHIC SOFA.

those worn last year. But the opera cloaks are very novel, both in their form and trimming; they are generally of black satin, and are lined with *ponceau* or cherry-coloured satin; the lining is either very full, or disposed in small plaits on each side of the front: there is a triple collar of the pelerine form; they sit close round the neck, and are rounded at the ends, and progressively larger than each other; there is besides a large pelerine. Mother of pearl fans richly carved have lately come much into favour; and paper ones, striped and of glaring colours, are also in request. Fashionable watches are now in the form of a cockle-shell, and are

set with rubies or turquoise. The most fashionable reticules are of ivory, beautifully painted, and of a small square form. There are some also of gilt leather, in the form of a book, very highly ornamented. These last are generally carried only by unmarried ladies; or rather, I should say, by very young ones. Flowers are still the favourite head-dress with those *belles*; but married ladies, however young, generally cover their heads in full dress.

Fashionable colours are, different shades of green, orange, rose-colour, *terre d'Egypte*, and grey. Always
your
EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

SOFA FOR A DRAWING-ROOM IN THE GOTHIC STYLE.

THIS piece of furniture, in which the modern form is preserved, is embellished according to the style of the 13th century; or rather the parts are adapted from Gothic tracery executed at that period, so as to combine the peculiar features of Gothic art with the form that is now considered to afford the best accommodation for its purpose.

The frame-work may be executed in oak, and partially gilded; or in other materials, and wholly finished in mat and burnished gold: the co-

vering and cushions of velvet or satin. The chairs and other furniture should be corresponding in style of course, and the apartment of the same character, although it may be much more simple in its parts.

The fashion of making the coverings of furniture similar in point of colour to the walls of the room has at length subsided, and the colour now chosen for them is such as will form harmonious combinations: the colour selected should be therefore governed by this circumstance.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has ready for publication, in one neat volume, *Christmas Tales*, original and translated from eminent foreign writers of the present day, designed to contribute to the fund of light and amusing reading provided for the approaching holidays; and to be continued annually at the same season.

Two new divisions of the *WORLD IN MINIATURE* are in preparation. The one will contain the costumes, &c. of *Great Britain and Ireland*, in four volumes, with about seventy coloured engravings; the other, those of *Switzerland*, in one volume, with about twenty plates.

Mr. Jackson, author of an improved

system of mnemonics, stenography, &c. has in the press *A New System of Book-keeping*, including a new Check-Journal, which will appear early in January next.

Mr. F. Lemare is preparing for publication, a new *Selection of Sacred Music*, which will include (amongst others never before published) an original composition by the late Rev. W. Bingley, author of many popular works.

Time's Telescope for 1826, now just ready, is interspersed with a variety of original pieces by eminent living poets; and contains an introduction on the physical powers, the intellectual faculties, and the moral perceptions of man, by Dr. Myers.

A new *Medical and Surgical Dictionary*, including the collateral branches of philosophy and natural history, as connected with materia medica, is in the press, from the pen of Mr. Forsyth, author of "The New London Medical Pocket-Book."

Mr. W. B. Cooke has ready for publication, *Gems of Art*, part vi. which completes the first volume, containing thirty plates, engraved from pictures of acknowledged excellence, beauty, and variety. Also *Beauties of Claude Lorraine*, part i. containing twelve plates, to be completed in two parts, consisting of twenty-four landscapes by Claude, selected as the most choice subjects in the *Liber Veritatis*, engraved on steel from a brilliant proof copy lent for that purpose by his Grace the Duke of Bedford, with a portrait of Claude Lorraine and the life of that great landscape-painter.

Mr. Hyman Hurwitz has in the press, a volume of *Moral Hebrew Tales*, translated from ancient Hebrew works; to which will be prefixed a popular essay on the still existing remains of the uninspired writings of the ancient Hebrew sages.

A translation of *The History of the Assassins*, from the German of Mr. von Hammer, is in the press.

The author of *Doblado's* excellent

Letters on Spain is engaged on a new volume.

The Clarendon Papers, illustrative of the history of Ireland from 1675 to 1700, are announced, and promise to form an important publication. Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, from whose autograph originals the selection is made, was lord-lieutenant of Ireland under James II.

The Note-Books of Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord High Chancellor, containing Reports of Debates in the House of Commons from 1656 to 1659, which will fill up a chasm in a most interesting period of the English annals, are preparing for publication.

A posthumous Romance, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, in 3 vols. is among the forthcoming literary novelties.

Mr. Boaden is employed upon a *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

A third series of *Highways and Byways*, and also a third series of *Sayings and Doings*, are in preparation.

A translation of the *Lives of Architects*, by Mrs. Cresy, from the Italian of Milizia, with considerable additions and many notes, is nearly ready for publication.

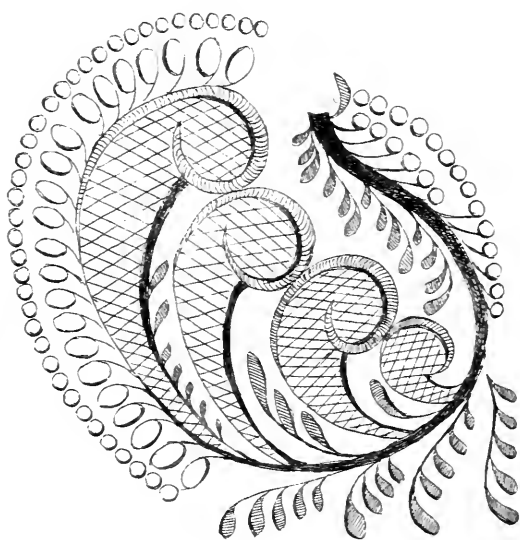
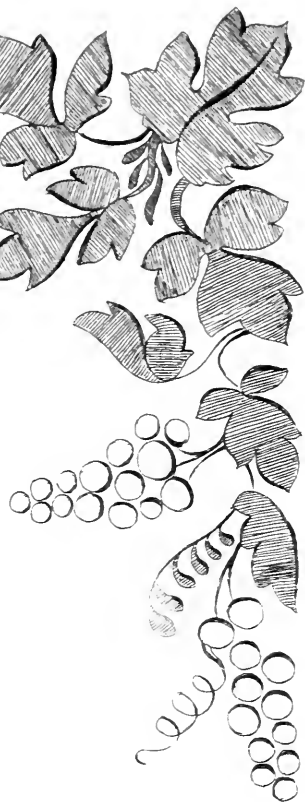
Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, *The Narrative of a Tour in 1823 round Owhyhee*, the principal of the Sandwich Islands, by the Rev. W. Ellis, a missionary of the London Missionary Society.

The Rev. H. H. Milman has in the press, a new dramatic poem, entitled *Anne Bolcyn*.

Travels in the Hedjaz, by the late J. L. Burekhardt, will speedily be published.

Mr. Murray has announced for publication, by authority of Lord Bathurst, *The recent Discoveries in Africa made in 1822-4*, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney.

The Peerless Peer, a novel, by Mrs. Carey, author of "Lasting Impressions," is nearly ready for publication.



MUGLIN PATTERNS

Lord Kingsbury is engaged in the compilation of a splendid work on *Mexican Monuments*, in folio, with coloured lithographic prints.

A Hebrew tale, in two vols. entitled *Sephora*, descriptive of Palestine and the manners and customs of the ancient Israelites, may shortly be expected.

Speedily will appear, in 2 vols. post 8vo. the romance of *King Henry IV.* being a specimen of Shakspeare's Plays, in imitation of the Waverley Novels, with references to the manners and customs of the age in which the plot of each drama is laid.

The Rev. Christopher Anderson is about to put to press, a work called *The Constitution of the Human Family*; with the duties and advantages which are involved in that singular constitution.

The History of Scotland, for the use of schools, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, in 1 vol. 12mo. is in the press.

Mr. George Fulton is about to publish, *Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children*, with a vocabulary, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Thomson is preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 4to. uniformly printed with Dr. Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, *Etymons of English Words*.

Speedily will be published, in one neat pocket volume, *The New French Manual and Traveller's Companion*, by Gabriel Surenne, teacher of French, Edinburgh.

Early in December will be published, *Stories for the Christmas Week*, in two vols.

A translation of Baron Charles Dupin's Lectures on Mathematics is about to be commenced in weekly numbers, under the title of *The Mathematical Sciences practically applied to the Useful and Fine Arts*.

In the press, in 1. vol. post 8vo. *Tales*, from the German of E. T. Hoffman, La Fontaine, J. Paul Richter, Fred. Schiller, and C. T. Körner.

A work, entitled *The Complete Governess*, is nearly ready for publication.

Burns' exquisite but long-neglected piece, *the Jolly Beggars*, has just been made the subject of a cabinet picture, by Mr. Henderson of Glasgow, in which much genuine humour and true character are displayed. An engraving from it is in preparation.

The government of Columbia is about to present, in the name of the nation, to the Libertador, President Simon Bolivar, a medal of platina, containing on the obverse Victory crowned by the Genius of Liberty with a crown of laurel, and bearing in the left hand the Columbian fasces; on the reverse, a garland formed by a branch of olive and one of laurel; in the centre the following inscription: "To Simon Bolivar, Deliverer of Columbia and Peru. The Congress of Columbia. 1825."

Poetry.

THE WISH.

'Tis not the gaudy dress can charm,
Nor equipage the soul can please;
Content can lull each wild alarm,
Unaided still by these.
Full oft beneath the splendid robe,
The heart with wrathful feeling throbs;
Or envy's pangs the bosom probe;
Or sorrow breathes in sobs.

Vol. VI. No. XXXVI.

E'en meanness can with pomp reside:

Give me a lot unlike to this;
Be mine nor poverty nor pride,
But competence and bliss.

Let gentle woman's cheering smile
Give ev'ry joy a warmer glow,
Whose breast admits no thought of guile:
Be mine this lot to know!

J. M. LACEY.

I N D E X.

A.

- ADAMS, T. review of his Grand Organ Piece, 175
 Adelfrid and Rowena, a tale of the olden time, 11
 Africa, Discoveries in, announced, 366
 Air-stove, description of, 182
 Alençon, the turkey of, 22
Amusements de l'Opera reviewed, 115
Amusement pour les Dames reviewed, 118
 Anderson, Rev. C. his Constitution of the Human Family announced, 367
 Anecdotes, historical, literary, and personal, 171, 212
 Anecdotes of contemporary genius, 46, 212, 257
 Apparition, remarkable, account of, 202
 Arts, fine, 58
 Arts, society of, notice respecting the premiums distributed by, 50
 Assize-ball, the, 144
 Avington, view of, 311

B

- Ball, W. review of his "Evening breath'd each soft delight," 175—"Down in the quiet vale," *ib.*—"The Maiden's Dream," *ib.*—"Where thy native streams meander," 303—"Now while eve's soft shadows blending," *ib.*
 Banister, H. review of his Selection of Melodies from "*Der Freyschütz*," 302
 Bar, the, a poem, announced, 183
 Barbauld, Mrs. her Miscellaneous Pieces announced, 308
 Baring, A. esq. view of his seat, 250
 ———, sir T. bart. view of his seat, 187
 Barker, E. H. his Biography of Dr. Parr announced, 248
 Barnett, J. review of his Fair Geraldine, 241—"As the tree seems more bright," *ib.*
 Bassett, J. D. esq. view of his seat, 64
 Batty, captain, his Views in Hanover and Saxony announced, 123
 Baumgarten's Travels in Palestine, extracts from, 104, 108
 Bayly, T. A. review of his melodies, 356
 Beauty in tears, 185
 ———, lines on, 310
 Bellamy, W. H. review of his "May every hour that flies o'er thee," 57
 Benson, R. his Sketches of Corsica announced, 123
 Boaden, Mr. his Life of Mrs. Siddons announced, 366
 Boehsa, N. A review of his Polacca from "*Il Tancrède*," 118—Imitative Fantasia, *ib.*—Arrangement of Airs in "*Der Preciosa*," 176—March, 358—First Set of Bagatelles, *ib.*
 Bolivar, president, medal to be presented to him by the government of Columbia, 367
 Bolton, lord, view of his seat, 125
 Bone, Mr. exhibition of his enamels, 58
 Bookcase, description of, 247
 Boosey's Selection of Airs reviewed, 114
 Bradfield, J. H. his Waterloo announced, 308
 Brighton, notices respecting the establishment of artificial mineral waters at, 62, 124
 Broadlands, view of, 126
 Brooke, captain, his Travels through Lapland and Sweden, and Winter Sketches in Lapland, announced, 308
 Brothers, the two, a popular tale, 87, 150
 Browning, J. his translation of the Gipsy announced, 123
 Bruguier, D. review of his Arrangement of Bishop's "When the wind blows," 115—Preparatory Exercises, 301—"Fleurs d'Italie," 302
 Bryan, S. review of his "The Strawberry-Girl," 117
 Buckingham, duke of, view of his seat, 311
 ———, Mr. extract from his Travels in Palestine, 108
 Buckhardt, J. L. his Travels in the Hedjaz announced, 366
 Burness imperial state-carriage, exhibition of, announced, 248
 Burrowes, J. F. review of his Arrangement of Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus, 115—Select Airs from "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," 355—Selection of Chorusses, 358

C.

- Calais and Montreuil, 188
 Cambrian sketches, 268, 334
 Camisard, the, announced, 309
 Camp-bedstead, description of, 62
 Canary-bird of J. J. Rousseau, 30, 68
 Carey, W. on the subscription for Mr. Hogan, 350
 Carey, Mrs. her Peerless Peer announced, 366
 Chair, episcopal and drawing-room, description of, 307
 Charles IX. of France, deathbed of, 91
 Cheltenham Anthology announced, 62
 Chivalry, Irish, 274
 ———, the flower of, 91, 135
 Choice, the, 344
 Christmas Tales announced, 365
 Christmas Week, Stories for the, announced, 367
 Chute, W. J. esq. view of his seat, 188
 Cianchettiui, P. review of his Divertimento, 177
 Clarendon Papers announced, 366
 Cobbold, Mrs. memoir of, 156, 237
 Complete Governess, the, announced, 367
 Confessions of a rambler, 96, 159, 283, 340
 ——— my uncle, 28, 133, 294
 Constable, Mr. his Miscellany of Original and Selected Works announced, 309
 Contemporary genius, anecdotes of, 46, 212, 257

Contest of the Twelve Nations announced, 309
 Cooke, W. B. his Gems of Art, &c. announced, 366
 Costello, Miss, extracts from her Songs of a Stranger, 45, 220
 Coterie, the literary, 36, 102, 162, 216, 287, 343
 Country seats, views of, 1, 63, 125, 187, 249, 311
 Cramer, J. B. review of his Eighth Concerto, 113—Melange on favourite Airs from "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," 176—Impromptu on the Air "*Giorinello Cavalier*," *ib.*—Diversions, 298—"*Amicitia*," 354—Arrangement of Fischer's Rondo, *ib.*
 Cresy, Mrs. her translation of *Milizia's* Lives of Architects announced, 366
 Criminal case, account of a singular, 206
 Croly, Rev. G. poetry by, 314
 Crouch, F. W. review of his Select Italian Airs, 56—Select Airs from "*Der Freyschütz*," *ib.*—Treatise on the Violoncello, 118—"Your heart and lute are all the store," 357
 Cunningham, A. his Paul Jones announced, 303
 Curtis, Mr. his Lectures on the Anatomy, &c. of the Bar announced, 248
 Cutler, W. A. review of his "Charity," 303
 Czerney, C. review of his "*O Pescator dell' onda*," 54

D.

Dauxion, M. his account of the remarkable instinct of wild horses, &c. in South America, 95
 Deathbed of Charles IX. of France, 91
 Doblado's Letters on Spain, new volume of, announced, 366
 Doddridge, Dr. his Sermons announced, 248
 Dods, Mrs. her Cook and Housewife's Manual announced, 308
 Douglas of Kilspondie, particulars respecting, 172
 Dryburgh-abbey, notice respecting a remarkable recluse among the ruins of, 172
 Dupin, baron C. translation of his Lectures on Mathematics announced, 367
 Duties of a Lady's Maid announced, 309

E.

Ear-ache, Indian cure for, 329
 Economy and profusion in contrast, 16
 Ella, 345
 Ellis, Rev. W. his Tour round 'Owhyhee announced, 366
 Epitaph from the English burying-ground at Bordeaux, 310
 Exhibitions—Mr. Bone's enamels, 58—Pieneman's battle of Waterloo, 60—portraits, 62—Burmese imperial state-carriage, 248

F.

Fairies, the queen of the, 154
 Fashion and dress, general observations on, 120, 179, 244, 305, 361
 Fashions for ladies, 61, 119, 178, 243, 305, 360
 ———, French female, 121, 181, 245, 363
 Fastidious lover, the, 263
 Ferdinand Franck announced, 248

Fine arts, 58
 Fleming, J. esq. view of his seat, 249
 Flower of chivalry, 91, 135
 Foresters, the, remarks on, 42—extract from, 43
 Forget Me Not for 1826 announced, 247—lines written on a blank leaf in the, 310—remarks on, 343—extracts from, 344, 345
 Forsyth, Mr. his Medical and Surgical Dictionary announced, 366
 Fosbroke, Rev. T. D. his Account of Cheltenham announced, 183
 Fouqué, translation of his Magic Ring announced, 308
 Fradelle, Mr. engravings from pictures by him announced, 248
 French female fashions, 121, 181, 245
 Fulton, Mr. G. his Lessons for Children announced, 367
 Furniture, fashionable, description of, 62, 123, 182, 247, 307, 365

G.

Gaelic relics, 23
 Galbraith, H. his Mathematical Tables announced, 367
 Gallantry rebuked, 171
 Gardener's Quarterly Register announced, 183
 Generous or just, a tale, 18, 77
 Genlis, madame, extract from her Memoirs, 202
 George IV. anecdote of, 171
 German Novelists announced, 123
 Gibney, Dr. his Treatise on the Medical Application of the Vapour-Bath announced, 183
 Girling, E. biographical account of, 46
 Governess, the Complete, announced, 367
 Great Britain and Ireland in Miniature announced, 365
 Grange, near Alresford, view of, 250

H.

Hackwood-park, view of, 125
 Hagart, W. H. review of his Selection of Scotch and Irish Airs, 54
 Hammer, translation of his History of the Assassins announced, 366
 Hardy, J. extract from his Tour of the High Pyrenees, 348
 Harp of Orpheus, 173
 Harris, J. J. review of his Arrangement of Rossini's "*Una voce poco più*," 115—Arrangement of Nicolò's "*Non, je ne veux pas chanter*," *ib.*—Arrangement of Spontini's Overture to "*La Vestale*," 176
 Hartsborne, Mr. his Metrical Romances announced, 248
 Henderson, Mr. engraving from his picture of the Jolly Beggars announced, 367
 Henry IV. anecdote of, 22
 Highlanders, superstition of the, 326
 Highways and Byways, third series of, announced, 366
 Hoffman, E. T. &c. Tales from the German of, announced, 367
 Hogan, J. biographical account of, 212, 257—subscription for, 350
 Horne, J. H. his Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures announced, 183
 Horses, wild, remarkable instinct of, in South America, 95

Howell, T. review of his Instructions for the Violin, 359—Musical Arithmetic, 360
 Human joys and human woes, 185
 Hummel, the Beauties of, reviewed, 53
 Hungarian popular tale, 87, 150
 Hurwitz, H. his Hebrew Tales announced, 366
 Hyde, sir E. Note-Books of, announced, 366

I.

Indian day, 223
 Instinct, remarkable, of wild horses, &c. in South America, 95
 Intelligence, literary and scientific, 62, 123, 183, 247, 308, 365
 Irish chivalry, 274
 Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, Spanish translations of, announced, 308

J.

Jackson, Mr. his New System of Book-keeping announced, 366
 James V. particulars respecting, 172
 Janus announced, 308
 Jefferies, judge, adventure of, 3
 Johnstone, Dr. his Memoir of Dr. Parr announced, 308
 Jousse, J. review of his Musical Grammar, 301
 Julia Mandeville, a tale, 251, 318

K.

Kalkbrenner, F. review of his Grand March, 174—Musical Sketch, *ib.*
 Kallmark, G. review of his Introduction and Variations on "*Benedetta sia la madre*," 56
 King Henry IV. a romance, announced, 367
 Kingsbury, lord, his work on Mexican Monuments announced, 367
 Kitchiner, Dr. his Treatise on Telescopes, &c. announced, 248
 Knapton, P. review of his Russian *Pas redouble*, 114

L.

Lacey, J. M. poetry by, 185, 367—letter addressed to, on his defence of widows, 203
 Laconics announced, 308
 Ladies, London fashions for, 61, 119, 178, 243, 305, 360
 —, general observations on fashions for, 120, 179, 244, 305, 361
 —, French fashions for, 121, 181, 245, 363
 Lady, lines to a, 185
 Lambeth and the Vatican, notice respecting, 36
 London, Miss, remarks on her Troubadour, 167—extracts from, 167, 168, 217—extracts from her Improvisatrice, 168—poetry by, 344
 Lantern, description of a Gothic, 123
 Latour, T. review of his Arrangement of Weber's Overture to *Preciosa*, 56—Arrangement of the same for one Performer, *ib.*—Arrangement of Airs in "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," 302
 Law, Rev. A. his History of Scotland announced, 123

Lee, B. review of his Arrangement of *Le petit Tambour*, 355
 Leigh, C. his Queen of Golconda's Fate announced, 309
 Lemare, T. his Selection of Sacred Music announced, 366
 Leopold, duke of Lorraine, anecdote of, 73
 Letter from Sidy Mahmoud, the Tunisian envoy, 232
 Letter-Writer announced, 248
 Lewis, C. esq. view of his seat, 2
 Literary coterie, 36, 102, 162, 216, 287, 343
 Loder, G. review of his Select Airs, 355
 Loiterer, the, 9, 142, 281
 London fashions for ladies, 61, 119, 178, 243, 305, 360
 Love, lines to, 167
 Lover, the fastidious, 263

M.

McCarthy, D. M. review of his "Fair little creature of to-day," 357
 Mackenzie, H. on the writings of, 276, 313
 Maiden's funeral, the, 224
 Mailath, count, Hungarian popular tale by, 87, 150
 Maintenon, madame de, her Secret Correspondence with the Princess des Ursins announced, 309
 Mannenieu, daughter of Mathrafael, Welch legend of, 197
 Maundrell's Travels from Aleppo to Jerusalem, extract from, 106
 Merriott, J. R. review of his "Though now we part," 56
 Meves, A. review of his Divertimento, 302
 Meyerbeer, review of his Romanzo, "*Giorinello Cavalier*," 175—"Giorinello Cavalier" and "*Tutto Armato*," 176
 Mills, C. extracts from his History of Chivalry, 291, 292, 293
 Milman, Rev. H. H. his Anne Boleyn, a poem, announced, 366
 Minstrels, British and Irish, 235
 Monro, J. review of his "I left the bowl for Ellen's eye," 303
 Montolieu, madame de, the canary-bird of Rousseau, by, 30, 68
 Morley, earl of, view of his seat, 1
 Morris, J. review of his Anthem, 303
 Moscheles, J. review of his *Introduction et Rondeau Ecossais*, 241—Impromptu, 298
 Munro, clau of, legend respecting the primogenitor of the, 23
 Musical review, 53, 113, 174, 241, 298, 354
 My birthday, lines on, 222

N.

Nicholson, J. poetry by, 294
 Nightingale, J. C. review of his "Soon as the rising morn" and "Now man to man," 117—Voluntary, 175—March, 355
 Nixon, H. G. review of his Arrangement of "Old Towler," 176
 Novello, V. his Selection from the Fitzwilliam Musical Manuscripts announced, 248

O.

Obstipus, an egotistical poem, 124, 184, 309
 O'Hara, extract from, 165
 Ogle, sir C. view of his seat, 312

Optical phenomena, superstitious arising from, 35
Orange-tree, lines to an, 168
Orpheus, the harp of, 173

P.

Pacini's Instructions for the Violin reviewed, 54
Padrig and judge Jefferies, and the western assize-court in 1689, 3
Palmerston, lord, view of his seat, 126
Paris, village sketches near, 65, 194, 322
Perceval, Mr. extracts from his History of Italy, 169, 170
Phantasmagoria, extracts from, 347
Pieneman's battle of Waterloo, exhibition of, 60
Pleyel, C. review of his *Melange* on favourite Airs from "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," 176
Pixis, J. P. review of his *Rondeau mignon*, 113
Plays of Clara Gazul announced, 309
Pleyel, C. review of his *Divertimento*, 54
Pocock's Travels, extract from, 107
Poetic Garland announced, 183
Poetry, 44, 45, 60, 86, 124, 150, 156, 157, 158, 159, 167, 168, 169, 184, 217, 218, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 227, 239, 269, 277, 285, 291, 294, 309, 336, 339, 341, 342, 344, 345, 347, 348, 367

Pont Vathew, the spectre of, 268
Poole, S. review of his Arrangement of Airs from Weber's "*Preciosa*," and "*Der Freyschütz*," 115—Arrangement of the Huntsman's Chorus in "*Der Freyschütz*," 116—Arrangement of "My lodging is on the cold ground," 302—Vesper Hymn, 355
Popular tales of all nations, 87, 150
Purkis, J. review of his Arrangement of Airs from Weber's "*Preciosa*," 115
Pyne, Mr. remarks on his Twenty-ninth of May, 44

Q.

Quadrille, review of a Selection of, 177
Queen of the fairies, 154

R.

Radcliffe, Mrs. a Posthumous Romance by her announced, 366
Rambler, the confessions of a, 96, 159, 283, 340
Rawlings, T. A. review of his Foreign Melodies, 55—"La Primavera," *ib*—Introduction and Variations, 114—"Erin's Legacy," 176—"To welcome Jamie hame again," 242—"Aria alla Scozzese," *ib*—"My own dear maid," 357
Recipes, domestic, 329
Recluse, remarkable, notice respecting, 172
Review, musical, 53, 113, 174, 241, 298, 354
Richardson, D. L. extracts from his Sonnets and other Poems, 223
Rimbault, S. F. review of his Arrangement of Weber's Overture to "*Preciosa*," 115—Arrangement of the Huntsman's and Bridemaid's Chorusses in "*Der Freyschütz*," 116—Adaptation of Weber's Overture to "Abou Hassan," 177
Rio de la Plata, Sketches of, announced, 123
Rolls, Mrs. H. her Legends of the North announced, 62

Rosa, lines to, 185
Roscoe, T. his German Novelists announced, 183
Rousseau and his canary-bird, 30, 68
Rowena and Adelfrid, a tale of the olden time, 11
Ruagarach, Gaelic legend of, 23
Russians, particulars of the manners of, in the tenth century, 210

S.

St. Pierre, Monmouthshire, view of, 2
Saltram, Devon, view of, 1
Saust, C. review of his Selection of Irish Airs, 54—Selection of Scotch Airs, *ib*—Airs from *Der Freyschütz*, *ib*—Beauties of Weber's *Preciosa*, *ib*—"Sul margine d'un rio," 114
Sayings and Doings, third series of, announced, 248, 366
Schlesinger, D. review of his *Allegro di Bravura*, 360—Introduction and Rondo, *ib*—Six Waltzes, 354
Schleiermacher, Dr. translation of his Essay on the Writings of St. Luke announced, 308
Scrope, G. P. his Treatise on Volcanoes announced, 183
Seasons, lines on the, 221
Segur's History of the Russian Campaign, remarks on, 37—extracts from, 39
Sephora, a Hebrew tale, announced, 248, 367
Shakespeare's heroines, remarks on, 81
Sherburne, J. H. his Memoirs and Correspondence of Paul Jones announced, 248
Sidy Mahmoud, the Tunisian envoy, letter from, 232
Simpson, G. his Work on Anatomy announced, 308
Singular criminal case, account of, 206
Snuff-Box Waltz reviewed, 115
Society of Arts, notice respecting the premiums distributed by, 50
Sofa for a drawing-room, description of, 365
Soldier's revenge, 127
Solis, E. review of his *Fantasia alla Rondo*, 57—The Heath Rose, 114—new Sonata, 242
Song, 221
Sonnet, 223
Sorrow, 186
Sotheby, Mr. extract from his poems, 168
South America, remarkable instinct of the wild horses, &c. of, 95
Southey, Dr. extract from his "The Tale of Paraguay," 169
Southill-house, view of, 63
Spectre of Pont Vathew, 268
Spirit of Poesy, 168
Splendid misery of vice, 73
Stanzas, 223
Sterne's Sentimental Journey, observations on some of the scenes of, 188
Stewart, Rev. A. his History of Scotland announced, 367
Stoneham-park, view of, 249
Stories for the Christmas Week announced, 367
Stratton-park, view of, 187
Strawberry, salubrious properties of the, 329
Struve, Dr. notices respecting his establishment of artificial mineral waters at Brighton, 62, 124

- Superstition of the Highlanders, 326
 Superstitions arising from optical phenomena, 35
 Surenné, G. his *New French Manual* announced, 367
 Switzerland in Miniature announced, 365
 T.
 Table for a boudoir, description of, 307
 Tales of the Crusaders, remarks on, 103—
 extracts from, 104, 105, 109
 Tales, popular, of all nations, 87, 150
 Tales from the German announced, 367
 Tea-making, notice respecting, 173
 Thomson, Mr his *Etymons of English Words*
 announced, 367
 Time's Telescope for 1826 announced, 366
 Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scot-
 land announced, 62
 Turkey, the, of Alençon, 22
 Two brothers, the, a popular tale, 87, 150
 U.
 Uncle, the confessions of my, 28, 133, 294
 V.
 Valentine, T. review of his *Arrangement of*
 "My love, she's but a lassie yet," 176—
 "Le Portrait," 355
 Veteran's reward, the, 329
 Vice, splendid misery of, 73
 Views of country seats, 1, 63, 125, 187,
 249, 311
 Vigils of the heart, 186
 Village sketches near Paris, 65, 194, 322
 Vine, near Basingtoke, view of, 188
 Voice of love, 223
 W.
 Walker, Rev. G. his *Specimens of English*
 Prose and Poetry announced, 183
 Wallace, captain, extract from his *"Forty*
 Years in the World," 218
 Warts, recipe to remove, 329
 Watermouth, Devon, view of, 64
 Waterton, C. his *Wanderings in South Ame-*
 rica announced, 62
 Webbe, S. review of his *"Donald,"* 57—
 "Auld Robin Grey," *ib.*—"Oh! say, bon-
 nie lass," *ib.*—"The Birks of Invermay,"
 117—"Tak' your auld cloak," *ib.*
 Welch wedding, 334
 Whitaker, J. review of his *"My own sweet*
 Annie," 57—"Come to the dale," 303
 Whitbread, W. H. esq. view of his seat, 63
 Wiffen, J. H. remarks on his *Tasso*, 347—
 poetry by, *ib.*
 William Douglas, on the *Scottish Exiles* an-
 nounced, 208
 Wilson, Mr C. B. poetry by, 345
 Wish, the, 367
 Wordsworth, W. dedication to, 347
 Wordsworth, W. A. review of his *"I pledge*
 you, dear Fanny," 117
 World in Miniature, new portions of, an-
 nounced, 365
 Worthy-house, view of, 312
 Y.
 York musical festival, remarks on the, 287

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

